

page slammed the door and the vehicle sped swiftly away. The wheels bounded and resounded on the Belgian blocks of the avenue. A cable train raced alongside with clanging gong. An "elevated" clanked and rumbled overhead. Conversation was for the moment impossible. Then as they whirled in upon the smoother pavement of a narrower and quieter street and Captain de Remer turned toward his pretty niece to explain the absence of her liege, he was grievously disconcerted to find her sobbing violently, her handkerchief pressed to her streaming eyes.

Now De Remer was a man of sentiment, of sweet and tender nature. A woman in tears appealed to his uttermost sympathy, a pretty woman in tears overcame him like a summer cloud. There was really nothing in Kitty's husband's appearance to warrant such depth of woe on her part, but there might be something behind it all. He had always been fond of Kitty. Was she not his admirable wife's most loyal and devoted of nieces? With a murmured word, half reproach, half sympathetic inquiry, he turned to her, his gentle hand out-

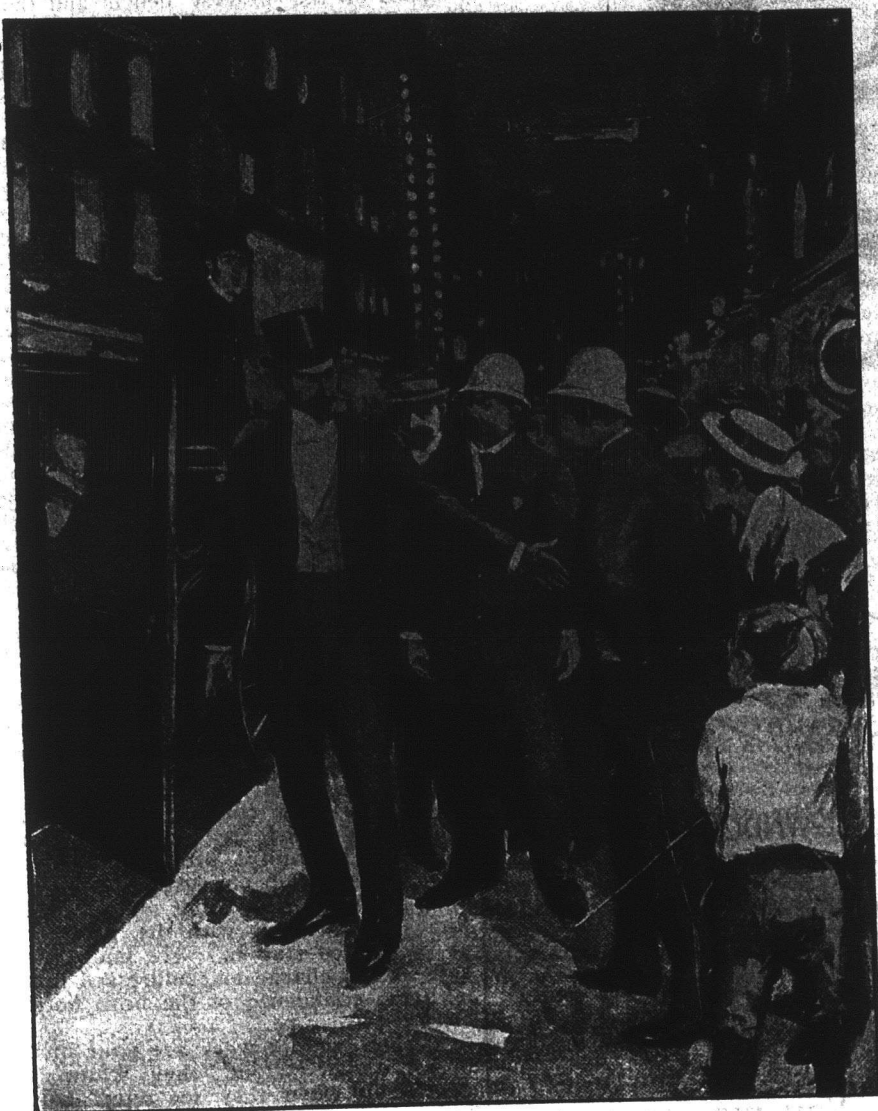
ing that each was cuddling close to a total stranger, and then there rose above the roar of traffic on State Street a shriek of anguish and dismay. The mettlesome horses darted forward at the sound, nearly dragging the driver from his perch. The carriage bounded over the pavement and lurched and swayed, a woman's head protruded through an open window and a woman's voice was uplifted in piercing clamor. Fully a block the horses tore before the coachman pulled them down and reined up, astonished, at the curb. Then came the crowd and the police, and a bewildered, bedazed, bedeviled Captain of Foot was hauled out upon the sidewalk, vainly protesting and proffering to the agonized dame within explanation, expostulation and cards.

"What's he done, ma'am?" demanded Policeman No. 1.

"Oh! Take him away!" sobbed the lady.

"But I assure you it's all a mistake. They put me in this carriage at the Waterloo," declared Dreams.

"Awe!" chorused the gamins. "What's the cop waitin' for? Waltz the dude off to the p'leece station."



"THEN CAME THE CROWD AND THE POLICE."

stretched to draw away the shrouding handkerchief, and lo, Kitty settled down upon the broad black shoulder like a bird fluttering to her nest, and sobbed anew. "How much wiser it is," said De Remer, "to let a woman have her surcease of tears. The flood-gates of the soul are flushed and the overtaxed reservoir measurably relieved. She will speedily become calm and rational and be ready to prattle her foolish fears and smile again." So drawing her closer to his side (Odd, how soon those dainty, slender girls like Kit build out about the neck and arms and shoulders. Two years ago Kit didn't weigh one hundred and ten and now—however—) "There, there," he murmured, as he drew her closer. "Don't fret about James, little woman."

But at this juncture, just as they shot into the gleam of the electric lights at the Palmer corner, the little woman started back, and gazed up into his face with horror and amazement in her tear-dimmed eyes. There was one instant of vocal paralysis on the part of both, due to the shock of find-

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"Horton," she said, "drive on quick." A crack of the whip, a plunge of the horses, and away went the stylish team around the corner toward the lake, then out of sight down Wabash Avenue, leaving Dreams to have it out with the rapidly gathering crowd, the police, the clanking patrol and the inevitable newspaper men. Meantime, what had become of Kitty?

Full ten minutes she sat and fumed; then called a bell boy and demanded tidings of the Captain. "Gone to the theater, ma'am," was the reply. "Impossible," said Kit. "He was to have gone with me." And yet, even while she was so confident in speech, her heart was failing her, for wouldn't it be like Uncle Dreams to go with somebody else? Another bell boy came. "Yessum," he said, "the Captain got in and drove off with the lady in the carriage at the side door."

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