

said the sergeant, who had "done time" on the London force and was not overcome by the contemplation of a swell evening dress.

"If she don't show up in the morning of course there won't be a case, but until then we have to hold you."

Dreams subsided on a bench in bewilderment and despair. Three times arrested within six months, and he hadn't got used to it yet! By this time the reporters had fought their way through the crowd without and were preparing for action within. One of them was essaying a pencil sketch of the crestfallen soldier. De Remer was indeed in desperate plight, yet sat there thinking only of Horatia and what Horatia would say. Billy, the clerk, shifted from expostulation to explosion without bettering the case.

One of the reporters, in huge rejoicing, had by this time rushed through a spirited account of the affair under the following magnificent headlines:

"ANOTHER ARMY SCANDAL!"

Military Lothario in the Toils!—Captain De Remer, of Fort Sheridan, Sustains the Reputation of the Post!

and the choicest of tit-bits was being spiced and trimmed for Chicago breakfast tables, when the station-keeper decided it wisdom to take the accused officer to one side and hear his story in private. To the wrath of the excluded journalists, he shut them out, while Billy, of the Waterloo, again bolted for his cab and rattled away in quest of a man in authority.

Kitty was notified that her uncle was all right, but couldn't go to the theater just yet, which only mystified her more. Webb, in a borrowed collar and profuse perspiration, was sweltering at the theater, wondering where De Remer and his wife could be, and between the acts sauntered forth in search of beer and information. The bar was well patronized, but thirsty souls were grouped about a narrator with a voice like a trombone and an exaggerated sense of the humorous, who was telling the crowd of the lively excitement over on State Street—an army officer arrested—one of them Fort Sheridan fellers—in a carriage with a lady, and she screamed for help, and the police pitched him into the patrol wagon. Captain De Remer they called him. Webb heard no more. He too pitched into a cab, drove headlong for the Waterloo, found Kitty in tears in the ladies' parlor. "What on earth does it mean? What did he do to you?" he cried.

"Do to me!" was her indignant answer. "What on earth do you mean? He left me and drove off with another woman."

Ten minutes later and Webb turned up at the station, where sat his uncle-in-law, secluded and trying to figure out what had been going on. "Find the woman that ran away with me," was his distracted plea. "They won't let me out till they hear from her." And on this mission departed Webb with a brace of detectives, and on this mission far into the night and the suburbs he followed a clue, all, all to no purpose. At midnight the efforts of the Waterloo with men in authority restored De Remer to freedom and reduced the managing editor of the "Palladium" to despair. That half-column was to have been the piece de resistance of the first page. Nothing could keep it out of the early edition—the railroad paper. The "die was cast," but Billy, the clerk of the Waterloo, was a man of nerve, resource and boundless energy. He routed out of bed at 1 a. m., after getting De Remer to his own comfortable room, the owner of the "Palladium" himself, told him every word of the tale, spoiled the reporters and despoiled the managing editor, but brought the written order of the owner to "kill" the whole item, and killed it was except in the columns of the 3 a. m. edition—the columns Horatia never saw until a long week after.

A wire received by her late in the afternoon read: "Too hot still to permit your return. Everything explained and settled. Stay where you are." So the "Duluth" went to

Chicago without her, and De Remer to Sheridan, where later in the week he learned through Webb how gloriously Billy had befriended him.

All of which explains why Fort Sheridan took its shopping lunches and theater dinners at the Waterloo to the exclusion of other hostilities until ordered to the front in the spring, and why Billy, the clerk thereof, wears a conspicuous blush with the new diamond in his collection, and why De Remer, since September, has never been seen in Chicago without his wife.

But it doesn't explain whose was the stylish carriage or who the lady occupant, or who was the tall youth awaiting its coming at the Waterloo, because that is something Webb never found out and the detectives never told. Whose was it? Who was she anyhow?

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