

he had won laurels, till the college was proud of him. Although playing at left tackle, he was one of the best ground-gainers on the team, and few games passed without his making a touch-down. He was well-built, strong and fine-looking. His features were rather plain, but his clear, gray eyes and open manly face took with everybody and he was a universal favorite.

There was one thing that puzzled him. Why did not Carrie and Archie Custer come to an understanding and end his awful suspense? Gradually he began to think that there might be some hope for him yet, and to win at least some small share of her admiration he played football as he had never played it before. Every victory, every triumph, every hard-earned touch-down was for her.

At last the climax of the season was reached. The great annual game with Hamford University was to take place on the second Saturday in November. It was the contest of the year, as the two colleges had been rivals from time immemorial, and this time the game would be very tight. Comparative scores showed the teams to be evenly matched, and as the great struggle was to be held at home on their own grounds every one in the little college town was in a feverish state of expectancy the evening before the game. After the trainer had been in to give him his rub-down and a few final instructions, Fred threw his bath-robe around him and sat for a long while thinking. Of course the topic uppermost in his mind was Carrie, and step by step he ran over the incidents that had occurred since his sudden awakening in September. Before he turned in for the night he had resolved that the next day he would play the game of his life, and then with laurels fresh in his hands he would go to her, lay them at her feet and find out the truth.

The day was all that could have been wished, brilliant, clear, bracing with plenty of blue sky and sunshine, and the bright college colors fluttering everywhere from grand stand and bleacher made a very pretty scene as the players trotted out of the athletic house. But the prettiest part of it all to Fred Stockton was Carrie Warrington as she sat on the grand stand by Archie Custer's side, resplendent in the college colors. As he passed the grand stand she smiled sweetly to him and waved her hand, and Fred felt like a young giant eager to plunge into the battle. After a few minutes' practice the teams lined up and the struggle began. Back and forth they surged, now on one end and now on the