

other, neither side appearing to have an advantage. It was truly a battle royal, and if Fred had resolved to play the game of his life he surely was succeeding. His work was something wonderful; he seemed to be in every play, now leading the interference, now opening great gaps in the line or bringing the opposing runner to earth with a magnificent tackle. The crowd followed him, and time and again his name would ring out at the end of the college yells. When he took the ball he never failed to gain and often carried it ten, fifteen and even twenty yards. Toward the end of the first half the Hamford men, fighting like tigers, were gradually pushed back into their territory. Slowly, but surely, the ball was advanced, and as it neared the goal line the excitement became intense. Yell followed yell in quick succession, and the students, too much excited to sit on the bleachers, followed along the side lines howling and gesticulating like a lot of savages. But would there be time enough for them to score? The half was nearly over.

At last they reach the ten-yard line, and then Hamford fights with the energy of despair. "Third down, five yards to gain," calls the referee, and the linesman instantly follows with "Thirty seconds to play."

Oh, the agony! If those five yards are not gained the great opportunity is lost. Captain Griggs stands for a moment bewildered. Then, in an instant, comes the signal, the ball is snapped, and Fred Stockton, grabbing the pigskin, hurls himself at the other tackle with the energy of a railroad train. He is through in an instant, gives a twist to avoid the quarter-back, jumps into the air just as the right half-back makes a flying leap for him, and no one but the full-back is between him and victory. There is a flash, a fall, a quick squirm and a roll; the full-back has tackled too high, and Fred, with arms outstretched, holds the ball just across the line.

Then everything broke loose, and the grand stand and bleachers seemed to be falling down. When the crowd finally stopped yelling to catch breath a neat goal had been kicked and time called.

As Fred walked proudly down the field, the centre of a cheering mob of students, he looked eagerly up at the grand stand for Carrie's welcome smile. At first he did not see her, as half the people were on their feet. Then at last he did see her, and it seemed as if the bright afternoon sun had suddenly gone out. He suddenly shivered, clenched his fists till the nails almost dug into