

the flesh, and not once again that afternoon did he glance toward the audience. He had expected a radiant, happy smile and enthusiastic greeting; but there she sat, apparently all oblivious of him and the great events taking place. Just at that moment she was looking up into Custer's face with that rapt expression which women only wear when great joy or great love takes possession of them, and Fred in his jealousy thought it was the latter.

It was clear to him now. She loved Archie Custer, and he was lost. He did not know that he had hardly turned his eyes away when she began to search eagerly in the crowd for him, and wondered when she did see him why he did not look up to receive her approbation. He was bitter and discouraged, and for a moment, as he listened to the flattery of the admiring crowd, he felt as if he had not the heart to continue the game. Then grief gave way to bitterness and he said to himself grimly that he *would* play.

If his work in the first half was magnificent, his playing in the second was fiendish. The other players thought he must have gone mad. Such desperate, violent playing, and such utter disregard for his own safety they had never seen. He was like a wild animal, and the awful energy of his running, tackling and interfering made him almost a team in himself. Twice again the college scored, and each time it was Fred Stockton who carried the ball over the line, the last time with four Hamford players hanging on his back. The audience was almost wild, and when the whistle finally sounded and time was called the five hundred students surged across the field, and picking their brave left tackle up on their shoulders they carried him off the field in triumph.

As they left the field they passed the long line of ladies and their escorts. Carrie Warrington and Archie Custer were among them, and Carrie anxiously waited an opportunity to speak to Fred and to throw into a glance all the gratitude and happiness she felt. Seeing her looking at him, he resolutely turned his face away and was borne past, apparently without noticing her. She could not help seeing that it was intentional, and there were two very desolate hearts in the town that night instead of only one, as Fred thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]