

boys noticed his depression, but no one had any idea of the real cause, and several of the fellows in his fraternity seriously advised him to see a physician, as he was looking very unwell. There were several more games before the season closed, but Fred's playing became so listless that in the Thanksgiving Day game with an athletic club in a neighboring town he sat on the side lines with a sweater over his shoulders and watched a "sub" play the left-tackle.

He had not intended going to the Thanksgiving hop in the college armory, but one evening while calling on Bessie Harland she had hinted so broadly to him that no one had yet asked her to go to the dance that he felt sympathy for her as a fellow-sufferer, and asked whether he might have the honor. They had become quite good friends during the fall; and, although Bessie could not openly show that she knew what was the trouble and how sorry she felt, yet she tried in every way to make him feel less dependent.

She was very bright and vivacious on the way to the hop that evening, and Fred was not altogether miserable when he saw Carrie come in with Archie Custer. Of course, he reasoned, he must at least be polite and ask Carrie for a dance, but he postponed it as long as he could. When at last he did ask her for her card she turned reproachfully to him, and said:

"Fred, I think you've been real mean to-night. I have been saving a number of dances for you, but you put off coming so long that I had to give them up, and now I have only this one two-step and a waltz left."

Fred apologized, and found to his infinite satisfaction that he was engaged for that remaining waltz. So he scribbled his name for the two-step, and, the first strains of the opening waltz just then striking up, he hastily departed. Carrie looked after him with a puzzled expression, and all through the evening she watched him, wondering what on earth could be the reason for his peculiar conduct during the last few weeks.

Something in her tone had made Fred a little more light-hearted, and when he finally came to claim her for their two-step he thought he had never seen her look so dazzlingly beautiful. Her jet black hair and soft expressive black eyes and the clear dusky tint of her skin were set off to perfection by the thin gauze cloud of drapery that she called a gown, and when she greeted him with a radiant smile he almost forgot that this dance