

was to be the most disagreeable part of the whole evening. Before that dance was over he *did* forget it. The music was grand,—one of those wonderful marches of Sousa's, and it seemed an inspiration to him. More and more he recognized what a prize he was losing, and that same savage spirit that had made that magnificent last half of football possible came over him again and he longed fiercely to draw her in against his breast till he had crushed the life out of her. As it was, he began to hold her so tightly that she could hardly breathe, and before the dance was over she pleaded weariness and they stopped. They were very near a large screen and a group of palms that stood in front of a little arched doorway, and a sudden inspiration seized Carrie.

"Fred," she said, "let's go in here and sit down, I want to talk to you."

"That's strange," said Fred.

"What's strange?" "Why your wanting to talk to me," he answered.

The doorway opened upon a winding stairway leading up to one of the turrets of the armory, and without further noticing his peculiar remark Carrie slipped her hand from his arm and led the way up around the first turn out of sight of the dancers below. Then seating herself on a step she motioned him to come and sit beside her. As he reluctantly obeyed, the music came to an end with a grand flourish, and he remarked: "Your partner will hardly be able to find you here."

"My partner," she replied. "Oh it's only that stupid old Archie Custer, and he's had enough dances with me for one evening. Let him hunt."

"That's hardly the way," said Fred, "a girl should talk about the fellow she—she—"

"She what?" queried Carrie, innocently.

"Well, if you must have it—she loves," he almost hissed. Carrie drew away from him and threw her pretty head back, as with all the haughtiness she could muster she said: "Fred—Mr. Stockton, you are presuming a great deal. Your conduct has been very strange." Then all her spirit gave way, and she broke out: "Oh, Fred, that's just what I wanted to talk to you about. Why have you been acting so queerly these last few weeks? Ever since the Hamford game you have been so strange. You never came near our house, and I wanted so much to tell you how proud I was of your playing. When you saw me in the street or on