

line, when it was of no use. But you should have heard the crowd after the goal was kicked. The echoes ring in my ears yet."

"So we won after all," mused Tod.

"Yes; and you richly deserved it. Oh, you should have seen the Cranston men then. That Mr. Bascombe actually smiled as they carried you off the field. I never did like him very well; but since this afternoon I detest him."

"You know him then?" inquired Tod.

Anita drew herself up quickly as though she had accidentally said that which she had not ought to.

"No—yes—that is, a little. You see, we were neighbors once," she explained, lamely. But Tod did not notice her evident embarrassment. His mind was busy with another problem. He was wondering why she was so reticent regarding his benefactor. He resolved to ask her point-blank.

"Anita, whose house am I in?" he said, slowly and distinctly.

The girl was silent for a moment, as though seeking some evasive answer. But none came to her mind.

"Doctor Anston's," she said, quietly.

"Doctor Anston's," gasped Tod. "How—how did that happen?"

"At the doctor's special request. This is so much nearer than the hospital."

Tod was almost dazed by the news. To be, even at that moment, under the same roof with Stella, maybe but a few yards from her. It was nearly too much for his mind to grasp.

"Do the fellows know where I am?" he managed to ask, thinking how they would guy him on his return to college.

"Indeed they do. Notes and cards and visitors, all inquiring about your health, have been pouring in all evening."

"And Miss Anston—did she seem to care whether I was suffering or not? Did she inquire about me?"

The nurse moved uneasily.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she replied. "Every half hour found her in the room inquiring for latest news."

Tod was quiet for a long time. Then he resolved on a bold move.

"I wonder whether she would come in to see me so that I could talk to her. Do you think she would?"