

that missive would have filled him with a wealth of joy and pride. But now—he was merely conscious of good fortune, and of no other emotion. While he sat there, idly dreaming, a shadow fell athwart the seat, and a muffled step sounded on the sward. Muirkirk never looked up until a hand grasped his and pressed it warmly, at the same time that a voice said,

“Muirkirk, that was a magnificent game that you played to-day. I’m sorry that my congratulations come so late, but they are sincere for all that. Truth is, I couldn’t see you sooner, so I took the other alternative and saw you later.”

“Thanks, Broughton, awfully,” said Muirkirk, drawing his hand from that of his friend, and returning the open letter to its envelope. Broughton affected not to see the movement.

“Don’t be modest, Muirkirk,” he continued. “You know yourself that if it had not been for those four sensational plays of yours today, we would have been shut out disgracefully, instead of winning gloriously.”

A heavy frown was gathering on the other’s face, and once his lips moved as though to expostulate. But they kept silence. Broughton waited a moment after this outburst of praise, expecting some reply; but none came. So, muttering something about an appointment, and wondering mightily at the pre-occupied manner and seeming rudeness of his classmate, he moved off again.

Muirkirk felt a pang of remorse as Broughton disappeared in the gathering dusk.

“I acted like a cad, I know,” he said to himself, “but I don’t see why he had to drag that game before me again. As though I were not sick of it already.”

He dug his cleats deep into the yielding turf and tore it viciously, as though hoping by such means to efface the memory of that afternoon. But it would not be so. And so he sat there with his head bowed in his hands, reviewing the occurrences of the past few hours. Only that morning he had gone into the library after some reference book on Psychology, and had ensconced himself in the farthest corner, with the coveted volume, congratulating himself upon having the whole room to himself, when two others entered. They were Junior Co-eds. Fortunately, as Muirkirk then thought, they did not perceive him, and after much chatter and delay they finally took to a small table not ten feet away, and just on the other side of a tall case of books.