

look like a lion then with his tousled mop of tawny yellow hair, or like some wild beast at any rate. Jack called my attention to him. They had been warm friends when Jack was a Senior and he a Freshman. He had been handsome then, according to his photographs, but he was far from handsome in his dirty football suit. And he did something that afternoon that has forever condemned him in my estimation. A little player had started to run away from a struggling mass of men with the ball under his arm, and was tearing with all his might down the field, when this big fair haired brute gave chase and after a hard run almost caught up to him. Then instead of catching and holding him as he might have done, he threw himself bodily through the air and grabbed the little fellow by the knees, bringing him down with a thud. It was some time before the little fellow could get up and walk around, but this big brute was cheered as a hero, because he saved a touchdown Jack explained. And he must be stupid and dull. He looked like it at the game, and despite the arguments to the contrary I don't believe half these football men ever study, but are allowed to go through college because they help advertise the place. I do hope Jack won't introduce me. I don't want to meet him, and I'm afraid I can't even be civil to him. Would you want to meet him Anne?" turning suddenly to her maid but fortunately there was no disaster this time for Anne had just put on the finishing touch and was about to tell her mistress to rise and proceed with other operations.

"Mercy! no, Miss Elizabeth," was her reply, "I am surprised at Mr. John for wanting to introduce you to such a bad man."

Just then a deep bass voice was wafted up from the floor below, "Almost ready, siss? The carriage is waiting."

"Coming, Jack," was the cheery reply, and in a minute John Graham felt more proud of his "little sister" than ever as he watched her coming down the staircase. Well he might, for a more graceful, stately, handsome girl would be hard to find.

Tall, dignified, erect, with beautiful deep blue eyes that shone with fearless womanhood and self-reliance, creamy skin and perfectly chiselled features surmounted by rich luxuriant coils of dark brown hair in which nestled a single rose. Well, he knew that he was escorting the queenliest girl that would grace the ball that night.

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"Elizabeth, allow me to present my old friend, Tom Arm-