

## LOVE'S NIGHTMARE.



O L S T O N ball! Colston ball!" cry the voices of a dozen men in blue and white, as the leather sphere lifted by the beautiful drop-kick of a

Brunonian quarter-back passes into touch within twenty-five yards of Colston's goal-line. "Line up, rushers!" and both sides range out into the field while Colston's captain with the ball under his arm stands outside the touch-line.

While the players are taking their positions to receive the throw-out we have a good opportunity of observing them. And first it must be mentioned that this is the great annual football match between the two finest clubs in Gloucestershire, St. Bruno's and Colston Hall. All the spectators, and there were thousands of them, wear the colors of one or other of the teams; but the red and black predominate, for we are in Gloucester, whose people were proud of their college and its students.

No mean foemen are the lads of Colston Hall. Their captain, Townsend, who plays at quarter-back, is the best dodger in England, and their scrimmage line contains Huggins, Miller, Digby and Marvin, giants all. St. Bruno's, on the contrary, has no big men, but the activity of the lads in red and black compensates for their want of strength. The somewhat clumsy Miller is no match for the wiry and wily Clark, so swift of foot and cool of brain; nor can the fiery, passionate Marvin successfully cope with the canny and shrewd Campbell. The Brunonian quarter-backs, Dufresne and Moriarty, never hold the ball for a minute at a time, a rare and invaluable quality. But on the whole the teams are very evenly matched, and Carbery, St. Bruno's captain, while calling out in quick, sharp tones, "Cover your men! Now then, Townsend!

why don't you throw that ball?" knows that the fight will be a hot one, and that the smile of confidence with which he inspires his friends is merely assumed.

A long and tedious scrimmage follows the throw-out, but at length Townsend gets possession of the ball and passes to Digby, who, on the point of being surrounded, throws it back to his captain. Now Townsend has a clear run. Past centre-field he goes, dodging Campbell and Dufresne, overthrowing Daly the full-back and St. Bruno's last hope. A touch-down! No! Five yards from the goal Townsend stumbles, and before he can rise Clark is on his neck. "Held!" he had better say it, for he can never free himself from that iron grasp. But—there are only five yards to gain, and surely the big four can push it through. They seem determined to do so, and are doing it too, when—"half time!" shouts the referee and "Hurrah! St. Bruno's! we didn't let them score!"

To the dressing room go the players at a trot. I meet Carbery and say to him excitedly, "Charley, old man, you've got to do better than this next half!"

"Keep cool, Dave," he answers with a laugh. "we're all solid now. Those chaps," with a jerk of his thumb to the giants of Colston Hall, "are pretty well broken up, and our men will be as fresh as ever in five minutes."

He runs lightly up the steps of the grand stand, receiving many smiling nods from the owners of fashionable bonnets, for Charley Carbery is a prime favorite with the ladies of Gloucester. I follow him with my eyes, for I am never tired of watching my dear old chum, and see him stop, where I expected, beside Maggie Merivale, the prettiest girl there. A blush and eagerly outstretched hand show that he is welcome and I turn away and shake my head, not that I am jealous, not I, but—

"Here they come again!" Charley lifts