

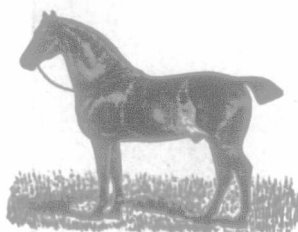
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him, till one of the Twentieth centers, rushing in, secured it for his side.

"Ha! well done, captain!" came Craven's voice across the ice, and Hughie felt his nerve come back. If he could hold Dan, that deadly Front combination might be broken.

Meantime Don had secured the ball from Craven, and was rushing up his right wing.

"Here you are, Hughie," he cried, shooting across the Front goal.

Hughie sprang to receive, but before he could shoot Dan was upon him, checking so hard that Hughie was sent sprawling to the ice, while Dan shot away with the ball.

But before he had gone very far Hughie was after him like a whirlwind, making straight for his own goal, so that by the time Dan had arrived at shooting distance, Hughie was again upon him, and while in the very act of steadying himself for his try at the goal, came crashing into him with such fierceness of attack that Dan was flung aside, while Johnnie Big Duncan, capturing the ball, sent it across to the master.

It was the master's first chance for the day. With amazing swiftness and dexterity he threaded the outer edge of the ice, and with a sudden swerve across, avoided the throng that had gathered to oppose him, and then with a careless ease, as if it were a matter of little importance, he dodged in between the heavy Front defense, shot his goal, and skated back coolly to his place.

The Twentieth's moment had come, and both upon the ice and upon the banks the volume and fierceness of the cheering testified to the intensity of the feeling that had been so long pent up.

That game had revealed to Hughie two important facts: the first, that he was faster than Dan in a straight race; and the second, that it would be advisable to feed the master, for it was clearly apparent that there was not his equal upon the ice in dodging.

"That was well done, captain," said Craven to Hughie, as he was coolly skating back to his position.

"A splendid run, sir," cried Hughie, in return.

"Oh, the run was easy. It was your check that did the trick. That's the game," he continued, lowering his voice. "It's hard on you, though. Can you stand it?"

"Well, I can try for a while," said Hughie, confidently.

"If you can," said the master, "we've got them" and Hughie settled down into the resolve that, cost what it might, he would stick like a leech to Dan.

He imparted his plan to Fusie, adding, "Now, whenever you see me tackle Dan, run in and get the ball. I'm not going to bother about it."

Half an hour had gone. The score stood two to one favor of the Front, but the result every one felt to be still uncertain.

That last attack of Hughie's, and the master's speedy performance, gave some concern to the men of the Front, and awakened a feeling of confidence in the Twentieth team.

But Dan, wise general that he was, saw the danger, and gave his commands ere he faced off for the new game.

"When that man Craven gets it," he said to the men of the center, "make straight for the goal. Never mind the ball."

The wisdom of this order became at once evident, for when in the face-off he secured the ball, Hughie clung so tenaciously to his heels and checked him so effectually, that he was forced to resign it to the Reds, who piercing the Twentieth center, managed to scurry up the ice with the ball between them. But when, met by Craven and Johnnie Big Duncan, they passed across to Dan, Hughie again checked so fiercely that Johnnie Big Duncan secured the ball, passed back to the master, who with another meteoric flash along the edge of the field broke through the Front's defense, and again shot.

It was only Farquhar Bhag's steady coolness that saved the goal. It was a near enough thing, however, to strike a sudden chill to the heart of the Front goal-keeper, and to make Dan realize that something must be done to check these dangerous rushes of Craven.

"Get in behind the defense there, and stay there," he said to two of his

centers, and his tone indicated that his serene confidence in himself and his team was slightly shaken. Hughie's close checking was beginning to chafe him, for his team in their practice had learned to depend unduly upon him.

Noticing Dan's change in the disposition of his men, Hughie moved up two of his centers nearer to the Front defense.

"Get into their way," he said, "and give the master a clear field."

But this policy only assisted Dan's plan of defense, for the presence of so many players before the Front goal filled up the ice to such an extent that Craven's rushes were impeded by mere numbers.

For some time Dan watched the result of his tactics well satisfied, remaining himself for the time in the back-ground. During one of the pauses, when the ball was out of play, he called one of the Reds to him.

"Look here," he said, "you watch this. Right after one of those rushes of Craven's, don't follow him down, but keep up to your position. I'll get the ball to you somehow, and then you'll have a chance to shoot. No use passing to me, for this little son of a gun is on my back like a flea on a dog." Dan was seriously annoyed.

The little Red passed the word around and patiently waited his chance. Once and again the plan failed, chiefly because Dan could not get the ball out of the scrimmage, but at length, when Hughie had been tempted to rush in with the hope of putting in a shot, the ball slid out of the scrimmage, and Dan, swooping down upon it, passed swiftly to the waiting Red who immediately shot far out to his alert wing, and then rushing down the center and slipping past Johnnie Big Duncan, who had gone forth to meet Dan coming down the right, and the master who was attending to the little Red on the wing, received the ball, and putting in a short, swift shot, scored another goal for the Front, amid a tempest of hurrahs from the team and their supporters.

The game now stood three to one in favor of the Front, and up to the end of the first hour no chance was made in this score.

And now there was a scene of the wildest enthusiasm and confusion. The Front people flocked upon the ice and carried off their team to their quarter of the shanty, loading them with congratulations and refreshing them with various drinks.

"Better get your men together, captain," suggested Craven, and Hughie gathered them into the Twentieth corner of the shanty.

In spite of the adverse score Hughie found his team full of fight. They crowded about him and the master, eager to listen to any explanation of the present defeat that might be offered for their comfort, or to any plans by which the defeat might be turned into victory. Some minutes they spent in excitedly discussing the various games, and in good-naturedly chaffing Thomas Finch for his failure to prevent a score. But Thomas had nothing to say in reply. He had done his best, and he had a feeling that they all knew it. No man was held in higher esteem by the team than the goal-keeper.

"Any plan, captain?" asked the master, after they had talked for some minutes, and all grew quiet.

"What do you think, sir?" said Hughie.

"O, let us hear from you. You're the captain."

"Well," said Hughie, slowly, and with deliberate emphasis, "I think we are going to win." (Yells from all sides.) "At any rate we ought to win, for I think we have the better team." (More yells.) "What I mean is this, I think we are better in combination play, and I don't think they have a man who can touch the master."

Enthusiastic exclamations, "That's right!" "Better believe it!" "Horo!"

"But we have a big fight before us. And that Dan Munro's a terror. The only chance I can think of is to open out more and fall back from their goal for a little while. And then if I can hold Dan—"

"Cries of you'll hold him all right!" "You are the lad!"

"Everybody should feed the master. They can't touch him, any of them. But I would say for the first while anyway,

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