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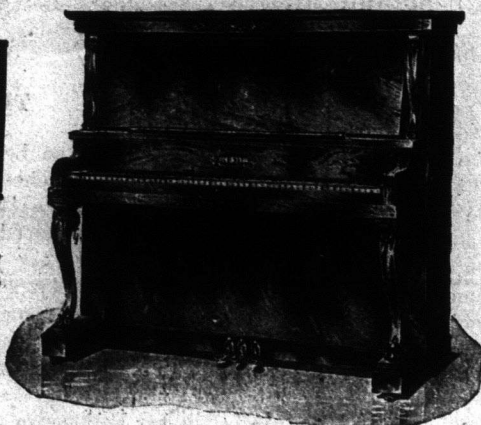
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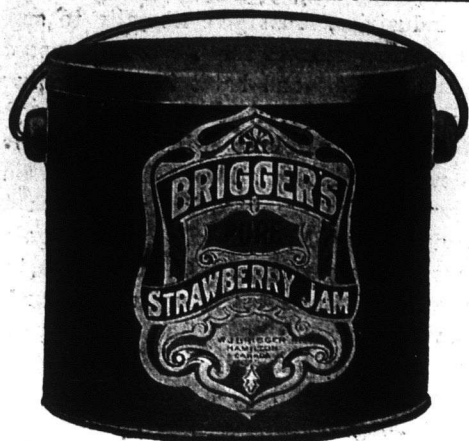
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Sugar and are guaranteed
Absolutely Pure.

The Game by Wire.

By Arthur Stanwood Pier.



If you have any ex-
planation to offer, you
may make it to me
on the dock."

So the angry letter
concluded; and in
consequence John
Stanley journeyed
for two days east-

ward. He had several consoling
thoughts; one was that, however the af-
fair was adjusted, he might now see the
Yale-Harvard football game at New
Haven.

He arrived in Boston on Wednesday
evening; Mr. Prentice's steamer was due
on Thursday. Now, although Stanley
came from the West and was a Yale
man, he knew his way round Boston;
and after dining he betook himself up
Beacon Street to Mr. Prentice's house.
While he waited in the hall he heard
from above Lucy Prentice's clear voice
reading aloud as follows: "At left end
is Prentice, who though new to 'Varsity
football this year, and opposed by per-
haps the strongest player in the Yale
line, is expected to give a good account
of himself. His speed in getting down
under kicks and his—"

The reading ceased; a moment later
John Stanley was ascending the stairs
to the library. There, standing by a
table expectantly, was Lucy Prentice
alone; she came forward with a little
start of nervous eagerness, with a
jubilant welcome shining in her face.

"John Stanley! I had no idea you
were in town! How splendid! Mamma's
so sorry not to see you, but she's not
very well—I was reading to her."
"About young Prentice—yes, I heard
you."

"About him and the man that plays
opposite him. Tell me—what does
your brother say? You'll go down to
the game with us—we have a special
car. It will be full of Harvard people;
and it will be perfectly fine to have one
lone Eli. We will all have such fun
jollying you."

"Except on the trip back," observed
Stanley. "Then it will be my turn."

She scoffed at the confidence of Yale
men; he listened without resentment.
In that yellow dress, with her dark
beauty, she was quite enrapturing; and
he enjoyed her prattle. He had made a
note of her nervous, eager start toward
him. Perhaps it was one of the little
tricks that made her so popular with
men; but perhaps it had in this in-
stance a special genuineness. Her talk
flowed on, easily, happily.

"And isn't it funny," she was saying
"to think that my Tom doesn't know
your Ted at all!"

"They will know each other pretty
well after Saturday," he answered.

"Does your Ted slug?"

"Does Tom hold in the line?"

"Oh, you must—you must come with
us in our car!" she exclaimed. "I so
want to exhibit you to my Harvard
friends."

"As a—as a possession?" he ventured.

"As my dearest enemy," she answered.

"Well—even that tempts me. But
I'm not sure."

"Why not?"

"Oh, business may prevent. I'm in
Boston on business."

"Paving business?"

"Yes."

"Then it's all right. Father wouldn't
miss this game for anything; and he
wouldn't have you miss it."

"When will his steamer get in to-
morrow?"

"Not till late in the afternoon—and
perhaps not until Friday morning.
They've had fog and a rough passage."

"A combination which is likely to
make one irritable," said Stanley
meditatively.

"Oh! Then things haven't been go-
ing well?"

"Not very," he admitted.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" She looked at him
with such compassion that he exclaim-
ed:

"I—of course I wanted to make good
in this job especially; it's rather a dis-
appointment. But however it comes

out, I'm not beaten; I'm really not, you
know. I want you to understand that."

"Not yet, of course—not till Satur-
day," she answered lightly. "And Satur-
day we'll count on you in our special
car."

"I'd rather leave it open until I've
talked with your father. To be frank—
he may prefer not to see me in your
special car."

"Dear me!" she sighed. But she did
not press him for any further con-
fidences. She returned to the subject,
however, late in the evening when he
was taking his departure.

"If it's such a deadly feud, perhaps
we'll never meet again—unless you
come to luncheon to-morrow. Mamma
would be sorry to miss you entirely."

So he came to luncheon the next day.
It was blowing a gale; resort to the
telephone elicited from the Cunard office
the information that the Bohemia
would not arrive before Friday night; a
wireless to the station on Cape Cod had
announced some mishap to her engines.

"Well," said Lucy Prentice, "father is
making pretty close connections."

"Oh, I hope," cried Mrs. Prentice,
"that nothing more will happen to de-
tain him! This is Tom's last year at
Harvard, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Prentice
regards Tom's playing in this Yale game
as the greatest event of his own life;
he wouldn't miss it for worlds. And I
don't know how I could endure it my-
self if Mr. Prentice could not be there;
it makes me faint whenever I think of
it."

"You will have my strong shoulder
to lean on," said Lucy. "But the old
boat will get in on time; don't worry."

When late in the afternoon he was
taking his leave, John Stanley suggest-
ed to Lucy that, as they might never
see each other again after Friday, they
celebrate this possibly last evening by
going to the theatre. He generously
included Mrs. Prentice in the invitation.
Lucy thought nothing could be more
agreeable. Mrs. Prentice decided that
she did not care to go; but that Lucy
was old enough to go alone with a
young man if he chose to. And she
suggested that Mr. Stanley come to din-
ner.

When at the end of a cheerful little
play they emerged from the theatre
rain was falling. Therefore, during the
drive home they discussed not the play
but the weather probabilities for Satur-
day, and the comparative merits of the
two teams on wet grounds. When they
reached the house Stanley accepted an
invitation to come in for supper. He
was led into talking about Western
cities as places to live in. He believed
that every woman ought to live for a
while in a Western city. "Rather than
Boston?" Lucy suggested doubtfully.
"Oh! distinctly rather than Boston."
She looked as if—though his convictions
were different from hers—she liked to
have him so emphatic.

Into his leave-taking he infused a
note of melancholy. "We'll probably
meet to-morrow night on the dock," she
reminded him. "And if not there—
Saturday in our special car." He ad-
mitted the possibilities, but indicated
his preference for a touching farewell, in
case—He left it vague.

It rained all night; all Friday until
three o'clock in the afternoon—a steady,
still, warm rain. Then the rain ceased
in a drizzle, and a fog steamed up from
the earth and met another fog shutting
down from the sky.

Stanley had tried to spend a profit-
able morning. He had visited the Art
Museum and the Public Library, and,
finally, Harvard College. At this in-
stitution, however, instead of inspect-
ing in a reverent spirit the glass flowers
and other improving objects, he sought
out certain undergraduates and—like a
typical Yale man—goaded them into
betting on their team. At two o'clock
he returned to Boston, through the wel-
tering fog. From the Touraine he tele-
phoned to the Cunard wharf; yes, the
Bohemia had arrived at noon off Bos-
ton Light and had anchored to await
high tide—which would be at six o'clock.