

him! Saw him!" goes the cry. John runs up one or two rows. His satellites follow. Three or four are placed at a leg, the same at the other, and at each arm. Then these dozen or more strong fellows proceed to administer what is very severe punishment. He is jerked in one way, then in the opposite direction, alternately arm and opposite leg, until the poor fellow has his extremities almost evulsed, until he is almost quartered by these fiendish fellows. He is then carried up and thrown over the last row to regain his breath amongst his freshmen associates, a much sadder and a much wiser man. What availeth one against a dozen?

All dripping with perspiration, warm, puffing and blowing, tattered and torn, the sophomores stand wiping their necks and faces free from the product of their exertions.

The door suddenly opens and in walks the tall and handsome form of George Bolingbrooke, a young man who had attracted a great deal of attention at the opening lecture of the term the day previous.

A small wavering cheer from the freshmen greeted his appearance, for was not here a champion and a leader for them.

The finals gave him a hearty reception. Here would be some grand sport in elevating this one. Cheer after cheer went up; shout after shout arose.

The sophs stood looking at Felcher and MacMahon.

Felcher and MacMahon turned their eyes upon Ditchfield.

"Hurrah, boys!" cry Felcher and MacMahon, as they rush for the big fellow.

Ditchfield and his gang follow.

The finals shout for the "freshies" to come down and help their man; but there is no need.

George Bolingbrooke folds his arms across his expansive breast as he feels John Ditchfield's arms encircle him. They are lifting him bodily. He is making not the slightest resistance. Of course there can be no scrap when a man will not scrap. Now they have him up over some of the seats, and are lifting him over the bar. Good-humoredly, he takes hold of the bar and thus assists them.

The finals, not to be wholly outdone of their sport, cry, "Bring him down the other side. Stand him on the dais and let's have a speech!"

Away they go across the aisle with their man, drag him down, and stand him on the dais behind the lecture desk, somewhat winded, too, even if he did not make a struggle.

"A speech! A speech!" they cry.