

"Stone's gone Keys."

"Three Wolf's-Head men in the crowd."

"McNab gets Keys."

"Hooray!"

"Dopey's tapped!"

"Bully."

"Wiggins fourth man for Bones."

Still no one came their way. Then all at once a Bones man, wandering in the crowd, came up behind Bob Story, caught him by the shoulders, swung him around to make sure, and gave him the slap.

Regan's, Hungerford's, and Stover's voices rose above the uproar:

"Bully, Bob!"

"Good work!"

"Hooray for you!"

Almost immediately Regan received the eighth tap for Bones, and went for his room amidst the thundering cheers of a popular choice.

"Well, here we are, Dink," said Hungerford.

"You're next."

About them the curious spectators pressed, staring up into their faces for any sign of emotion, struggling to reach them, with the dramatic instinct of the crowd. Four more elections were given out by Bones—only three places remained.

"That settles me," said Stover between his teeth. "If they wanted me I'd gone among the first. Joe's going to get last place—bully for him. He's the best fellow in the class."

He folded his arms and smiled with the consciousness of a decision accepted. He saw Hungerford's face, and the agony of suspense to his sensitive nerves.