

on the other side of the partition and dainty foot-steps were heard retreating rapidly down the hall. This was enough. What's the use of giving such a man a "show." Quickly, without a word, the three left the room, and hurried to report to the crowd waiting below what had happened. The excitement had been great enough at first, but at this report it knew no bounds. It was just Chapel time, but no one thought of Chapel now. As soon as they heard what had taken place the whole crowd broke into loud shouts of—"Run him out! Run him out!!" and rushed madly up the stairs towards Fulton's room. The door was locked, but in a moment several of the fellows had broken it open and rushed into the room, and seizing the frightened inmate they hustled him out into the hall before he realized what was going on. When he saw what his fate was to be, he made desperate efforts to escape, swearing loudly at his captors. There was no danger of his getting away however. Down the narrow dark stairways they hurried him, the whole crowd of fellows following; the coach for Bellefonte had just left but as the crowd emerged from the front door of the building, they could see the clumsy vehicle moving slowly along a short distance down the pike. "We can catch her fellows" shouted one of the head men and the whole crowd dashed off to catch the coach, Fulton with a man on each side of him in the lead and the rest coming after. Away they went, a yelling, clamoring mob! They caught up with the coach at the lower end of Sowerstown. "Here Ben we've got a passenger for you" shouted one of the fellows holding Fulton. (Our present chief of janitors, Ben. Beaver, then drove the coach.) Before Ben could recover from his surprise Fulton, now silent and submissive, was lodged in the coach. Ben was charged to take the fellow to Bellefonte, and told that if he dared to bring him back there would be an end of the coach driver before that night.

Thus Harry Fulton left P. A. C., a much wiser boy than when he had entered. His trunk followed him the next day, and Room 370 was vacant for all the rest of that year.

B., '99.