

this unknown person stepped noiselessly out from his hiding place and followed them. The darkness of the night protected the stranger and in another moment he was among the crowd of fellows actively engaged in hitching up the horse. It took some time to get the harness in shape and here the stranger was of great assistance, though it was not noticed at the time. Finally the man with the reins cried ;

“All ready ! Pile in fellows !” and all crowded into the cart, the stranger with them. “Now for the cider press— Hurrah ! !” shouted some of the fellows.

“Shut up ! Shut up !” cried the driver “We must keep mum till we get off the campus or the ‘Prex’ ’ll be after us in no time !” “And may be old ‘Hinky’ himself,” suggested another fellow.

This settled the few imprudent ones and until the cart had reached the outskirts of town on the road toward Stroubles station the fellows talked scarce above a whisper. Lucky for the stranger among them he was but once or twice addressed. Once a fellow next to him said :

“Gad ! If ‘Hinky’ ever finds us out our pull with him wont amount to a row of pins.”

The cart was making considerable noise just then and the stranger simply mumbled for and answer.

Once outside of town the fellows made no effort to be quiet longer, but gave way to shouts and yells of all sorts.

“Cider ! Cider ! !” they yelled and the strangers voice was as loud as any.

The driver, doubled the reins and hit the horse a terrific cut sending him off at a gallop. Away they went, laughing and shouting with a vim that would rival that of the creamery visitors and church bell ringers of the present time.

“Three cheers for ‘Hinky’ !” cried a fellow in the back of the cart and the cheers were given with a will.

“Now for his horse !” and three more cheers rang out.

“ ‘Hinky’s’ a good fellow all right !” said one.

“You just think so because you’ve got a pull with him,”