

pondence. Their simple contrivance was scarcely visible from the ground below, the cord being so near the color of the stone behind it, and even from the neighboring windows was barely noticeable. Armstrong had no roommate, and therefore there was little danger of the scheme being discovered.

The success of this plan seemed to embolden the couple to a marked degree, and they began to entertain thoughts of more daring feats. Along in the spring term when warm weather had come again they took to visiting the old cupola on moonlight nights or early in the evening. The managing of these visits was no easy matter as the young ladies were of course required to be in their rooms at seven o'clock. This is the way it was done. If you will examine the wall on the fifth floor next to where the west end stairway comes up, you will find that a doorway has been closed up there. In the times of which this story is written there was an additional flight of stairs from the fifth floor to the attic and this doorway led to them. A heavy door which was always kept locked closed the entrance.

Armstrong, by a judicious dealing with the janitor, succeeded in securing a key to this door. It was here then that the two would meet for their nightly trips to the cupola. To make the affair as romantic as possible, they of course made their arrangements for the meeting by letter *via* string. As soon as it grew dark Armstrong would mount the main stairs to the old attic and carefully make his way to the point where the west end stairs came up. Very cautiously he would descend the stairs to the fifth floor door, and there for a moment stop and listen. "Mame!" (he had come to calling her by her first name) "Mame, are you here?" A faint "Hoo! Hoo!" would come from the other side, and in a moment the door was unlocked and she stood beside him. The door again locked, they ascended together to the attic. A stealthy climb up the narrow rickety stair-