

way, a few steps through the cupola and they went out on the long platform that covered the length of the rear middle wing. Here in the warm spring evenings they would sit and talk and look out over the old gently sloping roof with its many slender chimneys.

Now this was fun of course. It was just lots of fun ! But under existing circumstances and surroundings it could not possibly keep very long. Notwithstanding the delicate conditions, however, these nightly escapades were repeated many times without interruption. And very fortunately for the two concerned, some one not among the College authorities was the first to get an inkling of what was going on.

One afternoon, late in May, a Sophomore walking along rather closer than ordinary to the front of the building casually picked up a small bit of writing paper lying on the grass. As he glanced at it his eyes opened wide and the corners of his mouth began to turn up for these words, in a delicate feminine hand met his gaze:

“DUMPLING:—Meet me at the attic stairs as usual.

Yours to a *cinder*,

M. S.”

A single glance at this was enough. The Soph put the note carefully into his pocket and walked hurriedly into the building. At noon of the same day this small bit of paper had hung fastened to the string at Armstrong's window, but a strong gust of wind had loosened and carried it to the ground where the student picked it up.

The effect that this discovery had upon the other students who were soon apprised of it can well be imagined. They were soon wild with excitement. Oh, what a great chance for some sport ! They allowed the couple a brief two days to get over their scare at the loss of the note, then early in the evening dispatched a stocking footed messenger to investigate the upper regions of the building. The messenger returned with a report that confirmed in a most deli-