

cious manner all their suspicions. Their plan of action had been formed and they proceeded at once to carry it out.

On that evening Armstrong and Miss Seymour had met at the usual place and proceeded to the narrow platform outside of the cupola. A beautiful full moon shone bright; the air was mild and pleasant. What a night it was! In modern language it was "a peach of a night!" The two were seated on the steps leading from the cupola down to the long platform. As they sat there, all unaware that others knew of their whereabouts, a small party of young fellows, all in soft soled slippers were slowly ascending the cupola stairs. They carried with them a long lanky object that rattled a little now and then. Steadily, silently they bore their burden upward.

Armstrong and Miss Seymour from where they sat could, by turning slightly about, see the top of the stairway within the cupola. A broad band of moonlight from an opposite window fell across the floor just in front of the stairway. The two had sat there, the space between them growing smaller by degrees, what seemed to them a very short time, but which was really an hour or more when a slight noise on the stairs caught their ear. It was a faint creaking as though some one was cautiously ascending.

"Did I hear a noise, Steve?" asked the girl, starting perceptibly. "Oh, I guess not, Mame!" was Armstrong's reassuring reply as he turned his head to listen.

A minute of absolute quietness followed and then a sudden sharp scraping noise sounded within the cupola. Both turned on the instant and no sooner had they done so, than the girl uttered a short frightened scream. At the same time both rose to their feet, staring with startled eyes toward the stairway.

There on the floor of the cupola, plainly visible in the bright moonlight, stood (could they believe their eyes?)—a skeleton! Yes, a hideous grinning skeleton!!