

"Oh, Steve!" cried the girl, tightly gripping the lad's arm, "What—what is it?"

It was some minutes before Armstrong found voice to speak, and then the tones were decidedly shaky. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "it's only Old John! Don't you recognize him?" Gradually regaining his natural voice he went on. "We see him every day in Physiology. I suppose some of those Sophs thought they'd scare us!"

The girl still trembling and clinging to him only said "Let's go down now."

As they walked slowly into the cupola, Armstrong, now growing very bold, reached out and with a laugh was about to take hold of the grewsome object standing there. "Don't, Steve! come, please!" pleaded the girl, by no means recovered from her fright, and tugging vigorously at her escort's arm. Once on their way down they proceeded much faster than was their wont and soon took leave of each other, seeing nothing of the gang who had played the prank. These bold intruders had disappeared immediately on hearing the girl scream, traveling as fast as their legs would carry them, almost as badly frightened as the victims of their escapade.

Next morning one of the janitors, with a good deal of very expressive language, found it his duty to return "Old John" to his proper place in the Biological department.

If Armstrong and Miss Seymour ever saw the inside of the old cupola again it was not for many a long day. Another thing was also no longer practiced by them. The loop of gray cord was taken down and never used as a letter carrier again. And indeed a marked cooling of the "case" was soon noticeable.

"Old John," so named by the students, for what reason it is difficult to say, was used many times afterwards as a source of amusement. Finally, however, when every one became so accustomed to him that he would not have caused any anxiety had he been seen walking out over the campus,