

"Hello, Mr. Dauntless, are you a witness too?"

"Say, Joe," said his cousin, quickly, "there's something strange going on. The whole place is full of people. I went back there to open a window and at least two men coughed — one of 'em sneezed. We're being watched. This man says he heard a woman back there, and I saw a funny kind of light in the graveyard."

"Hang 'em!" growled Joe. "We can't stop now. Open up the church, Jim."

"Can't. Lost my key. Is this Miss Thursdale? Glad to meet you. The window's the only way and they're surely watching back there."

"Mamma has sent the officers after us," wailed Eleanor.

"Let's go home," said the waiter. "I didn't agree to stay out all night."

"Agree? Aha, I see. You are a spy!" cried Joe.

"A spy? I guess not. I'm a witness."

"It's the same thing," cackled Mr. Van Truder. "You're a spy witness."

"Joe, isn't this fellow your witness?" demanded Carpenter.