

THE ATTIC GUEST

I

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

"**T**HAT room in the third story is good enough for any elder," my mother was saying as I came into the library; "more than likely they'll send us a country elder anyhow, and he'll never know the difference—he'll think it's the spare room, I reckon."

I was only eighteen then, and I didn't care much where elders slept, or whether they slept at all or not. Besides, it was already nine o'clock, and I was going to a little party where "Tripping the light fantastic" was to be the order of the evening. By the way, I only found out the other day that Milton was the author of that fantastic toe phrase—and the news startled me about as much as if some one had told me Cromwell invented "Blind Man's Buff."

"Has Dinah got me buttoned right?" I asked, backing up to my Aunt Agnes. Aunt Agnes was