

funny! and what did you do grandpapa?" "Do? Got out of that room and into my own as quickly as possible, you may be sure; and there I found my gripsack all right. I tendered the most profuse apologies for my stupidity, but the clergyman begged me to think no more of it, but to compose myself to sleep."

To sleep? Alas! like Macbeth, I had murdered the innocent sleep. My host had kindly left his candle with me, and with my hands clutching my head I sat staring at it for hours, while I scorched and burned at the thought of my awkward stupidity and what I had heard the ladies say of me.

'A muff! yea, verily, a muff indeed!' I muttered; and as I thought of standing up and preaching, with those bright eyes watching what I should do with my hands, my agony grew unbearable. I felt I should break down if the thought of this miserable mistake should occur to me in the pulpit. Oh! if, instead of dwelling among ancient Greeks so much, I had only studied the art of conducting myself to advantage in society, all this horrible misadventure might have been avoided.

When I looked at my watch it was half past two in the morning, and the moon had worn away round to the west. I had come to a resolution. Preach there to-morrow I could not—that was certain; it was no use attempting it: I could not overcome my nervousness any more than I could overcome the certainty that as soon as I stood up I should hear that sweet voice saying, 'An awful muff!'

I took out my pencil, and on a card wrote a few words, saying that after what had happened it would be impossible for me to preach with acceptance, and begged they would pardon my early departure.

Then I took up my valise, buttoned up my coat, but—where was my hat? It seemed to me, I remembered something of having it in my hand as I sat on the lounge in the parlor when I entered at first—and probably I should find it there. I half thought of going off with-

out it; but I was a young and sensitive man, and the possibility of being seen entering the town, say about four in the morning, with a grip-sack in my hand and my head uncovered, was too much; so as I stealthily slipped out of the house I turned aside into the parlor to find my hat. To my surprise the room was quite dark, the shutters having been shut to keep out the moonlight. I cautiously groped toward the lounge, which stood against the end wall. I could remember that, when suddenly my hand came in contact with a smooth, warm face. A ringing shriek filled the house, and I fled like a murderer. Afterward I learned that the young lady, Miss Marion, seeing that I had monopolized her room, had made up a bed for herself upon the parlor lounge and was lying awake thinking of 'that awful muff' when in search of my hat I passed my cold hand over her face. You see now how it happened, and how I could not possibly preach that first sermon."

"And did you ever meet the young lady again, grandpapa?"

"Oh yes!—frequently. You see she was as good as she was beautiful, and being greatly distressed at having hurt the feelings of such an estimable young man as I was reported to be, she actually came over the next day, Sunday as it was—and—begged me to forget the silly words she and her sister had spoken. and——"

"Now, now grandpapa! that will do," interposed grandmamma with one of her benign protesting smiles.

"I am forbidden to tell you further, you see" observed grandpapa, but there was a droll twinkle in his eye that set the youngsters a-thinking.

They looked at him and they looked at grandmamma, and then they looked at each other with sudden intuition.

"Grandmamma! *your* name is Marion! Was it *you*?—really and truly now?"

"Well my dears, I suppose I must tell the truth—it was."