

the old woman sought an explanation, it was readily forthcoming.

“You got me into trouble,” said Mary; “you won’t get me into any more if I can help it.” Aunt Mimy grieved over the situation to such an extent that she made herself disagreeable to everybody, especially to Cousin Rebecca T. She broke dishes, she burned the waffles, she flung the dish-water into the yard, and for a day or two she whipped the little negroes every time she got her hands on them.

Cousin Rebecca T. did not let the matter drop, as she might have done. The colonel used to tell his intimate friends that his wife had a fearful amount of misdirected energy, and the results that it wrought in this particular instance justified the colonel’s description. Cousin Rebecca T. went straight to young Laban Pierson, and gave him to understand, without circumlocution or mincing of words, what she thought of any possible notion he had or might have of uniting his fortunes with those of her daughter. As might have been expected, Laban was thunder-struck. He blushed violently, turned pale, stammered, and, in short, acted just as any