

Affairs went on without a break or a ripple. Occasionally Mary would walk in the direction of the depot in the afternoon, and whenever she saw Laban she made it a point to bow to him, and this salutation he always returned with marked emphasis. But Mary was not happy. She no longer went singing through the house. She was cheerful, but not in the old fashion. No one noticed the change but old Aunt Mimy, and perhaps she would have been blind to it if her conscience had not hurt her. The old woman's conscience was not specially active or sensitive, but her affections were set on Mary, and for many long weeks the girl had hardly deigned to speak to her. Conscience lives next door to the affections. Aunt Mimy rebelled against hers for a long time, but at last it roused her to action.

One afternoon, when dinner had been cleared away, she filled her pipe, adjusted her head-kerchief, and sallied out in the direction of the depot. The wheezy old locomotive was engaged in shifting the cars about, and Conductor Pierson was assisting the brakeman. Aunt Mimy seated herself on the depot platform, smoked her pipe, and