

patiently waited till the shunting was over. Then she placed herself in Pierson's way. He seemed to be preoccupied, but the old woman did not stand on ceremony.

"Look like our victuals wa'n't good 'nough fer you," she said bluntly.

"Why, this is Aunt Mimy!" He shook hands with her, and asked about her health, and this pleased her very much. He asked about the family, and especially about Miss Mary. When it came to this, Aunt Mimy took her pipe out of her mouth, drew a long breath, and shook her head. She could have given points on the art of pantomime to any strolling company of players. The whole history of the sad case of Mary Asbury was in the lift of her eyebrows, the motions of her head, and in her sorrowful sigh; and Conductor Pierson seemed to be able to read a part of it, for he asked Aunt Mimy into the passenger-coach, and there the two sat and talked until it was time for Aunt Mimy to go home and see about supper.

That night, as Aunt Mimy sat on the kitchen steps smoking her pipe and resting herself, preparatory to going to bed, she saw Mary sitting at her room window looking out