

“Do you think I am blushing for myself?” asked Mary.

“If you know what shame is, you ought to feel it now,” exclaimed her mother.

“I do — I do,” said Mary, with rising indignation. “After to-night I shall always be ashamed of myself and of my family.”

Cousin Rebecca T., stung by the tone and by this first sign of rebellion, turned upon her daughter; but her anger quickly died away, for she saw in her daughter's eyes her own courage and her own unconquerable will.

The scene did not end there, but the rest of it need not be described here. Innocence has as long a tongue as Experience when it feels itself wronged, and the result of this family quarrel was that Innocence went farther than Experience would have dared to go. When Laban Pierson's train went puffing out of Rockville at five o'clock the next morning, it carried among its few passengers Miss Mary Asbury and old Aunt Mimy. The colonel and Cousin Rebecca T. lost a daughter, and their boarders had to wait a long time for their breakfast or go without.

The next number of the “Vade Mecum”