

AUNT MIRANDA'S APOLOGY

WHEN Rebecca alighted from the train at Maplewood and hurried to the post-office where the stage was standing, what was her joy to see uncle Jerry Cobb holding the horses' heads!

'The reg'lar driver's sick,' he explained, 'and when they sent for me, thinks I to myself, my drivin' days is over; but Rebecky won't let the grass grow under her feet when she gits her Aunt Jane's letter, and like as not I'll ketch her to-day; or, if she gits delayed, to-morrow for certain. So here I be jest as I was more 'n six years ago. Will you be a real lady passenger, or will ye sit up in front with me?'

Emotions of various sorts were all struggling together in the old man's face, and the two or three bystanders were astounded when they saw the handsome, stately girl fling herself on Mr. Cobb's dusty shoulder crying like a child. 'Oh, Uncle Jerry!' she sobbed—'dear Uncle Jerry! It's all so long ago, and so much has happened, and we've grown so old, and so much is going to happen, that I'm fairly frightened.'