

MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by
R. H. Livingstone

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Mary!"—just like that she interrupted—Aunt Jane did. (Funny how old folks can do what they won't let you do. Now if I'd interrupted anybody like that!) "You may as well understand at once," went on Aunt Jane, "that we are not interested in your grandfather's auto, or his house, or anything that is his." (I felt as if I was hearing the catechism in church!) "And that the less reference you make to your life in Boston the better we shall be pleased. As I said before, we are not interested. Besides, while under your father's roof, it would seem to me very poor taste, indeed, for you to make constant reference to things you may have been doing while not under his roof. The situation is deplorable enough, however you take it, without making it positively unbearable. You will remember, Mary?"

Mary said, "Yes, Aunt Jane," very polite and proper; but I can tell you that inside of Mary, Marie was just boiling.

Unbearable, indeed! We didn't say anything more all the way home. Naturally, I was not going to, after that speech; and Aunt Jane said nothing. So silence reigned supreme.

Then we got home. Things looked quite natural, only there was a new maid in the kitchen, and Nurse Sarah wasn't there. Father wasn't there, either. And, just as I suspected, 'twas a star that was to blame, only this time the star was the moon—an eclipse; and he'd gone somewhere out west so he could see it better.

He isn't coming back till next week; and when I think how he made me come on the first day, so as to get in the whole six months, when all the time he did not care enough about it to be here himself, I'm just mad—I mean, the righteous indignation kind of mad—for I can't help thinking how poor Mother would have loved those extra days with her.

Aunt Jane said I was to have my old room, and so, as soon as I got here, I went right up and took off my hat and coat, and pretty quick they brought up my trunk, and I unpacked it; and I didn't hurry about it, either. I wasn't a bit anxious to get downstairs again to Aunt Jane. Besides, I may as well own up, I was crying—a little. Mother's room was right across the hall, and it looked so lonesome, and I couldn't help remembering how different this homecoming was from the one in Boston, six months ago.

Well, at last I had to go down to dinner—I mean supper—and, by the way, I made another break on that. I called it dinner right out loud, and never thought—till I saw Aunt Jane's face.

"Supper will be ready directly," she said, with cold and icy emphasis. "And may I ask you to remember, Mary, please, that Andersonville has dinner at noon, not at six o'clock."

"Yes, Aunt Jane," said Mary, polite and proper again. (I shan't say what Marie said inside.) We didn't do anything in the evening but read and go to bed at nine o'clock. I wanted to run over to Carrie Heywood's; but Aunt Jane said no, not till morning. (I wonder why young folks never can do things when they want to do them, but must always wait till morning or night or noon, or some other time!)

In the morning I went up to the schoolhouse. I planned it so as to get there at recess, and I saw all the girls except one that was sick, and one that was away. We had a perfectly lovely time, only everybody was talking all at once so that I don't know now what was said. But they seemed glad to see me. I know that. Maybe I'll go to school next week. Aunt Jane says she thinks I ought to, when it's only the first of May. She's going to speak to Father when he comes next week.

She was going to speak to him about my clothes; then she decided to attend to those herself, and not bother him. She doesn't like my dresses. She came into my room and asked to see my things. My! But didn't I hate to show them to her? Marie said she wouldn't; but Mary obediently trotted to the closet and brought them out one by one.

Aunt Jane turned them around with the tips of her fingers, all the time sighing and shaking her head. When I'd brought them all out, she shook her head again and said they would not do at all—not in Andersonville; that they were extravagant, and much too elaborate for a young girl; that she would see the dressmaker and arrange that I had some serviceable blue and brown serge, indeed! But, there, what's the use? I'm Mary now. I keep forgetting that; though I don't see how I can forget it—with Aunt

Jane around.

But, listen. A funny thing happened this morning. Something came up about Boston, and Aunt Jane asked me a question. Then she asked another and another, and she kept me talking till I guess I talked 'most a whole half-hour about Grandpa Desmond, Aunt Hattie, Mother, and the house, and what we did, and, oh, a whole lot of things. And here, just two days ago, she was telling me that she wasn't interested in Grandpa Desmond, his home, or his daughter, or anything that was his!

There's something funny about Aunt Jane.

ONE WEEK LATER.

Father's come. He came yesterday. But I didn't know it, and I came running downstairs, ending with a little bounce for the last step. And there, right in front of me in the hall was—Father.

I guess he was as much surprised as I was. Anyhow, he acted so. He just stood stock-still and stared, his face turning all kinds of colors. "You?" he gasped, just above his breath. Then suddenly he seemed to remember. "Why, yes, yes, to be sure. You are here, aren't you? How do you do, Mary?"

He came up then and held out his hand, and I thought that was all he was going to do. But, after a funny little hesitation, he stooped and kissed my forehead. Then he turned and went into the library with very quick steps, and I didn't see him again till at the supper-table.

At the supper-table he said again, "How do you do, Mary?" Then he seemed to forget all about me. At least he didn't say anything more to me; for three or four times, when I glanced up, I found him looking at me. But just as soon as I looked back at him he turned his eyes away and cleared his throat, and began to eat or to talk to Aunt Jane.

After dinner—I mean supper—he went out to the observatory, just as he always used to. Aunt Jane said her head ached and she was going to bed. I said I guessed I would step over to Carrie Heywood's; but Aunt Jane said, certainly not; that I was much too young to be running around nights in the dark. Night! And it was only seven o'clock, and not dark at all! But of course I couldn't go.

Aunt Jane went upstairs, and I was left alone. I didn't feel a bit like reading; besides, there wasn't a book or a magazine anywhere asking you to read. They just shrieked, "Touch me not!" behind the glass doors in the library. I hate sewing. I mean Marie hates it. Aunt Jane says Marie's got to learn.

For a time I just walked around the different rooms downstairs, looking at the chairs and tables and rugs all just so, as if they'd been measured with a yardstick. Marie jerked up a shade and pushed a chair crooked and kicked a rug up at one corner; but Mary put them all back properly—so there wasn't any fun in that for long.

After a while I opened the parlor door and peeked in. They used to keep it open when Mother was here; but Aunt Jane doesn't use it. I knew where the electric push button was, though, and I turned on the light.

Before I got the light on, the chairs and sofas loomed up like ghosts in their linen covers. And when the light did come on, I saw that all the old silver pieces were there. Not one was missing. Great Grandfather Anderson's coffin plate on black velvet, the wax cross and flowers that had been used at three Anderson funerals, the hair wreath made of all the hair of seventeen dead Andersons and five live ones—no, no, I don't mean all the hair, but half from all seventeen and five. Nurse Sarah used to tell me about it.

Well, as I said, all the silver pieces were there, and I shivered again as I looked at them; then I crossed over to Mother's old piano, opened it, and touched the keys. I love to play. There wasn't any music there, but I don't need music for lots of my pieces. I know them by heart—only they're all gay and lively, and twinkly-toe dancy. Marie music. I don't know a one that would be proper for Mary to play.

But I was just tingling to play something, and I remembered that Father was in the observatory, and Aunt Jane upstairs in the other part of the house where she couldn't possibly hear. So I began to play. I played the very slowest piece I had, and I played softly at first; but I knew I forgot, and I knew I hadn't played two pieces before I was having the best time ever, and making all the noise I wanted to.

Then all of a sudden I had a funny feeling as if somebody somewhere was watching me; but I just couldn't turn around. I stopped playing, though, at the end of that piece, and then I looked; but there wasn't anybody in sight. But the wax cross was there, and the coffin plate, and that awful hair wreath; and suddenly I felt as if the room was just full of folks with great staring eyes. I fairly shook with shivers, but I managed to shut the piano and get over to the door where the light was. Then, a minute later, out in the big silent hall, I crept on tiptoe toward the stairs. I knew then, all of a sudden, why I'd felt somebody was listening. There was. Across the hall in the library in the big chair before the fire sat—Father! And for 'most a whole half-hour I had been banging away at that piano on marches and dance music! My! But I held my breath and stopped short, I can tell you. But he didn't move nor turn, and a minute later I was safely by the door and halfway up the stairs.

I stayed in my room the rest of that evening; and for the second time since

I've been here I cried myself to sleep.

ANOTHER WEEK LATER

Well, I've got them—those brown and blue serge dresses and the calf-skin boots. My, but I hope they're stiff and homely enough—all of them! And hot, too. Aunt Jane did say to-day that she didn't know but what she'd made a mistake not to get gingham dresses. But, then, she'd have to get the gingham later, anyway, she said; then I'd have both.

Well, they can't be worse than the



I Was Having the Best Time Ever, and Making All the Noise I Wanted To.

serge. That's sure. I hate the serge. They're awfully homely. Still, I don't know but it's just as well. Certainly it's lots easier to be Mary in a brown serge and clumpy boots than it is in the soft, fluffy things Marie used to wear. You couldn't be Marie in these things. Honestly, I'm feeling real Maryish these days.

I wonder if that's why the girls seem so queer at school. They are queer. Three times lately I've come up to a crowd of girls and heard them stop talking right off short. They colored up, too; and pretty quick they began to slip away, one by one, till there wasn't anybody left but just me, just as they used to do in Boston. But of course it can't be for the same reason here, for they've known all along about the divorce and haven't minded it at all.

I heard this morning that Stella Mayhew had a party last night. But I didn't get invited. Of course, you can't always ask everybody to your parties, but this was a real big party, and I haven't found a girl in school, yet, that wasn't invited—but me. But I guess it wasn't anything, after all. Stella is a new girl that has come here to live since I went away. Her folks are rich, and she's very popular, and of course she has loads of friends she had to invite; and she doesn't know me very well. Probably that was it. And maybe I just imagine it about the other girls, too. Perhaps it's the brown serge dress. Still, I can't be that, for this is the first day I've worn it. But, as I said, I feel Maryish already.

I haven't dared to touch the piano since that night a week ago, only once when Aunt Jane was at a missionary meeting, and I knew Father was over to the college. But didn't I have a good time then? I just guess I did!

Aunt Jane doesn't care for music. Besides, it's noisy, she says, and would be likely to disturb Father. So I'm not to keep on with my music lessons here. She's going to teach me to sew instead. She says sewing is much more sensible and useful.

Sensible and useful! I wonder how many times I've heard those words since I've been here. And durable, too. And nourishing. That's another word. Honestly, Marie is getting awfully tired of Marie's sensible sewing and dusting, and her durable clumpy shoes and stuffy dresses, and her nourishing oatmeal and whole-wheat bread. But there, what can you do? I'm trying to remember that it's different, anyway, and that I said I liked something different.

I don't see much of Father. Still, there's something kind of queer about it, after all. He only speaks to me about twice a day—just "Good-morning, Mary," and "Good-night." And so far as most of his actions are concerned you wouldn't think by them that he knew I was in the house. Yet, over and over again at the table, and at times when I didn't even know he was 'round, I've found him watching me, and with such a queer, funny look in his eyes. Then, very quickly always, he looks right away.

But last night he didn't. And that's especially what I wanted to write about today. And this is the way it happened:

TO BE CONTINUED.

NOTICE

Anyone desiring to be transferred from one school district to another for school purposes should make application to this office before the annual meeting. Persons who have been transferred but do not need the transfer privilege any more should notify this office to that effect.

AILEEN G. COCHRAN,
County Superintendent

When in Omaha STOP WITH US Hotel Conant Hotel Sanford Hotel Henshaw

Our reputation of 20 years fair dealing is back of these hotels. Guests may stop at any one of them with the assurance of receiving honest value and courteous treatment.

CONANT HOTEL COMPANY

FARM LOANS

Come in and see me when in need of Farm Loans. At the present time I can make a few Farm Loans.

T. O. SWENSON UNION STATE BANK

DR. J. R. McKIRAHAN
Practice Limited to Diseases of Women and Surgery
Over Rexall Drug Store
Phones: Office 127 Residence 656

Office 340 House 723J

DR. W. I. SHAFFER
Osteopathic Physician
Over the Oasis North Platte

J. S. TWINEM, M. D.
Homeopathic Physician & Surgeon
General Practice and Construction Surgery
Hospital Accommodation
Platte Valley Hospital
Former Name Twinem Hospital
NORTH PLATTE NEBR.

REGISTRATION NOTICE TO VOTERS

The law requires that all voters in cities of 7,000 or more register at the office of the City Clerk. At the last city election an opportunity was given to register at the polling places and most of those voting registered. There was, however, less than half of the legal voters of the city who voted at the city election, all of whom will want to vote at the primaries in July. In order to accommodate them the city will be prepared to register voters during all of the month of May at the office of the City Clerk. It only requires two or three minutes and we ask all voters to register who did not at the last election.

Thomas F. Healey and A. W. Shilling, Commissioners of Registration.
O. E. Elder, City Clerk.

NOTICE FOR BIDS

Notice is hereby given that the Board of County Commissioners of the Lincoln County, Nebraska, will on the 5th day of June 1922 receive sealed bids for the care of the County Poor for the balance of the year 1922, as per specified bidding forms on file in the County Clerk's office.

All bids must be filed with the County Clerk on or before 12 o'clock noon of the 5th day of June 1922, and will be publicly opened in the office of the County Commissioners at 2 P. M. of the same day.

Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, this 16th day of May, 1922.
(Seal) A. S. ALLEN, County Clerk.

NOTICE OF TAKING UP ESTRAY

Taken up by the undersigned at 2100 East Sixth street, County of Lincoln, State of Nebraska; on the 9th day of May 1922: One white-faced 3-year old heifer; brand on left side, H. V. Pastued, on F. J. Breemer's place.

Dated this 16th day of May 1922.
Signed: W. D. CRAIG.

NOTICE

All parents living in rural districts, who desire free high school privileges for their children for the next school year, should make application to this office for free high school tuition before the annual meeting.

AILEEN G. COCHRAN,
County Superintendent.

NOTICE OF TAKING UP ESTRAY

Taken up by the undersigned on the old Edis place, 2½ miles south of Ntown, County of Lincoln, State of Nebraska; on the 10th day of May, 1922: One black mule, about 3 years old, weighing \$1100 pounds.

Dated this 15th day of May, 1922.
Signed: W. H. Leonard.

RARE BARGAIN IN PIANO

We have a high-grade piano in our possession at North Platte. For quick disposal we will greatly sacrifice the price. Terms if responsible. Write at once if interested to the Denver Music Co., Denver Colo.

OFFICE OF MUTUAL BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION

To the Shareholders of Said Association:

At a meeting of the state taxing authorities held in Lincoln April 26, it was decided, that in arriving at the valuation to be placed on shares of stock in domestic Building & Loan Associations for the purpose of taxation, the same rule of arriving at the taxable valuation of such shares, with the same deductions, as is applied to the shares of stock of all other domestic corporations.

The law provides: "The value of the shares of stock of corporations organized under the laws of this state shall be determined for the purpose of this section by deducting from the actual value of the paid up capital stock surplus and undivided profits, the actual value of the property of the corporation both tangible and intangible listed and taxed in this state, and the actual value of the property of the corporation outside of the state."

Following up this ruling and applying the same to the taxable value of the shares of this Association, it has been decided that only three per cent of the actual value of said shares shall be returned for taxation; that is, for each one hundred dollars of actual value of such share three dollars shall be returned as intangible and only one-fourth of that amount shall be assessed against the shareholder.

Shareholders can ascertain the actual value of their shares by applying to the secretary.

T. C. PATTERSON, President.

NOTICE OF THE FORMATION OF PAVING DISTRICT NO. 14 IN THE CITY OF NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

To the owners of the record title of all property adjacent to or abutting upon the streets hereinafter described and all persons interested therein:

You and each of you are hereby notified that the Mayor and City Council of the City of North Platte did under date of May 2, 1922, pass and approve a certain ordinance forming and creating paving district No. 14 of the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska. And that the following streets including the intersection thereof within the limits of the city are composed within said paving district to wit:

Commencing on the south side of Third street thence embracing all of Locust Street and South Locust Street between said place of commencement and the southern boundary of said City or near the north line of the right of way of the Suburban Irrigation District Canal, including street intersections and spaces opposite alleys.

Unless objections are filed as required by statute within twenty days from the first publication of this notice, the Mayor and City Council shall proceed to construct such paving.

Dated this 8th day of May, 1922.
(Seal) E. H. EVANS, Mayor.
Attest: O. E. ELDER, City Clerk.

Wm. E. Shuman, Attorney.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate of Frederick Werneke, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given to any and all persons having claims and demands against the estate of the said Frederick Werneke, deceased, that the 21st day of August, 1922, has been set and appointed as the day for the reception, examination, adjustment and allowance of lawful claims and demands of all persons, against said estate and that the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, will at said time receive, examine, adjust and allow all such claims against said estate, as provided by law, at the County Court Room in the Court House in the City of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, and all persons so interested in said estate, will appear at said time and place and duly present their said claims and demands in the manner required by law, or show cause for not so doing, and in case any of said claims or demands shall not be presented on or prior to the said 21st day of August 1922, the same shall be forever barred.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have signed this notice and affixed the seal of said Court this 24th day of April 1922.
T. S. BLANKENBURG,
Acting County Judge.

John Grant, Attorney.

NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT

Estate No. 1825, of George Lannin, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said Estate take notice that the Administratrix has filed a final account and report of her administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such, Administratrix which have been set for hearing before said Court on May 30th, 1922, at 10 o'clock A. M., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated May 5th, 1922.
T. S. BLANKENBURG,
Acting County Judge.



L. & S. Groceteria.

DR. REDFIELD
Physician, Obstetrician, Surgeon
X-Ray
Calls promptly answered Night or Day
Phones. Office 642 Residence 676

DR. HAROLD FENNER
Osteopath
Over Hirschfeld's
Office Phone 333 Res. Phone 1020

DR. M. B. STATES
Chiropractor
Rooms 5, 6, 7 Building & Loan Bldg.
Office Phone 70 Res. Phone 1242

Office Phone 241 Res. Phone 217
L. C. DROST
Osteopathic Physician
North Platte, Nebraska.
Knights of Columbus Building.

MRS. M. HENRY GILFOY
Teacher of Voice Culture
and the
Art of Singing
Res. Studio 108 W. Third Phone 114J

OTIS R. PLATT, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
X-Ray
Diagnosis and Treatment
Over Union State Bank
Office Phone 296W House Phone 296R

GEO. B. DENT
Physician and Surgeon
Special Attention Given to Surgery
and Obstetrics
Office: Building & Loan Building
Phones: Office 130 Residence 115

DR. L. A. SNAVELY
Dentist
X-Ray Diagnosis Oxygen and Gas Anesthesia for Extractions.
Over Union State Bank
Phone 296.

DERRYBERRY & FORBES
Licensed Embalmers
Undertakers and Funeral Directors
Day Phone 41 Night Phone Black 548
Eyes examined, Glasses fitted. Satisfaction, sure. Clinton & Son

W. T. PRITCHARD
Graduate Veterinarian
Ex-Government Veterinarian and assistant deputy State Veterinarian.
Hospital 315 South Vine Street.
Phones. Hospital 633 Residence 633

ED KIERIG
Auctioneer
For dates and terms call at
First National Bank
North Platte, Neb.

WM. WALDORF
Tinner
Makes or Repairs anything made of Tin or Sheet Metal.
510 Locust Under General Hospital

JOHN S. SIMMS, M. D.
Special Attention Given to Surgery
McDonald Bank Building
Office Phons 83 Residence 28

FOR SALE

Choice lot of young Red Poll bulls at farmers prices at

PAYNE'S DAIRY FARM

South Dewey Street

Is your wife lonesome while you are away? Send her The Tribuna.

Halligan, Beatty, & Halligan, Attys.
NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1884 of Louis Raymon, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, as: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is Sept. 13, 1922, and for settlement of said Estate is May 9, 1923; that I will sit at the county court room in said County on June 13th, 1922, at 10 o'clock a. m. and on Sept. 13, 1922 at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.
Dated May 9, 1922.

T. S. Blankenburg,
Acting County Judge