

MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

CHAPTER V—Continued.

It was after supper, and I had gone into the library. Father had gone out to the observatory as usual, and Aunt Jane had gone upstairs to her room as usual, and as usual I was wandering round looking for something to do. I wanted to play on the piano, but I didn't dare to—not with all those dead-hair and wax-flower folks in the parlor watching me, and the chance of Father's coming in as he did before.

I was standing in the window staring out at nothing—it wasn't quite dark yet—when again I had that queer feeling that somebody was looking at me. I turned—and there was Father. He had come in and was sitting in the big chair by the table. But this time he didn't look right away as usual and give me a chance to slip quietly out of the room, as I always had before. Instead he said:

"What are you doing there, Mary?"

"Nothing!" Father frowned and hunched in his chair. Father always hunches in his chair when he's irritated and nervous. "You can't be doing nothing. Nobody but a dead man does nothing—and we aren't so sure about him. What are you doing, Mary?"

"Just looking out the window."

"Come here. I want to talk to you."

"Yes, Father."

I went, of course, and at once, and sat down in the chair near him. He hunched again in his seat.

"Why don't you do something—read, sew, knit?" he demanded. "Why do I always find you moping around, doing nothing?"

Just like that he said it; and when he had just told me—

"Why, Father!" I cried; and I know that I showed how surprised I was. "I thought you just said I couldn't do nothing—that nobody could!"

"Eh? What! Tut, tut!" He seemed very angry at first; then suddenly he looked sharply into my face. Next, if you'll believe it, he laughed—the queer little chuckle under his breath that I've heard him give two or three times when there was something he thought was funny. "Humph!" he grunted. Then he gave me another sharp look out of his eyes, and said: "I don't think you meant that to be quite so impertinent as it sounded, Mary, so we'll let it pass—this time. I'll put my question this way: Don't you ever knit or read or sew?"

"I do sew every day in Aunt Jane's room, ten minutes hemming, ten minutes sewing, and ten minutes basting patchwork squares together. I don't know how to knit."

"How about reading? Don't you care for reading?"

"Why, of course I do. I love it!" I cried. "And I do read lots—at home."

"At—home?"

I knew, then, of course, that I'd made another awful break. There wasn't any smile around Father's eyes now, and his lips came together hard and thin over that last word.

"At—at my home," I stammered. "I mean, my other home."

"Humph!" grunted Father. Then, after a minute: "But why, pray, can't you read here? I'm sure there are books enough." He flourished his hands toward the bookcases all around the room.

"Oh, I do—a little; but, you see, I'm so afraid I'll leave some of them out when I'm through," I explained.

"Well, what of it? What if you do?" he demanded.

"Why, Father!" I tried to show by the way I said it that he knew—of course he knew. But he made me tell him right out, that Aunt Jane wouldn't like it, and that the books always had to be kept exactly where they belonged.

"Well, why not? Why shouldn't they? Aren't books down there—in Boston—kept where they belong, pray?"

It was the first time since I'd come that he'd ever mentioned Boston; and I almost jumped out of my chair when I heard him. But I soon saw it wasn't going to be the last, for right then and there he began to question me, even worse than Aunt Jane had.

He wanted to know everything, everything; all about the house, with its cushions and cozy corners and curtains way up, and books left around easy to get, and magazines, and Baby Lester, and the fun we had romping with him, and everything. Only, of course, I didn't mention Mother. Aunt Jane had told me not to—not anywhere; and to be specially careful before Father. But what can you do when he asks you himself, right out plain? And that's what he did.

He'd been up on his feet, tramping up and down the room all the time I'd been talking; and now, all of a sudden, he wheels around and stops short.

"How is—your mother, Mary?" he asks. And it was just as if he'd

opened the door to another room, he had such a whole lot of questions to ask after that. And when he'd finished he knew everything: what time we got up and went to bed, and what we did all day, and the parties and dinners and auto rides, and the folks that came such a lot to see Mother.

Then all of a sudden he stopped—asking questions, I mean. He stopped just as suddenly as he'd begun. Why, I was right in the middle of telling about a concert for charity we got up just before I came away, and how Mother had practiced for days and days with the young man who played the violin, when all of a sudden Father jerked his watch from his pocket and said:

"There, there, Mary, it's getting late. You've talked enough—too much. Now go to bed. Good night."

Talked too much, indeed! And who'd been making me do all the talking, I should like to know? But, of course, I couldn't say anything. That's the unfair part of it. Old folks can say anything, anything they want to to you, but you can't say a thing back to them—not a thing.

And so I went to bed. And the next day all that Father said to me was, "Good-morning, Mary," and "Good-night," just as he had ever since I came. And that's all he's said yesterday and today. But he's looked at me a lot, I know, because at meal-times and others, when he's been in the room with me, I've looked up and found his eyes on me. Funny, isn't it?

TWO WEEKS LATER

Well, I don't know as I have anything very special to say. Still, I suppose I ought to write something; so I'll put down what little there is.

Of course, there doesn't so much happen here, anyway, as there does at home—I mean in Boston. (I must stop calling it home down to Boston as if this wasn't home at all. It makes Aunt Jane very, very angry, and I don't think Father likes it very well.) But, as I was saying, there really doesn't so much happen here as there does down to Boston; and it isn't nearly so interesting. But, there! I suppose I mustn't expect it to be interesting. I'm Mary now, not Marie.

There aren't any teas and dinners and pretty ladies and music and soulful-eyed prospective suitors here. My! Wouldn't Aunt Jane have four fits? And Father, too. But I'd just like to put one of Mother's teas with the little cakes and flowers and talk and tinkling laughs down in Aunt Jane's parlor, and then watch what happened. Oh, of course, the party couldn't stand it long—not in there with the hair wreath and the coffin plate. But they could stand it long enough for Father to thunder from the library, "Jane, what in Heaven's name is the meaning of all this?" And for Aunt Jane to give one look at the kind of clothes real folks wear, and then flee with her hands to her ears and her eyes upraised to the ceiling. Wouldn't it be fun?

But, there! What's the use of imagining perfectly crazy, impossible things like that? We haven't had a thing here in that parlor since I came but one missionary meeting and one Ladies' Aid Sewing circle; and after the last one (the sewing circle) Aunt Jane worked a whole day picking threads off the carpet, and smoothing down the linen covers because they'd got so mused up. And I heard her tell the hired girl that she shouldn't have that sewing circle here again in a hurry, and when she did have them they'd have to sew in the dining room with a sheet spread down to catch the threads. My! but I would like to see Aunt Jane with one of Mother's teas in her parlor!

I can't see as Father has changed much if any these last two weeks. He still doesn't pay much of any attention to me, though I do find him looking at me sometimes, just as if he was trying to make up his mind about something. He doesn't say hardly anything to me, only once or twice when he got to asking questions again about Boston and Mother.

The last time I told him all about Mr. Harlow, and he was so interested! I just happened to mention his name, and he wanted to know right away if it was Mr. Carl Harlow, and if I knew

away that it was—the same one she was engaged to before she was engaged to him.

Father looked funny and kind of grunted and said, yes, yes, he knew. Then he said, "That will do, Mary." And he began to read his book again. But he never turned a page, and it wasn't five minutes before he got up and walked around the room, picking out books from the bookcases and putting them right back. Then he turned to me and asked with a kind of of-course-I-don't-care air:

"Did you say you saw quite a little of—this Harlow fellow?"

But he did care. I know he did. He was real interested. I could see that he was. And so I told him everything, all about how he came there to the teas, and sent her flowers and candy, and was getting a divorce himself, and what he said on the sofa that day, and how Mother answered. As I said, I told him everything, only I was careful not to call Mr. Harlow a prospective suitor, of course. I remembered too well what Aunt Hattie had said. Father didn't say anything when I got through. He just got up and left the room, and pretty quick I saw him crossing the lawn to the observatory.

I guess there aren't any prospective suitors here. I mean, I guess Father isn't a prospective suitor—anyhow, not yet. (Of course, it's the man that has to be suitor.) He doesn't go anywhere, only over to the college and out to the observatory. I've watched so to see. I wanted specially to know, for of course if he was being a prospective suitor to any one, she'd be my new mother, maybe. And I'm going to be awfully particular about any new mother coming into the house.

A whole lot more, even, depends on mothers than on fathers, you know; and if you're going to have one all ready-made thrust upon you, you are sort of anxious to know what kind she is. Some way, I don't think I'd like a new mother even as well as I'd like a new father; and I don't believe I'd like him very well.

Of course, there are quite a lot of ladies here that Father could have. There are several pretty teachers in the schools, and some nice unmarried ladies in the church. And there's Miss Parmella Snow. She's Professor Snow's sister. She wears glasses and is terribly learned. Maybe he would like her. But, Mercy! I shouldn't.

Then there's Miss Grace Ann Sabor. She's fat, and awfully jolly. She comes here a lot lately to see Aunt Jane. I don't know why. They don't belong to the same church, or anything. But she "runs over," as she calls it, almost every afternoon just a little before dinner—I mean supper.

Mrs. Darling used to come then, too, when I first came; but she comes over evenings now more. Maybe it's because she doesn't like Miss Grace Ann. I don't think she does like her, for every time she saw her, she'd say: "Oh, you? So you're here!" and pretty quick she'd get up and go. And now she comes evenings. She's fixing over her house, and she runs and asks Aunt Jane's advice about every little thing. She asks Father's, too, every chance she gets, when she sees him in the hall or on the front steps. I heard her tell Aunt Jane she considered Professor Anderson a man of most excellent taste and judgment.

I suppose Mrs. Darling could be my new mother. She's a widow. Her husband died last year. She is very well off now that her husband is dead. I heard Aunt Jane say one day. She meant well off in money—quite a lot of it, you know. I thought she meant well off because he was dead and she



I Do Find Him Looking at Me Sometimes, Just as if He Was Trying to Make Up His Mind About Something.

whether Mother had ever known him before. And of course I told him right

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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 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.

AILIEN G. COCHRAN,
County Superintendent.

NOTICE OF TAKING UP ESTRAY

Taken up by the undersigned on the old Edis place, 2 1/2 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.

Watch the next issue of the Tribune for particulars as to how to earn a \$50 bicycle without a cent of coat to you.

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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 TO CONTRACTORS

Sealed bids will be received at the office of the State Department of Public Works, fourth floor Brownell Block at Lincoln, Nebraska, until 12 o'clock, noon, on June 12, 1922, for gravel, surfacing, culverts and incidental work on the North Platte-Vroman Crossing Project No. 170, Federal Aid Road.

Bids will be opened and contracts let in the Senate Chamber, Capital Building as fast as practicable after time for filing bids is closed. County Boards are hereby requested to be present or represented. Bidders are invited to be present.

The proposed work consists of constructing 26,326 miles of Gravel road. The approximate quantities are:

18,500	Cubic yards earth excavation.
1,191.04	Sta. Blade grader construction.
17,500	Cu. Yds. Clay excavation for Binder.
100	Cu. Yds. Special excavation Class A Grading.
100	Cu. Yds. Special excavation Class B Culvert.
6,000	Cu. Yds. Sta. overhaul.
14,500	Cu. Yds. Ml. Hauling clay for binder.
27.25	Cu. Yds. Concrete for Head-walls.
552	Lin. ft. Wood Guard rail.
78	Lin. ft. 18 in. Corrugated pipe.
40	Lin. ft. 24 in. Corrugated pipe.
26	Lin. ft. 36 in. Corrugated pipe.
280,711	Sq. Yds. 4x20 Gravel surfacing.
21,627	Sq. Yds. 3x20 Gravel surfacing.
6,333	Sq. Yds. 2x20 Gravel surfacing.

Certified check for 5 per cent of the Class B, Grading.

200 Cu. Yds. Special excavation amount of the bid will be required with each and every bid received.

Plans and specifications for the work may be seen and information and proposal forms secured at the office of the County Clerk at North Platte, Nebraska or at the office of the State Department of Public Works at Lincoln, Nebraska.

The State and County reserve the right to waive all technicalities and reject any or all bids.

A. S. ALLEN,
County Clerk, Lincoln County.
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Halligan, Beatty, & Halligan, Atty.
NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1884 of Louis Rayome, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, ss: 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

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