

MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

CHAPTER V—Continued.

And then I told it—all about the girls, Stella Mayhew, Carrie, and how they acted, and what they said about my being Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde because I was a Mary and a Marie, and the ice-cream, and the parties they had to give up if they went with me. And I know I was crying so I could hardly speak, before I finished; and Father was on his feet tramping up and down the room muttering something under his breath, and looking—oh, I can't begin to tell how he looked. But it was awful.

"And so that's why I wish," I finished chokingly, "that it would hurry up and be a year, so Mother could get married."

"Married!" Like a flash he turned and stopped short, staring at me.

"Why, yes," I explained; "for if she did get married, she wouldn't be divorced any longer, would she?"

But he wouldn't answer. With a queer little noise in his throat he turned again and began to walk up and down, up and down, until I thought for a minute he'd forgotten I was there. But he hadn't. For after a while he stopped again right in front of me.

"So your mother is thinking of getting married," he said in a voice so queer it sounded as if it had come from away off somewhere.

But I shook my head and said no, of course; and that I was very sure she wouldn't till her year was up, and even then I didn't know which she'd take, so I couldn't tell for sure anything about it. But I hoped she'd take one of them, so she wouldn't be divorced any longer.

Father turned, and began to walk up and down again, with his hands in his pockets; and I didn't know whether to go away or to stay, and I suppose I'd have been there now if Aunt Jane hadn't suddenly appeared in the library doorway.

"Charles, if Mary is going to school at all today it is high time she was starting," she said. But Father didn't seem to hear. He was still tramping up and down the room, his hands in his pockets.

"Charles!" Aunt Jane raised her voice and spoke again. "I said if Mary is going to school at all today it is high time she was starting."

"Eh? What?" If you'll believe it, that man looked as dazed as if he'd never even heard of my going to school. Then suddenly his face changed. "Oh, yes, to be sure. Well, er—Mary is not going to school today," he said. Then he looked at his watch, and without another word strode into the hall, got his hat, and left the house, leaving Aunt Jane and me staring into each other's faces.

But I didn't stay much longer than Father did. I strode in to the hall, too, by Aunt Jane. But I didn't leave the house. I came up here to my own room; and ever since I've been writing it all down in my book.

Of course, I don't know now what's going to happen next. But I wish you could have seen Aunt Jane's face when Father said I wasn't going to school today! I don't believe she's sure yet that she heard aright—though she didn't try to stop me, or even speak when I left and came upstairs. But I just know she's keeping up a powerful thinking.

For that matter, so am I. What is going to happen next? Have I got to go to school tomorrow? But then, of course, I shan't do that. Besides, I don't believe Father'll ask me to, after what I said about Mother. He didn't like that—what those girls said—any better than I did. I'm sure of that. Why, he looked simply furious. But there isn't any other school here that I can be sent to, and—

But what's the use? I might surmise and speculate all day and not come anywhere near the truth. I must await—what the night will bring forth, as they say in really truly novels.

FOUR DAYS LATER

And what did the night bring forth? Yes, what did it bring! Verily it brought forth one thing I thought nothing ever could have brought forth. It was like this.

That night at the supper table Aunt Jane cleared her throat in the I-am-determined-I-will-speak-kind-of-a-way that she always uses when she speaks to Father. (Aunt Jane doesn't talk to Father much more than Mother used to.)

"Charles," she began.

Father had an astronomy paper beside his plate, and he was so busy reading he didn't hear, so Aunt Jane had to speak again—a little louder this time.

"Charles, I have something to say to you."

"Eh? What? Oh—er—yes. Well, Jane, what is it?" Father was looking up with his I'll-be-patient-if-it-kills-me-

air, and with his forefinger down on his paper to keep his place.

As if anybody could talk to a person who's simply tolerating you for a minute like that, with his forefinger holding on to what he wants to tend to! Why, I actually found myself being sorry for Aunt Jane.

She cleared her throat again.

"It is understood, of course, that Mary is to go to school tomorrow morning, I suppose," she said.

"Why, of course, of course," began Father impatiently, looking down at his paper. "Of course she'll go to—"

he stopped suddenly. A complete change came to his face. He grew red, then white. His eyes sort of flashed. "School?" he said then, in a hard, decided voice. "Oh, no; Mary is not going to school tomorrow morning."

He looked down at his paper and began to read again. For him the subject was very evidently closed. But for Aunt Jane it was not closed.

"You don't mean, Charles, that she is not to go to school at all, any more," she gasped.

"Exactly," Father read on in his paper without looking up.

Aunt Jane's lips came together hard. "Charles, I'm amazed at you—yielding to that child's whims like this—that she doesn't want to go to school! It's the principle of the thing that I'm objecting to. Do you realize what it will lead to—what it—"

"Jane!" with a jerk Father sat up straight. "I realize some things that perhaps you do not. But that is neither here nor there. I do not wish Mary to go to school any more this spring. That is all; and I think—it is sufficient."

"Certainly," Aunt Jane's lips came together again grim and hard. "Perhaps you will be good enough to say what she shall do with her time."

"Time? Do? Why—er—what she always does; read, sew, study—"

"Study?" Aunt Jane asked the question with a hateful little smile that Father would have been blind not to have understood. And he was equal to it—but I'm most fell over backward when I found how equal to it he was.

"Certainly," he says, "study. I—I'll hear her lessons myself—in the library, after I come home in the afternoon. Now let us hear no more about it."

With that he pushed back his plate and left the table without waiting for dessert. And Aunt Jane and I were left alone.

I didn't say anything. Victors shouldn't boast—and I was a victor, of course, about the school. But when I thought of what Father had said about my reciting my lessons to him every day in the library—I wasn't so sure whether I'd won out or not. Recite lessons to my father? Why, I couldn't even imagine such a thing!

Aunt Jane didn't say anything either. I guess she didn't know what to say. And it was kind of a queer situation, when you came right down to it. Both of us sitting there and knowing I wasn't going back to school any more, and I knowing why, and knowing Aunt Jane didn't know why. (Of course I had not told Aunt Jane about Mother and Mrs. Mayhew.) It would be a funny world, wouldn't it, if we all knew what each other was thinking all the time? Why, we'd get so we wouldn't any of us speak to each other, I'm afraid, we'd be so angry at what the other was thinking.

Well, Aunt Jane and I didn't speak that night at the supper table. We finished in stern silence then; Aunt Jane went upstairs to her room and I went up to mine. (You see what a perfectly wildly exciting life Mary is living! And when I think of how full of good times Mother wanted every minute to be. But that was for Marie, of course.)

The next morning after breakfast Aunt Jane said:

"You will spend your forenoon studying, Mary. See that you learn well your lessons, so as not to annoy your father."

"Yes, Aunt Jane," said Mary, polite and proper, and went upstairs obediently; but even Mary didn't know exactly how to study those lessons.

Carrie had brought me all my books from school. I had asked her to when I knew that I was not going back. There were the lessons that had been assigned for the next day, of course, and I supposed probably Father would want me to study those. But I couldn't imagine Father teaching me all alone. I couldn't imagine myself reciting lessons to Father!

But I needn't have worried. If I could only have known. Little did I think—But, there, this is no way to tell a story. I read in a book, "How to Write a Novel," that you mustn't "anticipate." (I thought folks always anticipated novels. I do. I thought you wanted them to.)

Well, to go on.

Father got home at four o'clock. I saw him come up the walk, and I waited till I was sure he'd got settled in the library, then I went down.

He wasn't there.

A minute later I saw him crossing the lawn to the observatory. Well, what to do I didn't know. Mary said to go after him; but Marie said nay, nay. And in spite of being Mary just now, I let Marie have her way.

Rush after him and tell him he'd forgotten to hear my lessons? Father? Well, I guess not! Besides, it wasn't my fault. I was there all ready. It wasn't my blame that he wasn't there to hear me. But he might remember and come back. Well, if he did, I'd be there. So I went to one of those bookcases and pulled out a touch-me-not book from behind the glass door. Then I sat down and read till the supper bell rang.

Father was five minutes late to supper. I don't know whether he looked at me or not. I didn't dare to look at him—until Aunt Jane said, in her chilliest manner:

"I trust your daughter had good lessons, Charles."

I had to look at him then. I just couldn't look anywhere else. So I was looking straight at him when he gave that funny little startled glance into my eyes. And into his eyes then there crept the funniest, dearest little understanding twinkle—and I suddenly realized that Father, Father, was laughing with me at a little secret between us. But 't was only for a second. The next moment his eyes were very grave and looking at Aunt Jane.

"I have no cause to complain—of my daughter's lessons today," he said very quietly. Then he glanced over at me again. But I had to look away quick, or I would have laughed right out.

When he got up from the table he said to me: "I shall expect to see you tomorrow in the library at four, Mary."

And Mary answered: "Yes, Father," polite and proper, as she should; but Marie inside was just chuckling with the joke of it all.

The next day I watched again at four for Father to come up the walk; and when he had come in I went down to the library. He was there in his pet seat before the fireplace. (Father always sits before the fireplace, whether there's a fire there or not. And sometimes he looks so funny sitting there, staring into those gray ashes just as if it was the liveliest kind of a fire he was watching.)

As I said, he was there, but I had to speak twice before he looked up. Then, for a minute, he stared vaguely.



"I Have No Cause to Complain—of My Daughter's Lessons Today," He Said Very Quietly.

"Eh? Oh! Ah—er—yes, to be sure," he muttered then. "You have come with your books. Yes, I remember."

But there wasn't any twinkle in his eyes, nor the least little bit of an understanding smile; and I was disappointed. I had been looking for it. I knew then, when I felt so suddenly lost and heart-achey, that I had been expecting and planning all day on that twinkly understanding smile. You know you feel worse when you've just found a father and then lost him!

And I had lost him. I knew it the minute he sighed and frowned and got up from his seat and said, "Oh, yes, to be sure." He was just Doctor Anderson then—the man who knew all about the stars, and who had been unmarried to Mother, and who called me "Mary" in an of-course-you're-my-daughter tone of voice.

Well, he took my books and heard my lessons, and told me what I was to study next day. He's done that two days now.

Oh, I'm so tired of being Mary! And I've got more than four whole months of it left. I didn't get Mother's letter today. Maybe that's why I'm specially lonesome tonight.

JULY FIRST.

School is done, both the regular school and my school. Not that my school has amounted to much. Really it hasn't. Oh, for three or four days he asked questions quite like just a teacher. Then he got to talking. Sometimes it would be about something in the lessons; sometimes it would be about a star, or the moon. And he'd get so interested that I'd think for a minute that maybe the understanding twinkle would come into his eyes again. But it never did.

Sometimes it wasn't stars and moons, though, that he talked about. It was Boston, and Mother. Yes, he did. He talked a lot about Mother. As I look back at it now, I can see that he did. He asked me all over again what she did, and about the parties, and about the folks that came to see her. He asked again about Mr. Harlow, and about the concert, and the young man who played the violin, and what was his name, and how old was he, and did I like him. And then, right in the middle of some question, or rather, right in the middle of some answer I was giving him, he would suddenly remember he was hearing my lessons, and he would say, "Come, come, Mary, what has this to do with your lessons?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Victor, Victorias, Holley Music House.

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—for that's what counts today in business—and elsewhere. Most of us would receive the shock of our lives if we were told that our eyes were materially reducing our ability to develop—mentally. Yet it's a fact! Perhaps it's your eyes! Why not know that they are right, and not retarding your progress. See an optical specialist. He will know, you ought to.

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NOTICE OF PETITION

Estate of Rhoda A. Edmiston deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska

The State of Nebraska. To all persons interested in said Estate take notice that a petition has been filed for the administration of said estate and for the appointment of Edwin W. Wright as Administrator of said estate which has been set for hearing herein on June 30, 1922 at 10 o'clock a. m.

Dated May 29, 1922.
WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
Seal County Judge.

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.

ALLEN G. COCHRAN,
County Superintendent.

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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.
GEO. E. JOHNSON,
Secretary.

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

Estate No. 1384 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