

# MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

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## CHAPTER V—Continued.

Just as if I was to blame! (But, then, we women always get the blame, I notice.) And then he'd attend strictly to the books for maybe five whole minutes—before he asked another question about that party, or the violinist.

Naturally the lessons haven't amounted to much, as you can imagine. But the term was nearly finished, anyway; and my real school is in Boston, of course.

It's vacation now. I do hope that will amount to something!

It hasn't, so far—I mean vacation. Really, what a world of disappointment this is! How on earth I'm going to stand being Mary for three months more I don't know. But I've got to, I suppose. I've been here May, June, and July; and that leaves August, September, and October yet to come. And when I think of Mother and Boston and Marie, and the darling good times down there where you're really wanted, I am simply crazy.

If Father wanted me, really wanted me, I wouldn't care a bit. I'd be willing to be Mary six whole months. Yes, I'd be glad to. But he doesn't. I'm just here by order of the court. And what can you do when you're nothing but a daughter by order of the court?

Since the lessons have stopped, Father's gone back to his "Good-morning, Mary," and "Good-night," and nothing else, day in and day out. Lately he's got so he hangs around the house an awful lot, too, so I can't even do the things I did the first of the month. I mean that I'd been playing some on the piano, along at the first, after school closed. Aunt Jane was out in the garden a lot, and Father out to the observatory, so I just reveled in piano-playing till I found almost every time I did it that he had come back, and was in the library with the door open. So I don't dare to play now.

And there isn't a blessed thing to do. Oh, I have to sew an hour, and now I have to weed an hour, too; and Aunt Jane tries to have me learn to cook; but Susie (in the kitchen) flatly refused to have me "messing around," so Aunt Jane had to give that up. Susie's the one person Aunt Jane's afraid of, you see. She always threatens to leave if anything goes across her wishes. So Aunt Jane has to be careful. I heard her tell Mrs. Small next door that good hired girls were awfully scarce in Andersonville.

As I said before, if only there was somebody here that wanted me. But there isn't. Of course Father doesn't. That goes without saying. And Aunt Jane doesn't. That goes, too, without saying. Currie Heywood has gone away for all summer, so I can't have even her, and of course, I wouldn't associate with any of the other girls, even if they would associate with me—which they won't.

That leaves only Mother's letters. They are dear, and I love them. I don't know what I'd do without them. And yet, sometimes I think maybe they're worse than if I didn't have them. They make me so homesick, and I always cry so after I get them. Still, I know I just couldn't live a minute if it wasn't for Mother's letters.

Besides being so lonesome there's another thing that worries me, too; and that is, this—what I'm writing, I mean. The novel. It's getting awfully stupid. Nothing happens. Nothing! Of course, if 'twas just a story I could make up things—lots of them—exciting, interesting things, like having Mother elope with the violinist, and Father shoot him and fall in love with Mother all over again, or else with somebody else, and shoot that one's lover. Or maybe somebody'd try to shoot Father, and I'd get there just in time to save him. Oh, I'd love that!

But this is a real story, so, of course, I can't put in anything just what happens; and nothing happens.

And that's another thing. About the love story—I'm afraid there isn't going to be one. Anyway, there isn't a bit of a sign of one, yet, unless it's Mother. And of course, I haven't seen her for three months, so I can't say anything about that.

Father doesn't like ladies. I know he doesn't. He always runs away from them. But they don't run away from him! Listen.

Quite a lot of them call here to see Aunt Jane, and they come lots of times evenings and late afternoons, and I know now why they do it. They come because they think Father'll be at home at that time and they want to see him.

I know it now, but I never thought of it till the other day when I heard our hired girl, Susie, talking about it with Bridget, the Small's hired girl,

over the fence when I was weeding the garden one day. Then I knew. It was like this:

Mrs. Darling had been over the night before as usual, and had stayed an awfully long time talking to Aunt Jane on the front piazza. Father had been there, too, awhile. She stopped him on his way into the house. I was there and I heard her. She said:

"Oh, Mr. Anderson, I'm so glad I saw you! I wanted to ask your advice about selling poor dear Mr. Darling's law library."

And then she went on to tell him how she'd had an offer, but she wasn't sure whether it was a good one or not. And she told him how highly she prized his opinion, and he was a man of such splendid judgment, and she felt so alone now with no strong man's shoulder to lean upon, and she would be so much obliged if he only would tell her whether he considered that offer a good one or not.

Father hitched and abemmed and moved nearer the door all the time she was talking, and he didn't seem to hear her when she pushed a chair toward him and asked him to please sit down and tell her what to do; that she was so alone in the world since poor dear Mr. Darling had gone. (She always calls him poor dear Mr. Darling now, but Susie says she didn't when he was alive; she called him something quite different. I wonder what it was.)

Well, as I said, Father hitched and abemmed, and said he didn't know, he was sure; that she'd better take wiser counsel than his, and that he was very sorry, but she really must excuse him. And he got through the door while he was talking just as fast as he could himself, so that she couldn't get in a single word to keep him. Then he was gone.

Mrs. Darling stayed on the piazza two whole hours longer, but Father never came out at all again.

It was the next morning that Susie said this over the back-yard fence to Bridget:

"It does beat all how popular this house is with the ladies—after college hours!"

And Bridget chuckled and answered back:

"Sure it is! An' I do be thinkin' the Widder Darlin' is a heap fonder of Miss Jane now than she would have been had poor dear Mr. Darlin' lived!"

And she chuckled again, and so did Susie. And then, all of a sudden, I knew. It was Father Mrs. Darling wanted. They came here to see him. They wanted to marry him. As if I didn't know what Susie and Bridget meant! I'm no child!

But all this doesn't make Father like them. I'm not sure but it makes him dislike them. Anyway, he won't have anything to do with them. He always runs away over to the observatory, or somewhere, and won't see them; and I've heard him say things about them to Aunt Jane, too—words that sound all right, but that don't mean what they say, and everybody knows they don't. So, as I said before, I don't see any chance of Father's having a love story to help out this book—not right away, anyhow.

As for my love story—I don't see any chance of that's beginning, either. Yet, seems as if there ought to be the beginning of it by this time—I'm going on fifteen. Oh, there have been beginnings, lots of them—only Aunt Jane wouldn't let them go on and be endings, though I told her good and plain that I thought it perfectly all right; and I reminded her about the brook and river meeting where I stood, and all that.

But I couldn't make her see it at all. She said, "Stuff and nonsense"—and when Aunt Jane says both stuff and nonsense I know there's nothing doing. (Oh, dear, that's slang! Aunt Jane says she does wish I would eliminate the slang from my vocabulary. Well, I wish she'd eliminate some of the long words from hers. Marie said that—not Marie.)

Well, Aunt Jane said stuff and nonsense, and that I was much too young to run around with silly boys. You see, Charlie Smith had walked home from school with me twice, but I had to stop that. And Fred Small was getting so he was over here a lot. Aunt Jane stopped him. Paul Mayhew—yes, Paul Mayhew, Stella's brother—came home with me, too, and asked me to go with him auto-riding. My, how I did want to go! I wanted the ride, of course, but especially I wanted to go because he was Mrs. Mayhew's son. I just wanted to show Mrs. Mayhew! But Aunt Jane wouldn't let me. That's the time she talked specially about running-around-with-silly-boys.

But she needn't have. Paul is no silly boy. He's old enough to get a license to drive his own car.

But it wasn't just because he was young that Aunt Jane refused. I found out afterward. It was because he was any kind of a man paying me attention. I found that out through Mr. Claude Livingstone. Mr. Livingstone brings our groceries. He's a real young gentleman—tall, black mustache, and lovely dark eyes. He goes to our church, and he asked me to go to the Sunday-school picnic with him. I was so pleased, and I supposed, of course, Aunt Jane would let me go with him. He's no silly boy! Besides, I knew him real well, and liked him. I used to talk to him quite a lot when he brought the groceries.

But did Aunt Jane let me go? She did not. Why, she seemed almost more shocked than she had been over Charlie Smith and Fred Small, and the others.

"Mercy, child!" she exclaimed. "Where in the world do you pick up these people? And she brought out that 'these people' so disgracefully! Why, you'd think Mr. Livingstone was

a foreign Japanese, or something.

I told her then quietly, and with dignity, and with no temper (showing), that Mr. Livingstone was not a foreign Japanese, but was a very nice gentleman; and that I had not picked him up. He came to her own door himself, almost every day.

"My own door!" exclaimed Aunt Jane. And she looked absolutely frightened. "You mean to tell me that that creature has been coming here to see you, and I not know it?"

I told her then—again quietly and with dignity, and without temper (showing)—that he had been coming, not to see me, but in the natural pursuance of his profession of delivering groceries. And I said that he was not a creature. On the contrary, he was, I was sure, an estimable young man. He went to her own church and



Paul is No Silly Boy. He's Old Enough to Get a License to Drive His Own Car.

Sunday school. Besides, I could vouch for him myself, as I knew him well, having seen and talked with him almost every day for a long while, when he came to the house.

But nothing I could say seemed to have the least effect upon her at all, only to make her angrier and angrier, if anything. In fact I think she showed a great deal of temper for a Christian woman about a fellow Christian in her own church.

But she wouldn't let me go to the picnic; and not only that, but I think she changed grocers, for Mr. Livingstone hasn't been here for a long time, and when I asked Susie where he was she looked funny, and said we weren't getting our groceries where Mr. Livingstone worked any longer.

Well, of course, that ended that. And there hasn't been any other since. That's why I say my love story doesn't seem to be getting along very well. Naturally, when it gets noised around town that your Aunt Jane won't let you go anywhere with a young man, or let a young man come to see you, or even walk home with you after the first time—why, the young men aren't going to do very much toward making your daily life into a love story.

### TWO WEEKS LATER.

A queer thing happened last night. It was like this:

I think I said before what an awfully stupid time Mary is having of it, and how I couldn't play now, or make any noise, 'cause Father has taken to hanging around the house so much. Well, listen what happened: Yesterday Aunt Jane went to spend the day with her best friend. She said for me not to leave the house, as some member of the family should be there. She told me to sew an hour, weed an hour, dust the house downstairs and upstairs, and read some improving book an hour. The rest of the time I might amuse myself.

Amuse myself! A jolly time I could have all by myself! Even Father wasn't to be home for dinner, so I wouldn't have that excitement. He was out of town, and was not to come home till six o'clock.

It was an awfully hot day. The sun just beat down, and there wasn't a breath of air. By noon I was simply crazy with my stuffs, long-sleeved, high-necked blue gingham dress and that necked clumpy shoes. It seemed all of a sudden as if I couldn't stand it—not another minute—not a single minute more—to be Mary! mean. And suddenly I determined that for a while, just a little while, I'd be Marie again. Why couldn't I? There wasn't anybody going to be there but just myself—all day long.

I ran then upstairs to the guest-room closet where Aunt Jane had made me put all my Marie dresses and things when the Mary ones came. Well, I got out the very fluffiest, softest white dress there was there, and the little white slippers and the blue silk sash, and the little gold locket and chain that Mother gave me that Aunt Jane wouldn't let me wear. And I dressed up. My, didn't I dress up! And I just threw those old heavy shoes and black cotton stockings into the corner, and the blue gingham dress after them (though Mary went right away, and picked the dress up, and hung it in the closet, of course); but I had the fun of throwing it away.

### TO BE CONTINUED.

Victor, Violescos, Hokey Masha House.

### YOUR BEST FRIENDS— TREAT THEM AS SUCH

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### NOTICE

W. E. Shuman, Attorney  
To Addison E. Erb, executor of the estate of Henry B. Erb, deceased, Addison B. Erb and Elizabeth Erb, his wife, Genora E. Bennethum and Clinton Bennethum, her husband, Linole Kirk and Reuben Kirk, her husband, Harry Erb and Donald Graff, a minor.

You and each of you are hereby notified that the First National Bank of Freeport, Illinois, a corporation, commenced an action in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, on May 29, 1922 against you and each of you as defendants, the object and prayer of the petition filed in said action being to foreclose a certain mortgage made, executed and delivered by one Henry B. Erb (since deceased) to the First National Bank of Freeport, Illinois, a corporation, on May 14, 1920 and which mortgage was given to secure payment of a note in the principal sum of Fifteen Hundred and no 100 dollars (\$1,500) bearing the same date and with interest at 7% per annum from said date, the said mortgage conveying to the said plaintiff as security for the payment of said debt, all of the Northwest Quarter (NW 1/4) of section Five (5) in Township Fifteen (15) North of Range Thirty (30) West of 6 p. m. in Lincoln County, Nebraska, and being recorded on May 21, 1920 in Mortgage Record 56 at Page 9 of the Records of Lincoln County, Nebraska and to cause the said premises to be sold to satisfy the amount due upon said mortgage and to bar the defendants and each of them from all interests, rights, title and equity of redemption in the said premises.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 17th day of July, 1922.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF FREEPORT, ILLINOIS, A Corporation.  
By—Wm. E. Shuman  
Its Attorney

### 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 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 25,326 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.  
106 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.  
46 Lin. ft. 24 in. Corrugated pipe.  
26 Lin. ft. 36 in. Corrugated pipe.  
250,711 Sq. Yds. 4x20 Gravel surfacing.  
21,637 Sq. Yds. 2x20 Gravel surfacing.  
4,328 Sq. Yds. 3x20 Gravel surfacing.

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 18th 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. Bremer's place.  
Dated this 16th day of May 1922.  
Signed: W. D. CRAIG.

### 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

### PRIMARY ELECTION

By virtue of the authority vested in me by law and in accordance with Section 2159 of the Revised Statutes of Nebraska, I, A. S. Allen, County Clerk of Lincoln County, State of Nebraska, do hereby direct and proclaim that a Primary Election be held in the several voting places within Lincoln County, State of Nebraska, on Tuesday the 18th day of July 1922, during the hours designated by law for the following purposes, to-wit—

For the nomination by each of the political parties one candidate for United States Senator.

For the non-political nomination of two candidates for Judge of the Supreme Court for the Sixth Supreme Court Judicial District as provided by the Constitution of the State of Nebraska.

For the nomination by each of the political parties of one candidate for Congressman from the Sixth Congressional District within the State of Nebraska.

For the nomination by each of the political parties of the following candidates for State Offices, to-wit—

One Governor  
One Lieutenant Governor  
One Secretary of State.  
One Auditor of Public Accounts  
One State Treasurer  
One Attorney General  
One Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings.  
One Railway Commissioner

For the non-political nomination of two candidates for State Superintendent of Public Instruction, as provided by law.

For the nomination by each of the political parties one candidate for State Senator from the 30th Senatorial District as apportioned by the Session Laws of 1921.

For the nomination by each of the political parties of one candidate for the State Representative from the 89th District as apportioned by the Session Laws of 1921.

For the nomination by each of the political parties of one candidate for State Representative from the 90th District as apportioned by the Session Laws of 1921.

For the nomination by each of the political parties of the following candidates for County Offices, to-wit—

One County Clerk  
One County Treasurer  
One Register of Deeds  
One Sheriff  
One County Attorney  
One County Surveyor  
One County Commissioner from the 2nd District.

For the non-political nomination of two candidates for County Superintendent of Public Instruction as provided by law.

Polls will open at 8 a. m. and remain open until 8 p. m. of the same day.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 26th day of May, A. D. 1922.

A. S. Allen  
County Clerk

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1,191.04 Sta. Blade grader construction.  
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100 Cu. Yds. Special excavation Class A Grading.  
106 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.  
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Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, this 18th day of May, 1922.  
(Seal) A. S. ALLEN, County Clerk.

Class B, Grading.  
200 Cu. Yds. Special excavation Certified check for 5 per cent of the 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.

### Halligan, Beatty, & Halligan, Attys. 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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