

MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

CHAPTER V—Continued.

Oh, how good those Marie things did feel to Mary's hot, dried flesh and bones, and how I did dance and sing around the room in those light little slippers! Then Susie rang the dinner-bell and I went down to the dining-room feeling like a really truly young lady, I can tell you.

Susie stared, of course, and said, "My, how fine we are today!" But I didn't mind Susie.

After dinner I went into the hall and I sang all over the house. Then I went into the parlor and played every lively thing that I could think of on the piano. And I sang there, too—silly little songs that Marie used to sing to Lester. And I tried to think I was really down there to Boston, singing to Lester; and that Mother was right in the next room waiting for me.

Then I stopped and turned around on the piano stool, and the room was just as still as death. And I knew I wasn't in Boston. I was there in Andersonville. And there wasn't any Baby Lester there, nor any mother waiting for me in the next room. And all the fluffy white dresses and silk stockings in the world wouldn't make me Marie. I was really just Mary, and I had got to have three whole months more of it.

And then is when I began to cry. And I cried just as hard as I'd been singing a minute before. I was on the floor with my head in my arms on the piano stool when Father's voice came to me from the doorway.

"Mary, Mary, what in the world does this mean?"

I jumped up and stood "at attention," the way you have to, of course, when fathers speak to you. I couldn't help showing I had been crying—he had seen it. But I tried very hard to stop now. My first thought, after my startled realization that he was there, was to wonder how long he had been there—how much of all that awful singing and banging he had heard.

"Yes, sir," I tried not to have my voice shake as I said it; but I couldn't quite help that.

"What is the meaning of this, Mary? Why are you crying?"

I shook my head. I didn't want to tell him, of course; so I just stammered out something about being sorry I had disturbed him. Then I edged toward the door to show him that if he would step one side I would go away at once and not bother him any longer.

But he didn't step one side. He asked more questions, one right after another.

"Are you sick, Mary?" I shook my head.

"Did you hurt yourself?" I shook my head again.

"It isn't—your mother—you haven't had bad news from her?"

And then I blurted it out without thinking—without thinking at all what I was saying: "No, no—but I wish I had, I wish I had; 'cause then I could go to her, and go away from here!" The minute I'd said it I knew what I'd said, and how awful it sounded; and I clapped my fingers to my lips. But 't was too late. It's always too late, when you've once said it. So I just waited for him to thunder out his anger; for, of course, I thought he would thunder in rage and righteous indignation.

But he didn't. Instead, very quietly and gently he said:

"Are you so unhappy, then, Mary—here?"

And I looked at him, and his eyes and his mouth and his whole face weren't angry at all. They were just sorry, actually sorry. And somehow, before I knew it, I was crying again, and Father, with his arm around me, with his arm around me! I think of that!—was leading me to the sofa.

And I cried and cried there, with my head on the arm of the sofa, till I'd made a big tear spot on the linen cover; and I wondered if it would dry up before Aunt Jane saw it, or if it would change color or leak through to the red plush underneath, or some other dreadful thing. And then, some way, I found myself telling it all over to Father—about Mary and Marie, I mean, just as if he was Mother, or some one I loved—I mean, some one I loved and wasn't afraid of; for of course I love Father. Of course I do!

Well, I told him everything (when I got started there was no stopping)—all about how hard it was to be Mary, and how today I had tried to be Marie for just a little while, to rest me. He interrupted her, and wanted to know if that was why I looked so different today—more as I had when I first came; and I said yes, that these were Marie things that Mary couldn't wear. And when he asked, "Why, pray?" in a voice almost cross, I told him, of course, that Aunt Jane wouldn't let me; that Mary had to wear brown

serge and calfskin boots that were durable, and that would wear well.

And when I told him how sorry I was about the music and such a noise as I'd been making, he asked if that was Marie's fault, too; and I said yes, of course—that Aunt Jane didn't like to have Mary play at all, except hymns and funeral marches; and Marie didn't know any. And he grunted a queer little grunt, and said, "Well, well, upon my soul, upon my soul!" Then he said, "Go on." And I did go on.

I told him how I was afraid it was going to be just like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. (I forgot to say I've read it now. I found it in Father's library.) Of course not just like it, only one of me was going to be bad, and one good. I was afraid, if I didn't look out, I told him how Marie always wanted to kick up rugs, and move the chairs out of their sockets in the carpet, and leave books around handy, and such things. And so today it seemed as if I'd just got to have a vacation from Mary's hot gingham dresses and clumsy shoes. And I told him how lonesome I was without anybody, not anybody; and I told about Charlie Smith and Paul Mayhew and Mr. Claude Livingstone, and how Aunt Jane wouldn't let me have them, either, even if I was standing where the brook and river meet.

Father gave another funny little grunt here, and got up suddenly and walked over to the window. I thought at first he was angry; but he wasn't. He was even more gentle when he came back and sat down again, and he seemed interested, very much interested in everything I told him. But I stopped just in time from saying again how I wished I could go back to Boston; but I'm not sure but he knew I was going to say it.

But he was very nice and kind and told me not to worry about the music—that he didn't mind it at all. He'd been in several times and heard it. And I thought almost, by the way he spoke, that he'd come in on purpose to hear it; but I guess that was a mistake. He just put it that way so I wouldn't worry over it—about its bothering him, I mean.

He was going to say more, maybe; but I don't know. I had to run. I heard Aunt Jane's voice on the piazza saying good-by to the lady that had brought her home; so, of course, I had to run and hang Marie in the closet and get out Mary from the corner before she saw me. And I did.

By dinner-time I had on the gingham dress and the hot clumsy shoes again; and I had washed my face in cold water so I had got most of the tear spots off. I didn't want Aunt Jane to see them and ask questions, of course. And I guess she didn't. Anyway, she didn't say anything.

Father didn't say anything, either, but he acted queer. Aunt Jane tried to tell him something about the missionary meeting and the heathen, and a great famine that was raging. At first he didn't say anything; then he said, oh, yes, to be sure, how very interesting, and he was glad, very glad. And Aunt Jane was so disgusted, and accused him of being even more absent-minded than usual, which was entirely unnecessary, she said.

But even that didn't move Father a mite. He just said, yes, yes, very likely; and went on scowling to himself and stirring his coffee after he'd drunk it all up—I mean, stirring where it had been in the cup.

I didn't know but after supper he'd speak to me and ask me to come to the library. I hoped he would. There were lots more things I'd like to have said to him. But he didn't. He never said a word. He just kept scowling, and got up from the table and went off by himself. But he didn't go out to the observatory, as he most generally does. He went into the library and shut the door.

He was there when the telephone message came at eight o'clock. And what do you think? He'd forgotten he was going to speak before the College Astronomy club that evening! Forgotten his old stars for once. I don't know why. I did think, for a minute, 'twas 'cause of me—what I'd told him. But I knew, of course, right away that it couldn't be that. He'd never forgot his stars for me! Probably he 'was just reading up about some other stars, or had forgotten how late it was, or something. (Father's always forgetting things.) But, anyway, when Aunt Jane called him he got his hat and hurried off without so much as one word to me, who was standing near, or to Aunt Jane, who was following him all through the hall, and telling him in her most I'm-amazed-at-you voice how shockingly absent-minded he was getting to be.

ONE WEEK LATER.

Father's been awfully queer this whole week through. I can't make him out at all. Sometimes I think he's glad I told him all those things in the parlor that day I dressed up in Marie's things, and sometimes I think he's sorry and wished I hadn't.

The very next morning he came down to breakfast with such a funny look on his face. He said good-morning to me three times, and all through breakfast he kept looking over at me with a kind of awe that was not cross at all—just puzzled.

After breakfast he didn't go out to the observatory, not even into the library. He fidgeted around the dining room till Aunt Jane went out into the kitchen to give her orders to Susie; then he burst out, all of a sudden:

"Well, Mary, what shall we do to-day? Just like that he said it, as if we'd been doing things together every day of our lives.

"Do-do?" I asked; and I know I showed how surprised I was by the way I stammered and flushed up.

"Certainly, do," he answered, impatient and scowling. "What shall we do?"

"Why, Father, I—I don't know," I stammered again.

"Come, come, of course you know!" he cried. "You know what you want to do, don't you?"

I shook my head. I was so astonished I couldn't even think. And when you can't think you certainly can't talk.

"Nonsense, Mary," scowled Father. "Of course you know what you want to do! What are you in the habit of doing with your young friends—your Carries and Charlies, and all the rest?"

"I guess I just stood and stared and didn't say anything; for after a minute he cried: 'Well—well—well! I'm waiting.'"

"Why, we—we walk—and talk—and play games," I began; but right away he interrupted.

"Good! Very well, then, we'll walk. I'm not Carrie or Charlie, but I believe I can walk and talk—perhaps even play games. Who knows? Come, get your hat."

And I got my hat, and we went. But what a funny, funny walk that was! He meant to make it a good one, I know he did. And he tried. He tried real hard. But he walked so fast I couldn't half keep up with him; then, when he saw how I was hurrying, he'd slow down, 'way down,



He Didn't Say Much at First.

and look so worried—till he'd forget and go striding off again, 'way ahead of me.

We went up on the hill through the Benton woods, and it was perfectly lovely up there. He didn't say much at first. Then, all of a sudden, he began to talk about anything and everything. And I knew, by the way he did it, that he'd just happened to think he'd got to talk.

And how he talked! He asked me was I warmly clad (and here it is August!), and did I have a good breakfast, and how old was I, and did I enjoy my studies—which shows how little he was really thinking—but he was saying. He knows school closed ages ago. Wasn't he teaching me himself the last of it, too? All around us were flowers and birds, and oh, so many, many lovely things. But he never said a word about them. He just talked—because he'd got to talk. I knew it, and it made me laugh inside, though all the while it made me sort of want to cry, too. Funny, wasn't it?

After a time he didn't talk any more, but just walked on and on; and by and by we came home.

Of course, it wasn't awfully jolly—that walk wasn't; and I guess Father didn't think it was either. Anyhow, he hasn't asked me to go again this week, and he looked tired and worried and sort of discouraged when he got back from that one.

But he's asked me to do other things. The next day after the walk he asked me to play to him. Yes, he asked me to; and he went into the parlor and sat down on one of the chairs and listened while I played three pieces. Of course, I didn't play loud ones, nor very fast ones, and I was so scared I'm afraid I didn't play them very well. But he was very polite and said, "Thank you, Mary," and, "That was very nice"; then he stood up and said, "Thank you" again and went away into the library, very polite, but stiff, like company.

The next evening he took me out to the observatory to see the stars. That was lovely. Honestly I had a perfectly beautiful time, and I think Father did, too. He wasn't stiff and polite one bit. Oh, I don't mean that he was impolite or rude. It's just that he wasn't stiff as if I was company. And he was so happy with his stars and his telescope, and so glad to show them to me—oh, I had a beautiful time, and I told him so; and he looked real pleased. But Aunt Jane came for me before I'd had half enough, and I had to go to bed.

The next morning I thought he'd be different, somehow, because we'd had such a lovely time together the night before. But he wasn't. He just said, "Good morning, Mary," and began to read his paper. And he read his paper all through breakfast without saying another word to me. Then he got up and went into the library, and I never saw him again all-day except at dinner-time and supper-time, and then he didn't talk to me.

DO BE CONTINUED.

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 directed 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

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, Linnie 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

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.

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We have stored in a public warehouse in North Platte a new high grade player piano which for quick sale, will be sold at a tremendous sacrifice. Terms to any responsible party. If interested write quick for particulars to
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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 13th day of May 1922.
Signed W. D. GRASS.

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 (NW¼) 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 THE FORMATION OF PAVING DISTRICT NO. 15 IN THE CITY OF NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

To the owners of the record 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 June 2, 1922 pass and approve a certain ordinance forming and creating paving district No. 15 of the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, and that the following streets including the intersections thereof within the limits of the city are comprised within said paving district to-wit: All that portion of Second Street commencing at the west line of the intersections of Second Street and Dewey Street in said city of North Platte, running thence west along said Second Street to the east line of the intersection of said Second Street with Oak Street of the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, and commencing at the north line of the intersection of Third Street and Ash Street in said city running thence north to the south line of the intersection of Fourth Streets and Ash Streets in said city and commencing in said city running north along Maple Street to the south line of the intersection of Fourth Street with said Maple Street and commencing at the north line of the intersection of Fifth Street and Maple Street in said city running thence north along said Maple Street to the south line of the intersection of 6th street and Maple Street in said City of North Platte Nebraska, there to terminate.

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 6th day of June, 1922.
E. H. EVANS
Mayor

Attest: O. E. ELDER, City Clerk (SEAL)

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.

558 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. 4x30 Gravel surfacing.

81,067 Sq. Yds. 3x20 Gravel surfacing.

6,333 Sq. Yds. 2x20 Gravel surfacing.

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.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership composed of Carlton E. Porter and Henning G. Anderson heretofore entered into on the 3rd day of October 1921, for the conducting of an electrical contracting business and retail electric shop, was dissolved on the 15th day of March 1922, said Henning G. Anderson, withdrawing from said firm and the said Carlton E. Porter continuing to operate said business under the former name of Porter Electric Company, he to assume and pay all indebtedness of said firm and to receive all accounts collectable and all assets of said firm.

Signed: CARLTON E. PORTER,
HENNING G. ANDERSON.

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