

MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

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CHAPTER V—Continued.

But after supper he took me out again to see the stars, and he was just as nice and friendly as could be. Not a bit like a man that's only a father by order of the court. But the next day—

Well—and that's the way it's been all the week. And that's why I say he's been so queer. One minute he'll be just as nice and folksy as you could ask anybody to be, and the very next he's looking right through you as if he didn't see you at all, and you wonder and wonder what's the matter, and if you've done anything to displease him.

Sometimes he seems almost glad and happy, and then he'll look so sorry and sad!

I just can't understand my father at all.

ANOTHER WEEK LATER.

I'm so excited I don't know what to do. The most wonderful thing has happened. I can't hardly believe it yet myself. Yet it's so. My trunk is all packed, and I'm to go home tomorrow. Tomorrow!

This is the way it happened:

Mother wrote Aunt Jane and asked if I might not be allowed to come home for the opening of school in September. She said she understood quite well that she had no right to ask this, and, of course, if they saw fit, they were entirely within their rights to refuse to allow me to go until the allotted time. But that she could not help asking it for my sake, on account of the benefit to be derived from being there at the opening of the school year.

Of course, I didn't know Mother was going to write this. But she knew all about the school here, and how I came out, and everything. I've always told Mother everything that has happened. Oh, of course, I haven't written "every few minutes," as she asked me to. (That was a joke, anyway, of course.) But I have written every few days, and, as I said before, I told her everything.

Well, when the letter came I took it to Aunt Jane myself; and I was crazy to know what was in it, for I recognized the writing, of course. But Aunt Jane didn't tell me. She opened it, read it, kind of flushed up, and said, "Humph! The idea!" under her breath, and put the letter in her pocket.

Mother wanted to make a scene and insist on knowing what was in her own mother's letter; but Mary contented herself with looking superb and haughty and disdainful, and marching out of the room without giving Aunt Jane the satisfaction of even being asked what was in that letter.

But at the table that noon Aunt Jane read it to Father out loud. So that's how I came to know just what was in it. She started first to hand it over to him to read; but as he put out his hand to take it I guess he saw the handwriting, for he drew back quickly, looking red and queer.

"From Mrs. Anderson to you?" he asked. And when Aunt Jane nodded her head he sat still farther back in his chair and said, with a little wave of his hand, "I never care to read—other people's letters."

Aunt Jane said, "Stuff and nonsense, Charles, don't be silly!" But she pulled back the letter and read it—after giving a kind of an uneasy glance in my direction.

Father never looked up once while she was reading it. He kept his eyes on his plate and the baked beans he was eating. I watched him. You see, I knew, by Aunt Jane's reading the letter to him, that it was something he had got to decide; and when I found out what it was, of course, I was just crazy. I wanted to go so. So I watched Father's face to see if he was going to let me go. But I couldn't make out. I couldn't make out at all. It changed—oh, yes, it changed a great deal as she read; but I couldn't make out what kind of a change it was at all.

Aunt Jane finished the letter and began to fold it up. I could see she was waiting for Father to speak; but he never said a word. He kept right on eating beans.

Then Aunt Jane cleared her throat and spoke.

"You will not let her go, of course, Charles; but naturally I had to read the letter to you. I will write to Mrs. Anderson tonight."

Father looked up then.

"Yes," he said quietly; "and you may tell her, please, that Mary will go."

"Charles!"

Aunt Jane said that. But I—I almost ran around the table and hugged him. (Oh, how I wish he was the kind of a father you could do that to!)

"Charles!" said Aunt Jane again. "Surely you aren't going to give in so tamely as this to that child and her mother!"

"I'm not giving in at all, Jane," said Father, very quietly again. "I am consulting my own wishes in the matter. I prefer to have her go."

I most cried out then. Some way, it hurt to have him say it like that, right out—that he wanted me to go. You see, I'd begun to think he was getting so he didn't mind so very much having me here. All the last two weeks he'd been different, really different. But more of that anon. I'll go on with what happened at the table. And, as I said, I did feel bad to have him speak like that. And I can remember now just how the lump came right up in my throat.

Then Aunt Jane spoke, stiff and dignified.

"Oh, very well, of course, if you put it that way. I can quite well understand that you would want her to go—for your sake. But I thought that, under the circumstances, you would manage somehow to put up with the noise and—"

"Jane!" Just like that he interrupted, and he thundered, too, so that Aunt Jane actually jumped. And I guess I did, too. He had sprung to his feet. "Jane, let us close this matter once for all. I am not letting the child go for my sake. I am letting her go for her own. So far as I am concerned, if I consulted no one's wishes but my own, I should—keep her here always."

With that he turned and strode from the room, leaving Aunt Jane and me just staring after him.

But only for a minute did I stare. It came to me then what he had said—that he would like to keep me here always. For I had heard it, even if he had said the last word very low, and in a queer, indistinct voice. I was sure I had heard it, and I suddenly realized what it meant. So I ran after him; and that time, if I had found him, I think I would have hugged him. But I didn't find him. He must have gone quite away from the house. He wasn't even out to the observatory. I went out to see.

He didn't come in all the afternoon. I watched for that, too. And when he did come—well, I wouldn't have dared to hug him then. He had his very sternest I-am-not-thinking-of-you-at-all air, and he just came in to supper and then went into the library without saying hardly anything. Yet, some way, the look on his face made me cry. I don't know why.

The next day he was more as he has been since we had that talk in the parlor. And he has been different since then, you know. He really has. He has talked quite a lot with me, as I have said, and I think he's been trying, part of the time, to find something I'll be interested in. Honestly, I think he's been trying to make up for Carrie Heywood and Stella Mayhew and Charlie Smith and Mr. Livingston. I think that's why he took me to walk that day in the woods, and why he took me out to the observatory to see the stars quite a number of times. Twice he asked me to play to him, and once he asked me if Mary wasn't about ready to dress up in Marie's clothes again. But he was joking then, I knew, for Aunt Jane was right there in the house. Besides, I saw the twinkle in his eyes that I've seen there once or twice before. I just love that twinkle in Father's eyes!

But that hasn't come any since Mother's letter to Aunt Jane arrived. He's been the same in one way, yet different in another. Honestly, if it didn't seem too wildly absurd for anything, I should say he was actually sorry to have me go. But, of course, that isn't possible. Oh, yes, I know he said that day at the dinner table that he should like to keep me always. But I don't think he really meant it. He hasn't acted a mite like that since, and I guess he said it just to hush up Aunt Jane, and make her stop arguing the matter.

Anyway, I'm going tomorrow. And I'm so excited I can hardly breathe.

CHAPTER VI.

When I Am Both Together.

BOSTON AGAIN.

Well, I came last night. Mother and Grandfather and Aunt Hattie and Baby Lester all met me at the station. And, my! wasn't I glad to see them? Well, I just guess I was!

I was specially glad on account of having such a dreadful time with Father that morning. I mean, I was feeling specially homesick and homesick, and not-belonging-anywhere like you see, it was this way: I'd been sort of hoping, I knew, that at the last, when I came to really go, Father would get back the understanding smile and the twinkle, and show that he really did care for me, and was sorry to have me go. But, dear me! Why, he never was so stern and solemn, and you're-my-daughter-only-by-the-order-of-the-court sort of way as he was that morning.

He never even spoke at the breakfast-table. (He wasn't there hardly long enough to speak, anyway, and he never ate a thing, only his coffee—I mean he drank it.) Then he pushed his chair back from the table and stalked out of the room.

He went to the station with me; but he didn't talk there much, only to ask if I was sure I hadn't forgotten anything, and was I warmly clad. Warmly clad, indeed! And there it was still August, and hot as it could be! But that only goes to show how absent-minded he was, and how little he was really thinking of me!

Well, of course, he got my ticket and checked my trunk, and did all those proper, necessary things; then we sat down to wait for the train. But did he stay with me and talk to me and tell me how glad he had been to have me with him, and how sorry he was

to have me go, and all the other nice, polite things "most everybody thinks they've got to say when a visitor goes away"? He did not. He asked me again if I was sure I had not left anything, and was I warmly clad; then he took out his newspaper and began to read. That is, he pretended to read; but I don't believe he read much, for he never turned the sheet once; and twice, when I looked at him, he was looking fixedly at me, as if he was thinking of something. So I guess he was just pretending to read, so he wouldn't have to talk to me.

But he didn't even do that long, for he got up and went over and looked at a map hanging on the wall opposite, and at a big time-table near the other corner. Then he looked at his watch again with a won't-they-train-ever-come? air, and walked back to me and sat down.

And how do you suppose I felt, to have him act like that before all those people—to show so plainly that he was just longing to have me go? I guess he wasn't any more anxious for that train to come than I was. And it did seem as if it never would come, too. And it didn't come for ages. It was ten minutes late.

Oh, I did so hope he wouldn't go down to the junction. It's so hard to be taken care of "because it's my duty, you know!" But he went. I told him he needn't, when he was getting on the train with me. I told him I just knew I could do it beautifully all by myself, almost-a-young lady like me. But he only put his lips together hard, and said, cold, like ice: "Are you then so eager to be rid of me?" Just as if I was the one that was eager to get rid of somebody!

Well, as I said, he went. But he wasn't much better on the train than he had been in the station. He was as nervous and fidgety as a witch, and he acted as if he did so wish it would be over, and over quick. But at the junction—at the junction a funny thing happened. He put me on the train, just as Mother had done, and spoke to the conductor. (How I hated to have him do that! Why, I'm six whole months older, "most, than I was when I went up there!") And then, when he'd put me in my seat (Father, I mean; not the conductor), all of a sudden he leaned over and kissed me; kissed me—Father! Then, before I could speak, or even look at him, he was gone; and I didn't see him again, though it must have been five whole minutes before that train went.

I had a nice trip down to Boston, though nothing much happened. This conductor was not near so nice and polite as the one I had coming up; and there wasn't any lady with a baby to play with, nor any nice young gentleman to loan me magazines or buy candy for me. But it wasn't a very long ride from the junction to Boston, anyway. So I didn't mind. Besides, I knew I had Mother waiting for me.

And wasn't I glad to get there? Well, I just guess I was! And they acted as if they were glad to see me—Mother, Grandfather, Aunt Hattie, and even Baby Lester. He knew me, and remembered me. He'd grown a lot, too. And they said I had, and that I looked very nice. (I forgot to say that, of course, I had put on the Marie clothes to come home in—though I honestly think Aunt Jane wanted to send me home in Marie's blue gingham and calfskin shoes. As if I'd appeared in Boston in that rig!)

My, but it was good to get into an automobile again and just go! And it was so good to have folks around you dressed in something besides don't-care black alpaca and stiff collars. And I said so. And Mother seemed so pleased.

"You did want to come back to me, darling, didn't you?" she cried, giving me a little hug. And she looked so happy when I told her all over again how good it seemed to be Marie again, and have her and Boston, and automobiles, and pretty dresses and folks and noise again.

She didn't say anything about Father then; but later, when we were up in my pretty room alone, and I was talking off my things, she made me tell her that Father hadn't won my love away from her, and that I didn't love him better than I did her; and that I wouldn't rather stay with him than with her.

Then she asked me a lot of questions about what I did there, and Aunt Jane, and how she looked, and Father, and was he as fond of stars as ever (though she must have known "most everything, 'cause I'd already written it, but she asked me just the same.) And she seemed real interested in everything I told her.

And she asked me to be lonesome; and I told her no, I didn't think so; and that, anyway, he could have all the ladies' company he wanted by just being around when they called. And when she asked what I meant, I told her about Mrs. Darling, and the rest, and how they came evenings and Sundays, and how Father didn't like them, but would flee to the observatory. And she laughed and looked funny, for a minute. But right away she changed and looked very sober, with the kind of expression she has when she stands up in church and says the Apostles' Creed on Sunday; only this time she said she was very sorry, she was sure; that she hoped my father would find some estimable woman who would make a good home for him.

TO 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 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 OF THE FORMATION OF PAYING 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 paying 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 paying 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

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. Mt. 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.
	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
According to city ordinance, weeds within the city must be cut in June. I will start to cutting on June 20 and charge the expense to the owners of the vacant lots and the adjoining property.

John Jones,
Road Overseer

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,
County Judge.

PLAYER PIANO FOR SALE

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

The Denver Music Company
Denver, Colorado.

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.

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 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 1/100 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.

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