THE NORTH PLATTE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

he has been very kind to let you stay

with me so long." She cried when she kissed me just as she did before; but she didn't tell me this time to be sure and not love Father better than I did her. I noticed that. But, of course, I didn't say anything, though I might have told her easily that I knew nothing could ever make me love him better than I did

When we got to Andersonville, and the train rolled into the station, I stepped down from the cars and looked over to where the carriages were to find John and Aunt Jane. But they weren't there. There wasn't even the carriage there; and I can remember now just how my heart sort of felt sick inside of me when I thought that even Aunt Jane had forgotten, and that there wasn't anybody to meet me.

There was a beautiful big green automobile there, and I thought how I wished that had come to meet me: and I was just wondering what I should do, when all of a sudden somebody spoke my name. And who do you think it was? You'd never guess it in a month. It was Father, Yes, Fatherl

Why, I could have hugged him, I was so glad. But of course I didn't, right before all those people. But he was so tall and handsome and splendid, and I felt so proud to be walking along the platform with him and letting folks see that he'd come to meet me! But I couldn't say anythingnot anything, the way I wanted to; and all I could do was to stammer

And that's just the thing I didn't want to say; and I knew it the minute I'd said it. Why, it sounded as if I missed Aunt Jane, and wanted her instead of him, when all the time I was so pleased and excited to see him that I could hardly speak.

He just kind of smiled, and looked queer, and said that Aunt Jane-ercouldn't come. Then I felt sorry; for I saw, of course, that that was why he had come; not because he wanted to, but because Aunt Jane couldn't, so he had to. And I could have cried, all the while he was fixing it up about my trunk.

He turned then and led the way straight over to where the carriages were, and the next minute there was John touching his cap to me; only it was a brand-new John looking too sweet for anything tu a chauffeur's cap and uniform. And, what do you think? He was helping me into that heautiful big green car before I knew It.

"Why, Father, Father!" I cried. "You don't mean-" I just couldn't finish; but he finished for me.

"It is ours-yea Do you like it?" "Like it !" I guess he didn't need to have me say any more. But I did say move. I just raved and raved over that car until Father's eyes crinkled all up in little smile wrinkles, and he

wanted to know everything-everyand on account of the book. thing I could tell her; all the little And I saw: things. And she was so interested in That Father stayed in the house a Cousin Grace, and wanted to know all lot more than he used to. That he smiled more, about her; said she never heard of her before, and was she Father's own cou-That he actually asked Cousin Grace sin, and how old she was, and was she and me to play for him several times. pretty, and was Father around the That he went with us to the Sunday house more now, and did I see a lot school picnic. (I never saw Father at of him? She thought from something a plenic before, and I don't believe be

I told her that Cousin Grace wasn't

really Father's cousin at all, so it

have done more.

ever saw himself at one.) That-oh, I don't know, but a whole I've just been writing her again, and I could tell her more now, of course, lot of little things that I can't remember; but they were all unmistakable, than I could in that first letter. I've very unmistakable. And I wondered, been here a whole week, and, of course, I know more about things, and when I saw it all, that I had been as blind as a bat before.

When I wrote Mother I told her all about it-the signs and symptoms, I mean, and how different and thawedout Father was; and I asked if she didn't think it was so, too. But she didn't answer that part. She didn't write much, anyway. It was an awfully snippy letter; but she said she had a headache and didn't feel at all well. So that was the reason, probably, why she didn't say more-about Father's love affair, I mean. She only said she was glad, she was sure, if Father had found an estimable woman to make a home for him, and she hoped they'd be happy. Then she went on talking about something else. And she didn't write muchmore, anyway, about anything.

AUGUST

Well, of all the topsy-turvy worlds, this is the topsy-turviest, I am sure. What do they want me to do, and which do they want me to be? Oh, I wish I was just a plain Susle or Bessie, and not a cross-current and a contradiction, with a father that wants me to be one thing and a mother that wants me to be another! It was bad enough before, when Father wanted me to be Mary, and Mother wanted me to be Marle. But now-

Well, to begin at the beginning. It's all over-the love story, I mean, and I know now why it's been so hard for me to remember to be Mary and why everything is different, and all, They don't want me to be Mary. They want me to be Marie.

And now I don't know what to think. If Mother's going to want me to be Mary, and Father's going to want me to be Marie, how an I going to know what anybody wants, ever? Besides, it was getting to be such a beautiful love story-Father and Cousin Grace. And now-

But let me tell you what happened.

It was last night. We were on the plazza. Father, Cousin Grace, and L She got up and went into the house for something-Cousin Grace, I mean -and all of a sudden 1 determined to tell Father how glad I was, about him and Cousin Grace; and how I hoped it would last-having him out there with us, and all that. And I told him, I don't remember what I said exact-

ly. But I hadn't anywhere near said what I wanted to when he did stop me. Why, he almost jumped his chair. "Mary!" he gasped. "What in the world are you talking about?" "Why, Father, I was telling you," I explained. And I tried to be so cool and calm that it would make him calm and cool, too. (But it didn't calm him or cool him one bit.) "It's about when you're married and-" "Married!" he interrupted again. (They never let me interrupt like that !) "To Cousin Grace-yes. But Father, you-you are going to marry Cousin Grace, aren't you?" I cried-and I did 'most cry, for I saw by his face that he was not.

remembered about the school, and that I couldn't go there in Andersonville, and so he said 1 had better stay MARY here till it finished. And I was so glad to stay! It made

MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

.200

Illustrations by

R. H. Livingstone

deht by Eleaner H. Perts

CHAPTER VI-Continued.

I told a little more about Mr. Easter-

brook, too, so Father'd know who he

about the Christmas party in the eve-

ning, and how lovely the house looked,

and Mother, and that they said I

And that was all. And when I had

got it done. I saw that I had written

a long letter, a great long letter, And

I was almost afraid it was too long,

till I remembered that Father had

asked me for it; he had asked me to

tell him all about what I did on Christ-

Yes, I know it's been quite a while,

but there hasn't been a thing to say-

nothing new or exciting, I mean,

linist hasn't come since that day he

proposed.) I don't know whether Mr.

Easterbrook proposed or not. 1 only

know that all of a sudden he stopped

I don't overhear so much as I used

to, anyway. Not but that I'm in the

library window-seat just the same ; but

'most everybody that comes in looks

there right off; and, of course, whe

overhear things as I used to.

coming. I don't know the reason.

said so.

looked nice, too.

mas day.

MARCH

So I sent it off.

me very happy-that letter. It made Mother happy, too. She liked it, and she thought it was very, very kind of Father to be willing to give me up almost three whole months of his six, so I could go to school here. And she said so. She said once to Aunt Hactle that she was almost tempted to write and thank him. But Aunt Hattle said. "Pooh," and it was no more than he ought to do, and that she wouldn't be seen writing to a man who so carefully avoided writing to her. So Mother didn't do it, I guess.

But I wrote. I had to write three letters, though, before I got one that Mother said would do to send. The first one sounded so glad I was staying that Mother said she was afraid he would feel hurt, and that would be too bad-when he'd been so kind. And the second one sounded as if I was so sorry not to go to Andersonville the first of April that Mother said that

was-n new friend of Mother's that would never do in the world. He'd I'd never known till I came back this think I didn't want to stay in Boston, time, and how he was very rich and a But the third letter I managed to most estimable man. That Aunt Hattle make just glad enough to stay, and just sorry enough not to go. So that Then I told him that in the after-Mother said it was all right. And I noon another gentleman came and sent lt. took us to a perfectly beautiful con-

APRIL cert. And I finished up by telling

Well, the last chocolate drop weat yesterday. There were just seventysix pieces in that two-pound box. I

counted them that first day. Of course, they were fine and dandy, and I just loved them; but the trouble is, for the last week I've been eating such snippy little pieces. You see, every day, without thinking, I'd just naturally pick out the biggest pieces. So you can imagine what they got down to toward the last-mostly chocolate almonds.

As for the self-discipline-I don't see as I feel any more disciplined than I did before, and I know 1 want chocolates just as much as ever. And I said so to Mother.

But Mother is queer. Honestly she There's just school, and the usual is. And I can't help wondering-is she things, only Mr. Easterbrook doesn't getting to be like Aunt Jane? come any more. (Of course, the vio-

Now, listen to this: Last week I had to have a new party

dress, and we found a perfect darling of a pink silk, all gold beads, and gold slippers to match, And I knew I'd look perfectly divine in it; and once Mother would have got it for me. But not this time. She got a horrid white muslin with dots in it, and blue silk sash, suitable for a child-for any child. Of course, I was disappointed, and I

they see me they don't hardly ever suppose I did show it-some. In fact, go on with what they are saying. So i'm afraid I showed it a whole lot. it just naturally follows that I don't Mother didn't say anything then; but on the way home in the car she put Not that there's much to hear, her arm around me and said :

though. Really, there just isn't any-"I'm sorry about the pink dress, thing going on, and things aren't half dear. I knew you wanted it. But it so lively as they used to be when Mr. was not suitable at all for you-not Easterbrook was here, and all the until you're older, dear. Mother will cest. They've all stopped coming, now, have to look out that her little daugh-

I did her, and to make me say over and over again that I didn't. And I said so one day to her-I mean, I said I thought it was funny, the way she

talked now. She colored up and bit her lip, and gave a queer little laugh. Then she grew very sober and grave, and said: "I know, dear. Perhaps I am talking more than I used to. But, you see, I've been thinking quite a lot, and I -I've learned some things. I'm trying to make you forget what I said-about your loving me more than him. That wasn't right, dear. Mother was wrong. She shouldn't try to influence you against your father. He is a good man; and there are none too many good men in the world-No, no, I won't cay that," she broke off.

But she'd already said it, and, of course. I knew she was thinking of the violinist. I'm no child.

She went on more after that, quite a lot more. And she said again that I must love Father and try to please him in every way; and she cried a little and talked a lot about how hard it was in my position, and that she was afraid she'd only been making it harder, through her selfishness, and I must forgive her, and try to forget it. And she was sure she'd do better now. And she said that, after all, life wasn't in just being happy yourself. It was in how much happiness you could give to others.

Oh, It was lovely! And 1 cried, and she cried some more, and we kissed each other, and I promised. And after she went away I felt all upraised and holy, like you do when you've been to a beautiful church service with soft music and colored windows, and everybody kneeling. And I felt as if I'd never be naughty or thoughtless again. And that I'd never mind being Mary now. Why, I'd be glad to be Mary half the time, and even morefor Father.

But, alas!

Listen. Would you believe it? Just that same evening Mother stopped me against laughing too loud and making too much noise playing with Lester; and I felt cross. 1 just boiled inside of me, and said I hated Mary, and that Mother was getting to be just like Aunt Jane. And yet, just that morning-

Oh, if only that hushed, stainedwindow-soft-music feeling would last! JUNE

Well, once more school is done, my trunk is all packed, and I'm ready to go to Andersonville. I leave tomorrow morning. But not as I left last year. Oh, no. It is very, very different. Why this year I'm really going as Mary.

Honestly, Mother has turned me into Mary before I go. Now, what do you think of that? And if I've get to be Mary there and Mary here, too, when can I ever be Marle? Oh, I know I said I'd be willing to be Mary half, and maybe more than half, the time. But when it comes to really being

out:

"Why, where's Aunt Jane?"

And She is Pretty, and Everybody Loves Her. wasn't any wonder she hadn't ever heard of her. She was the wife of

Father's third cousin who went to South America six years ago and caught the fever and died there. So this Mrs. Whitney isn't really any relation of his at all. But he'd always known her, even before she married his cousin; and so, when her husband died, and she didn't have any home, he asked her to come here.

I don't know why Aunt Jane went away, but she's been gone 'most four months now, they say here. Nellie told me. Nellie is the maid-1 mean hired girl-here now. (I will keep forgetting that I'm Mary now and must use the Mary words here.)

I told Mother that she (Cousin Grace) was quite old, but not so old as Aunt Jane. And she is pretty, and everybody loves her. I think even Father likes to have her around better than he did his own sister Jane, for he sometimes stays around quite a lot now-after meals, and in the evening, I mean. And that's what I told Mother. Of course, he still likes his stars the best of anything, but not quite as well as he used to, maybe-not to give all his time to them. I forget to say that Father is going to let me go back to school again this year ahead of his time, just as he did last year. So you see, really, I'm here only a little bit of a while, as it is now, and it's no wonder I keep forgetting I am Mary.

I said that I did.

most. I've about given up ever having a love story of Mother's to put in.

And mine, too. Here I am fifteen next month, going on sixteen. (Why, that brook and river met long ago!) But Mother is getting to be almost as bad as Aunt Jane was about my receiving proper attentions from young men. Oh, she lets me go to places, a little, with the boys at school; but I always have to be chaperoned. And whenever are they going to have a chance to say anything really thrilling with Mother or Aunt Mattie right at my elbow? Echo answers never! So I've about given up that's amounting to anything, either.

Of course, there's Father left, and of course, when I go back to Andersonville this summer, there may be something doing there. But I doubt it. " I forgot to say I haven't heard from Father again, I answered his Christ, mas letter, as I said, and wrote just as nice as I knew how, and told him all he asked me to. But he never answered, nor wrote again. I am disappointed, I'll own up. I thought he would write. I think Mother did, too, She's asked me ever so many times if I hadn't heard from him again. And she always looks so sort of funny when I say no-sort of grad and sorry together, all in one.

But, then, Mother's queer in lots of ways now. For instance: One week ago she gave me a perfectly lovely box of chocolates-a whole two-pound box all at once; and I've never had more than a half-pound at once before. But just as I was thinking how for once I was going to have a real feast, and all I wanted to eat-what do you think she told me? She said I could have three pieces, and only three pieces a day; and not one little tiny one more. And when I asked her why she gave me such a big box for, then, if that was all I could have, she said It was to teach me self-discipline. That self-discipline was one of the most wonderful things in the world. That If she'd only been taught it when she was a girl, her life would have been very, very different. And so she was giving me a great big box of chocolates for my very own, just so as to teach me to deny myself and take only three pieces every day.

Three pieces !- and all that whole big box of them just making my mouth. water all the while; and all just to teach me that horrid old self-discipline | Why, you'd think it was Aunt Jane doing it instead of Mother!

ONE WEEK LATER

It's come-Father's letter. It came last night. Oh, it was short, and it didn't say anything about what I wrote, But I was proud of it, just the same. I just guess I was! He didn't get Aunt Jane to write to Mother, as he did before. And then, besides, he must have forgotten his stars long enough to think of me a little-for he

ter isn't getting to be vain, and too fond of dress."

I knew then, of course, that it was just some more of that self-discipline business.

But Mother never used to say anything about self-discipline. Is she getting to be like Aunt Jane?

ONE WEEK LATER

She is,

I know she is now.

I'm learning to cook-to cook! And it's Mother that says I must. She told Aunt Hattie-I heard her-that she thought every girl should know how to cook and keep house; and that if she had learned those things when she was a girl, her life would have been quite different, she was sure.

I am learning at a domestic science school, and Mother is going with me. I didn't mind so much when she said she'd go, too. And, really, It is quite a lot of fun-really it is. But it is queer-Mother and I going to school together to learn how to make bread and cake and boll potatoes! And, of course, Aunt Hattle laughs at us. But I don't mind. And Mother doesn't, either. But, oh, how Aunt Jane would love it, if she only knew !

MAY

What do you suppose I am learning now? You'd never guess. Stars. Yes, stars! And that is for Father, too.

Momer came into my room one day with a book of Grandfather's under her arm. She said it was a very wonderful work on astronomy, and she was sure I would find it interesting. She said she was going to read it aloud to me an hour a day. And then, when I got to Andersonville and Father talked to me, I'd know something. And he'd be pleased.

She said she thought we owed it to Father, after he'd been so good and kind as to let me stay here almost three whole months of his six, so I could keep on with my school. And that she was very sure this would please him and make him happy.

And so, for 'most a week now, Mother has read to be an hour a day out of that astronomy book. Then we talk about it. And it is interesting, Moth-er says it is, too. She says she wishes she'd known something about astronomy when she was a girl; that she's sure it would have made things a whole lot easier and happier all around, when she married Father; for then she would have known something about something he was interested in. She said she couldn't help that now, of course; but she could see that I knew something about such things.

It seems so funny to hear her talk such a lot about Father as she does, when before she never used to mention him-only to say how afmid she was that I would love him better than

Mary out of turn extra time, that h quite another thing.

And I am Mary.

Listen:

I've learned to cook. That's Mary. I've been studying astronomy. That's Mary.

I've learned to walk quietly, speak softly, laugh not too loudly, and be a lady at all times. Timi's Mary.

And now, to add to all this, Mother has had me dress like Mary. Yes, she began two weeks ago. She came into my room one morning and said she wanted to look over my dresses and

things; and I could see, by the way she frowned and bit her hp and tapped her foot on the floor, that she wasn't suited. She said: "I think, my dear, that on Saturday

we'll have to go is town shopping. Quite a number of these things will not do at all."

And I was so happy! Visions of new dresses and hats and shoes rose before me, and even the pink beaded silk came into my mind-though I didn't really have much hopes of that.

Well, we went shopping on Saturday, but-did we get the pink slik? We did not. We did get-you'd never guess what. We got two new gingham dresses, very plain and homely, and a pair of horrid, thick, low shoes. Why, I might call her "Cousin Grace." I could have cried! I did 'most cry as I exclaimed :

"Why Mother, those are Mary things !"

"Of course, they're Mary things," answered Mother, cheerfully. "That's what I meant to buy-Mary things, as you call them. Aren't you going to be Mary just next week? Of course, you are! And didn't you tell me last year, as soon as you got there, Miss Anderson objected to your clothing and bought new for you? Well, I am trying to see that she does not have to do that this year."

And then she bought me a brown serge suit and a hat so tiresomely sensible that even Aunt Jane would love them, I know. And tomorrow T've got to put them on to go in.

Do you wonder that I say I am Mary already?

CHAPTER VII

When I Am Neither One.

ANDERSONVILLE

Well, I came last night. I had on the brown suit and the sensible hat. and every turn of the wheels all day had been singing: "Mary, Mary, now you're Mary !" Why, Mother even called me Mary when she said goodby. She came to the junction with me just as she had before, and put me on the other train.

"Now, remember, dear, you're to try very hard to be a joy and a comfort to your father-just the little Mary that he wants you to be. Remember,

ant de 1 "I'm glad. I hoped you'd like it."

"L guess I do like it !" I cried. Then I went on to tell him how I thought it was the prettiest one I over saw, and 'way ahead of even Mr. Easterbrook's.

"And, pray, who is Mr. Easterbrook?" asked Father then. "The violinist, perhaps eh?

Now, wasn't it funny he should have remembered that there was a violinist? But, of course, I told him no, it wasn't the violinist. It was another one that took Mother to ride, the one I told him about in the Christmas letter; and he was very rich, and had two perfectly beautiful cars; and I was going on to tell more-how he didn't take Mother now-but I didn't get a chance, for Father interrupted, and said, "Yes, yes, to be sure," And he showed he wasn't interested, for all the little smile wrinkles were gone, and he looked stern and dignified, more like he used to. And he went on to say that, as we had almost reached home, he had better explain right away that Aunt Jane was no longer living there; that his cousin from the West, Mrs. Whitney, was keeping house for him now. She was a very nice lady, and he hoped I would like her. And

And before I could even draw breath to ask any questions, we were home; and a real pretty lady, with a lightblue dress on, was helping me out of the 'car, and kissing me as she did so. Now, do you wonder that I have been rubbing my eyes and wondering if I was really I, and if this was Andersonville?

ONE WEEK LATER

It isn't a dream. It's all really, truly true-everything: Father coming to meet me, the lovely automobile, and the pretty lady in the light-blue dress, who kissed me. And when I went downstairs the next morning I found out it was real, 'specially the pretty lady; for she kissed me again, and said she hoped I'd be happy there. And she told me to amuse myself any way I liked, and said, if I wanted to, I might run over to see some of the girls, but not to make any plans for the afternoon, for she was going to take me to ride.

Now, what do you think of that? Go to see the girls in the morning, and take a ride-an automobile ride! -in the afternoon: In Andersonville Why, I couldn't believe my ears. Of course, I was wild and crazy with delight-but it was all so different. Why, I began to think almost that I was Marie, and not Mary at all.

And it's been that way the whole week through. I've had a beautiful time. I've been so excited I_ And Mother is excited, too. Of course, I wrote her and told her all about it right away. And she wrote right back and

ONE WEEK LATER

Things are awfully funny here this time. I wonder if it's all Cousin Grace that makes it so. Anyhow, she's just as different as different can be from Aunt Jane. And things are different, everywhere.

Why, I forget half the time that I'm Mary. Honestly, I do. I try to be Mary. 1 try to move quietly, speak gently, and laugh softly, just as Mother told me to. But before I know it I'm acting natural again-just like Marie, you know.

And I believe it is Cousin Grace. She never looks at you in Aunt Jane's I'm-amazed-at-you way. And she laughs herself a lot, and sings and plays, too -real pretty lively things; not just hymn tunes. And the house is different. There are four geraniums in the dining room window, and the parlor is open every day. The wax flowers are there, but the hair wreath and the coffin plate are gone. Cousin Grace doesn't dress like Aunt Jane, either. She wears pretty white and blue dresses, and her hair is curly and fluffy.

I think all this is why I keep forgetting to be Mary. But, of course, I understand that Father expects me to be Mary, and so I try to remember.

TWO WEEKS LATER

I understand it all now-everything: why the house is different, and Father, and everything. And it is Cousin Grace, and it is a love story.

Father is in love with her.

Now I guess I shall have something for this book!

It seems funny now that I didn't think of it at first. But I didn't-not until I heard Nellie and her beau talking about it. Nellie said she wasn't the only one in the house that was going to get married. And when he asked her what she meant, she said it was Dr. Anderson and Mrs. Whitney. That anybody could see it that wasn't as blind as a bat.

My, but wasn't I excited? I just guesss I was. And, of course, I saw that I had been blind as a bat. But I began to open my eyes after that, and watch-not disagreeably, you know, but just glad and interested.

"That is not my present intention," he said. His lips came together hard, and he looked over his shoulder to see if Cousin Grace was coming back.

"But you're going to some time," L begged him.

"I do not expect to."

I fell back in my chair, and I know I looked grieved and hurt and disappointed, as I almost sobbed :

"Oh, Father, and when I thought you were going to!"

"There, there, child! He spoke, stern and almost cross now. "This absurd nonsensical idea has gone quite far enough. Let us think no more about it."

"It isn't absurd and nonsensical !" I cried. And I could hardly say the words, I was choking up so. "Everybody said you were going to, and I wrote Mother so; and-"

"You wrote that to your mother?" He did jump from his chair this time. "Yes; and she was glad."

"Oh, she was !" He sat down sort of limp-like and queer.

"Yes. She said she was glad you'd found an estimable woman to make a home for you."

"Oh, she did." He said this, too, in that queer, funny, quiet kind of way.

"Yes." I spoke, decided and firm. I'd begun to think, all of a sudden, that maybe he didn't appreciate Mother as much as she did him; and I determined right then and there to make him, If I could. When I remember all the lovely things she'd said about him-

"Father," I began; and I spoke this time, even more decided and firm, "I don't believe you appreciate Mother." "Eh, What?"

He made me jump this time, he turned around with such a jerk, and spoke so sharply. But in spite of the jump I still held on to my subject. firm and decided.

TO BE CONTINUED.

-:0:--Miss Lorine Harvey returned to her home in Cheyenne after visiting her cousin Miss Pearl McConnell for several days.