

MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by
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SYNOPSIS

PREFACE.—Mary Marie explains her apparent "double personality" and just why she is a "cross-current and a contradiction"; she also tells her reasons for writing the diary dated to be a novel. The story is commenced at Andersonville.

CHAPTER I.—Mary begins with Nurse Sarah's account of her (Mary's) birth, which seemingly interested her father, who is a famous astronomer, less than a new star which was discovered the same night. Her name is a compromise, her mother wanted to call her Viola and her father insisted on Abigail Jane. The child quickly learned that her home was to be some way different from those of her small friends, and was puzzled thereat. Nurse Sarah tells her of her mother's arrival at Andersonville as a bride and how astonished they all were at the sight of the dainty eighteen-year-old girl whom the society professor had chosen for a wife.

CHAPTER II.—Continuing her story, Nurse Sarah makes it plain why the household seemed a strange one to the child and how her father and mother drifted apart through misunderstanding, each too proud to in any way attempt to smooth over the situation.

CHAPTER III.—Mary tells of the time spent "out west" where the "perfectly all right and genteel and respectable" divorce was being arranged for, and her mother's (to her) unaccountable behavior. By the court's decree the child is to spend six months of the year with her mother and six months with her father. Boston is Mother's home, and she and Mary leave Andersonville for that city to spend the first six months.

CHAPTER IV.—At Boston Mary becomes "Marie." She is delighted with her new home, so different from the gloomy house at Andersonville. The number of gentlemen who call on her mother leads her to speculate on the possibility of a new father. She claims to be a "prospective author," finally deciding the choice is to be between "the violinist" and a Mr. Harlow. A conversation she overhears between her mother and Mr. Harlow convinces her that it will not be that gentleman who "violins" her. It is the likely man, Mr. Anderson, who receives a letter from "Aunt Abigail Anderson," her former husband's wife, who is keeping house for him, reminding her that "Marie" is expected at Andersonville for six months she is to spend with her father. Her mother is distressed, but has no alternative. "Marie" departs for Andersonville.

CHAPTER V.—At Andersonville Aunt Jane meets her at the station. Her father is away somewhere, studying an eclipse of the moon. "Marie" is now instinctively compares Aunt Jane, prim and severe, with her beautiful, dainty mother, much to the former's disadvantage. Aunt Jane disapproves of the dainty clothes which the child is wearing, and replaces them with "serviceable" serge and thick-soled shoes. Her father arrives home and seems surprised to see her. The child soon begins to notice that the girls at school seem to avoid her. Her father appears interested in the life Mrs. Anderson leads at Boston and asks many questions in a queer manner which puzzles Mary. She finds out that her schoolmates do not associate with her on account of her parents being divorced, and she refuses to attend school. Angry at first, Mr. Anderson then learns the reason for her determination, decides that she need not go. He will hear her lessons. In Aunt Jane's and her father's absence Mary dresses in the pretty clothes she brought from Boston and plays the liveliest tunes she knows on the little-used piano. Then, overcome by her loneliness, she indulges in a crying spell which her father's unexpected appearance interrupts. She tells the story of her unhappiness, and in a clumsy way he comforts her. After that he appears to desire to make her stay more pleasant. Her mother writes asking that Mary be allowed to come to Boston for the beginning of the school term, and Mr. Anderson consents, though from an expression he lets fall Mary believes he is sorry she is going.

Albers
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flour
absolute
sanitation.

Flapjack Flour

Albers
Grocers
Recommend
Albers
Quality
the
hotcakes
of the
West

The Eternal Triangle

A man and a maid in love. They got married and they live happily for one or two years. Then they drift apart as people sometimes have been known to do in the course of time. Wife feels neglected and husband sulks for a third party to appear and so complete this eternal triangle

cried. "And I do read lots—at home."

"At—home?"
I knew, then, of course, that I'd made another awful break. There wasn't any smile around Father's eyes now, and his lips came together hard and thin over that last word.

"At—at my home," I stammered. "I mean, my other home."

"Humph!" grunted Father. Then, after a minute: "But why, pray, can't you read here? I'm sure there are—books enough." He flourished his hands toward the bookcases all around the room.

"Oh, I do—a little; but, you see, I'm so afraid I'll leave some of them out when I'm through," I explained.

"Well, what of it? What if you do?" he demanded.

"Why, Father!" I tried to show by the way I said it that he knew—of course he knew. But he made me tell him right out that Aunt Jane wouldn't like it, and that the books always had to be kept exactly where they belonged.

"Well, why not? Why shouldn't they? Aren't books down there—in Boston—kept where they belong, pray?"

It was the first time since I'd come that he'd ever mentioned Boston; and I almost jumped out of my chair when I heard him. But I soon saw it wasn't going to be the last, for right then and there he began to question me, even worse than Aunt Jane had.

He wanted to know everything, everything; all about the house, with its cushions and cozy corners and curtains "way up, and books left around easy to get, and magazines, and Baby Lexie, and the fun we had romping with him, and everything. Only, of course, I didn't mention Mother. Aunt Jane had told me not to—not anywhere; and to be specially careful before Father. But what can you do when he asks you himself, right out plain? And that's what he did.

He'd been up on his feet, tramping up and down the room all the time I'd been talking; and now, all of a sudden, he wheels around and stops short.

"How is—your mother, Mary?" he asks. And it was just as if he'd opened the door to another room, he had such a whole lot of questions to ask after that. And when he'd finished he knew everything; what time we got up and went to bed, and what we did all day, and the parties and dinners and auto rides, and the folks that came such a lot to see Mother.

Then all of a sudden he stopped—asking questions, I mean. He stopped just as suddenly as he'd begun. Why, I was right in the middle of telling about a concert for charity we got up just before I came away, and how Mother had practiced for days and days with the young man who played the violin, when all of a sudden Father jerked his watch from his pocket and said:

"There, there, Mary, it's getting late. You've talked enough—too much. Now go to bed. Good night."

Talked too much, indeed! And who'd been making me do all the talking, I should like to know? But, of course, I couldn't say anything. That's the unfair part of it. Old folks can say anything, anything they want to, to you, but you can't say a thing back to them—not a thing.

And so I went to bed. And the next day all that Father said to me was, "Good-morning, Mary," and "Good-night," just as he had ever since I came. And that's all he's said yesterday and today. But he's looked at me a lot, I know, because at meal-times and others, when he's been in the room with me, I've looked up and found his eyes on me. Funny, isn't it?

TWO WEEKS LATER

Well, I don't know as I have anything very special to say. Still, I suppose I ought to write something, so I'll put down what little there is.

Of course, there doesn't so much happen here, anyway, as there does at home—I mean in Boston. (I must stop calling it home down to Boston as if this wasn't home at all. It makes Aunt Jane very, very angry, and I don't think Father likes it very well.) But, as I was saying, there really doesn't so much happen here as there does down to Boston; and it isn't nearly so interesting. But, there! I suppose I mustn't expect it to be interesting. I'm Mary now, not Marie.

There aren't any teas and dinners and pretty ladies and music and soulful-eyed prospective suitors here. My! Wouldn't Aunt Jane have four fits? And Father, too. But I'd just like to put one of Mother's teas with the little cakes and flowers and talk and tinkling laughs down in Aunt Jane's parlor, and then watch what happened. Oh, of course, the party couldn't stand it long—not in there with the hair wreath and the coffin plate. But they could stand it long enough for Father to thunder from the library, "Jane, what in Heaven's name is the meaning of all this?" And for Aunt Jane to give one look at the kind of clothes real folks wear, and then flee with her hands to her ears and her eyes upraised to the ceiling. Wouldn't it be fun?

But, there! What's the use of imagining perfectly crazy, impossible things like that? We haven't had a thing here in that parlor since I came but one missionary meeting and one Ladies' Aid Sewing circle; and after the last one (the sewing circle) Aunt Jane worked a whole day picking threads off the carpet, and smoothing down the linen covers because they'd got so mussed up. And I heard her tell the hired girl that she shouldn't have that sewing circle here again in a hurry, and when she did have them they'd have to sew in the dining room with a sheet spread down to catch the threads. My! but I would

like to see Aunt Jane with one of Mother's teas in her parlor!

I can't see as Father has changed much if any these last two weeks. He still doesn't pay much of any attention to me, though I do find him looking at me sometimes, just as if he was trying to make up his mind about something. He doesn't say hardly anything to me, only once or twice when he got to asking questions again about Boston and Mother.

The last time I told him all about Mr. Harlow, and he was so interested! I just happened to mention his name, and he wanted to know right away if it was Mr. Carl Harlow, and if I knew



I Do Find Him Looking at Me Sometimes, Just as if He Was Trying to Make Up His Mind About Something.

whether Mother had ever known him before. And of course I told him right away that it was—the same one she was engaged to before she was engaged to him.

Father looked funny and kind of grunted and said, yes, yes, he knew. Then he said, "That will do, Mary." And he began to read his book again. But he never turned a page, and it wasn't five minutes before he got up and walked around the room, pecking out books from the bookcases and putting them right back. Then he turned to me and asked with a kind of of-course-I-can't-care air:

"Did you say you saw quite a little of—this Harlow fellow?"

But he did care. I know he did. He was real interested. I could see that he was. And so I told him everything, all about how he came there and the teas, and sent her flowers and candy, and what he said on the sofa that day, and how Mother answered. As I said, I told him everything, only I was careful not to call Mr. Harlow a prospective suitor, of course. I remembered too well what Aunt Hattie had said. Father didn't say anything when I got through. He just got up and left the room, and pretty quick I saw him crossing the lawn to the observatory.

I guess there aren't any prospective suitors here. I mean, I guess Father isn't a prospective suitor—anyhow, not yet. (Of course, it's the man that has to be a suitor.) He doesn't go anywhere, only over to the college and out to the observatory. I've watched so to see. I wanted specially to know, for of course if he was being a prospective suitor to any one, she'd be my new mother, maybe. And I'm going to be awfully particular about any new mother coming into the house.

A whole lot more, even, depends on mothers than on fathers, you know; and if you're going to have one all ready-made thrust upon you, you are sort of anxious to know what kind she is. Some way, I don't think I'd like a new mother even as well as I'd like a new father; and I don't believe I'd like him very well.

Of course, there are quite a lot of ladies here that Father could have. There are several pretty teachers in the schools, and some nice unmarried ladies in the church. And there's Miss Parnella Snow. She's Professor Snow's sister. She wears glasses and is terribly learned. Maybe he would like her. But, Mercy! I shouldn't.

Then there's Miss Grace Ann Sanborn. She's fat, and awfully jolly. She comes here a lot lately to see Aunt Jane. I don't know why. They don't belong to the same church, or anything. But she "runs over," as she calls it, almost every afternoon just a little before dinner—I mean supper.

Mrs. Darling used to come then, too, when I first came; but she comes over evenings now more. Maybe it's because she doesn't like Miss Grace Ann. I don't think she does like her, for every time she saw her, she'd say: "Oh, you? So you're here!" and pretty quick she'd get up and go. And now she comes evenings. She's fixing over her house, and she runs and asks Aunt Jane's advice about every little thing. She says Father's too, every chance she gets, when she sees him in the hall or on the front steps. I heard her tell Aunt Jane she considered Professor Anderson a man of most excellent taste and judgment.

I suppose Mrs. Darling could be my new mother. She's a widow. Her husband died last year. She is very well off now that her husband is dead. I heard Aunt Jane say one day. She meant well off in money—quite a lot of it, you know. I thought she meant well off because he was dead and she

didn't have to live with him any more, and I said so to Aunt Jane. (He was a cross man, and very stern, as everybody knew.) But, dear suz me! Aunt Jane was awfully shocked, and said certainly not; that she meant Mr. Darling had left his wife a great deal of money.

Then she talked very stern and solemn to me, and said that I must not think just because my poor dear father's married life had ended in such a wretched tragedy that every other home had such a skeleton in the closet.

I grew stern and dignified and solemn then. I knew, of course, what she meant. I'm no child. She meant Mother. She meant that Mother, my dear blessed mother, was the skeleton in their closet. And of course I wasn't going to stand there and hear that, and not say a word.

But I didn't say just a word. I said a good many words. I won't try to put them all down here; but I told her quietly, in a firm voice, and with no temper (showing), that I guessed Father was just as much of a skeleton in Mother's closet as she was in his; and that if she could see how perfectly happy my mother was now she'd understand a little of what my father's skeleton had done to her all those years she'd had to live with it.

I said a lot more, but before I'd got half finished with what I wanted to say, I got to crying, so I just had to run out of the room.

That night I heard Aunt Jane tell Mrs. Darling that the worst feature of the whole deplorable situation was the effect on the child's mind, and the wretched conception it gave her of the sacredness of the marriage tie, or something like that. And Mrs. Darling sighed, and said, oh, and ah, and the pity of it.

I don't like Mrs. Darling. Of course, as I said before, Mrs. Darling could be my new mother, being a widow, so. But, mercy! I hope she won't. I'd rather have Miss Grace Ann than her, and I shouldn't be crazy about having Miss Grace Ann.

Well, I guess there's nothing more to write. Things at school are just the same, only more so. The girls are getting so they act almost as bad as those down to Boston in the school where I went before I changed. Of course, maybe it's the divorce here, same as it was there. But I don't see how it can be that. Why, they've known it from the very first!

Oh, dear suz me! How I do wish I could see Mother tonight and have her take me in her arms and kiss me. I'm so tired of being Mary 'way up here where nobody cares or wants me.

Even Father doesn't want me, not really want me. I know he doesn't. I don't see why he keeps me, only I suppose he'd be ashamed not to take me his six months as long as the court gave me to him for that time.

ANOTHER TWO WEEKS LATER.

I'm so angry I can hardly write, and at the same time I'm so angry I've just got to write. I can't talk. There isn't anybody to talk to; and I've got to tell somebody. So I'm going to tell it here.

I've found out now what's the matter with the girls—you know, I said there was something the matter with them; that they acted queer and stopped talking when I came up, and faded away till there wasn't anybody but me left.

Well, it's been getting worse and worse. The girls have had parties, and more and more often the girls have stopped talking and have looked queer when I came up. We got up a secret society and called it the "Tony Ten," and I was going to be its president. Then all of a sudden one day I found there wasn't any Tony Ten—only Carrie Heywood and me. The other eight had formed another society and Stella Mayhew was their president.

I told Carrie we wouldn't care; that we'd just change it and call it the "Tony Two"; and that that was a lot more exclusive than ten, anyway. But I did care, and Carrie did. I knew she did. And I know it better now, because last night—she told me. You see things have been getting simply unbearable these last few days, and it got so it looked as if I wasn't even going to have Carrie left. She began going to act queer and I accused her of being long to the Tony Two. She said that I didn't care. That I'd be a secret society all by myself; and she knew I couldn't help crying; and she knew I did—care. Then she began to cry; and today, after school, we went to walk up to the hill to the big rock; and there—she told me. And it was the divorce.

And it's all that Stella Mayhew—the new girl. Her mother found out I was divorced (I mean Mother was) and she told Stella not to play with me, nor speak to me, nor have a thing to do with me. And I said to Carrie, all right! Who cared? I didn't. That I never had liked that Mayhew girl, anyway. But Carrie said that wasn't all. She said Stella had got to be a real popular before I came; that her folks had lots of money, and she always had candy and could treat to ice-cream and auto rides, and everybody with her was sure of a good time. She had parties, too—lots of them; and of course, all the girls and boys liked that.

Well, when I came everything was all right till Stella's mother found out about the divorce, and then—well, then things were different. First Stella contained herself with making fun of me, Carrie said. She laughed at the serge dresses and big homely shoes, and then she began on my

name, and said the idea of being called Mary by Father and Marie by Mother, and that 'twas just like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. (That's a story, Carrie says. I'm going to read it, if Father's got it. If there ever was another Mary and Marie all in one in the world I want to know what she did.) But Carrie says the poking fun at me didn't make much difference with the girls, so Stella tried something else. She not only wouldn't speak to me herself, or invite me, or anything, but she told all the girls that they couldn't go with her and me, too. That they might take their choice. And Carrie said some of them did choose and stayed with me; but they lost all the good times and ice-cream and parties and rides and everything; and so one by one they dropped me and went back to Stella, and now there wasn't anybody left, only her, Carrie. And then she began to cry.

And when she stopped speaking, and I knew all, and saw her crying there before me, and thought of my dear blessed mother, I was so angry I could scarcely speak. I just shook with righteous indignation. And in my most superb, haughty and disdainful manner I told Carrie Heywood to dry her tears; that she needn't trouble herself any further, nor worry about losing any more ice-cream nor parties. That I would hereto declare our friendship null and void, and this day set my hand and seal to never speak to her again, if she liked, and considered that necessary to keeping the acquaintance of the precious Stella.

But she cried all the more at that, and flung herself upon me, and, of course, I began to cry, too—and you can't stay superb and haughty and disdainful when you're all the time trying to hunt up a handkerchief to wipe away the tears that are coursing down your own cheeks. And of course I didn't. We had a real good cry together, and vowed we loved each other better than ever, and nobody could come between us, not even bringing a chocolate-fudge-marshmallow college ice—which we both adore. But I told her that she would be all right, just the same, for of course I should never step my foot inside of that schoolhouse again. That I couldn't, out of respect to Mother. That I should tell Aunt Jane that tomorrow morning. There isn't any other school here, so they can't send me anywhere else. But it's 'most time for school to close, anyway. There are only two weeks more.

But I don't think that will make any difference to Aunt Jane. It's the principle of the thing. It's always the principle of the thing with Aunt Jane. She'll be very angry, I know. Maybe she'll send me home. Oh, I hope she will!

Well, I shall tell her tomorrow, anyway. Then—we'll see.

ONE DAY LATER.

And, dear, dear, what a day it has been!

I told her this morning. She was very angry. She said at first: "Nonsense, Mary, don't be impertinent. Of course you'll go to school!" and all that kind of talk. But I kept my temper. I did not act angry. I was simply firm and dignified. And when she saw I really meant what I said, and that I would not step my foot inside that schoolroom again—that it was a matter of conscience with me—that I did not think it was right for me to do it, she simply stared for a minute, as if she couldn't believe her eyes and ears. Then she gasped:

"Mary, what do you mean by such talk to me? Do you think I shall permit this sort of thing to go on for a moment?"

I thought then she was going to send me home. Oh, I did so hope she was. But she didn't. She sent me to my room.

"You will stay there until your father comes home this noon," she said. "This is a matter for him to settle." Father! And I never—then thought of her going to him with it. She was always telling me never to bother Father with anything, and I knew she didn't usually ask him anything about me. She—settled everything herself. But this—the very thing I didn't want her to ask him, too. But of course I couldn't help myself. That's the trouble. Youth is so helpless in the clutches of old age.

Well, I went to my room. Aunt Jane told me to meditate on my sins, but I didn't. I meditated on other people's sins. I didn't have any to meditate on. Was it a sin, pray, for me to stand up for my mother and refuse to associate with people who wouldn't associate with me on account of her? I guess not!

I meditated on Stella Mayhew and her mother, and on those silly, faithless girls that thought more of ice-cream soda than they did of justice and right to their fellow schoolmate. And I meditated on Aunt Jane and her never giving me so much as a single kiss since I came. And I meditated on how much better Father liked stars and comets than he did his own daughter; and I meditated on what a cruel, heartless world this is, anyway, and what a pity it was that I, so fair and young, should have found it out so soon—right on the bank, as it were, or where that brook and river meet. And I wondered, if I died if anybody would care; and I thought how beautiful and pathetic I would look in my coffin with my lily-white hands folded on my breast. And I hoped they'd have the funeral in the daytime, because if it was at nighttime Father'd be sure to have a star or something to keep him from coming. And I wanted him to come. I wanted him to feel bad; and I meditated on how bad he

would feel—when it was too late. But even with all this to meditate on, it was an awfully long time coming noon; and they didn't call me down to dinner even then. Aunt Jane sent up two pieces of bread without any butter and a glass of water. How like Aunt Jane—making even my dinner a sin to meditate on! Only she would call it my sin, and I would call it hers.

Well, after dinner Father sent for me to come down to the library. So I knew then, of course, that Aunt Jane had told him. I didn't know but she would wait until night. Father usually spends his hour after dinner reading in the library and mustn't be disturbed. But evidently today Aunt Jane thought I was more consequence than his reading. Anyhow, she told him, and he sent for me.

My! but I hated to go! Fathers and Aunt Jane are two different propositions. Fathers have more rights and privileges, of course. Everybody knows that.

Well, I went into the library. Father stood with his back to the fire-



I Went Into the Library. Father Stood With His Back to the Fireplace and His Hands in His Pockets.

place and his hands in his pockets. He was plainly angry at being disturbed. Anybody could see that. He began speaking at once, the minute I got into the room—very cold and dignified.

"Mary, your aunt tells me you have been disobedient and disrespectful to her. Have you anything to say?"

I shook my head and said, "No, sir."

What could I say? Old folks ask such senseless questions, sometimes. Naturally I wasn't going to say I had been disrespectful and disobedient when I hadn't; and of course, I couldn't say I hadn't been when Aunt Jane said I had. That would be just like saying Aunt Jane lied. So, of course, I had nothing to say. And I said so.

"But she says you refused to go back to school, Mary," said Father then.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you did refuse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you may go and tell her now, please, that you are sorry, and that you will go to school this afternoon. You may go now." And he turned to the table and picked up his book.

I didn't go, of course. I just stood there twisting my handkerchief in my fingers; and, of course, right away he saw me. He had sat down then.

"Mary, didn't you hear me?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir, but—Father, I can't go back to that school," I choked. And I began to cry.

"But I tell you that you must."

I shook my head.

"I can't."

"Do you mean that you defy me as you did your Aunt Jane this morning?—that you refuse to go back to school?"

"Yes, sir."

For a minute he sat and stared at me just as Aunt Jane had done; then he lifted his head and threw back his shoulders as if he was throwing off a heavy weight.

"Come, come, Mary," he said sternly. "I am not a patient man, and my temper has reached the breaking point. You will go back to school and you will go now. I mean that, Mary."

"But, Father, I can't," I choked; and I guess there was something in my face this time that made even him see. For again he just stared for a minute, and then said:

"Mary, what in the world does this mean? Why can't you go back? Have you been—expelled?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Then you mean you won't go back?"

"I mean I can't—on account of Mother."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FOUR DAYS LATER

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

That night at the supper table Aunt Jane cleared her throat in the lamplight and I—well, I'll speak kind of a way that she always uses when she speaks to Father. (Aunt Jane doesn't talk to Father much more than Mother used to.)