MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

## SYNOPSIS

PREFACE .- 'Mary Marie' explains her prefer double personality and just by she is a "cross-current and a contraction;" she also tells her reasons for thing the diary—later to be a novel. The try is commenced at Andersonville.

CHAPTER I.—Mary begins with Nurse farsh'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 star which was discovered the same it. Her name is a compromise, her her wanted to call her Viola and her er insisting on Abigail Jane. The di quickly learned that her home was ome way different from those of her ill friends, and was puzzled thereat. Se Sarah tells her of her mother's ariat Andersonville as a bride and how nished they all were at the sight of dainty eighteen-year old girl whom sedate professor had chosen for a

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

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

CHAPTER IV.—At Boston Mary becomes "Marie." She is delighted with her sew home, so different from the gloomy louse at Andersonville. The number of gentlemen who call on her mother leads her to speculate on the possibility of a new father. She classes the callers as prospective suitors, "finally deciding the choice is to be between "the vicilnist" and a Mr. Harlow. A conversation she everhears between her mother and Mr. Harlow convinces her that it will not be that gentleman, and "to violinist" seems to be the likely man. Mrs. Anderson regives a letter from "Aunt Ablgail Anderson, her former husband's sister, whi is spoing house for him, feminding her that Mary" is expected at Andersonville for se six months she in to spend with her ather. Her mother is distressed, but as no alternative, and "Marie" departs or Andersonville.

for Andersonvilla.

CHAPTER V.—At Assersonville Aunt Anne meets her at the station. Her father is away somewhere, studying an eclipse of the moon. Marie—"Mary" 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" serges and thick-coled 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. Ansry account of her parents being divorced, is he refuses to attend school. Angry first, Mr. Anderson, when he learns reason for her determination, decides the need not go. He will hear her sons. In Aunt Jane's and her father's ence Mary dresses in the pretty clothes brought from Boston and plays the ellest tunes she knows, on the little-d plano. Then, overcome by her loneress she indulges in a crying spell d plano. Then, overcome by her lone-meness, she indulges in a crying spell ich her father's unexpected appear-ce interrupts. She sobs out the story her unhappiness, and in a clumsy way comforts her. After that he appears desire to make her stay more pleasant, er mother writes asking that Mary be lowed to come to Boston for the beginng of the school term, and Mr. Andern consents, though from an expression lets fall Mary believes he is sorry she

The violinist" is dismissed. An unac-ountable change in her mother aston-hes her. The child is given to under-land she is being taught self-discipline nd she has less good times and fewer retty things to wear. As the time for er return to Andersonville approaches, frs. Anderson equips her in plain resses and "sensible" shoes—"Mary" lings, the child complains.

CHAPTER VII.—At the Andersonville tation Mary is met by her father in alew automobile, and finds instead of the orim and angular Aunt Jane a young and tractive woman who she learns is Cousin Grace." Mary writes her mother of the change, and is astonished at the many questions she is called on to answer concerning her father's new house-eper. Mary decides that he intends to marry "Cousin Grace." In a moment of onfidence she asks him if that is not is intention. He tells her it is not, and a dumfounded when she informs him she has written to her mother telling her her leaf of the situation. A few days later fary goes back to Boston.

CHAPTER VIII.—Mr. Anderson visits Boston to deliver a lecture: Mrs. Anderson and Marie hear him and Marie talks with him. Later that day Marie finds her mether crying over some old finery in the attic, and she learns the things were connected with Mrs. Anderson's first meeting with her divorced husband. At a reception tendered Professor Anderson Marie leads her father to admit that he regrets the separation, and Marie is sure from her observations that her mother still loves him. She suggests that he call at the house and she will arrange for her mother to meet him without first knowing who the visitor is. Marie is confident that if they meet, a reconciliation will follow. Her intuition is correct, mutual misunderstandings are explained, and the two, who have really always loved one another are reconstricted. ed the two, who have really always red one another, are remarried.

to be loyal to her. And I did 'most over me at the beautiful idea I had of the platform shaking hands with forget him by the time I'd got home. gone to sleep with. But it all came back again a little later

the'd have to know all-I mean, how about it-my idea, and everything. she hadn't pleased Father, even after all her pains trying to have me go as

this?" she demanded, holding up one head. And she wasn't a bit flushed just my eyes that spoke, for I did asked her to marry him; and she was

I could have cried.

sorriest way, and saying:

ting those dresses! Well, I just go and hear him. couldn't stand it. And I told her so "Well, yes, I am thinking of going," I told her how it was hard enough to ther?" be Mary part of the time, and Marie And when Aunt Hattie pooh-poohed, part of the time, when I knew what and asked how could she do such a they wanted me to be. But when she thing, Mother answered: tried to have me Mary while he wanted "Because Charles Anderson is the did not know what they wanted; and Hattie, I intend to take her." I wished I had never been born unless | And then she asked Grandfather I could have been born a plain Susie again when Father was going to speak. or Bessie, or Annabelle, and not a I'm so excited! Only think of see-Mary Marie that was all mixed up till ing my father up on a big platform

I didn't know what I was, And then I cried some more. took me in her arms over on the see if he isn't! couch, and she said, "There, there," and that I was tired and nervous, and all wrought up, and to cry all I wanted to. And by and by, when I was calmer I could tell Mother all about it. And I did.

I told her how hard I tried to be Mary all the way up to Andersonville and after I got there; and how then I found out, all of a sudden one day, the others. It was the very best one and he didn't want me to be Mary, that way.) and that was why he had got Cousin Grace and the automobile and the geraniums in the window, and, oh, hand, looking at it, when I came into glad we were to see each other. everything that made it nice and comfy and homey. And then is when they she laid it right down quick on the bought me the new white dresses and table. If she hadn't been quite so the little white shoes. And I told Mother, of course, it was lovely to be Marie, and I liked it, only I knew she would feel bad to think, after all her But when I went over to the table after pains to make me Mary, Father didn't want me Mary at all.

"I don't think you need to worrytell me, why-why did-your father

want you to be Marie and not Mary?" the parlor that day-how tired I got | was prouder than ever of him. It told from her; and he said he'd never for- on astronomy, and how he was presitime for me to come again, he deter-And I told Mother it was all right, mind right there and then that I'd and of course I liked it: only it did mix me up awfully, not knowing which different from what they ever had behow.

And I began to cry again.

and told me I needn't worry any more. And that she understood it, if I to understand a lot of things that of Father to do what he did, and that it. I needn't worry about her being displeased at it, That she was pleased. and that she believed he meant her to be. And she said I needn't think any more whether to be Mary or Ma rie; but to be just a good, loving little daughter to both of them; and tha was all she asked, and she was very

about appreciating love, and not missing things or people until you didn't have them; and how he'd learned his

And Mother grew all flushed and rosy again, but she was pleased. I knew she was. And she said some beautiful things about making other people happy, instead of looking to ourselves all the time, just as she had talked once, before I went away. And I felt again that hushed, stained-window, soft-music, everybody-kneeling kind of a way; and I was so happy! And it lasted all the rest of that evening till I went to sleep.

And for the first time a beautiful idea came to me, when I thought how Mother was trying to please Father, and he was trying to please, her. Wouldn't it be perfectly lovely and wonderful if Father and Mother should fall in love with each other all over this would be a love story all right.

## OCTOBER

Oh, how I wish that stained-window, than ever. everybody-kneeling feeling would last. But it never does. Just the next (not near so good as Father), and then morping, when I woke up, it rained. It was all over, and everybody got up to And I didn't feel pleased a bit. Still go; and I saw that a lot of folks were tried just as hard as I could to for left him—on account of Mother, so as night before, and a real glow came and there was Father right in front

I wanted to tell Mother, and ask when we were unpacking my trunk, ber if it couldn't be, and wouldn't she You see, Mother found the two new let it be, if Father would. So, without white dresses, and the dear little waiting to dress me, I hurried across for all of a sudden she shook her shoes. I knew then, of course, that the hall to her room and told her all head and said:

But she said, "Nonsense," and, you may, dear. Run along and speak "Hush, hush," when I asked her if she to aim; but don't stay. Remember, and Father couldn't fall in love all Mother is waiting, and come right over again and get married. And she back." said not to get stilly notions into my | I knew then that it must have been

I suppose she saw by my face how had then, either. And it's been that I went then, of course. The saw me. And oh, how I did love beautiful dress, all shining and spot-

was that night I came. "Oh, Marie, how could you? I'm meeting here in Boston this menth. The next minute he had drawn me herself; and she didn't stop to think ashamed of you! Couldn't you wear just as there was when Father found out of the line, and we were both talk- that he had his work to do, and his the Mary dresses one little three Mother years ago; and Grandfather months to please your father?" brought home word that Father was I did cry, then. After all I'd been going to be one of the chief speakers. through, to have her accuse me of get- And he told Mother he supposed she'd

as well as I could, only I was crying she said, just as calm and cool as so by now that I could hardly speak. could be. "When does he speak, Fa-

me Marie, and he tried to have me father of my little girl, and I think Marie while she wanted me Mary-1 she should hear him speak. Therefore,

with a lot of big men, and hearing him speak! And he'll be the very smartest Mother dropped the dress then, and and handsomest one there, too. You

## TWO WEEKS AND ONE DAY LATER

Father's here-right here in Boston I don't know when he came. But the first day of the meeting was day before yesterday, and he was here then, The paper said he was, and his picture was there, too. There were a lot of pictures, but his was away ahead of that father had got ready for Marie, on the page. (I told you it would be

Mother saw it first. That is, I think she did. She had the paper in her the room; but as soon as she saw me quick about it, and if she hadn't looked quite so queer when she did it, I wouldn't have thought anything at all. she had gone, and saw the paper with Father's picture right on the first page-and the biggest picture thereabout that," stammered Mother. "But. I knew then, of course, what she'd been looking at.

I looked at it then, and I read what And then I told her how he said he'd it said, too. It was lovely. Why, I remembered what I'd said to him in hadn't any idea Father was so big. I being Mary, and how I'd put on Ma- all about the stars and comets he'd rie's things just to get a little vacation discovered, and the books he'd written gotten. And so when it came near dent of the college at Andersonville, and that he was going to give an admined to 5s is my 5 wouldn't bave to green the next day. And I read it be Mary at all. And so that was why. all-every word. And I made up my cut out that piece and save it.

But that night, when I went to the wanted me to be Mary now, and which library cupboard to get the paper, I Marie, when they were both telling me couldn't do it, after all. Oh, the paper was there, but that page was gone. fore. And that it was hard, when you There wasn't a bit of it left. Somewere trying just the best you knew body had taken it right out. I never thought then of Mother. But I believe now that it was Mother, for-

And she said there, there, once But I mustn't tell you that part now. more, and patted me on my shoulder. Stories are just like meals. You have to eat them-I mean tell them-in regular order, and not put the ice cream didn't. In fact, she was beginning in where the soup ought to be. So I'm not going to tell yet why I suspect she'd never understood before. And it was Mother that cut out that page she said it was very, very dear of the paper with Father's picture in

> Well, the next morning was Father's course Grandfather was there, too, but he was with the other astronomers, I guess. Anyhow, he didn't sit with us. And Aunt Hattle didn't go at all. So Mother and I were alone.

CHAPTER VI.—Mary is surprised at a tenderness her father displays when a puts her on the train for Boston. I told mer then how I thought he discovers "the violinist" making we to her mother's maid. Thereax, but ye nothing. Later, however, she oversars him making a proposal of marriage her mother, and tells what she saw. The violinist" is dismissed. An unactive was all she asked, and she was very sure it was all father would ask, to a little about having me there. and that I knew he was going to miss me. And I told her why—what he'd said that morning in the junction—was, and got behind a big post. We sat back-a long ways back. I "Mercy, no!" and shuddered, and went was, and got behind a big post.

I guess she was afraid Father would see us, but that's what I wanted. I wanted him to see us. I wanted him to be right in the middle of his lecture and look down and see right there before him his little girl Mary, and she that had been the wife of his bosom. Now that would have been what I called thrilling, real thrilling, especially if he jumped, or grew red, or white, or stammered, or stopped short, or anything to show that he'd seen usand cared.

I'd have loved that. But we sat back where Mother wanted to, behind the post. And, of

course, Father never saw us at all. It was a lovely lecture. Oh, of course, I don't mean to say that I was fine, and he looked just too grand again, and get married? I guess then big words that I ever heard. And gan to understand. folks clapped, and looked at each other, and nodded, and once or twice they laughed. And when he was all through they clapped again, harder

> Another man spoke then, a little folks.

> I looked at Mother then. Her face was all pinky-white, and her eyes were shining. I guess she thought I spoke, "No, no, I couldn't, I couldn't! But

and teary, as she had been the night before, and she didn't talk at all as she Father. Oh I did want to go! And she said their married life, when

And, of course, she saw something along in just the usual humdrum way, the look that came to his face; it was less and perfect; but that it wasn't was the matter; and she thought it and she's never been the same as she so surprised and glad, and said, "Oh! two months before a little bit of tar-You!" in such a perfectly lovely way sh appeared, and then another and Well, the first thing I knew she was Something—a little different—did that I choked all up and wanted to another, looking at me in her very sternest, happen yesterday, though. There's cry. (The idea !-- cry when I was so She said she was selfish and willful



He Saw Me.

ing at once and telling each other how

But he was looking for Mother-I leap as swift as lightning first here. see her, by the look on his face. And ness was my fault. pretty quick I said I'd have to go. And then he said:

"Your mother-perhaps she didn'tright away. And he said, "Yes, yes, to be sure."

and, "good-by." But he still held my hand tight, and his eyes were still roving all over the house. And I had to tell him again that I really had to go: and I had to pull real determined at my hand, before I could break away. I went back to Mother then. The

hall was almost empty, and she wasn't anywhere in sight at all; but I found her just outside the door. I knew then hadn't found her. She wasn't there to And she intended to let me go. find. I suspect she had looked out for

Her face was still pinky-white, and her eyes were shining; and she wanted everything. So she found out, of course, that he had asked if she was there. But she didn't say anything herself, not anything.

In the afternoon I went to walk with one of the girls; and when I came in I couldn't find Mother. She wasn't lecture, and I went with Mother, Of anywhere downstairs, nor in her room, nor mine, nor anywhere else on that floor. Aunt Hattle said no, she wasn't out, but that she was sure she didn't know where she was. She must be somewhere in the house.

I went upstairs then, another flight There wasn't anywhere else to go, and Mother must be somewhere, of course And it seemed suddenly to me as if I'd just got to find her. I wanted

And I found her.

In the little-back room where Aunt Hattle keeps her trunks and mothball bags. Mother was on the floor in the corner crying. And when I exclaimed out and ran over to her, I found she was sitting beside an old trunk that was open; and across her lap was a perfectly lovely pale-blue satin dress all trimmed with silver lace that had grown black. And Mother was crying and crying as if her heart would break. Of course, I tried and tried to stop

her, and I begged her to tell me what was the matter. But I couldn't do a thing, not a thing, not for a long time. Then I happened to say what a lovely dress, only what a pity it was that the lace was all black.

She gave a little choking cry then. understood it. I didn't. But his voice and began to talk-little short sentences all choked up with sobs, so that for anything, with the light on his no- I could hardly tell what she was talkble brow, and he used the lovellest ing about., Then, little by little, I be-

She said yes, it was all black-tarnished; and that it was just like everything that she had had anything to do with-tarnished; her life and her marrisge, and Father's life, and mineeverything was tarnished, just like that silver lace on that dress. And she had done it by her thoughtless selfishness and lack of self-discipline.

And when I tried and tried to tell her no, it wasn't, and that I didn't feel tarnished a bit, and that she wasn't, nor Father either, she only cried all the more, and shook her head and began again, all choked up.

She said this little dress was the one she wore at the big reception where she first met Fatl -7. And she was so proud and happy when Father -and he was fine and splendid and handsome then, too, she said-singled her out, and just couldn't seem to stay away from her a minute all the evening. And then four days later he

and exacting, and wanted Father all to place to make in the world; and that all of living, to him, wasn't just in being married to her, and attending to her every whim. She said she could see it all now, but that she couldn't then, she was too young, and undisciplined, and she'd never been denied a thing in the world she wanted.

She said things went on worse and worse-and it was all her fault. She grew sour and cross and disagreeable. She could see now that she did. But she did not realize at all then what she was doing. She was just thinking of herself-always herself; her rights, her wrongs, her hurt feelings, her wants and wishes. She never once thought that he had rights and wrongs and hurt feelings, maybe.

She said a lot more-oh, ever so much more; but I can't remember it all. I know that she went on to say that by and by the tarnish began to dim the brightness of my life, too; and that was the worst of all, she said-that innocent children should suffer, and their young lives be spoiled by the kind of living I'd had to have, with this wretched makeshift of a divided home. She began to cry again then, and begged me to forgive her; and I cried and tried to tell her I didn't mind it; but, of course, I'm older now, and I know I do mind it, though I'm trying just as hard as I can not to be Mary when I ought to be Marie, or Marie when I ought to be Mary. Only I get all mixed up so, lately, and I said so, and I guess I cried some more.

Mother jumped up then, and said, know he was; for the next minute aft- "Tut, tut," what was she thinking of er he saw me, he looked right over my to talk like this when it couldn't do head at the woman back of me. And a bit of good, but only made matters all the while he was talking with me, worse. And she said that only went to his eyes would look at me and then prove how she was still keeping on tarnishing my happiness and bringing and then there, all over the hall. But tears to my bright eyes, when certainhe didn't see her. I knew he didn't ly nothing of the whole wretched busi-

She thrust the dress back into the trunk then, and shut the lid. And she began to talk and laugh and tell did she come?" And his face grew all stories, and be gayer and joilier than red and rosy as he asked the question. I'd seen her for ever so long. And And I said yes, and she was waiting, she was that way at dinner, too, until and that was why I had to go back Grandfather happened to mention the reception tomorrow night, and ask if she was going.

She flushed up red then, oh, so red! and said, "Certainly not." Then she added quiek, with a funny tittle drawing-in of her breath, that she should let Marie go, though, with her Aunt Hattie. It was the only chance Father would have to see me, and she didn't feel that she had any right to deprive him of that privilege, and she didn't think it would do me any harm why Father's face showed that he to be out this once late in the evening.

## TWO DAYS LATER

Well, now I guess something's doing all right! And my hand is shaking so I can hardly write-it wants to get ahead so fast and tell. But I'm going to keep it sternly back and tell it just as it happened, and not begin at the ice cream instead of the soup.

At the reception I saw Father right away, but he didn't see me for a long time. He stood in a corner, and lots of folks came up and spoke to him and shook hands; and he bowed and smiled -but in between, when there wasn't anybody noticing, he looked so tired and bored. After a time he stirred and changed his position, and I think he was hunting for a chance to get away. when all of a sudden his eyes, roving around the room, lighted on me.

My! but just didn't I love the way he came through that crowd, straight toward me, without paying one bit of attention to the folks that tried to stop him on the way. And when he



Then He Began to Talk and Tell Stories, Just as If I Was a Young Lady

only there was the same quick searching with his eyes, beyond and around me, as if he was looking for somebody else, just as he had done the morning of the lecture. And I knew it was Mother, of course. so I said:

"No, she didn't come."

it pretty well. But after a while he try again, if speaking would do it. to rove all around the room.

corner afterward, and we sat down gotten all about me. That was plain and began to talk-only Father didn't to be seen. If I'd been a cup of coffee talk much. He just listened to what without any coffee in it, he'd have I said, and his eyes grew deeper and been stirring me. I know he would. darker and sadder, and they didn't He was like that. rove around so much, after a time, but stirred and drew a long sigh, and said, again?" I asked. almost under his breath:

this." And of course, I asked what was-

told me. "That I first saw your mother, my dear."

"Oh, yes, I know!" I cried, eager to dear." tell him that I did know. "And she must have looked lovely in that perver lace."

He turned and stared at me. "How did you know that?" he de-

manded. "I saw it."

"You saw it!" "Yesterday, yes-the dress," I

nodded. "But how could you?" he asked, frowning, and looking so surprised. "Her fault!" I could see that Fa-"Why, that dress must be—seventeen ther did not quite understand, even

years old, or more." I nodded again, and I suppose I did look pleased; it's such fun to have a yours-about all those things at the secret, you know, and watch folks first, you know, when-when she was guess and wonder. And I kept him a spirit of youth beating against the guessing and wondering for quite a bars." while, Then, of course, I told him that it was upstairs in Grandfather's faced me. trunk room; that Mother had got it

out, and I saw it. with that dress?" he asked then, look-

ing even more puzzled and mystified. And then suddenly I thought and remembered that Mother was crying.

And, of course, she wouldn't want Father to know she was crying over it—

how Mother had cried over the little that dress she had worn when he first blue dress that day in the trunk-room, met her long ago! (I don't think wom- and how she had shown the tarnished en ever want men to know such things. lace and said that she had tarnished do you? I know I shouldn't!) So I the happiness of him and of herself didn't tell. Father had begun to talk and of me; and that it was all her

agein, softly, as if to himself; "I suppose tonight, seeing you, and all this, brought it back to me so vivid- child; and, oh, if she could only try it ly." Then he turned and looked at over again, how differently she would me. "You are very like your mother do! And there was a lot more. I

tonight, dear." "I suppose I am, maybe, when I'm Marie," I nodded.

eyes didn't laugh one bit as he said: "What a quaint little fancy of yours that is, child-as if you were two in I talked.

"That's why I'm a cross-current and a contradiction, you know," I explained. "A what?" he demanded. tion," I explained once more. "Chil- with his eyes covered all the rest of

rah told me that long ago. Didn't you | take it down till I said: ever hear that—that a child of unlikes was a cross-current and a contradic- you; 'cause it seemed to me if you "Well, no-I-hadn't." answered Father, in a queer, half-smothered voice. "I suppose, Mary, we were, unlikes.

your mother and I. That's just what Why, I wouldn't care whether I was we were; though I never thought of it before, in just that way," He waited, then went on, still half and, oh, how I should love it!" to himself, his eyes on the dancers;

"She loved things like this-music, out and slipped around me in a great laughter, gayety. I abhorred them. I big bug. remember how bored I was that night here-till I saw her."

ing that question. Oh, I do so adore love stories!

"Well, yes, I think I did, Mary, I fust looked at her once-and then kept on looking till it seemed as if I just couldn't take my eyes off her. And after a little her glance met mine- shake his head. and the whole throng melted away, and there wasn't snother soul in the then. "It would take more than a room but just us two. Then she flower or a bonbon to-to win your looked away, and the throng came mother back now, I fear." back. But I still looked at her."

"Was she so awfully pretty. Father?" I could feel the little thrills tingling all over me. Now I was get- my dear," he answered, ting a love story!

lovely. But it wasn't just that-it was anything. Of course, if she wouldn't a joyous something that I could not see himdescribe. It was as if she were a bird, poised for flight. I know it now for what it was-the very incarnation I mean, if you got a chance, you would of the spirit of youth. And she was tell her what you told me just now; young. Why, Mary, she was not so about its being your fault, I mean, and many years older than you yourself. now. You aren't sixteen yet. And bars, and all that. You would, your mother-I suspect she was too wouldn't you?" young. If she hadn't been quite so

young-" straight ahead at the dancers-without seeing one of them, I knew. Then he said: he drew a great deep sigh that seemed to come from the very bottom of his

But it was my fault, my fault, every bit of it," he muttered, still star- I think I clapped my hands; but right ing straight shend. "If I hadn't been away I straightened up and was very so thoughtless- As if I could imprison that bright spirit of youth in a tie looking at me from across the great duli cage of conventionality, and not expect it to bruise its wings by futtering against the be's!"

"So I see," he answered. And there | And right there and then it came to was such a hurt, sorry look away back | me that Mother said it was her fault, in his eyes. But right away he smiled, too; and that if only she could live it and said: "But you came! I've got over again, she'd do differently. And here was Father saying the same thing. Then he began to talk and tell And all of a sudden I thought, well, stories, just as if I was a young lady why can't they try it over again, if to be entertained. And he took me they both want to, and if each says over to where they had things to eat, It was their-no, his, no, hers-well, and just heaped my plate with chicken his and her fault. (How does the patties and sandwiches and olives and thing go? I hate grammar!) But I pink-and-white frosted cake and ice mean, if she says it's her fault, and he cream (not all at once, of course, but says it's his. That's what I thought, in order.) And I had a perfectly beauti- anyway. And I determined right then ful time. And Father seemed to like and there to give them the chance to

grew sober again, and his eyes began I looked up at Father. He was still talking half under his breath, his eyes He took me to a little seat in the looking straight ahead. He had for-

"Father, Father!" I had to speak just stared fixedly at nothing, away out across the room. By and by he really mean that you would like to try

"Eh? What?" And just the way he "It was just such another night as turned and looked at me showed how many miles he'd been away from me. "Try it again, you know-what you said." I reminded him. and then I knew, almost before he had

"Oh, that!" Such a funny look came to his face, half ashamed, half vexed. "I'm afraid I have been-talking, my

"Yes, but would you?" I persisted. He shook his head; then, with such fectly beautiful blue silk dress all sil- an oh-that-it-could-be! smile, he said: "Of course-we all wish that we could go back and do it over again-

differently. But we never can." "Yes, but, Father, you can go back, in this case, and so can Mother, 'cause you both want to." I hurried on, almost choking in my anxiety to get it all out quickly. "And Mother said it was her fault. I heard her."

yet.

"Yes, yes, just as you said it was

Father turned square around and "Mary, what are you talking about?"

he asked then. And I'd have been "But, what-was your mother doing scared of his voice if it hadn't been for the great light that was shining in his eyes.

tauit; that she was thoughtless and willful and exacting and a spoffed told everything-everything I could remember. Some way, I didn't believe that Mother would mind now. He laughed with his lips, but his after what Father had said. And I just knew she wouldn't mind if she could see the look in Father's eyes as

He didn't interrupt me-not long "But I am two in one," I declared. interruptions. He did speak out a quick little word now some of the parts; and once I know I saw him wipe a tear from his eyes. "A cross-current and a contradic- After that he put up his hand and sat dren of unikes, you know. Nurse Sa- the time I was talking. And he didn't

"And so, Father, that's why I told wanted to try again, and she wanted to try again, why can't you do it? Oh, Father, think how perfectly lovely 't would be if you did, and if it worked! Mary or Marle, or what I was. I'd have you and Mother both together,

It was here that Father's arm came

"Bless your heart! But, Mary, my dear, how are we going to-to bring "And did you fall in love with her this about?" Then is when my second right away?" I just couldn't help askgreat idea came to me.

come courting her again-calls and A queer little smile came to Father's flowers and candy, and all the rest? Oh, Father, couldn't you? Why, Father, of course you could!" This last I added in my most persussive voice, for I could see the "no"

"Oh, Father!" I cried, "couldn't you

on his face even before he began to "I'm afraid not, my dear," he said,

"But you could try," I urged, He shook his head again

"She wouldn't see me-if I called, He sighed as he said it, and I sighed, "She was, my dear. She was very too. And for a minute I didn't say

Then another idea came to me. "But, Father, if she would see youthe spirit of youth leating against the

He didn't say anything, not anything, for such a long time I thought fle stopped, and stared again he hadn't heard me. Then, with a queer, quick drawing in of his breath,

> "I think-little girl-if-if I ever got the chance I would say-a great deal more than I said to you tonight." "Good!" I just crowed the word, and

fine and dignified, for I saw Aunt Hatroom, as I said: "Very good, then. You shall have

the chance."