



MARY MARIE

BY
ELEANOR H. PORTER

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R.H. LIVINGSTONE.

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

He saw me. And, oh, how I did love the look that came to his face; it was so surprised and glad, and said, "Oh! You!" in such a perfectly lovely way that I choked all up and wanted to cry. (The idea!—cry when I was so glad to see him!)

The next minute he had drawn me out of the line, and we were both talking at once, and telling each other how glad we were to see each other.

But he was looking for Mother—I know he was; for the next minute after he saw me, he looked right over my head at the woman back of me. And all the while he was talking with me, his eyes would look at me and then leap as swift as lightning first here, and then there, all over the hall. But he didn't see her. I knew he didn't see her, by the look on his face. And pretty quick I said I'd have to go. And then he said:

"Your mother—perhaps she didn't—did she come?" And his face grew all red and rosy as he asked the question.

And I said yes, and she was waiting, and that was why I had to go back right 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 why Father's face showed that he hadn't found her. She wasn't there to find. I suspect she had looked out for that.

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 anywhere downstairs, nor in her room, nor mine, nor anywhere else on that floor. Aunt Hattie 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 her so.

And I found her. In the little back room where Aunt Hattie 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



He Saw Me.

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 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 marriage, and Father's life, and mine—everything 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, for 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 Father. 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 asked her to marry him; and she was still more proud and happy.

And she said their married life, when they started out, was just like that beautiful dress, all shining and spotless and perfect; but that it wasn't two months before a little bit of tarnish appeared, and then another and another.

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, "Tut, tut," what was she thinking of to talk like this when it couldn't do a bit of good, but only made matters worse. And she said that only went to prove how she was still keeping on tarnishing my happiness and bringing tears to my bright eyes, when certainly nothing of the whole wretched business was my fault.

She thrust the dress back into the trunk then, and shut the lid. And she began to talk and laugh and tell stories, and be gay and jolly than I'd seen her for ever so long. And she was that way at dinner, too, until 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 quick, with a funny little drawing-in of her breath, that she should tell 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 to be out this once late in the evening. And she intended to let me go.

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 got to me, he looked so glad to see me, 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." "So I see," he answered. And there was such a hurt, sorry look away back in his eyes. But right away he smiled, and said: "But you came! I've got you."

Then he began to talk and tell stories, just as if I was a young lady to be entertained. And he took me over to where they had things to eat, and just heaped my plate with chicken patties and sandwiches and olives and pink-and-white frosted cake and ice cream (not all at once, of course, but in order.) And I had a perfectly beautiful time. And Father seemed to like

pretty well. But after a while he grew sober again, and his eyes began to rove all around the room.

He took me to a little seat in the corner afterward, and we sat down and began to talk—only Father didn't talk much. He just listened to what I said, and his eyes grew deeper and darker and sadder, and they didn't rove around so much, after a time, but just stared fixedly at nothing, away out across the room. By and by he stirred and drew a long sigh, and said, almost under his breath:

"It was just such another night as this."

And of course, I asked what was—and then I knew, almost before he had told me.

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

"Oh, yes, I know!" I cried, eager to tell him that I did know. "And she must have looked lovely in that perfectly beautiful blue silk dress all silver lace."

He turned and stared at me.

"How did you know that?" he demanded.

"I saw it."

"You saw it!"

"Yesterday, yes—the dress," I nodded.

"But how could you?" he asked, frowning, and looking so surprised.

"Why, that dress must be—seventeen years old, or more."

I nodded again, and I suppose I did look pleased; it's such fun to have a secret, you know, and watch folks



Then He Began to Talk and Tell Stories, Just as if I Was a Young Lady to Be Entertained.

guess and wonder. And I kept him guessing and wondering for quite a while. Then, of course, I told him that it was upstairs in Grandfather's trunk room; that Mother had got it out, and I saw it.

"But, what—was your mother doing with that dress?" he asked then, looking 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—that dress she had worn when he first met her long ago! (I don't think women ever want men to know such things, do you? I know I shouldn't!) So I didn't tell. Father had begun to talk again, softly, as if to himself:

"I suppose tonight, seeing you, and all this, brought it back to me so vividly." Then he turned and looked at me. "You are very like your mother tonight, dear."

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

He laughed with his lips, but his 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 one."

"But I am two in one," I declared. "That's why I'm a cross-current and a contradiction, you know." I explained.

"A what?" he demanded.

"A cross-current and a contradiction," I explained once more. "Children of unlikes, you know. Nurse Sarah told me that long ago. Didn't you ever hear that—that a child of unlikes was a cross-current and a contradiction?"

"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 we were; though I never thought of it before, in just that way."

He waited, then went on, still half to himself, his eyes on the dancers:

"She loved things like this—music, laughter, gaiety. I abhorred them. I remember how bored I was that night here—till I saw her."

"And did you fall in love with her right away?" I just couldn't help asking that question. Oh, I do so adore love stories!

A queer little smile came to Father's lips.

"Well, yes, I think I did, Mary. I just 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—and the whole throng melted away, and there wasn't another soul in the room but just us two. Then she looked away, and the throng came back. But I still looked at her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gentle Reminder.

"After a man is elected to office he ought not to forget his friends."

"It never happens," replied Senator Sorghum. "They never let you forget."

MEXICAN BEETLE SPREADING FAST

Already Established in Several Southern States and Expected to Migrate North.

RESISTANT CROPS WILL HELP

Insect Feeds on Many Table Beans and Other Legumes—No Satisfactory Means for Control Has Been Discovered.

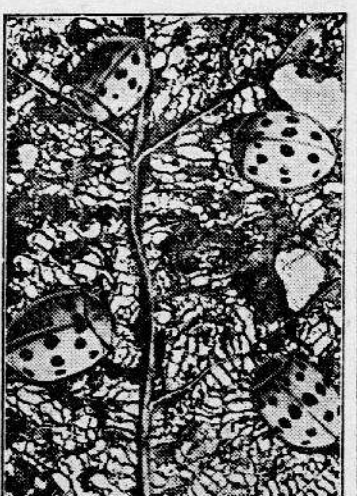
(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Cropping and cover-cropping methods in the South are likely to be radically affected if the Mexican bean beetle lives up to the predictions made by the bureau of entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture. It is expected that the bean beetle, which is already established in 36 Georgia counties, as well as in 35 in Alabama, 34 in Tennessee, 2 in Kentucky, 2 in North Carolina and 3 in South Carolina, will probably be distributed southward, and westward to the Mississippi river, as well as following the main direction of spread, northward to the Michigan and New York bean areas. At points in Tennessee where it was found only after close inspection in 1921, the beetle is now causing great concern among growers.

Aids in Solving Problem. A study of the situation and some experimentation in advance, in planting resistant crops, are recommended as aids in solving the problem for the fruit grower and general farmer. Certain legumes, including the mung bean and the horse bean, have been found resistant to the bean beetle. The immature beetles or grubs do not feed on the velvet bean, and the adult beetles often starve if no other food is present.

The food plants of the Mexican bean beetle are so important as soiling and green-manuring crops in the farm practice of the southern states that the future of southern agriculture is seriously imperiled. The insect feeds on many table beans and other legumes, including snap, lima, pinto and navy beans, soy beans, hyacinth beans, cowpeas and cultivated beggarweed, and occasionally on sweet clover and alfalfa. In Colorado and other western states where the Mexican bean beetle has existed for years, the attacks have been confined practically to table beans, and not over two generations or broods are produced annually between June 16 and September 15. In Alabama, however, four and even five generations have been observed with continuous breeding from the latter part of March to the first of November. If the bean beetle gains a foothold in Florida from five to seven generations might be expected.

Study Made of Pest. The bureau of entomology maintains a laboratory at Thomasville, Ga., in addition to the one at Birmingham.



Adult Mexican Bean Beetles at Work.

Ala., for the study of this pest. No satisfactory recommendations for control, other than changes in cropping, have yet been worked out, although the department has been studying the problem since the discovery of the pest in Alabama in 1920. The Mexican bean beetle threatens to become even more serious in effect than the gypsy moth, the hessian fly, the European corn borer or the boll weevil. The total money value of crops destroyed is not less than \$100,000,000 annually, of which damage to table beans alone is at least \$50,000,000.

TIME TO CUT SWEET CLOVER

If Allowed to Blossom and Mature Stems Get Woody and the Leaves Will Shatter Off.

As a rule, sweet clover should be cut just as the blossom buds appear, because if allowed to blossom and mature the stems get woody and the leaves shatter off. The height of cutting is important. In order to get a second crop the second year the first crop should be cut eight inches above the ground. This is because the plant does not propagate from the crowns at this time, as alfalfa does, but from buds on the lower portion of the stalks. So if the first crop in the second year is cut too low so as to nip off those little branches that bear the shoots, there simply will not be any second growth.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR AUGUST 27

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER

LESSON TEXT—Neh. 1:1-11.
GOLDEN TEXT—The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—Jas. 5:16.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Ex. 32:30-32; 1 Sam. 7:5-11; Matt. 9:37, 38; Acts 1:12-14; Eph. 3:14-21.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Nehemiah Talking to God.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Prayer of the King's Cupbearer.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Prayer as a Preparation for All Undertakings.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Prayer and Power.

I. Nehemiah Learns of the Distress of the Captives (vv. 1-3).

1. When (v. 1). Twentieth year of the reign of Artaxerxes (2:1).

The month Chisleu corresponds to our December. It was while performing his duty as cupbearer to the Persian king. While in this important position there entered into his heart a desire to honor God and do good to his people. A young man can be true to God in any position in life if he sets his heart on Jesus Christ and communes with Him by prayer and study of God's word. A man may be elevated to a high position, prosper in business, and yet live a life unspotted from the world.

2. By Whom (v. 2). His brother Hanani and certain men of Judah brought him the news. His inquiry shows that though he was prosperous he did not forget his unfortunate brethren. We should never let our success and well-being shut out sympathy for the oppressed and suffering.

3. The Nature of the Distress (v. 3). The wall of Jerusalem was broken down. Its gates were burned with fire and the remnant of the captives were in great affliction and reproach.

II. Nehemiah's Sorrow (v. 4).

The news of his brethren's distress greatly moved Nehemiah. He sat down and wept and mourned several days. He fasted and prayed before God. God's people are so essentially one that the affliction and shame of the one is the affliction and shame of all. No one will ever do much to help a distressed people who does not deeply feel their desolation. Nehemiah's sorrow was not the kind that says "I pity you" and goes on in ways of selfishness without making an effort to help. True pity expresses itself in an effort to help.

III. Nehemiah's Prayer (vv. 5-11).

He knew where to go for help. He took the matter upon his heart to God in prayer. The first and best way to help others is to pray for them. Nehemiah did not merely pray; he left his place at the Persian court and journeyed to Jerusalem and took hold with his own hands. Our prayers and tears must be translated into definite action if we would be of real help to others. Note the characteristics of this prayer.

1. Its Worshipful Spirit (v. 5). He recognized God as the great and terrible One, the Lord God of heaven. True prayer shows that spirit of worship.

2. Its Ground (v. 5). It was on the ground of covenant relation that He besought God. On this ground all who are in Christ Jesus can come and plead before God.

3. It Was Persistent (v. 6). He prayed day and night. God is pleased when His servants are persistent in their pleadings with Him. Those who understand the covenant relation will be importunate in their petitions.

4. It Was Accompanied by Confession of Sin (vv. 6, 7). In this confession he mentioned definitely his sin (v. 7). We should specify the sins which we have committed. Most people when praying are too general in their confessions.

5. He Pleads God's Promises (vv. 8, 9). In our praying we should remind God of His own words. It is when His words abide in us that we can intelligently pray (John 15:17). If we would be successful in our praying we should fill our minds with God's promises.

6. He Pleads Relationship (v. 10). He reminds God that they were His children by redemption. Those who are in Christ are God's children by redemption through His precious blood. The child has a claim upon its father. God's children have a claim upon Him.

7. It Was Intercessory Prayer (v. 11). With intense earnestness he definitely prayed that God would give him favor before the king in order that he might be enabled to help his people. The king's favor was needed in order to enable him to help his brethren. God is able to move the heart of a heathen king and thus further His own cause by means of the prayer of a humble servant.

The Cunning Man.

A cunning man overreaches no one half as much as himself.—H. W. Beecher.

God's Love.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.—I John 3:1.

The Fool.

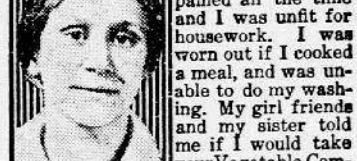
To be a man's fool is bad enough; but the vain man is everybody's.—Penn.

WORN OUT AFTER SHE COOKED A MEAL

Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Read the Result

Cincinnati, Ohio.—"I suffered for a year with nervous troubles and irregularities before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back pained all the time and I was unfit for housework. I was worn out if I cooked a meal, and was unable to do my washing. My girl friends and my sister told me if I would take your Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills I would be relieved. After taking the first bottle I felt better, and neglected it awhile, but found I could not do my work until I was stronger. So I took the Vegetable Compound again and now I am the mother of a 19 months old boy. He is fat and healthy and I am sure I could never have carried him if it had not been for your Vegetable Compound. I recommend your medicine to all women although I am young to be advising some one older."—Mrs. CHRIST. PETROFF, 318 W. Liberty St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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The Usual Ending.
"Confound it, Louvigny! Look you!" demanded Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, after a prolonged family jar. "Are you going to give in and own up you're mistook about it?"

"No, I'm not!" snapped Mrs. Johnson.

"Then, hy—p'tu!—thunder, I reckon I'll have to."—Kansas City Star.

The water that comes from the same spring cannot be both fresh and salt.

Summer Find You Miserable?

Is a lame, achy back torturing you? Does the least exertion leave you tired, weak, all worn-out? You should find the cause of your trouble and try to correct it. More than likely it's your kidneys. Miserable backaches with headaches, dizzy spells and annoying urinary disorders are common signs of kidney weakness. There is danger in delay. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills today. Doan's have helped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Texas Case

Mrs. M. A. Ham, Nacogdoches Street, Center, Tex., says: "I had kidney trouble and my back ached so I could hardly work. I became run down and had no energy. The frequent action of my kidneys annoyed me. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and used them. They soon relieved the backaches and restored my energy. My kidneys were regulated."

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