



WEDDING PLANS Chapter 34

Gloria Gates and her amazing clothes, her quiet appealing little son and the nurse in the strange costume, disappeared from Norris City and the gossip and speculation she had created in time dried away.

She had seen her a few times at the farm, once at an evening party twice to talk with for an hour in the Innisley home.

Once she met Mrs. Innisley on the street, while she was doing errands in the town.

"Gloria liked you so my dear," Mrs. Innisley said in her sweet rich somewhat throaty voice.

Dora drove home less lonely—someone liked her.

"Being liked is such a precious thing," she wrote that night in her diary.

She gathered her courage to send a note to Gloria.

Meantime a curious change had come over Gladys.

But her attitude towards Dora was the most curious one.

"She acts as though she were jealous of you," Jim remarked once after Gladys had deliberately excluded Dora from a party.

"You can't be sure of any man until you've got him safely married," she said once to her mother.

The wedding she had set for September. Morton pleaded that he would get a raise in December.

But whenever Gladys looked at Dora something soured in her.

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"No, I don't suspect anything," Gladys interrupted quickly.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think there's anything in it. You're in love with Morton so you think every other woman has her eye on him."

"I'm not—that is, of course I'm more fond of Mortie than anyone else," Gladys answered.

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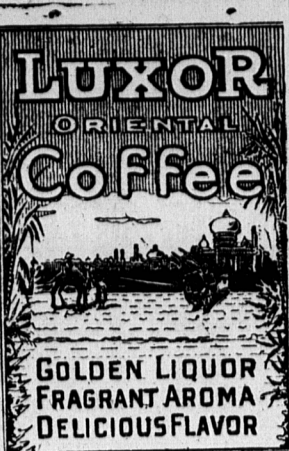
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am too tired at night. I must do Gladys some piece of embroidery as a gift."

"What nonsense! What is she talking about?" Aunt Maude murmured impatiently.

"Isn't it too bad?" she asked "Dora can't come because someone has to stay and look after the farm hands.

"No, I'm glad," Morton answered and that made Gladys wonder a little.

"But she wasn't the sort to brood and she was glad the marriage was taking place in a week.

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lay wedding present shed, unpacked and put away the trunks of clothes, that had been sent here, dust and straightened so everything should be a readiness.

"Such had taste and quality," she observed holding up a striped shirt. "Gladys will change all that."

It wasn't the sort of house he should live in, she thought as they drove home.

"It should be the proper home she read about, but had never seen in Norris City—with quaint diamond windows and rosebud patterned chintzes, and old mirrors and mahogany with a library filled to the ceiling with shelves crammed with books.

"Why should she write?" she argued. "What could I be to her?"

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