

# **THE REVELATION OF HERSELF**

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The Revelation of Herself by Mary Farley Sanborn

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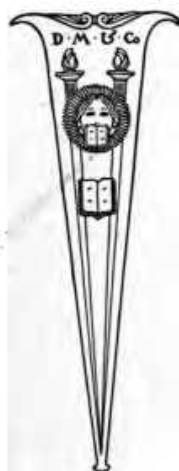
**MARY FARLEY SANBORN**

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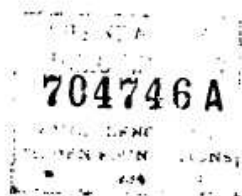
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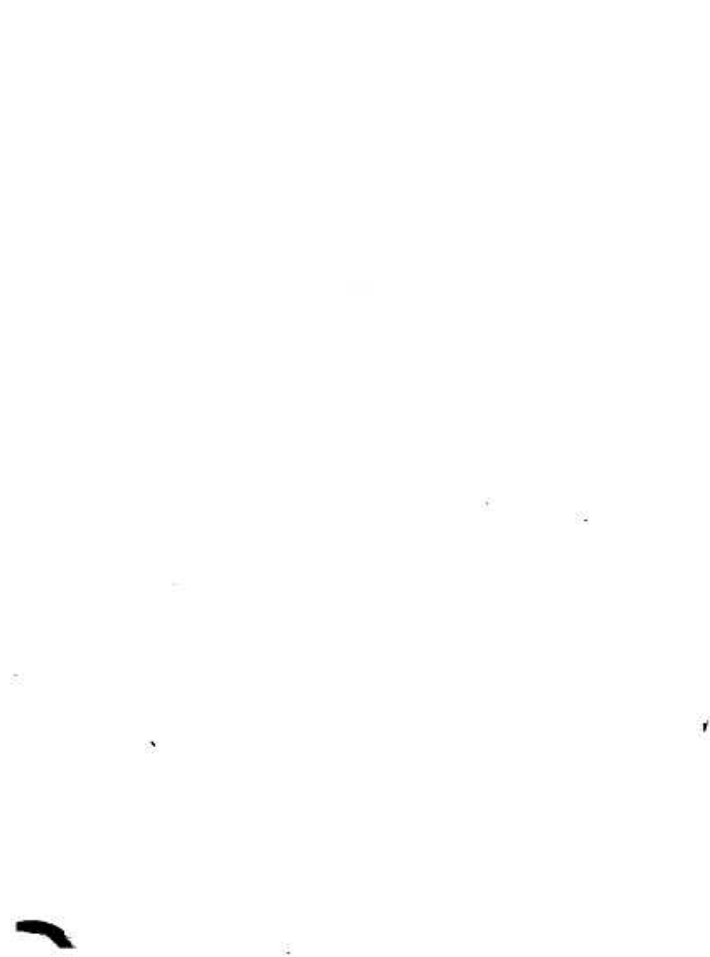
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**THE REVELATION OF HERSELF**

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## THE REVELATION OF HERSELF

### PART I

PULLEN, Sunday, June 27th.

It is seventeen hours since we parted in the Grand Central Station. Did I push you off the car step, Tony, or did you swing off yourself? At any rate the train was going at a pretty good speed, and I knew you mustn't get carried on. After I had seen the last of you I walked through the car and sat down with my back to the other passengers. Underground, and out again. What abnormally clean people those Harlemites are!—or else they are very much otherwise that they need to wash every day in the week. Flying clothes between every two

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rows of houses—every imaginable color, like the flags of all nations. I sat and marvelled at the quantity, and at the same time I wondered—all the way back to Pullen I wondered, and after a night's sleep I am wondering still—how for any reason on earth I could leave you who are all the world to me, at the behest of these people, mere relatives, to whom I am only bound by the accidental ties of blood.

Of course there is another point of view—theirs. It was inevitable that they should send for me, and if you had known what my grandmother was until yesterday and never will be any more, and could behold what she is now, you would understand better than I can possibly tell you what an appalling thing this seizure is to us all.

It seems impossible when I stand by the bed where she lies prostrate, a big-boned, strong-framed woman with one side of her body stricken helpless, and her power of articulation wholly gone. The only sign of life about her is her

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left eye, which fastens itself upon us and follows us about with an imploring look that is positively tragic. Wistfulness was never a characteristic expression of my Grandmother Pullen's face.

And if they had no choice but to send for me, it is equally true that I had none but to come. One obeys a summons by wire as if it were a voice from heaven. To be sure I lost a train while I was hunting you up to say good-by. That made me four hours later than I should have been at Pullen, a matter of silent but quite evident reproach—I won't enlarge upon that now, however. I could not, and would not, leave New York without seeing you, whatever might be the consequences. The reproach, I will explain, did not emanate from my grandmother, who, I judge, has little idea of the passage of time in her poor brain. When I get back to you I'm going to tell you lots of things that we have never had the time for talking over. Not that they are important. Nothing is of