

THE Melting of Molly

By
MARIA THOMPSON
DAVIES

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"The next thing that happens after you have done a noble deed is, you either regard it as a reward of virtue or as a punishment for having been foolish. I felt both ways when Judge Wade came down the car aisle, looking so much grander than any other man in sight that I don't see how they stand him over. At that minute the noble black taffeta, 'deed fell foolish, but at the next minute I thanked my lucky stars for it."

It is nice to watch for a person to catch sight of you if you feel sure how he is going to take it, and somehow in this case I felt sure. I was not disappointed for his smile broke his face up into a joy laugh. Off came his hat instantly so I could catch a glimpse of the fascinating frost over his temples, and with a positive sigh of rapture he subsided into the seat beside me. I turned with an echo smile all over me, when suddenly his face became grave and considerate, and he looked at me as all the men in Hillsboro have been doing ever since poor Mr. Carter's funeral.

"Mrs. Carter," he said very kindly, in a voice that pitched me out of the car window and left me a mile behind on the track, all by myself, "I wish I had known of your sad errand to town so I could have offered you some assistance in your selection. You know we have just had our lot in the cemetery finally arranged, and I found the dealers in memorial stones very confusing in their ideas and designs. Mrs. Henderson just told my mother of your absence from home last night, and I could only come down to the city for the day on important business or I would have arranged to see you. I hope you found something that satisfied you."

What's a woman going to say when she has a tombstone thrown in her face like that? I didn't say anything, but what I thought about Aunt Adeline filled in a dreadful pause.

Perfectly dumb and quiet I sat for an awful space of time and wondered just what I was going to do. Could a woman lie a monument into her suit case? It was beyond me at that speaking, and the Molly that is ready for life quick didn't want to. I shut my eyes, counted three to myself as I do when I go over into the cold tub, and told him all about it. We both got a satisfactory reaction, and I never enjoyed myself so much as that before.

I understood now why Judge Wade has had so many women martyr themselves over him and live unhappily ever afterward, as everybody says Henrietta Mason is doing. He's a very inspiring man, and he fairly bristles with fascinations. Some men are what you call taking, and they take you if they want you, while others are drawing, and after you are drawn to them they will consider the question of taking you. The Judge is like that.

In the meantime it tingles me up to a very great degree to have a man use his eyes on me, as it is the privilege of only womankind to do, and I feel that it will be good for his judgment for me to let him "draw" me at least a little way. I may get hurt, but I shall at least have an interesting time of it. I started right then and got results, for he stopped under the old lilac bush that leans over my side gate and kissed my hand. Old lilac shook a laugh of perfume all over us, and I believe signaled the event at the top of his bough to the white clump on the other side of the garden. I'm glad Aunt Adeline isn't in the flower fraternity or sorority. Suppose she had seen or heard!

And it didn't take me many minutes to slip into old summer before last—also for the last time inside of those buttons—and run through the garden, my heart singing "Billy, Billy," in a perfect rapture of time. I ran past the office door and found him in his cot almost asleep, and we had a bear reunion in the rocker by the window that made us both breathless.

"What did you bring me, Molly?" he finally kissed under my right ear. "A real baseball and bat, lover, and an engine with five cars, a rake and a spade and a hoe, two blowguns that pop a new way and something that squirts water and some other things. Will that be enough?" I hugged him up anxiously, for sometimes he is hard to please, and I might not have got the very thing he wanted.

"Thank you, Molly; all them things is what I want, but you oughter bring more'n that for three days not being here with me." Did any woman ever have a more lovely lover than that? I don't know how long I should have rocked him in the twilight if Dr. John's voice hadn't come across the hall in command.

"Put him down now, Mrs. Molly, and come and say other how do you does," he called softly.

It was a funny glad to see him I felt as I came into the office where he was

standing over by the window looking out at my garden in its twilight glow. I think it is wrong for a woman to let her imagination kiss a man on the back of his neck even if she has known for some time that there is a little drake tail lock of hair there just like his own son's. I gave him my hand and a good deal more of a smile and a blush than I intended.

He very far from kissed the hand; he held it just long enough to turn me around into the light and give me one long looking over from head to foot. "Just where does that corset press you worst?" he asked in the tone of voice he uses to say, "Poke out your tongue." So much of my Tennessee shooting blood rose to my face that it is a wonder it didn't drip, but I was cold enough to have hit at forty paces if I had had a shooting iron in my hand. As it was, the coldness was the only missile that I had, but I used it to some effect.

"I am making a call on a friend, Dr. Moore, and not a consultation visit to my physician," I said, looking into his eyes as though I had never seen him before.

"I beg your pardon, Molly," he exclaimed. And his face was redder than mine, and then it went white with mortification. I couldn't stand that.

"Don't do that way," I exclaimed. And before I knew it I had taken hold of his hand and had it in both of mine. "I know I look as if I was shrunk or laced, but I'm not. I was going to tell you all about it and show it to you. I'm really inches bigger in the right place and just—just 'controlled,' the woman called it, in the wrong place. Please feel me and see." And I offered myself to him for examination in the most regardless way. He's not at all like other people.

The blood came back into his face, and he laughed as he gave me a little shake that pushed me away from him. "Don't you ever scare me like that again, child, or it might be serious," he said in the Billy and me tone of voice that I like some, only—

"I never will," I said in a hurry. "I want you to ask me anything in the world you want to and I'll always do it."

"Well, let me take you home through the garden then, and yes, I believe I'll stay to break a maul with Mrs. Henderson. Don't you want to tell me what a little girl like you did in a big city and—read me part of that London letter I saw the postman give Judy this afternoon?"

Again I ask myself the question why his friendliness to Alfred Bennett's letters always makes me so instantly cross.

LEAF FIFTH.

Only an Old Song.

SLEEP is one of the most delightful and undervalued amusements known to the human race. I have never had enough yet, and every second of time that I'm not busy with something interesting I curl up on the bed and go dream hunting—only I sleep too hard to do much catching. But this torture book found that out on me and stopped it the very first thing on page three. The command is to sleep as little as possible to keep the nerves in a good condition—"eight hours at the most and seven would be better." What earthly good would a seven hour nap do me? I want ten hours to sleep and twelve if I got a good tired start. To see me stagger out of my perfectly nice bed at 6 o'clock every morning now would wring the sternest heart with compassion and admiration at my faithfulness—to whom?

Yes, it was the day after poor Mr. Carter's funeral that Aunt Adeline moved up here into my house and settled herself in the big south room across the hall from mine. Her furniture weighs a ton each piece, and Aunt Adeline is not light herself in disposition. The next morning when I went in to breakfast she sat in the "vacant chair" in a way that made me see that she was obviously trying to fill the vacancy. I am sorry she worried herself about that. Anyway, it made me take a resolve. After breakfast I went into the kitchen to speak to Judy.

"Judy," I said, looking past her head, "my health is not very good, and you can bring my breakfast to me in bed after this." Poor Mr. Carter always wanted breakfast on the stroke of 7, and me at the same time, though he rarely got me. Judy has two dead husbands and she likes a ginger colored barber down town. Also her mother is our washerwoman and influenced by Aunt Adeline, Judy understands everything I say to her. After I had closed the door I heard a laugh that sounded like a war whoop, and I smiled to myself. But that was before my martyrdom to this book had begun. I get up now!

But the day after I came from the city I lay in bed just as long as I wanted to and ignored the thought of the exercises and deep breathing and the icy, unsympathetic tub. I couldn't even take very much interest in the lonely egg on the lonely slice of dry toast, and I was thinking about things.

Hillsboro is a very peculiar little speck on the universe; even more peculiar than being like a hen. It is one of the oldest towns in Tennessee, and the moss on it is so thick that it can't be scratched off except in spots. But it has a lot of race horse and distillery money in it, and when it gets poked up by anything unusual it takes a gulp of its own alcoholic atmosphere and runs away on its own track at a 2-65 gait, shedding moss as it goes. It hasn't had a real joy race for a long time, and I felt that it needed it. I rolled over and laughed into my pillow.

The subject of the conduct of widows is a serious one. Of all the things old tradition is most set about it is that.

and what was decided to be the proper thing a million years ago this town still dictates shall be done and spends a good deal of its time seeing its directions carried out. For a year after the funeral they forget about the poor bereaved, and when they do remember her they speak to and of her in the same tones of voice they used at the obsequies. Then sooner or later some neighbor is sure to see some man walk home from church with her or hear some old bachelor's voice on her front porch. Mr. Cain took Mrs. Caruther's little Jessie up in his buggy and helped her out at her mother's gate just before last Christmas, and if the poor widow hadn't acted quick the town would have noticed them to death before he proposed to her. They were married the day after New Year's, and she lost lots of good friends because she didn't give them more time to talk about it.

I don't intend to run any risk of losing my friends that way, and I want them to have all the good time they can get out of it. I'm going to serve out mint juleps of excitement until the deer old juleps is running as it did when it was a two-year-old. Why get mad when people are interested in you? It's a compliment, after all, and just gives them more to think about. I remembered the two trunks across the hall and hugged my knees up under my chin with pleasure at the thought of the town talk they contained.

Then just as I had got the first plan well going and was deciding whether to wear the mauve meteor or the white chiffon with the russet embroidery as a first julep for my friends a sweet-natured came in through my window that took my breath away, and I lay still with my hand over my heart and listened. It was Billy singing right under my window, and I've never heard him do it before in all his five years. It was the dearest old fashioned tune ever written, and Billy sang the words as distinctly as if he had been a boy chorister doing a difficult recitative.

The vast and quiet city of Plattsburgh was thrown into inextricable confusion and alarm yesterday morning by the report that over three thousand Russians were rushing down upon us, half starved, and wholly unprepared for a future world. All the town rushed down to intercept them, and prevail upon them to go on to Lincoln, or some other one-horse town, where they could stand the press of so much Russian all at once.

The Facts—On arriving at the scene of action, your editor found the R. R. men from Jimmy Dawkins to Ross Holdrege, calmly surveying the Russian scene, without the least symptoms of alarm, and on careful inquiry we learned that 380 Mennonites were aboard the seven cars "forbidden" us, and that they were bound for Lincoln, where accommodations have been prepared for them a few weeks, while their head men look up final destinations for the whole colony—125 children and 255 adults—think of 125 children in seven small cars.

We went through the cars, and Moses! we never were so glad that we happened to be born in America and haven't got to emigrate here. "Little Mac" Fred Kroehler, Ben Hemple, Little Nathan, and a host of other Dutchmen were jabbering Russian to the browned up men and Gipsy looking lassies on the cars and it is said several of them found relatives there.

Frank Stadler was talking three kinds of languages out of each corner of his mouth at once, and one old lady claimed Frank for a grandson instantly, because his hair was most white, just like his grandfather's, "dear old soul."

Just as the train was leaving "Stinch" was seen Rush-in up to catch on behind, someone having told him that a Rush-in uncle was aboard and had \$10,000 rubbles for him. "Stinch" was after that uncle, you bet. Look out for the most barbarous letter in the Republican in a few days. Time's up—off goes the train and in goes this scratch to our printers.

P. S.—This is the same crowd that arrived at Omaha yesterday (by the Bee) and at Sioux City a week ago, and over on the U. P. tomorrow and so on. They're here now, but will be somewhere else another day. You know they're Rush-ins, that accounts for it.

"If you love me, Molly, darling, let your answer be a kiss!"

A confused recollection of having heard the words and tune sung by my mother when I was at the rocking age myself brought the tears to my eyes as I flew to the window and parted the curtains. If you heard a little boy angel singing at your easement wouldn't you expect a cherubim face upturned with heaven lights all over it? Billy's face was upturned as he heard me draw the shade, but it was stroked like a wild Indian's with decorations of brown mud, and he held a long slimy fishworm on the end of a stick while he wiped his other grimy hand down the front of his linen blouse. (To be Continued)

Notice.

The fourth quarterly meeting of the United Brethren Church will be held at Liberty Church next Saturday and Sunday, Dr. W. O. Jones, district superintendent, will preach Sunday morning, followed by communion. Everybody cordially invited. 9-3-8&w

If you need anything for harvest call on Ed Donat. He will treat you right.

To admire, to love, to regret, is to live, said a great writer. Do not let the regret be brought on by a cough or cold, which if treated when it first appeared would have easily been controlled. Allen's Cough Balsam brings welcomed relief in such cases. Contains no harmful ingredients. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 bottles at all dealers.



IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

Items of Interest to Old and New Residents of City Which Were New Forty Years Ago.

Julius Pepperburg, our pearl little cigar maker, has gone to "Shekagay" to buy out a burnt block and put up a big brick cigar manufactory, as a branch to his Plattsburgh establishment. Success to Julius.

Mr. Vandervort, chief head clerk in the mail service for Nebraska and Iowa, paid Plattsburgh a visit this week and called on the Herald in company with M. B. Murphy, mail agent on the B. & M. His business here we'll never tell. Ask Mike, you'll hear the tell.

Dr. Burdham, the man arrested for wife murder, was acquitted, there not being sufficient evidence before the grand jury to warrant an indictment. Against Thos. Keeler, in for stealing horses, the jury found a true bill. They also found four other indictments of minor offenses and adjourned Wednesday forenoon.

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Which Daily Paper?

Readers of The Lincoln State Journal are getting some very important news nowadays about the tariff, the currency bill and the trouble in Mexico. This paper wants you to read it awhile just to see if it is not the paper you will want all the time. A cut-price offer is made of one dollar from now until January 1, 1914, for The Daily and Sunday Journal. The paper will be stopped at that time. This special rate is made only to induce you to try the paper and find out for yourself if it is not Nebraska's greatest newspaper. The sooner you send in your dollar the more papers you will get for your money. Address State Journal, Lincoln, Neb.

Local News

From Tuesday's Daily. Miss Alma Larson departed Saturday afternoon at 3:30 for Ithica, Neb., where she visited.

August Doering of Omaha came down yesterday to spend Labor day here with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Minnie Prichard was a passenger to Havelock Saturday afternoon, where she spent Sunday with relatives.

James Placek, wife and little daughter departed Sunday morning for Lincoln, where they will attend the state fair.

Joe Carrigan, wife and son, of Havelock came down Saturday afternoon to spend a few days with friends in the old home.

Miss Hermie Rotter was a passenger Sunday morning for Havelock, where she will visit with relatives for a short time.

Frank Hiber departed yesterday morning for Omaha, where he will resume his studies at Creighton School of Pharmacy.

P. C. Hanson returned to his home at Omaha this morning, after a visit here over Sunday with his mother and sister.

Mrs. A. G. Cole was a passenger this afternoon for Omaha, where she will visit for a few hours with her father, Judge H. D. Travis.

Miss Anna Hassler returned to Lincoln this morning, after a visit here for a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hassler.

Roy Jackson and wife and baby came down Saturday from their home at Havelock and visited here with relatives, returning home Sunday morning.

C. M. Manners and wife and son, Harold, were passengers yesterday morning for Lincoln, where they will take in the state fair for a short time.

John Wunderlich, Vilas Sheldon and R. B. Ingwersen of Nebraska were in the city today for a few hours attending to business matters at the court house.

Arthur White and sister, Miss Odella, arrived home last evening from Colorado, where they have been visiting for the past few weeks in the mountains.

Edgar Steinbauer was a passenger yesterday morning on the early Burlington train for Lincoln to attend the state fair for a few days.

Mrs. Joseph Viternik and two sons, of Alberton, Montana, who have been here for a few days visiting with relatives, departed this afternoon for their home.

Mr. and Mrs. George McCrery of Omaha were guests here yesterday of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Bates. Mr. McCrery is a member of the A. O. U. W. base ball team.

George B. Mann departed yesterday morning on No. 15 for Kearney, Neb. The many friends of Mr. Mann expect to see him return, not alone, but with a helpmate.

John A. Libershall, wife and daughter, and Frank J. Libershall and wife were passengers yesterday morning for South Omaha to attend the Bohemian Catholic turners' meeting.

Mrs. Robert Ward and son, Everett, were passengers this morning for Lincoln, where they will attend the state fair and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Porter while in the capital city.

A very jolly party of young ladies, composed of Misses Zelma Tukey, Mayola Propst and Hazel Cowles, departed yesterday morning for Lincoln, where they visited for the day at the state fair, returning home on the late train.

Mrs. Philip Wittenberger, a former Plattsburgh lady, now residing at Deadwood, S. D., who has been visiting here for a few days, returned home yesterday morning, after a most delightful visit here with friends.

Max Adams and wife of York, Neb., are in the city visiting at the home of Mr. Adams' parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Adams, south of the city. The two gentlemen were passengers yesterday morn-

ing for Lincoln, where they visited for the day.

Rev. T. J. Mackay, rector of All Saints' church of Omaha, was a guest of Mrs. L. B. White Sunday.

Adam Fornoff of Cedar Creek was in the city yesterday attending to some trading with the merchants for a few hours.

Robert Walling departed this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where he will resume his studies at the Creighton High school for the term.

Miss Della Martin of Havelock, who has been spending several days here with friends, returned to her home yesterday, going on the early Burlington train.

T. Frank Wiles and family, who have been visiting for the past few days among relatives and friends here, returned to their home Monday evening.

George Heil of Cedar Creek drove in yesterday afternoon from his home and spent a few hours here with friends, as well as looking after some trading with the merchants.

Ed Gausemer and family, from near Nehawka, were in the city yesterday, coming up via the auto route.

Mrs. Lafe Nelson departed last Saturday for a few days' visit with her daughters in Glenwood and Carson, Iowa.

Mrs. Frank Eaton of Colorado City, who has been here for a time visiting relatives, departed yesterday afternoon for her home.

Don York, wife and little son departed yesterday morning for Lincoln, where they visited for the day at the state fair taking in the sights.

Mrs. V. Zucker was a passenger this afternoon for Omaha, where she will secure some snappy material for the millinery department of the big department store.

E. O. Stehine came down from Lincoln Saturday evening to join his wife, who has been here visiting her parents, Judge and Mrs. J. E. Douglass, and they returned home yesterday morning.

E. H. Wescott and wife, who have been spending some few weeks in the mountains of Colorado, returned this morning on No. 6, feeling greatly refreshed from their outing.

Mrs. Fred Rezenner of Edgmont, S. D., who has been here for some time visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Tams, returned home this morning on the early Burlington train.

Mrs. Allen Beeson and daughter, Miss Gertrude, departed this morning on No. 6 for Prairie City, this morning, in company with James Newasek, for South Omaha, where they will attend the Catholic Bohemian turners' meeting.

Miss Catherine Benson, Miss Carolyn Schultze and Harry Benson of South Omaha came down Saturday evening on No. 14 and spent Sunday and Labor day at the Albert Schultze home. Mr. Benson returned home last evening over the Missouri Pacific.

Miss Maude Mason departed this morning for her home at Boise City, Idaho, after a short visit here with friends. The visit of Miss Mason in this city, where she was for a number of years engaged in school work, was much enjoyed and her many friends here were very sorry to see her leave.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chriswiser, from Nehawka, came up from their home this morning and took the morning train over the Burlington for Omaha, where Mr. Chriswiser will spend the day looking after some business matters, and Mrs. Chriswiser will go on to Bloomington, Neb., where she will make a visit with her brother and family.

George Brinklow and nephew, Bert Wells, of San Antonio, Tex., arrived in the city yesterday for a few days' visit with relatives and friends. Mrs. Brinklow has been here, owing to the sickness and death of her father, Mr. Winn. Mr. Brinklow is in the railroad business and his work was such that he was unable to arrive here in time for the funeral.

Local News

From Wednesday's Daily. Herbert Burbee has gone to Lincoln for a few days' visit and to attend the state fair.

D. B. Ebersole was a passenger this morning, in company with his son, Dave, for Lincoln to take in the fair.

T. T. Fry was a passenger this morning on the special for Lincoln, where he will visit for the day at the state fair.

Cyril Janda departed this morning for Valparaiso, Nebraska, where he will visit for a few days with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Nellie Bulger and son, Cecil, returned this afternoon from Chicago, where they have been visiting with relatives.

Herbert Cotton was a passenger this morning for Glenwood, where he will attend to some painting at that place.

Misses Glee Applegate and Lilian Cole were passengers this morning for Lincoln, where they will attend the state fair for a short time.

Joe Wales and wife and little son, Harry, were passengers this morning for Lincoln, where they expect to attend the state fair for a few days.

Frank Suzman and Henry Klinger departed this morning for the state capital, where they will take in the big fair today for a few hours.

Mrs. M. A. Leist departed this morning for Farnam, Neb., in response to a message announcing the serious illness of her sister at that place.

Louie Egenberger departed Monday afternoon for Iowa City, Iowa, and Davenport, where he will visit for a few weeks with relatives and friends.

W. E. Rosencrans and wife and daughter, Mary, departed last evening for Denver, where they will visit for a few weeks with relatives in that city.

Ray Chriswiser of Osmond, Neb., came in yesterday afternoon and visited for a short time here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Chriswiser.

Mrs. L. T. Smith of Norfolk, Neb., who has been here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Porter, for a few days, returned to her home this afternoon.

Mrs. William Holly and daughter, Miss Agnes, were passengers this morning for Lincoln, where they will visit at the home of John J. Buttery and wife for a few days and attend the fair.

W. T. Richardson and wife came up this morning from their home at Mynard and were passengers on the special train for Lincoln to take in the state fair.

Mrs. A. H. Weckbach and Mrs. H. B. Miller were passengers this morning for Lincoln, where they will visit at the state fair for a few days and will be guests at the F. E. Green home there.

Mrs. Frank F. Buttery and daughter, Miss Pauline, were passengers on the early Burlington train for Lincoln this morning, where they will attend the state fair for a short time.

F. M. Phebus departed last evening on No. 2 for Hannibal, Missouri, where he will be employed in the future by the Burlington.

William Kaufmann and wife were passengers on the early Burlington train this morning for Lincoln, where they will attend the state fair.

Mrs. Alice Eaton was a passenger this morning for Omaha, from where she will leave for Colorado Springs, Colorado, where she will visit for a few weeks with relatives.

Mrs. F. I. Morgan and mother, Mrs. Amelia Swift, departed this afternoon on No. 23 for Hay Springs, Neb., where they will visit for a short time with Paul Morgan and wife.

Mrs. R. Peterson departed this afternoon for Central City, Neb., where her sister, Mrs. E. C. Colvin, is quite ill. Mrs. Peterson will be the guest of another sister, Mrs. J. M. Keeney, while there.