

URGES THE USE OF HOME GROWN SEED

Governor Morehead Offers Some Timely Suggestions On the Selection of Seed Corn

Governor Morehead, in a proclamation issued yesterday, urges Nebraska farmers to use seed corn grown in this state and advises those who have a supply to save it for their neighbors whose supply may have been cut short by the drought that prevailed over a considerable portion of the state this year. He says experiments have shown that seed corn grown in other states has produced 6.2 bushels less per acre than native grown seed. He designates the week beginning September 22 as seed corn week, and asks farmers to make a careful selection of seed corn. His proclamation is as follows:

"The experiences of successful farmers and the results of tests made by experiment stations show conclusively that proper selection and care of native grown seed corn always results in seed of strong germinating and high yielding power.

It is especially important that we should use care this year because sections of our state have been visited by a severe drought which will leave some farmers without seed. In most of these sections, however, there are those who can save sufficient seed for many of their neighbors. If they fail to do so these neighbors will be required to send away for seed. A test made at the Nebraska experiment station shows that seed from other states has averaged 6.2 bushels less per acre than native grown seed.

Stalks of corn which have withstood the severe conditions of the season and still produce ears show great vitality. Seed from such stalks should be the very best. Nature has helped this year in eliminating the weak plants, and we should use every effort to save our seed from the winners of the battle of the survival of the fittest.

"If it is impossible to secure seed in the immediate neighborhood the farmer should go no further from home than is absolutely necessary. It is always better to secure seed from the north than from the south. For these reasons it is urged that the farmers in the more favored sections of our state carefully save a large amount of seed.

"Where it is impossible to secure good seed of this year's crop, it may be possible to locate some of last year's corn. If the germinating power of old corn is good, it will ordinarily give better results than seed brought from a distance.

"If these precautions are observed, it will not be necessary for any Nebraska farmer to go far from home for seed, and thus the yield of corn for next year will not be decreased because of imported seed, but will be increased because of careful selection.

"Our experiment station at Lincoln will be glad to send bulletins on 'Selection and Care of Seed Corn' to all inquiries.

"With these things in mind I urge the early and careful selection of seed corn and designate the week beginning September 22, 1913, as 'seed corn week.' Its general observance will insure a sufficient amount of native grown seed for our 1914 crop.

"Given under my hand and the great seal of the state of Nebraska this the 9th day of September, 1913.

JOHN H. MOREHEAD,
Governor.

Mrs. C. H. Rist and children departed last evening on No. 2 for Glendon, Iowa, where they will visit Mrs. Rist's grandmother, who is past 90 years of age.

The beauty and virtue of women are superior to the virtue and beauty of men, but no one can be beautiful when in the throes of a deep-seated hacking cough or cold. Nothing will bring greater relief than **Allen's Deep Balm.** Sold for over half a century. Endorsed by those who use it. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 bottles.

A Few Words about

Painkiller

The Rev. James H. Dixon, Rector St. Johns and Hon. Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, writes:—"Permit me to send you a few lines to strongly recommend **Allen's Deep Balm.** I have used it with satisfaction for thirty-five years. It is a preparation which deserves full public confidence."

Painkiller
Cures
Diarrhoea
Bowel Complaints

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

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

Wm. B. Swearingen of Beaver county, Pennsylvania, one of the most successful teachers of the old "Keystone," commenced school at Louisville on Monday, November 10. Louisville is fortunate in securing the services of Mr. S.

The farmers are just rushing the wheat into this market. Cars cannot be obtained fast enough to ship it. It is estimated that \$10,000 worth of wheat went out of Plattsmouth in two days last week.

Major Bohanan of Lincoln passed through our city Thursday last with a buffalo cow four years old, and two elks, one four and the other one year old. Mr. B. has sold these animals to some parties east, and delivers them in Chicago, together with as fine a lot of beef cattle as we ever saw. On the same train was Mr. Tom Palmer, taking a couple of fine horses east for delivery.

L. E. Cropsey, our new consul to Chemnitz, showed his pleasant and smiling face in the Herald office last week, on the eve of his departure for Europe. Mr. Cropsey is a young man of fine parts and has been rapidly promoted to a position of influence. We think he will make a good consul, and be a credit to our country, and we shall always feel proud of him as a citizen of the young state of Nebraska, more especially if he shows in his new and important position such qualities of the head and heart as will elevate him in the estimation of good men, and eventually place him a round higher in the ladder of fame.

Mrs. Mary Schildknecht, wife of Dr. Wm. H. Schildknecht, whose death and funeral notice appeared in the county papers of Cass county, Nebraska, a few weeks ago, was born in Henry county, Indiana, in the year 1833, and was reared and educated in and according to the rules of the Society of Friends, of which her parents were members. From her childhood she won by her amiable and gentle disposition the esteem and affection of those with whom she was associated. About the year 1854 she experienced the new birth—see John, 3d chapter, 3d and 8th verses inclusive, and from thence forth her Christian example and character were revealed so plainly that she gained the confidence of all who knew her. About four years ago she was sick nigh unto death, and immediately after rallying somewhat she related to her friends a remarkable vision she had during her illness; which may be summed in brief as follows:

The scenes of this life were fading from her sight, and as she was passing beyond the limits of this world a beautiful scene opened to her view—her place of rest—and upon approaching it she was met by a glorious personage, who spake to her, saying: "Behold thy place of rest! but thou must yet remain for awhile upon earth, after which thou shalt attain this rest." This so inspired her anew that setting her house in order, when the hour of her departure came, she was so fully prepared to go that a smile lit up her countenance which was manifested even after she ceased to breathe. And truly her end was peace.

C. J. Horning.

Thomas Jefferson Todd, one of the pioneers of Nebraska, one of the pioneers of republicanism, and one of the staunchest old gentlemen in this part of the country, anyway, has been to see the Herald once more, and left us some dollars better off.

In the hurry of other matters we overlooked making any notice of the return to our city of Mr. Gilbert, formerly telegraph operator at this place, and who is now stationed at Fairfield, Iowa. "Gil" made a pleasant record here and was much liked by all the good people of Plattsmouth; his welcome was correspondingly warm on his return. He will be hugely tickled when we inform him that somebody mistook him for an Omaha barber.

Local News

From Tuesday's Daily. James B. Tipton, the Platte river bridge tender, came down this afternoon to attend to some trading with the merchants.

H. S. Villers of Tecumseh, Nebraska, came in yesterday and spent several hours here looking after legal business matters.

Attorney C. E. Teft of Weeping Water was in the city yesterday for a few hours looking after some matters at the court house.

Eugene Sage and wife of Maywood, Neb., are in the city for a short visit with old friends, they having resided here many years ago.

Adam Kaffenberger and wife of near Cedar Creek came in this afternoon on No. 24 to attend to some business matters for a few hours.

George Gobelman returned this afternoon on No. 24 from Wymore and Lincoln, where he had been visiting for a few days with friends.

George Becker departed this morning on No. 6 for Pekin, Illinois, where he will visit for a short visit with relatives in that city and vicinity.

Miss Gertrude Porter, from Kansas City, Missouri, is here visiting her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Porter and family, during her vacation.

Miss Marie Checkle, who has been here for a few weeks visiting with her parents in this city, departed on No. 6 this morning for her home at Chicago.

Henry Becker and Earl Jenkins were passengers this afternoon for Omaha, where they will try and secure additional cars for use in their garage here.

William Tippens and wife were passengers this morning on No. 15 for Lincoln, where they will visit with relatives for a few days.

James W. Holmes and Dr. B. F. Brendel of Murray came up this morning in the car of Mr. Holmes to meet some relatives whom the doctor was expecting from Indiana.

Leo Brissey and William Richter were passengers this morning for Burlington, Iowa, where they will be employed at some carpenter work for the fall season.

County Superintendent Mary E. Foster departed this morning for the west end of the county, where she will look after some school matters for a short time.

Father Higgins of Manley returned home this morning, after an over night visit here with his friend, Father M. A. Shine, rector of St. John's Catholic church.

Miss Margaret Mills, matron of the Eastern Star orphan's home in this city, was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where she will attend to some matters of business for that institution.

Hon. George Leidigh of Nebraska City came in yesterday afternoon from Omaha to pay a short call on his old friend, District Judge Travis, and while in the city paid the Journal office a very pleasant call.

George Lushinsky, foreman of the Burlington paint shop here, accompanied by his wife, departed Sunday afternoon for Toronto, Canada, where he will attend the convention of the master car painters of the United States, which is to meet in that city.

William Kyle, who has been spending the summer vacation with relatives in Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico, returned this morning on No. 6 and will resume his studies in the public school here.

W. H. Abbott of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the members of the Abbott-Eaton syndicate of Cleveland, which owns the lighting plant in this city, came in yesterday to look after the interests of his company.

Mrs. James H. Rice of Murray, accompanied by her son, Will, and daughter, Miss Myrtle, and Miss Ethel Dill, came up this morning from their home and were passengers on the early Burlington train for Omaha to visit for the day.

Joseph Eiseheid and wife of Wymore came in yesterday afternoon for a short visit here with relatives. Mr. Eiseheid is at present boiler foreman for the Wymore division of the Burlington, and his many friends here were greatly pleased to meet him.

Mark Furlong returned last evening from a trip to Colorado, where he had been visiting with relatives for the past few weeks, visiting with his brother, E. O. Furlong, at Steamboat Springs, and with another brother at Denver. Mr. Furlong greatly enjoyed the trip and feels as fine as a fiddle.

Subscribe for the Journal.

THE Melting of Molly

By
MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

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I sat down by the long table by the window and slowly prepared to enjoy myself. I cut off four slices and buttered them to an equal thickness and then more slowly put a long silver spoon into the jam. I even paused to admire in Judy's mirror over the table the effect of the cascade of lace that fell across my arm and lost itself in the blue shimmer of old Rene's masterpiece of a negligee, then deep down I buried the spoon in the purple sweetness. I had just lifted it high in the air when out of the lilac scented dark of the garden came a laugh.

"Why, Molly, Molly, Molly!" drawled that miserable man doctor as he came and leaned on the sill right close to my elbow. The spoon crashed on the table, and I turned and crashed into words.

"You are cruel, cruel, John Moore, and I hate you worse than I ever did before, if that is possible. I'm hungry, hungry for death, and now you've spoiled it all! Go away before I wet this nice crisp bread and jam with tears into a mush I'll have to eat with a spoon. You don't know what it is to want something sweet so bad you are willing to steal it—from yourself!" I fairly blazed my eyes down into his and moved as far away from him as the table would let me.

"Don't I, Molly?" he asked softly after looking straight in my eyes for a long minute that made me drop my head until the blue bow I had tied on the end of my long plait almost got into the scattered jam. Even at such a moment as that I felt how glad old Rene would have been to have given such a nice man as the doctor a treat like that blue silk chef d'oeuvre of hers. I was glad myself.

"Don't I, Peaches?" he asked again in a still softer voice. Again I had that sensation of being against something warm and great and good like your own mother's breast, and I don't know how I controlled it enough not to—

"Well, have some jam then," I managed to say with a little laugh as I turned away and picked up the silver spoon.

"Thank you, I will, all of it and the bread and butter too," he answered, in that delectable friendly tone of voice as he drew himself up and sat in the window. "Hustle, Peaches, if you are going to feed me, for I'm ravenous. I haven't had my supper. You have, so I don't mind taking it all away from you—every bit of it."

"Supper," I sniffed as I spread the jam on those lovely, lovely slices of bread and thick butter that I had fixed for my own self. "That apple toast combination tires me so now that I forget it if I can." As I handed him the first slice of drippy lusciousness I turned my head away. He thought it was from the expression of that jam, but it was from his eyes.

"Slice up the whole loaf, Peaches, and let's get on a jam jag! Come with me just this once and forget—forget!" He didn't finish his sentence and I'm glad. We neither of us said anything more as I fed him that whole loaf. I found that the bite I took off of each piece I had ready for him when he finished with the one he had in hand satisfied me as nothing I had ever eaten in all my life before had done, while at the same time my nibbles soothed his conscience about robbing me.

His teeth are big and strong and white and his jaws work like machinery. He is the strongest man I ever saw, and his gauntness is all muscle. What is that glow a woman gets from feeding a hungry man whom she likes with her own hands, and why should I want to be certain that he kissed the lace on my sleeve as it brushed his face when I reached across him to catch an inquisitive rose that I saw peeping in the window right at us?

LEAF SEVENTH.

THE juice of a lemon in two glasses of cold water to be drunk immediately on waking!" Page eleven! I've handed myself that lemon every morning now until I am sensitive with myself about it. If there was ever anybody "on the water wagon" it's I, and I have to sit on the front seat from dawn to dusk to get in the gallon of water I'm supposed to consume in that time. Sometimes I'm going to get mixed up and try to drink my bath if I don't look out. I dreamed night before last that I was taking a bath in a glass of ice cream soda water and trying to hide from Dr. John behind the dab of ice cream that seemed inadequate for food or protection. I haven't had even one glass for two months, and I woke up in a cold perspiration of embarrassment and raging hunger.

I don't know what I'm going to do about this book and I've got myself

into trouble about writing things inside records in it. He looked at me this morning as coolly as if I was just anybody and said:

"I would like to see that record now. Mrs. Molly. It seems to me you are about as slim as you want to be. How did you tip the scales last time you weighed, and have you noticed any trouble at all with your heart?"

"I weigh 134 pounds and I've got to melt and freeze and starve off that four," I answered, ignoring the heart question and also the question of pro-



"Expand your chest."

ducing this book. Wonder what he would do if I gave it to him to read just as it is?

"How about the heart?" he persisted, and I may have imagined the smile in his eyes, for his mouth was purely professional. Anyway, I lowered my lashes down on to my cheeks and answered experimentally:

"Sometimes it hurts." Then a cyclone happened to me.

"Come here to me a minute!" he said quickly, and he turned me around and put his head down between my shoulders and held me so tight against his ear that I could hardly breathe.

"Expand your chest three times and breathe as deep as you can," he ordered from against my back buttons. I expanded and breathed—pretty quickly at that.

"Now hold your breath as long as you can," he commanded, and it fitted my mood exactly to do so.

"Can't find anything," he said at last, letting me go and looking carefully at my face. His eyes were all anxiety, and I liked it. "When does it hurt you and how?" he asked anxiously.

"Moonlight nights and lonesomely," I answered before I could stop myself, and what happened then was worse than any cyclone. He got white for a minute and just looked at me as if I was a bug stuck on a pin, then gave a short little laugh and turned to the table.

"I didn't understand you were joking," he said quietly.

That maddened me, and I would have done anything to make him think I was not the foolish thing he evidently had classified me as being. I snatched at my mind and shook out a mixture of truth and lies that fooled even myself and gave them to him, looking straight in his face. I would have cracked all the ten commandments to save myself from his contempt.

"I'm not joking," I said jerkily. "I am lonesome. And worse than being lonesome, I'm scared. I ought to have stayed just the quiet relict of Mr. Carter and gone on to church meetings with Aunt Adeline and let myself be fat and respectable, but I haven't got the character. You thought I went to town to buy a monument, and I didn't. I bought enough clothes for two brides, and now I'm scared to wear 'em, and I don't know what you'll think when you see my bankbook. Everybody is talking about me and that dinner party Tuesday night, and Aunt Adeline says she can't live in a house of mourning so desecrated any longer. She's going back to the cottage. Aunt Betie Pollard says that if I want to get married I ought to do it to Wilson Graves because of the seven children, and then everybody would be so relieved that they are taken care of that they would forget that Mr. Carter hasn't been dead quite one year yet. Mrs. Johnson says I ought to be declared a minor and put as a ward to you. I can't help Judge Wade's sending me flowers and Tom's sitting on my front steps night and day. I'm not strong enough to carry him away and murder him. I am perfectly miserable, and I'm!"

"Now, that'll do, Molly; just hush for a half minute and let me talk to you," said Dr. John as he took my hand in his and drew me near him. "No wonder your heart hurts if it has got all that load of trouble on it, and we'll just get a little of that 'scare' off. You put yourself in my hands, and you are to do just as I tell you, and I say—forget it! Come with me while I make a call. It is a long drive, and I'm—I'm lonesome sometimes myself."

I saw the worst was over, and I breathed freely again, but I had talked so much truth in that fiction that I felt just as I said I did, which is a slightly unnatural feeling for a woman. There was nothing for it but to go with him, and I wanted to most awfully.

To my dying day I'll never forget that little house, way out on the Cane Run pike, he took me to in his shabby

little car. Just two tiny rooms, but they were clean and quiet, and a girl with the sweetest face I ever saw lay in the bed with her eyes bright with pride and a tiny, tiny little bundle close beside her. The young farmer was red with embarrassment and anxiety.

"She's all right today, but she worries because she don't think I can tend to the baby right," he said, and he did look helpless. "Her mother had to go home for two days, but is coming tomorrow. I don't undress and wash the youngster myself. It won't hurt him to stay bundled up until granny comes, will it, Doc?"

"Not a bit," answered Dr. John in his big comforting voice.

But I looked at the girl, and I understood her. She wanted that baby clean and fresh even if it was just five days old, and I felt all of a sudden terribly capable. I picked up the bundle and went into the other room with it, where a kettle was boiling on the stove and a large bucket by the door. I found things by just a glance from her, and the hour I spent with that small baby was one of the most delicious of all my life. I never was left entirely to myself with one before, and I did all I wanted to this one, guided by instinct and desire. He slept right through and was the darlingest thing I ever saw when I laid him back on the bed by her. I never looked in Dr. John's direction once, though I felt him all the time.

But on the way home I gave myself the surprise of my life! Suddenly I turned my face against his sleeve and cried as if I never had before. I felt safe, for it is a cliff road and he had to drive carefully. However, he managed to press that one arm against my cheek in a way that comforted me into stopping when I saw we were near town. I got out of the car at the garage and walked away through the garden home without looking in his direction at all. I never seem to be able to look at him as I do at other people. We hadn't spoken two words since we had left the little house in the woods with that happy faced girl in it. He has more sense than just a man.

It was almost dusk, and I stopped in the garden a minute to pull the dirt closer around some of the bachelor's buttons that had "popped" the ground some weeks ago. Thinking about them made me regain my spirits, and I went on in the house to be scolded for whatever Aunt Adeline had thought up while I was gone to do it to me about. Judy told me with her broadest grin that she had gone down to her sister-in-law's for supper, and I sat down on the steps with a sigh of relief.

Some days are like tin cocoanut graters that everybody uses to grate you against, and this was one for me. For an hour I sat and grated my ownself against Alfred's letter that had come in the morning. I realized that I would just have to come to some sort of decision about what I was going to do, for he wrote that he was to sail in a day or two, and ships do travel so fast these days.

I love him and always have, of that I am sure. He offers me the most wonderful life in the world, and no woman could help being proud to accept it. I am lonely, more lonely than I was even willing to confess to Dr. John. I can't go on living this way any longer. Ruth Chester has made me see that if I want Alfred it will be now or never and—quick, I now know that she loves him, and she ought to have her show if I don't want him. The way she idolizes and idealizes him is a marvel of womanly stupidity.

Some women like to collect men's hearts and hide them away from other women on cold storage, and the helpless things can't help themselves.

I have contempt for that sort of butcher, and I love Ruth!

It's my duty to look the matter in the face before I look in Alfred's—and decide. If not Alfred, what then? First, no husband. That's out of the question! I'm not strong minded enough to crank my own motorcar and study woman's suffrage. I prefer to suffer at the hands of some cruel man and trust to beguiling him into doing just as I say. I like men, can't help it, and want one for my own. I don't count poor Mr. Carter.

Second, if not Alfred, who? Judge Wade is so delightful that I flutter at the thought, but his mother is Aunt Adeline's own best friend, and they have ideas in common. She is so religious that living with her would be like having the sacrament for daily bread. Still, living with him might have adventures. I never saw such eyes! The girl he wanted to marry died of tuberculosis, and he wears a locket with her in it yet. I'd like to reward him for such faithfulness with a nice husky wife to wear instead of the locket. But, then, Alfred's been faithful too! I look at Ruth Chester and realize how faithful, and my heart melts to him in my breast. My hips have almost all melted away, too, so I had better keep the heart cold enough to handle if I want anything left at all for him to come home to.

(To be Continued)

Diarrhoea Quickly Cured.

"I was taken with diarrhoea and Mr. Yorks, the merchant here, persuaded me to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After taking one dose of it I was cured. It also cured others that I gave it to," writes M. E. Gebhart, Oriole, Pa. That is not at all unusual. An ordinary attack of diarrhoea can almost invariably be cured by one or two doses of this remedy. For sale by all dealers.