We all held our breaths and waited

terrors of birth and death. "The

for him when he lands in the old town

mitted or am ever going to commit.

grown so dependent on him for so many

things that it cuts into me like a hot

(To be Continued)

WITH A SEVERE ACCIDENT

and struck the ground with his

HON. W. H. PULS MEETS

From Tuesday's Daily.

a good stunt of pretending.

about him, but-

MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

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"Well, I think he is really interested his time with her down at the hetel the hension. other night, and I have hopes I never had before. Now, Molly, do put him She is too old for him." And Tom's | and much comforted. mother looked at me over the orange peel as to a confederate.

or any woman 'corner' Tom Pollard," said Mrs. Johnson with a wry smile as | What would your father say?" she tasted the concoction in the wine-

take every chance to rub in Tom's more'n two days longer. I want to and my relationship on Aunt Bettie, so she won't notice our flirtation.

"I'd put John Moore at the head of the table if I were you, Molly Carter, because he's about the only man you've invited that has got any sense left since you and that Chester girl took to visiting Hillsboro. He's a host of steadiness in himself, and the way he ignores all you women who would run after him if he would let you shows what he is. He has my full confidence," and as she delivered herself of this judgment of Dr. John, Mrs. Johnson drove in all the corks tight and began to pound spice.

"He's not out of the widower woods yet, Caroline," said Aunt Bettie with her most speculative smile. "I have about decided on him for Ruth since the judge has taken to following Molly bout as bad as Billy Moore does. But on't you all say a word, for John's nighty timid, and I don't believe, in spite of all these years, he's had a single notion yet. If he had had he'd have tried a set-to with you, Molly, like all the rest of the shy birds in towi. He doesn't see a woman as anything but a patient at the end of a spoon, and mighty kind and gentle he does the dosing of them too. Just the other day-dearie me. Judy, what has boiled over now?" And in the excitement that ensued I escaped to the garden.

Yes. Aunt Bettie is right about Dr. John; he doesn't see a woman and there is no way to make him. What she had said about it made me realize that he had always been like that, and I told myself that there was no reason in the world why my heart should beat in my slippers on that account. Still I don't see why Ruth Chester should have her head literally thrown against that stone wall and I wish Aunt Bettie wouldn't. It seemed like a desecration even to try to matchmake him, and it made me hot with indignation all over. I dug so fiercely at the roots of my phlox with a trowel I had picked up that they groaned so loud I could almost hear them. I felt as if I must operate on something. And it was in this mood that Alfred's letter found me.

It had a surprise in it and I sat back on the grass and read it with my heart beating like a triphammer. He had sailed the day he had posted it and he was due to arrive in New York almost as soon as it did, just any hour now I calculated in a flash. And "from New York immed ately to Hillsboro" he had written in words that fairly sung themselves off the paper, I was frightened-so frightened that the letter shook in my hands, and with only the thought of being sure that I might be alone for a few minutes with it, I fled to the garret.

LEAF NINTH.

When the Telegram Came. RELY no woman ever in all the world read such a letter as that, and no wonder my breath almost failed me. It was a love letter in which the cold paper was transubstantiated into a heart that beat against mine, and I bowed my head over it as I wet it with tears. I knew then that I had taken his coming back lightly; had fussed over it and been silly proud of it, while not really caring at all. All that awful melting away of my fatness seemed just a lack of confidence in his love for me. He wouldn't have minded if I weighed 500. I felt sure. He loved me-really, really, really-and I had sat and we hed him with a lot of men who were nothing more than amused by my flightiness or taken with my beauty and who wouldn't have known such love if it were shown to them through a telescope.

I reached into a trunk that stood right beside me and took out a box that I hadn't looked into for years. His letters were all there and his photographs that were as handsome as the young god of love himself. I could hardly see them through my tears, but I knew that they were dim in places with being cried over when I had put them away years ago after Aunt Adeline decided that I was to be married. I could possibly be, if I judged by ap-

"Molly, Molly," gulped Billy, "I am so sick I'm going to die here on the floor," and he sank into my arms.

"Oh, Billy, what is the matter?" I gasped and gave him a little terrified "Mamie Johnson did it-poked her finger down her throat and mine, too,"

he wailed against my breast. "We was full of things folks gived us to eat and couldn't eat no more. She said if we did that with our fingers it would all come up and we would have room for some more then. She did it, and I'm going to die dead-dead!"

"No. no. lover; you'll be all right in a second. Stay quiet here in your Molly's lap and you will be well in "1st a few minutes," I said with a smile I hid in his yellow mop as I kissed the drake tail kiss spot. "Where's Mamie?" I thought to ask now from the way he danced most of of little Billy with the greatest appre-

"In the garden eating cupcake Judy so he can't even see Ruth Chester. more," he answered, snuggling close

"Don't ever, ever do that again, Billy," I said, giving him both a hug and "Humph, I'd like to see you or Molly a shake. "It's piggy to eat more than you can hold and then still want more.

"Doc ain't no good, and I don't care what he says," answered Billy with "I have put him at the end of the spirit. "He don't play no more, and table because he is my kinsman and he don't laugh no more, and he don't the only host I've got at present, Aunt | eat no more hardly too. I ain't a-go-Bettie," I said regretfully. I always ing to live in that house with him



come over and sleep in your bed with blue ribbons on the posts and have cou play with me, Molly."

"Don't say that, lover, ever again," I said as I bent over him. "Your father is the best man in the world, and you must never, never think of leaving

"I bet I will when I get big enough to kill a bear," answered Billy decidedly. "Say, do you reckon Mamie saved even a little piece of that cake? I 'spect I had better go see." And he slipped out of my arms and was gone before I could hold him.

It is a lonely house across the garden with the big and the tiny man in it all by themselves. And tears, from another corner of my heart entirely, rose to my eyes at the thought, but they, too, never fell, for I heard Mrs. Johnson calling, and I had to run down quick and see what new delicacy had arrived for my party.

Uncle Thomas Pollard had sent me a quart bottle of his private stock with the message to put the mint to soak just one hour and twenty minutes before the men came. I made room for it beside the case of champagne on the cellar shelf and wondered how they would stand it all. We don't have champagne often in Hillsboro, and when we do nobody seems to want to cut down on the juleps, consequently -well, nothing ever really happens! However, it must have been the champagne that made Tom act as he did.

He was never like that before. Somehow I didn't enjoy dressing tonight for my dinner as I did for the dance, and when I was through I stood before the mirror and looked at myself a long time. I was very tall and slim and-well, I suppose I might say regal in that amethyst crape with the soft rose point, but I looked to myself about the eyes as I had been doing for years when I put on my Sunday clothes to go to church with Mr. Carter. He was always in a hurry, and I didn't care about looking at myself in the mirror anyway. Nobody else ever looked at me and what was the use? And tonight that Rene triumph made me feel no different from one of Miss Hettie Primm's conceptions that I had been wearing for ages with indifference and total lack of style. I shrugged my shoulder almost out of the dress with what I thought was sadness, though it felt a trifle like temper, too, and went on down into the garden to see if any of my flowers had

a cheer up message for me. But it was a bored garden I stepped into just as the last purple flush of day was being drunk down by the night. The tall white lilles laid their heads over on my breast and went to sleep before I had said a word to them, and feet until they got my slippers stained with green. Only Billy's bachelor's button stood up stiff and sturdy, slight- I don't know what I would have done ly flushed with imbibing the night dew,

for there, right in front of me, stood a | and tipped me an impertinent wink. I if it hadn't been for the doctor. He more woe stricken human being than | felt cheered at the sight of them and | leaned forward, and his deep eyes bent down to gather a bunch of them came out in their wonderful way and to wear, even if they did swear at my seemed to collect every pair of eyes at amethyst draperies, when an amused the table, even the most astounded, as smile that was done out loud came he raised his glass. from the path just behind me.

"Don't gather them all tonight, Mrs. for him to speak. Peaches," said Dr. John teasingly as "No wonder we are all stricken he stooped beside me. "Leave a few dumb at Mrs. Carter's telegram," he for-for the others." I waked up in a said in his deep voice that commands half second and so did all those prying everybody and everything, even the flowers, I felt sure.

"I was just gathering them for place whole town will be paralyzed at the bouquets for-for the girls," I said stu- news that its most distinguished citipidly as I moved over a little nearer to | zen is only going to give them two him. Why it is that the minute that | days to get ready to receive him. I man comes near me I get warm and can see the panic the brass band will comfortable and stupid, and as young have now getting the brass shined as Billy and bubbly and sad and hap- up, and I want to be the one to tell py and cross, is more than I can say, Mayor Pollard myself, so as to sugbut I do.

I never possibly know how to an hour speech of welcome to hand out at swer any remark that he may happen | the train. We'll make it one 'hot time' to make unless it is something that makes me lose my temper. His next remark was the usual spark.

"Better give them the run of the garden-alone, Mrs. Molly. No show baked hot for both of us. She didn't for 'em unless you do," he said laughbetween you and her, sort of cornered, frow up as much as I did-or maybe ingly, "or the buttons either," he added under his breath so I could just hear it. I wish Mrs. Johnson could have heard how soft his voice lingued over that little half sentence. She was so experienced she could have told me if it meant-but, of course, he isn't like other men!

> -Mr. Carter didn't know anything about anything and I never cared to ask him, but I wonder how you know when-

"Oh, you Molly!" came a hail in Tom's voice from the gate, just as I was making up my mind to try to the front walk to meet us. I wondered why I was having a party in my house when being alone in my garden with rest came.

I don't think I ever saw my house look so lovely before. Mrs. Johnson my heart somebody would put out. had put all the flowers out of hers and Mrs. Cain's garden all over everything. and the table was a mass of soft pink roses that were shedding perfume and nodding at one another in their most society manner. There is no glimmer in the world like that which comes from really old polished silver and rosewood and mahogany, and one's great-great-grandmother's hand woven linen feels like oriental silk across one's

granddamey and responsible as I looked at them all across the roses and women, all of them, and could such men be found anywhere else in the world? When I left them all to go out | night, but in two daysinto the big universe to meet the diswith people who loved me like this? I saw Pet Buford say something to Tom about me that I know was lovely from the way he smiled at me, and the judge's eyes were a full cap for any woman to have offered her. Then in a flash all the love fragrance seemed to go to my head-Tom's mixing of that julep had been skillful, too-and tears rose to my eyes, and there I might have been crying at my own party if I hadn't felt a strong warm hand laid on mine as it rested on my lap, and Dr. John's kind voice teased into my ears, "Steady, Mrs. Peaches, there's the loving cup to come yet," he whispered. I hated him, but held on to his thumb tight for half a minute. He didn't know what the matter really was, but he understood what I needed. He al-

And after that everybody had a good time, the ginger barber and Judy as much as anybody, and I could see Aunt Bettie and Mrs. Johnson peeping in the pantry door, having the time of their lives too.

That dinner was going like an airship on a high wind, when something glow over Alfred! happened to tangle its tail feathers and I can hardly write it for trembling yet. It was a simple little blue telegram, but it might have been nitroglycerin on a tear for the way it acted. It was for me, but the ginger barber handed it to Tom, and he opened it and, looking at me over his full-after many times emptied-glass, he solemnly read it out loud. It said:

Landed this noon. Have I your permission to come to Hillsboro immediately?

It was dreadful. Nobody said a word in his plate, where it immediately began to soak up the dressing of his sal-Pet looked at him in amazement, and then I am sure she had the good sense to find his hand under the cloth and hold it, for his shoulder hovered against hers and the color came back to his

face as he smiled down at her. I don't believe I'll ever really get the head, inflicting a very severe fore, nor ever will be hereafter. courage to look at Tom again until he gash on one of his ears that may marries Pet, which he'll do now, I feel require several stitches to close,

And as for the judge and Ruth Chester, I was glad they were sitting beside each other, for I could avoid that side of the table with my eyes until I had steadied myself a few seconds at least. The surprise made the circumstances and no serious others I had been dining seem statues danger is apprehended from the from the stone age, and only Mr. Graves' fork failed to hang fire. His appetite is as strong as his nerves, and

Henrietta's smile in the judge's direction was doubtful. But they were the nasturtiums snarled around my not all my lovers, and why that awful silence?

I couldn't say a word, and I am sure

factory.

injuries from the fall.

PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

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

Our people are just going for the butchers on the raise in meat. Is it mete they should?

gest to him to have at least a two Dr. Wiley, the most original man in Cass County, raised a Sweet Potatoe three feet and one inch in length.

and here's to him, God bless him! For Connor's information we Every glass high!" They all drank, and I suppose it helped them. I wish announce that our old reliable J I could have drained a quart, but I W. Johnson will act as Sheriff uncouldn't swallow a sip. though I did til this court is over, when Butler will arise in all his glory and take The rest of this exening has paid care of all the grain men and me off for every sin I have ever comothers.

Tom took Pet home early, and I hope A dry goods clerk in this city they walked in the moonlight for hours. Tom is the kind of man that went to see his girl the other There are lots of questions I'm going any pretty girl who is loving enough night, and got fighting mad at her to ask Alfred after I'm married to him in the moonlight could comfort for because he found two warm anything. I'm not at all worried places on the sofa. The green-The hour sat on my front steps and eyed monster has full possession talked to Judge Wade must have of that chap. brought gray hairs to my head if it

was daylight and I could see them. L. F. Johnson, the great organ think up something to wither the doc-Ruth Chester had said goodby with and piano man of Plattsmouth, dark eyes, and I felt as if I had killed nett organ ever shipped this far something that was alive and that I west. It was made for the family hadn't killed it enough. Dr. John had of Mr. Hugh Orr. It is a very just a neighbor was so much more fun, been called from his coffee to a patient but I had to begin to enjoy myself and had gone with just a friendly word handsome piece of furniture and right off, for in a few minutes all the of good night, and the others had at at the same time one of the last left the judge and me alone-also sweetest and finest tuned instruin the moonlight, which I wished in ments of music.

They say among the lawyers that it We heard the Rev. Mr. Bartle, is a good thing that Benton Wade is of the Presbyterian church, for Chapman. on the bench, for it is no use to try a the first time on Sunday evening case against him when he has the han-last. One thing is sure, the Presdling of a jury. He just looks them in the face and tells them how to vote. byterians have a live man in the Tonight he looked me in the face and pulpit, and not a dead stick. One has at last vacated the old build- long been a devoted member, told me how to marry, and I'm not half the ministers show about as ing in "seary row" and moved all with modest dignity. Her amiasure yet that I won't do as he says. much life in preaching as a cot- his traps up to the fine, new ble disposition endeared her to Of course I'm in love with Alfred, but tonwood man might, and many building on the corner of Sixth all. She left an aged mother and if he wants me he had better get me more preach about Religion as if and Main streets, where the First four children, together with her away quick before the judge makes all it were some old long forgotten National bakery looms up in bereaved husband, Brother Wm. his arrangements. A woman loves to fable, and draw all their illustra- bright gilt letters to warn all Jenks, to mourn her loss, Suddenly I felt very stately and be courted with poems and flowers and tions from occurrences that hap- travelers and citizens that here's deference, but she's mighty apt to marsparkling glasses. They were lovely but put on your bonnet and come with fast age; men are pressed for suppers, good square lunches or Association.-This association me." The fact that it was too late to time, bound up in the present and nobby little dinners. Frank met at Eight Mile Grove on Tuesget into the clerk's office saved me to- wrapped up in the world they Stadter is the locum teaens, and day, October 8. The principal know, for the most art. Our sweeps around with the air of a business before the meeting was Oh, I'm crying, crying in my heart, preaching needs to have some- prince or a Pole. tinctions that I knew my husband which is worse than in my eyes, as I thing of our every day life in it; sit and look across my garden, where something that appeals to the the cold moon is hanging low over the tall trees behind the doctor's house and today; not all old time theories .-the light in his room is burning warm and bright. They are right-he doesn't Christ and his apostles always care if I am going away forever with drew on the scenes of the time, Alfred. His quick toast to him and on the things before them, around the lovely warm look he poured over them, for illustrations, and that poor frightened me at his side as he is the way to preach now. The drank his champagne told me that once Rev. gentleman above mentioned and for all. Still, we have been so has this happy faculty to recomclose together over his baby and I have mend him as a teacher.

> Married .- At the residence of knife that he shouldn't care if he lost me-even for a neighbor. I shouldn't Jno. A. MacMurphy, Plattsmouth, of Clark & Plummer, is now in January, 1874. After the basimind not having any husband if I on the morning of the 21st inst., New York and Boston selecting could always live close by him and by the Rev. Chaplain Wright, Billy like this, and if I married Judge Wade I could at least have him for a Wade I could at least have him for a Wade I could at least have him for a Rev. Chaplain Wright, and purchasing a stock of goods for their fall trade, Mr. Plumspeech, and did make a very neat

> nounce the fact to the whole town be- mitted there the stars above only possible for making good barfore he even knows it himself, but know. Go to it young folks, gains himself, he expects to give wherever I go that light in the room you're bound to anyway, and all the same chance to his custom- on being probate judge, you know, with that lonely man is going to burn the advice of a sage old gray ers on his return. Look out for in my heart. Hope it will throw a haired editor, has no effect. We a large, judiciously bought and was then called for and spoke his went and got married once our- well assorted stock of goods at self, and have been sorry ever Clark & Pummer's this fall. since—that we didn't do it years before.

As we are kind o'daddy to one of the parties, and gave the bride away, we hereby honestly and sin- 1873, aged 43 years. Sister Jenks cerely give you our paternal benand you, Catharina, that ye here-Quite a severe accident befell itor of this paper, all your days, her the poor ever found a sym- one year. and Tom laid the telegram right down | Hon. W. H. Puls at his home, and that whenever we come to near Murray, yesterday after- Blair you have a clean bed ready noon that will put him on the re- for our royal repose, and hot ad. He was so white and shaky that tired list for a few days. He muffins for breakfast. Chaplain was driving around his farm Wright did the thing up in applelooking after some work, when pie (not apple-jack) order, and if in some manner he fell from the that couple are not married fast wagon in which he was standing and sure and made into one (and a half) no couple ever was be-

The only thing that puzzles us is what made the bride cry so. as well as receiving a severe in-They have been expecting it, they jury to his back. Medical atten- knew it was a coming; they have tion was at once summoned and both chuckled over it; for months the injured man made as com- they have looked down with sufortable as possible under the perior eyes on their less fortunate neighbors, who wern't going to be married this fall, and yet, injuries. The news of the acwhen the final pinch came, mawith much regret by his host of dame piped her eye and the Delia Hawes looked at his composure friends throughout the county, ly over the green silk wedding although it is very fortunate that garment. Such is life! inexpliche did not receive more serious able, tender, unaccountable. George didn't cry a bit, until after all the pretty girls kissed him, Try a sack of Forest Rose flour. and then he bawled right out, be-Your money refunded if not satis- cause it was the last time he expected to get such a chance.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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Bears the Signature of

The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years

cause, hunting for blind culverts, a word of Christian encourageon the new grade, along with Sam ment, with a smile it was cheer-

tumwa coal has been left on our ter was laid on the table; and in desk by Mr. H. K. Burkett of the regard to a co-operative store, it National Coal Co. of Iowa. It was resolved that the Grangers looks like No. 1 coal, and burns need one, and that the initialory well. Mr. Burkett has just store should be at Weeping Waestablished a new coal yard here, ter, and a committee of three were near the cattle yards, and his appointed to form rules and office is on the corner of Main regulations for its government, and Sixth streets, with Dr. John and to receive stock for the same,

family physician. No-I don't like Katie Murray, both of Blair, mer is an excellent judge of the short-horned, clean-limbed little that! Of course I'm going with Alfred, Washington county, Nebraska. | kind of goods needed in this marnow that an accident has made me an- And a big time they had of it! ket, and having every facility the political, but then Jimmey is

> Mrs. Priscila Jenks of Weep- for politics there, any more. ing Water died after a short but severe illness, September 22,

Dr. Livingston has the limps- pathizing friend; if any needed fuly given. She filled the responsible position of superintendent of the M. E. Sunday Fred Stadelmann, our baker, school, of which church she had

the propriety of erecting warehouses and of starting a co-oper-A very fine specimen of Ot- alive store. The warehouse mat-The meeting was largely attended, and finally adjourned to meet again in regular session at Eight Mr. Eli Plummer, of the firm Mile Grove the first Fuesday in ness of the meeting was over Mr. one of the sweetest talkers in the so we'll forgive him. MacMurphy piece, without any polities, because the moon was under a cloud, and it wasn't a good night

Auto Bargain.

On account of having taken was loved by all who knew her. the distributor's agency for Neediction, and charge you, George, Her kind Christian character en- braska and western Iowa for the deared her to many friends. Henderson automobile, I will sell by live honestly, soberly, and With her the ministers of Jesus my Chalmers 36 auto cheap for righteously, in the fear of the ed- ever met a smile of welcome; in cash. First-class condition. Used T. H. Pollock.

