

# THE Melting of Molly

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

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"Well, I think he is really interested from the way he danced most of his time with her down at the hotel the other night, and I have hopes I never had before. Now, Molly, do put him between you and her, sort of cornered, so he can't even see Ruth Chester. She is too old for him." And Tom's mother looked at me over the orange peel as to a confederate.

"Humph, I'd like to see you or Molly or any woman 'corner' Tom Pollard," said Mrs. Johnson with a wry smile as she tasted the concoction in the wine-glass.

"I have put him at the end of the table because he is my kinsman and the only host I've got at present, Aunt Bettie," I said regretfully. I always take every chance to rub in Tom's and my relationship on Aunt Bettie, so she won't nurse 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 about as bad as Billy Moore does. But don't you all say a word, for John's mighty timid, and I don't believe, in spite of all these years, he's had a single notion yet. If he had he'd have tried a set-to with you, Molly, like all the rest of the sly birds in town. 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—dear 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 match-make 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 called the day he had posted it and he was due to arrive in New York almost as soon as it did, just an hour now, calculated in a flash. And "from New York immediately 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. SURELY 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 watched 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.

for there, right in front of me, stood a more woe stricken human being than I could possibly be, if I judged by appearances.

"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 shake.

"Mamie Johnson did it—poked her finger down her throat and mine, too," he wailed against my breast.

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and tipped me an impertinent wink. I felt cheered at the sight of them and bent down to gather a bunch of them to wear, even if they did swear at my amethyst draperies, when an amused smile that was done out loud came from the path just behind me.

"Don't gather them all tonight, Mrs. Peaches," said Dr. John, teasingly as he stooped beside me.

"I was just gathering them for place bouquets for—the girls," I said stupidly as I moved over a little nearer to him.

"I never possibly know how to answer any remark that he may happen 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 for 'em unless you do," he said laughingly, "or the buttons either," he added under his breath so I could just hear it.

if it hadn't been for the doctor. He leaned forward, and his deep eyes came out in their wonderful way and seemed to collect every pair of eyes at the table, even the most astounded, as he raised his glass.

"No wonder we are all stricken dumb at Mrs. Carter's telegram," he said in his deep voice that commands everybody and everything, even the terrors of birth and death.

"The rest of this evening has paid me off for every sin I have ever committed or am ever going to commit. Tom took Pat home early, and I hope they walked in the moonlight for hours. Tom is the kind of man that any pretty girl who is loving enough in the moonlight could comfort for anything. I'm not at all worried about him, but—

"The hour sat on my front steps and talked to Judge Wade must have brought gray hairs to my head if it was daylight and I could see them. Ruth Chester had said goodbye with the loveliest haunted look in her great dark eyes, and I felt as if I had killed something that was alive and that I hadn't killed it enough.

"Oh, you Molly!" came a hail in Tom's voice from the gate, just as I was making up my mind to try to think up something to whisper the doctor with, and he and Ruth came up the front walk to meet us. I wondered why I was having a party in my house when being alone in my garden with just a neighbor was so much more fun, but I had to begin to enjoy myself right off, for in a few minutes all the rest came.

## IN 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?

Dr. Wiley, the most original man in Cass County, raised a Sweet Potatoe three feet and one inch in length.

For Connor's information we announce that our old reliable J. W. Johnson will act as Sheriff until this court is over, when Butler will arise in all his glory and take care of all the grain men and others.

A dry goods clerk in this city went to see his girl the other night, and got fighting mad at her because he found two warm places on the sofa. The green-eyed monster has full possession of that chap.

L. F. Johnson, the great organ and piano man of Plattsmouth, has just received the finest Burnett organ ever shipped this far west. It was made for the family of Mr. Hugh Orr. It is a very handsome piece of furniture and at the same time one of the sweetest and finest tuned instruments of music.

We heard the Rev. Mr. Bartle, of the Presbyterian church, for the first time on Sunday evening last. One thing is sure, the Presbyterians have a live man in the pulpit, and not a dead stick. One half the ministers show about as much life in preaching as a cottonwood man might, and many more preach about Religion as if it were some old long forgotten fable, and draw all their illustrations from occurrences that happened centuries ago.

Married.—At the residence of Jno. A. MacMurphy, Plattsmouth, on the morning of the 21st inst., by the Rev. Chaplain Wright, Mr. George DeTemple, to Miss Katie Murray, both of Blair, Washington county, Nebraska.

As we are kind o'daddy to one of the parties, and gave the bride away, we hereby honestly and sincerely give you our paternal benediction, and charge you, George, and you, Catharina, that ye hereby live honestly, soberly, and righteously in the fear of the editor of this paper, all your days, and that whenever we come to Blair you have a clean bed ready for our royal repose, and hot muffins for breakfast.

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## Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.

What is CASTORIA Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

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

Dr. Livingston has the limbs—cause, hunting for blind culverts, on the new grade, along with Sam Chapman.

Fred Stadelmann, our baker, has at last vacated the old building in "scary row" and moved all his traps up to the fine, new building on the corner of Sixth and Main streets, where the First National bakery looms up in bright gilt letters to warn all travelers and citizens that here's where you get your fine oyster suppers, good square lunches or nobby little dinners.

A very fine specimen of Oltunwa coal has been left on our desk by Mr. H. K. Burkett of the National Coal Co. of Iowa. It looks like No. 1 coal, and burns well. Mr. Burkett has just established a new coal yard here, near the cattle yards, and his office is on the corner of Main and Sixth streets, with Dr. John Black.

Mr. Eli Plummer, of the firm of Clark & Plummer, is now in New York and Boston selecting and purchasing a stock of goods for their fall trade. Mr. Plummer is an excellent judge of the kind of goods needed in this market, and having every facility possible for making good bargains himself, he expects to give the same chance to his customers on his return.

Mrs. Priscilla Jenks of Weeping Water died after a short but severe illness, September 22, 1873, aged 43 years. Sister Jenks was loved by all who knew her. Her kind Christian character endeared her to many friends. With her the ministers of Jesus ever met a smile of welcome; in her the poor ever found a sympathy.

pathizing friend; if any needed a word of Christian encouragement, with a smile it was cheerfully given. She filled the responsible position of superintendent of the M. E. Sunday school, of which church she had long been a devoted member, with modest dignity. Her amiable disposition endeared her to all. She left an aged mother and four children, together with her bereaved husband, Brother Wm. Jenks, to mourn her loss.

Cass County Central Grange Association.—This association met at Eight Mile Grove on Tuesday, October 8. The principal business before the meeting was the propriety of erecting warehouses and of starting a co-operative store. The warehouse matter was laid on the table; and in regard to a co-operative store, it was resolved that the Grangers meet one, and that the initiatory store should be at Weeping Water, and a committee of three were appointed to form rules and regulations for its government, and to receive stock for the same. The meeting was largely attended, and finally adjourned to meet again in regular session at Eight Mile Grove the first Tuesday in January, 1874. After the business of the meeting was over Mr. James Wood was called on for a speech, and did make a very neat short-horned, clean-limbed little "spout" rather flowery and a little political, but then Jimmy is one of the sweetest talkers in the county, and he has set his heart on being probate judge, you know, so we'll forgive him. MacMurphy was then called for and spoke his piece, without any politics, because the moon was under a cloud, and it wasn't a good night for politics there, any more.

Auto Bargain. On account of having taken the distributor's agency for Nebraska and western Iowa for the Henderson automobile, I will sell my Chalmers 38 auto cheap for cash. First-class condition. Used one year. T. H. Pollock.

## HON. W. H. PULS MEETS WITH A SEVERE ACCIDENT

Quite a severe accident befell Hon. W. H. Puls at his home, near Murray, yesterday afternoon that will put him on the retired list for a few days. He was driving around his farm looking after some work, when in some manner he fell from the wagon in which he was standing and struck the ground with his head, inflicting a very severe gash on one of his ears that may require several stitches to close, as well as receiving a severe injury to his back. Medical attention was at once summoned and the injured man made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances and no serious danger is apprehended from the injuries. The news of the accident to Billy will be learned with much regret by his host of friends throughout the county, although it is very fortunate that he did not receive more serious injuries from the fall.

### W. SAR-BEN CARNIVAL

September 24th to October 4th 1913

EVERYBODY SHOULD COME TO OMAHA TO SEE

- AUTOMOBILE FLORAL PARADE, TUESDAY PM SEPT. 30
- ELECTRICAL PARADE, WEDNESDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 1st
- GERMAN DAY PARADE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 2nd
- CORONATION BALL, FRIDAY, EVENING, OCTOBER 3rd
- LEWIS BROS. FRONTIER DAY, WILD WEST SHOW EVERY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 27th TO OCTOBER 4th
- DOUGLAS COUNTY FAIR AND LIVE STOCK SHOW, BRIDGEPONDROME SHOW, NEW CARNIVAL GROUNDS, 17th & HOWARD

MAKE YOUR ARRANGEMENTS NOW! SEPTEMBER 24th TO OCTOBER 4th 1913