

THE Melting of Molly

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIENS

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"Git your nightgown and your toothbrush quick, Molly, if you want to pack 'em in my trunk!" he exclaimed, with his eyes dancing and a curl standing straight up on the top of his head, as it has a habit of doing when he is most excited. "You can't take nothing but them 'cause I'm going to put in a rope to tie the whale with when I ketch him, and it'll take up all the rest of the room. Get 'em quick!"

"Yes, lover, I'll get them for you. But tell Molly where it is you are going to sail off with her in that trunk of yours?" I asked, dropping into the game as I have always done with him, no matter what game of my own pressed when he called.

"On the ocean where the boats go 'cross and run right over a whale. Don't you remember you showed me them pictures of spout whales in a book, Molly? Doc says they comes right up by the ship and you can hear 'em shoot water. And maybe a iceberg, too. Which do you want to ketch most, Molly, a iceberg or a whale?" His eager eyes demanded instant decision on my part of the nature of capture I preferred. My mind quickly reverted to those two ponderous and intense epistles I had got within the hour, and I lay back in my chair and laughed until I felt almost merry.

"The iceberg, Billy, every time," I said at last. "I just can't manage whales, especially if they are ardent, which word means hot. I like icebergs or I think I should if I could catch one."

"I don't believe you could, Molly, but Doc says you can get a rope and a long hook in his trunk to try with if your clothes go into mine. His is a heap the biggest anyway and Nurse Tilly said he oughter put my things in his, but I cried and then he went upstairs and got out that little one for me. Come see 'em!"

"What do you mean, Billy?" I asked, while a sudden fear shot all over me like lightning. "You're just playing go away, aren't you?"

"No, I ain't playing, Molly," he exclaimed excitedly. "Me and you and Doc is a-going across the ocean for a long, long time away from here. Doc



"Me and you and Doc is a-going across the ocean."

ast me about it this morning, and I told him all right and you could come with us if you was good. He said couldn't I go without you if you was busy and couldn't come and I told him you would put things down and come if I said so. Won't you, Molly? It won't be no fun without you and you'd cry all by yourself with me gone." His little face was all drawn up with anxiety and sympathy at my lonely estate with him out of it, and a cry rose up from my heart with a kind of primitive savagery at what I felt was coming down upon me.

Without waiting to take him with me or think or do anything but feel dead, savage anger, I hurried across the garden and into Dr. Moore's office, where he was just laying off his gloves and dust coat.

"What do you mean, John Moore, by darning-daring to think you can go and take Billy away from me?" I demanded, looking at him with what must have been such fear and madness in my face that he was startled as he came close to the table against which I leaned. His face had grown white and quiet at my attack, and he waited, looking me out of the window into the garden. "I was coming over just as soon as I got back from this call to talk with you about it, even if it did seem to intrude Bill's and my

affairs into a day that—that ought to be all yours to be—be happy in. But Bill, you see, is no respecter of—of other people's happy days if he wants them in his."

"Billy's happy days are mine, and mine are his, and he has the heart not to leave me out even if you would have him!" I exclaimed, a sob gathering in my heart at the thought that my little lover hadn't even taken in a situation that would separate him from me across an ocean.

"Bill is too young to understand when he is—being bereaved, Molly," he said, and still he didn't look at me. "I have been appointed a delegate to represent the State Medical association at the centennial congress in London the middle of next month, and somehow I feel a bit pulled lately, and I thought I would take the little chap and have—have a 'wanderjahr.' You won't need him now, Mrs. Peaches, and I couldn't go without him, could I?" The sadness in his voice would have killed me if I hadn't let it madden me instead.

"Won't need Billy any more?" I exclaimed, with a rage that made my voice literally scorch past my lips. "Was there ever a minute in his life that I haven't needed Billy? How dare you say such a thing to me? You are cruel, cruel, and I have always known it—cold and cruel like all other men who don't care how they wring the life blood out of women's hearts and are willing to use their children to do it with. Even the law doesn't help us poor helpless creatures, and you can take our children and go with them to the ends of the earth and leave us suffering. I have gone on and believed that you were not like that, that the women say all men are and that you cared whether you are and that you but now I see that you are just the same, and you'll take my baby away if you want to, and I can do nothing to prevent it—nothing in the wide world. I am completely and absolutely helpless. You coward, you!"

When that awful word, the worst word that a woman can use to a man, left my lips a flame shot up into his eyes that I thought would burn me up, but in a half second it was extinguished by the strangest thing in the world—for the situation—a perfect flood of mirth. He sat down in his chair and shook all over, with his head in his hands, until I saw tears creep through his fingers. I had calmed down so suddenly that I was about to begin to cry in good earnest when he wiped his eyes and said, with a low laugh in his throat:

"The case is yours, Molly, settled out of court, and the 'possession nine points of the law clause' works in some cases for a woman against a man. Generally speaking anyway, the pup belongs to the man who can whistle him down, and you can whistle Bill from me any day. I'm just his father, and what I think or want doesn't matter. You had better take him and keep him."

"I intend to," I answered haughtily, uncertain as to whether I had better give in and be agreeable or stay prepared to cry in case there was further argument. But suddenly a strange diffidence came into his eyes, and he looked away from me as he said in queer, hesitating words:

"You see, Mrs. Molly, I thought from now on your life wouldn't have exactly a place for Bill. Have you considered that you have trained him to demand you all the time and all of you? How would you manage Bill—and—other claims?"

LEAF ELEVENTH.

A Heart of Gold.

IF there is a contagious thing in this world it is embarrassment. I never felt anything worse in all my life than the shame that swept over me in a great hot wave when that look came into his eyes and made me realize just exactly what I had been saying to him, about what, and how I had said it. I stood perfectly still, shook all over like a leaf and wondered if I would ever be able to raise my eyes from the ground. A dizzy, nauseated feeling for myself rose up in me against myself, and I was just about to turn on my heels and leave him, I hoped forever, when he came over and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Molly," he said in a voice that might have come down from heaven on dove wings, "you can't for a moment feel or think that I don't realize and appreciate what you have been to the motherless little chap, and for life I am yours at command, as he is. I really thought it would be a relief to you to have him taken away from you for just a little while right now, and I still think it is best, but not unless you consent. You shall have him back whenever you are ready for him, and at all times both he and I are at your service to the whole of our kingdoms. Just think the matter over, won't you, and decide what you want me to do?"

Something in me died forever. I think, when he spoke to me like that, He's not like other men, and there aren't any other men on earth but him! All the rest are just bugs or bats or something worse. And I'm not anything myself. There's no excuse for my living, and I wish I wasn't so healthy and likely to go on doing it. It was all over, and there was nothing left for me to live for, and before I could stop myself I buried my face in my hands.

"Billy asked me to go with him on this awful whale hunt!" I sobbed out to comfort myself with the thought that somebody did care for me, regardless of just how I was further embarrassing and complicating myself in the affairs of the two men I had thought I owned and was now finding out that I had to give up. I wish I had been looking at him, for I felt him start,

but he said in his big friendly voice that is so much—and never enough for me—

"Well, why not you and Al come along and make it a family party, if that is what suits Bill, the boss?"

If men would just buy good, sharp kitchen knives and cut out women's hearts in a businesslike way it would be so much kinder of them. Why do they prefer to use dull weapons that mash the life out slowly? Everything is at an end for me tonight, and that blow did it. It was a horrible cruel thing for him to say to me. I know now that I have been in love with John Moore for longer than my honor lets me admit and that I'll never love anybody else, and that also I have offered myself to him served up in every known enticement and have to be refused at least twice a day for a year. A widow can't say she didn't understand what she was doing, even to herself, but—my humiliation is complete, and the only thing that can make me ever hold up my head is to puzzle him by—by happily marrying Alfred Bennett—and quick!

Of course he must suspect how I feel about him, for two people couldn't both be so ignorant as not to see such an enormous thing as my love for him, and I was the blind one. But he must never, never know that I ever realized it, for he is so good that it would distress him. I must go on in my foolish way with him until I can get away. I'll tell him I'm sorry I was so indignant tonight and say that I think it will be fine for him to take my Billy away from me with him. I must smile at the idea of having my very soul amputated, insist that it is the only thing to do and pack up the little soul in a steamer trunk with the smile. Just smile, that is all. Life demands smiles from a woman, even if she must crush their perfume from her own heart, and she generally has them ready.

Oh, Molly, Molly! Is it for this you came into the world—twice to give yourself without love? What difference does it make that your arms are strong and white if they can't clasp him to the softness and fragrance of your breast? Why are your eyes blue pools of love if they are not for his questioning, and what are your rose lips for if they quench not his thirst?

Yes, I know God is very tender with a woman, and I think he understands, so if she crept very close to him and caught at his sleeve to steady herself he would be kind to her until she could go on along her own steep way. Please, God, never let him find out, for it would hurt him to have hurt me!

Some days are like the miracle flowers that open in the garden from plants you didn't expect to bloom at all. I might have been born, lived and died without having this one come into my life, and, now that I have had it, I don't know how to write it except in the crimson of blood, the blue of flame, the gold of glory, and a tinge of light green would well express the part I have played. But it is all over at last—and—

Ruth Chester was the unfolding of the first hour petal, and I got a glimpse of a heart of gold that I feel dumb with worship to think of. She's Doc's own good woman, and he made her in one of his holy hours. I wish I could have borne her, so she me, and the tenderness of her arms was a sacrament. We two women just stood aside with life's artifices and concealments and let our own hearts do the talking.

She said she had come because she felt that if she talked with me I might be better able to understand Alfred when he came and that she had seen that the judge was very determined, and she thoroughly recognized his force of character. We stopped there while I gave her the document to read. I suppose it was dishonorable, but I needed her protection from it. I'm glad she had the strength of mind to walk with a head high in the air to Judy's range and burn it up. Anything might have happened if she hadn't. And even now I feel that only my marriage vows will close up the case for the judge, even yet he may—but when Ruth had got done with Alfred she had wiped Judge Wade's appreciation of him completely off my mind and destroyed it in tender words that burned us both worse than Judy's fire burned the letter. She did me an awfully good service.

(To be Continued)

Strengthen Weak Kidneys.

Don't suffer longer with weak kidneys. You can get prompt relief by taking Electric Bitters, that wonderful remedy prepared by women everywhere. Start with a bottle today, you will soon feel like a new woman with ambition to work, without fear of pain. Mr. John Dowling of San Francisco, writes: "Gratitude for the wonderful effect of Electric Bitters prompts me to write. It cured my wife when all else failed." Good for the liver as well. Nothing better for indigestion or biliousness. Price, 50c and \$1.00 at Gering & Co.'s.

For Sale.

One 36-foot tower Sampson windmill and one 8 horse power. Inquire of W. G. Meisinger, six miles west of Plattsmouth, or call phone No. 2522. 8-19-13fd&w

Try a sack of Forest Rose flour. Your money refunded if not satisfactory.

Best results are secured by advertising in the Journal.

Try the Journal Want Ads.

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

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

Court proceedings in the case of Shurz against Carmichael, as Justice of the Peace, having fined Shurz under an ordinance of the town of Weeping Water, he issued a mittimus and sent the defendant to jail until the fine and costs were paid. The ordinance only provided for the fine, and hence the Court instructed the jury that there was no law and no judgment authorizing the mittimus, and that therefore all who participated were liable as trespassers. The jury returned a verdict for \$150. The Court further held that the ordinance was void because it prohibited the sale of the liquor in place of regulating its sale; that, in other words, the town took the place of the County Commissioners and should have provided for a license, and then for violations prosecutions should be under the law of the State. Wheeler & Stinchcomb and Aylesworth for the plaintiff, and Marquett & Smith and Chapman for the defendant. In the case of French against Allison the verdict was \$400. In this case Esq. Jenks, one of the defendants, issued an attachment for \$250 when his jurisdiction is only \$100. Two horses and wagon were taken on the writ, and the Court instructed the jury that the writ was illegal and void, and though the plaintiff had previously got back his horses, yet in this case the jury had the right to return such damages, if they were satisfied that the property was taken unlawfully, as they might think was right. Marquett Smith and Wheeler & Stinchcomb for the plaintiff, and Chapman & Maxwell for the defendants.

In looking over the files of the Plattsmouth papers of forty years ago we find an interesting article in regard to the finding of coal in this section of the state and which was believed for a time would develop into a field of almost unlimited supply of coal and the excitement and jealousy developed at the time was intense; As will be seen on our local page, Mr. Kirkham thinks he has found a 20-inch vein of good coal, only 65 feet beneath the surface of the earth, almost within the limits of Plattsmouth and he argues that the whole underlying surface may be coal veins.

Just before this news reached us, a gentleman of this county of well-known ability and genuine interest in, and ambition for, the welfare of this state addressed us a note in regard to the coal question, and especially in aid of the efforts in Omaha to bore for coal, and thus settle once for all, the fact, whether coal measures do exist in this state, within working distance of the surface.

The Herald cordially and heartily approves of his suggestion—provided it is proven that we can not reach coal in our own town much easier and cheaper—and as we could find no fitter language to clothe the idea in, we give the gentleman's own words:

Editor Tip-Top—I think the project of boring for coal in Omaha, should receive the undivided support of the entire state, and that subsidiary organizations to raise means to sustain the projectors at Omaha, and strengthen their hands, to the end that they may feel themselves backed up in their enterprise by the goodwill of the state, and thus feel encouraged to push the boring to a success. Please urge this matter, for it is not an "Omaha scheme," but a state benefit, deserving of our fullest encouragement and support. Let us kill this dog in the manner spirit that cripples every effort in the state, and stand by all good works.

Amen, say we, and the Editor of this paper has invariably and always preached and practised this doctrine.—Either we are one whole state, north and south of the Platte, from the Missouri river to our western boundary, working for each other's welfare towards a great and glorious future; or we are little petty subdivisions of a great commonwealth each against the other and each for his own division, whether it kills or strengthens great enterprises. United we may expect great results, divided our future will be slim indeed.

We are glad to learn that the Hon. John W. Barnes is rapidly progressing in health and vigor, and we may soon expect to see him on our streets once more, hale and hearty. He has had a tight squeeze to come through.

We call attention to the new "ad" of Smith & Windham, Real Estate agents. These young men seem bound to drive business before them; that's the way to do it.

We have slumbered long enough in Plattsmouth, and our professional men seem to have thought business would take care of itself.

Complaints have been made to us that the scholars are not allowed to enter the High school mornings until a few minutes before the opening of school, and at recess are driven out to play, no matter what the weather. No parents can gauge the time of their children's arriving at the school house to a minute, and they should not be kept out in the cold, and the tax-payers of this town paid for that school-house, and their children should play in it under reasonable restrictions.

Prof. Potter, of the firm of Potter & Gaffney, Weeping Water, dropped in our office last Thursday. Mr. Potter was on his way home from the western part of the state, where he has been holding Musical Conventions with great success, we see by the papers. We were sorry to learn that the cause of his return was the serious illness of his partner, Mr. Gaffney, and hope he is better by this time. Mr. Potter will be at the store after this at all times, and customers can rely on finding it open for business.

For days and days we have been wondering at the style of crowd that superintended the setting up of the pump in Main street, just below the Herald office. Men who certainly haven't touched water for years, neither for drinking nor washing purposes, men who have forgotten the taste of aqua pura constantly stand around and order and direct and suggest how the pump should be fixed, and speculate on how much water there is in the well, and how much water can be forced up by the pump. It surprised us, hitherto, the matter is clear, now, they're like the old negroes, they have got so far gone that water makes 'em drunk, and they mean to have a fresh-water spree as soon as the pump is up.

The jury for the Sage case agreed on a verdict about 11 a. m., the verdict being manslaughter. One day's imprisonment. Steps will be taken for a pardon.

Elder T. J. Todd will preach at the Congregational church next Lord's day at 11 o'clock a. m. All are invited.

Mickelwait & Sharp, the old standbys in the coal business, are just rushing things lately. They keep the best Fort Scott coal, and also small nut coal for hard coal base burners. Drop in and see Sharp, he's a right companionable sort of a chap.

The concert given by Mrs. Drost for the benefit of a school library for the public school of Rock Bluffs on Saturday, November 15, was a success.

The house was well filled and the best of order prevailed. We can not in a short article do justice to each performer, individually, but we must say that all did well. The manner in which each scholar performed, reflected much credit on the teacher (Mrs. Drost, for the very skillful manner in which she had trained her class in instrumental music.

We were very agreeably struck with the nonchalance exhibited by her pupils in playing before a large audience.

To play, or declaim before an audience without embarrassment, especially by young performers, we regard as requiring a greater degree of self-reliance than most of our young persons possess. But Mrs. Drost seems to have succeeded admirably, in training her pupils to be self-reliant; and this we look upon as one of the most essential parts of education.

The receipts from the concert will be appropriated to the purpose of founding a library, and thus establish a nucleus fund around which we trust that many other donations will be collected.

F. M. MacDonough, esq., of the Watchman, has the honor to be the second donor of books to the library.

Stinchcomb, the lawyer, has a new suit of clothes. How on airth did he get 'em? During a panic, too; there has been no fire.

Rev. M. F. Platte will preach in the First Congregational church of this city on Sunday, the 16th, morning and evening.

Fox, the expressman, went out the other day for a few hours and came back with a fine buffalo calf. Any you fellows beat that hunting?

The new furniture for the High school has come and they are fitting it up. We expect to have school there next week. Hurrah, boys, ain't you glad?

Doctor Wintersteen, city treasurer remarked to us last week that he supposed he had made more schoolma'ams happy one day not long before than any other man in Plattsmouth. It was on pay-day, you know, and the doctor gives them the rhino.

More About the R. R. Accident.

As quickly after the accident on Monday evening as possible, the coroner, Dr. Reed, of Rock Bluffs, was summoned, and a jury found at that late hour, it being nearly ten o'clock. The jury were Wm. Neville, Alfred White, Wiley Black, Luke Miskella, Jos. MacDonagh, Wm. Bennett. They remained in session until two o'clock Tuesday morning. The witnesses examined were Messrs. Brennan, Mulligan, Thomas Murphy, Mr. Egbert, and Mr. Dick, all railroad men and supposed to be experts in regard to the rules and regulations of railroad business.

The verdict was rendered about two p. m., and was substantially as follows: The men John Daley and Stephen Considine came to their death on the B. & M. R. R., by an accidental collision between an engine and a hand car, on the evening of December 15th, about half-past five o'clock.

The officers of the road were exonerated from blame, as according to the evidence of the railroad men, hand cars are bound to look out for trains and engines, at all times. On the body of Daley was found a pipe, a pocket knife, two silver rings, a key and pocket-book, containing \$12.60 in money. On Considine only a key and R. R. pass. Considine was taken to Omaha for burial, his family meeting him at the Junction. Daley was buried in Plattsmouth cemetery, at three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon; and thus ends this sad catastrophe, which leaves us less two useful citizens, a family of orphans, and a widowed mother to mourn some one's carelessness—despite the coroner's verdict to the contrary.

The public installation of the officers of Olive Branch Lodge No. 2, I. O. G. T., was well attended and passed off pleasantly. Among the visitors from abroad we notice Grand Worthy Chief Templar J. A. Fairbanks of Lincoln and his estimable lady; W. A. Richards of Omaha, G. W. Secretary and F. J. Keens of Fort Kearney, G. W. Treasurer.

The following is the list of officers installed:

J. Ph. Young—W. C. T.
Miss Marcia Lincoln—W. V. T.
D. D. Martindale—W. Sec.
Miss Lizzie Stinchcomb—W. A. S.
Thos. W. Shryock—W. T.
D. L. Morrow—W. F. S.
J. W. Stinchcomb—W. C.
W. H. Poole—W. M.
Miss Louisa Shryock—W. D. M.

Alfred Despain—W. I. G.
R. O. Fellows—W. O. G.
Mrs. David Miller—R. H. S.
Miss Cynthia Mitchell—L. H. S.

After the installation the members of the lodge and the visitors present were addressed by the Grand Worthy Chief Templar in a few sensible remarks on the condition of the order in this state and in the United States and foreign countries. He represents the order in a most flattering condition throughout the state, new lodges springing up into life and activity and the old lodges taking fresh vigor in the noble work, 1,500 new members having joined the order since the 1st day of January, 1873. The people of this state are rapidly waking up to the evil effects of the liquor traffic, and the day is not far distant when the curse of intemperance will be driven from among us.

After these remarks supper was the next thing on the program. Huge piles of chickens, hams, cakes, rusks, etc., were duly appreciated by the hungry

crowd, as the empty dishes and tables will bear witness.

The evening was enlivened with vocal and instrumental music. After supper the Grand Worthy Secretary addressed the audience in a few pertinent remarks, and complimented the lodge on its rapidly increasing prosperity, and the life and vigor it is now showing, especially as it was thought that Olive Branch Lodge, the oldest lodge in the state, had gone down never to be revived. He was followed by the Grand Worthy Treasurer in a few reasonable remarks. The meeting then adjourned, all agreeing that this was one of the most enjoyable evenings they had ever spent.

The Grand Commandery of Knights Templar, Grand Council Royal and Select Masters and Grand Chapter of the State of Nebraska, meet this week in Omaha in annual grand convocation and convocation. The program of ceremonies is as follows: This forenoon the Grand Chapter will open in form and proceed to business, which they will probably finish the same day. This evening a banquet will be given by Omaha Chapter, at the Grand Central, in honor of the Grand Chapter, upon which occasion all Royal Arch Masons and their ladies are cordially invited. The companions of Omaha Chapter have exerted themselves in the matter and the entertainment will undoubtedly be a delightful affair. On Wednesday the Grand Commandery meet in third annual convocation. In the evening the Order of Knights Templar will be conferred in Mt. Calvary Commandery No. 4, K. T. This is the routine of business and pleasure combined that will be observed. On last evening the companions of Omaha Chapter No. 1, exemplified the work in the Royal Arch degree before M. E. Grand High Priest R. R. Livingston of Plattsmouth, and E. Grand Secretary D. H. Wheeler, Eminent Grand Commander Sir Robert W. Furnas arrived yesterday and will preside at the meeting of the Grand Commandery on Wednesday. A number of the craft are expected to arrive by this morning's trains, and the attendance promises to be very full. The Sir Knights of Mt. Calvary Commandery have arranged to give a grand ball and reception and this, with the other entertainments, will make the assembling of the craft a most pleasurable occasion.

Safest Laxative for Women

Nearly every woman needs a good laxative. Dr. King's New Life Pills are good because they are prompt, safe, and do not cause pain. Mrs. M. C. Dunlap, of Lead Hill, Tennessee, says: "Dr. King's New Life Pills helped her troubles greatly." Get a box today. Price 25c. Recommended by Gering & Co.

THE LARGEST BATH TUB EVER SEEN IN LOUISVILLE, NEBR.,

From Monday's Daily.

The largest bath tub ever seen in Louisville was taken through the streets this week and located near the Burlington depot. It is 38 feet in length and was especially constructed by the Nebraska Lighting company where electric poles are given a bath in coal tar before being set for our new light plant. It is said that previous to the recent rain a pole 35 feet in length would absorb five gallons of tar.

Mr. Albert Glabaugh, manager of the Plattsmouth light company, is here this week superintending the erection of poles. On Thursday noon the line from Louisville was completed as far east as the Martin Sjogreen farm. From here it will run north, past the National and the Newell & Atwood quarries and continue on to Plattsmouth by direct line via the county farm.

Do You Fear Consumption?

No matter how chronic your cough or how severe your throat ailment is, Dr. King's New Discovery will surely help you; it may save your life. Stillman Green, of Malchite, Col., writes: "Two doctors said I had consumption and could not live two years. I used Dr. King's New Discovery and am alive and well." Your money refunded if it fails to benefit you. The best home remedy for coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed by Gering & Co.