



POLLY of the CIRCUS

BY MARGARET MAYO

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(Continued.)

Synopsis Chapter I—Polly, a child of the circus, is brought up by Toby, a clown, and by a boss canvasman called "Muvver Jim." She learns to ride Bingo, a circus horse, and grows to womanhood knowing no life except that of the circus.

Chapter II—A church near the circus lot interests Polly. Jim reproves her for her reckless riding.

CHAPTER III.

POLLY and Bingo always made the audience "sit up" when they swept into the ring. She was so young, so gayly clad, so light and jovial in all her poses. She seemed scarcely to touch the back of the white horse as they dashed round the ring in the glare of the tent lights. The other performers went through their work mechanically while Polly rode.

As for Polly, her work had never lost its first interest. Jim may have been right when he said that the spirit

rushed to the girl's side and shouted wildly to Toby:

"Say something, you. Get 'em back!" Old Toby turned his white face to the crowd. His features worked convulsively, but he could not speak. His grief was so grotesque that the few who saw him laughed hysterically. He could not even go to Polly. His feet seemed planted to the earth.

Jim rushed into the tent at the first cry of the audience. He lifted the limp form tenderly and, kneeling in the ring, held her bruised head in his hands.

"Can't you get a doctor?" he shouted desperately to Barker.

"Here's the doctor!" some one called, and a stranger came toward them. He bent over the seemingly lifeless form, his fingers on the tiny wrist, his ear to the heart.

"Well, sir?" Jim faltered, for he had caught the puzzled look in the doctor's eyes as his left hand pressed the cruelly wounded head.

"I can't tell just yet," said the doctor. "She must be taken away."

"Where can we take her?" asked Jim, a look of terror in his great, trou-

The Sneeze.

There exists an ancient semi-medical statement which tells us that the sneeze is healthy and should not be suppressed. It is one of those stock sayings which are always uttered by laymen on the vague authority of some traditional doctor whose name is suppressed in favor of the adjective "eminent." It is one of the things about which you mentally pledge yourself to ask your own doctor, but when it comes to the point you never do. Either you do not get the opportunity or if a chance does present itself an inner voice seems to warn you to let it be until some future occasion. To our own mind the odds are that sneezing is a wholesome habit, for it is an unpleasant one. Of course there are people who can sneeze and not look ridiculous, but they are few. Any one caught in the act of trying to suppress a sneeze is a terrible addition to the landscape, and if you want to sneeze and cannot what gargoyle could hold a candle to you? That hideously contorted face, that quivering mouth and that deflected nostril—why, your countenance is something worth building two cathedrals round! It is as though some mad potter were gripping your facial clay and wrenching it this way and that to amuse his frenzied humor. Have you ever heard a succession of half a dozen sneezes? It is an experience that has an extraordinarily irritating effect.—London Globe.

A Spa's Curious Origin.

The discovery of the famous Woodhall spa in Lincolnshire was very curious. Just about a hundred years ago a shaft was sunk in search of coal, but the effort had to be abandoned owing to a rush of water. In time the water found its way into a small brook, and in due course the inhabitants began to speak of the curative powers of the stream. Science investigated the mystery and discovered that the water in the coalless shaft was richly impregnated with various salts and bromine and iodine. Geologists expressed the interesting opinion that ages ago the place was the sandy bed of a shallow lagoon or bay of a tropical sea where seaweeds of giant growth abounded. A mighty convulsion of nature lowered the sea bed, a great river flowed over the place, and in time its debris was formed into a mass of spongy rock or sandstone. Forcing itself through this mass at great pressure some 600 feet below the ground, the water now extracts the constituents of the original seaweed.—London Family Herald.

Olden Tea Table Etiquette.

Tea table etiquette was somewhat complicated in the days of that "hardened and shameless tea drinker," Dr. Johnson, when many people thought nothing of drinking ten or twelve cups at a sitting. It was considered proper for the cups and saucers of a party of tea drinkers to be all passed up to the hostess in one batch when replenishment was considered necessary, and in order that each person might be sure of getting back the right cup the ten-

spoons were numbered. When the cups were passed up those who did not require any more were supposed to place the spoon in the cup. And this writer remembers a very ancient dame teaching a small boy to place his spoon in his cup after the first cup had been emptied. He wondered for the reason. Now he knows that tea was once very expensive, and little boys were not expected to ask again.—St. James' Gazette.

Private Hospital Guests.

"Hello, old man! Didn't know you were in New York? Where are you stopping?"

"Glad to see you. I'm at a private hospital uptown."

"Private hospital! Why, I'm sorry. What's the trouble?"

"No trouble at all myself. My sister went there for an operation, and I'm staying with her. There are plenty of patients there with relatives or friends. We pay high prices, of course, but the rooms are light, comfortable and clean, and we can order anything on earth we want for meals and get it. Things are served to us as though we were invalids, and there's no kick coming. I'll tell you that. And we can have as much company as we wish for meals at a dollar and a half a head."—New York Press.

The Truth Forced Home.

"I'm afraid," she sighed, "that I'm getting old."

"Why?" he asked.

"When I go to the grocery now the clerks don't nearly break their necks trying to beat one another in getting my orders."—Exchange.

If you are particular in regards to what you eat for breakfast, you should get the habit of eating at the Louvre Cafe. Their hot waffles and maple syrup can't be beat.

Orchestra music during dinner each evening at the Nash Grill.

Prepaid Railroad Orders.

"Something which is of considerable interest to the public generally and which is perhaps not generally known in effect between stations of the Southern Pacific company and all points in the United States. By means of this system tickets may be purchased at Medford from any place in the United States and mailed or telegraphed direct to the party wishing to come here. Sleeper accommodations and small amounts of cash in connection with these tickets may also be forwarded at the same time."



BINGO GALLOPED ON, AND SHE FELL TO THE GROUND.

of the dead mother had got into her, but it must have been an unsatisfied spirit, unable to fulfil its ambition in the body that once held it, for it sometimes played strange pranks with Polly. Tonight her eyes shone and her lips were parted in anticipation as she leaped lightly over the many colored streamers of the wheel of silken ribbons held by Barker in the center of the ring and by Toby and the tumblers on the edge of the bank.

With each change of her act the audience cheered and frantically applauded. The band played faster; Bingo's pace increased; the end of her turn was coming. The tumblers arranged themselves around the ring with paper hoops. Bingo was fairly racing. She went through the first hoop with a crash of tearing paper.

"Heigh, Bingo!" she shouted as she bent her knees to make ready for the final leap.

Bingo's neck was stretched. He had never gone so fast before. Barker looked uneasy. Toby forgot to go on with his accustomed tricks. Jim watched anxiously from the entrance. The paper of one hoop was still left unbroken. The attendant turned his eyes to glance at the oncoming girl. The hoop shifted slightly in his clumsy hand as Polly leaped straight up from Bingo's back, trusting to her first calculation. Her forehead struck the edge of the hoop. She clutched wildly at the air. Bingo galloped on, and she fell to the ground, striking her head against the ironbound stake at the edge of the ring.

Everything stopped. There was a gasp of horror. The musicians dropped their instruments. Bingo halted and looked back uneasily. She lay unconscious and seemingly lifeless. A great cry went up in the tent. Panic stricken men, women and children began to clamber down from their seats, while others nearest the ground attempted to jump into the ring. Barker, still grasping his long whip,

bled eyes.

"The parsonage is the nearest house," said the doctor. "I am sure the pastor will be glad to have her there until we can find out how badly she is hurt."

In an instant Barker was back in the center of the ring. He announced that Polly's injuries were slight, called the attention of the audience to the wonderful concert to take place and bade them make ready for the thrilling chariot race.

Jim, blind with despair, lifted the light burden and staggered out of the tent, while the band played furiously and the people fell back into their seats. The Roman chariots thundered and clattered around the outside of the ring, the audience cheered the winner of the race, and for the moment Polly was forgotten.

(To be continued.)

Good small tracts near the city are becoming scarcer and higher in price. Why not get one now? You won't regret it. Benson Investment Co. 143

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Notice is hereby given that the city council will receive bids for the construction of a five-foot cement sidewalk on the east side of Oakdale avenue from Seventh to Eighth streets same being three hundred (300) feet in length; and also for a five-foot cement sidewalk on the south side of Sixth street from the corner of d'Anjou street to a point 140 feet east.

Bids may be filed with or mailed to the city recorder up to 4 o'clock p. m. on September 7, 1909.

Dated August 23, 1909.
ROBT. W. TELFER,
City Recorder.

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