



(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 urges Bingo to unprecedented speed and falls. Toby and Jim carry the injured girl to the parsonage nearby.

"Done chawed it mos' off," he declared solemnly. "Deacon Elverson, he seed it, an' he says I's hurt bad."

"Deacon Elverson!" cried the spinner. "Was Deacon Elverson at the circus?"

"He was in de lot, a-tryin' to look in, same as me," Hasty answered innocently.

"You'd better take Hasty into the kitchen," said Douglas to Mandy, with a dry smile. "He's talking too much for a wounded man."

Mandy disappeared with the disgraced Hasty, advising him, with fine scorn, "to get de tiger to chaw off his laigs, so's he wouldn't have to walk no mo'."

The women gazed at each other with lips closed tightly. Elverson's behavior was beyond their power of expression. Miss Perkins turned to the pastor as though he were somehow to blame for the deacon's backsliding, but before she could find words to argue the point the timid little deacon appeared in the doorway, utterly unconscious of the hostile reception that Hasty had prepared for him. He glanced nervously from one set face to the other, then coughed behind his hat.

"We're all very much interested in the circus," said Douglas. "Can't you tell us about it?"

"I just went into the lot to look for my son," stammered the deacon. "I feared Peter had strayed."

"Why, deacon?" said Mrs. Withouby. "I just stopped by your house and saw Mrs. Elverson putting Peter to bed."

The deacon was saved from further embarrassment by an exclamation from Julia, who had stayed at the window. "Oh, look; something has happened!" she cried. "There's a crowd. They are coming this way."

Douglas crossed quickly to Julia's side and saw an excited mob collecting before the entrance to the main tent. He had time to discover no more before Mandy burst in at the door, panting with excitement and rolling her large, white flamed eyeballs.

"Mars John, a little circus girl done fall off her hoss!" she cried. "Dr. Hartley say can dey bring her in heah?"

"Of course," said Douglas, hurrying outside.

There were horrified exclamations from the women, who were aghast at the idea of a circus rider in the parsonage. In their helpless indignation they turned upon the little deacon, feeling intuitively that he was enjoying the drama. Elverson was retreating toward the door when he was suddenly thrust aside by Douglas.

In the young pastor's arms was a white, spangled burden of humanity, her slender arm hung lifeless over his shoulder. The silk stocking was torn from one bruised ankle; her hair fell across her face, veiling it from the unfriendly glances of the women. Douglas passed out of sight up the stairway without looking to the right or left, followed by the doctor.

Mandy reached the front door in time to push back a crowd of intruders. She had barely closed the door when it was thrust open by Jim.

"Where is she?" he demanded. "Go way 'um here!" cried Mandy as her eyes unconsciously sought the stairs.

Jim followed the direction of her glance and cleared the steps at a bound. Mandy pursued him, muttering angrily. Deacon Elverson, too, was about to follow when a grim reminder from Miss Perkins brought him around, and he made for the door instead. He started back on opening it, for standing on the threshold was a clown in his grotesque makeup. His white clothes were partially concealed by a large traveling ulster held together by one button. In one hand he carried a small leather satchel, in the other a girl's sailor hat. A little tan coat was thrown across his arm. The giggles of the boy hiding behind his mother's skirt were the only greetings received

by the trembling old man in the doorway.

He glanced uncertainly from one unfriendly face to the other, waiting for a word of invitation to enter, but none came.

"Excuse me," he said. "I just brought some of her little things. She'd better put on her coat when she goes out. It's gettin' kinder chilly."

He looked again into the blank faces. Still no one spoke. He stepped forward, trembling with anxiety. A sudden fear clutched at his heart, the muscles of his face worked pitifully, the red painted lips began to quiver.

"It ain't—it ain't that, is it?" he faltered, unable to utter the word that filled him with horror.

Even Miss Perkins was momentarily touched by the anguish in the old man's voice. "I guess you will find the person you are looking for up-



The painted clown stood alone.

stairs," she answered tartly and flounced out of the house, calling to Julia and the others to follow her and declaring that she would soon let folks know how the parson had brought a "circus ridin' girl" into the parsonage.

The painted clown stood alone, looking from one wall to the other, then crossed the room and placed the alligator satchel and the little coat and hat on the study table. He was careful not to wrinkle the coat, for this was Polly's birthday gift. Jim and he had planned to have sandwiches and soda pop on the top of the big wagon when they offered their treasures to-night. But now the wagons would soon be leaving, and where was Polly? He turned to ask this question as Mandy came down the stairs.

"Well, if dar ain't anudder one!" she cried.

"Never mind, Mandy," said Douglas, who was just behind her, carrying a small water pitcher and searching for a bottle of brandy which had been placed in the medicine chest for emergencies.

"You can take these upstairs," he told her when he had filled the pitcher with water and found the liquor. Mandy looked threateningly at Toby, then reluctantly went on her way.

Douglas turned to the old man pleasantly. His was the first greeting that Toby had received, and he at last found voice to ask whether Polly was badly hurt.

"The doctor hasn't told us yet," said Douglas kindly.

"I'm her Uncle Toby—not her real uncle," the old man explained, "but that's what she calls me. I couldn't come out right away because I'm on in the concert. Could I see her now, please?"

"Here's the doctor," said Douglas as Hartley came down the stairs, followed by Jim. "Well, doctor, not bad, I hope?"

"Yes, rather bad," said the doctor, adding quickly as he saw the suffering in Toby's face, "but don't be alarmed. She's going to get well."

"How long will it be before we can have her back—before she can ride again?" asked Jim gruffly as he stood apart, twisting his brown, worn hat in his hands.

"Probably several months," said the doctor. "No bones are broken, but the ligaments of one ankle are torn, and she received a bad blow on the head.

It will be some time before she recovers consciousness."

"What are we goin' to do, Jim?" asked Toby helplessly.

"You needn't worry. We'll take good care of her here," said Douglas, seeing desperation written on their faces.

"Here?" They looked at him incredulously. And this was a parson! "Where are her parents?" the doctor asked, looking at Jim and Toby.

"She ain't got no parents 'cept Toby an' me," replied Jim. "We've took care of her ever since she was a baby."

"Oh, I see!" said the doctor. "Well, one of you'd better stay here until she can be moved."

"That's the trouble. We can't," said Toby, hanging his head. "You see, sir, circus folks is like soldiers. No matter what happens, the show has to go on, an' we got to be in our places."

"Well, well, she'll be safe enough here," said the doctor. "It is a fortunate thing that Mr. Douglas can manage this. Our town hospital burned down a few months ago, and we've been rather puzzled as to what to do with such cases." He took his leave, with a cheery "Good night" and a promise to look in upon the little patient later. Jim shuffled awkwardly toward the pastor.

"It's mighty good of you to do this," he mumbled, "but she ain't goin' to be no charity patient. Me an' Toby is goin' to look after her keep."

"Her wants will be very few," Douglas answered kindly. "You needn't trouble much about that."

"I mean it," said Jim savagely. He met Douglas' glance of surprise with a determined look, for he feared that his chance of being useful to Polly might be slipping out of his life.

"You mustn't mind Jim," the clown pleaded at the pastor's elbow. "You see, pain gets some folks different from others, an' it always kinder makes him savage."

"Oh, that's all right," Douglas answered quickly. His own life had been so lonely that he could understand the selfish yearning in the big man's heart. "You must do what you think best about these things. Mandy and I will look after the rest."

Jim hung his head, feeling somehow that the pastor had seen straight into his heart and discovered his petty weakness. He was about to turn toward the door when it was thrown open by Barker.

"Where is she?" shouted the manager, looking from one to the other.

"She can't come," said Jim in a low, steady voice, for he knew the storm of opposition with which Barker would meet the announcement.

"Can't come?" shrieked Barker. "Of course she'll come. I can't get along without her. She's got to come." He looked at Jim, who remained silent and firm. "Why ain't she comin'?" he asked, feeling himself already defeated.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.

A public demonstration of the famous Griffith Smudge Pots will be given at the rear of the exhibit building Saturday afternoon, September 11, 1909. Orchardists especially invited.



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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Notice is hereby given that the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon, will receive sealed proposals for the construction of lateral sewers as follows, to-wit:

A 6-inch lateral sewer along Riverside avenue a distance of 450 feet.

An 8-inch lateral sewer along Rose avenue a distance of 600 feet.

An 8-inch lateral sewer along North Oakdale avenue from Hamilton to Third street.

A 6-inch lateral sewer along Summit avenue a distance of 600 feet.

A 6-inch lateral sewer along West Third street from North Oakdale avenue to Holly street.

A 6-inch lateral sewer along Hamilton street from west end of street to North Oakdale avenue.

A 6-inch lateral sewer along alley through block 25.

A 6-inch lateral sewer along alley between d'Anjou street and Central avenue from Eighth street to Ninth street.

A 6-inch lateral sewer along Orange street between Eighth street and Tenth street.

All bids must be filed with the city recorder on or before 4:30 p. m. September 7, 1909, and accompanied by a certified check payable to the city treasurer of said city equal to five per cent of the contract price; check to be forfeited to the city of Medford in case the successful bidder fails to enter into contract for same. Contractor to furnish all labor and materials necessary to complete said sewers. Plans and specifications may be had for said improvement by calling at or addressing the city engineer's office.

Done by order of the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon, this 23d day of August, 1909.

ROBT. W. TELFER, City Recorder.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the name of Wetzel & Hodges in the Medford Bakery and Delicatessen in the city of Medford, Oregon, is this day dissolved, J. G. Hodges withdrawing from said firm, his interest in said business having been purchased by Terrence D. Hodges. The name of the new firm will also be Wetzel & Hodges, but Mr. J. G. Hodges will not be liable for any of the obligations of either the old or the new firm.

Dated this 3d day of September, 1909.

B. WETZEL, J. G. HODGES.

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.

Water bills are payable at the office of the city recorder from the first to the tenth of each month. No notice other than this will be given. Water bills not paid on or before the tenth will become delinquent and water will be shut off without further notice.

ROBT. W. TELFER, City Recorder.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice is hereby given that Maud Samuels, the wife of the undersigned, has left his home, and that he will not be responsible for any debts or obligations contracted or incurred by her after this date.

Dated September 2, 1909. JOHN D. SAMUELS.

NOTICE TO REDMEN.

All members of Weatonka tribe, No. 30, Imp. O. R. M., are requested to be present at the next regular meeting of the tribe, Saturday night, September 4, 1909, as important business will come up.

144 L. L. JACOBS, C. of R.

Notice.

Services at Christian church, corner Sixth and Ivy street, Sunday, September 5, at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. W. Theodore Matlock of Newberg speaks. Everybody welcome.

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