

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

"She's hurt bad," was Jim's laconic reply.

"The devil she is!" said Barker, looking at Douglas for confirmation. "Is that right?"

"She won't be able to travel for some time," said Douglas.

"Mr. Barker is our manager," Toby explained as he edged his way to the pastor's side.

"Some time!" Barker looked at Douglas as though he were to blame for their misfortune. "Well, you just bet she will," he declared menacingly.

"See here, Barker, don't you talk to him like that," said Jim, facing the manager. "He's darned square, even if he is a parson." Barker turned away. He was not a bad hearted man, but he was irritated and upset at losing the star feature of his bill.

"Ain't this my dogged luck?" he muttered to himself as his eye again traveled to the boss canvasman. "You get out of here, Jim," he shouted, "an' start them wagons. The show's got to go on, Poll or no Poll!"

He turned with his hand on the doorknob and jerked out a grudging thanks to the pastor. "It's all fired good of you to take her in," he said, "but it's tough to lose her. Good night!" He banged the door and clattered down the steps.

Jim waited. He was trying to find words in which to tell his gratitude. None came, and he turned to go, with a short "Goodby."

"Good night, Jim," said the pastor. He crossed the room and took the big fellow's hand.

"Much obliged," Jim answered gruffly. It was his only polite phrase, and he had taught Polly to say it. Douglas waited until Jim had passed down the steps, then turned to Toby, who still lingered near the table.

"You'll tell her how it was me an' Jim had to leave her without sayin' goodby, won't you, sir?" Toby pleaded.

"Yes, indeed," Douglas promised. "I'll jes' put this little bit of money into her satchel." He picked up the little brown bag that was to have been Polly's birthday gift. "Me an' Jim will be sendin' her more soon."

"You're going to miss her, I'm afraid," Douglas said, feeling an irresistible desire to gain the old man's confidence.

"Lord bless you, yes, sir!" Toby answered, turning upon him eagerly. "Me an' Jim has been fatter an' moth-

queer at me," said Toby. "an' I been a-wonderin' if mebbe they might feel the same about her."

"Oh, they're all right!" Douglas assured him. "They'll be her friends in no time."

"She's fit for 'em, sir," Toby pleaded. "She's good, clean into the middle of her heart."

"I'm sure of it," Douglas answered.

"I've heard how some church folks feels towards us circus people, sir, an' I jes' wanted you to know that there ain't finer families or better mothers or fathers or grandfathers or grandmothers anywhere than among us. Why, that girl's mother rode the horses afore her, an' her mother afore that, an' her grandmother an' grandfather afore that, an' there ain't nobody what's cared more for their good name an' their children's good name 'an her people has. You see, sir, circus folks is all like that. They's jes' like one big family. They tends to their business an' takes good care of themselves. They has to, or they couldn't do their work. It's 'cause I'm leavin' her with you that I'm sayin' all this," the old man apologized.

"I'm glad you told me, Toby," Douglas answered kindly. "I've never known much about circus folks."

"I guess I'd better be goin'," Toby faltered as his eyes roved hungrily toward the stairway.

"I'll send you our route, an' mebbe you'll be lettin' us know how she is."

"Indeed, I will," Douglas assured him heartily.

"You might tell her we'll write ever day or so," he added.

"I'll tell her," Douglas promised earnestly.

"Good night!" The old man hesitated, unwilling to go, but unable to find further pretext for staying.

"Good night, Toby," Douglas extended his hand toward the bent figure that was about to shuffle past him. The withered hand of the white faced clown rested in the strong grasp of the pastor, and his pale little eyes sought the face of the stalwart man before him. A numb desolation was growing in his heart. The object for which he had gone on day by day was being left behind, and he must stumble forth into the night alone.

"It's hard to leave her," he mumbled, "but the show has got to go on."

The door shut out the bent, old figure. Douglas stood for some time where Toby had left him, still thinking of his prophetic words. His reverie was broken by the sounds of the departing wagons, the low muttered curses of the drivers, the shrieking and roaring of the animals, as the circus train moved up the distant hill.

"The show has got to go on," he repeated as he crossed to his study table and seated himself for work in the dim light of the old fashioned lamp. He put out one hand to draw the sheets of his interrupted sermon toward him, but instead it fell upon a small satchel hat. He twisted the hat absently in his fingers, not yet realizing the new order of things that was coming into his life. Mandy tiptoed softly down the stairs. She placed one pudgy forefinger on her lips and rolled her large eyes skyward. "Dat sure an angel chile straight from hebbin," she whispered. "She done got a face jes' like a little flower."

"Straight from heaven," Douglas repeated as she crossed softly to the table and picked up the satchel and coat.

"You can leave the lamp, Mandy. I must finish tomorrow's sermon."

She turned at the threshold and shook her head rather sadly as she saw the imprint of the day's cares on the young pastor's face.

"Yo' mus' be pow'ful tired," she said.

"No, no; not at all. Good night, Mandy."

She closed the door behind her, and Douglas was alone. He gazed absently at the pages of his unfinished sermon as he tapped his idle pen on the desk. "The show has got to go on," he repeated, and far up the hillside with the slow moving wagons Jim and Toby looked with unseeing eyes into the dim, starlit distance and echoed the thought. "The show has got to go on."

(To be continued.)

Nash Grill open all the time. Good for Biliousness.

"I took two of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets last night, and I feel fifty per cent better than I have for weeks," says J. J. Firestone of Allegan, Mich. "They are certainly a fine article for biliousness." For sale by Leon B. Haskins' Pharmacy.

He Got the Chair.

On a very hot afternoon a number of around town chaps who didn't seem to have much to do were lounging in the chairs in front of a leading hotel. Several traveling men came out of the hotel and, finding all of the chairs occupied, looked and spoke things that wouldn't go well in polite society.

"Let's dump a few of them out," suggested one.

"Hold on a minute," replied another. "Watch me get a chair." With that he walked over to one of the loungers and in the most courteous way said:

"Will you please tell me whether that is a drug store across the street?"

"No," replied the lounge; "that's a bank."

"Oh, is it? Well, say, what is that nice big building just down the street there, two corners away?"

"That's the postoffice," was the reply.

"You live in this charming city, then?" asked the drummer.

"I do," said the lounge.

"Well, then," replied the traveling man, "I'm a guest at this hotel and paying for accommodations. Suppose you get up and give me that chair."

He got the chair.—Kansas City Journal.

Varieties of Humor.

The Temple of Art, devoted to that peculiar form of entertainment yecept "polite vaudeville," was crowded to suffocation as Messrs. Biff and Bang, the refined sketch team and sidewalk conversationalists, stepped jauntily to the footlights. In response to the deafening applause Messrs. Biff and Bang bowed condescendingly, as though it hurt them.

Without further preliminary Mr. Biff hit his partner on the rear of his ample trousers with a stuffed club, remarking, "It's a wise man that knows his own mind."

And Mr. Bang, not to be outdone in this little exchange of pleasantries, promptly buried an ax in the skull of Mr. Biff, remarking the while, "It's a wise man that minds his own nose."

Whereupon the intelligent audience screamed with delight and voted Biff and Bang the best ever. "And yet they were a frost in the London halls," commented a man in the front row. "The English have no appreciation of real humor."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Happy Compromise.

"What a beautiful little baby he is!" exclaimed the neighbor who had called. "He isn't six months old yet, either," said the proud young mother, "and he weighs over twenty pounds."

"What have you named him?"

"Well," hesitated the mother. "Henry and I differed a little about that. He wanted to give him one name, and I wanted to give him another, but we finally compromised and agreed to call him John Wesley."

"I see. You named him after the great founder of Meth?"

"No, indeed," quickly interrupted the mother. "That name, as I said, is a compromise."

"But how?"

"The John is for John Calvin, and the Wesley is for John Wesley."

"Oh, I see."—Youth's Companion.

Queer Claret.

A party of miners calling at an inn in Liangollen during the absence of the landlord were shown into the best room, which, on his return, caused him to remonstrate. His wife, however, explained that a lot of money had been spent and that seven bottles of claret had already been drunk.

"Claret!" said he. "Why, I sold the last bottle the other day. You've been giving 'em catchup."—From "Random Recollections of a Commercial Traveler."

Salad Rolls.

Materials.—One dozen fresh Parker House rolls, one cupful of cold chicken, one cupful of chopped celery and enough mayonnaise to mix well.

Way of Preparing.—Open the rolls and scoop out a pocket in each. Brush with butter and run in the oven for a few minutes. Cool and fill with a mixture of the other ingredients. Place on a bread plate and garnish with fringed celery.—National Food Magazine.

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.

156 JOHN D. SAMUELS.

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.

146

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.

141

Notice.

is hereby given that the undersigned will apply at the regular meeting of the city council of Medford, Oregon, on September 6, 1909, for license to sell malt, vinous and spirituous liquors in less quantities than one gallon for six months at lot 12, block 20, in Medford, Oregon, for a period of six months.

SLINGER & DOWNING.

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.

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.

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.

145

If You Want to Spend

several of the pleasantest half-hours you ever put in—get the September EVERYBODY'S and read in this order: "Happiness," "The Mellowdrummer" and "What Shall We Do With the Old?"

After that—read where you will—you'll say, "Here's a good magazine." Try it and see.

SEPTEMBER EVERYBODY'S

On Display by Medford Book Store, Russell's Store and Hotel Nash



The Dalles Nurseries

We are Growers—Buy direct from us NO AGENTS
Our Trees are grown strictly WITHOUT IRRIGATION
Write for free catalog. Large stock of varieties available for commercial orchards
Choice Fruit, Nut and Ornamental Trees, Grape Vines, Small Fruit Plants and Shrubbery
THE DALLES NURSERIES
Main Office, 124 Grand Ave., Portland, Ore.

THE SECOND ANNUAL Portland Fair

Oregon's Biggest Show

Sept. 20-25
1909
Admission 50 Cents

6 HORSE RACES DAILY NATIONAL LIVESTOCK EXHIBITS
BALLOON RACING
CHARIOT RACING FASCINATING MIDWAY ATTRACTIONS

FIREWORKS will be the most gorgeous and magnificent pyrotechnic display ever seen on this Coast. This will interest the whole family.
REDUCED RATES ON ALL ROADS.

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The Jeweler

For Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Cut Glass, Silverware, and all the latest designs in Jewelry and Silver Novelties and Souvenir Spoons.

Near Postoffice

SALEM BEER

SALEM is the most popular beer in Northern California and Southern Oregon. It is acknowledged to be the equal of the very best eastern product. All beers are good, but some beers are liked better than others. The proof for this assertion lies in drinking Salem beer. If you wish to be convinced, ask for Salem beer and drink it.

SALEM BREWERY ASSOCIATION,
Medford Depot: Medford Ice & Storage Co.

For Sale

Necessity of owner compels this sacrifice offering on the following: Two lots, 50x161 feet, with 20-foot alley at rear; good soil, good well with force pump, 5-room plastered house, newly papered and newly painted outside and inside, electric lighted; this is a bargain at \$1100; cash \$712.50, good terms on balance. This must go at once. Address Box 120, City.

ROBT. W. TELFER,
City Recorder.

145

APPLES AND PEARS AND ALL KINDS OF FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.

YAKIMA VALLEY NURSERY

Largest Commercial Nursery in the Pacific Northwest. Not in the combine. Competes with all first-class nurseries.

L. E. HOOVER, Agent

MEDFORD, OREGON

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Safety boxes for rent. A general Banking Business transacted.
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TONIGHT

THE GUEST'S PREDICAMENT Full of Fun,
BEFORE THE MAST—Stirring Romance of the Sea.
JUSTICE AND MERCY—A Strong Drama.
COOL, COMFORTABLE. ONE DIME.



"No matter what happens, the show has to go on."

er an' jes' about everything to that little one. She wasn't much bigger'n a handful of peanuts when we begun a-worryin' about her."

"Well, Mandy will do the worrying now," Douglas laughed. "She's been dying for a chance to mother somebody all along. Why, she even tried it on me."

"I noticed as how some of those church people seemed to look kinder