

# 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.

Chapter IV—The Rev. John Douglas, much to Deacon Elverson's disgust, takes Polly into the parsonage. Toby and "Muvver Jim" are received kindly by Douglas, who has placed Polly in charge of his colored servant, Mandy. Douglas promises to care for the girl until she is well.

"An' you will show me how?"  
 "Indeed, I will."  
 "How long am I in for?" she asked.  
 "The doctor can tell better about that when he comes."  
 "The doctor! So—it's as bad as that, eh?"  
 "Oh, that need not frighten you," Douglas answered consolingly.  
 "I ain't frightened," she bridled quickly; "I ain't never scared of nothin'. It's only 'cause they need me in the show that I'm a-kickin'."  
 "Oh, they will get along all right," he said reassuringly.  
 "Get along!" Polly flashed with sud-

den resentment. "Get along without my act!" It was apparent from her look of astonishment that Douglas had completely lost whatever ground he had heretofore gained in her respect. "Say, have you seen that show?" She waited for his answer with pity and contempt.

"No," admitted John weakly.  
 "Well, I should say you ain't or you wouldn't make no crack like that. I'm the whole thing in that push," she said, with an air of self complacency, "an' with me down an' out that show will be on the bum for fair."

"I beg your pardon," was all Douglas could say, confused by the sudden volley of unfamiliar words.  
 "You're kiddin' me," she said, turning her head to one side, as was her wont when assailed by suspicion. "You must 'a' seen me ride?"  
 "No, Miss Polly, I have never seen a circus," Douglas told her, half regretfully, a sense of his deep privation stealing upon him.

"What!" cried Polly incredulously.  
 "Lordy, no, chile. He ain't nebbber seed none ob dem t'ings," Mandy interrupted as she tried to arrange a few short stemmed posies in a variegated bouquet.  
 "Well, what do you think of that?" Polly gasped. "You're the first Rube I ever saw that hadn't." She was looking at him as though he were a curiosity.

"So I'm a Rube!" Douglas shook his head with a sad little smile and good naturedly agreed that he had some-

times feared as much.  
 "That's what we always calls a guy like you," she explained innocently and added hopefully: "Well, you must 'a' seen our parade. All the pikers see that. It don't cost nothin'."  
 "I'm afraid I must also plead guilty to the charge of being a piker," Douglas admitted, half sheepishly, "for I did see the parade."  
 "Well, I was the one on the white horse right behind the lion cage," she began excitedly. "You remember?"  
 "It's a little confused in my mind"—he caught her look of amazement—"just at present," he stammered, feeling her wrath again about to descend upon him.

"Well, I'm the twenty-four sheet stand," she explained.  
 "Sheet!" Mandy shrieked from her corner.  
 "Yes, the billboards, the pictures," Polly said, growing impatient at their persistent stupidity.

"She suah am a funny talkin' thing!" mumbled Mandy to herself as she clipped the withered leaves from a plant near the window.  
 "You are dead sure they know I ain't comin' on?" Polly asked, with a lingering suspicion in her voice.  
 "Dead sure." And Douglas smiled to himself as he lapsed into her vernacular.

There was a moment's pause. Polly realized for the first time that she must actually readjust herself to a new order of things. Her eyes again roved about the room. It was a cheerful place in which to be imprisoned. Even Polly could not deny that. The broad window at the back, with its white and pink chintz curtains on the inside and

its frame of ivy on the outside, spoke of singing birds and sunshine all day long. Everything from the white ceiling to the sweet smelling matting that covered the floor was spotlessly clean. The cane bottomed rocker near the curved window seat with its pretty pillows told of days when a convalescent might look in comfort at the garden beneath. The counterpane, with its old fashioned rose pattern; the little white tidies on the back of each chair and Mandy crooning beside the window all helped to make a homelike picture.

She wondered what Jim and Toby would say if they could see her now, sitting like a queen in the midst of her soft coverlets, with no need to raise even a finger to wait upon herself.

"Ain't it the limit?" she sighed, and with that Jim and Toby seemed to drift farther away. She began to see their life apart from hers. She could picture Jim with his head in his hands. She could hear his sharp orders to the men. He was always short with the others when anything went wrong with her.

"I'll bet 'Muvver Jim's' in the dumps," she murmured as a cloud stole across the flowerlike face; then the tired muscles relaxed, and she ceased to rebel.

"Muvver Jim?" Douglas repeated, feeling that he must recall her to a knowledge of his presence.

"That's what I call him," Polly explained, "but the fellows call him 'Be-Jim.' You might not think Jim could

but he is, only sometimes you can't tell him things you could a real mother," she added, half sadly.  
 "And your real mother went away when you were very young?"  
 "No, she didn't go away."  
 "No?" There was a puzzled note in the pastor's voice.  
 "She went out," Polly corrected.  
 "Out!" he echoed blankly.  
 "Yes; finished—lights out."  
 "Oh, an accident," Douglas understood at last.

"I don't like to talk about it," Polly raised herself on her elbow and looked at him solemnly, as though about to impart a bit of forbidden family history. It was this look in the round eyes that had made Jim so often declare that the kid knew everything.

"Why, mother 'd 'a' been ashamed if she'd 'a' knowed how she wound up. She was the best rider of her time—everybody says so—but she cashed in by fallin' off a skate what didn't have no more ginger 'an a kitten. If you can beat that!" She gazed at him with her lips pressed tightly together, evidently expecting some startling expression of wonder.

"And your father?" Douglas asked rather lamely, being at a loss for any adequate comment upon a tragedy which the child before him was too desolate even to understand.

"Oh, dad's finish was all right. He got his'n in a lions' cage where he worked. There was nothin' slow about his end." She looked up for his approval.

"For de Lord's sake!" Mandy groaned as the wonder of the child's conversation grew upon her.  
 "An' now I'm down an' out," Polly concluded, with a sigh.  
 "But this is nothing serious," said the pastor, trying to cheer her.  
 "It's serious enough with a whole show a-dependin' on you. Maybe you don't know how it feels to have to knock off work."

"Oh, yes, I do," Douglas answered quickly. "I was ill a while ago myself. I had to be in bed day after day, thinkin' of dozens of things that I ought to be doing."  
 "Was you ever floored?" Polly asked with a touch of unbelief as she studied the fine, healthy physique at the side of her bed.  
 "Deed, he was, chile," Mandy cried, feeling that her opportunity had now arrived, "an' I had the worst time a-keepin' him in bed. He act jes' like you did."  
 "Did he?" Polly was delighted to find that the pastor had "nothin' on her," as she would have put it.  
 (To be continued.)

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**Rounded Knife Blades.**  
 Until the seventeenth century knife blades had pointed ends, as can be readily understood when the knife of those days was used for hunting and table purposes indiscriminately. The rounded end was introduced from France in a curious way. It happened that Cardinal Richelieu was compelled to entertain at his table a certain Chancellor Sequier—a vulgar and unmannerly man, who at the close of the meal proceeded to use his knife as a tooth-pick. This vulgar act so upset the cardinal that he ordered the end of every knife in his possession to be rounded, and so great was Richelieu's influence that the fashion was soon adopted all over the country. This is the vulgar, but nevertheless interesting, origin of the rounded knife of today.—Pearson's Weekly.

**A Dinner For Titles.**  
 In his autobiography, "A Fragment," Professor Max Muller tells the following anecdote of the Duke of Wellington: "His servant had been sent before to order dinner for him at an out of the way hotel, and in order to impress the landlord with the dignity of his coming guest he recited a number of the duke's titles, which were very numerous. The landlord, thinking that the Duke of Vittoria, the Prince of Waterloo, the Marquis of Torres Vedras and all the rest were friends invited to dine with the Duke of Wellington, ordered accordingly a very sumptuous banquet, to the great dismay of the real duke."

**Alaskan Moonshine.**  
 Up here in Alaska the moon rises in the south and sets in the north. Its beams are liquid and they enamel the landscape with a porcelain loveliness. It casts a spell more potent than e'er did the magicians of the east. Under its wizardry the rocks turn to silver and the brown old mountains are con-jured into giant pearls. True wealth exists in the mind, and whoever beholds an Alaskan moonlight is thrice hundred times a millionaire.—Ketchikan Miner.

**Why Druggists Recommend Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.**  
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**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.

**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.  
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