



(Continued.)

# POLLY of the CIRCUS

BY MARGARET MAYO

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

Synopsis Chapter I—Polly, a child of the circus, is brought up by Toby, a clown, and by a boss canvasser 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.

Chapter V—When Polly becomes conscious she declares that she must rejoin the circus at once. "Are you a sky pilot?" she asks the minister. Her mother was killed riding a circus horse, and her father "got his'n in a lion's cage." The minister reads to her about Ruth and Naomi, and Polly says "I guess I'd like to hear you spiel."

Chapter VI—Douglas offends Deacon Strong by defending boys who play baseball on Sunday.

Chapter VII—Polly recovers her health, but is saddened by the death of Toby. Jim sends the news and promises to keep in touch with her.

## CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Polly understood that Toby was actually gone it seemed to her that she could never laugh again. She had been too young to realize the inevitableness of death when it came to her mother, and now she could scarcely believe that Toby would never, never come back to her. She felt that she must be able to drag him back; that she could not go on without him. She wanted to tell him how grateful she was for all his care of her. She thought of the thousand little things that she might have done for him. She longed to recall every impatient word to him. His gentle, reproachful eyes were always haunting her. "You must come back, Toby!" she cried. "You must!"

It was only when body and mind had worn themselves out with yearning that a numbness at last crept over her, and out of this grew a gradual consciousness of things about her and a returning sense of her obligation to others. She tried to answer in her old, smiling way and to keep her mind upon what they were saying instead of letting it wander away to the past. Douglas and Mandy were overjoyed to see the color creeping back to her cheeks.

She joined the pastor again in his visits to the poor. The women of the town would often see them passing and would either whisper to each other, shrug their shoulders or lift their eyebrows with smiling insinuations, but Polly and the pastor were too much absorbed in each other to take much notice of what was going on about them.

They had not gone for their walk today because Mandy had needed Polly to help make ready for the social to be held in the Sunday school room to-night.

Early in the afternoon Polly had seen Douglas shut himself up in the study, and she was sure that he was writing, so when the village children

stopped in on the way from school for Mandy's new made cookies she used her customary trick to get them away. "Tag, you're it!" she cried and then dashed out the back door, pursued by the laughing, screaming youngsters. Mandy followed the children to the porch and stood looking after them as the mad little band scurried about the back yard, darted in and out among the trees, then up the side of the wooded hill, just beyond the church.

The leaves once more were red and yellow on the trees, but today the air was warm and the children were wearing their summer dresses. Polly's lithe girlish figure looked almost tall by comparison with the children about her. She wore a plain, simple gown of white, which Mandy had helped her to make. It had been cut ankle length, for Polly was now seventeen. Her quaint, old-fashioned manner, her serious eyes and her trick of knotting her

heavy brown hair low on her neck made her seem older.

Mandy waited until the children had disappeared over the hill, then began bustling about, looking for the stepladder which Hasty had left under the vines of the porch. It had been a busy day at the parsonage. A social always meant perturbation for Mandy. She called sharply to Hasty as he came down the path which made a short cut to the village.

"So's youse back, is yo'?" she asked sarcastically.

"Sure I's back," answered Hasty good naturedly as he sank upon an empty box that had held some things for the social and pretended to wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

"Massa John done send yo' to de postoffice two hours ago," said Mandy as she took the letters and papers from his hand. "Five minutes is plenty ob time for any nigger to do dat job."

"I done been detained," Hasty drawled.

"Youse always 'tained when dar's any work a-goin' on," Mandy snapped at him.

"Whar's Miss Polly?" Hasty asked, ignoring Mandy's reference to work.

"Nobber yo' mind 'bout Miss Polly. She don't want yo'. Jes' yo' done fetch that stepladder into de Sunday school room."

"But I wants her," Hasty insisted. "I's been on very 'ticular business what she ought to know 'bout."

"Business?" she repeated. "What kind ob business?"

"I got to fix de Sunday school room," said Hasty as he perceived her growing curiosity.

"You come heah, nigger!" Mandy called, determined that none of the village dongs should escape her. "Out wid it!"

"Well, it's 'bout de circus," Hasty answered, seating himself again on the box. "Deys' showin' in Wakefield to-night, an' next month day's comin' here."

"Dat same circus what Miss Polly used to be wid?" Mandy's eyes grew large with curiosity.

"De very same," and Hasty nodded mysteriously.

"How yo' know dat?" Mandy was uncertain whether to believe him.

"'Cause da's a big red wagon down town wid de name ob de show painted on it. It's de advertisin' one what goes ahead wid all de pictures what dey pastes up."

"An' yo' been hangin' roun' dat wagon?"

"I done thought Miss Polly might want to know."

"See here, lazy nigger, don' yo' go puttin' no circus notions into Miss Polly's head. She don' care no more 'bout dem t'ings since her Uncle Toby done die. She done been satisfied right whar she am. Jes' yo' let her be."

"I ain't done nothin'," Hasty protested.

"Nebber do do nothin'," growled Mandy. "Go 'long now an' get a-work."



"Tag, you're it!" Polly cried. "Mos' 4 o'clock an' dat Sunday school room ain't ready yet."

Hasty picked up the empty box and the stepladder and went out through the gate. He had barely disappeared when a peal of laughter was heard from the hillside, and before Mandy could get out of the way the youngsters came tumbling down the path again.

"Lawdy, lawdy!" she gasped as Polly circled around her, dodging the children. "Youse cheeks is red as pinks honey."

"Tag, you're it!" Polly cried as she touched the widow's auburn haired offspring on the sleeve. There was much wailing when Willie passed the tag to little Jennie, the smallest girl in the crowd.

"I won't play no more," she sobbed, "cause I's always it."

To comfort her Polly began to sing an old circus song that the children had learned to love, and the little ones huddled about her in a circle to hear of the wonderful "Van Amberg" who used to "walk right into the lion's cage and put his head in the lion's mouth." The children were in a state of nerves that did credit to Polly as an entertainer when Hasty broke in upon the song.

"When yo' get a minute I want ter tell yo' somethin'."

"I have one right now." And, turning to the eager mites at her side, Polly told them to run along into the grove and that she'd come pretty soon to teach them a new game.

The youngsters went screaming and laughing on their way, and she breathed a sigh of relief as she threw herself down on the rustic seat that encircled the elm tree.

"What is it, Hasty?" she asked, suspecting that he was in trouble with Mandy.

"It's 'bout de circus," Hasty informed her bluntly.

"The circus?" She rose and crossed to him quickly.

"It's in Wakefield—an' nex' month it's a-comin' here."

"Here?" Polly gasped.

"I thought yo'd want ter know," said Hasty, a little surprised at her lack of enthusiasm.

"Yes, of course." She turned away and pretended to look at the flowers.

"Don' youse tell Mandy I been talkin' 'bout dat circus," said Hasty uneasily.

He was beginning to fear that he had made a mistake, but before Polly could answer Mandy came out of the house, carrying baskets of food, which Hasty was to take to the Sunday school room. She looked at the girl's troubled face and drooping shoulders in surprise.

"What make yo' look so serious, honey?"

"Just thinking," said Polly absently.

"My! Don' yo' look fine in your new dress!" She was anxious to draw the girl out of her reverie.

"Do you like it?" Polly asked eagerly, forgetting her depression of a moment before. "Do you think Mr. John will like it?"

(To be continued.)

Regal shoes at Daniels for Duds.

For news, while it is news, read The Tribune.—F.

### Prepaid Railroad Orders.

"Something which is of considerable interest to the public generally and which is perhaps not generally known is 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."

### 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 spiritous 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.

### TAXIDERMIST AND FURRIER

Send your trophies to me for mounting. Big game heads, fish, birds and mammals mounted true to nature by improved methods. I do tanning, make fur rugs, make, remodel and clean fur garments. Express and mail orders promptly attended to.

C. M. HARRIS,

495 Washington Street, Portland, Or. Telephone Main 3600.



### Paul de Anna

FIRST-CLASS GERMAN WATCHMAKER, JEWELER AND ENGRAVER. ALL WORK GUARANTEED. IN CONNECTION WITH MEDFORD LOAN OFFICE, COR. CENTRAL AVE. AND SEVENTH ST., MEDFORD.

P. C. Hansen. Tom Moffat. We make any kind and style of windows. We carry glass of any size on hand. Medford Sash & Door Co.

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

J. E. ENYART, President. J. A. PERRY, Vice-President. JOHN S. ORTH, Cashier. W. B. JACKSON, Ass't Cashier.

### THE MEDFORD NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL ..... \$50,000  
SURPLUS ..... \$10,000

Safety boxes for rent. A general Banking Business transacted.

We solicit your patronage.

# THE ETERNAL QUESTION

How Many Trips Over the Washboard?



THAT question worries you when your nicer things begin to show the wear and tear of rubbing.

But rubbing is bound to be hard on clothes—it wears away the board in a year!

Throw away your washboard!

Treat your clothes right!

Try the Coffield Power Washer. It washes entirely without rubbing. No imitation washboard inside, like other machines. Nothing to wear or tear your clothes. Pays for itself many times over by the saving on the clothes.

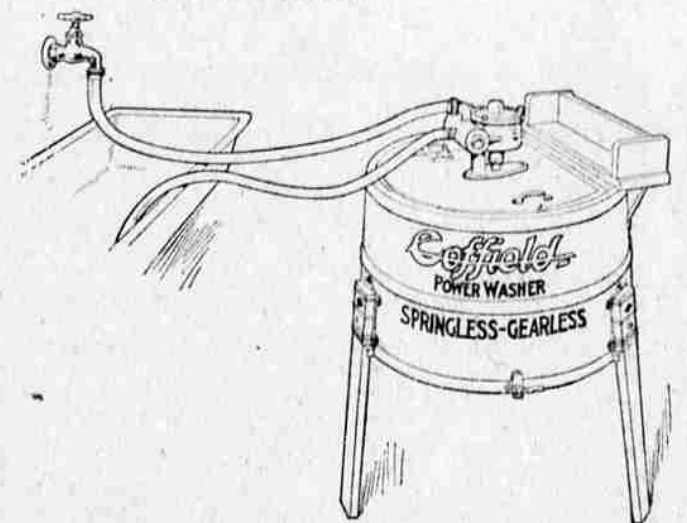
Let us put it in your home and do your washing for you. Examine it. Examine its work. You won't let us take it back after that.

City water runs it while you rinse and hang out.

If you are still doing your washing by hand, wasting your energy and strength, or are using one of the old style washing machines, we would suggest that you call at once and inspect

# Coffield Power Washer

You will find a pretty good cut of it in this ad, but it does not show the beauty and simplicity of the motor which operates the machine.



## No Labor on Your Part

It washes while you rinse and hang out, and the expense is less than 5 cents a week. Sent on free trial if desired.

Medford Hardware Co.