



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.

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—Polly recovers from the blow dealt her by Toby's death. She has ceased using slang and is educating herself under Douglas' guidance. She endeavors to improve Mandy's grammar.

Chapter IX—Deacons Strong and Elverson reprove the pastor for harboring the circus girl. Douglas declares that he is merely doing his duty. Strong declares that the girl must go. Douglas defies him.

Chapter X—Douglas suggests to Polly that she go to a seminary. Her quotation "And Ruth said, 'Entreat me not to leave thee,'" reveals to both the fact that they love each other. Douglas takes her in his arms and tells her that she is never to leave him.

Chapter XI—"Muvver Jim" calls and notes the change in Polly's speech. Polly tells him she has abandoned the circus business. Deacons Strong and Elverson inform Polly that she can save the minister trouble by returning to the circus. Learning that the deacons contemplate discharging Douglas, she rebuffs Douglas, declares that she yearns for the circus and rushes away sobbing.

Chapter XII—Douglas is very unhappy. A month passes, and the circus plays a return engagement. Hasty, Mandy's husband, ascertains that Polly is not riding. Douglas believes she is ill and starts for the circus.

Chapter XIII—Barker, manager of the show, reproves Jim because Polly will not ride in the minister's town. Polly admits to Jim that she loves the minister, but declares that he does not love her. She makes Jim promise to keep her secret.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE "leap of death" implements were being carried from the ring, and Jim turned away to superintend their loading.

Performers again rushed by each other on their way to and from the main tent.

Polly stood in the center of the lot, frowning and anxious. The mere mention of the pastor's name had made it seem impossible for her to ride to-night. For hours she had been whipping herself up to the point of doing it, and now her courage failed her. She followed Barker as he came from the ring.

"Mr. Barker, please!" He turned upon her sharply.

"Well, what is it now?" "I want to ask you to let me off again tonight." She spoke in a short, jerky, desperate way.

"What!" he shrieked. "Not go into

the ring, with all them people inside what's paid their money because they knowed you?"

"That's it!" she cried. "I can't! I can't!"

"You're gettin' too tony!" Barker sneered. "That's the trouble with you. You ain't been good for nothin' since you was at that parson's house. You didn't stay there, and you're no use here. First thing you know you'll be out all round."

"Out?" "Sure. You don't think I'm goin' to head my bill with a 'dead one,' do you?"

"I am not a 'dead one,'" she answered excitedly. "I'm the best rider you've had since mother died. You've said so yourself."

"That was afore you got in with them church cranks. You talk about your mother! Why, she'd be ashamed to own you."

"She wouldn't!" cried Polly. Her eyes were flashing; her face was scarlet. The pride of hundreds of years of ancestry was quivering with indignation. "I can ride as well as I ever could, and I'll do it too. I'll do it tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" echoed Barker. "What do you mean by that?" "I mean that I can't go into that ring tonight," she declared, "and I won't."

She was desperate now and trading upon a strength beyond her own.

He looked at her with momentary indecision. She was a good rider, the best since her mother, as he had often told her. He could see this meant an issue. He felt she would be on her mettle tomorrow, as far as her work was concerned, if he let her alone tonight.

"All right," he said sullenly. "You can stay off tonight. I got the crowd in there anyway, and I got their money. I'll let Eloise do a turn on Barbarian, but tomorrow you'd better show me your old act."

"I'll show you!" she cried. "I'll show you!"

"Well, see that you do." He crossed into the ring.

Polly stood where Barker had left her, white and tense. Jim came toward her from the direction of the wagons. He glanced at her uneasily. "What's he been a-sayin' to you?"

"He says I can't ride any more." Her lips closed tightly. She stared straight ahead of her. "He says I was no good to the people that took me in and I'm no use here."

"It's not so!" thundered Jim.

"No, it's not!" she cried. "I'll show him, Jim! I'll show him—tomorrow!" She turned toward the dressing tent. Jim caught her firmly by the wrist.

"Wait, Polly! You ain't ever goin' into the ring a-feelin' that way." Her eyes met his defiantly.

"What's the difference? What's the difference?" She wrenched her wrist quickly from him and ran into the dressing tent, laughing hysterically.

"An' I brung her back to it," mumbled Jim as he turned to give orders to the property men.

Most of the "first half props" were loaded, and some of the men were asleep under the wagons. The lot was clear. Suddenly he felt some one approaching from the back of the inclosure. He turned and found himself face to face with the stern, solitary figure of the pastor, wrapped in his long black cloak. The moonlight slipped through a rift in the clouds and fell into a circle around them.

"What made you come here?" was all Jim said.

"I heard that Miss Polly didn't ride today. I was afraid she might be ill."

"What's that to you?"

"She isn't ill?" Douglas demanded anxiously, oblivious to the gruffness in the big fellow's voice.

"She's all right," Jim answered shortly as he shifted uneasily from one foot to the other and avoided the pastor's burning gaze.

"And she's happy, she's content?" "Sure."

"I'm glad," said Douglas dully. He tried to think of some way to prolong their talk. "I've never heard from her, you know."

"Us folks don't get much time to write." Jim turned away and began tinkering with one of the wagons.

Douglas had walked up and down in front of the tents again and again, fighting against a desire to do the very thing that he was doing, but to no purpose, and now that he was here it seemed impossible that he should go away so unsatisfied. He crossed to Jim and came determinedly to the point.

"Can't I see her, Jim?"

"It's agin the rules." He did not turn.

There was another pause; then Douglas started slowly out of the lot.

"Wait a minute," called Jim, as

though the words had been wrung from him. The pastor came back with a question in his eyes.

"I lied to you."

"She's not well, then?"

"Oh, yes, she's well enough. It ain't that; it's about her being happy."

"She isn't?" There was a note of unconscious exultation in his voice.

"No. She ain't happy here, an' she was happy with you."

"Then why did she leave me?"

"I don't know. She wasn't goin' to do it at first. Somethin' must 'a' happened afterwards, somethin' that you an' me didn't know about."

"We will know about it, Jim. Where is she?" His quick eye searched the lot. His voice had regained its old command. He felt that he could conquer worlds.

"You can't do no good that way," answered Jim. "She don't want to see you again."

"Why not?"

"I don't know, but she told me she'd run away if I ever even talked to you about her."

"You needn't talk, Jim. I'll talk for myself. Where is she?"

"She'll be comin' out soon. You can wait around out here with me. I'll let you know in time." He led the way through a narrow passage between the wagons.

Jim and Douglas had barely left the lot when Deacon Elverson's small, round head slipped cautiously around the corner of the dressing tent. The little deacon glanced exultantly about him. He was monarch of all he surveyed. It was very thrilling to stand here on this forbidden ground smelling the sawdust, gazing at the big red wagons, studying the unprotected circus properties and listening to the lightning tempo of the band.

"Did you see him?" shouted Strong, who had followed closely upon Elverson's heels.

The little deacon started. Strong was certainly a disturbing factor at times.

"Yes, I—I saw him."

"Well?"

"He—he—didn't see her."

"What did he do?" Strong was beside himself with impatience.

"He—he just talked to the big un and went out that way." Elverson nodded toward the wagons.

"I guess he ain't gone far," sneered Strong. "He come over to this lot to see her, and he ain't goin' to give up till he does it. You wait here. I'll take a look round." He went quickly in the direction of the wagons.

Elverson needed no second invitation to wait. He was congratulating himself upon his good fortune when he all but collided with a flying apparition, vanishing in the direction of the main tent. Sophisticated eyes would have seen only a rather stout object clad in pink tights, but Elverson was not sophisticated, and he teetered after the flitting angel, even unto the forbidden portals of the big top.

He was peeping through the curtains which had fallen behind her and was getting his first glimpse of the great sawdust world beyond when one of the clowns dashed from the dressing tent on his way to the ring.

The clown was late. He saw the limp coat-tails of the deacon, who was three-quarters in the tent. Here was a chance to make a funny entrance. He grabbed the unsuspecting little man from the rear. The terrified deacon struck out blindly in all directions, his black arms and legs moving like a centipede's, but the clown held him firmly by the back and thrust him headforemost into the tent.

Strong returned almost immediately from his unsuccessful search for the pastor. He looked about the lot for Elverson.

"Hey, there, Elverson!" he called lustily. There was no response.

"Now, where's he got to?" grumbled Strong. He disappeared quickly around the corner of the dressing tent, resolved to keep a sharp lookout for Douglas.

Elverson was thrust from the tent soon after, spitting sawdust and much discomfited, by the laughing performers who followed him. His knees almost gave way beneath him when Barker came out of the ring, snapping his long black whip.

"Get out of here, you bloke!" roared Barker, and Elverson "got."

No one had remembered to tell the groom that Polly was not to ride to-night, so Bingo was brought out as usual when "her turn" approached.

"Take him back, Tom," Polly called from the entrance when she learned Bingo was waiting, and bring Barbarian. "I'm not going on tonight. Eloise is going to ride in my place."

This was the second time today that Bingo had been led away without going into the ring. Something in his

big, wondering eyes made Polly follow him and apologize. He was very proud, was Bingo, and very conscientious. He felt uneasy when he saw the other horses going to their work without him.

"Never mind, Bingo," she said, patting his great, arched neck; "we'll show 'em tomorrow." He rubbed his satiny nose against her cheek. "We'll make them sit up again. Barker says our act's no good—that I've let down. But it's not your fault, Bingo. I've not been fair to you. I'll give you a chance tomorrow. You wait. He'll never say it again, Bingo, never again!"

Polly had nothing more to do to-night except to get into her street clothes. The wagons would soon be moving away. For a moment she glanced at the dark church steeple; then she turned to go inside the tent. A deep, familiar voice stopped her.

(To be continued.)

CITY NOTICES.

\$54,250.00 CITY OF MEDFORD, OREGON, IMPROVEMENT BONDS.

Medford, Oregon, September 16th, 1909.

The City Council of Medford, Oregon, will receive sealed bids up to 6 o'clock p. m., September 30th, 1909, for the sale of \$54,250.00 6 per cent 10-year improvement bonds, bids to be accompanied by a certified check equal to 5 per cent of the amount bid for. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

Bids to be addressed to Robt. W. Telfer, City Recorder. Certified check to be made payable to the City of Medford.

ROBT. W. TELFER, City Recorder. Dated Medford, Oregon, September 16th, 1909. 161

NOTICE TO CEMENT AND PAVING CONTRACTORS.

Notice is hereby given that the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon, will receive sealed proposals for the paving of Orange street from Main street to Fourth street, and West Tenth street from Oakdale avenue to Hamilton street, with bitulithic pavement, and for the placing of concrete or cement curbing on both sides of said streets.

All bids must be submitted on forms to be furnished by the city engineer, and filed with the city recorder on or before 4:30 p. m. on the 27th day of September, 1909.

All bids must be accompanied by a certified check payable to the city treasurer equal to 10 per cent of the estimated amount bid for, to assure good faith to enter into contract, and to be forfeited to the city of Medford if the successful bidder defaults in contracting.

Plans and specifications may be had by calling on the city engineer. Dated at Medford, Oregon, this 15th day of September, 1909.

ROBT. W. TELFER. 162

MEDFORD, Or., Aug. 5, 1909.

Hall's, Texas Wonder, of St. Louis, cured my daughter of a severe kidney and bladder trouble after doctors failed to give any relief, and I can cheerfully recommend it. Mrs. L. L. Wilson, 135 Bartlett St. Sold by Haskins' Drug Store.

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We have three acres, just outside the city limits, platted all around it, with a new five-room house, which we consider a bargain at

\$2200

The property faces on two streets and would subdivide nicely. There is an electric motor and pump which goes with the place, and the well would supply water for irrigating.

The owner has made the price low in order to sell quickly, and the property will be on the market but a short time at this price.

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