

DONNA of the BIG TOP

by BEULAH POYNTER

CHAPTER XIX

When the animals had been driven back through the covered runway and the uproar had subsided Renfro and the others had gathered in the dressing tent, brushing aside everyone who stood in his way.

Madeline was waiting at the door of her dressing room. Under the rouge her cheeks were pale and her eyes were dark. "Say, what's the matter with you?" she began.

Con caught her wrist, jerked the door open with his other hand and almost flung her into the room. The two other women who shared the dressing room stared at him in amazement.

"Get out," he told them.

Both left quickly, without a word. Occasional quarrels and even fights were to be expected between married couples and Con was notoriously temperamental. If he wanted a show-down, fight and all, it was none of their business. Madeline looked capable of taking care of herself.

Alone with Madeline, Con became deadly calm. A smile that distorted his features, robbing them of all attractiveness, spread over his face. "Is Donna is to be married?" he asked.

"Why-why, yes. I told you that a long time ago."

"Yes, you told me! You told me before she had even thought of such a thing. Let's see-how many months ago was it? Long before you trapped me?"

"Don't say I trapped you!" Madeline rasped.

"Why not? You know that if I didn't thought Donna was going to marry that rube cousin of yours I wouldn't have married you. So you let. You told me she'd written you that they were engaged."

"You just said they're going to be married," she broke in. "I don't know what you're talking about! Now you say they're engaged!"

"I'm talking about this," Con extracted the letter from his pocket and flung it at her. "Oh, I read it! If you can convince me that Donna Gabriel ever wrote you she was going to be married before this letter came you can convince me I'm the king of England! Good God, you women are more treacherous than tigers! I suppose she's marrying him now because you married me."

She dropped into a chair, laid her head on the shelf before the mirror and burst into angry tears.

Tears were a defense Con could not use. He paced the little room, whined disconsolately and then swung to the back and left.

If Madeline had learned a lesson from the Bengal tiger she might have won Con's love. If she had continued to be aloof, cold and defiant he would have found it worth while to try to subdue himself. Eventually he might have given her as much affection as he was capable of giving any one.

But Madeline was a woman in love. After a week's coolness, when she allowed between hating Con and loving for him, she smothered her pride and begged his forgiveness.

"It was because I loved you," she sobbed. "I know it was a rotten thing to do but I was just crazy and I knew Donna would never marry you. I'm sure you're the truth, the God's truth! Donna had a crush on Bill Sidal the first time she went to visit my grandfather and I knew if she and Bill were thrown together they'd get married. You've got to forgive me, Con. I can't go on like this! It's just killing me to hate you treat me this way."

"I suppose it was your idea to have Donna go to the farm after the accident?"

"Well, it was a lot better than having her stay in a hospital and it saved expense."

"And threw her and your precious money together! Just what does your grandfather think of Donna's sponging on him this way?"

"Why, he thinks she is me-er-he loves her because..."

"I based you the first time. So your grandfather thinks Donna is you! Haven't you told me he is well-to-do?"

"Yes. Not rich, but the farm is worth something. He's comfortably fixed. Why?"

"It strikes me that in your anxiety to marry your partner off so you could get your clutches on me you've thrown away your inheritance."

"I don't know what you mean. Donna would never go into the farm, do you?"

"Would she have to do any influencing? He thinks she is his granddaughter, you say. She's marrying your cousin. You don't suppose he is going to let the fortune, such as it is, slip through his hands? If Donna isn't unscrupulous enough or clever enough to get the old man's will worded in such a fashion that the money will be hers, this cousin will think up a way to do it."

"And where will you be? You could swear until doomsday that you were the granddaughter and entitled to what is left, but with two against you you'd just be out of luck."

Madeline lips curled scornfully. "And you claimed to love Donna! I don't know anything about Bill Sidal, but I do know Donna. She wouldn't rob me and no man could induce her to try to cheat me out of anything Grandfather might leave."

"I wouldn't be too sure! I suppose you kept that letter?"

"No, I destroyed it. But just to satisfy you I'll write Donna and ask her what she intends to do if Grandfather should die."

"You think she'd tell you?"

"I know she would."

"If she does, for your own protection be sure to keep the letter."

Until this conversation Madeline had given little thought to what her grandfather possessed. Now the farm and livestock and the Sidal bank account because of vast importance as she realized that Con considered her an heiress. After Madeline had written to Donna, first wishing her happiness, then tactfully inquiring what the situation would be if Grandfather Sidal should die, she began to wonder if Con were not a better judge of character than herself. Was Donna, in marrying Bill Sidal, looking forward to a future that included property and valuable assets as well as home and husband?

(To Be Continued)

Deerhorn News Notes

DEERHORN, June 13.—(Special)—Rev. and Mrs. R. E. Clark were supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Hucks Sunday. Mrs. Hucks and Mrs. W. C. Thienes accompanied the minister and his wife to Leaburg church where Rev. Clark conducted services.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cline and children Alma, Dorothy, Charles and Ralph, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George Cole and son Edwin, and Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, all of Springfield vicinity were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jack.

Mrs. Lucy Gerking after an extensive visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ted Becker, has returned to her home near Bend.

Mrs. Platt, Miss Fannie Rogers and Willard Broom were visitors in Eugene Monday.

Children attending the clinic sponsored by the P. T. A. were Ella, Doris, and Dean Hanson, Dean Lefever, Joan Carly Gillespie, Clyde Meyers, Roland Meyers, Darrow O'Dell, Lole and Florence Shrode, Duane and Ardith Myrl Scroggins, Lawrence Neer, Janet Stacy, of Deerhorn district.

Mrs. Carrie Freeman and son, J. Shants, returned to Seio Friday after a visit with George Shants of Bend who was operated on there. Mrs. Freeman reported her son getting along very well.

Mrs. M. L. Ryckman of Portland is visiting at the E. W. Goff home at Poudje. Jack Ryckman returned last week from Portland after a vacation of two weeks from the Gate Creek hatchery where he is at work. He and his mother came down together.

Miss Virginia Seymour, sister of Mrs. Henry Sherman of Poudje left Monday morning for Klamath Falls where she will work with the electric company. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Darle Seymour of Eugene.

LAURA WHEELER DESIGNS A TEDDY BEAR THAT IS QUICKLY MADE



CUDDLE TOYS PATTERN 745

A Teddy Bear is one of the kiddies' favorite playmates. It always has something droll about it and besides that is easy to grab onto. The bear—made of but two pieces (not counting the soles) is very quickly made. It may be dressed as a boy or girl teddy. If you wish to please the youngster specially, make a twin pair. The bear can be made of cotton broadcloth, pinhead, a calico print if he is to be real good, or some woolly material. The clothes are made of bits of gay-colored material.

Pattern 745 contains a pattern for a bear about 15 inches high when finished and the clothes shown; complete directions for making the bear and clothes and yardage requirements.

Send 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to the Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Human-set" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

WELL, ALL THOSE EXAMINATION PAPERS HAVE TO BE GRADED, AND HOW I HATE IT—I CERTAINLY FELT SORRY FOR POOR LITTLE ANNIE, YESTERDAY—

HER HOME LIFE CAN'T BE ANY TOO HAPPY AT TIMES—AND YESTERDAY IT WAS EVIDENT SHE WASN'T PREPARED FOR EXAMINATION—THE POOR KID—CRIED ALL THE TIME—

YOU COULD TELL SHE KNEW SHE WAS GOING TO FAIL, BUT SHE WAS GAME— SHE WOULDN'T GIVE UP— WELL, HERE'S HER PAPER— HM-M— STARTS OUT ALL RIGHT—

WHY— EVERY ANSWER IS ALMOST PERFECT! I COULDN'T GIVE HER LESS THAN 98 IF I WANTED TO— WHAT A CHILD— BUT WHY ON EARTH WAS SHE CRYING?

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

HI, TIM, OLD SCOUT! IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

WE NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU ALIVE, ROY, AFTER WE SAW YOUR PLANE GO DOWN—

CAPTAIN CLARK! WHERE'S CAPTAIN CLARK?

CAR, I'VE BROUGHT ROY FLEET, THE GOVERNMENT MAN, BACK OKAY— AND SAY— SPUD AND I KNOW WHERE WE CAN CATCH THE SPIES, BUT WE CAN'T HAS HIM ANY MORE TONIGHT

GOOD WORK, BRADY— WHERE'S HE?

THEY'RE GOING TO GET THE SPICER AND HIS GANG AT DAY-BREAK! HE'S DOWN THE RIVER IN A BOAT

OIL YOUR GUNS AND EACH MAN TAKE ALL THE AMMUNITION HE CAN CARRY!

IN THE MEANTIME, WE SEE SPUD HIDING ON THE RIVER-BANK AND KEEPING A SHARP EYE ON A SMALL POWER-BOAT MOORED IN MID-STREAM!

I'LL WAIT UNTIL IT GETS DARKER AND THEN I'LL GONNER FIND OUT WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THAT BOAT!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

WHILE BOOTS IS WONDERING WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT, LET'S SEE ABOUT RONNIE. HE IS JUST RETURNING HOME

OH, HELLO, RONNIE! I'VE BEEN VISITING WITH YOUR MOTHER

FINE

I HAVEN'T SEEN MUCH OF YOU, LATELY! NAUGHTY BOY

OH— BEEN WORKING! YOU KNOW HOW IT IS

YOU DON'T LOOK AS THO YOU HAVE BEEN—I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU LOOK SO DISGUSTINGLY WELL! ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU HAVEN'T MET SOME ALLURING YOUNG SIREN WHO IS TAKING UP YOUR TIME?

EH? OH— NO— NO, NOTHING LIKE THAT

OF COURSE NOT—I WAS ONLY JOKING! IN AS OLD AND PROMINENT A FAMILY AS YOURS, STEEPED IN TRADITION AND FAIRLY REEKING WITH THE HONOR OF YOUR FOREFATHERS, A SCANDAL WOULD SIMPLY NEVER DO, WOULD IT, DEAR?

NOW, WHAT THE DEVIL DOES SHE MEAN BY THAT?

BRINGING UP FATHER

IF I COULD ONLY CONVINCE MAGGIE THAT IT'S USELESS FOR US TO MOVE INTO AN APARTMENT—IT'D BE VERY HAPPY—

WELL, I'VE LOOKED AT THE APARTMENT AND I'VE DECIDED TO SIGN THE LEASE.

IF YOU'LL COME INTO THE OFFICE NOW—I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE OWNER OF THE BUILDING—

DINTY MOORE!

ME OLD PAL! ARE YOU THE MANAGER HERE?

YEP! AN' THE OWNER TOO—

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

THIS GOLD MINING IS SUMPIN' LIKE A FRIEND OF MINE WHOS AN OYSTER OPENER FOR A BOSTON CAFE! HE'S CRACKED OPEN MILLIONS OF OYSTERS, AN' HE AINT NEVER YET GOT ONE WITH A POIL IN IT! A GUY COMES IN, ONCE, AN' BUYS FOUR DOZEN OYSTERS TO TAKE HOME AN' HE FINDS A \$300 POIL IN TH' FIRST ONE HE OPENED!

BY JOVE, SNUFFY, JUST THINK—A GOLD NUGGET THE SIZE OF THIS ROCK, WOULD BE WORTH ABOUT \$1600!— MY WORD— UMM

HEY, COMON! TH' BACON, BEANS AN' BISCUITS ARE READY! BRING YOUR HAMMERS WITH YOU!

NO GOLD YET— BUT THEY JUST STARTED—

Agatha Opens Up!

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OUT OUR WAY

POUNDIN' A GUY ON TOP OF TH' HEAD! IF THAT AINT TH' DUMBEST THING!

DON'T YOU THINK IT! EVERY LICK IS HURTIN' HIS FEET ON THEM CINDERS.

HITTIN' BOTTOM.

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