

DONNA of the BIG TOP

by BEULAH POYNTER

CHAPTER XXXIII

DONNA opened the door of the farm house and faced Pete Rader. She had never seen him before and greeted him with a bewildered, "Yes?"

"I got a note for you, Miss Siddle, and I'm to fetch an answer back."

The moment she saw the envelope an icy chill passed over the girl. She opened the door a little wider and asked the boy to come in. Then, making sure she had closed the door through which she had passed and that there were no witnesses, she tore open the envelope. Her hand shook so violently that the folded sheet slipped to the floor.

Donna stooped quickly and picked it up, conscious that the eyes of the boy were filled with curiosity. When it dawned upon her that Con had written the message and that he was within five miles of her she dropped to the horsehair sofa and looked blankly at Pete.

"He's that circus feller that went into the lions' cage," Pete volunteered. "I recognized him."

"Yes," Donna said huskily. She read the curt little note again and then tore it up. "There is no answer," she said.

"But—"

"I'll telephone—tell him that."

Rather reluctantly, Pete rose. At the door he repeated, "He said I was to get an answer. You'll be sure to telephone, won't you? If you don't I may not get my dollar."

"I'll phone," Donna promised. She waited until she heard the outer door slam and then flung the scraps of paper into the fireplace. She watched them slowly crumple into ashes, wondering what she was to do. How could she telephone? There was only one telephone in the house and it was in the hallway just off the dining room. Every word she said could be heard by those at the dinner table.

Of course she could ignore the message. Possibly that was the best thing to do. She owed nothing to Con and since Madeline's death did not even feel kindly toward him. Unquestionably he had caused Madeline to risk her life.

At any rate it was impossible to get in touch with him that day. Tomorrow, perhaps, when Bill was out of the house—

She glanced at her reflection in the mirror over the fireplace and saw that her face was pale. She pinched her cheeks to bring back their color, smoothed her hair and returned to the dining room.

"What was it?" Bill asked as she took her place at the table.

"Some—some inquiring for the Lawrence place," Donna lied. Fortunately Bill was not looking at her and did not see the deep flush that accompanied her words.

Donna dried her hands and started towards the living room. Just as she passed the door swung to behind her and she heard the jangle of the telephone bell. Before she could get there Bill stepped into the hallway and took the receiver from the hook.

"Yes, this is the Siddle farm," she heard Bill say. "Yes, she's here. Who wants her?"

Donna crushed one hand against her mouth to stifle the cry she felt

SWEATER SET AND EXCLUSIVE LAURA WE IN DESIGN



What summer wardrobe is complete without its allotment of sweaters? This charming set of sweater blouse and hat lends itself to the gaiety of color that every woman wants in her summer clothes. Knitted in a simple stitch the vest, sleeves and part of the hat are done in a variety of colors and are set off most effectively against the plain knitting of the rest of the garment. A white sweater with the vest in red, bright yellow, and black with white would be attractive.

The jacket—a sleeveless one, is done in crochet and like Joseph's coat is made entirely of scraps of wool. You can use what you have left over—different colors—different weights of yarn—all done in the simplest of crochet stitches!

Pattern 648 comes to you with complete directions and yardage requirements for making the garments shown; color suggestions and illustrations of the stitches used.

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

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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



Good News Is No News



BY HAROLD GRAY



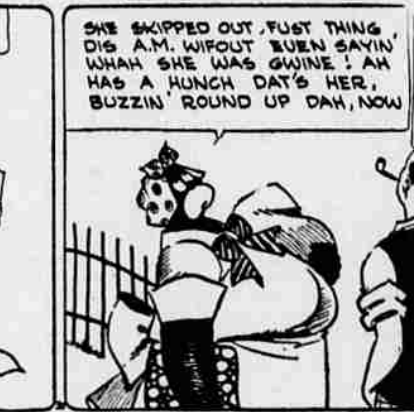
BY LYMAN YOUNG



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



So What?



BY MARTIN



BY GEORGE McMANUS



BRINGING UP FATHER



THIMBLE THEATRE



OUT OUR WAY



BY WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



BY AHERN

