

DONNA of the BIG TOP

by BEULAH POYNTER

CHAPTER XXXIX

"I WAS startled," Donna had said to Con. "It's so dark and I didn't see you." Her voice shook a little. Con offered his hand but she ignored it. Then he laughed. "Let me lead you," he said. "It's been months and months since I've seen you. Seems like years. Yes, you're as lovely as ever. Even this light doesn't disguise that."

"What is it you want, Con?" the girl asked hurriedly. "I haven't much time and I'm not anxious to drive on a country road in this kind of weather."

"You should have let me come to you."

"You know I couldn't do that."

"Why not? Aren't we old friends? Didn't I marry your partner?"

"Yes, I know that — my husband doesn't know that. I mean about Madeline. You see —"

"So the masquerade is still going on, eh?"

"You didn't think I knew anything about that, did you? You haven't told him the truth yet?"

"No," miserably.

"Afraid he'd kick you out if he learned you weren't the girl he thought?"

"Of course not! Only you see Grandfather Madeline's grandfather is totally blind. That first time I went to the farm when Madeline and I visited him pretending to be her — made him so happy I didn't have the heart to tell him I wasn't his granddaughter, that she didn't care enough for him to spend the week-end with him. Then — after the accident — didn't Madeline tell you how she sent for her cousin and told him she was Madeline who was ill?"

"Yes, she told me."

"At first I didn't know I was supposed to be she. I mean in the hospital I didn't know it. Then when I thought of how long it would be before I was well and how lovely it was on the farm I couldn't resist the temptation. I intended to tell them the truth, but somehow I couldn't. And — she stared straight ahead at the rows of tombstones, now murky gray in the dusk. "I had fallen in love with Bill."

hanging to life by the skin of his teeth and a will made out giving everything to his granddaughter."

"That doesn't matter now," she said slowly. "While Madeline lived I knew that some day I would have to admit the fraud but now Bill would inherit the farm. He's the only living relative."

"And that, my dear, is what I am here to prevent."

"Prevent?"

"Exactly. Madeline was my wife. If a valuable piece of property had belonged to her at the time of her death it would naturally be mine now. I've no intention of standing by and seeing this man you've married come into the estate that should be mine."

"I don't see how you can help it."

Donna said in a tight voice. "Since Madeline is dead and Grandfather isn't — and the farm means a lot to Bill. It wouldn't mean anything to you."

"That's all you know about it. It costs me plenty to house my cats. If I owned a farm I could turn it into headquarters for them."

"All that lovely fertile land! I wouldn't let you."

"No? You're not in position to keep me from doing anything."

"Yes, I am. I know there's a will leaving everything to Madeline. It was drawn up after her grandfather had his stroke. I could induce him to make another will and leave everything to Bill."

"But you won't."

"I certainly will!"

"Oh, no you won't. You've no proof that Madeline concocted the scheme that you and she put over. I know you're not a sheepish enough — or is it clever enough? — to keep her secret. Maybe your husband might overlook the fraud and maybe the old man might be generous and see something decent in your attempt to pass yourself off as his granddaughter, but the law wouldn't."

"The law?"

"Yes, the law. I don't suppose you are aware you've committed a felony in pretending to be another person in order to inherit that person's fortune?"

"But I didn't do it for the fortune! You know I didn't! If you read any of the letters I wrote Madeline you know that I always assured her that at her grandfather's death I would do something — I didn't know exactly how or what — to see that she got what was coming to her."

The crackling of a twig reached them as the eavesdropper, in an attempt to hear more clearly, moved closer and for a second was outlined against the trees.

Panic gripped Donna's heart. "Let me go," she jerked. "This will get me into terrible trouble."

"Don't be nervous. Nothing we said could have been heard. You've a car, haven't you? Come on. Let's get in it. I've only said half what I intended."

(To Be Continued)

Leaburg Items

LEABURG, July 6.—(Special).—Mrs. L. F. Bittle entertained at her home Wednesday evening with a card party. The evening was spent in playing 500 and cribbage and in music. Refreshments of ice cream, cake and pie was served.

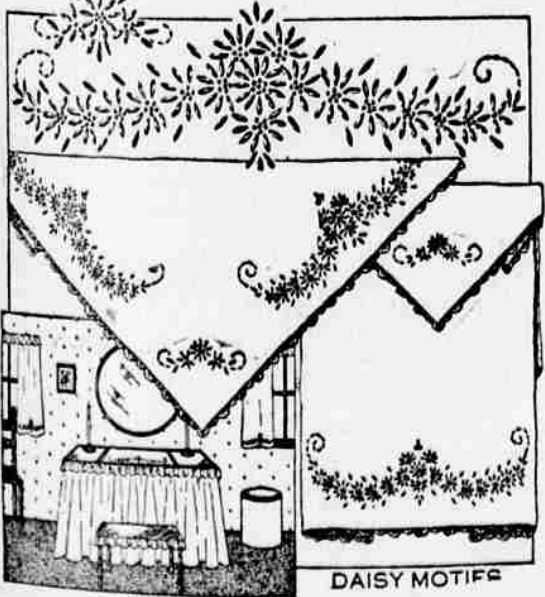
Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Umburn, Gerald Baker, Mrs. John Currie, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Allen and Charlotte and Frank, Theodore and Bob Loeffel, Jane Swafford, Bruce Currie, Elizabeth and John Bittle and the host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Bittle.

Wednesday afternoon at the Johnson creek swim was enjoyed by a large group of the Leaburg people. They were Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Stricker and daughter Janet, Mr. and Mrs. Milo Smith and two children Harold and Patty, Mrs. Carlson and Henry, Solweig and Dale, Bruce Currie, Jane Swafford, Bob Loeffel, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Bittle and family John, Elizabeth, Billie, Horace and baby Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Elston, Mrs. Marion Elston and Mrs. Francis Elston.

The Girl Scout meeting was postponed until Wednesday evening, July 11, at 7:30 p. m.

This year marks the 200th anniversary of the migration of Lutheran exiles from Salzburg, Austria, to Oglethorpe's Georgia province.

LAURA WHEELER SUGGESTS DAISIES IN SIMPLE STITCH ON LINENS



DAISY MOTIF

Single stitch or lazy-daisy, either one in shaded or plain colors, gives summer linens just that dainty touch that we all like to see. Dotted, wavy, organic, unbleached muslin and linen are a few of the materials that can be used. The motifs will be such as in a dining room or bedroom since they lend themselves to such varied uses.

Pattern first comes to you with a transfer pattern of six 3 1/2 x 11 1/2 inch motifs and twelve 1 1/2 x 3 1/2 inch motifs; a color chart; illustrations of the motifs on a variety of linens.

Send 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern.

Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Humanest" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

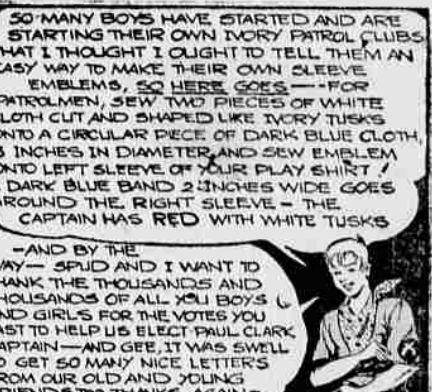


A Tip In Time



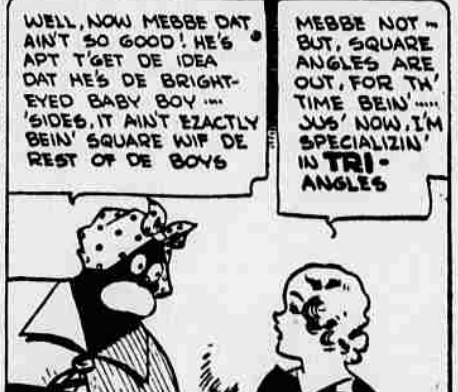
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TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK



BY LYMAN YOUNG

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BY MARTIN

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THIMBLE Starring POPEYE

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BY WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN

