

DONNA of the BIG TOP

by BEULAH POYNTER

CHAPTER XLIX

MISS PERKINS had gone and the door that led into the room where Grandfather had lain for so long was closed. Every day she seemed the same. Minnie was to meet Donna with open arms and burst into tears as she saw her again and again.

"You shouldn't have went, Minnie! You shouldn't have went! You shouldn't have went!" Donna gruff, "That will do, Minnie! You go back to the kitchen and wait the girl back to the kitchen."

"When the husband and wife were alone in the little sitting room, Donna said, 'There's an explanation I want from you.'"

"You know," Donna choked, "that you married to Con David—"

"Yes, I know that. I also know that, in spite of the fact that every day you strike me as curious about it, you didn't tell me with him. First, let me tell you that Grandfather left the farm and all the money he possessed to me."

"Oh, I'm glad," Donna cried. "I'm so glad!"

"Doesn't it strike you as curious that he should do that?"

"I don't know. But if he hadn't, I'm soon going to insist that he must change his will. If farm is yours—why did you ask me to come back? I hoped it might be because you loved me but I know it isn't. You act as if you hate me."

"No, I'm waiting to hear the truth. I'm willing to accept any explanation if you can give me one. Madeline. Or should I call you Donna?"

She drew back. "You—you know part of it. Here, read this from his pocket he drew a sheet of paper and handed it to her. The handwriting ran obliquely, was uncertain and at times difficult to read.

"Dear Bill," Donna made out. "We forgive our debtors so are we forgiven. When you read this, boy, I shall be gone and you will be suffering a double pain. If I can understand the message that prompted the deception, take into my heart and home and decipher how much easier it could be for you who have made your wife!"

"She's a dear, sweet girl, my dear. And she loves you. The reason she deceived us doesn't matter since she gave me more than she could have asked. At first I thought the property might be attraction but I soon knew that wasn't true. Just realize, my boy, you're a wife above many."

"He and cherishes her and he loves her."

"I have decided the farm to you and the real Madeline, caring thing for it or for me. It is not ended to it and the masquerading Madeline could not hold it in court. Your loving Grandfather, Amos Sidel."

"Oh!" Donna sobbed. "He knows and he didn't let me even suspect it!"

"And this," Bill went on, "was addressed to you."

The second note began thus: "Little girl whose real name I don't know (although I believe it must be Madeline's partner, Anna Gabriel), I am writing this to thank you for the happiness you have given me in my last days. At first I knew that you weren't the Madeline who left me in my old age and cared so little for me that I would not even spare a few minutes to make an old man happy. I thought that time must have made the changes in your voice and features, yet from the day you came into the house I felt some-thing—an added softness and a sweetness that Madeline did not have."

"Gradually with the eight God gave me to take the place of the one I had lost, I saw you. I saw a girl who, for some reason, I chose to play the part of my wife."

"And I love you. I am thankful and grateful for the companionship and affection you have given me. I am glad you are Bill's wife. I say that when he learns all this will know, as I do, that you are sweet and good and that nothing must ever come between the love you bear for each other."

"Your Grandfather, Amos Sidel."

Tears rolled unheeded down Donna's cheeks. They were tears of gratitude, of tenderness and grief for the dear friend with the understanding heart. Bill watched here, his own eyes dimmed. There was a lump in his throat.

"Where is Madeline?" he asked. "She's dead. She died last summer."

"And—"

"She was Con David's wife. I don't want to say anything unkind of her, but when I came to the farm the first time it was Madeline who persuaded me to do it. It seemed a lark to me. And after that I loved him—and the letters you wrote—"

"And?"

"After my accident she wrote you. She thought she was doing the right thing. Truly she did! She knew I would be helpless and ill for a long time. At first I didn't understand—and then I was so happy here, and she wanted me to stay. Oh, so many times I wanted to tell you the truth but I was afraid! I thought you would turn against me, and you had grown to mean so much to me. And if you had told Grandfather it would have been such a shock! All the time he knew—"

Bill did not answer, but stood staring at the carpet.

"Madeline loved Con," Donna went on. "He had wanted to marry me—but after I left he married her. She didn't want me back in the circus. And then—you asked me to marry you. I meant to tell you the truth. Before God I meant to tell you! But Grandfather had that stroke and—oh, Bill, he is generous! Say you understand. He did. Can't you?"

"I didn't mean to do anything wrong. It was just that I was so afraid of losing you! I thought you would be hard—like you are now. Bill, if you send me away I can't live! There isn't anything in life for me but you. There never has been since the time I first met you—I!" She broke into bitter sobs. He took her hands and pulled her to her feet. "Why did David come back here?" he demanded.

"He—he knew Grandfather was not well. He wanted to get the property that would have been Madeline's. I hate him! You believe that, don't you?"

His arms folded her close. "Darling," he whispered, "if you had only trusted me what a lot of suffering we both would have been spared!"

"You won't send me away?"

"The next time you try to leave me I'll drag you back by the hair of your head," he laughed. But there was a sob in the laugh.

"Supper!" Minnie announced from the doorway. Then, "Oh—excuse me!" She saw Bill and Madeline in an embrace that not even her presence interrupted.

THE END

Swisshome Personals

SWISSHOME, July 18.—(Special)—L. Bennett, Ed Twing and Andrew Harris motored to Kroll lake Thursday on a fishing trip. They returned home with a fine catch of bass and perch.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Harris of Los Angeles, left Saturday on their return trip home. They have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Twing for the past few weeks.

Charles, George and Joe Acheson, Mr. and Mrs. George Lord of Swiss-home and Larry Lord of Pleasant Hill went to Lost Creek ranch on McKenzie Sunday to attend the I. O. O. F. picnic.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Freeman went to Eugene Saturday afternoon to visit Mrs. Freeman's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Player.

Gus Johnson of Blachly was a business visitor in Swisshome Monday morning.

Charlie Chappelle and sons Gerald and Maurice are home from their ranch on Nelson creek. They are cutting the wood for the school house for the coming term of school.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

7-19-34

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF THEM—

YEAH—AND THEY'RE UGLY—THAT'S NO ORDINARY MOB—TH' COPS ARE HAVIN' A TOUGH TIME TO KEEP 'EM OUT OF THE BUILDING—

GET PHIL BLUSTER—

TEAR DOWN TH' DOOR—GET HEELY AND MCBRIDE, TOO—

TAR AND FEATHER 'EM—

DRAG 'EM OUT—

THIS IS AWFUL—THE PUBLIC THINKS WE'RE BACK OF THE "GHOST GANG"—YOU BOYS GOTTA DO SOMETHING—

YEAH—SUPPOSE YOU TRY DOING SOMETHING WITH THAT MOB—IT'S YOU THEY WANT MOST—

YEAH—YOU'RE THE DEMOSTHENES—MAKE 'EM A SPEECH—ALL ABOUT THAT "PAL OF THE PEE-PUL" HOKEY, YOU'RE SUCH A WOW AT—IF YOU'RE SUCH A MASTER OF PUBLIC OPINION, SHOW US A SAMPLE O' YOUR GREAT POWER NOW—

BY HAROLD GRAY

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

IT'S MIGHTY NICE OF YOU TO OFFER PROTECTION FOR \$10 ON HER WILD-GAME HUNT, CAPTAIN!

DON'T MENTION IT—I'LL ORDER TWO OF MY MEN TO JOIN HER PARTY—WE CAN'T LET HER FALL INTO SPIDER WEBB'S HANDS

THE ONLY TWO PATROLMEN I CAN SPARE FOR MISS LORRY'S HUNT ARE "ROODY" KLEM AND BRADY—I THINK I'LL QUESTION ROY FLEET AGAIN BEFORE I DECIDE TO ASSIGN KLEM—

FLEET, TRY TO REMEMBER—WHO SHOT YOU? ANY OF "SPIDER" WEBB'S GANG?

WHO IS "SPIDER" WEBB? AND WHO GOT SHOT?

WHO'S "SPIDER" WEBB? AND WHO GOT SHOT?

FLEET'S MIND IS STILL HAYWIRE—KLEM'S STORY MAY BE TRUE—I'LL TAKE A CHANCE AND SEND HIM WITH A BRADY ON THE BIG GAME HUNT—

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

IS ANYTHING WRONG? YOU LOOK.....

I'M QUITE ALL RIGHT! AGATHA, LISTEN.....

YOU AND I ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED! I CAME HERE TONIGHT TO TELL YOU THAT I CAN'T GO THRU WITH IT! I SIMPLY CAN'T—AND I THOUGHT THE DECENT THING TO DO WAS TO TELL YOU SO

RONALD, YOU AREN'T YOURSELF.

OH YES, I AM! I'VE THOUGHT THINGS OVER FROM EVERY ANGLE, AND I TELL YOU IT'S NO USE

WELL, OF ALL THINGS! TO BE AWAKENED OUT OF A SOUND SLEEP, AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, BY THE MAN YOU'RE ENGAGED TO MARRY, AND TOLD THAT IT'S ALL OFF, JUST LIKE THAT

WELL, WHAT AM I EXPECTED TO DO, NOW? HURL MYSELF AT YOUR FEET, OR OUT OF THE WINDOW—SCREAM, OR PERHAPS BREAK DOWN AND CRY, OR.....

WOULD IT BE TOO UNREASONABLE TO MERELY EXPECT YOU TO BE SENSIBLE?

BY MARTIN

BRINGING UP FATHER

DADDY, HOW DO YOU LIKE ME IN MY NEW BATHING-SUIT?

HUH! YOU DON'T LOOK AS IF YOU WUZ IN IT!

WELL, I'LL HAVE TO DISCOURAGE THE IDEA OF GOIN' TO THE SEA-SHORE—I'LL NOT HAVE ME DAUGHTER PARADIN' AROUND AS A NEAR-NUDIST!

DAUGHTER—I WANT YOU TO SEE MY NEW BIKING-SUIT!

AN' WE AIN'T GOIN' TO NO MOUNTAINS EITHER—I'M GONNA GET 'EM TO GO TO A COLD PLACE PER TO SPEND OUR VACATION.

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

TELL YOUR FOLKS G'BYE, OLIVE, AN' LES GET GOIN' I GOT TO FIND A UNIFRUIT SO'S IT'LL CURE YER ASPENTIS

NOW SHOWING—"HER BOUNCING BABY GIRL"

GOOD-BYE, MOTHER

MERCY! NOW SHE'S GOT THE JUMPS

TOMORROW—"UP IN THE AIR"

YES, MOTHER—

GOOD-BYE, MOTHER

GOOD-BYE—TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF

BY E. C. SEGAR

I WILL—MOTHER

YOU'LL HAVE TO CARRY HER, POPEYE HER ASPENTIS IS GETTING WORSE

BYE, MOTHER

OUT OUR WAY

SAY—I KNOW WHY HE KNOCKS TH' BALL INTO THAT SCRAP PILE EVERY TIME HE'S UP TO BAT—HIS MOTHER AIN'T HOME, AN' HE HASTA WATCH TH' MEAT IN TH' OVEN.

BY GOLLY, SO'S RIGHT! SO HE WON'T MISS NONE OF TH' GAME

WE'LL HAFTA DO SUMPIN' I'M TIRED OF BEIN' A IRON WORKER.

A.M. CO. MACH.

HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN.

BY WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

HAW—I'LL KEEP THE FACT THAT I HAVE \$12,000 A SECRET FOR AWHILE, AND HAVE A BIT OF SPORT WITH THE CHUMPS HERE, IN THE MEANTIME—HEH—HEH—HEH—

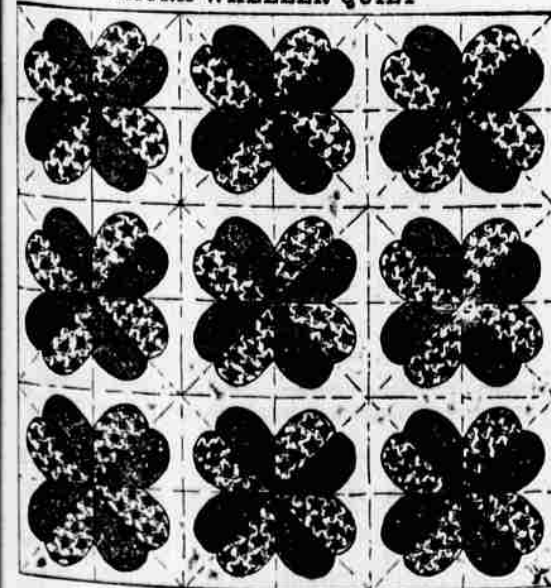
AH—YES—YES—ONE MUST GO AWAY FOR AWHILE, TO GET THE PROPER PERSPECTIVE! I DIDN'T REALIZE BEFORE, WHAT A DRAB AND DULL ATMOSPHERE THIS HOUSE HAS! COMMONPLACE TALK AND IDEAS FROM STUPID PERSONALITIES!—AH, YES—YES—YES—

BY AHERN

SEE THERE, MACK—WASN'T I RIGHT? DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT TH' HIGH ALTITUDE OF TH' ROCKIES WOULD LEAVE HIM DIZZY? ESPECIALLY WITH A MOOSE NOSE IN RARE AIR!

BUILDING IT UP—

EMBLEM OF LUCK USED IN LAURA WHEELER QUILT



FOUR LEAF CLOVER PATTERN 672

The four leaf clover, that lucky emblem that we all swear by, is certainly considered lucky by the quiltmaker, too, in this quilt Four Leaf Clover. Made of but two pattern pieces, its simplicity is further added to because only three materials are needed to make it effective. Two shades of one color with white it makes a quilt that will add plenty to any bedroom.

Pattern 672 comes to you with complete, simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of arrangement of the blocks for single and double bed size, and a separate contrasting materials.

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