

# Polly of the Circus

BY MARGARET MAYO  
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(Continued from last week)

She started toward the ring. Eloise and Barbarian were already waiting at the entrance.

"Eloise!" She took one step toward her, then stopped at the sound of Barker's voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he called, "although we are obliged to announce that our star rider, Miss Polly, will not appear tonight, we offer you in her place an able substitute, Miss Eloise on her black, untamed horse Barbarian."

Eloise put her hands on the horse's back to mount.

"No, no!" cried Polly.

The other girl turned in astonishment at the agony in her voice.

"Polly!"

"Wait, Eloise! I'm going to ride!"

"You can't, not Barbarian! He don't know your name!"

"So much the better!" She seized the bride from the frightened girl's hand.

"Polly!" shouted Douglas. He had followed her to the entrance.

"I must! I will!"

She flew into the ring before he could stop her. He took one step to follow her.

"You'd better let her alone and get out of here," said Strong. His voice was like a firebrand to Douglas. He turned upon him, white with rage.

"You drove her to this!" His fists were clenched. He drew back to strike.

Jim came from behind the wagon just in time to catch the upturned arm.

"Leave him to me. This isn't your job!" The pastor lowered his arm but kept his threatening eyes on the deacon's face.

"Where's Polly?" asked Jim.

"In there!" Douglas pointed toward the main tent without turning his head. He was still staring at the deacon and breathing hard.

side horror-stricken at Polly's reckless behavior. She knew Barbarian. It was easy to guess the end.

"She's going to the hoops," Jim whispered hoarsely.

"Barbarian don't know that part. I never trained him," the other girl said.

Polly made the first leap toward the hoops. The horse was not at fault; it was Polly. She plunged wildly. The hoops started. She caught her foot in an effort. One, two, three hoops were passed. She threw herself across the back of the horse and hung head downward as he galloped around the ring. The band was playing loudly; the people were cheering. She rose to meet the last two hoops.

"She's swayin'!" Jim shrieked in agony. "She's going to fall!" He covered his face with his hands.

Polly reeled and fell at the horse's side. She moaned and fell again. She rose and staggered in pursuit.

"I can't bear it!" groaned Douglas. He rushed into the ring, unconscious of the thousands of eyes bent upon his black ministerial garb, and caught the slip of a girl in his arms just as she was about to sink fainting beneath the horse's hoofs.

Barker brought the performance to a halt with a crack of his whip. The audience was on tiptoe. White-faced deacons and gayly attired acrobats crowded around Polly and the pastor.

Douglas did not see them. He had come into his own.

"He's bringin' her out," whispered Eloise, who still watched at the entrance. Jim dared not look up. His head was still in his hands.

"Is it over?" he croaked.

"I don't know. I can't tell yet."

She stepped aside as Douglas came out of the tent, followed by a swarm of performers. He built on the soft grass and rested Polly's head upon his knee.



"I sought but death part thee and me—"  
was in her street when she was chosen to wear an ugly dress for a turn from the paragon.

"I guess I won't be makin' no mistake this time," he said, and he placed her hand in that of the parson.

"Goodby, Muvver Jim," faltered Polly.

He stooped and touched her forehead with his lips. A mother's spirit flashed through his eyes.

"I'm glad it's like this," he said, then turned away and followed the long, dotted line of winding lights disappearing slowly over the hill.

Her eyes traveled after him.

Douglas touched the cold little hand at her side.

"I belong with them," she said, still gazing after Jim and the wagons.

"You belong with me," he answered in a firm, grave voice, and something in the deep, sure tones told her that he was speaking the truth. She lifted one trembling hand to his shoulder and looked up into his face.

"Whither thou goest will I go; where thou diest will I die."

He drew her into his arms.

"The Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me."

THE END

## FILLING RUTS IN A ROAD.

How the Work of Repairing Them Should Be Done.

With earth roads there is a pronounced tendency to rut, and when ruts begin to appear on the surface great care should be used in selecting new materials with which they should be immediately filled, says a bulletin of the department of agriculture.

Every hole or rut in the roadway if not tamped full of some good material like that of which the road is constructed will become filled with water and will be made deeper and wider by each passing vehicle. A hole which could have been filled with a shovelful of material will soon need a cartful.

The rut or hole to be repaired should be cleared of dust, mud or water and just sufficient good fresh earth placed in it to be even with the surrounding surface after having been thoroughly



RUTS THAT NEED TO BE FILLED.

consolidated with the pounder. Sod should not be placed on the surface. Neither should the surface be ruined by throwing upon it the worn-out material from the gutters alongside. Ruts and holes should not be filled with stone or gravel unless a considerable section is to be so treated, for if such material is dumped into the holes or ruts it does not wear uniformly with the rest of the road, but produces lumps and ridges and in many cases results in making two holes for every one repaired.

Reversible road machines are often used in drawing the material out of ditches to the center of the roadway, which is left there to be washed again into the ditches by the first heavy rain. A far more satisfactory method when the roadway is sufficiently high and where a heavy roller cannot be had is to trim the shoulders and ridges off and smooth the surface with the machine. This work should begin in the center of the road, and the loose dirt should be gradually pushed to the ditches and finally shoveled off the roadway or deposited where it will not be washed back into the ditches by rain.

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## RIVER GRAVEL FOR OUR ROADS

ENGINEERS SHOW WHY THEY ARE EASILY BUILT

Surface Should Be So Shaped That Water Will Run Off and Not Penetrate—Value of Underdrains, Side Ditches and Rollins.

At a meeting of the Missouri Highway Engineers' association, held at Jefferson City, P. P. Spalding of Columbia, Mo., read a paper on gravel roads and said in part:

Gravel or broken stone when used for a road is intended to form a hard surface, which will resist the wear of the traffic and which will shed the water without softening in rainy weather or when snow is melting. The gravel, or macadam, is not in itself a rigid structure, but depends upon the firmness of the earth below to carry the loads which come upon it. The object of the gravel is to make the surface harder and more resistant to wear and the action of water than the earth surface that it replaces, and it can only be effective when the road below it is properly shaped and drained and when the surface has such form as to cause the water which falls upon it to quickly run off without penetrating the road.

Filling ruts with gravel is not making a gravel road. It is only wasting good material. I can recall a milehole into which gravel was regularly dumped every spring for years, and each time when the ground thawed out in the following spring the mud was again on top and ready to swallow another dose of gravel. Probably there is enough gravel in that hole, 200 or 300 feet long, to make a mile of good gravel road. Finally a road



BAD ROAD THAT GRAVEL WOULD IMPROVE. Supervisor came along, who put in a few hundred feet of the road and crowned the road surface, and there has been no mudhole there since.

The form which should be given to an earth roadbed and the methods of drainage to be used depend in each instance upon the local conditions surrounding the road. The ability of earth to sustain a load depends in a large measure upon the amount of water contained by it. Most earth forms a good foundation so long as it is kept dry, but when wet it loses its sustaining power, becoming wet and incoherent. When softened by water soil is easily displaced by the settling of the road or forced upward into any space that may exist in it. In order, therefore, that the loads may be uniformly sustained and the surface of the road kept firm and even it is of first importance that the roadbed be kept dry. The improvement and maintenance of a road are therefore largely questions of drainage, the objects being to prevent water from reaching the road and to provide means for immediately removing such as does reach it before the soil becomes saturated and softened.

Surface drainage is always necessary if the body of the road is to be kept in a dry condition and is accomplished by having the surface of such form that water falling upon it will quickly run into the gutters. Underdrains will not drain water from the surface of a road, and unless the crown is at all times maintained and the surface kept smooth water is likely to stand upon the surface and penetrate into the road. And this is just as true of a gravel or stone road as of the earth surface.

At the side of the road longitudinal ditches must be provided for the purpose of carrying the water drained from the surface of the road to some point where it may be turned into a natural drainage channel. In many instances these side ditches also carry drainage from land adjacent to the road. The size and form of the gutters will naturally depend upon the quantity of water to be carried and the slope of the gutters. Where the quantity of water to be carried is small the extension of the slope of the road surface may be sufficient without any special gutter being provided.

In forming a roadbed upon which to place a gravel or macadam surface the earth roadbed should be made as firm and smooth as possible before the placing of the surfacing material. Whenever possible the earth after being brought to grade and given the proper form for receiving the surface should be rolled with a heavy roller until it is firmly packed and able to yield efficient support to the surface. In any case the surface should not be placed until the roadbed is thoroughly settled and packed in place.

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CAUGHT THE SLIP OF A GIRL IN HIS ARMS JUST AS SHE WAS ABOUT TO SINK FAINTING BENEATH THE HORSE'S HOOF.

"What!" cried Jim in alarm. He faced about and saw Eloise. He guessed the truth. A few quick strides brought him to the entrance curtains. He threw them back and looked into the ring.

"My God! Why don't Barker stop her?"

"What is it?" called Douglas. He forgot the deacon in his terror at Jim's behavior, and Strong was able to slip away unnoticed.

"She's going to ride! She's going to ride Barbarian!"

Douglas crossed to his side and looked.

Polly was springing on to the back of Barbarian. He was a poorly trained horse, used by the other girl for more showy but less dangerous feats than Polly's.

"She's going through her regular turn with him. She's trying to break her neck," said Jim. "She wants to do it. It's your fault!" he cried, turning upon Douglas with bloodshot eyes. He was half insane. He cared little whom he wounded.

"Why can't we stop her?" cried Douglas, unable to endure the strain. He took one step inside the entrance.

"No, not that!" Jim dragged him back roughly. "If she sees you now it will be the end." They watched in silence. "She's over the first part," Jim whispered at last.

Douglas drew back, his muscles tense, as he watched the scene inside the ring. Eloise stood at the pastor's

The others pressed about them, seemed to Douglas that he waited hours; then her white lids quivered and opened, and the color crept back to her lips.

"It's all right, Jim!" called one of the men from the crowd. "She's only fainted." The big fellow had waited in his tracks for the verdict.

Polly's eyes looked up into those of the parson. A thrill shot through his veins.

"It was no use, was it?" She shook her head, with a sad little smile. He knew that she was thinking of her failure to get out of his way.

"That's because I need you so much, Polly, that God won't let you go away from me." He drew her nearer to him, and the warm blood that shot to her cheeks brought back her strength. She rose unsteadily and looked about her. Jim came toward her, white and trembling.

"All right, Polly?"

"Oh, Muvver Jim!" She threw herself into his arms and clung to him, sobbing weakly.

No one could ever remember just how the audience left the big top that night, and even Barker had no clear idea of how Jim took down the tents, loaded the great wagons and sent the caravan on its way.

When the last wagon was beginning to climb the long, winding road of the moonlit hill Jim turned to Polly, who stood near the side of the deserted ring. His eyes traveled from her to the parson, who waited near her. She