

# Polly of the Circus

BY MARGARET MAYO  
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(Chapter V. Continued.)

"We got a girl named Ruth in our 'heap of death' stunt. Some of the folks is kinder down on 'er, but I ain't."

She might have told Douglas more of her forlorn little friend, but just then Mandy came to the bed hugging a large, old fashioned Bible, and Douglas helped to place the ponderous book before the invalid.

"See, honey, dar dey is," the old woman said, pointing to the picture of Ruth and Naomi.

"Them's crackerjacks, ain't they?" Polly gasped, and her eyes shone with wonder. "Which one's Ruth?"

"Dis one," said Mandy, pointing with her thumb.

"Why, they're dressed just like our chariot drivers. What does it say about 'em?"

"You can read it for yourself," Douglas answered gently. There was something pathetic in the eagerness of the starved little mind.

"Well, I ain't much on readin'—out loud," she faltered, growing suddenly conscious of her deficiencies. "Read it for me, will you?"

"Certainly." And he drew his chair nearer to the bed. One strong hand supported the other half of the Bible and his lead was very near to hers as his deep, full voice pronounced the solemn words in which Ruth pleaded so many years before.

"Entreat me not to leave thee," he read, "or to return from following after thee, for whether thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

He stopped to ponder over the poetry of the lines.

"Kind of pretty, ain't it?" Polly said softly. She felt awkward and constrained and a little overawed.

"There are far more beautiful things than that," Douglas assured her enthusiastically as the echo of many such rang in his ears.

"There are?" And her eyes opened wide with wonder.

"Yes, indeed," he replied, pitying more and more the starvation of mind and longing to bring to it floods of light and enrichment.

"I guess I'd like to hear you spiel," and she fell to studying him solemnly.

"You would?" he asked eagerly.



"ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE," HE READ.

"Is there any more to that story?" she asked, ignoring his question.

"Yes, indeed."

"Would you read me a little more?" She was very audible now.

"Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if I ought but death part me and thee."

Their eyes met. There was a long pause. Suddenly the sharp, sweet notes of the church bell brought John Douglas to his feet with a start of surprise.

"Have you got to go?" Polly asked regretfully.

"Yes, I must, but I'll read the rest from the church. Open the window, Mandy!" And he passed out of the door and quickly down the stairs.

## CHAPTER VI.

WHEN John Douglas' uncle offered to educate his nephew for the ministry the boy was less enthusiastic than his mother. He did not renege, however, for it had been the custom of

generations for at least one son of each Douglas family to preach the gospel of Calvinism, and his father's career as an architect and landscape gardener had not left him much capital.

Douglas senior had been recognized as an artist by the few who understood his talents, but there is small demand for the builder of picturesque houses in the little business towns of the middle west, and at last he passed away, leaving his son only the burden of his financial failure and an ardent desire to succeed at the profession in which his father had failed so badly.

The hopeless, defeated look on the departed man's face had always haunted the boy, who was artist enough to feel his father's genius intuitively and

human enough to resent the injustice of his fate.

Douglas' mother had suffered so much because of the impractical efforts of her husband that she discouraged the early tendencies of the son toward drawing and mathematics and tried to direct his thoughts toward creeds and Bible history. When he went away for his collegiate course she was less in touch with him and he was able to steal time from his athletics to devote to his art. He spent his vacations in a neighboring city by drawing a board in the office of a distinguished architect, his father's friend.

Douglas was not a brilliant divinity student, and he was relieved at last when he received his degree in theology and found himself appointed to a small church in the middle west.

His step was very bright the morning he first went up the path that led to his new home. His artistic sense was charmed by the picturesque approach to the church and parsonage. The view toward the tree encircled spire was unobstructed, for the church had been built on the outskirts of the town to allow for a growth that had not materialized. He threw up his head and gazed at the blue hills, with their background of soft, slow moving clouds. The smell of the fresh earth, the bursting of the buds, the forming of new life, set him thrilling with a joy that was very near to pain.

He stopped halfway up the path and considered the advantages of a new front to the narrow eaved cottage, and when his foot touched the

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and Hasty helped Douglas to unpack his many boxes of books, they were as eager as children about the drawings and pictures which he showed them. His mind had gone beyond the parsonage front now, and he described to them the advantage of adding an extra ten feet to the church spire.

Mandy felt herself almost an artist when she and Hasty bade the pastor good night, for she was still quivering from the contagion of Douglas' enthusiasm. Here, at last, was a master who could do something besides find fault with her.

"I jes' wan' to be on de ground de firs' time dat Mars Douglas and dat 'ere Deacon Strong elinches," she said to Hasty as they locked the doors and turned out the hall light. "Did you done see his jaw?" she whispered. "He look laughin' enough now, but jes' you wait till he done set dat 'ere jaw o' his'n, and dar ain't nobody what's goin' ter unset it."

"Maybe dar ain't goin' ter be no elinchin'," said Hasty, hoping for Mandy's assurance to the contrary.

"What?" shrieked Mandy. "Wid dat 'ere sneakin' Widow Willoughby already a-tellin' de deacons how ter start de new parson a-goin' proper?"

"Now, why youse always a-pickin' on dat 'ere widow?" asked Hasty, happily enjoying the explosion which he knew his defense of the widow was sure to excite.

"I don' like no woman what's a-liss braggin' 'bout her 'clean floors,'" answered Mandy shortly. She turned out the last light and tipped upstairs, trying not to disturb the pastor.

John Douglas was busy already with pencil and paper, making notes of the plans for the church and parsonage which he would perfect later on. Alas, for Douglas' day dreams! It was not many weeks before he understood with a heavy heart that the deacons were far too dull and uninspired to share his faith in beauty as an aid to man's spiritual uplift.

"We think we've done pretty well by this church," said Deacon Strong, who was the business head, the political boss and the moral mentor of the small town's affairs. "Just you worry along wid the preachin', young man, and we'll attend to the buyin' and buildin' operations."

Douglas' mind was too active to content itself wholly with the writing of sermons and the routine of formal parsonage calls. He was a keen humanist, so little by little he came to be interested in the heart stories and disappointments of many of the village unfortunates, some of whom were outside his congregation. The mentally sick, the despondent, who needed words of hope and courage more than dry talks on theology, found in him an ever ready friend and adviser, and these came to love and depend on him. But he was never popular with the creed bound element of the church.

Mandy had her wish about being on the spot the first time that the parson's jaw squared itself at Deacon Strong. The deacon had called at the parsonage to demand that Douglas put a stop to the boys playing baseball in the adjoining lot on Sunday. Douglas had been unable to see the deacon's point of view. He declared that baseball

was a healthy and harmless form of exercise, that the air was meant to be breathed and that the boys who enjoyed the game on Sunday were principally those who were kept indoors by work on other days. The close of the interview was unsatisfactory both to Douglas and the deacon.

"Dey kinder made me cold an' prickly all up an' down de back," Mandy said later when she described their talk to Hasty. "Dat 'ere deacon don' know nuffin 'bout gittin' roun' de parson." She tossed her head with a feeling of superiority. She knew the way. Make him forget himself with a laugh. Excite his sympathy with some village underdog.

## CHAPTER VII.

MANDY had secretly enjoyed the commotion caused by the little circus rider being left in the parsonage, at first because of her inborn love of mischief and later because Polly had become second in her heart only to the pastor. She went about her work, crooning softly during the days of Polly's convalescence. The deep, steady voice of the pastor reading aloud in the pretty window overhead was company. She would often climb the stairs to tell them some bit of village gossip and leave them laughing at a quaint comment about some inquisitive sister of the church who had happened to incur her displeasure.

As spring came on Douglas carried Polly down to the sunlit garden beneath the window, and Mandy fluttered about arranging the cushions with motherly solicitude.

More days slipped by and Polly began to creep through the little, soft leaved trees at the back of the church and to look for the deep, blue, sweet scented violets. When she was able Douglas took her with him to visit some of the outlying houses of the poor. Her woman's instinct was quick to perceive many small needs in their lives that he had overlooked and to suggest simple, inexpensive joys that made them her devoted friends.

Their evenings were devoted between making plans for these unfortunate, and reading aloud from the Bible or other books.

(Continued Next Week.)

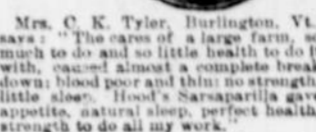
One of the owners of the Campbell & Walker tract of land on the electric line between Eugene and Springfield today stated that the story to the effect that the Portland, Eugene & Eastern Railway Co. had leased a portion of the ground for a baseball park is not true.

# Pure Blood

Is certain if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This great medicine cures those eruptions, pimples, and boils that appear at all seasons; cures scrofula sores, stilt rheum or eczema; adapts itself equally well to, and also cures, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles; cures rheumatism and catarrh; cures nervous troubles, debility and that tired feeling.

**Sarsaparilla**—For those who prefer medicine in tablet form, Hood's Sarsaparilla is put up in chocolate tablets called Sarsaparils as well as in the usual liquid form. Sarsaparils have a pleasantly sweet curative properties as the liquid form, besides accuracy of dose, convenience, economy, no loss by evaporation, breakage, or leakage. Druggists or promptly mail. C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.



Mrs. C. K. Tyler, Burlington, Vt., says: "I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for a long time, and much to do and so little health to do it with, caused almost a complete break down; blood poor and thin; no strength, little sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave appetite, natural sleep, perfect health, strength to do all my work."

## DEDICATION OF OF NEW HALL BY ODD FELLOWS

(From Saturday's Daily Guard.)

After a monster parade on the streets the Eugene Odd Fellows, assisted by a large number of members of the order in various parts of the county, dedicated their magnificent hall in the new five-story White Temple built by them.

The parade was several blocks long and was headed by an automobile containing Judge G. H. Burnett, who will deliver the address of the occasion tonight, Dr. L. J. Whitson, Mrs. G. N. Frazer and others prominent in Odd Fellowship. This was followed by the band and then came a long line of Odd Fellows marching in a column of twos, the Rebekahs bringing up the rear.

At the hall a program of addresses by Grand Master Hostettler and short

## OREGON SCORES MORE THAN BOTH IDAHO AND WASHINGTON TOGETHER

(From Saturday's Daily Guard.)

The University of Oregon scored more points for the fourth successive time than both Idaho and Washington put together, by rolling up 63 points in the track meet this afternoon. Idaho won second place with 33 points, and Washington took the last with but 26.

In the hammer-throw and high jump Oregon could not enter her best men, as each team was allowed but two entries. Washington took eight points on the hammer, but Oregon made all nine in the shot.

With the track in the best of condition, Oliver Huston made the record time of his life by taking the 100-yard dash from Montgomery of Idaho, who only a few inches spare. Huston made the best start,



L. O. O. F. WHITE TEMPLE.

talks by prominent local members of the order, besides music, was the order, besides music, was the order. This was followed by the dedication ceremonies according to the ritual of the order, which were very impressive.

Tonight the big meeting will be held and Judge G. H. Burnett of Salem will deliver the principal address. There will be other addresses. Music will be furnished during the evening and a lunch will be served.

**Lodge History.** Spencer Bittle Lodge No. 9, I. O. O. F., was organized by Samuel E. Mays, G. M., of the grand lodge of Oregon on the 21st day of July, 1869, with the following charter members: James Munroe, Enoch Smith, Garrett Bogart, Isaac S. Swearingen and James R. Phillips, and at the same time the following ancient Odd Fellows were elected to membership: S. S. Ellsworth, J. A. McElhaney, P. Dudley, A. A. Smith, S. W. Keith, Jos. Mager, Eugene F. Skinner who founded the city and for whom it was named, was elected to membership and was the first candidate initiated into the new lodge.

Wimawaha encampment No. 6 organized February 9, 1874, by A. Noltner, social deputy grand sire. The charter members were: E. L. Bristow, J. J. Walton, Jr., W. H. Killingsworth, W. J. Shipley, F. J. Singer, G. W. Kluzey, B. F. Dorris, N. L. Lee and A. G. Hovey. A number of new members were elected and initiated at the same meeting, viz: Joel Ware, G. A. Miller, S. H. Friendly, Jesse Cox, J. M. Shelley, B. C. Pennington, E. H. Kinney, James Hudleston, I. S. Swearingen, I. K. Zumwalt, George Cunningham, Sol Steinhelmer, M. D. Harris and H. L. Thompson.

Canton Hovey No. 4, Patriarchs militant, was instituted by Major P. A. Hantz, department commander of Oregon, August 30, 1907, with 22 members, all being initiate members and the following officers were elected: John M. Williams, captain; W. M. Green, lieutenant; Fred W. Walker, ensign; M. Svarverud, clerk and J. W. Pollock, scavenger. The canton now has seventy members and is the largest in the state.

Eugene Rebekah lodge was instituted in May, 1893, during the session of the grand lodge in Eugene. The charter membership was small and only five of that number now remain on the roll.

Lloyd Mitchell is home from a trip to eastern Oregon and Idaho.

# LONE HIGHWAYMAN HOLDS UP MRS. W. M. RENSHAW AND SHOOTS HER HORSE

(From Thursday's Daily Guard.)

Mrs. W. M. Renshaw was held up by a lone highwayman on the covered bridge a mile north of the city this afternoon about 3:45 o'clock. The highwayman secured nothing from her, but shot her favorite driving horse in the breast and it will probably die.

Mrs. Renshaw was out driving on the country roads between Eugene and Coburg. She was returning to the city and upon entering the bridge which is near the Bushnell farm, she saw a man standing there. He immediately ordered her to stop her horse. She hardly realized what was happening and whipped the animal into a trot, whereupon the man drew a pistol and fired at the horse, the bullet entering squarely in the center of its breast. The animal began running and tore down the road toward the city, finally stopping through weakness, a short distance north of the Willamette river bridge.

Word was at once sent into town of the holdup and Sheriff Bowen and other officers drove to the scene. Mrs. Renshaw was brought into the city in Leonard Brown's auto while the officers began a search for the desperado. At a late hour this afternoon a posse was scouring the brush along the slough which the bridge crosses.

**Could Identify Assailant.** Mrs. Renshaw describes her assailant as being young, rather tall and wearing a light suit of clothes. She says she could identify him if she ever saw him again. W. E. Boddy and Ed Hushell crossed the bridge only a few moments before the holdup occurred and saw a man standing there. He talked with the description given by Mrs. Renshaw and they are certain that this was the man that did the shooting. They too could identify him.

Mrs. Renshaw states that the man, after shooting the horse fired three more shots, presumably at her, but she was not hit. After the horse had started to run away from him, the highwayman jumped over the fence into a field and disappeared into the brush along the slough.

**MRS. RENSHAW TELLS STORY.** Mrs. Renshaw, after she had time to recover from the excitement of the affair, was seen in her apartment in the Walton block by a Guard reporter, to whom she told the story of the holdup as follows: "I had driven out toward Coburg with 'Baby' (her horse) and in

crossing the second bridge going out I saw a man there. When I reached the third bridge I turned around, intending to go back to town to take Mr. Renshaw out to the golf links. As I neared the second bridge I saw this man still standing there. As the horse approached him he stepped out and the thought at once entered my mind that this was a hold-up. The fellow said to me, 'I guess you'll stop there' and I answered, 'I guess not,' and applied the whip to 'Baby.' The man then drew a pistol and fired. I whipped the horse and he dashed straight toward the fellow who had to get out of the way to avoid being run down. As we passed him he fired three shots at me, one of the bullets passing through my hair and barely missing my ear. 'Baby' ran for several hundred yards and noticing that he was lame, I stopped him and asked a passing teamster if the horse was shot. He alighted from his wagon and found a bullet hole in the horse's breast, and then I noticed that he was bleeding badly. This happened shortly after 3:30 o'clock. I reached the blacksmith shop this side of the river and phoned to Bangs' livery stable and told the men there what had happened.

"The man was, I should judge, about 30 years of age, tall and slender and did not look like a tramp at all. He wore a blue coat, light trousers and a light soft hat. I would certainly know him if I ever saw him again. I do not know why he should want to do me injury. It is probable that he has seen me drive out that way a number of times recently, as that is my favorite drive, and has probably noticed the jewelry I usually wear, hoping to rob me of them. You can say that the holdup did not excite me much. It is the loss of my horse that agitates me."

**Horse Will Die.** Dr. Weller was called to attend the horse's injury. He found that the bullet from the pistol severed an artery in the breast, and that there could be no possibility of saving its life, as the animal was bleeding to death internally. The animal was brought to the Renshaw barn. It was a very valuable horse and when asked its value, Mr. Renshaw declared that money could not have bought it.

**Think They Have Him.** Sheriff Bowen sent word to town at 4:30 o'clock that he thought the posse had the desperado surrounded. Officer Bonney, who is acting in the capacity of Chief of Police in the absence of Chief Farrington with the posse, sent over eight or nine additional men to help capture the man.

**Bullet From Hold-Up's Pistol Passed Through Her Hair.** Mrs. Renshaw, after she had time to recover from the excitement of the affair, was seen in her apartment in the Walton block by a Guard reporter, to whom she told the story of the holdup as follows: "I had driven out toward Coburg with 'Baby' (her horse) and in

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**Bullet From Hold-Up's Pistol Passed Through Her Hair.** Mrs. Renshaw, after she had time to recover from the excitement of the affair, was seen in her apartment in the Walton block by a Guard reporter, to whom she told the story of the holdup as follows: "I had driven out toward Coburg with 'Baby' (her horse) and in

crossing the second bridge going out I saw a man there. When I reached the third bridge I turned around, intending to go back to town to take Mr. Renshaw out to the golf links. As I neared the second bridge I saw this man still standing there. As the horse approached him he stepped out and the thought at once entered my mind that this was a hold-up. The fellow said to me, 'I guess you'll stop there' and I answered, 'I guess not,' and applied the whip to 'Baby.' The man then drew a pistol and fired. I whipped the horse and he dashed straight toward the fellow who had to get out of the way to avoid being run down. As we passed him he fired three shots