

POLLY of the CIRCUS

BY MARGARET MAYO
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(Chapter XIII.—Continued.)

He stopped and looked at her in astonishment. It was the first time that he had ever heard that sharp note in her voice. Her tiny figure was stiffened with decision. Her eyes were blazing.

"If you ever dare to speak to him—about me, you'll never see me again."

Jim was perplexed. "I mean it, Jim. I've made my choice, and I've come back to you. If you ever try to fix up things between him and me, I'll run away—really and truly away—and you'll never, never get me back."

He shuffled awkwardly to her side and reached apologetically for the little tin of ointment. He held it in his big rough hand, toying nervously with the tin.

"I wouldn't do nothing that you wouldn't want to help you, only I-I never seem to know how."

She turned to him with tear-dimmed eyes and rested her hands on his great, broad shoulders, and he saw the place where he dwelt in her heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE "leap of death" implements were being carried from the ring, and Jim turned away to superintend their loading.

Performers again rushed by each other on their way to and from the main tent.

Polly stood in the center of the lot, frowning and anxious. The mere mention of the pastor's name had made it seem impossible for her to ride to-night. For hours she had been whipping herself up to the point of doing it, and now her courage failed her. She followed Barker as he came from the ring.

"Mr. Barker, please!"

He turned upon her sharply. "Well, what is it now?"

"I want to ask you to let me off again tonight." She spoke in a short, jerky, desperate way.

"What?" he shrieked. "Not go into the ring, with all them people inside what's paid their money because they knowed you?"

"That's it!" she cried. "I can't! I can't!"

"You're gettin' too tony!" Barker sneered. "That's the trouble with you. You ain't been good for nothin' since you was at that parson's house. You didn't stay there, and you're no use here. First thing you know you'll be out all round."

"Out?"

"Sure. You don't think I'm goin' to head my bill with a 'dead one,' do you?"

"I ain't a 'dead one,'" she answered excitedly. "I'm the best rider you've had since father died. You've said so yourself."

"That was afore you got in with them church cranks. You talk about your mother! Why, she'd be ashamed to own you."

"She wouldn't!" cried Polly. Her eyes were flashing; her face was scarlet. The pride of hundreds of years of ancestry was quivering with indignation. "I can ride as well as I ever could, and I'll do it too. I'll do it to-morrow."

"Tomorrow?" echoed Barker. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I can't go into that ring tonight," she declared, "and I won't."

She was desperate now and trading upon a strength beyond her own.

He looked at her with momentary indecision. She was a good rider, the best since her mother, as he had often told her. He could see this meant an issue. He felt she would be on her mettle tomorrow, as far as her work was concerned, if he let her alone tonight.

"All right," he said sullenly. "You can stay off tonight. I got the crowd in there anyway, and I got their money. I'll let Eloise do a turn on Barbican, but tomorrow you'd better show me your old act."

"I'll show you!" she cried. "I'll show you!"

"Well, see that you do." He crossed into the ring.

Polly stood where Barker had left her, white and tense. Jim came toward her from the direction of the wagons. He glanced at her uneasily. "What's been a-sayin' to you?"

"He says I can't ride any more." Her lips closed tightly. She stared straight ahead of her. "He says I was no good to the people that took me in and I'm no use here."

"It's not so!" thundered Jim. "No, it's not!" she cried. "I'll show him, Jim! I'll show him—tomorrow!"

She turned toward the dressing tent. Jim caught her firmly by the wrist.

"Wait, Polly! You ain't ever goin' into the ring a-feelin' that way." Her eyes met his defiantly.

"What's the difference? What's the difference?" She wrenched her wrist quickly from him and ran into the dressing tent, laughing hysterically.

"An' I bring her back to it," mumbled Jim as he turned to give orders to the property men.

Most of the "first half props" were loaded, and some of the men were

asleep under the wagons. The lot was clear. Suddenly he felt some one approaching from the back of the enclosure. He turned and found himself face to face with the stern, solitary figure of the pastor, wrapped in his long black cloak. The moonlight slipped through a rift in the clouds and fell into a circle around them.

"What made you come here?" was all Jim said.

"I heard that Miss Polly didn't ride today. I was afraid she might be ill."

He shuffled awkwardly to her side and reached apologetically for the little tin of ointment. He held it in his big rough hand, toying nervously with the tin.

"I wouldn't do nothing that you wouldn't want to help you, only I-I never seem to know how."

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the hawk-dust, gazing at the big red wagon, studying the unprotected circus properties and listening to the lightening tempo of the band.

"Did you see him?" shouted Strong, who had followed closely upon Elverson's heels.

The little deacon started. Strong was certainly a disturbing factor at times. "Yes, I—I saw him."

"Well?"

"He—he didn't see her."

"What did he do?" Strong was beside himself with impatience.

"He—he just talked to the big un and went out that way." Elverson nodded toward the wagons.

"I guess he ain't gone far," sneered Strong. "He come over to this lot to see her, and he ain't goin' to give up till he does it. You wait here. I'll take a look round." He went quickly in the direction of the wagons.

Elverson needed no second invitation to wait. He was congratulating himself upon his good fortune when he all but collided with a flying apparition, vanishing in the direction of the main tent. Sophisticated eyes would have seen only a rather stout acrobat clad in pink tights, but Elverson was not

so sophisticated, and he teetered after the flitting angel, even unto the forbidden portals of the big top.

He was peeping through the curtains which had fallen behind her and was getting his first glimpse of the great sawdust world beyond when one of the clowns dashed from the dressing tent on his way to the ring.

The clown was late. He saw the limp contrails of the deacon, who was three-quarters in the tent. Here was a chance to make a funny entrance. He grabbed the unsuspecting little man from the rear. The terrified deacon struck out blindly in all directions, his black arms and legs moving like a centipede's, but the clown held him firmly by the back and thrust him headforemost into the tent.

Strong returned almost immediately from his unsuccessful search for the pastor. He looked about the lot for Elverson.

"Hey, there, Elverson!" he called lustily. There was no response.

"Now, where's he got to?" grumbled Strong. He disappeared quickly around the corner of the dressing tent, resolved to keep a sharp lookout for Douglas.

Elverson was thrust from the tent soon after, spitting sawdust and much discomfited, by the laughing performers who followed him. His knees almost gave way beneath him when Barker came out of the ring, snapping his long black whip.

"Get out of here, you bloke!" roared Barker, and Elverson "got."

No one had remembered to tell the groom that Polly was not to ride to-night, so Bingo was brought out as usual when their "turn" approached.

"Take him back, Tom!" Polly called from the entrance when she learned Bingo was waiting, "and bring Barbican. I'm not going on tonight. Eloise is going to ride in my place."

This was the second time today that Bingo had been led away without going into the ring. Something in his big, wondering eyes made Polly follow him and apologize. He was very proud, was Bingo, and very conscious of it. He felt uneasy when he saw the other horses going to their work without him.

"Never mind, Bingo," she said, patting his great, arched neck; "we'll show 'em tomorrow." He rubbed his satiny nose against her cheek. "We'll make them sit up again. Barker says our act's no good—that I've let down. But it's not your fault, Bingo. I've not been fair to you. I'll give you a chance tomorrow. You wait. He'll never say it again, Bingo, never again!"

(Concluded next Saturday).

SUBSCRIBE FOR "THE GUARD"

EUGENE & WESTERN RAILROAD BONDS ISSUES AND PREPARES FOR ACTIVE OPERATIONS

The Lane County Asset Company, which will be the holding company for the Eugene & Western railway, organized to build from Eugene to Florence, has established offices in the Eugene Real Estate & Investment Company's building at Eighth and Willamette streets.

The company is officered as follows: Jack Rodman, president; Alton Hampton, vice president; Joe Fellman, secretary; A. F. Campbell, assistant secretary; F. E. Dunn, treasurer, and O. J. Johnson, general manager. It is the intention to offer for sale to the people of Eugene and Lane county at least \$150,000 of the stock in the Lane County Asset Company, the funds to be used in building the first fifteen or twenty miles of the road. When this has been accomplished it is proposed to turn all assets over to the Eugene & Western railroad, issuing stockholders the same amount of stock in the railroad company as they have paid for in the asset company, and to issue and sell the bonds of the railroad company for the purpose of completing the road to Florence.

Mr. O. J. Johnson, of Minneapolis, \$100,000 is subscribed they expect to begin the actual work of construction, and push it along until completed. They expect to make a thorough canvass of Eugene and the country adjacent to the road, securing just as large an amount of stock as possible, in order to hold the bond issue down to as low a figure as possible, thus insuring dividends after the road is constructed. It is the intention to build a road that will be owned and operated by the people of Lane county.

Those who are promoting the Eugene & Western feel that success is assured, basing their sanguine expectations upon the encouragement received from promises of liberal support on part of the people.

A large soliciting committee has already been named and these gentlemen will begin work the first of the week.

IRVING GRANGE HOLDS ITS FIRST IN NEW TALL

Irving, June 30.—Irving Grange met for the first time in its new home Friday evening, June 25.

There was a good attendance and every Granger rejoiced that the Grange had such cozy quarters and felt that the executive committee should be congratulated on securing such a pleasant home for the Grange.

The Grange had two regular meetings during the month of June. At the meeting Friday evening, the 11th, several matters of importance came up for consideration. The executive committee made its final report in the matter of obtaining the old M. E. church for a home for the Grange, and a number of the members were appointed to move the Grange fixtures to the new hall.

After the routine matters of the meetings of each month were disposed of, the time was usually occupied in the discussion of topics interesting to the farmers and their families, with songs, recitations, and other good things, such as ice cream, etc.

Mr. L. Lemmon, an old time Granger, and also an old pioneer of 1845, gave an interesting talk about his journey to Washington, D. C., and other places of note in the East. He sat in the Senate chamber and listened to some of the speeches on the tariff question. Mr. Lemmon has a very poor opinion of senatorial courtesy, saying that the Senators showed less courtesy to each other in their debates than you will see in any country debating club.

Mr. Lemmon also spoke of the large number of negroes in the cities of the East, especially of Washington, D. C., and naively made the remark that some of the negroes had more white blood than they ought to have.

Mr. Lemmon thinks the negro question is going to be one of the hard problems to solve by this country in the years to come.

"The Boy on the Farm and His Surroundings," was the topic assigned to Brother Bert Ward, which was handled in a very creditable manner by him. Mr. Ward spoke of the boy's early years and on up to manhood, often having but little to encourage him, as compared with the boy in the city. He also spoke of the evil surroundings of the boy, which is made worse when a careless father hires help that is morally unfit to enter the presence of his family. Brothers Wing and Hurd took part in the discussion of the boy problem, saying that the education of the boy, and girl, too, was away from the farm instead of toward it.

Mr. Ed. Zumwalt took up the humorous side of the question, saying that there was, after all, many things about the farm that was agreeable and pleasant, and that more real enjoyment and pleasure can be found on the farm by the boy than ever comes to him in the city. After telling of the many kinds of sport he had when a boy, he related that he often wondered how much a cow could pull by her tail, which he finally found out to his entire satisfaction.

Mr. Wiley Maxwell had for his subject, "The Best System in Farming." Mr. Maxwell told in a very entertaining way of the systems of farming in vogue during the past and the present. He gave examples of the superiority of the present mode of farming over that of the past, and that we must constantly study

how to retain the fertility of the soil if we expect to reap good harvests in the future.

Paul Zumwalt and Miss Leda Zumwalt entertained the Grange with a cornet and organ duet. They were enthusiastically recalled.

Miss Nida Wing sang a solo, and Miss Leda Zumwalt and Miss Mary Day sang a duet, accompanied on the organ by Miss Florence Runyan.

The musical numbers are always good and well rendered. There are quite a number in the Grange who have musical talent, and their music, instrumental and vocal, is always greatly appreciated by the Grange.

JUNCTION CITY NOTES FROM THE TIMES

Born, June 27, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Fay Miller, a son. Fay steps around pretty lively these days since reaching the important distinction of being "dad."

Chris Christensen and wife, Carl Christensen, and daughter, Mrs. Larsen, left Tuesday for Idaho to visit old home friends and relatives. They expect to be absent several weeks.

Chester Edwards, of Riverview, began picking loganberries last Monday. He is delivering them in Eugene. He says there will be about one-third as many as there was last year.

Paul E. Baker, principal of the Junction City public school, and Miss Myrtle McKenry, of Monmouth, recently a teacher in the Independence public school, were married June 21 by the Rev. C. A. Sias, of the Christian church, at his home. They will make their home in Junction City where Mr. Baker has been re-elected to serve as principal.—Dallas Observer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Millhorn and Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Belknap expect to leave some time next week on an extended trip across the mountains. They will drive overland via the Santiam route and return by the McKenzie road. As they expect to be absent about two months they will make the trip at easy stages and stop at all the interesting places enroute.

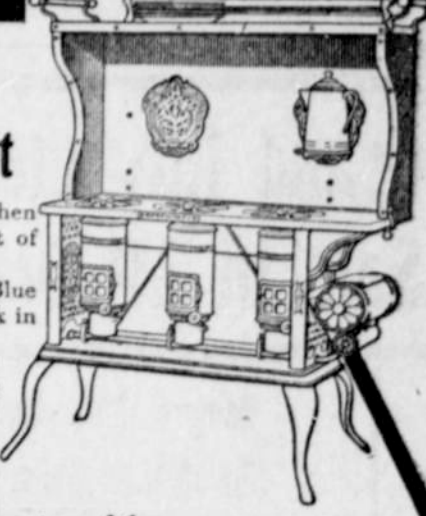
J. A. Boone has purchased the Quinn lots, better known as the brewery property. He has sold the south half to Isaiah Slayter together with the barn thereon. He expects to tear down the old brewery building and erect a new little cottage which will be for rent. He has already purchased the lumber and work will commence as soon as the contract is let.

Two brakemen caught a hobo in the act of breaking into a freight car Wednesday evening. He broke the seal and brakeman Rose took after him and ran him down and then turned him over to the marshal. A "coon" was also arrested thinking he might know something of the circumstances, but he proved his innocence and was released. The other man was taken to Eugene Thursday afternoon.—Times.

NEAR-BEER PRODUCTS PROVE INTOXICATING

Albany, Or., July 2.—Near-beer is under the ban in Albany and Linn county. The analysis is said to have shown that Melas, the product of the Salem Brewing Company, showed 3.58 per cent of alcohol, and the Roseburg product about 3.34 per cent. Anything with over two per cent is a violation of the law.

All those arrested here charged with the sale of near-beer were found guilty and paid their fines. All the defendants said they were ignorant that these drinks were intoxicating, and expected to be protected under the guaranty of the makers. This will effect the sale of these drinks in all the counties.



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