

POLLY of the CIRCUS

BY MARGARET MAYO
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY



Polly had nothing more to do to-night except to get into her street clothes. The wagons would soon be moving away. For a moment she glanced at the dark church steeple; then she turned to go inside the tent. A deep, familiar voice stopped her.

"Polly!"

She turned quickly. She could not answer. Douglas came toward her. He gazed at her in amazement. She drew her cape about her slightly clad figure. She seemed older to him, more unapproachable with her hair heaped high and sparkling with jewels.

She found strength at last to open her lips, but still no sound came from them. She and the pastor looked at each other strangely, like spirits newly met from far apart worlds. She, too, thought her companion changed. He was older; the circles beneath his eyes were deeper, the look in their depths more grave.

"We were such close neighbors today I-I rather thought, you'd call," he stammered. He was uncertain what he was saying. It did not matter what was there with her.

"When you're in a circus there isn't much time for calling."

"That's why I've come to call on you." They might have been shepherd and sheepdog on a May day wooing for the halting way in which their words came.

"You're all right?" he went on.

"You're happy?"

"Yes, very," she said. Her eyes were downcast.

He did not believe her. The effort in her voice, her drawn, white face, belied her words. How could he get the truth from her?

"Jim said you might not want to see me."

She started.

"Has Jim been talking to you?"

"Yes, but I didn't let him stop me, for you told me the day you left that you'd never change—toward me. Have you, Polly?" He studied her anxiously.

"Why, no, of course not," she said bravely.

"And you'll be quite frank when I ask you something?"

"Yes, of course." She was growing more and more uneasy. She glanced about for a way of escape.

"Why did you leave me as you did?"

"I told you then." She tried to cross toward the dressing tent.

He seized her small wrists and forced her to look at him.

"And I am not happy without you, and I never, never can be." The food-staves were open. His eyes were aglow. He bent toward her eagerly.

"Oh, you mustn't!" she begged.

"You've grown so close," he cried, "so close!" She struggled to be free. He did not heed her. "You know, you must know what I mean." He drew her toward him and forced her into his arms. "You're more precious to me than all else on this earth."

For the first time he saw the extreme pallor on her face. He felt her growing limp and lifeless in his arms. A doubt crossed his mind. "If I am wrong in thinking you feel as I do, if you honestly care for all this," he glanced about at the tents, "more than for any life that I can give you, I

"What bargain?" demanded Douglas. "She told me that you and her wasn't ever going to see each other, she was going to keep on with this kind of thing you wouldn't have got out so easy."

"So that's it?" cried Douglas. It was all clear to him now. He recalled everything—her hysterical behavior, her laughter, her tears. "It was you who drove that child back to this?" He glanced at Polly. The narrow shoulders were bent forward. The nervous little fingers were clasping and unclasping each other. Never before had she seemed so small and helpless.

"Oh, please, Mr. John, please don't make him any worse!"

"Why didn't you tell me?" he demanded.

"It would have done no good," she sobbed. "Oh, why—why won't you leave me alone?"

"It would have done all the good in the world. What right had he to send you back to this?"

"I had every right," said Strong stubbornly.

"What?" cried Douglas.

"It was my duty."

"Your duty? Your narrow minded bigotry?"

"I don't allow no man to talk to me like that, not even my parson."

"I'm not your parson any longer," declared Douglas. He faced Strong squarely. He was master of his own affairs at last. Polly clung to him begging and beseeching.

"Oh, Mr. John, Mr. John!"



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

"What do you mean by that?" shouted Strong.

"I mean that I stayed with you and your narrow minded congregation before because I believed you needed me. But now this girl needs me more. She needs me to protect her from just such injustice as yours."

"You'd better be protectin' yourself that's my advice to you."

"I can do that without your advice."

"Maybe you can find another church with that circus ridin' girl a-hangin' round your neck."

"He's right," cried Polly. "You couldn't." She clung to the pastor in terrified entreaty. "You couldn't get another church. They'd never, never forgive you. It's no use. You've got to let me go! You've got to!"

"Listen, Polly." He drew her toward him. "God is greater than any church or creed. There's work to be done everywhere—his work."

"You'll soon find out about that," thundered Strong.

"So I will," answered Douglas, with his head thrown high. "This child has opened a new world to me. She has shown me a broader, deeper humanity and I will find the way together."

"It won't be an easy one, I'll promise you that," Strong turned to go.

"I'm not looking for the easy way," Douglas called after him; then he turned to draw Polly's arm within his. "Polly had slipped from his side to follow the deacon."

"Oh, please, Deacon Strong, please!" she pleaded. "You won't go away like that. He'll be all right if you'll only wait. I'm not coming back. I'm not honestly, I'm going with the show tonight, and I'm going this time for ever."

"You are going to stay here with me!" cried Douglas.

"No, no, Mr. John! I've made up my mind, and I won't be to blame for your unhappiness." She faced him firmly now. "I don't belong to your world, and I don't want to try any more. I'm what he called me—I'm a circus riding girl. I was born in the circus, and I'll never change. That's my work—riding—and it's yours to preach. You must do your work, and I'll do mine."

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 turn."

"So much the better!" She seized the bridle 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 wagons just in time to catch the uplifted arm.

"Leave him to me. This ain't no parson's 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 glaring at the deacon and breathing hard.

"If aught but death part thee and me," 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 clowns and gaily 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 groaned.

"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 knelt on the soft grass and rested Polly's head upon his knee. The others pressed about them. It seemed to Douglas that he waited hours; then her white lips 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 was in her street clothes now, the little brown Quakerish dress which she had chosen to wear so much since her return from the parsonage.

"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 breathed through his kiss.

"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, brave 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.

"Whether 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.

The man who always does as he pleases is either a brute or a diplomat.

A short answer very often makes a long account that ultimately has to be settled.

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 audience started. She caught her footing with 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 goin' to fall!" He covered his face with his hands.

Polly reeled and fell at the horse's side. She mounted 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



"If aught but death part thee and me," 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 clowns and gaily 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 groaned.

"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 knelt on the soft grass and rested Polly's head upon his knee. The others pressed about them. It seemed to Douglas that he waited hours; then her white lips 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 was in her street clothes now, the little brown Quakerish dress which she had chosen to wear so much since her return from the parsonage.

"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 breathed through his kiss.

"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, brave 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.

"Whether 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.

The man who always does as he pleases is either a brute or a diplomat.

A short answer very often makes a long account that ultimately has to be settled.

\$800,000 SPENT UPON HOMES IN FIFTEEN MONTHS

Building Cost Almost Totals \$400,000 According to City Statistics

Permits have been granted for over 250 residences in Eugene since the inspector of buildings was appointed and opened his offices on April 1, 1908. The average cost is about \$1,000, thus showing an expenditure during the fifteen months of nearly \$400,000 for cottages, houses and bungalows alone.

Neither is the demand for permits slackening. A year ago in June Inspector McFarland only gave 24. In June this year the number was 39. He said this morning, however, that the average cost of residences this year is somewhat lower, but that several costly ones had been given permits this month.

As the cost of the house is hardly half of the expense of making a home, during the last fifteen months probably \$800,000 has been spent in buying property, building, and in furnishing Eugene's new houses.

Number of Residences

1908—	
April	15
May	17
June	24
July	31
August	23
September	28
October	27
November	21
December	21
Total	207
1909—	
January	12
February	19
March	16
April	42
May	29
June	30
Total 1908-1909	355

TEMPORARY ORGANIZATION OF AUTO ASSOCIATION

Captain W. S. Moon Chosen President and Professor Boynton Secretary

(From Thursday's Daily Guard)

At a meeting of owners of automobiles, as announced in last evening's Guard, a temporary organization was effected with Captain W. S. Moon as president and Professor W. P. Boynton as secretary. A committee consisting of R. McMurphy, F. E. Chambers and W. P. Boynton was named by the chairman to draft by-laws and constitution to govern the association, and a committee consisting of D. A. Paine, B. L. Bogart, Frank Bennett and C. O. Hudson was named to confer with the city council in regard to an ordinance regulating the speed of autos on the streets. The members who were enrolled last night are as follows: W. S. Moon, W. P. Boynton, J. S. Maglady, F. G. Bennett, Webster L. Kincaid, J. J. Blais, R. McMurphy, C. O. Hudson, F. E. Chambers, D. A. Paine, B. L. Bogart, F. W. Osburn, C. S. Frank, L. H. Potter.

Facts for Weak Women

Nine-tenths of all the sickness of women is due to some derangement or disease of the organs distinctly feminine. Such sickness can be cured—cured every day by


Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

It Makes Weak Women Strong. Sick Women Well.

It acts directly on the organs affected and is at the same time a general restorative tonic for the whole system. It cures female complaint right in the privacy of home. It makes unnecessary the disagreeable questioning examinations and local treatment so universally insisted upon by doctors, and so abhorrent to every modest woman.

We shall not particularize here as to the symptoms of those peculiar affections incident to women, but those wanting full information as to their symptoms and means of positive cure are referred to the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser—1008 pages, newly revised and up-to-date Edition, sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, or in cloth binding for 31 stamps.

Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Lane.

Table E. Edwards, Plaintiff, vs. Geo. E. Edwards, Defendant.

To George E. Edwards:—

In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Circuit Court within six weeks after the date of the service of this summons upon you, if served personally, and if not personally served upon you, then within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons; and if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded therein, this suit having been brought to dissolve the bonds of plaintiff and the defendant, upon the terms of an extreme cruelty.

A man near Woodburn has bought back the 40-acre ranch that he sold four years ago, at an advance of \$1,500.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that by an order of the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, duly made and entered of record on the 6th day of May, 1909, the undersigned was duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Oscar E. Smith, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them to the undersigned at Eugene, Oregon, within six (6) months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Eugene, Oregon, this 7th day of May, 1909.

ABBIE WEST SMITH,
Administratrix of the Estate of
Oscar E. Smith, deceased.
WOODCOCK & POTZEL,
Attorneys.

KASPARILLA

This sterling household remedy is most successfully prescribed for a "world of troubles." For derangements of the digestive organs it is a natural corrective, operating directly upon the liver and alimentary canal, gently but persistently stimulating a healthful activity. Its beneficial influence extends, however, to every portion of the system, aiding in the processes of digestion and assimilation of food, promoting a wholesome, natural appetite, correcting sour stomach, bad breath, irregularities of the bowels, constipation and the long list of troubles directly traceable to those unwholesome conditions. Kasparilla dispels drowsiness, headache, backache and despondency due to inactivity of the liver, kidneys and digestive tract. It is a strengthening tonic of the highest value.

If it fails to satisfy we authorize all dealers to refund the purchase price.

W. H. McCORQUODALE, Prop. 95 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OREGON

YOU GET WHAT WE GET AND WE PROVE IT

Our books are open for your inspection. Buyers name given if wanted. We not only get top prices, but you can satisfy yourself absolutely at any time that you get what we get. PROMPT CASH RETURNS. Ship your produce to us. Write to us now for coops, tags, etc.

SOUTHERN OREGON COMMISSION CO.

W. H. McCORQUODALE, Prop. 95 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OREGON

Kodol Guaranteed

To Give Satisfaction or Your Money Back.

FOR INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. RELIEVES SOUR STOMACH, BELCHING, ETC. E. C. DeWITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

HANDY BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Manicuring and Hair Dressing
Hasting Sisters Register Bldg. Front Saite

GARRETT & MITCHELL
Real Estate Brokers
Register Building. Phone Main 108.

Eugene Cleaning and Dyeing Works
Everything possible in cleaning and Dyeing. Corner Sixth and Willamette Sts. Phone Main 1222

SHINN
THE SIGN PAINTER
77 West Eighth Street.

Smyths Transfer Co
Baggage stored free for ten days
Phone—Main 32, Red 4912. W. H. SMYTH, Prop.

Best of work. Don't fail to see the pictures we are putting out now at half price

Tolman Studio
518 Willamette Street

S. D. READ
DENTIST
Over Hall's Grocery No. 518 Willamette Street

FOR BEST Teas, Coffees, Spices or Chinaware
Call at 30 East Ninth Street. G. B. LOCKE, Mgr.

Eugene Electric Co.
I. O. THOMAS
Electric Wiring, Fixtures and Supplies
Phone Main 5. EUGENE, OR.

Poultry and Fish Market
Fish Received Daily
W. H. RIDGEWAY, Prop. Phone Main 23. 628 Willamette St.

S. G. Beardsley, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
16 and 17 McClung Bldg., Phone Main 47 8th and Willamette

McLEOD THE TAILOR
One door east of Ott's Grill, 7th St.

Jesse G. Wells
ATTORNEY
Register Building
Gives special attention to the examination of abstracts, drafting wills, settling estates, conveyances and collections. Also to all pension matters. Phone Main 108.

Wm. G. Martin
Attorney-at Law
Will practice in all the courts. Office Warren Building, 536 Willamette street, over Crescent store.

DR. LULU MUNKERS-MARQUAM
Physician and Surgeon
Residence 28 East Eleventh street. Office, Register building. Phone Red 6231.
SPECIALTY—Diseases of women and children.

"Never mind, Bingo."

"What's that?"

"You're interfering. You'll be going on your way in an hour. I'll say good-bye and God bless you, but if you do stay for me, Polly," he was pleading now, "if you're not happy here, won't you come back to me? Won't you, Polly?"

She dared not meet his eyes nor yet to send him away. She stood irresolute. The voice of Deacon Strong answered for her.

"So you're here, are you?"

"Yes, Deacon Strong, I'm here," answered the pastor as he turned to meet the accusing eyes of the deacon.

"As for you, miss," continued Strong, with an insolent nod toward Polly, "I might have known how you'd keep your part of the bargain."

"Bargain?" echoed Douglas. "What bargain?"

"Oh, please, Deacon Strong, please. I didn't mean to see him—I didn't, truly. She hardly knew what she was saying."