[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER VII. ANDY had secretly enjoyed the commotion caused by the little circus rider being left in the parsonage, at first because of her inborn love of mischlef 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

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 divided between making plans for these unfortunates and reading aloud from the Bible or other books.

When Polly gained courage, Douglas sometimes persuaded her to read to him, and the little corrections that he made at these times soon became noticeable in her manner of speech. She was so eager, so starved for knowledge that she drank it as fast as he could give it. It was during their talks about grammar that Mandy generally fell asleep in her rocker, her unfinished sewing still in her lap.

When a letter came from Jim and Toby it was always shared equally b Mandy and Hasty, Polly and the pastor. But at last a letter came from Jim only, and Douglas, who was asked to read it, faltered and stopped after the first few words.

"It's no use my tryin' to keep it from you any longer, Poll," the letter began. "We ain't got Toby with us no more. He didn't have no accident; it wasn't that. He just seemed kinder sick an' ailin' like ever since the night we had to leave you behind. I used to get him warm drinks an' things an 'try to pull him through, but he was always a-chillin' and a'achin'. If it wasn't one thing it was another. I done all I knowed you'd 'a' wanted me to, an' the rest of the folks was mighty white to him too. I guess they kinder felt how lonesome he was. He couldn't get no more laughs in the show, so Barker had to put on another man with him. That kinder hurt him, too, I s'pose, an' showed him the way that things was a-goin'. It was just after that he wrote the parson a-tellin' him to never let you come back. He seemed to 'a' got an idee in his head that you was happier where you was. He wouldn't let me tell you 'bout his feelin' rocky. 'cause he thought it might mebbe make you come back. 'Sne's am rule from us,' he was allus a-sayin'. 'I never spected to keep 'er.' "

Douglas stopped. Polly was waiting. her face white and drawn. He had not told her of Toby's letter because with it had come a request to "say nothin' ter the kid."

He felt that Polly was controlling herself with an effort until he should reach the end of Jim's letter, so he

hurried on. "The parson's promise didn't get to nim none too quick," he read. "That seemed to be what he was waitin' for. He give up the night it come, an' 1 got him a little room in a hotel after the show an' let one of the other fellers get the stuff out o' town, so's I could stay with him up to the finish. It come round mornin'. There wasn't much to it-he just seemed tired an' peaceful-like. 'I'm glad he wrote what he did,' he said, meanin' the parson. 'She knows, she allus knows,' he whispered, meanin' you, Poll, an' then he was on his way. He'd already give me what was saved up for you, an' I'm sendin' it along with this"- A blue money order for \$250 had fluttered from the envelope when Douglas

opened it. "I got everything ready afore I went on the next day, an' I went up an' saw the little spot on the hill where they was goin' to stow him. It looked kinder nice, an' the digger's wife said she'd put some flowers on it now an' then. It was you what made me think o' that, Poll, 'cause it seemed to me what you would 'a' done. You was allus so daffy about flowers, you an'

"I guess this letter's too long for me to be a-sayin' much about the show. but the 'leap-a-death' girl got her'n last week. She wasn't strong enough for the job nohow. I done what I could for her outside the show, 'cause I knowed how you was allus a-feelin' bout her. I guess the leap-a-death's' husband is goin' to jump his job soon. if he gets enough saved up, 'cause him

is sheddin' like they ought to, an' Jumbo's a-carryin' a sixteen foot bandage around that trunk o' his'n 'cause he got too fresh with Trixy's grub the other night, an' the new giraffe's got the croup in that seven foot neck o' his'n. I guess you'll think I got the pip for fair this time, so I'll just get on to myself now an' cut this short. I'il be writin' you ag'in when we hit Morgan-

"YOUR OLD MUVVER JIM." Douglas laid the letter gently on the table, his hand still resting upon it. He looked helplessly at the little, shrunken figure in the opposite chair. Polly had made no sound, but her head had slipped lower and lower, and she now sat very quietly with her face in her hands. She had been taught by Toby and Jim never to whimper.



As spring came on Douglas carried Polly down to the sunlit garden.

"What a plucky lot they are!" thought Douglas as he considered these three lonely souls, each accepting whatever fate brought with no rebellion or even surprise. It was a strange world of stoics in which these children of the amusement arena fought and lost. They came and went like phantoms, with as little consciousness of their own best interests as of the great, moving powers of the world about them. They felt no throes of envy, no bitterness. They loved and worked and "went their way."

For once the pastor was powerless in the presence of grief. Both he and Mandy left the room quietly, feeling that Polly wished to be spared the outburst of tears that a sympathetic word might bring upon her. They allowed her to remain alone for a time: then Mandy entered softly with a tender good night, and Douglas followed her cheerily as though nothing at all had happened.

wanted to tell him how grateful she was for all his care of her. She thought of the thousand little things that she might have done for him. She longed to recall every impatient word to him. His gentle, reproachful eyes were always haunting her. "You must come back, Toby!" she cried. "You

It was only when body and mind had worn themselves out with yearning that a numbress at last crept over her and out of this grew a gradual con sclousness of things about her and . returning sense of her obligation to others. She tried to answer in her old, smiling way and to keep her mind upon what they were saying instead of letting it wander away to the past. Douglas and Mandy were overjoyed

to see the color creeping back to her cheeks. She joined the pastor again in his visits to the poor. The women of the town would often see them passing and would either whisper to each other, shrug their shoulders or lift their eyebrows with smiling insinuations, but Polly and the pastor were too much absorbed in each other to

They had not gone for their walk today because Mandy had needed Polly to help make ready for the social to be held in the Sunday school room tonight.

take much notice of what was going

Early in the afternoon Polly had seen Douglas shut himself up in the study, and she was sure that he was writing, so when the village children stopped in cn the way from school for Mandy's new made cookies she used her customary trick to get them away. "Tag; you're it!" she cried and then dashed out the back door, pursued by the laughing, screaming youngsters. Mandy followed the children to the porch and stood looking after them as the mad little band scurried about the back yard, darted in and out among the trees, then up the side of the wooded hill, just beyond the church.

The leaves once more were red and yellow on the trees, but today the air was warm and the children were wearing their summer dresses. Polly's lithe girlish figure looked almost tall by comparison with the children about her. She wore a plain, simple gown of white, which Mandy had helped her to make. It had been cut ankle length. for Polly was now seventeen. Her quaint, old fashioned manner, her serious eyes and her trick of knotting her heavy brown hair low on her neck made her seem older.

Mandy waited until the children had disappeared over the hill, then began bustling about, looking for the stepladder which Hasty had left under the vines of the porch. It had been a busy day at the parsonage. A social always meant perturbation for Mandy. She called sharply to Hasty as he came down the path which made a short cut to the village.

"So's youse back, is yo'?" she asked sarcastically.

"Sure I's back," answered Hasty good naturedly as he sank upon an empty box that had held some things for the social and pretended to wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

"Massa John done send yo' to de postoffice two hours ago," said Mandy as she took the letters and papers from his hand. "Five minutes is plenty ob time for any nigger to do dat job."

"I done been detained," Hasty drawled. "Youse always 'tained when dar's any work a-goin' on." Mandy snapped

at him. "Whar's Miss Polly?" Hasty asked,



SHE HAD BEEN TAUGHT BY TOBY NEVER TO WHIMPER.

It was many weeks before Polly | ignoring Mandy's reference to work, again became a companion to Douglas and Mandy, but they did not intrude for the time when youth should again | school room.' assert itself and bring back their laughing mate to them.

CHAPTER VIII.

TAT HEN Polly understood that Toby was actually gone it seemed to her that she could never laugh again. She had been too young to realize the inevitableness of death when it came to her mother, and now she could scarcely believe that Toby would never, never come we got a good deal o' trouble among be able to drag him back; that she could not go on without him. She box. "Dey's showin' in Wakefield toback to her. She felt that she must

"Nebber yo' mind 'bout Miss Polly. She don't want yo'. Jes' yo' done upon her grief. They waited patiently I fetch that stepladder into de Sunday

"But I wants her." Hasty insisted. "I's been on very 'ticular business what she ought to know 'bout." "Business?" she repeated. "What kind ob business?"

"I got to fix de Sunday school room," said Hasty as he perceived her growing curiosity.

"You come beah, nigger!" Mandy called, determined that none of the village doings should escape her, "Out wid it!"

"Well, it's 'bout de circus," Hasty

SPECIAL, SATURDAY, MAY 22, '09

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6 Cents.



Crider's Exchange,

night, an' next month day's comin' "Dat same circus what Miss Polly

used to be wid?" Mandy's eyes grew large with curiosity. "De very same," and Hasty nodded

mysteriously. "How yo' know dat?" Mandy was uncertain whether to believe him.

"'Cause da's a big red wagon downtown wid de name ob de show painted on it. It's de advertisin' one what goes ahead wid all de pictures what dey pastes up." "An' yo' been hangin' roun' dat

wagon?" "I done thought Miss Polly might

want to know." "See here, lazy nigger, don' yo' go

puttin' no circus notions into Miss Polly's head. She don' care no more 'bout dem t'ings since her Uncle Toby done die. She done been satisfied right whar she am. Jes' yo' let her be." "I ain't done nothin'," Hasty pro-

"Nebber do do nothin'," growled Man-"Go 'long now an' get a-work.



"Tag; you're it!" Polly cried. Mos' 4 o'clock an' dat Sunday school

room ain't ready yet." Hasty picked up the empty box and the stepladder and went out through the gate. He had barely disappeared when a peal of laughter was heard from the hillside, and before Mandy could get out of the way the youngsters came tumbling down the path

"Lawsy, lawsy!" she gasped as Polly circled around her, dodging the children. "Youse cheeks is red as pinies. honey.'

"Tag; you're it!" Polly cried as she touched the widow's auburn haired offspring on the sleeve. There was much wailing when Willie passed the tag to little Jennie, the smallest girl in the crowd.

"I won't play no more," she sobbed.

'cause I's always it." To comfort her Polly began to sing an old circus song that the children had learned to love, and the little ones huddled about her in a circle to hear of the wonderful "Van Amberg" who used to "walk right into the lion's cage and put his head in the lion's mouth." The children were in a state of nerves that did credit to Polly as an entertainer when Hasty broke in upon the

"When yo' get a minute I want ter tell yo' somethin'." "I have one right now." And, turn-

ing to the eager mites at her side, Polly told them to run along into the grove and that she'd come pretty soon to teach them a new game.

The youngsters went screaming and laughing on their way, and she breathed a sigh of relief as she threw herself down on the rustic seat that encircled the elm tree. "What is it, Hasty?" she asked, sus-

pecting that he was in trouble with Mandy. "It's 'bout de circus," Hasty inform-

ed her bluntly. "The circus?" She rose and crossed to him quickly. "It's in Wakefield-an' nex' month

"Here?" Polly gasped. [To be Continued.]

it's a-comin' here."

A Thrifty Wife.

52-14- 1

A careful, prudent wife is a blessing to a man, especially to a poor man. but some wives are a little too careful. Lord Eldon's wife was somewhat! "near," as they say in England. His retired to the country for a few weeks toward the end of the season, where he was in the habit of riding a little Welsh pony, for which he gave 50 shillings. One morning his lordship, intending to enjoy a few hours' sport, ordered Bob to be saddled. Lady Eldon objected, but as company was present gave no reason. In a few mo- you guilty or not guilty?" ments, however, the servant opened) the door and announced that Bob was

"Why, bless me," exclaimed her ladyship, "you can't ride him, Lord Eldon! He has no shoes on."

"Yes, my lady, he was shod this week," said the servant.

"Shameful!" exclaimed her ladyship. "How dare any one have him shod without orders? John," she continued, addressing her husband, "you know last year, so I had the shoes taken off and have kept them ever since in my bureau. They are as good as new, and these people have shod him again. We shall be ruined at this rate."

First of the Swifts. Gustavus Franklin Swift, the first of this commercial dynasty, was a Cape Cod Yankee, who bought a steer now and then and peddled the meat from the back of a certain gocart has since become famous. He moved to Albany and went deeper into meats, discarding one after another partners who had not the foresight and daring which he possessed. He located in Chicago at the beginning of those days of great possibilities in bringing into touch the new west and the older east. It was he who invented the first refrigerator cars. This was the one revolutionary act which put his sons and a few other sons in very fair control of half of the meat of America. He saw the market for dressed beef extended only after the hardest of fights. All great revolutions are fought against. All the rest, all England, all Europe, fought the idea of dressed beef and then accepted it. I doubt if we could do without it now .- Cosmo-

politan Magazine. A Voice From the "Gods."

In a certain theater which makes a specialty of melodrama there is a large following of gallery "gods," and very naturally the "sky" assemblage is composed of knowing critics, who are loud in their demands to be pleased. Woe unto the actor who is unfortunate enough to incur their displeasure! Recently a play with a hair raising plot was put on the boards. The hero

was evidently new to his part, for he fumbled his lines badly and spoke in on to the next place!"-London Weeka faltering tone. Perhaps it was for ly. this reason that he did not meet with the sympathy of the gallery. Just before the crisis of the play the

The worst is yet to come." Whereupon a voice that had no doubt received its training in crying "Extry!" on the street yelled out: "What are y' goin' t' do, mistersing?"-London Tit-Bits.

There Was Something Doing. In a barber's shop the other day I well to do man, having many business affairs, but I felt sorry for him because of what he was doing. A barber was cutting his hair. He was hav- get my breakfast until 1." ing his left hand manicured. In his right hand he held a newspaper. He was smoking a cigar, and a porter was shining his shoes. There he sat reading a newspaper. Three persons were busy waiting on him, doing their best to please him, and he was oblivious to the joy which his opportunity afforded

What's In a Name.

him.-Fort Worth Star.

Talking of names, what's in them? A good lot sometimes. We knew a giri named Rose once. She was a daughter of old Rose, and he, being a little romantic, christened her Wild. Certainly Wild Rose is a pretty name. But, alas, the old man was not farsee as the meanest does him.-Fuller.

ing! She married a man named Bull. Then, agrin, we happen to know a carpenter named Pierrotezic Zrnchzizrowskelowski. Now, whenever a fellow workman saws down on a nail this chap always sings out, "What is lordship was very fond of hunting and it?" He thinks they are calling him. Yes, there's a good deal in a name.-

Bellefonte, Pa.

London Scraps.

Partners In Crime. The hard 'ooking customer had been arrested for stealing an umbrella. "What have you to say for yourself?" asked the police justice. "Are

"I'm one o' the guilty ones, y'r honor, I reckon," answered the prisoner. "The umbrella had the name of J. Thompson on the handle, G. H. Brickley stamped on the inside o' the cover, an' I stole it from a man named Quimby." -Chicago Tribune.

Knowing.

"Does he know much?" "Well, he not only knows that he doesn't know much, but he knows you rode the pony only a few times enough to keep others from knowing It."-Judge.

> The Unfeeling World. "Did you ever feel that the world

was agains' you?" "Sure. I felt it this morning when I slipped on the sidewalk."-Pittsburg Observer.

As we grow less young the aged grow less old.-Bacon.

Why They Moved.

The Bingses, mother and daughter, had long outstayed their welcome at their country friend's house. Moreover, they evinced no sign of going away nor did the mother seem to be in any way affected by the strong hints to go which the overtaxed hostess threw out from time to time. Finally, forbearance exhausted, the entertainer decided to reach the mother through her daughter. So one day, calling the little visitor to her, she said, "Maimie, when do you expect to go home?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know." was the careless reply. "We've several other places to stop at yet."

"Well, when do you go on to the next place?" "Can't even tell that. Mamma says it's immaterial to her just when she'll

leave here." "But, my dear child," exclaimed the exasperated hostess, "doesn't your mother realize how costly living is

these days?" "Oh, yes, she knows how dear it is. That's why we left the city." "Well, Maimie, I cannot afford to en-

tertain visitors any longer, and I wish you'd tell your mother that at once!" "Is that an insult?" rejoined the child, turning haughtily to the speaker. "Why do you ask that, child?"

"Because when we're insulted we go

Unanswerable.

"Vicious circle" is a term often used hero clasped his sweetheart in his arms in the medical world. An example of its psychological use applied to argu-"Keep a brave heart, my darling. ment may be found in Joseph A. Scoville's book. "Old Merchants of New York City."

Tom, the son of a wealthy man, was a great favorite with all who knew him, but he heartily detested business. A merchant of New York had hired him as a bookkeeper at a high salary. Nevertheless Tom got into the habit of reaching the office later and later, saw a man for whom I felt sorry-not until finally he got there about 2 in that he needed my sympathy from the the afternoon. When this state of afstandpoint of charity, for he was a fairs had gone on for a week, the mer-

chant remonstrated. "But, my dear sir," returned Tom, "how can I come any earlier? I don't

"But get your breakfast earlier." "How can I? I don't get up till 12."

"Then get up earlier." "How can I," pleaded Tom, "when don't go to bed until daylight?" In the face of such convincing argu-

ment there was nothing to be said. More Than Liberal.

Mr. Highmus-You gave your son a liberal education, did you not? Mr. Muntoburn-Disgustingly liberal. His four years at college cost me \$27,000 .-Chicago Tribune.

The greatest man in the world may stand as much in need of the meanest