

POLLY of the CIRCUS

By MARGARET MAYO

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[Continued from last week.]
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 clinched. 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 man's tent without turning his head. He was still glaring at the deacon and breathing hard.

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

Douglas crossed to his side and looked.

Polly was springing on to the back of Barbarian. He was a poorly trained

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 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 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

head 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, 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.

HOMEMADE ICE CREAM.

Freeze it at Least a Day Before it is to Be Used.

"The best ice cream is stale ice cream," said the ice cream manufacturer. "You never hear of colic from ice cream among children who have never met the homemade article. It is a queer thing that it would ruin a manufacturer to sell fresh goods, whereas if you know it is homemade and just out of the freezer you will praise it to the skies as being the superior of anything manufactured anywhere.

"If you want your homemade cream to be really good and healthy make it at least a day before you use it. Churn it hard, but not too hard, and then pack it away in salted ice until you are ready to serve it. In this way all the little particles of ice which make homemade cream so gritty and really harmful will have disappeared. The cream will sort of absorb the water that forms the ice, so to speak; consequently your cream will be frozen, not frapped. It is a daring manufacturer who risks his trade by shipping cream less than a week old. Sometimes I store my goods in ice as much as two weeks. That isn't a bit too long, either, although it takes a heap of ice."

—New York Press.

THE MUSTACHE.

Ridiculed in England When It First Came Into Fashion.

The custom of wearing mustaches did not prevail in France until the reign of Louis Philippe, when it became obligatory in the whole French army. In England the mustache was worn by hussars after the peace of 1815, and it was not until the close of the Crimean war that English civilians as well as English soldiers in general wore hair on the lip.

Shortly after the mustache came into favor among gentlemen Horace Mayhew was passing through an English country town and was immediately noted and followed by a small army of children, who pointed to his lip and called out derisively:

"He's got whiskers under his snout! He's got whiskers under his snout!"

For a long time the mustache was the subject of raillery, even after it was becoming common, and the famous caricaturist Leech printed in Punch a picture of two old-fashioned women who, when they were spoken to by bearded railway guards, fell on their knees and cried out:

"Take all that we have, gentlemen, but spare our lives!"—Westminster Gazette.

The Intelligent Censor.

Some years ago a young man of St. Petersburg, Ivan Fedowski, quarreled with his sweetheart and then took his grief out of the country. About a year after he wrote to the girl asking her to "make up" and telling her if she forgave him to insert a "personal" to that effect in a St. Petersburg paper not later than a certain date. The girl was repentant, too, and she promptly got the "personal" ready, and all would have been well had it not been for the lynx-eyed censor, who believed it to be some sort of nihilist message and refused to allow its publication. After awhile, however, the stern official was convinced that the "personal" was harmless, and it was printed four days late. It was a little while after when the girl received word that her lover, having failed to see the message in print on the day he had set, had shot himself two days before it saw the light.

Kept His Feet Dry.

Extraordinary conduct on the part of two men upon seeing the body of a woman in the water was disclosed at an inquest held at the Victory Inn, on the Hogs Back, Surrey. A farm laborer named Sidney Smith missed his mother one morning and on searching found her lying face upward in a roadside pond. He ran off, and another laborer named Matthews, who passed the pond, also ran away, neither making any effort to pull her out. Matthews told the coroner he did not do so, as he did not know if he would be doing right.

The Coroner—The poor creature might have not been dead at that time. You could easily have got her out. I suppose?

"I should have had to go up to my knees in the water."—London Mail.

Golden Horeshoes.

Roman writers inform us that Commodus caused the hoofs of his horse to be gilded. Nero when he undertook short journeys was always drawn by mules that had silver shoes, and those of his wife, Poppaea, had shoes of gold. From a passage in "Dio Cassius" there is reason to think that the upper part only was formed of those noble metals or that they were perhaps plated out of thin slips. When Boniface, marquis of Tuscany, one of the richest

princes of his time, went to Beatrix, about the year 1038, his whole train was so magnificently decorated that his horses were shod with silver. The nails were even of the same metal.

His Selection.

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lions' cage.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, "if those animals were to escape whom would you save first, me or the children?"

"Me," answered John without hesitation.—Everybody's Magazine.

A Windfall.

"How did that roommate of yours manage to raise the wind this time?"

"He sent to his father in his usual breezy way for a draft."—Baltimore American.

You benefit yourself only as you benefit humanity.—Oliver.

AIM TO SUCCEED.

The Self Improvement Habit as a Business Asset.

The very reputation of having an ambition to amount to something in the world, of having a grand life aim, is worth everything, says a writer in Success Magazine. The moment your associates find that you are dead in earnest, that you mean business, that they cannot shake you from your determination to get on in the world or rob you of your time or persuade you to waste it in frivolous things you will not only be an inspiring example to them, but the very people who are throwing away their time will also admire your stand, respect it and profit by it, and you will thus be able to protect yourself from a thousand annoyances and time wasters and experiences which would only hinder you.

In other words, there is everything in declaring yourself, in taking a stand and thereby announcing to the world that you do not propose to be a failure or an ignoramus; that you are going to prepare yourself for something out of the ordinary, away beyond mediocrity, something large and grand.

The moment you do this you stand out in strong contrast from the great mass of people who are throwing away their opportunities and have not grit and stamina enough to do anything worth while or to make any great effort to be somebody in the world.

First Omnibus.

"Omnibus" was an almost brand new word in its modern sense when Shillbeer took it from the French in 1820, and in France the name possessed a special significance for those who knew their history, for from 1672 to 1676 Paris had already seen a regular service of roomy public vehicles, "carrasses a cinq sous." Only these predecessors of the modern bus were not "omnibus"—for all. The letters patent which instituted them for the benefit of middle class people laid down that they were not to be used by soldiers, lackeys or any other wearers of livery or artisans and laborers. These exclusive vehicles faded out of existence, and the new ones, which were started in Paris in 1823, were named "omnibus" expressly to signify their democratic character.—London Chronicle.

Widows' Caps.

The widow's cap is a survival of an old Roman custom. Widows were obliged to wear their weeds for ten months, and the bereaved woman shaved her head as a token of mourning. Naturally the widow could not very well appear in public with a bald head, so dainty caps were made in order to hide the disfigurement. The cap still remains, though the immediate necessity for its existence has long passed away.—Pearson's Weekly.

Advantageous Promptitude.

Henry IV. of France particularly liked answers to his questions given quickly and without preparation. On one occasion, meeting an ecclesiastic, he said to him: "Where do you come from? Where are you going? What do you want?"

"From Bourges; to Paris; a living," replied the cleric promptly.

"You shall have it!" cried the prince.

Our Languages.

What a lot of languages we talk, even if we talk only English! I was assailed by a man across the luncheon table with a language about a cup the final and confessed that it was quite unintelligible. Then another man talked about golf, which is another language. And then the woman's language elbows these columns.

"The Countess" wore a sea green cloth skirt with a bolero of the same color and a white marabout stole, and a black taffeta bow garnished her huge hat of burnt tagel straw. It is a fine example of women's slang. But to the man it means nothing—but expense.—London Outlook.

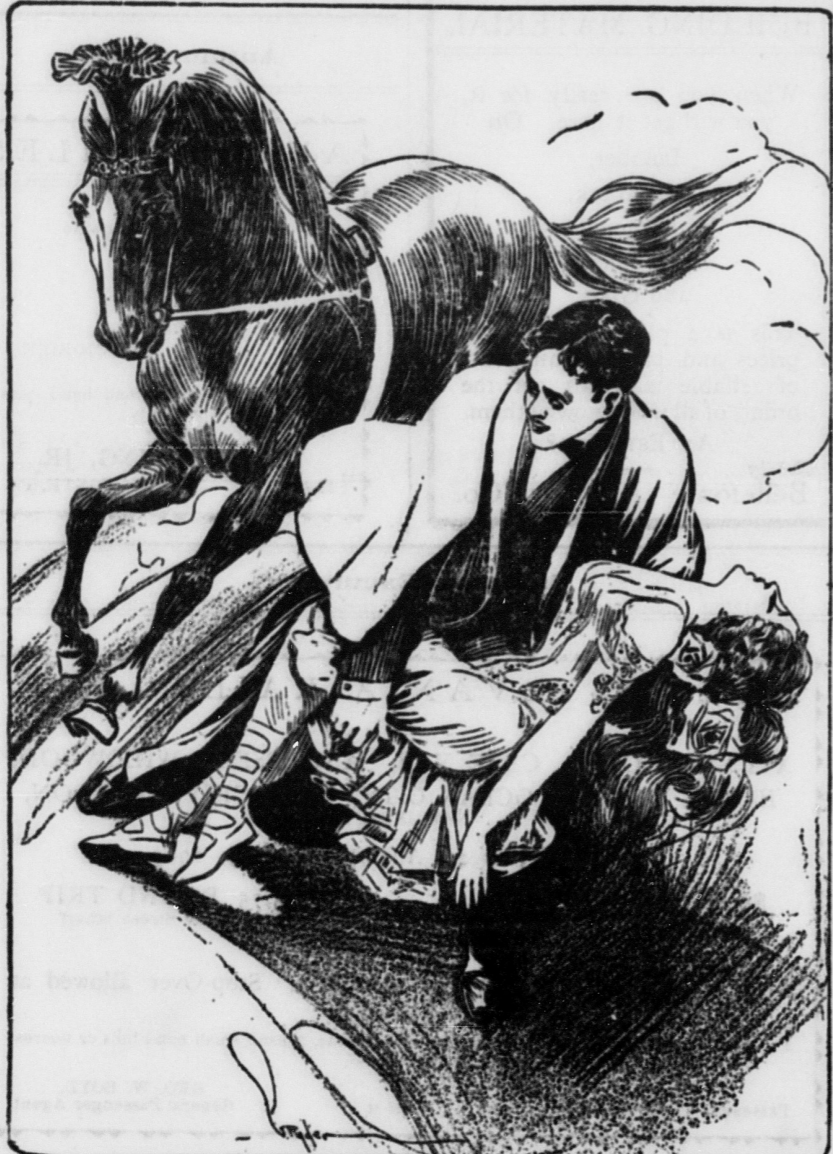
Homemade Ink.

A good ink is made in this way: Bruise half a pound of nutgalls and stand in one quart of water, shaking it now and then, for about four hours. Then add three ounces and a half of gum arabic and when it is quite dissolved three ounces of copperas. To prevent the ink from becoming moldy when kept add three or four drops of creosote. This gives a pleasant-like smell to the ink and does not corrode the pens as chloride of mercury would do.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

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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 HOOFS.

horse, used by the other girl for more showy but less dangerous feats than Polly's.

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

"She's comin' 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 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

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 to 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 fore-

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