

# Circus vs. Cookery

By COLIN S. COLLINS

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Jackson Peters regarded the girl by his side almost with horror.

"I can't help what you think," she cried defiantly. "I just can't stand this sort of thing any longer."

"You don't have to," he urged gently. "You just say the word, Sally, and I'll see your pa tomorrow."

"Can't you understand, Jack Peters?" she cried, with a stamp of the foot. "That woman wouldn't let me take the high school course 'cause I'd be wantin' to go to college next, she said. She just don't want to see me do anything grand; just get married and settle down slaving for some man just as I've been slaving for her ever since pa married her."

"Don't you think," he suggested gently, "that perhaps she means well? She's seen a lot of the world. Maybe she knows 'twouldn't do no good."

"There you go, preaching like all the rest," she stormed. "Some of these days you'll wake up and find me gone. I can be as good as her."

"I don't see why you want to go off and be foolish jest because you don't like Mrs. Burrows," he declared gently. "She means well."

"I'm going to be like her," insisted the girl, pointing to a lurid poster representing a young woman in gay apparel standing upon the tip of her toe on the back of a spirited horse. "She was one of 'em once. I guess I can ride that way as well as on a saddle."

"Huh," mused Peters. "A girl as can cook as well as you ain't got no call to be tramping round the country with a circus."

Sally Burrows got down from the wall. "All the same," she cried defiantly, "I'm goin' with 'em," with a nod toward the circus posters. "I guess I can cook for 'em until I can ride."

She darted off down the road. Peters looked regretfully after her. He knew from experience the futility of seeking to overtake her.

Things had been well between himself and Sally Burrows until her father had married a circus rider who had been thrown from her horse and left behind by the show until her fractured leg grew well.

Long before that time she had won the affections of Hiram Burrows, and she made him a good wife. Sally, however, had refused to accept her new mother, and there had been quarrels ever since Hiram had brought home his bride. The girl resented the intrusion of another woman in her mother's place and her own dethronement as mistress of the house.

Now she chafed to leave the quiet home and make a name for herself even as the rival had done, and Jackson Peters pleaded in vain.

He had a strong ally in Mrs. Burrows, who saw that the girl in a home of her own would be far happier than in her father's house, but this very alliance was against him, and Sally from the barn saw him go into the house, and her slender frame shook with sobs as she realized that Jack was talking over her new idea with her stepmother.

She did not, however, connect Jackson's visit with his departure for the county town the following day, nor did she realize that he carried with him a letter to the proprietor of Wells' Grand United Shows and Consolidated Menageries; therefore it was with no suspicion that she regarded that gentleman's enthusiastic welcome of her proposition that she join the troupe and act as cook until she could learn to be a performer.

"Just what I wanted," he cried joyfully. "You've got the very build for a rider. We lay over here tomorrow, and I'll give you your first lesson in the afternoon."

Sally wanted to wait, but Wells would take no denial. The show would stay on the grounds over Sunday, and there was no time to be lost. She could slip away from her people, and he could tell just what she could do.

Her stepmother had driven over to the next town for a visit after the matinee performance Saturday, and there was nothing to hinder her from keeping her appointment with Wells. One of the women furnished her with a costume from her own wardrobe, and Sally, blushing furiously at the bloomers, crept into the ring.

Wells was teaching his own daughter to ride, and to the center pole of the tent had been added a huge boom which reached out as far as the circumference of the ring. From a pulley at the end of this dangled a rope with the horrible suggestion of a gallows, and beneath it stood a broad backed white horse, his back sticky with powdered resin.

A man in his undershirt and overalls, looking very little like the ring master of the afternoon before, stood talking with the tired faced clown. As she appeared he came toward her with a broad canvas belt.

her limbs. The boom was pushed around so that she kept always over the back of the horse, and by an effort she recovered her balance, aided somewhat by the slackening of the rope at the end of the "mechanic."

Twice around the ring and her ambition to be a rider died within her. She scrambled from the horse's back, trying to choke back the tears of humiliation.

Wells was all sympathy. "Perhaps you might be better as an acrobat," he suggested kindly. "You'd make a good enough rider if you kept at it. Dolly, here, was worse than you when she started in. Want to try it again?"

"I think I'd rather be an acrobat," she almost whispered, trying to choke back the sobs. Acrobats were not left dangling over a horse, and they had a soft mat to fall upon.

The clown led the horse from the ring, and two men unrolled a felt pad upon the sawdust. Even without the blue tights she recognized them as the acrobats, and she watched them curiously as they fastened a rope about the belt.

"Now, when we say 'Now!'" cautioned one, "you throw yourself forward just as though you were going to dive into water."

She braced herself for the command. It seemed ages in coming, but at last she heard the cry and gave a jump forward. She felt the rope around her waist tighten; she realized that she was spinning in the air, and then she landed on hands and knees on the pad. She had only turned twice, but it seemed as if she had been revolving in space for an hour.

For a moment she lay there, sobbing, until the kindly faced woman took her to the dressing tent.

"It's harder work than you thought, isn't it?" she asked kindly. "We all have to go through with that. I thought they were going to kill me before I learned to ride."

Wells seemed disappointed, but not surprised, when he learned that she had abandoned a circus career, but he was very nice about it, and she crept out of the tent humiliated and ashamed.

Three months later Jackson Peters was saying goodby to Mrs. Burrows before taking his bride to her new home.

"Be a good husband to her, Jack," said the lady, "and if you want to hold her love never let her find out that I used to ride for Wells and that we had it fixed up for her."

And Jackson, being wise, never told.

### Twelve Series of Perfumes.

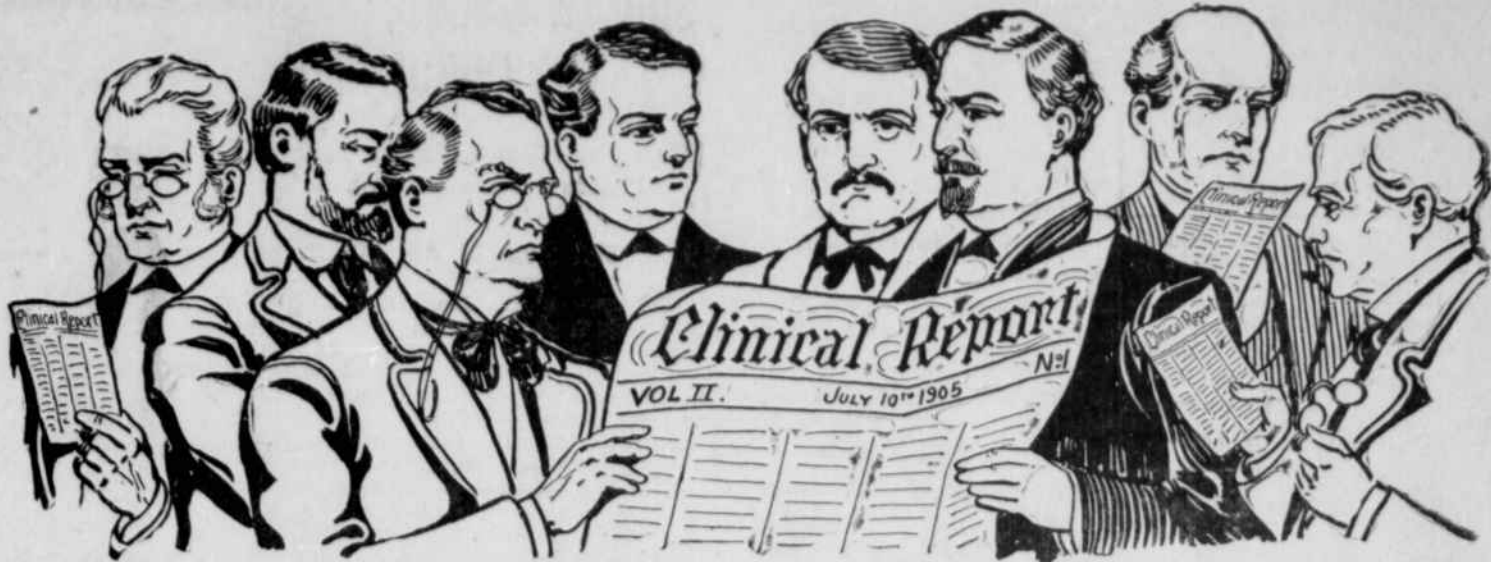
A leading authority on perfumes divides the entire list into twelve series—(1) floral, as of the rose, violet and the like; (2) herbal, as of bergamot, mint and other aromatic plants; (3) the grass series, comprising several fragrant grasses which grow in Ceylon or India, as the orange grass, which contains an essential oil identical with that of the orange, and ginger grass, which has the perfume of the ginger root; (4) the citrine series, comprising the orange, lemon and their combinations; (5) the spice series, derived from the clove, cinnamon, allspice and the like; (6) the wood series, as the sandalwood, sassafras, rosewood, which derives its name not from the fact that it has the color of roses, but from the odor exhaled by it when freshly cut; (7) the root series, as the orris root and many others; (8) the seed series, as the caraway and vanilla; (9) the balm and gum series, of which there are many varieties; (10) all perfumes and essences derived from fruits. The eleventh series consists of combinations of the foregoing varieties, and the twelfth comprises all animal perfumes of what ever nature.

### How Large New Zealand Is.

New Zealand is popularly supposed to be a group of comparatively unimportant islands lying close off the coast of Australia and subject to what is vaguely termed "the Australian government." As a matter of fact, it is about equal in area to the British Islands, is distant some 1,200 miles from the neighboring continent, is an independent, self governing colony and possesses more beautiful and varied scenery than any other single country of the world except the United States. This colony consists of two large islands and a third small one, called Stewart Island, to the south. The two large islands are properly called the North Island and the Middle Island, but in ordinary language the Middle Island is termed the South Island. As the South Island is nearer to the antarctic circle than the North Island, it has, especially in its southernmost part, a cold climate. The North Island has a warm enough climate to cause the oleander and camellia to bloom luxuriously, and in its northernmost part the orange grows well.

### Ancient Artists.

Is it known generally that works of art were well paid for in ancient times? A German review furnished recently some particulars about that question. Polygnote of Thasos, who lived about 450 B. C., refused, it is true, any payment for his works and declared that he was sufficiently rewarded with the title of citizen of Athens, which had been conferred on him. But such disinterestedness was seldom imitated. Thirty years later the painter Zeuxis of Heracleum was called to the court of Archelaus I., king of Macedonia. He received for his frescoes in the palace of Pella 400 mines, about \$8,000. Mnason of Elathea paid \$20,000 for a "Battle With the Persians," which he had ordered from Aristides, the leader of the Theban school. Pamphilus of Syclone gave a course of lectures on painting. Each pupil paid for attendance one talent, or \$1,200 a year. Apelles received twenty gold talents, about \$240,000, for a portrait of Alexander I., ordered by the city of Ephesus.



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Dillon, S. C., Aug. 18.  
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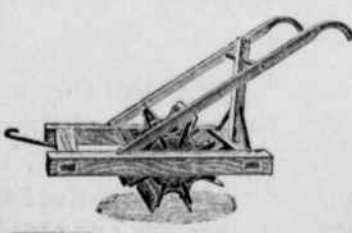
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