### A Side-Show Romance

right, 1919, by the McClure No

Outside of her improvised tent Maia could hear the volces of the eager young "barker," shrill against the background of jazz music that came from the verands beyond, and the buzzing of volces of the crowds that she could indistinctly see outlined through the canvas that hid her from the rest of the men and women, girls and boys who had assembled on the Woodmere lawn for the fete that was to raise enough money to tide over one of the local charities through the summer.

"This way to have your fortune told," went on the persistent young "barker;" "greatest gypsy in the world. Come and have your fortune told. Learn your past and know your future. This way, ladies and gentle-

future. This way, ladies and gentimen."

Then another higher pitched boyish
voice—the voice of the barker for a
rival attraction.

"This way to see the wild animals!
Greatest menagerie in the world!
Largest alligator in captivity. Piercest
bear in the world! Eats 'em alive!
Hugs 'em to death! This way, this
way. Best show on the grounds."

And then the incessant "This way
to have your fortune told. Greatest
gypsy in the world. Cross her palm
with silver and she'll tell you your fortune."

with silver and she'll tell you your fortune."

And still Maia sat within her close
little tent, none too comfortable beneath the heavy load of chains and
tawdry Jewelry that embellished her
costume. Moreover her hair was
hanging loosely on her shoulders and
the mask across her face was oppressive. But worst of all, she was sitting there in her tent wasting her time
and the vocal energy of her willing
young aid with the megaphone outside
without having the satisfaction of taking in any money.

She wondered what she would tell

and the vocal energy of her willing young ald with the megaphone outside without having the satisfaction of taking in any money.

She wondered what she would tell the people when they did come; it didn't seem exactly easy. Still, it was all in the day's work, and if Mrs. Stanley Burton chose to keep her on at a graduate nurse's salary to idle her time away in this fashion, why it really wasn't going to disturb Maia.

For Maia had not been back from her long months of Red Cross duty in France many weeks, and even a respite such as this from the mere trying sort of nursing was bringing welcome relief to overwrought nerves. She had gone to Woodmere to take charge of Bobby Barton's straiged knee, but the ten-year-old Bobby had recovered rapidly.

Meanwhile Alicia Barton had fiatty refused to sit in the stuffy tent telling fortunes, though she had been promised by her mother to the committee and duly advertised as one of the "side showa." As a last-minute substitute Maia, about to return to town, had been urged to stay a little longer for the purpose of taking Alicia's place. And Alicia had gone sailing and Maia had been put into the gypsy costume specially made for Alicia, and Mrs. Barton was sure if Maia kept her mask on no one would know the difference.

Meantime Bobby Barton. entirely recovered as to his strained knee and more than enthusianstic over the one who had brought comfort and diversion to his irksome days of convalescence, was continuing to "bark" outside her tent.

As minutes passed and no shadow darkened the entrance of her tent

"Greatest attraction on the grounds. Hey, why doesn't some one come and get their fortune told?" Apparently Bobby, too, was becoming discour-

Bobby, too, was becoming discouraged.

Then through her mask Maia was aware that some one was rapidly making for the tent entrance. She felt an unexpected sense of confusion—stage fright, it seemed—and she shuffled her fortune cards nervously. She had gone into the operating room duty often with far less nervousness than this.

than this.

There was a fumbling at the tent flap, a sidewise shuffling of the feet and then a dark face was thrust inquiringly in. It wasn't an unkind face nor an especially ferocious one, and its expression was one more of inquisitiveness than anything else, but still one doesn't encounter even gentle brown bears every day and it was with difficulty that Maia changed a shrill scream of terror into a terrified, "Oh, please somebody do something. The bear!"

But somebody and a good many

had broken into Alicia Bartons tear. that there had been a narrow escape, that one of the young men from the menagerie tent had performed the rescue and that on the whole the affair had been very thrilling.

That seemed to turn the tide toward the gypsy's tent. For now they came eagerly, they stood in line outside, and the enger Bobby was more occupied now in timing the applicants to see that no one stayed more than five minutes than in shouting through his megaphone. And Misla, between those five-minute interviews, noticed that the tambourine in which she put the silver with which her palm was crossed was getting to look very tempting, and some of the "silver" was really paper.

She rather regretted that Alicia Barton would have all the credit, for as yet her mask had not been removed and she had heard more than one remark from outside that Alicia certainly looked charming in gypsy costume.

The afternoon was almost over and Misla was herinning to feel the strain.

costume.

The afternoon was almost over and Maia was beginning to feel the strain of her unaccustomed work when some one came who caused her heart to beat faster than had the inquisitive

"Perhaps you had better knock off. Miss Barton." he began. "You must have had quite a fright from that beast." it was Dr. Rodney Hill.—Rodney Hill. by whose side Maia had worked during those most trying days and nights in France: Rodney Hill, who, when they parted four months ago, had held Maia's hand in his own and had told Maia that she was the pluckiest girl in the world and had told her that he didn't know how he was going to get along with out ber. Mais had not heard from Doctor Hill again, and there were times when she had had to confess to herself that in her disappointment there was greater cause for the exhaustion she had felt during these months back in America than was the memory of all the work in France.

Mais didn't intend to take off that mask even then, but once she spoke Rodney Hill knew her and he knew it was not Alicia Barton, to whom he had been sent to give any professional aid that she might need after the bear episode, which had been getting more and more interesting as the afternoon passed.

He was holding her hand again and telling her that she was the pluckiest girl, and Bobble had been told to give them "double time," which meant ten misutes.

"But I didn't know you were one of these people—money and society and all that sort of thing," he told her.

"And I never dreamed that you were," she said. "You never seemed like these Woodmere people or that you know girls like Alicia Barton."

"But I'm not, and I don't," protested Rodney. "You see when I got back from France: I'd rather lost my grip. I had just finished medical college when I went over, and exhausted as I was I wasn't in shape to put up the fight that would be necessary to start in on my own. Then I got in touch with these millionaire Dorkinses who wanted a resident dector for the summer to look after old Dorkins' gout and Grandma Dorkins' gout and Grandma Dorkins' gout and Grandma Dorkins' gout and Grandma Dorkins' gout and the put of the summer.

"I'd wanted to make sure I had enough to keep the pot bolling for a year and th

Center of Sponge Industry.

Nassam, the capital of the Bahama islands, is a town which seems to exist for the sponge husiness. Its coral streets all lead to "the sponge market." Carts, slatted on the sides like square bird cages and filled with sponges, are always in progress along Bay street. A feet of sponge boats is always passing in and out of harbor or riding at anchor head out along the sponge wharf. Men of business hang out their signs as "Sponge Brokers," Entire yards are filled with sponges, and the constant chatter and song of hundreds of negresses at work clipping and pounding, assorting and drying stempers, are among the familiar street shoulds.

STATE OF COLORADO, )ss.

County of Provers

Note of County of Provers

In the County of Provers

The People of the State of Colorado Particle Joyce and State of Colorado Particle Joyce and Kate Joyce, Patrick Joyce and Kate Joyce, Greensen, 1919, by Hillyer & Kinkaid, and the said Edward Joyce, And the said Edward Joyce and Patrick Joyce and State of Colorado, that you, the said Edward Joyce, Archive State of Colorado, that you, the said Edward Joyce, Archive State of Colorado, that you, the said Edward Joyce, Archive State of Colorado, that you, the said Edward Joyce, Archive State of Colorado, that you, the said Edward Joyce, Archive State of Colorado, that you, the said Edward Joyce, Archive State of Colorado, that you, the said Edward Joyce, Archive State of Colorado, that you, the said Edward Joyce, Archive State of Colorado, and the said Edward Joyce, Archive State of Colorado, and the said Edward Joyce, Archive State State

SEAL)

J. C. HORN,

Judge and Acting Clerk

First Pub., Oct. 15, 1919.

Last Pub., Nov. 12, 1919.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

WHEREAS, Timothy J. Dinneen and Joanna Dinneen, his wife, of the County of Prowers and State of Colorado, by their certain Deed of Trust, dated July 1, 1885, and recorded July 1, 1885

agon the undersigned, as Successor in Trust to foreciose said Deed of Trusty conveyed.

Now THEREFORE, I, I. C. Downing, the present Sheriff of the County of Prowers and State of Colorado, and Successor in Trust as aforesaid, at the request of the legal holder of said note of the legal holder of said note if you have been decided in the legal holder of said the request of Trust, as Successor in Trust will on Monday, the first day of December A. D. 1913, at the front door of the Court House in the City of Lamar, in the County of Prowers and the Court House in the City of Lamar, in the County of Prowers and foreign of the Court House in the City of Lamar, in the County of Prowers and foreign of the Court House in the City of Lamar, in the County of Prowers and Joanna Dinneen, his wife, their heirs and assigns, at public auction for the highest cash, for the purpose of paying the above mentioned indebtedness and all costs and expenses of very kind as provided for in said Deed of Trust.

Dated at Lamar, Colorado, this 28th day of October A. D. 1818, Sheriff of Prowers County, Colo., First Pub., Nov. 28, 1919.

NOTICE OF ADJUSTMENT DAY

Estate of Alice Belinda Miller, De

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT OF PROBATE OF WILL.

STATE OF COLORADO. Ss. County of Prowers

IN THE COUNTY COURT. in Probate. The People of the State of Colorado to Edward Joyce, Bridget Waish, Anne Joyce, John Joyce, Patrick Joyce and State of Colorado to Edward Joyce, Bridget Waish, Anne State of Colorado to Edward Joyce, Bridget Waish, Anne State of Colorado to Edward Joyce, John Joyce, Patrick Joyce and State of Colorado, the following described ands, situated in Prowers County, Colorado the above reservation. No land will be sold at less that the control of the State of Colorado the State

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