PART TWO

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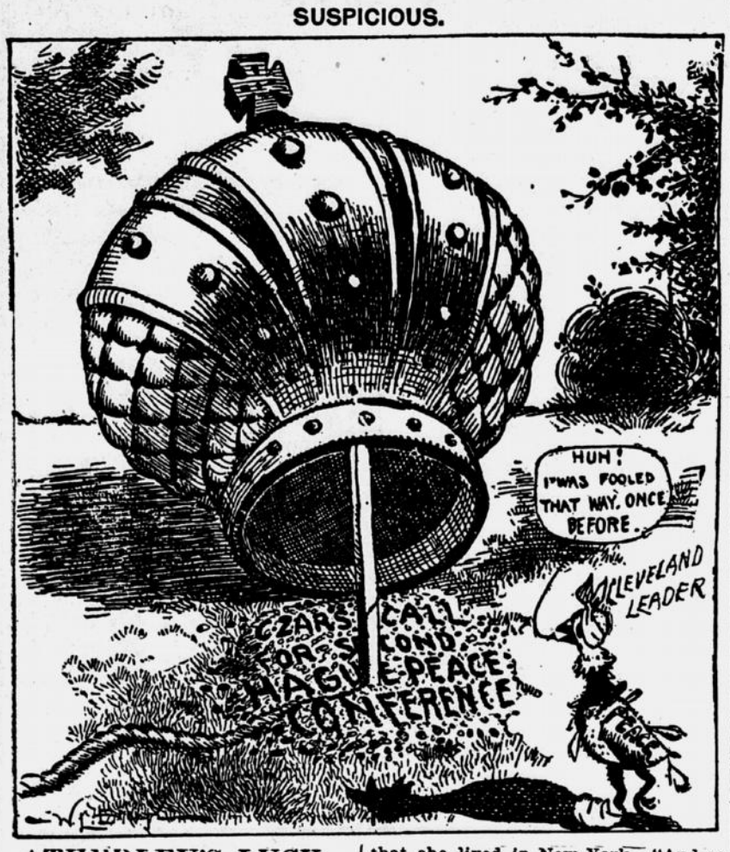
SUSPICIOUS.



ATHERLEY'S LUCK.

BY A. M. D. OGDEN.

The morning sun lay warm and clear after the rain of the night before, and young Atherley, as his horse loped easily along the wide range, sang aloud for very joy of light-heartedness. Out here, away from cities and crowds, how good life was.

The train was in, and Atherley hurried around the corner, then halted suddenly, dazzled by the vision which confronted him. On the lower steps of a car near the middle of the train stood a girl, her fair hair blowing in the wind, her hands full of pink roses, her eyes gazing straight into his. For a second neither moved. Then, as a voice from within called "Marion," the girl, with a quick flush, turned up the steps and Atherley, stricken with the consciousness of his dusty "chaps," huge spurs and sombrero, slipped back. He had quite forgotten his letter. The engine gave a preliminary snort, the conductor yelled "All aboard!!" but Atherley still stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the car wherein she had disappeared. As the slow length of train began to move the girl slipped back to the platform for a moment, and on the ground, almost at Atherley's feet, fell a pink rose. To spring forward, seize the flower, then swing aboard the last car as it passed was to Atherley but the work of another moment. Before he had fairly realized it he was on the train and speeding eastward as fast as steam could carry him.

Practical thoughts forced a way, and his first act was to take account of stock.

"Jim will take the horse back," he reasoned. "It's all right. Luckily I have just about enough for my ticket to New York." Somehow he had decided that she lived in New York. "And as for meals. Well, who knows what may turn up?" with cheerful optimism.

At the next stop he sneaked forward to the smoking car and sat down to think things over. She was certainly a mighty pretty girl! Atherley, feeling for the rose hidden in his breast pocket, concluded that he would probably not regret his action.

"But I've got to get busy on the food question."

There were three or four other men in the car, the younger ones chatting together, and another, rather older, reading in a corner. All eyed him curiously, and Atherley had an inspiration. If he worked them right, amused them, told them queer experiences, they might supply him with food and drink, and as for cigars, well, he must husband those he had carefully. In pursuance of this idea he moved nearer, and soon had the group enthralled with his breezy frankness.

"So you really just jumped on the train and came," asked the older man at length, when Billy had grown aweary of his talk and moved away, "and for no other reason than that you wanted to see the world?" Atherley laughed rather shamefacedly.

"That's what I told those fellows. But I don't mind telling you the truth. It was —it was on account of a girl," he said, haltingly. The older man's lips twitched.

"A girl? How so?"

"I saw her on the car step," confessed Atherley. "And—I liked her," he ended lamely, not even to himself did he care to mention the rose. "I wonder if you have seen her?" he added, eagerly. "She had on some kind of a blue skirt, with a white waist, and carried some roses. They called her 'Marion.'"

The older man started.

"Marion!" he exclaimed, "why that's my daughter," unthinkingly. Then he stopped, rather annoyed. A young ranchman, no matter how charming and gentlemanly, was hardly a person to be presented to the carefully guarded Marion. But Atherley was too absorbed to notice the hesitation.

"Your daughter!" he cried. "Really, your daughter, oh, I say, what luck! That will save me an awful lot of time and trouble. I expected the deuce of a job in locating her. Though I knew that I should do it in the end," he added, confidently. "Do you mind telling me your name?"

"My name?" divided between indignation and mirth. "I am James Arbuthnot," he declared, rather pompously. But Atherley was clearly unimpressed.

"Better and better," he cried; "I always was a lucky chap," joyously. The elder man leaned back and stared at him.

"My dear young man," began he, in his most formal manner. "I think we must understand each other. I certainly fail to see where the luck comes in." Atherley, staring in his turn, became suddenly enlightened.

"Of course. You mean that you don't know me," he cried. "Oh, that's all right," easily. "I've heard dad speak of you a hundred times. I'm Billy Atherley and I've just been out looking up some properties in the west."

The older man's brow cleared somehow.

"Not William H. Atherley's son?"

Atherley nodded.

"The same. So now won't you introduce me to your daughter?" wistfully. "It would save such a lot of time."

Arbuthnot, his gray eyes twinkling, looked at the young fellow quizzically.

"If you are much like your father, and I think you are, you would be hardly apt to wait long for my services," he remarked, jocosely. "Come along, then. All I ask of you is please not to get married before we reach New York." The tone strove to be stern, but young Atherley laughed happily.

"I make no promises," he declared, with gay defiance. "Oh, here, hold on a moment," as a sudden recollection of his unmailed letter recurred to him. Pulling out the envelope he tore it into fragments, letting the pieces float out of the open window.

"It was to say that I wasn't coming home," he explained. "I will telegraph from Chicago. Now, if you are ready."
—San Francisco Call.

The Sunday Editor and the Foolish Limerick

By S. E. KISER

SHE entered with a swish and a smile. A faint, delicious perfume found its way to the Sunday editor's nostrils as she approached him, and he looked into her beautiful face, with glad anticipation.

"She has a society note she wants published," he thought. "How gracefully she carries that splendid little head of hers."

With a dainty, gloved hand she reached into a bag that she carried, and then hesitated, looking at him as if she were not quite sure that it would be safe to try his patience.

"Excuse me; is this the Sunday editor?" she asked.

Her tones were full of soft music. She was the most lovely creature the Sunday editor had ever seen. The realization of this came to him when she spoke. He forgot that he had an engagement with an artist in 20 minutes, forgot that he had to rewrite an article which he had depended upon as a principal feature; he forgot everything but that she was standing before him smiling coaxingly and that he was never before so glad to be the Sunday editor.

"Yes," he answered, hastily, tossing a pile of papers from a chair, "won't you sit down?"

"Thank you. I suppose it is awfully presumptuous of me to come here in this way," she replied, "drawing a roll of

"WE HAVE SHUT OUT LIMERICKS ALTOGETHER."

manuscripts from the bag in which the little hand had been hidden, "but I knew there is no use sending things in by mail. You always put such things in the waste basket without reading them, don't you?"

"No," he replied, "unless they are unsigned. But I'm glad you supposed we did."

She permitted her eyelids to droop, and then, ignoring his compliment, continued:

"Do you ever allow people to read things to you—that they bring in?"

"Sometimes, if they—"

"These are all very short," she interrupted, and I wouldn't want to read them to you, only I think you will be more likely to get their meaning if I do. Hm!

"'There was once a sweet maiden named—'"

"Excuse me," he broke in, with a sad sinking at the heart. "We have decided not to publish any more poetry that begins 'There was once a sweet maiden named—.' Perhaps you have something else, that will be in our line."

"Well, see how you like this one: 'There was once a young fellow from—'"

"I hope you will pardon me for interrupting you again, but our rules bar out all poems beginning 'There was once a young fellow from—.' I'm very sorry."

"Oh, it's all right," she answered with evident disappointment. "I really don't care very much for either of those, anyway. This one many of my friends think is very good:

"'There was an old woman who—'"

"I know you will think we have an absurd system here," he interposed, "but the fact is we don't print anything beginning 'There was an old woman who—'"

Her cheeks were very red now, and the hands which held up the manuscripts trembled. But she was as brave as she was beautiful, and, taking a long breath, she asked:

"Do you care to hear any of the others?

"Yes, I would like to, very much."

"Well, then, this is one that I wrote in a letter to a friend. It is founded on fact: 'There was a fond wifie who—'"

"But that has the same fault I have had to find with the others. Here, just a moment, please. I'll make a little list."

As he wrote he spoke aloud the words that were jotted down.

"We don't print any poems that begin:

"'There was a young man—'

"'The was an old woman—'

"'There was a sweet maiden—'

"'There was a glad girlie—'

"'There was a gay dandy—'

"'There was a proud father—'

"The fact is," he ended, "that we have shut out limericks altogether. But can't you write something else? I'm sure it would be good."

"No," she sadly answered, "I don't seem to be able to have any ideas when I try to write other kinds of poetry."

"Then why write poetry?"

"Well—you—you see, I don't really have to write. Only I hoped you might find at least one of these good enough to publish, because—because—"

"Because what?"

"Oh, it was awfully foolish, I know, and you will say that I have no right to think of such a thing, but there was a challenge in it."

"Some one had told you that you couldn't get anything printed, I suppose," the Sunday editor said, noticing how beautifully rounded and how soft her chin was.

"Yes," she answered, taking care not to look into his eyes, "and—and I'm afraid it's going to be very serious for me if you refuse to—to reconsider the matter."

They looked at each other, then, for a long time without saying anything. The Sunday editor was the first to speak.

"If it is going to be as serious as you look," he said, "I'm afraid I'll have to break our rule."

Her face was suddenly transformed from a picture of despair to one of glad hope, and the Sunday editor told himself that he preferred her happy expression.

"Can't you tell me what the conditions of this affair are?" he asked.

"It's the silliest thing in the world," she answered. "No, really, I should be ashamed to do so."

But the Sunday editor was a persuasive young man and persistent, wherefore he learned that she had merely out of pique agreed to be the wife of somebody whose interests did not appeal to the Sunday editor, if her literary efforts proved to be unpromising.

"You see," she explained, "I have always had an idea that I wanted to be independent, and he has laughed at the idea and made so much fun of my pretensions that I just got angry and told him that I would stake my poems against him and that if they were rejected he might hope."

The Sunday editor reached gently over to where her hands rested upon the manuscripts in her lap, and when she was leaving she turned at the door, to smile sweetly up in his face and say:

"Yes, truly, I will make him accept the terms. When I can show him my name in print under a poem I will have the right to tell him that he needn't hope any more."

When the Sunday editor was reprimanded a week later, for having given space to a poor little limerick for which he had selected special type and a fancy border, he was in no wise cast down. He merely said it would not occur again, and walked back to his desk, where he took a letter from his innermost pocket and pressed it to his lips.

In the Sunday editor's heart was a new hope and a kindly feeling for all the world.—Chicago Record-Herald.

GREEKS FISHED WITH FLIES

Writer of the Third Century Tells How They Caught Fish in Macedonia.

Probably few fishermen are aware that fly fishing dates back to classic times. A minute description of the artificial fly as used by Macedonian anglers is given by Aelian, a Greek writer of the third century A. D. as follows:

"Between Berea and Thessalonica there flows a river, Astraeus by name, and there are in it fishes of a spotted color, but by what name people of those parts call them it is better to ask Macedonians.

"At any rate these fish live upon the native flies which fall into the river and are like no flies of any other part, one would neither call them wasp-like in appearance, nor would one reply to a question that this creature is formed like what we call the bumble bees, nor yet like the honey bees themselves.

"In audacity it is like a fly, in size it might be called a bumble bee, in color it rivals the wasp and it buzzes like the honey bee. All common creatures of this sort are called horse tails.

"These pitch upon the stream to seek the food they affect, but cannot help being seen by the fish, which swim underneath.

"So whenever one of them sees the fly floating he comes softly, swimming under the water, afraid of disturbing the surface and so scaring away his game. Then he comes near the shady side of the fly, gapes and sucks him in, just like a wolf snatching a sheep from the fold or an eagle a goose from the yard. This done, he disappears beneath the ripple.

"The fishermen understand these maneuvers, but they do not make any use of these flies for a bait for the fish, for if the human hand lays hold of them they lose their natural color, their wings fray and they become uneatable to the fish.

"So with angling craft they outwit the fish, devising a sort of lure against them. They lap a lock of reddish wool round the hook, and to the wool two cock's feathers which grow under the wattles, and are brought to the proper color with wax. The rod is from six to ten feet long and the horsehair line has the same length.

"They lower the lure. The fish is attracted by the color, excited, draws close and, judging from its beautiful appearance that it will obtain a marvelous banquet, forthwith opens its mouth, but is caught by the hook, and bitter, indeed, is the feast it has, inasmuch as it is captured."

THE WINDS.

Wind, O wind of the south,
Fresh and sweet as lilies,
When the lake so still is,
Kiss thou once my mouth.

Wind, O wind of the north,
Dreary and waste thy wake,
Ah, for the women's sake,
What of the ships gone forth?

Wind, O wind of the east,
Gray and harsh thy face,
And thy salt rains race
Like winter snows released.

Wind, O wind of the west,
Lulling to dreams the sun,
When earth's long day is done,
Waft me a rose of rest.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Where to Look for Mosquitoes" is the title of a long article in a New Orleans paper. Ordinarily you don't have to look for them.

Fancy silk and white vests at Greengards.

Dry pine slabs for summer fuel, at the Imperial Lumber Yard.