

LOVE HAS HIS WAY.

"I'll never wed for love alone,"
A haughty maiden said.
The man who claims me for his own
In paths of fame must tread.

THE EARLY WORM.

BY ALICE MCGOWAN.



He was always
earning success
and receiving
praise.

the excellence of his deserts and the
poorness of his luck became that some
cowboy philosopher finally accounted
for it in this way:

He was managing the Half Moon
ranch, to get capital to stock one of his
own, when the niece of his next neighbor
on the south, Floyd Pendleton, at
the Bar 6, came out to visit her
uncle.

Miss Enla Pendleton had the unique
and as she found later—rather un-
comfortable position of the only girl
in Harter County.

Such being the state of things, it is
no wonder that the report that the
Early Worm, otherwise Nort Willis,
had been seen all alone, except for the
presence of the two ponies and a
steer, at the south of the Bar 6 corral
giving Miss Enla lessons in roping,
awakened scornful mirth.

ers, surnamed "Fretty," because he
was ugly enough to scare a team of
Texas ponies into running away, spent
a week up in the breaks of the Can-
nadian hunting; letting all the boys get
ahead of him while he was gone, as he
bitterly realized when he came home
with the mountain lion's skin she had
expressed a wish for.

The boys brought her so many pol-
ished steer horns, deer's-hoof ink
stands and such like, that she might
have set up a store for the sale of
Texas curiosities when she went home,
had she felt so disposed.

Prarie City, the county seat of
Harter County, consisted at this time
of a name and three buildings. The
main one, a modest "dobe structure
with a frame porch, contained the
store, postoffice, and in the back room,
which was also the storekeeper's bed
room, liquors were dispensed with the
primitive aid of a tin cup.

This store was the gathering place
for the gay and gallant element of
Harter County. One evening about
three months after Miss Enla Pendle-
ton's arrival, its circle of loungers was
electrified by an announcement from
the storekeeper.

He had felt late that he was falling
behind the younger men in the race,
and he spoke in a personally aggrieved
tone, as though the entire matter
might have been arranged to compass
his defeat.

"Do you know gentlemen," he said,
"that Miss Enla's going to leave us?
She's agoin' home next week."

"Well," said a tall, thin man who
claimed to hail from Indiana, and was
suspected of having been a lawyer
back in the East, "I say that is the
fault of this crowd, all and severally."

"Don't see how you make that go,"
growled Pret Somers, from where he
lay on the counter. "She's had her
pick of Harter County, and none of
Harter County don't suit her—the 's
all I see in it."

"Now really," said the Indiana man
argumentatively, "do you think she
has had her pick? I'm not a marry-
ing man myself, but it really seems
to me that you gentlemen fell over
each other and stepped on each other,
and naturally stood in each other's
light in trying to please the lady. Can-
dilly, have any of you asked her to
stay?"

There was a somewhat blank silence.
"Ah," said the Indiana man, "I
thought as much. I—thought—as—
much!"

"You see, each one of you has been
so afraid that some one else would get
ahead of him that you've done more at
trying to defeat each other than at ad-
vancing your cause."

"Looks so," said the storekeeper
dejectedly.

"It might be, now," said the Indiana
man insinuatingly, "that if the lady
was asked she'd settle here."

The company looked furtively at one
another, as though each one were cov-
erly calculating the chances of being
the first to slip away and get a change
of air.

The Indiana man laughed. "No,"
he said, "you're all in one boat now.
You're all watching each other and
nobody's going to get the chance to go
out to the Bar 6 alone."

"The best thing for this yer crowd
'ole," said old Hank Pearsall, from a
back seat, where he had been quietly
smoking, "is to come long 'ith me in
a body up to the Bar 6. Most all the
available matrimonial timber o' Harter
County's yer. I'm well 'quainted 'ith
the lady an' I'll engage t' ask her, free
an' confidenshull, if there's anythin'
in the lot she can make out with."

"We really ought to go over to say
good-bye," said the storekeeper anx-
iously. "You boys can come in my
room here and fix yourselves up."

If the storekeeper favored the plan
because he thought it might help him
to dispose of a curious drift of "gents'
furnishings" on his shelves, which
seemed to have accumulated there
some time during the pioneer period,
he was highly successful.

Purchases were solemnly and judi-
cially made.

The basin, towel, broken mirror
and blouse comb in the corner were
in constant and violent requisition, and
for half an hour the rear end of the
store looked like the green room of an
amateur theatrical troupe. Then the
shutters were put up, the lights out,
the ponies mounted and the cavalcade
took its way, with courage that ebbed
at every step, to the Bar 6.

Miss Enla seemed somewhat awed
and astonished, not at the visit—such
calls had been common during her
stay—but at the manner of her vis-
itors. They might, had the number
been sufficient, have been readily
taken for the pall bearers going in a
body to a funeral.

When the party was finally seated
there fell a solemn hush. Old Hank
Pearsall, who seemed to consider
himself elected chairman of the
meeting by the silent suffrage of the
eye, deemed this a fitting time to
speak.

Rising, he waved his hand toward
his companions like a showman ex-
hibiting a collection of curious arti-
cles.

"We heard, Miss," he said, "that
you wuz thinkin' o' leavin' us Har-
ter County 'll miss ye. They ain't
nothin' Harter County wouldn't do to
try to keep ye. 'T seemed to soid o'
us that ye wuz pervided wets a sat-
isfactory pardner, ye might le miss
in ther notion t' settle yer."

"Now, this," with another compre-
hensive gesture, "ez the layout." He
spoke with some depression, as though
the goods, on the whole, did not look
as good as he had expected.

"You know ther tricks an gaitz by
this time, ma'am, an whether there's
anythin' in the grove t' would do ye.
Some's old, but p'raps they're stid-
der; none o' 'em don't land some
very much, but they're all tollable
soud an kind, an' if th' out y' pick

don't travel jist to suit ye, here's th'
rest o' us to wallup him into shape fer
ye—can we trade?"

Some year ago all well-conducted
females were reputed, in literature, at
least, as fainting upon receiving a pro-
posal of marriage. It is to be recorded
to the credit of Miss Enla's nerves
that on receiving a round half-dozen
at one blow she neither fainted nor
screamed.

"Why, the fact is, gentlemen," said
she, divided between amusement and
alarm, "thet your proposal overwhelms
me; it's so—so Texas—if you'll per-
mit the expression, I really think
too much of all of you collectively to
accept any one individually."

This sounded well, but somehow it
was rather unsatisfactory. The band
of suitors looked one at the other to
see if any comfort might be extracted
from it, and finding none, looked
gloomily down and twirled their hats.

Seeing unrelieved depression, Miss
Enla tried again. "The fact is," she
said, "that your kind offers—or offer
—comes too late anyhow. I'm en-
gaged already; in fact I'm going home
to be married."

Deeper gloom on every face. "Some
tenderfoot chump," confided Pret
Somers to the depths of his sombrero;
"some feller t' d run from a cow and
couldn't ride a live horse or rope a
steer if his life depended on it."

"Why, no," answered Miss Enla
with some embarrassment, "I'm going
to marry a gentleman that you all
know right well; a—a—a fellow
citizen of yours."

They looked at each other in con-
sideration at the mention of a dark
horse. They had thought that all the
eligible bachelorhood of Harter
County was then within those four
walls.

"It's Mr. Norton Willis, our neighbor
on the north here," she added,
blushing.

The company rose with solemn
alacrity, shook their hostess' hand
and filed out.

"Well," remarked Hank Pearsall,
cheerfully, "you'll hev t' let up talkin'
'bout Nort's luck after this; I reckon
he ain't no early worm in this trade."

"I don't know," said the store-
keeper, with that acrid cynicism which
one Aesop informs us a certain fox
once displayed in a matter of grapes;
"mebbe she's the early bird!"—
Washington Star.

Stories of the Corsican Banditti.

Two brothers, Cucechi by name, vil-
lains of the deepest dye, found the
neighborhood of Ajaccio too hot to
hold them, and resolved to take refuge
in Sartene. They found a small boat
upon the beach and desired the owner
to put out to sea. "Impossible," said
the mar, "the boat is too small for
such a voyage, and would certainly
founder."

"Do as you are bid," said the
Cucechi, covering him with their
guns. Under these circumstances the
man had no alternative; so he, it
in and they pushed out to sea. But
the waves were high, and by a little
dextrous management he contrived to
make his boat rock in such a fashion
that the banditti became violently sick.
"You see I was right," he coolly re-
marked, when his passengers seemed
sufficiently reduced, "you will cer-
tainly be drowned if you go on thus.
You had much better let me put you
ashore, and go back for a stronger and
better boat."

"So be it," gasped the
banditti. "Oh, anything is better than
this!" They were put on shore, and
in due time the boatman returned with
a larger boat, but at the bottom of it
lay four gendarmes disguised as sail-
ors, and the brothers Cucechi were
taken before they had time to discover
the trick.

The second story is of a notorious
bandit of the name of Bastanasi. He
was a man of considerable erudition,
had been educated at Pisa, knew Latin,
and had belonged to the medical pro-
fession. On one occasion he also was
going to Sartene on a vessel which
stopped at Ajaccio. Knowing that the
gendarmes were after him he did not
attempt to land, but as he had a fine
voice and could also play the guitar,
to beguile the time of waiting he got
out his instrument and began to sing
and play. A fisherman in the port
recognized the voice, and likewise re-
membered the song. He went and in-
formed the authorities; and it was
thus that Bastanasi was arrested. "I saw him
land," says M. Levis. "The handcuffs
were on his wrists, and the guitar
was slung round his neck."—Contem-
porary Review.

No Fun About Backing Broncos.

"Many people have an idea that to
ride a bucking bronco is the cowboy's
delight, but they're badly mistaken.
There's no fun in it. When a thor-
oughbred rears and prances there's no
jar in it and I rather like to have one
do it if I am riding. But when a
bronco bucks and jumps into the air
and comes down stiff-legged, with his
feet planted together, that jars every
bone in the rider's body, especially the
backbone, and is apt to make him feel
pretty sick in short order.

"My first experience with a bucking
bronco cured me of the idea that there
was fun in it. I had read that the cow-
boy always locks his spurs under the
bronco's body at such times, and so I
did the same. Well, the spurs went
through the horse hair cinch, and the
bronco kept bucking so long as they
said there. I couldn't get them out
till two men came to help me.

"The proper thing to do when a
bronco bucks is to keep your spurs
away from him, balance yourself for-
ward or backward in the saddle, ac-
cording to the way he jumps, and
grip him well between your knees.
You have to leave him buck till he
gets tired of it, or finds he can't get
you off."—San Francisco Bulletin.

BRUIN'S TRAITS.

SOME QUEER THINGS ABOUT THE BLACK BEAR.

He Goes Into Winter Quarters Cor-
pulent and Comes Out So in
the Spring—Then He Loses in
Flesh Rapidly.

A MAJORITY of the people who
have found time to give some
thought to the great Ameri-
can black bear have got the
idea into their heads somehow—and
naturally, perhaps—that when he
comes out of his hole in the spring,
after his long winter sleep, he is lean
and scraggy and of a generally used up
appearance. Such people will doubt-
less be surprised to learn, on the best
of backwoods authority, that just the
contrary is the fact.

The bear, when he seeks his winter
quarters, is about the fattest thing on
four legs. He doesn't swell up with
fat like a pig, but seems to go fat all
over. When he starts in to accumu-
late this fat the bear can eat a bushel
of chestnuts at a meal without giving
any sign that he could not eat another
bushel if any one insisted. As he gets
fat his stomach gets smaller and
smaller, until, when he is in proper
condition for wintering over, its
capacity is insufficient for a handful
of food. Every part of the bear has
made room for fat, and this fat sticks
right to Bruin all winter and keeps him
warm.

If you are after a bear for his grease
you want to kill him either just before
he goes into his hole in the fall or im-
mediately after he comes out of it in
the spring. In ten days after the bear
wakes up and crawls out after his win-
ter's nap he will be almost as lean as
a razor back hog, although he has been
eating everything edible he could get
his paws on since he woke up—and
that is a good deal.

He keeps lean until he begins to get
ready for winter again, and then rolls
up his fat as before. It seems odd that
a bear should keep fat for months
without eating anything and lose his
flesh as soon as he begins to take in
victuals, but that is the way the bear
is made, and I don't see how we are
going to help it.

For this habit of the bear biting
particular trees while he is traveling
even backwoods authority has no sat-
isfactory theory. The trees may be
two rods, or they may be half a mile
or more away from his line of travel,
but no bear passing that way ever fails
to shear off to them and bite a piece
out of them, unless he may be too
closely pressed by dogs—and the dogs
have got to be very close if the bear
cannot take time to indulge in his
bite from these trees.

Any experienced North Pennsylv-
ania woodsman can take you to trees
of this kind that are almost bitten in
two by bears that have stopped and
chewed them in accordance with this
peculiar ursine custom. The bear has
some reason or purpose in picking out
trees to be visited and bitten whenever
he passes that way, but what it may
be no one has as yet had the courage
to say that he knows.

When the black bear is serious he is
very serious. No living thing has
stronger affection for its young than a
mother bear has, and no animal will
defend them so desperately against
harm. But she is a strict disciplin-
arian, and does not hesitate a second
in resorting to the most extreme of
heroic measures in dealing with her
young when it seems to her that the
circumstances require it.

The most striking illustration of
this trait of bear character that I ever
knew was given once on the Sinnem-
oning Creek, in Potter County, Penn.
Larry Lyman, the famous woodsman,
and two other men were standing on
the bank of the creek when a big she
bear, accompanied by two small cubs,
came down off the hills on the same
side of the stream, a short distance be-
low where the men were standing.

The old bear stopped for a moment
and gazed at the men. Then she
plunged into the creek. The cubs
followed her and swam boldly toward
the opposite side with her. One of
the cubs was evidently stronger than
the other, and swam well up with its
mother, keeping almost head to head
with her. The other cub fell a little
behind, but swam bravely on.

The old bear climbed out of the
water when she reached the shore and
climbed up the bank, which was
quite high, and obstructed somewhat
by the projecting roots of trees. The
stronger of the cubs followed her
without difficulty, and trotted along
in pace with its mother's sweeping
strides. But the other little bear
could not clear the obstructions on the
bank, and, finding that its mother and
brother or sister, whichever it might
have been, were going right on with-
out noticing its absence, it began to
cry piteously.

The old bear and the strong cub had
gone a couple of rods from the creek.
When the mother heard the cries of
the faltering cub she stopped and
looked around. Not seeing the cub
she flew into a fearful rage. She
snapped her teeth together and growl-
ing savagely hurried back to the bank
of the creek, keeping an eye on the
three men who were watching this in-
teresting proceeding.

When she came to the edge of the
bank where the cub was struggling
and whining, she reached down with
one paw, grabbed the cub, jerked it
up to her and with one blow killed it.
She then tore it to pieces and threw
the fragments of its little carcass into
the creek. Showing her teeth and
snapping them savagely at the men,
who were amazed spectators of the old
bear's maternal fury, she turned
and strode rapidly back to where the
other cub was awaiting her, and the
two disappeared into the woods.

The presence of the men on the

bank of the creek had caused the old
bear to fear pursuit. She was en-
deavoring to place herself and off-
spring beyond danger. The weakling
cub was delaying her flight. So its
mother not only removed it as a men-
ace to the safety of herself and the
other cub, but put it beyond the possi-
bility of its falling into the hands of
the foe by promptly tearing all tender
maternal feelings from her breast and
the cub to pieces at the same time.—
New York Herald.

Wonders of Littleness.

Max Kaufman, a Berlinese jeweler,
has made a perfect ivory chariot with
movable wheels, the whole weighing
but two grains.

Mark Scariot, a blacksmith of the
time of Queen Elizabeth, made a per-
fect brass and steel padlock that
weighed but one grain.

One of the prize curiosities of the
old Meehlin Museum was a cherry
stone basket containing fourteen pairs
of ivory dice.

Oswaldus Forhingens, the artist, is
said to have made 1400 dishes that
could all be stowed away in a common
thumb! This must be true, for we
are told that Pope Paul V. counted
them with the aid of a pair of specta-
cles made by the dish artist.

Turrianus is said to have fashioned
miniature mills "that would run of
themselves" so minute that a monk
could carry one in his sleeve, yet so
powerful that they would grind enough
wheat in a single day to make bread
for eight men.

Pliny tells of a copy of Homer's
Iliad known in his day that was so
small that it could be entirely hidden
in the shell of a hen's egg. In late
years Professor Schrieber, the inventor
of the new "microstereographic pro-
cess," translated both the Iliad and
the Odyssey into a volume so small that
it could be hidden in the shell of an
English walnut! At the late Paris
Exposition an ingenious Tyrolese daily
exhibited a trained flea that was made
to operate a miniature of the great
fifty-ton Krupp hammer. This model,
which was of pure gold, with its up-
rights, levers, etc., weighed but two
grains; the hammer itself, perfect in
every detail, weighed but one-third of
a grain.

The wonderful miniature watch of
King George III., which was kept for
years as a curiosity in the Kensington
Museum, was about the size of one of
our silver dimes. The compiler of this
"note" has seen a dozen infinitesimal
timekeepers which, taken collectively,
would not weigh as much as George's
wonder. Some of these were set in
shirt studs, some in place of the usual
rubber tip on lead pencils, and still
others as settings for rings; yet all
were in perfect order and keeping
time.

An Electrified Sidewalk.

People in the neighborhood of the
corner of Maine and State streets had
some excitement yesterday shortly
after noon. A trolley supply wire in
the alley between the main street and
the alley came in contact with the iron
pole. The electric fluid soon reached
the sidewalk and filled the icy bricks
so that several persons received severe
shocks. For a while, as the first vic-
tims watched for the ones who might
follow, there was lots of fun.

A man would come along, and as he
reached the limits of the electricity's
force, would stop suddenly and look
down to see what had struck him. A
step forward and another severe
shock and he would grow pale and all
sorts of awful things began to rush on
him. Dire diseases which began by
such awful symptoms, the victim would
reason, must be shortly fatal, but soon
the laugh of some watchers or the
sight of another victim would reassure
him, and soon the cause was found.
But the funniest of all was a little dog
who came running joyously down the
street and on to the charmed walk.

Then came a howl of wild anguish
and surprise, and the dog tried to
leave. But he couldn't; the harder
he tried the closer he was drawn toward
the pole. He lay down; worse yet;
every hair formed a wire, as it were,
to conduct the fluid to his body. At
last a desperate jerk, and he fell into
the gutter, where he found relief.
Soon after the wire was fixed, and the
fun ceased.—Springfield (Mass.) Rep-
ublican.

Human Organs Seen in Action.

Donald H. Farquhar, of St. Louis,
has invented a lamp by means of which
the human brain may be examined.
The construction of this powerful aid
to surgery is quite simple. A large
globe contains an electric light of 800-
candle power, and from one side of it
extends a sort of tube or nozzle,
stopped at intervals with lenses, whose
character and order of arrangement
are technically described as follows:
Plane concave plane, convex, double
convex, double concave, double con-
vex, plane concave, and direct acting
lenses. The purpose of all these glasses
is to gather the light and concentrate
it in a direct horizontal stream, form-
ing, as it were, a solid bar of light of
intense brilliancy. The end of the
said tube is arranged to accommodate
month pieces of various sizes with
pieces of non-refracting Bohemian
glass. When the light is turned on
and concentrated the desired month-
piece is put on. If it is a brain trouble
the mouthpiece is clapped to the side
of the head and the workings of the
brain can be observed. The heart can
be revealed while pumping away at its
ceaseless task, and what the patient
had for dinner can be learned by put-
ting a larger mouthpiece against the
region of the stomach.

Sympathy.

Rupert—"I think I'll pour some
cologne in this medicine bottle."
Mamma—"Why?"
Rupert—"Why, to take the taste
out of its mouth."—Harper's Young
People.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Texas has a petrified tree.
Spinach is a Persian plant.
Fibberts came from Greece.
There is no J in the Hawaiian alpha-
bet.
Sage is a native of the south of Eu-
rope.
Tricycle cabs are a Milan (Italy)
novelty.

The average trip around the world
comprises about 22,000 miles of travel.
One county in New Jersey sends to
New York ten carloads of lettuce a
day.

France and Italy raise 33,000 bush-
els of chestnuts for home use and ex-
port.

A German at home eats an average
of sixty-eight pounds of beef and pork
per annum.

On some parts of the coast of France
when the wind is east the mist that ap-
pears bears with it a very noticeable
perfume.
Since December 2, 1932, our globe
has traveled exactly 550,000,000 miles,
which is only at its usual gait of 1000
miles a minute.

Latreille once cut off the antennae
of an ant, and its companions, evi-
dently compassionate its suffering,
anointed the wounded parts with
drops of fluid from their mouths.

The oldest fire engine company in
the country is claimed to be located at
Mount Holly, N. J. It is called the
Relief Fire Company and has had a
continuous existence of 141 years.

The Bank of England destroys about
350,000 of its notes every week to re-
place them with freshly printed ones.
One evening in each week is set apart
for the making of this expensive bon-
fire.

The largest building stones are those
used in the cyclopean walls of Basal-
bee, in Syria. Some of these measure
sixty-three feet in length by twenty-
six in breadth, and are of unknown
depth.

A new way to serve raw oysters is in
tall, handled tumblers. A dressing of
pepper and salt, lemon juice and Wor-
cestershire sauce goes with them, and
they are picked out with the long oyster
fork.

Mrs. John J. Aikens, of Philadel-
phia, has the pen with which Robert
Parkes, of England, inscribed the
names of the children who attended
the first Sunday-school in the world,
113 years ago.

Canon Farrar says that the present
statistics show that the number of
births in the richest districts of Ken-
sington, London, are twenty per 1000
every year, while the number of births
in the poorest districts of Fulham is
forty-eight per 1000.

The woolen carpet which has
covered the corner's room in the San
Francisco Mint for several years was
recently taken and cremated. The
precious metal was found, gathered
together, and by an elaborate
refining process the Government re-
covered 279 ounces of gold, worth
\$5500.

Strange Faculty in Reptiles.

Reptiles and batrachians usually
possess what may be termed the water-
location sense.

My attention was first called to this
by my brother, who, while engaged in
a natural history expedition in South-
eastern Texas, had what at the time
we both considered a unique experi-
ence with a large sea tortoise.

This tortoise had been surprised
some distance from the water, among
the sand dunes that line the Gulf
shore, and on being overtaken had its
head chopped off preparatory to serv-
ing as a very toothsome addition to
our diet. Much to the surprise of the
party the beheaded animal continued
on its way toward the water.

Several times it was turned around,
entirely or part way, but every time
it was able to right its position per-
fectly, and again make directly for
the water.

At the time it was narrated to me I
was of the opinion that there must
have been something in the contour
of the land that enabled the tortoise
to regain the correct direction in each
case.

Since then I have had numerous
proofs that this ability belongs to a
number of species of these animals in
the West Indies, and that the loss of
eyes and nasal organs, of the entire
head and neck in fact, apparently
works no inconvenience to them in
this particular. This is a family char-
acteristic which, so far as I have been
able to find, is not alluded to in any
work concerning them.

The same singular ability may be
observed in certain species of water-
freighting snakes. The common water
snake, often erroneously called the
"water moccasin," almost invariably
finds its way to the water, if not
too far away, when its head is cut off.
—St. Louis Republic.

A Farm Run by Electricity.

An interesting example of electricity
as applied in farm work is now in
operation at a Scotch farm. The
whole of the usual farm machinery,
such as thrashing, sowing, corn thrash-
ing and the like, is here driven by an
electric motor. The electricity is
generated by water power, the turbine
wheel which drives the dynamo being
about one thousand yards from the
farm.

The electric current is conveyed by
underground wires to the house and
farm, in each of which a storage battery
is placed. These supply the electric
current for lighting and motive pur-
poses when the machinery is not work-
ing. The whole of the mansion is
illuminated by electric light, and an
electric motor is provided for pump-
ing the water for domestic purposes.
—Scientific American.