

something wrong and wheeling about went careering down the walk, driven by the breeze to the east. She slowed up as much as she was able, but just as she reached her former turning point an unkind gust struck and upset her, compelling her to let go of the worm while she struggled to her feet. The worm was carried half a yard beyond her and left in plain sight on the walk. She was bewildered for a few moments, then began an agitated search for the lost prize. Her eyesight was evidently of little use, for at first she walked about in an aimless manner but was soon travelling in circles like a dog locating a scent. As this produced no results she rose to wing and sailed above the walk, her long legs just trailing the surface of the cement as she flew. The circles gradually grew larger and she varied flying with running, always keeping close to the surface. The search appeared to be hopeless when all at once, in one of her wider sweeps, she managed to stumble across the outstretched worm. Instantly she straddled it, grasped it with her jaws and again headed west into the wind. Just why she spent so much valuable time chasing up and down this walk will always remain a mystery for, as subsequent history shows, she was merely wasting time and getting nowhere. But the facts are recorded as they occurred.

This excursion took her fully seventy-five feet into the wind, and she walked, hopped, ran and flew in short flights as if in haste to arrive somewhere. At brief intervals a short rest was taken, for the muscular exertion must have been tremendous in the teeth of the gusty wind with the load she was carrying.

Once more, and for the last time, she turned squarely about and headed east. She blew along in spasmodic fashion, now fast, now slow, seldom pausing even for an instant. At times she would run headlong for a yard or more, her abdomen held high in air and her long legs racing. Then she would make leaps of a foot or more, several in succession, then perhaps drag herself wearily along for a few steps as if tired out. For a hundred feet she drove with the wind to the east. Then, in some unknown way she got her bearings and turned directly into the grass lawn, moving south. This was really the most trying part of her entire trip, for although she was out of the wind she was at once involved in a jungle of tangled, close-clipped grass tufts through which she had to thread her way. Necessarily her route was far from being an air line since she had to accommodate herself to the surface obstructions and go around where she could not go through. This fact of itself must have embarrassed her in finding her destination, at least a human, like you or I, would undoubtedly have lost our way under similar conditions. But she kept steadily on, followed as closely by the writer as was deemed wise, although she appeared oblivious of his presence during the entire episode.

During her lawn journey she was first in the shade of one house, then of a second. Each time she emerged from the shade she topped and stretched herself in the grateful warmth before continuing. The second time she did this she released her victim and walked away a few steps. Returning, she almost immediately straddled the prize to pick it up but had evidently made the mistake of changing ends, for she promptly reversed her position and then seemed satisfied. Up to now she had been going mainly south but all at once changed her course and went southwest as if she were steering by some invisible star, and from that time until she reached her destination, held consistently on this new quarter. The vicious wind that blew directly across her line of march