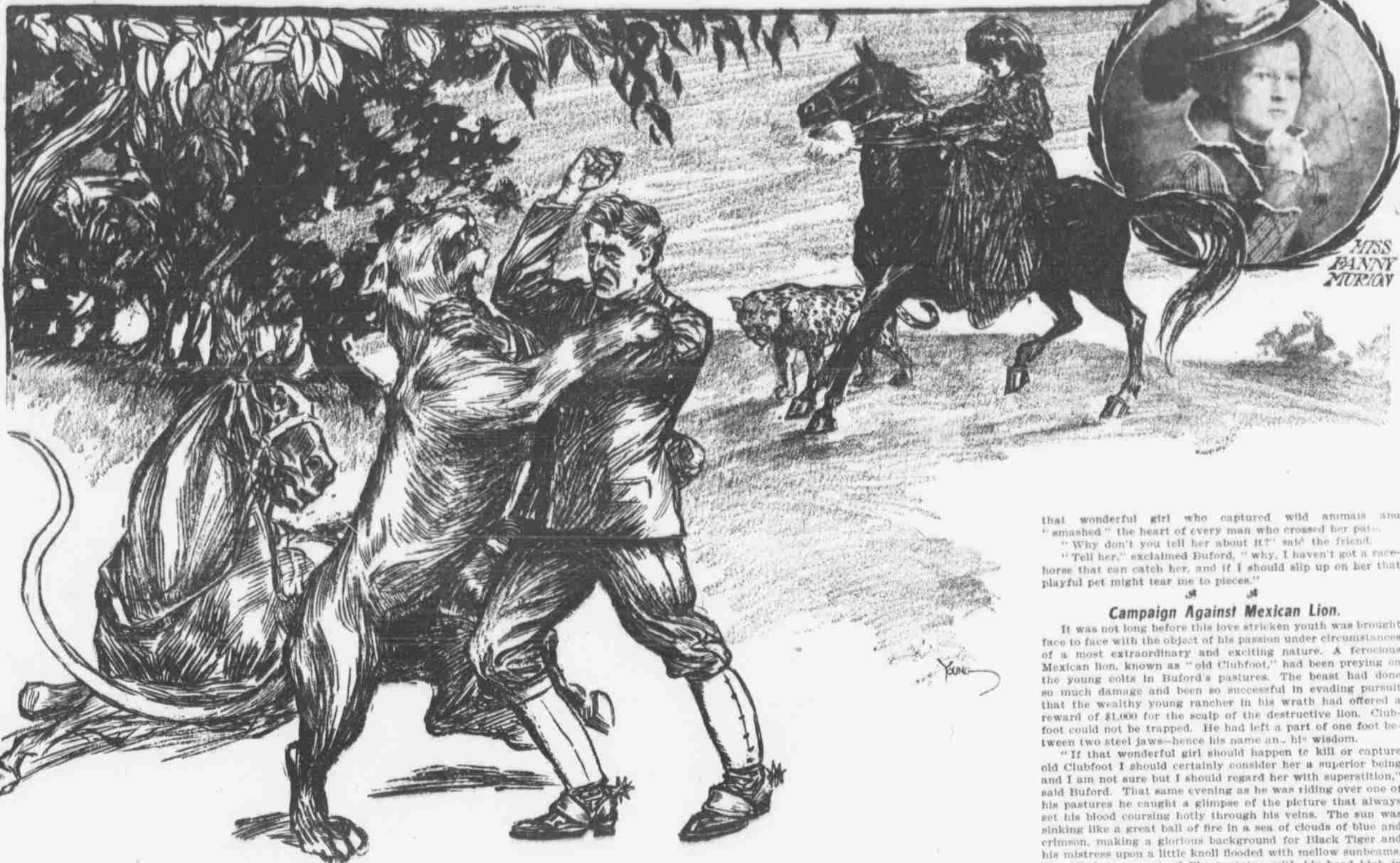


BEAUTIFUL TEXAS GIRL WHO CAPTURED A WILD HORSE A JAGUAR AND A MILLIONAIRE

Fanny Murion, a Texas girl, has displayed the audacity, skill, and daring of a veteran warrior. Unaided she has captured and tamed the wildest horse that ever led a band of mustangs over hill and plain; she has driven a full grown jaguar into a strong cotton sack lashed in the mouth of his den, and she has fed and thrashed the ferocious beast until it licked her hand and followed her like a pet lamb; she has slain a monster mountain lion, "the terror of the ranches," for whose scalp she might have received a reward of a thousand dollars in gold; and while carrying more hearts at her belt than any other beauty of the border she has brought a young millionaire to his knees at her feet.



MISS FANNY MURION
that wonderful girl who captured wild animals and "smashed" the heart of every man who crossed her path.
"Why don't you tell her about it?" said the friend.
"Tell her," exclaimed Buford, "why, I haven't got a chance-horse that can catch her, and if I should slip up on her that playful pet might tear me to pieces."

EVERYBODY on the southern frontier of Texas is talking of Fanny Murion. She has slain old "Clubfoot," a mountain lion that long defied the prowess and skill of veteran hunters while it fattened upon young cattle and fine colts.

This remarkable young woman has attracted more or less attention ever since she was able to ride. She first started the community by planning to capture "Black Tiger," a famous wild horse that had many times run away from the fastest racehorses in the country. Failure did not cool the determined girl's ardor. Finding that the magnificent black horse was faster and smarter than other animals of his kind, the shrewd young girl determined to involve him in the meshes of a stratagem.

Determines to Catch Wild Horse.

Expert ropers had followed Black Tiger's trail for days and days without ever coming within reach of the wonderful racer. More patient horsemen had tried the experiment of "walking down" this animal. They had hung close on his heels day and night for weeks, giving him no time to feed, sleep, or drink. The noble animal had always found some way to elude his pursuers.

Miss Murion had watched Black Tiger leading his band of mustangs to water and she noticed that, in returning to the range, he always followed the same trail leading through the forest. Selecting a large oak, with a high limb that hung over the narrow path, the girl arranged a noose and attached it to the limb in such a way that the wild horse would be apt to thrust his head into it provided he did not scent danger.

Concealing herself near the trap, she watched the prancing herd snuffing away from the watering place. Black Tiger, as usual, led the band. The animal was in fine form. His jet black hair glistened and his long mane and tail swept the ground. There was a wild look in his fine eyes, foam was flying from his nostrils, and his head was held high in the air.

Captures Pride of Plains.

Brutus Buford, a rich young Kentuckian, who owned a horse ranch in the neighborhood, had offered \$1,000 for Black Tiger with a rope about his neck. As the gallant horse drew near the tree Miss Murion was thinking, "If I can master him he is worth a fortune."

Black Tiger did not see the noose, but when the rope touched his neck he sprang forward as if a bullet had struck him. The girl was surprised at the conduct of her captive. Instead of surging against the rope and choking himself down, as a mustang would have done, Black Tiger no sooner felt the rope tighten about his neck than he took a step forward, snorting and looking greatly surprised, and then stood still.

It is now confidently believed that this splendid animal answered "the call of the wild," and that he strayed away from the ranch when he was about 3 years old. He has every mark of a thoroughbred, and since he bears a striking resemblance to a great St. Florian, it is almost certain that there are strains of the best blood in his veins that the Blue Grass region ever produced.

The young girl might have exchanged her capture for a sum of money that she considered a fortune, for she is the only daughter of a widowed mother of limited means. She

preferred to master the fine animal, fully conscious of the admiration that she would excite when she became able to gallop him over the plains and circle about the camps of the cowboys in the vicinity. Black Tiger soon learned to take sugar and salt from the hands of his mistress, and it was not long before the sensible horse was following her about like a pet dog. It proved to be no difficult matter for the venturesome girl to break her new mount to the saddle, and to the amazement of the rough riders of the border, only a few days passed before Fanny Murion was dashing over hill and plain, mounted upon the finest looking horse ever seen in western Texas.

Old plainsmen had thought Black Tiger to be incorrigible. People held their breaths when they saw the daring young girl forcing the magnificent animal to leap over wire fences and circle about the herds at full speed.

Plots to Capture Jaguar.

While the people of the community were wondering what Fanny Murion would do next the story spread abroad that she had captured a full grown jaguar. This proved to be true.

A monster jaguar had been preying upon cattle and young horses in the ranch pastures for two or three years. Various efforts had been made to capture or slay the bloodthirsty beast, but it still roamed at large defying hounds and hunters. Large rewards had been offered for the scalp of the jaguar by the suffering ranchers, but the boldest and most expert hunters had failed to get a shot at the monster or locate its lair.

One evening as Fanny Murion was galloping Black Tiger through the mountain pass she accidentally saw the famous jaguar entering its den under a ledge of rock. It required but a few seconds for the quick witted girl to form a plan for capturing the dangerous beast alive. After closely examining

the mouth of the den and the locality, the daring girl returned to her home to make preparations for her desperate undertaking.

Procuring two large, strong sacks, used by cotton pickers, she placed one inside the other and arranged a rope in the mouth of the sacks in such a way that they could be closed by a quick jerk. She watched the lair of the jaguar for several days in order to learn the habits of the animal before she attempted to execute her plan. She discovered that the jaguar entered his den about the same hour every evening, doubtless for the purpose of taking a rest before he set out on his nocturnal prowls.

Takes Bloodthirsty Beast Captive.

This strange girl might have taken a rifle and lain in wait for the dangerous beast with every factor of success in her favor, but it appears to be a part of her nature to court danger, and, as she afterwards said, she wanted "to take the terror alive and show the ranchers that a girl could lead him at her belt." There is not a hunter in Texas who would have attempted to execute her plan though tempted by the offer of a heap of gold. The cotton sacks were placed in the mouth of the den and covered with leaves. Black Tiger was tied at some distance, and the venturesome girl sat hidden among the rocks with a rifle in one hand and a rope connected with the mouth of the sacks in the other.

A pack of hounds struck the trail of the jaguar on that same evening, and when the animal came towards his lair, he came in a hurry. There was no time for investigation. His old enemies were howling in his heels. He lunged into the den with a growl of triumph, but when the sacks closed behind him and he discovered that he was trapped he uttered a roar that aroused the girl to a sense of her peril.

Struggling, snarling, and roaring, the jaguar rolled in the sacks out of the mouth of his lair. The girl ran to the side

of her captive, and, after tying the sacks hard and fast, she left the jaguar alone with his troubles while she sought to mount her horse. Black Tiger did not like the looks of the sack, bouncing about and rolling along the mountain side, but when his mistress had secured the rope attached to it and given the word he sprang forward at a lively gallop as if he knew that he was dragging his old enemy at his heels.

Miss Murion secured a strong pair of shears, and whenever a claw was thrust through the sacks she cut it off. Afterwards she cut a hole in the sack for the jaguar's nose. She finally cut a slit large enough to permit the head of the ferocious beast to appear in the open air. Then, putting a strong collar on his neck, she chained him to a tree. Not many days passed before the jaguar looked eagerly for his mistress when she approached him with food and water. Kindness conquered the ferocious beast, and in less than two weeks he was as docile as a kitten.

Young Millionaire Falls in Love.

Miss Murion was now famous, and almost every young man in the country was violently in love with her. Only a few dared to venture close enough to hear her sweet voice and enjoy a glance of her "taming and killing eyes." The cowboys said: "She is not like other girls. She can coax a wild horse to put his head into a noose and make a peep of a bloody jaguar."

This fearless Texas girl called her last capture Dolly, either in derision or for the purpose of slandering a Texan who had lived in fear of his ferocity. When Brutus Buford saw Fanny Murion striding about over the prairies, a big jaguar leaping at her whip and Black Tiger looking as if he were just ready to break away and run wild, he felt his heart beating fast and he whispered to himself: "There is the prettiest picture I ever saw in my life." This same night he admitted to a friend that he was certainly "dead in love" with

Campaign Against Mexican Lion.

It was not long before the love stricken youth was brought face to face with the object of his passion under circumstances of a most extraordinary and exciting nature. A ferocious Mexican lion, known as "old Clubfoot," had been preying on the young colts in Buford's pastures. The beast had done so much damage and been so successful in evading pursuit that the wealthy young rancher in his wrath had offered a reward of \$1,000 for the scalp of the destructive lion. Clubfoot could not be trapped. He had left a part of one foot between two steel jaws—hence his name—and his wisdom.

"If that wonderful girl should happen to kill or capture old Clubfoot I should certainly consider her a superior being and I am not sure but I should regard her with superstition," said Buford. "That same evening as he was riding over one of his pastures he caught a glimpse of the picture that always set his blood coursing hotly through his veins. The sun was sinking like a great ball of fire in a sea of clouds of blue and crimson, making a glorious background for Black Tiger and his mistress upon a little knoll dotted with mellow sunbonnets. The black beauty stood like a statue with his head high in the air and his ears pricked forward. The pretty girl held her hat in her hand and her long hair was floating in the wind. She seemed to be looking at some object above or beyond the man who was admiring her. The jaguar also saw or scented something in the same direction.

Saves Life of Wealthy Rancher.

There was something so earnest about the living picture that Buford was forced to look behind him. A glance at the tree under which he sat on his horse nearly congealed his blood. Old Clubfoot sat on a limb within easy reach, licking her chops and wagging her long tail. He did not have time to move before the vicious beast leaped. One paw struck the horse and the other fell heavily upon Buford's shoulder. Horse, man, and beast rolled upon the ground. Buford was unarmed, but he possessed great strength. He had struggled to his feet and he had the lion by the throat. Though the snarling beast had its long claws fastened in one of his shoulders, Buford was trying to beat it to death with his fist.

The lion lunged forward and its sharp fangs were touching Buford's neck. A pistol cracked, and the monster sank quivering at the astounded man's feet. When he turned he saw Fanny Murion with a smoking revolver in her hand. "Are you hurt?" she asked, as she slid from the saddle, leaving Black Tiger to snort and snuff at the dead body of the lion.

"You have saved my life," exclaimed the young man. "How your wound bleeds," said Fanny. "Let me help you." She led him to a little stream not far away, where she tore her apron into strips and washed and bound up his wounds.

Makes Her Greatest Capture.

Miss Murion talked a great deal, but the wounded man sat and looked at her in dumb admiration. They rode together to the widow Murion's house. When Buford departed the widow said to her daughter: "Fanny, I think you have made another capture."
"I am sure of it, mamma."

Girls who Must do All the Covenmaking

IT is said that when a man is in love he wears his heart on his sleeve, for he is anxious to have a girl know how his heart throbs. It is likewise held when a girl is in love she conceals her feeling in its innermost recesses. In other words, coyness is a characteristic common to women—at least expected of them—at least the sweetly feminine poets have made it so.

"The cruel nymph well knows to feign coy looks and cold disdain," sang Gay. "And what value were there in the love of the maiden were it yielded without coy delay?" asked Scott. This is only partially true—a girl falls in love quite as frequently as a man—she at least romances regarding her feeling—but she crushes them in the mole of her shoe instead of wearing her heart on her sleeve, because conventions decree she shall. "She will rather die than give any sign of affection," says Benedick of Beatrice, thus showing that coyness is a dissemblance of feminine affection.

The students of psychology and sociology know that women have cultivated an attitude of offensive coyness along with the thousand and one conventionalities that have been thrust on them. In spite of these opinions, in the days gone by it was almost as common for the women as the men to do the courting. Today there are parts of the world where young women feel they are doing nothing wrong by taking this pleasure and responsibility on themselves.

Always Leap Year in Polynesia.

In Polynesia there are no women's clubs and the doctrines of woman's rights have never been heard, and still these half-conceited young girls feel they have the right to extend an offer of marriage to an equal or to an inferior. Their proposals are sometimes accepted, again rejected. When their love is unanswered they do not commit suicide or take poison, as an American novelist might make us believe. They may grieve a little while, only to console themselves with the thought, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." These proposals are often spoken in most romantic words.

A Fijian maiden desperately in love with a young man asked his father if she might love his son and receiving no encouragement she said:

"Let me only live outside of his home. I will sleep upon the wood pile. If I may only light his cigarette for him I shall rejoice."
"I may only hear his voice from a distance; it will suffice. Life will be pleasant to me."

Tud Men Dare Not Propose.

Between the northern and southern extremity of New Guinea lies Torres Strait. The largest island in the strait is inhabited by Melanesians, whose customs are insular and unique—they are of special interest to students occupied with the phenomena of love and marriage. They are, with one exception, of the Papuan type; frizzled hair people who cultivate the soil, use the bow and arrow, and, un-Australian like, treat their women with consideration.

Prof. A. C. Haddon, the most eminent authority on these people, says that the women of the region are wonderfully independent. The most a man ever dares to suggest he is fond of a girl, but if he actually proposed he would be the laughing stock of the whole district. On the island of Tou boys are taught:

"You no like girls first; if you do girls laugh and call you woman." When a girl likes a man she tells his sister and gives her a ring of string. She tells the brother she has some good news for him, and if he approves they select a rendezvous, where the conversation is carried on in this manner:

"You like me, proper?"
"Yes," she declares. "I like you proper, with my heart inside. Eye along heart see you—you my man."
Half frightened, he continues: "How you like me?"
She usually answers: "I like your leg—your skin good. You my man."

Sends Food to Man She Woos.

In a neighboring island courtship assumes a more practical form. The love sick maiden sends her young man food, and plenty of it. He waits some time, and if he decides he approves of her he acknowledges her favor by eating all she has sent him. A good dancer is always admitted in these islands. A man's being married does not prevent his being courted again. Girls have enough tact not to make this known to the wife. A sister is selected.

Some of the girls are wonderfully persistent. Haddon tells of a girl who was in love with a cook. She made the advances, but he paid no heed, and so she accused him of trying to steal her. She carried on a long lawsuit, though the case was decided in the man's favor. In spite of these advances most of these women become the property of their husbands when married—sometimes to the extent if a man gets angry he kills his wife, and his sister, if she remonstrates.

In New Zealand women do their courting in a most romantic fashion. The young girl visits the courting house set apart for this purpose. Standing up in the dark she says: "I love so and so and I will win for my husband"; whereupon the chosen lover, if willing, says "Yes," or enough to signify assent.

Pueblo Girl Chooses at Will.

The Pueblo girl is even more independent; after many a delightful and sometimes romantic flirtation she comes to the conclusion she is fonder of one suitor than the others and she tells her father she is determined to have the young man. The father usually acquiesces the young man with the fact. It seldom happens that any objections are raised, but the



father of the bridegroom must reimburse the parents of the maiden for the loss of their daughter. This is done by an offer of presents in keeping with their wealth and rank.

The young people are thoroughly independent, and if they learn they do not love each other as much as they imagined they separate and leave their children to be cared for by their grandparents.

The Moquis girls are so strenuous in their love affairs they are satisfied with a verbal contract. Goods, personal effects, and valuables of the women still belong to them. If a woman leaves her husband she takes all with her. The husband is often indebted to a wife for a loan, and this keeps them together where otherwise divorce would ensue. Among the Spokane Indians when the man falls in love he must consult the father and the girl, though it is more usual for the girl to make the advances. They usually marry from the same tribe, but if a man marries out of his tribe he must join his wife. It is thought she can work better in a country that is known to her.

How Indian Girl Won a Husband.

The Indian girls of the Hudson, according to several reliable authorities, signify openly their desire to matrimonial

life. When one of them takes a notion to marry she covers her face with a veil and sits covered as an indication of her desire. If she attracts a suitor negotiations ensue; presents are given by relatives and friends, and the bride taken.

A pretty girl, Manjinkawis she was called, was fond of a self-contained, egotistical young man who had no special fondness for her beauty. She had a notion that her ability as a house-keeper might win him though her beauty did not. She was solicitous in attending his wants; mended his moccasins and prepared his food, but he was equally indifferent to these kindnesses. So she resolved to play a trick. She dug a hole in the spacious lodge and covered it carefully. When the young man returned from the chase he threw himself down in the usual place and fell in.

"Ha, ha," said the girl, as she helped him out. "You are my prisoner at last. I did it on purpose." A smile came over the young man's face. Half flattered and more amused by the inventive mind he said: "So be it. I will be yours."

Coyness an Unnatural Attribute.

There are many other peoples where women do the wooing—all showing that coyness is no more natural to culture than man in primitive conditions. It develops with woman and more conventional society. It is hardly to be wondered at that a girl in modern, complex society may be fond of a man who does not think seriously of her. Though she has no desire to do the courting, she may enjoy a harmless flirtation—if not with him, with his shadow—that will do as well. She will not die of a broken heart nor commit suicide more than her jilted sister in primitive conditions.