

Olive's Prisoner

BY

ROBERT H. BROWN

The girl standing in the doorway of the ranch house shaded her eyes with one hand and looking away saw nothing save the green expanse of grass broken here and there by a jagged fence rail. There were some maple trees about the house, but beyond the confines of the yard there was nothing but grass.

There was no sound to break the stillness of the September afternoon except the long chirrup of insects and the buzzing of bees among the flower beds. From the stables came the occasional stamp of hoofs.

Olive Cole was all alone. Even the Chinese cook had muttered something about finding mushrooms in the far meadow, and flapped his way out of sight.

Olive strongly suspected that he was playing fantan at some rendezvous with several fellow countrymen from the other ranches. The men had talked about it.

She wished he had not gone this very afternoon when her parents had gone to Red Tree station and the place was deserted. It was the first time she had been left alone, but she was not afraid, for in the belt that clasped her trim waist was an efficient little revolver.

An eagle soared like a speck in the blue heaven. Beneath him a hawk circled.

Then out of the silence came the thud of hoofs on the turf and there dashed into view a horse and rider tearing out of the Red Tree trail. The horse scuffed to a standstill down at the gate to the corral, his rider slipped to the ground and darted into the barns while the animal snuffed the air for a moment and then galloped madly past the house, turning to the right and vanishing down the trail to the hidden spring.

"Oh dear!" cried Olive with a hand above her heart.

She recognized this little scene in one of the grim tragedies of the west. It had happened once before and she had never forgotten the sight as the cattleman led the horsethief away to Lynch him.

Her hand dropped to her side and her face stiffened into a mask of indifference as there came the sound of other hoofbeats and a dozen men drew rein at the gate.

"Afternoon, Miss Olive," said the leader wiping his moist forehead. "Yore pa around?"

"No—he's gone to Red Tree, Mr. Hall."

"Any of the boys here?"

"All over on the range. Is there anything I can do for you?"

The sheriff replaced his hat and glanced around at the determined-looking men in his party.

"The fact is we're after a chap that was riding a dark bay with a white nose. Ain't seen any such party?" He looked keenly at her from under his hat brim.

"I saw a horse rush past here and turn down toward Hidden Spring," said Olive.

"Was there a man on him?"

"No—not even a saddle."

"Was he a dark bay with a white nose?"

"I couldn't tell exactly—he went so fast. I am sure he was dark," said the girl quietly.

"Then what became of him?" demanded Hall, turning to his companions.

"Must have slipped off at the crossroads and cut for the timber."

"We better divide up then. Half of you fellows go back and follow the other trail and the rest of us will go down to Hidden Spring. You might look through the stables before you go." The sheriff rode away with six of his men and the others left their horses and tramped toward the stables.

Olive followed them, her heart in her throat. She hoped the fugitive, whoever he was, might have hidden himself securely. She despised cattle thieves, but she had a tender regard for human life—indeed for life of any description and she would not have killed a jack rabbit. As for her revolver, she carried it to frighten more than to wound.

As the men searched the stables and the barns with the thoroughness of long practice, Olive quaked inwardly. It would be a clever man indeed who could have escaped their scrutiny. The horses in the stalls stamped nervously as the searchers peered around and even Olive's cream colored pony snapped at her when she laid a caressing hand on its nose.

"Nothing doing here," declared Hank Holmes as they tramped out of the building.

"What has he done?" asked Olive, finding her voice with difficulty.

"Been rustling the Englishman's cattle. Caught him last night riding one of the horses—same one you saw, I guess, and he got away from us! Slick as a whistle—said he was the Englishman himself."

"Wasn't he?" inquired Olive curiously.

"Bluffing. The Englishman ain't ever been here but once and nobody except

Callahan, the boss, saw him. We took him to Callahan last night and he said it was a fairy story—said he'd never seen the varmint before. Said the Englishman, Hayden's his name, was small and dark and this chap's big and light. Looks like a Swede. Tell yore pa, will you, Miss Olive, he might come along this way after dark."

"I will tell him," said Olive, smiling stiffly.

She watched them ride away toward the timbered lands and she looked keenly in every direction before she returned to the barn. Then she stood in the doorway, with her back to the interior, and asked in a very shaky voice:

"Are you there?"

"Yes," said a muffled voice, and Olive turned to discover a man's big frame emerging from the hay that filled her pony's manger.

"You are hurt!" she cried, for a little stream of blood was trickling down his head.

He wiped it away. One of those silly brutes prodded me with a pitchfork," he said carelessly. "I'm awfully obliged to you—because you did not betray my presence here. May I ask why you spared me?"

He smiled down at her. Her quick glance noted that this was no ordinary cattle thief if he were one at all. Neither was he a Swede. Big and blond and extremely good-looking, he was dressed in rough gray flannels with brown leather riding boots. His fair head was hatless and as he stood there looking down at her with that keen blue glance Olive was convinced that the sheriff and his posse had made a ridiculous mistake.

"You are Mr. Hayden?" she asked.

"I was until last night," he smiled.

"But these fellows have given me the lie so many times since then that I begin to doubt my own identity. Why, even my foreman, Callahan, swore to my face that I wasn't myself!"

"I never could bear that Callahan," declared Olive emphatically. "I've seen him so many times in company with disreputable Mexicans from over the border that I've never thought him honest."

"You've hit it, exactly. I was trailing him last night after one of his excursions when the sheriff got hold of me. You see Callahan had told me all about it as soon as I arrived and I had reason to suspect the fellow. Well, I'm here to stay, if I can convince your neighbors of my identity before they deal out what they call justice!"

"Suppose you retire to the upper loft and remain there until I talk with my father. He's perfectly reasonable, and after the men get on Callahan's trail they will see how matters stand," suggested Olive.

"I will take your advice," said Hayden rather reluctantly. "I hate to run away, but if I want to fight another day I presume I better keep out of sight."

Olive waited until he had disappeared in the dim upper loft, and when the rustling of the hay had ceased and he had called down a cheery: "All right-o!" she sped back to the house to await her father's return.

Presently the sheriff and his six men came riding back leading the bay horse.

"What luck?" called Olive.

"What you see!" growled Hall unamiably. "Saw your Chink and a half a dozen others with a gambling lay-out down at Hidden Spring. Broke that up, all right!" His grim face relaxed.

"You didn't hurt Wab Lee, did you?" she asked quickly, and as they laughed she added faintly: "You know father says he was the best cook we ever had."

"He's coming now—seems to be alive!" retorted Hall as they went on their way.

Wab Lee was trotting quickly toward the house. He was walking to himself in a heart-broken sort of way. In one hand he carried his severed pigtail and acute anguish was written on his flat yellow countenance.

Olive comforted him with what words she could muster, but nothing save communion with his gods and the burning of much fess could assuage his mortification.

Then came Olive's parents. First exacting secrecy from them she told them the story. Mr. Cole shook his head in strong disapproval. "It doesn't do to oppose the law, my dear," he said before he went out to the barn.

When he returned there was another expression on his stern face.

"Olive's right—I believe it is Mr. Hayden, after all. I'll go over and set the boys on Callahan's trail."

It was late at night when fifteen men rode up to Olive's ranch and announced that Bill Callahan had been caught. They were quite ready to apologize to the big Englishman when he had been extricated from his perch in the loft.

"I owe my life to you, Miss Olive," he said to her later in the evening as he took his departure.

"I am very glad," she said, shyly withdrawing her hand from his.

"So am I," he said heartily.

Weeks afterward he came to tell Olive that he owed his life to her and he wanted to pay the debt.

And when Sheriff Hall received his wedding invitation he mopped his brow and gasped.

"Gosh, but that gal of Cole's came mighty nigh being an old maid, didn't she?"

And those who had accompanied him that day nodded solemnly in the affirmative.

Jersey Farmer's Invention.

A New Jersey farmer has patented an attachment to temporarily fasten a loose shoe to a horse's foot.

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

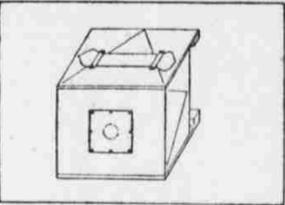
HOW TO MAKE GOOD CAMERA

Device Well Adapted for Landscape Photography Where "Snapshots" Are Not Required.

If you want a camera simply for landscape work, or, in fact, any class of photography which does not require a "snap-shot," you will find it no great trouble to make one for yourself, which will produce results more pleasing in many ways than those of the instruments which you can buy.

It is necessary first to fix upon the size picture which you want to make, selecting some standard size in order that plates and paper may be obtained anywhere where photographic supplies are sold; the "four by five" answers these requirements, and the dimensions here given are suitable for a camera taking that plate. After buying one or more plate holders, make a wooden box measuring 4x5x7 on the inside; this is not a complete box, as the back is left off and the top and bottom extended one inch, as shown in the drawing. After making, this should be coated with a dead black paint, both inside and out, and if any cracks appear along the joints they must be filled with putty before painting; should any light enter the camera other than through the lens, the picture would be spoiled.

Lay the plate holder against the open end of the box, and mark on the projecting top and bottom of the box



Home-Made Camera.

exactly where the edges of the plate holder come; wooden cleats are then to be nailed along these marks, as shown. As it is impossible to make a light-tight joint in this manner, strips of felt or of black velvet should be glued along the edges, so that the plate holder is inserted with some difficulty.

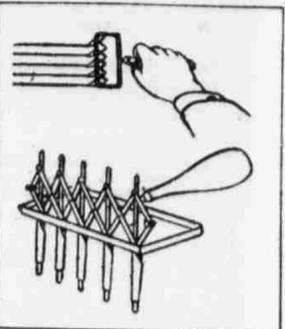
In the exact center of the front of the camera bore a three-quarter inch hole. Then take a piece of tin about one inch square and dent the center with an awl until a slight projection appears upon the other side; file this projection until the metal is very thin. Force No. 8 needle through this thinned portion, and round out the hole by revolving the needle and drawing it in and out; this hole is the lens of the camera, and upon the care with which it is made depends the excellence of the results.

The camera is now completed, with the exception of a finder; this may be provided by drawing lines, as shown in the sketch, upon the top and one side of the box; the distance between the ends of the top lines should equal the length of the plate and between the ends of the lines on the side the distance should correspond with the plate width. Each pair of lines come together at a point which is in the center of the corresponding edge of the back.

MARKER FOR A BLACKBOARD

Draws Number of Parallel Lines at One Sweep—Distance Between Crayons Is Regulated.

A blackboard marker, by means of which a series of parallel lines may be drawn at one movement, has been designed by a New York man. The chalks are inserted in holders that are mounted on a lazy-tong and he lazy-tongs are slidably mounted in the slots of a bar, which in turn is



Blackboard Marker.

set in a U-shaped frame—the frame having a handle at the back. To regulate the distance between the crayons, which means to regulate the space between the lines they draw, the lazy-tongs are either extended or contracted, as the case may be. There are screws to keep them rigid in any position desired. It is easy to understand the convenience of a device like this for use in the school room in dividing the blackboard into vertical or horizontal spaces, or into squares.

Two Bad!



Cried Tom: "I hate Cows - and yet I declare - I've a calf on each leg - it really aint fair - For I fear they'll develop as older I grow - And what I shall do - with Two Cows I don't know!"

DECEPTIONS THAT ARE QUEER

Flash of Lightning of But One-Millionth of Second, Yet It Seems to Last Much Longer.

Our senses deceive us curiously at times. A flash of lightning lights up the ground for one-millionth of a second, yet it seems to us to last so much longer.

What happens is that the impression remains in the retina of the eye for about one-eighth of a second, or 124,000 times as long as the flash lasts. If on a dark night a train speeding along at 60 miles an hour is lit up by a lightning flash it appears stationary, yet in the eighth of a second during which we seem to see it the train travels 11 feet.

But we really only see it during one-millionth of a second; and in that time it travels only one-hundredth of an inch.

When a man's leg is cut off, if the stump be irritated he feels the pain in his toes. This curious deception is the same as any one can practice on himself by striking his elbow on the table, when he feels the pain in his fingers. Of course, in both cases the pain is felt in the brain.

We do not actually perceive different distances with the eye, but judge them from various indications. When our judgment is at fault we are deceived. If you see a person in a fog for instance, he seems to be much bigger than usual. The same thing happens when you see men or cattle on the top of a hill against the horizon in twilight. In both cases you judge them to be farther away than they really are, and consequently they appear uncommonly large.

UNIQUE DISPLAY OF LIGHTS

Tight-Rope With Electrical Connections Arranged for Performer to Open and Close Circuit.

In describing an illuminating system, invented by L. S. Howard of Wichita, Kan., the Scientific American says:

"By means of this invention a performer, such as a tight-rope walker



Illuminating System.

shown in the engraving, can automatically cause a series of lights to appear and disappear on his apparatus or clothing in manner corresponding to his movements. The support, such as a tight-rope, on which a person is adapted to perform, has sections of electrical contact so arranged that the performer will make and break connections between lights placed on his clothing, person, or apparatus.

Drug Store Signs.

Every one has noticed the beautiful colors in the large glass jars that stand in the drug store windows, but every one does not know why drug stores use that sign.

In the old days apothecaries and alchemists were the only druggists and they made up their own nostrums, the composition of which was supposed to be a great secret. They used to leave their retorts and jars and stills and bottles in the window to impress upon the passerby the mystery and importance of their business.

The modern drug store has no use for retorts and stills, all the processes being handled by the big chemical factories, but the large jars full of bright colored liquids are still left in the windows just as they were hundreds of years ago.

Could Play at Will.

"Mamma," said five-year-old Willie, "may I go over to Tommy Jones' to play?"

"Why do you want to spend so much of your time at his home?" asked the mother.

"Cause his mother hasn't got any new carpets," replied Willie.

JAPS IMPORT THEIR BRIDES

Oriental in Hawaii Send All the Way to the Flowery Kingdom for Them.

Kaui, Hawaii.—"No more Orientals of the laboring class are coming to Hawaii, and a good many of our white citizens who cultivate sugar estates are sorry that the faithful Chinese are barred under the law," said W. P. Harcourt, a sugar planter of the island of Kaui, one of the Hawaiian group. "They are our best workers, and before the exclusion policy was applied we could count on a certain regular influx of brawny Mongolians to toil in the cane fields."

"The Chinese now in Hawaii have been there for many years, and most of them are getting to be old men. Not many of the Chinese have wives, but in former days not a few of them became the husbands of the native Ka-



Types of Japanese Dancing Girls.

naka women. It was a good cross, was this half-breed progeny, and so likewise the offspring of the Japanese and native women. In recent times, however, the Japs have been in the habit of sending back to their own land for wives. In most cases I think the self-elected bridegrooms get their parents back in the Flowery Kingdom to pick out wives for them.

"The matter is finally arranged through the Japanese consul, the man in the case putting up money for the passage of his intended spouse. The hour that she lands must also be the wedding hour, for the authorities will not allow the fair ones to remain unless claimed and formally mated according to some civil or religious ceremony that both parties consider binding.

"Every now and then a wireless message comes to my plantation which tells one of my young Japanese hired men that he may expect on the arrival of the next ship at Honolulu the girl who has been picked out as his wife. I do not think that in many cases the principals have ever laid eyes on each other. On the receipt of the message the man gets permission to go to claim his wife, and pretty soon the pair are domesticated on the estate, and my understanding is they get on as happily as if they had known each other from infancy and been wedded in the conventional way of the Caucasians.

"Not long ago a ship from Yokohama arrived with forty or fifty so-called picture brides. Every one of them had been chosen through photographs forwarded to Hawaii some time in advance of the arrival of the originals. Occasionally there is a pathetic case, as when not long ago a very pretty young Japanese maid was forced to take the next ship returning to her old home. Inspection showed that she had trachoma, and the rigid rule that ordered her deportation could not be waived."—Baltimore American.

MAN GETS LONG LOST \$10

Money in Hands of New York Police Chief Since October 11 Is Restored to Owner.

New York.—A ten dollar bill lost on Broadway October 11 is now in the hands of the owner, after having been for eight months in the hands of Police Commissioner Waldo. More than 1,000 persons applied to the commissioner for the money, but it remained for John F. J. Sheehan of Newark, N. J., to make the successful claim.

The bill was turned over to a traffic policeman October 11 by William Fleuger of Berlin, Germany, who said that the bill had blown into his face at Forty-second street and Broadway. Sheehan explained that the money was blown from his hand by a gust of wind. He had witnesses to prove his claim.

CITY IS ENRICHED BY RAID

County in Pennsylvania Reaps Harvest of Nickels From Broken Slot Machines.

Pittsburg, Pa.—All sorts of games of chance have been put under the law's watchful eyes here. County detectives have confiscated hundreds of slot machines, brought them to the courthouse and broken them with an ax. As each machine was broken the chief of detectives was "on the job" with a dishpan to gather the nickels. The county is hundreds of dollars richer.

Wind Carries Girl Ten Miles.

O'Neil, Neb.—Torn from her father's arms as he was carrying her to a storm cellar, the ten-year-old daughter of L. G. Carley, was carried ten miles by the wind and then dropped unhurt in a grove.

IN THE PHILIPPINES

New Orleans Girl Spends Several Months on Islands.

Writes of Her Trip on a Coastwise Boat and the Strange Menu Served to the Party in Picturesque Native Town.

Manila, P. I.—"We were invited to spend several weeks in this province, and as it was likely to prove a novel experience, we came," says Mrs. Marcella Dorothy Ryar, a New Orleans girl who spent several months in the Philippines.

"We took the coastwise boat, which below stairs was crammed with natives, ponies, carabaos, vegetables, the inevitable fighting cocks (a native neglects his family, but never his gamecock), fish, shell and babies.

"On the upper deck, however, beneath an awning, we were comfortable enough in steamer chairs.

"That evening we reached a native town, very odd with its native straw huts on stilts, and its crazy streets with cats, strings of fish and children. Also cocks and cockpit—and the jungle behind it all.

"There a banca, a clumsy, canoe-shaped native boat, decidedly top-heavy and uncomfortable, met us. It was paddled expertly by natives, picturesque in their scanty attire, and wearing at their belts knives quite large enough to make me shudder. We arrived at the station to see a magnificent sunset and eat a unique dinner. On the menu were of course many familiar dishes, but besides there were fried bananas sliced crosswise, thin and crisp, tasting like eggplant, a cousin to the cucumber, roasted, a salad made from coconuts buds with mayonnaise. I did not like it at all—rice like popcorn, bamboo shoots, chicken with curry and a jelly made from flowers, which tasted like currauts, also a drink of coconuts milk, which is awful.

"The house is a darling. It is large, native in style, of straw and bamboo



Negrite Warriors.

floors, large rooms, sliding partitions and shower bath in each room. Behind is the jungle, before a fine stretch of lawn, a beach and the water.

"That evening we sat on the wide gallery, in the usual steamer chairs, and listened to the plaintive native music from the barrio, where a dance was in full swing.

"Our host has a charming, if lonely existence. There are fifty native men in the barrio, whom he oversees at their work. His household arrangements are perfect, but it takes four boys and a cook to keep them so. It seems so funny to see a boy in pink knee pants, no shirt, but a dagger in his belt, serving chocolate, and excellent chocolate at that.

"The place is beautifully laid out; the irrigation ditches are crossed by pretty bamboo bridges, all things lending themselves to the general effect. I saw coffee, bananas and pineapples growing for the first time, the latter a beautiful red while growing. You should see the wonderful orchids and ferns, some with fronds twelve feet long."

BAND PLAYS AS DOG DINES

Canine Guest of Honor at Banquet Celebrates Birthday and Devours His Share of Feast.

Hamilton, Ohio.—New York's four hundred have had their monkey dinners, other swell sets have their innovations along that line, but this town bears the honor of giving a dog a real five banquet and concert to commemorate the anniversary of his birth.

The affair was given by Louis F. Morner, and the guest of honor was his dog, "Major," who, seated at the head of the table, was admired during the many courses by a host of his owner's friends. The city band gave a concert of several select numbers.

"Major," unconscious of the honor that was being bestowed upon him, devoured his share of the viands and looked about for more.