

LITTLE BROWN HANDS



They drive home the cows from the pasture.
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistle loud in the wheat fields.
That are yellow with the ripening grain.
They find in the thick, waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder blossoms white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land;
They weave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
The oriole's hammock nest
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

To those who toll bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hands.

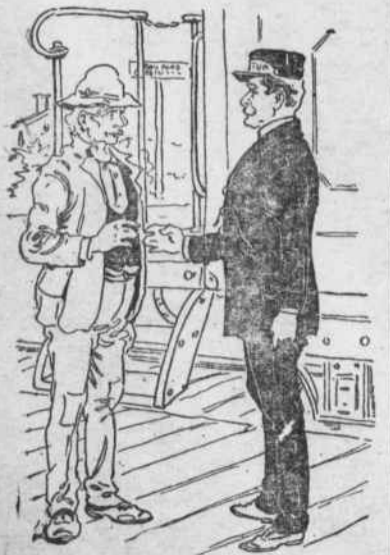
Whitened Hair.

BY H. S. ROGERS.

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Conductor Shaffer of No. 5 let himself down from the rear end of his train as it came to a standstill. He cast an inspecting glance along the line of cars and at first hardly noticed the white-haired man who came creeping out from under the car near which he was standing. It was evident that the stranger had been stealing a ride, and he was dirty and begrimed; but in spite of the unattractive appearance of the man there was something unusual in his appearance that would cause anyone to look at him a second time. The skin had the pink tint and smoothness of youth, yet the hair above the face was as white as winter snow. The men looked at each other a moment and then the stranger turned quickly as if about to move away. Said Conductor Shaffer:

"Joe Jordan, by thunder!"
"Hoped you wouldn't know me, Shaff."
"I'd know you in the kingdom come, Joe. But, Lord, how you have changed!"
Joe appeared a bit uneasy and moved from one foot to the other restlessly.
"What you doing under that train?"
"Riding the rods."
"From where?"
"Other end of the division."
"Where were you going?"
"Didn't know and didn't care. Just got out because I was getting cramped."
"You are a regular bum, then?"
"Yep, pretty much."
"Just you get right in the smoker there and after I work the train I will come in and talk to you."
After Conductor Shaffer had done



"Joe Jordan, by thunder!"
his work he went forward and sat down by the side of the queer looking tramp.
"Kind of getting up in the world some, ain't you, Shaff?"
"How?"

"Kind of elevated from a freight run to this."

"Yep, made up my mind three years ago that the old man on the I. N. and W. would never give me a chance, so I took the first offer and transferred over here. Had not been here six months until I got this passenger run. You seem to be still on the slow freights in your line, Joe. What on earth has happened to your hair?"

"It's a pretty long story, Shaff, unless you have got time to listen."
"Twenty miles to the next stop."
"Well, you see, it is like this, Shaff. It's five years since I dropped out. Not one single person that I knew or that knew me in the old days has ever seen me or spoken to me since then until I ran across you this morning. There was no one dependent upon me, and no one that cared, I guess. You know that I was running pretty strong with Mary Parr then for a time, and although she is married now—"

"What's that?"
"Well, I ain't ashamed to say that I thought a lot of her and if things had gone differently may be I would have had a passenger run by this time. One evening Mary and I had a little spat—didn't amount to much, but we thought it did—and that settled it. Then I heard that she was going with Henry Weber, a machinist at the shops, and so I kind of dropped out. Left the road and worked all over for a time. Then I got to traveling about a bit, and soon I was on the bum. You don't know how easily a fellow can drop into that, especially a fellow that knows rail-roading as I do. I have traveled all over these United States without a cent. It's hard lines some times, but I don't know but it is as good as any other if a fellow don't care what becomes of him.

"About my white head? Did you ever hear that a man's hair could turn gray in a night. I never took much stock in that, but here before you is a sample of what can be done by fear. It was in this way. I had been wandering down through the eastern states some three years ago, and one night I landed at Lancaster, Pa. There was a young fellow hanging around the Pennsylvania road's water tank and we decided to travel together. It was warm even if it was late winter and we began nosing around the cars. The young fellow found a car door unsealed and called to me. We climbed in and found ourselves in a car loaded with bananas. It was pleasant enough and we found straw on top of the crates and made it a good place for sleeping. Before I went to sleep a brakeman came along and I heard him swearing because the banana car had not been sealed before it left New York, and then I heard him closing the door. It did not seem that I had been asleep very long when I was awakened by my companion. Said he:

"There is something in this car."
"Of course there is," said I, and about to fall asleep again.
"It's something crawling. Don't you feel them?"
"I did feel something on my hand

and shook it off. Then I dug a match out of my pocket and struck it. That's where my hair began to turn white. The place was swarming with gigantic spiders, I thought, but as the match flickered and flared I looked up at my companion. His face was deadly white and he hissed at me:

"Tarantulas!"
"Then I understood in an instant. The horrible things had been brought from some southern country in the bunches of bananas. A bite from any one of the ugly creatures meant death. I could hear my companion's teeth chattering and I knew that he was in an agony of fear.

"What's to be done?" he gasped.
"Sit perfectly still," said I. "Don't move nor brush one of them off, even if it crawls on your face. Have you the nerve to do it?"
"No, no. My God, I shall be insane in a few minutes."

"I knew that he was telling the truth and felt that I also had the same to fear. Our warm bodies probably attracted the creatures, because they began to crawl over us, and to this day I have only to close my eyes and I can see and feel those hairy legs and little claws creeping on my flesh. Suddenly my companion gave a scream and began beating the air and fighting the tarantulas. We were pressed so close to the roof of the car that we could scarcely move, and as I lay there not daring to even turn a hand or foot it was fearful. The odor from the insects that he had crushed and from the ripe fruit was in itself overpowering, and it is not surprising that I soon became unconscious. And that no doubt saved my life and reason.

"It was some time the next day when I awoke, and there was daylight in the car. I looked about and there was not a tarantula in sight. I called to my companion, but there was no answer, and I was too weak to get over to him. After a time I heard people moving outside and made an outcry that attracted attention. At last the car was opened and I was released. I won't trouble you with all those details, but they found the body of my companion. It was swollen to horrible size and a fearful thing to see. I lay in a hospital three weeks and when I came out my hair was like it is now, although you know, Shaff, I am less than thirty."

"I have had some darned queer stories told me, Joe Jordan, but that takes the cake. Who told you that Mary Parr was married?"
"Nobody; just knew it was all."
"Well, you are the blindest idiot. That girl has just been sitting around



waiting for someone, and most people think it is you. My wife was saying to me only the other day that if Mary was pining for that Joe Jordan she better look out or she would end up an old maid, because the Lord only knew whether he was in the land of the living."

"Reckon most people would think she was losing time waiting around for an old whiteheaded tramp, Shaff."

The queer looking tramp sat a long time watching the scenery rushing by, but it is doubtful if he saw any of it. When the conductor came along the next time he looked up and remarked:
"Say, Shaff, do you reckon I could get back on the old I. N. & W.?"
"Ain't done nothing to queer yourself, have you?"
"Not that I know of."

"Well, the old man always spoke mighty well of you, and if there is nothing doing for you on that road, I have got a pretty good pull over here myself. You drop off at home with me, and we will see about fixing you up a bit before you tackle him."

Progress in Ocean Travel.
In 1840 the Cunard steamship Britannia, built of wood, propelled by paddle wheels, maintained a sea speed of about 8½ knots. Her steam pressure was 12 pounds per inch. She was 207 feet long, about 2,000 tons displacement, her engines developed about 750-horse power, and her coal consumption was about 40 tons a day, or about five pounds of coal per indicated horse power per day. She carried a full spread of sail. In sixty years speed has been increased from 8½ knots to twenty-three knots; the time on the voyage has been reduced to about one-third of what it was in 1840.

KAISER'S DRINKING GLASS.
Exhibited in a Shop Window. It Was Offered for Sale for \$140.
In a shop window in Berlin is exhibited for sale an ornamental wine glass out of which the Kaiser drank once. The price demanded is \$140. But, as it has been in the window several days, would-be purchasers evidently think the price too high.
Attached to it is a notice, stamped with a notary's seal and a document written by the clerk of the Third Regiment of the Uhlans of the Guard, stating that Kaiser Wilhelm actually drank out of the glass March 7, 1900.
The matter causes infinite mirth among the Socialists and Radicals of Berlin.—New York World.

Making the Punishment Fit Crime.
Mrs. Boreum (hopelessly)—Mortimer, I cannot make Willie mind.
Mr. Boreum (sternly)—Willie, do as your mother wishes, or I will make you go and sit in a cozy corner.—Brooklyn Eagle.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color silk, wool or cotton perfectly at one boiling. Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

Horny-Handed.
When the labor organizations turned out the other day, several well known politicians were seen in their ranks.
"Didn't know those fellows belonged," said a querulous onlooker.
"Oh, yes," said a man of information, "they're members of the Wire Workers' union."—Indianapolis News.

I do not believe Plsco's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Didn't Keep Count.
"How many times did you vote in the election?"
"Marse Tom," was the reply, "ain't you knowed me long 'nuff ter know dat I don't know nuttin' 'tall 'bout 'rithmetic?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Care of the Complexion.
Many persons with delicate skin suffer greatly in winter from chapping. Frequently the trouble arises from the use of impure soap and cheap salves. The face and hands should be washed only in clear, hot water with Ivory Soap. A little mutton tallow or almond oil may be used after the bath to soften the skin.
ELIZA R. PARKER.

The Clouds of Doubt.
"He has told me that he loved me," said the fair girl, "but I don't know whether to marry him or not."
"I am sure he does his best to tell the truth. But, you see, he works in the weather bureau."—Washington Star.

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How He Kept Up.
"Well, Billy, how did camping go?"
"Oh, all right; I slipped off to the farm houses around, now and then, and got a square meal on the sly."—Detroit Free Press.

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