

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

THEY are the little people in the world... DREAMY place would be this earth...

HE THREW UP HIS HANDS

CAPTURING AN IOWA DESPERADO AND MAN-KILLER

"Big Sam" Was a Tough Customer, but He Quailed in the Presence of "Old Jack"—An Episode of the Early Settlement of Iowa.

WHEN Iowa was admitted to the Union as a State there were within her borders many rough characters...

Shortly after the admission of the State a brutal and unprovoked murder was committed at old Fort Des Moines...

Big Sam was one of many of that class who spent their summers in the mountains and drifted back to the border of civilization to spend their winters...

His latest victim had been a young man from Ohio but lately arrived in the country. Refusing to dance in a saloon for Big Sam's amusement...

Several local officers attempted his arrest without success, for he was very watchful and suspicious of all who approached him...

Old Jack was seated in the bar-room of the hotel one morning when a couple of officers came in. As they stepped up to the bar one of them remarked:

"Well, he don't look like such an awful bad man; what has he done?" asked Jack.

"Therupon one of the officers briefly outlined the crime for which Big Sam was wanted."

"Well, a fellow that would kill another that way ain't fit to run loose. Just you deputize me, and if I don't get him for you just see that I get a decent plantin'"; that's all I ask," said Jack.

my man now," and he pushed aside the lapel of his coat and showed his star. "Don't," he exclaimed, as Sam's hand started to drop, "don't, or I'll kill you."

"Now, open the door for us and you can have that charge on the floor for your trouble," said Jack.

"Well, I guess you know who you would have died," said Jack.

W. L. FRENCH.

ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL

The Juvenile Attendant Cavalier—Latest Tomtoy of Gotham's Female Anglo-manics.

AMONG the prodigious number of young men who are now making their debut in the city...

He is required to be in attendance when she makes the rounds of druggists' emporiums...

The Astors and the Vanderbilts, or at least the more socially conspicuous ones among them, will sail away for Europe next week...

"Did you ever see a man making a railway time-table?" Mr. Depew jocosely responded.

"Well, this is the way he does it: A thread of a certain color represents the railway line...

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A SUBTERRANEAN FLOW

THE SUBJECT OF IRRIGATION DISCUSSED.

A Great Area of Our Country in Which an Artificial Water Supply Only Can Render Agriculture Renumerative—Millions of Acres of Land Now Uninhabitable Unless They Be Rerouted Productive.

THE subject of irrigation is one that must, of necessity, soon command more attention from the people of the United States.

While these remarks apply particularly to the States in which the writer has made a special study for



CHIEF DOMAIN OF THE UNDERFLOW.

der agriculture thereon certainly remunerative. On two acres out of every five in the sum total of the United States, there must be more or less irrigation to secure success in farming...

The accompanying map shows the generally accepted boundaries of what is known as "the arid region," and between the two shaded lines on the right is shown the strip of country which will be most benefited by the development of the vast subterranean sources of water supply for irrigation...

These underground streams, which, extended investigation shows, flow steadily, though slowly, through their sandy medium, are probably much greater in volume than the streams upon the surface...

A RECENT writer states that in many parts of the United States unprovided with water-power it would be not only possible but profitable to use wind-mills for milling.

It is rather surprising that we cannot yet positively answer the old question: Why is the sky blue? Professor Tyndall explained the color as due to the presence of the solid particles in the air...

The quantity of land which may be placed under irrigation by this means, and which has no other certain source of water supply, in the Arkansas valley, will be more than 4,000,000 acres, in Kansas, and an equal area in Colorado.

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ALL ABOUT PARROTS.

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING THESE BIRDS.

The Parrots of South America, Cuba, Mexico, and Other Countries—How to Feed Them, Preserve Their Health, and Prolong Their Lives.

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The New Senator from Ohio.

Calvin S. Brice, who was recently elected to the United States Senate from Ohio, was born in Putnam County, Ohio, Sept. 17, 1815.

His father was the Rev. William K. Brice, a well-known Presbyterian minister, who went to Ohio from Maryland, and preached for many years in North-western Ohio.

His mother was Miss Elizabeth Stewart, of Carroll County, and was a woman of unusual ability and fine character.

Senator Brice's early training was careful and thorough, and at the age of thirteen he entered the preparatory department of Miami University at Oxford.

When the war broke out he left his studies, and, although not yet sixteen years of age, he enlisted and served until the

expiration of his term, and returned to the university, and in June, 1863, graduated. He went to Lima, where he taught in the public schools, and in the spring of 1864 he recruited a company and re-entered the service as Captain of Company E, One Hundred and Eightieth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

He remained in the service until the end of the war. He was promoted while in the field to the Lieutenant Colonelcy, and the regiment for meritorious service, but Lee and Johnston laid down their arms before he mustered in for this office.

Senator Brice returned to Lima and prepared himself for the law, graduating at Ann Arbor, and in 1866 was admitted to the bar. In the year 1869-'70 he became interested in railroad building, and began to amass the fortune he is now enjoying.

He is Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, and is an active political leader and successful financier.

Judge Cooley and the Ticket Scalper. A railroad ticket agent yesterday, in commenting upon the indiscriminate cutting by brokers, told this: Judge Cooley has a way of rounding up the scalpers that puts a stop to their operations in short order.

Is Work a Pleasure?

R. MAX, writing in the Detroit Free Press, makes some sensible remarks touching this subject.

He says that a friend of his, a man who works in a factory, is in the habit of assuring us that no pleasure equals that which is derived from work.

In one set of circumstances that is true. In another set of circumstances it is radically untrue. The writer says that after sitting at his desk for eight hours, a foot-race, a club-swinging match or any physical labor is a luxury, a literal rest from weariness.

Of course pleasure is the accompaniment and the product of work so performed. He says he has not discovered that there is much work of the drudgery kind that is in itself pleasurable.

Trivially (and scripturally) work is called a curse; yet Newton delighted in the work which dominated his life and often made him forget his Englishman's dinner.

We hear of composers made ecstatic by their work and oblivious of the ordinary demands of the body in presence of their own creations of entrancing sound; but it is little to the purpose to point out the exceptional and abnormal persons who live in a kind of sweet delirium, which the big world of toilers can neither feel nor understand.

It is true that work is often a source of pleasure, the degree of which depends upon the worker's capacity for pleasure. This capacity in its turn depends on one's environment, habit, and education; but work in the abstract—the work that is done on compulsion, which is true of most work—is more painful than pleasurable.

However, even dull plodding and hopelessly monotonous drudgery become an inspiration and a joy when undertaken at the command of love. No merely selfish joy ever equalled the joy of the worker who bends his back under the heaviest burdens of this world that the objects of his love and solicitude may be the gainers by his endeavor and sacrifice.

The mere laborer is a despairing or a stolid slave. The true worker must have underlying his life some clearly defined object for which he works. Without it, his energies early become bankrupt, and his struggle becomes about the same relation to work in its nobler sense that the spasmodic and vain clenchings of the drowning man bear to the strokes of the bold and easy swimmer who disports himself for pastime.

How Old Vanderbilt Was Caught. "I was coming down the Hudson one night," said General Sisco, "in company with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurston Weed, Dean Richmond and George Law, when Weed proposed a game of poker and I was asked to come in. I hesitated, for I had only about \$4,000 in my pocket and I knew it was to be a game without a limit. I mentioned the state of my finances to Law, but he told me to take a hand, and said he would back me to any amount. I am willing to lose \$50,000 or \$100,000 to-night," he said, "and to-morrow I will tell you my reason." So the game started and I staid in, hugging the shore pretty close, and getting started every once in a while when some one went \$1,000 blind. When we quit at day-break I had won about \$4,000, but Law had lost ten times that amount. The next day I met him. "I will tell you, Frank," he said, "why I lost that money. I wanted Vanderbilt to think I was a sucker, and so I played like one. The result was that to-day I sold him a lot of steamboats for nearly \$600,000 more than I expected to get from him. Don't you think the money was well invested?"—New York World.

There is hardly any man so friendless in this world that he hasn't at least one friend ready to tell him his faults.



CALVIN S. BRICE.



Parrot.



Parrot.