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WANTED TO BE OBLIGING.

A Farmer Becomes Disgusted with His Efforts to Accommodate.

"Let me see your Enclycopedia Nuxvomica, if you please," said a farmer as he stepped into a prominent book store of Pittsburg.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk, although he thought the inquirer looked like an unpromising customer.

Still he was polite, for the clerk had general instructions to treat all callers with consideration, and besides this particular clerk had read somewhere or literary men with agricultural habits and of a granger like appearance, and it was barely possible that the man now asking to see the Encyclopedia was one of that kind.

It does not always do to judge people by the clothes they wear, nor to form conclusions from the hayseed which may endeavor to conceal itself cunningly in their hair.

So reasoned this clerk, as he displayed all the twenty-four volumes of the "Encyclopedia Nuxvomica" to the investigating rustic, and expatiated learnedly on the dead loads of erudition which had been consumed in the production of the great work.

The farmer looked slowly and carefully through the volumes, one by one, and listened to what the voluble clerk said, but made no reply or gave any indication of a desire to add the set to his literary possessions. Finally the clerk asked:

"Were you thinking of getting an encyclopedia?"

"Oh no," replied the farmer; "but I like to oblige people."

"Like to oblige people?" exclaimed the astonished clerk.

"Yes. I allers try to oblige people when I can, but sometimes it's mighty inconvenient, in the busy season for instance, like it is now."

"But if you don't intend to buy an encyclopedia," said the clerk, in an injured tone, "why are you wasting your time and mine by looking all through those books?"

"Jist bekase I allers try to oblige, sir, even at some inconvenience to myself."

"I don't see how you are obliging anybody," added the clerk, as he sadly replaced the books in their box, and wondered if he had better call the police.

"Don't you?" asked the granger. "Well, I'll tell you. You hev a sign in the winder which says, 'Ask to see our Encyclopedia Nuxvomica,' an' as I allers try to oblige I come in an' dun as the sign said, but there be some people as never appreciate it when you do try to oblige 'em."

And the farmer walked out, resolving never to try to oblige the city people again.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Swopped a Boy for a Heifer.

You'll have hard work to find a Maine father who values his boy at less than his weight in gold. Allowing, therefore, for the discount made to the trade, it would seem as though quotations were running a little low when "young 'uns" are swopped for 2-year-old heifers.

Two years ago a Maine family found the wolf of want climbing in at the back window, and therefore fed to the varmint the eldest boy; in other words, bound the youngster out to a neighboring farmer. Circumstances improved, and the next summer the father approached the farmer with an appeal for his son. But no.

"Jest gittin' the boy so's he pays me suthin'," said the farmer.

"His mother wants him."

"So do I."

"Wal, tell yer what I'll do," at last said the anxious parent. "I've got a handsome 2-year-old heifer and I'll swop even for the boy."

The farmer evidently saw an opportunity for profit, for he closed the bargain.—Lewiston Journal.

Bull Run Battlefield.

I have returned from a trip over the Bull Run battle ground, where my youngest brother was killed in July, 1861. I was assured while there that there have been but few changes in the face of the country. The lines held by Jackson in the second battle, especially in the railroad cut, are easily discovered. Huge trees in the vicinity of the cut were lopped off by shell and cannon balls during the fight, and the stumps still stand as mute witnesses of the fierce conflict that waged there twenty-eight years ago. The old and historic stone house and the Warrenton turnpike near Young's branch still stand, and the stone bridge over Bull Run has been repaired.—Interview with Gen. Wilcox.

Dangerous Skylarking.

Some day it will come to be understood that guying a moody, irritable man is as dangerous as toying with a gun which may or may not be loaded. Temporary insanity is, with some temperaments, the sure result of long continued and incessant ridicule. A blind fury suddenly converts his helpless weakness into superhuman strength. With equal suddenness disdain and contempt for him are changed to fear and respect.

Every few days the crimes columns of the newspapers contain accounts of tragedies growing from such a cause. Revolver or knife sends some tormentor to his account, and the real victim goes to prison for life or is hanged.

It's a cruel, cowardly instinct which prompts a combination against one man. The others enjoy a brutal sport at the expense of his feelings. Such an unfortunate man, when driven to desperation, is entitled to lenient treatment by judge and jury. It is hardly a crime which he has committed. It is more the deed of a madman who is not responsible for his action. He needs imprisonment under conditions which will change his nature and teach him wisdom and self control. It is generally an ill natured and unsociable man who is made the object of ridicule by his fellows. "He doesn't know how to take a joke," and his impotent resentment stirs up feeling against him. He is not strong enough to give as well as to take. He is not strong enough to master his own hatred. He shows his feelings, and adds to the persistence of his tormentors.

A little more of the milk of human kindness and a little more of self control would save millions of hours of human torture, would save many a man from injury and death, and many another from a prison cell or the gallows. The philanthropist who can invent some antidote for this teasing instinct will be one of the world's benefactors.—Buffalo Express.

Fortunes Quickly Made.

A man came into the editorial room today and broke everybody up with this story: Several years ago a paymaster in the United States army invested $600 in a piece of ground in Spokane Falls. The other day he sold it for $54,000. The excitement that greeted this story had scarcely died away, and the boys in the room were fanning each other and cutting each other's hair to cool their skulls, when another man came in and told this story: In 1882 a Pennsylvanian went to Denver, and when he landed he had enough to buy a tent and a few mining tools. He went prospecting, made a little money and then went back to Denver and bought real estate. Today he is worth $4,060,000. The only sound that greeted this story was a succession of dull thuds as men dropped to the floor.

There was a hiatus of half an hour, when another man came in and said he had just heard of a young man in one of the mushroom towns of Virginia who had invested a little money in real estate right after breakfast, and when he sat down to dinner had cleaned up $1,000 on his purchase. There are three half crazy men in this office. Whenever a man comes into the editorial room he is asked before he gets warm: "How much did the fellow make?" Then he tells his little story and goes out, leaving the boys just as poor as ever.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

The Indian of Today.

There are no longer any Logans, Blackhawks, Tecumsehs, Pontiacs or Osceolas, and in their places we have only the greasy prowler of the plains, the semi-barbarian, the mendicant. The Indian of the present day is lazy and treacherous, and is not even picturesque in appearance. He is not tall and well proportioned, as we once fancied him, and as for being straight and commanding, his legs resemble a pair of ice tongs, his back is humped and his eyes have lost their aboriginal fire. He is no longer a creature of kingly form, and there is absolutely nothing about him to excite interest or sympathy. Who can weep for "Chawer-of-Thunder?" What poetic inspiration can be worked up over "Split-Chunk?" What sentiment is to be aroused by "Bone-Pounder" and "Mashed-Hoof?" "Rain-in-the-Face" has a providential sound, but "Dirty-Back" chills the romance in one's nature, and when we read about "Old-Man-Ain't-What-He-Used-to-Be" the conclusion is compelled that Indians and Indian nomenclature are not what they used to be either.—Kansas Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

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A MISERABLE OUTING.

Sad Experience of Two Boys Who Were Left Naked on Arsenal Island.

Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Dierkes issued a warrant charging Edward Bradley with petit larceny. In itself the case is one of but little importance, the defendant, Bradley, being charged with stealing a string of fish and two suits of clothing from Harry Sylvester and George Minke. Behind the warrant, however, there is an interesting little story.

All of the parties concerned live in Carondelet. Harry Sylvester and Geo. Minke are 15-year-old boys whose homes are at 5,523 Virginia avenue and 126 Ellwood street respectively. Recently the two decided to go fishing across the river and went to Mrs. Bradley, who lives on the shore, to hire her skiff. Mrs. Bradley readily let them have the boat, for the loan of which they paid her ten cents. With their lunch and fishing tackle in the bottom of the boat they pulled across the river to Arsenal Island, and spent the day angling for buffalo and cat. By evening they had secured a goodly string. After stowing away the catch under one of the seats in the skiff the youngsters hauled of their clothes, tumbled the garments in a heap on the bank and ran around a bend in the island to a deep hole to swim.

About 6 o'clock in the evening Edward Bradley, the 23-year-old son of the lady from whom the boys had hired the skiff, returned home from work and finding the boat gone set out in search of the missing property. Not finding it along the bank he borrowed a boat from a neighbor and rowed across to the island. There, drawn up on the bank, was his skiff. Bradley supposed, of course, some mischievous boys had purloined the boat, and thinking to repay them in their own coin he took boat, clothing and fish and pulled back to the Missouri shore.

Their bath finished Sylvester and Minke returned to don their garments preparatory to returning home. To their dismay they found everything gone. Stark naked as they were, they did not fear the exposure to the cool night breeze, and concluding that they would have to make a night of it they went into the water for another swim. It was quite dark when they emerged, and they seated themselves on the shore to tell stories. They were not left long undisturbed. The festive mosquito and the bloodthirsty gallinipper were out in force, and the unfortunate young castaways were soon in agony. For a while they ran about in the brush in order to drive the insects away, but found their torment increased by the scratching of the shrubs. Then they took to the river and stood for an hour up to their necks in the water. Soon, however, their knees weakened under the strain and out they came. Immediately they were scratching and clawing like all possessed.

At last a happy thought struck Sylvester. Hunting a patch of soft sand he dug with his hands a hurriedly improvised grave and rolled into its depths. Then as best he was able he pulled the accumulated sand over his smarting flesh. Minke followed his example, and both were soon "out of sight."

Then together they lifted up their voices, and a wild, mournful wail went far over the waters on the bosom of the cooling breeze. Time and again they shouted for assistance, and the deep chested bullfrogs in the adjacent swamp joined in the chorus with the utmost glee. Finally Officer Eckert, of Carondelet, heard the sounds, and securing a boat he rowed to the island. Half an hour later they were telling their story on Missouri soil. After getting them into some clothes Officer Eckert sent the lads away to their homes. Then he went to young Bradley, who refused to give up the garments he had taken. The warrant for petit larceny was accordingly issued.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Bittersweet Vine.

The bittersweet vine is a strong growing vine, scrambling over trees and fences, with dark green and abundant foliage. The clustered berries, which are bright yellow outwardly, are round and smooth at first, then the shell opens in three pieces and turns back, showing the scarlet seeds; and now, brighter than before, they light up the stumps, fences and the scraggy trees along the roadside for nearly all of the winter. Not many woody vines are to be preferred to the bittersweet; its growth is rapid and its shade is deep. The berries retain form and color indoors when perfectly dry.—Detroit Free Press.