An Apt Comparison.

The following is an interesting comparison: "Suppose that a farmer raises 1,000 bushels of wheat in a year, and also sells this to 1,000 persons in all parts of the country, a great portion of them saying, 'I will hand you a dollar in a short time.' The farmer does not want to be small and says 'all right.' Soon the 1,000 bushels are gone and he has nothing to show for it, and he then realizes that he has fooled away his whole crop, and its value is due in a thousand little driblets. Subsequently he is seriously embarrassed in business because his debtors, each owing him one dollar, treat it as a small matter, and think it would not help much. Continue this business year in and year out, as the publisher of a newspaper does, how long would he stand it?"

Very Unnatural.

Mrs. Easy—Only to think of such a thing happening to dear John, when he's always prayed that he might die a natural death.

Doctor—Why, madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. Easy—Didn't you tell me, doctor, that John was passing away very fast?

Doctor—I certainly did, madam, and so he is.

Mrs. Easy—And I'm sure, doctor, there's nothing natural about that to John.—Boston Courier.

His Specialty.

"Who is that man who calls on you so frequently?" asked the impertinent friend.

"He's an inventor."

"Indeed! What has he invented?"

"Oh, ever so many things."

"Any of them practical?"

"Yes," was the answer, with some hesitation, "he has had a good deal of success in inventing reasons why I should lend him anything from 50 cents to $5."—Washington Star.

A Beautiful Magazine Free.

The General Passenger Department of the Seaboard Air Line have just issued the first number of their new monthly publication, "Star of the South," a beautifully decorated and illustrated book of forty-eight pages. The book, besides being a work of art, contains each month popular and high-class fiction by standard authors, tales of love, adventure and heroism, anecdotes of the humorous, pathetic and dramatic, many illustrated articles on the South, and an assortment of descriptive and interesting items. A copy will be mailed to any address on receipt of three cents in stamps to pay postage, or will be mailed a whole year for thirty-five cents in stamps. Address C. Ironmonger, Advertising Agent Seaboard Air Line, 371 Broadway, New York.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

No eyes can see like those of the soul.

God's mercy can no more wear out than his love.

If our belief is wrong, our eternity will be wrong.

Every successful Christian life must be a life of faith.

Growth in grace is often helped by having the grace to say no.

As soon as thought finds a body it begins trying to move the world.

If some people would laugh more, their doctor bills would be less.

When a young lion is hungry, how much better off is he than a wolf?

Persecuting a good man is the devil's way of showing that he hates God.

The wages of sin is death, no matter how promptly we pay our pew rent.

When praise is going up, showers of blessing are sure to be coming down.

Considering what God has done will soon lead us to rejoice in what he will do.

There is only here and there a man who praises God half as much as he should.

When we have a keen eye for the faults of others, we are apt to be blind to our own.

A right state of heart cannot be maintained without keeping a close watch on the tongue.

Open the door of your heart for Christ, and he will open the door of heaven for you.

The devil can meet eloquence without trouble, but he has never been able to stand before love.

Many a church member makes too much noise in his politics and keeps too still in his religion.

Bread from God's table can be counted on in superabundance by those who faithfully do his work.

The Christian should never let his heart stop singing of the day when his sins were washed away.

It ought to be a matter of principle with the Christian to praise the Lord, whether he feels like it or not.

Hoarding up money in a miserly way can never be done without making a beggar of the man who does it.

Freedom from want is not for the strongest lion, but it may be enjoyed by the weakest of the Lord's sheep.

Don't spend a minute in trying to count the hypocrites in the church. Better try to count the mercies of God.

"Lest I should be exalted above measure," is the explanation of why some unaccountable things happen to many of us.

Bacon—I saw Bloomer to-day. He had his arm in a sling, and was walking with crutches. Egbert—Riding a bike, I suppose? "No; not yet. He'd been down to buy one, though, at a dry goods store."—Yonkers Statesman.

HER MEANING.

"What do you mean by being engaged to three men at once?"

"Nothing."

RAPID SCENE SHIFTING.

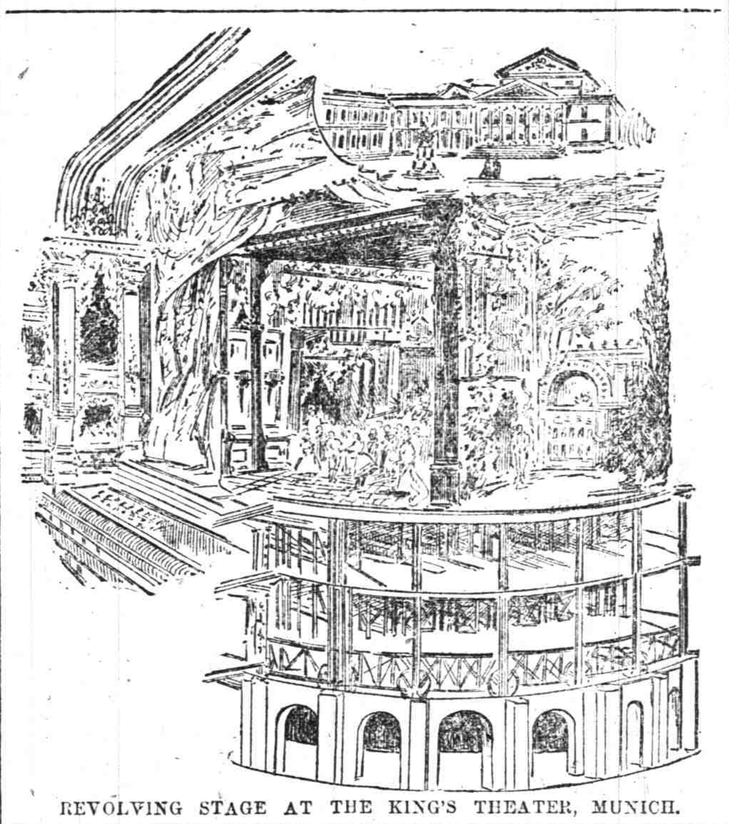
The Latest Mechanical Effects in a European Theater.

It is a remarkable fact that when an audience has become interested in the plot and progress of a play the interruptions necessary for the change of scenery seem to be much longer than they really are. A wait of five minutes is amply sufficient to send the impatient male American out "to see a man" and set the ladies' fans in active motion. In France the scenes are changed almost instantly.

The French system is distinguished by the use of masts upon carriages running in grooves or slots in the stage, the scenery being adjusted to the movable mast so as to be rolled on to its exact position. One scene is attached to its masts while another is being played. At the close of the scene the rideau de nouages, or cloud curtain, is used. This consists of two curtains painted as clouds, one descending, the other ascending from a slot in the stage, after the ancient Roman method. The moment the bottom curtain has risen sufficiently to hide the audience the employes beneath the stage run off the carriages of the past scene and on the new. This is so quick that it is done by the time the ascending and descending curtains have met, and their course is immediately reversed, disclosing the new scene, in the space of a few seconds. The English and American method of quick changes is clumsy compared to it.

The most recent, and in more than one sense revolutionary, is the invention of Karl Lautenschlage, the master machinist of the Residenz-Hof Theater, Munich. The entire stage is a turntable, such, indeed, as we may see at any locomotive shed on the railway. The proscenium opening, about 35 feet, dominates one-fourth of the periphery, and the stage can be arranged to hold from one to four scenes according to desire. The motive power used is electricity. The stage was used for the first time last May in a production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." The accompanying illustration shows the entire arrangement, one side of the proscenium being supposed to be cut away, showing the garden scene ready to swing round into position as soon as the ballroom scene is finished.

Another method is that in use in the theater at Budapest and some others in Europe, where scenes can be set to come up through slots in the stage, while the previous scene is sinking through similar openings.

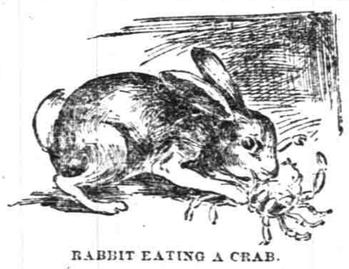


REVOLVING STAGE AT THE KING'S THEATER, MUNICH.

QUEER KIND OF BUNNIES.

They Inhabit the Lonely Farallone Islands.

A peculiar rabbit inhabits the Farallone islands. The material difference is that the bunnies of the islands eat raw fish and crabs, and have no special desire for green things. However, they do eat greens when they happen to find some. When the rabbits are eating the fish they look very much as they do when they are eating cabbage, and nibble it in the same way. They do not seem to be in the least particular as to the condition of the fish they are eating, and will make a meal off one that has lain on the rocks a week just as soon as from one that has just been washed ashore. It is interesting to know that the rabbits that live on the Farallones have contracted their present mode of living within the last thirty years, as they are the descendants of tame rabbits that were brought there by the first lighthouse-keepers. They are not as pretty as their ancestors. In fact, they have become very lean and haggard looking, and have much the appearance of a half-starved coyote. But the fact that they have adapted themselves to their new conditions is only another example to show that there is some foundation for the Darwinian theory.



RABBIT EATING A CRAB.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly says that when she was a child of twelve she knew Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, then a charming old lady of ninety-five, overflowing with reminiscences. One was of a great gathering of the Indians of eastern New York, at Saratoga, which was then only a log fort. The chiefs and greatest warriors of the Six Nations, dressed in barbaric pomp, but with peace on their faces, stood waiting the approach of a small group of whites—one or two officers in full uniform and a tall, commanding man, in the prime of life, leading by the hand a slim girl of thirteen.

The tallman was Gen. Philip Schuyler, whom the Indians honored as they did no other white man; and they had met to offer him a tribute of devotion. At a sign from the great chief, their ranks parted to admit Gen. Schuyler, who advanced into the open space still leading his little daughter. There, with many ceremonies, the child was formally adopted by the Six Nations, the chiefs ending the sacred rite by laying their hands upon her head, and giving her an Indian name, meaning "One of us." And Mrs. Hamilton was the little maid.

One day the old lady was talking about men of bodily strength, and she told an incident which must have happened soon after her marriage, for she was at the time in headquarters with her husband. Gen. Washington was writing in his office, a room on the second floor of a farm house. The farmer's wife, who was washing clothes, suddenly discovered that the shed roof was on fire. She rushed screaming into the house, and Washington came bounding down the stairs, picked up one of the large wash tubs full of suds, ran upstairs with it, got out on the roof and emptied it on the blaze; then he ran for another tub and still another before he succeeded in putting out the fire.

One night Mrs. Hamilton seemed sad and absent-minded, and would not go into the parlor where there were visitors, but sat near the fire and played backgammon for a while. When the game was done, she leaned back in her chair a long time with closed eyes, as if lost to all around her. Presently the silence was broken by the murmured words:

"I am so tired; it is so long. I want to see Hamilton!"

What thoughts must have come to her from the past! For she had grief beyond the usual lot of women. Her oldest son, Philip, fell in a duel before his father met a similar fate; and the oldest daughter, a lovely young creature, was so shocked by her brother's cruel death that she became insane. Though she lived to be an old woman, it was as an inmate of a private asylum.

A Fatal Omelette.

Ignorance of cooking is not often the direct cause of a man's death, but such an instance is related by Miss Edith Lichel, in a recent volume entitled, "The Story of Two Salons." In the time of the French Revolution, one Monsieur Condorcet, upon whose head, as an aristocrat, a price was set, sought refuge with a friend. Monsieur Suard, who bade him return at nightfall, when means of escape would be provided.

Unhappily Condorcet, being unable to exist without tobacco, went into a tavern to buy some. Still prostrate from fatigue, he thought he would take advantage of this opportunity to get some dinner, and ordered an omelette.

"How many eggs do you wish to be used?" inquired the landlord, who had been eying him suspiciously. The innocent Condorcet was at his wits' ends; he reflected on the size of the ordinary omelette.

"Twelve," he boldly replied.

His fate was sealed: none but an aristocrat could be so ignorant or so extravagant. He was arrested and led away to prison, from which he never emerged.

Bacon—That lawyer you recommended is not a man of his word. Egbert—Why not? "He told me I could talk freely to him, and look at the bill he's sent me!"—Yonkers Statesman.

We Can't Do a Thing to Her.

To one who has visited a telephone exchange and noticed how central works, it is amusing to watch the behavior of the man who cannot get recognition. In nine cases out of ten, if the hour is late and central is sleepy, he goes through this performance:

He turns the handle sharply, jabs the receiver at his ear, and shouts "Hello!" through the transmitter. After waiting a moment or so, he repeats the action. Still no answer. Then, unless he is a church member, he uses language that he would not wish his wife to hear, and twists the handle of the calling bell until his wrist aches.

It does not disturb central. No bells ring in the telephone exchange. When the subscriber rings a lozenge-shaped disk drops, and the number of the calling 'phone is exposed. That is all. It remains exposed until central answers the call and puts the disk back. If central's head is turned the other way, all the ringing in the world won't attract her attention. When she looks around she'll see the exposed number and answer the call. If she never looks around she'll never learn of the call.—New York Times.

A Kind Neighbor.

"I did not send for you to tune my piano," said Mrs. Selfly to the man who called for that purpose.

"No, madam, but your next door neighbor sent me."—Detroit Free Press.

A house is never in disorder to a man so long as his things are "handy."

SENT FROM SEARSPORT.

Miss S. Mollie Percy, the Well-Known Searsport Dressmaker, Gives Her Experience of Her Life-long Suffering and Cure.

From the Commercial, Bangor, Maine.

The following communication has just been received from Miss S. Mollie Percy, of Searsport, Maine, where she is well and favorably known:

"I was a sufferer from constant headache all my life, frequently accompanied with nausea and sick stomach, especially before and during severe attacks. I am now thirty years old, and as far back as I can remember I was never free from these depressing and distressing attacks, and did not know what it was to feel well, until last winter, when, having seen so much written and heard so much spoken about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I made up my mind to see if they would do me any good. I therefore bought some of them and began to take them according to directions.

"I soon began to experience relief, and have improved ever since. I am still taking them, and shall continue so to do until I am free of the slightest symptom of my old enemy. I am a firm believer in the efficacy of Pink Pills, and shall never be without them as they have done me so much good.

"I have recommended these pills to others, among them C. G. Coburn, who is ill of heart trouble.

(Signed) "S. M. PERCY."

Witness: MRS. J. E. NICHOLS.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold by all druggists at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

Wool Growing in the West.

Montana leads all other States this year in the production of wool, with 21,530,013 pounds. The National Wool Growers' Association estimates the crop this year to be, unwashed, about 272,474,768 pounds. When scoured the total weight will be reduced about 60 per cent., or to 115,284,579 pounds. Oregon comes next to Montana, with 19,889,976; California third, with 19,179,769; Texas fourth, Ohio fifth, New Mexico sixth, Utah seventh, Wyoming eighth, Michigan ninth, Colorado tenth, Washington fourteenth.

S. N. U.—1.—'97.