Are you almost disgusted with life, little man?

I'll tell you a wonderful trick That will bring you contentment if anything can-Do something for somebody quick.

Are you awfully tired with play, little

Weary, discouraged and sick? I'll tell you the loveliest game in the

Do something for somebody quick.

Though it rains like the rains of the flood, little man-And the clouds are forbidding and thick.

You can make the sun shine in your soul, little man-Do something for somebody quick.

Though the stars are like brass overhead, little girl,

And the walks like a well-heated brick, And our earthly affairs in a terrible

Do something for somebody quick. -Boston Sunday Herald.

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## THE BLUE DRESS.

S HE was waiting in Madam Jackthe large easy chair nearly enveloped her small, shrinking figure.

She was not old, not more than thirty-five, but already the bloom and beauty of her youth had gone. There were streaks of gray in her brown hair; fine lines revealed themselves under the sad eyes. The cheeks were pale and a trifle sunken, and the hands, folded over a parcel in her lap, were rough and calloused. Whoever she was, life had gone hard with her.

Madam Jackson came in. wished to see me?" she asked. Madam Jackson was a large, impos ing-looking woman, clad in a rich

black dress. The little woman rose timidly.

"Yes'm," she answered. "I-I want you to make me a dress, if you will. I've made all my own clothes ever since John and I were married. They haven't been very many, either," she added. "But this is something different. We live on a farm, and we raise fruit and vegetables for market, Every



"WHY, LOTTIE WHY, MY DEAR, 18 REALLY YOU?"

year John has said to me, "Well, Lottie, I guess this fall we can afford that blue dress.

She unrolled her package carefully and smoothed out the cloth it con-

tained with a tender hand. "I was to have had this blue dress the second, year we were married," she explained. "I was young then-but somehow something always happened. Often we'd kave a dry year, then again we'd have to buy an extra plow, or maybe a cow would die, or something else would come up, so I never was able to get the dress antil now, and we've been married sixteen years. The last thing John said to me when he gave me the money was, "Now, Lottie, don't buy anything but a blue dress, and just forget how long you've

waited for it.' "I'm afraid, though," she added, with a wistful little sigh. "it's too late to look well on me. You see, getting up at half-past two in the morning to be ready for market will make anyone old, and I've worked hard. sometimes we have six men to cook for; that is in the busy season."

Madam Jackson took the roll of cloth in her hands. It was a soft, beautiful blue, fine and rich in texture, but it could make a dress suitable only for a young girl; some one with rosy cheeks and golden hair and dimples. It was so far from being appropriate for the little, stooping figure oppo-

Madam looked kindly at the pale little woman. "I'm afraid," she began, "you'll find this color a little trying. A black or a gray or perhaps a dark brown would be more becoming. You understand-"

The woman clasped her hands "Don't say It!" she cried. "Yes, I understand, but if you only knew how all these years I've wanted that blue dress! Something different from anything I've had. Ah, you needn't tell me! I know I'm faded and old, but, oh, I do want that bit of color for my own! If I can't wear it, I can at least look at it."

A large tear shone in worldly Madam Jackson's eye-and she was not much given to tears. "Very well," she answered: and then followed a discussion of lining and thread.

The woman came again in a few days to have the dress fitted. In one hand she carried a basket of purple grapes with the bloom still on them. "I've brought you these," she said

to the dressmaker. "I picked them myself early this morning." "Thank you so much," was the warm

answer. "I dearly love grapes, and those are especially fine.' cheek

In a few minutes the bine dress went on over the thin little figure. Somehow its bright hue seemed a mockery. It brought out so clearly the gray hairs that would have been softened by a more sober color. The pale cneeks, too, looked whiter than before. The little woman saw her reflection

in the tall mirror opposite, and sighed. "You were quite right," she said, slowly; "a darker color would have been best, and yet-somehow I couldn't give it up. I've thought about it so much all these years. Why, often when the work was hardest and the days longest, I've said to myself, Never mind, Charlotte, some of these days you're going to have a beautiful blue dress,' and the hope of it some how kept me up." "I understand," Madam Jackson

said, gently. In a few days the dress was done The customer came for it one morning, in a wagon driven by a tall, broadshouldered man, with a rugged, weather-beaten face.

"Her husband," thought Madam Jackson, looking out of the window. The pale little woman came hurriedly in. "John came with me to-day," she said, smiling, "and the dress-oh isn't it beautiful!"

The blue gown lay across a chair. Madam Jackson had done well with it. It was finished off with silk of the same shade, and there was a pretty lace collar and soft, fine ruffles of lace at the wrists.

"You must let me see you in it be fore you go." Madam Jackson sald As the dress was being fastened. faint color stole into the woman's white cheeks.

"Isn't it pretty?" she whispered wonderingly. "The very prettiest thing I ever had! It seems wrong for me to have it now. Somebody young and beautiful ought to wear it. If only ! could have had it years ago!"

Madam Jackson's deft fingers were busy with the brown hair touched with silver, combed so severely back.

"You must not wear your hair quite so plain," she said. "A looser effect softens the face wonderfully. There, that is better."

She straightened the lace at the throat and settled the skirt. "Wait a moment," she auded, stepping into the next room. When she returned she held a dainty lace-trimmed handkerchief, fine as a spider's web. She tucked it into the rough little hand. "A present from me," she said, lightly, When you wear the dress you must carry that."

Over the thin face there swept beautiful flush.

"Is that for me?" she said, in an awe struck voice. "Oh, thank you, thank

you!" There was so much radiance in the look that Madam Jackson was startled, and then a wonderful thing happened. For the moment it seemed as if the years had rolled back, and the worn face shone with its lost beauty and its lost youth.

The eyes were very bright, a tender smile hovered over the tremulous mouth, and Madam Jackson saw what the woman must have been long ago. before the hard years had robbed her of her bloom.

"I wish John could see me," the little woman whispered.

came a knock at the door. Madam Jackson opened it quickly.

"Come in, won't you?" she said, pleasantly. "Your wife is anxious to have you see her in her new dress."

The man entered. When the blue gowned, radiant vision faced him, he started. "Why, Lottie," he said, "why, my dear, is it really you?"

"Do you like it, John?" she said. "Like it! Why, you look just as you did when we were married, only, somehow, sweeter and dearer," and then, regardless of Madam Jackson in the background, he took the small woman in his arms and kissed her on her glowing cheeks.

A few minutes later Madam Jackson stood at the window and watched them drive away, with the blue dress carefully wrapped up. The flush still lingered on the little woman's face as she waved a last good-by.

Madam Jackson waved back. She knew that before long the flush would fade from her friend's cheek, the lines would come back, the cares return. The burdens must be taken up again.

There would come, too, the weary hours and the lonely ones that must be lived through. The blue dress would be folded away as something sacred. seldom worn, but never forgotten. There would be something beautiful at least to look at in the bare old farmhouse.

As the rattling wagon disappeared Madam Jackson turned away from the window with a smile that was half a

"That blue dress it was a success after all," she murmured.-Youth's Companion.

Japanese Customa.

A writer, describing scenes on Japanese railways, says when a native lady enters the carriage she slips her feet from her tiny shoes, stands upon the seat, and then sits demurely with her feet doubled beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette, or her little pipe, which hold just tobacof smoke. All Japanese people sit with exercising in the dark place, their feet upon the seat of the car. and not as Europeans do. When the ously fitted out. But, if bereft of luxticket collector-attired in a blue uniform-enters the carriage he removes his cap, and twice bows politely. He repeats the bow as he comes to each sole apparatus consists of dumb-bells, passenger to collect the tickets from them.

The man who jumps from a rapidly frons. moving train usually travels on his



UNDAY in Mexico is the day of enjoyment if not of rest. All the stores are open until 1 p. m., and trade is even greater than on week days, for it is the great shopping day of the lower classes.

The streets are filled with people, rich and poor, old and young, welldressed and in rags. Here is a ranchero magnificent in his gold embroidered hat and tight-fitting "Charro" suit walking side by side with the poor peon whose raiment consists of a cotton shirt, blue Jeans and "guaraches," or sandals, with a red "serape" or blanket thrown over his shoulders. Here the lady of fashion in silks and satins elbows her less fortunate sister in cotton waist and skirt-barefooted, but always with the inevitable "rebozo" or scarf over her head.

All morning bands have been playing through the streets advertising "La gran Corrida de Toros." or bull fight, which will take place in the "Plaza de Toros," at 3:30 p. m. The three Revertes, greatest of bullfighters, are named as the "matadores." Are they not well worth seeing? Ask any citizen of the Republic of Mexico.

We purchase tickets at \$5 a head and pass in. The bull ring is arranged as were the amphitheaters of olden times; in the center the ring, then a barrier, inside of which and running around the ring is a passage about 3 feet 6 inches wide, with little gates at intervals, so that in case the bull jumps the barrier he may again reach the ring; then another fence, and tier upon tier of seats, and finally, at the top, the boxes holding ten persons, with the judges' box in the center.

The bugle blows, and the gate of the bull pen is thrown open. The buil appears in the middle of the ring, his back ornamented and his rage increased by a dart which has been placed in his shoulders as he passed the gate. Swiftly he makes a tour of the ring, driving all except the "picadores" over the fence. Soon one seemingly more venturesome than the rest runs forward and flaunts his red 'capa" in the bull's face, and is immediately chased over the barriers. Most of this is done for effect,

The "matador" then takes a hand in the game and stands in front of the bull, allowing him to charge the "capa," and nimbly stepping out of the way when he does so.

The "picadores" spur their ponies forward, and apparently for the first time the buil notices them. He charges fiercely; the "picador" is unable to repel the attack with his long pike, and in an instant the "picader" and horse are down, the former underneath, and the horse dying from a wound in the heart from which the blood spurts, or rather gushes. Another "picador" rides forward and is upset. His horse picks himself up, and runs madly across the ring into the fence on the other side and drops. is soon removed. Another "picador" has his horse badly gashed on the shoulder, and then the "picadores" leave the ring. The bull has charged them three times, and their duty is performed.

Then come the "banderilleros," armed with sticks two feet long, in the end of which is a barb-pointed like a fish hook. The first stands facing the bull and waves his arms and stamps his foot dramatically to bid defiance. The bull looks surprised. The banderillo runs forward, and as the bull charges this new enemy places his "handerillas" in the bull's shoulders at the base of the neck, one on each side of the spinal column, and, skipping nimbly out of the way, runs for the barrier with the painmaddened bull after him.

The second "banderillo" introduces a novelty. He places a pockethandkerchief on the ground, stands upon it, and as the buil charges, places his "banderillas" and sways his body out of the road just in time to escape the horns. Three pairs of "banderillas" must be placed, and then the bugle sounds once more.

The "matador" takes the "espada" (sword) and the 'muleta," or scarlet cloth, and after asking and receiving the permission of the judge to kill, advances to the bull.

The first "matador" is Reverte Espanol. He waves the scarlet "muleta" before the bull, who blindly charges to find nothing-but as he turns, there again is the tantalizing piece of red before him. After several charges of be stops, puzzled and s mewhat tired, and watches the "muleta" closely. Now is Reverte's time. He turns sideways, the sword poised on a level with the shoulder, glances along it to make sure of his aim and running at the buil, who also charges, he sends it home through the buil's heart.

The bull sinks to his knees, and a small dagger is plunged into the spinal column behind the horns. The King is dead.

The band plays the "Victorious Torero," the people shout, and the body of the bull is hauled away to be put up and sold to the poor people. Then the victorious "torero" makes a circuit of the ring and receives the plaudits of the people. Hats are thrown down into the ring, and happy is he whose hat is thrown back by the hand of the matador. Money and clgars also fall thickly, all picked up by the attendant members of the "cuadrilla."

## TRY ROPE SKIPPING.

Novel Remedy for Many of the Ille that Annoy Women.

Times have changed since then, and even the skipping rope has undergone progress. The rope has been promoted, until now it is brought out at all seasons of the year, and is used by old and young alike. Its mission now is the restoration of the skin, the making of a pair of dimples, the strengthening of the heart and the renewal of youthful charm.

From this list it will be seen that the skipping rope is relied upon as a modern miracle worker. And the woman who tries it will agree that it is such to the last inch.

To manipulate the skipping rope properly a rope should be obtained of the kind which is fitted with handles. Thus one can have a support for the fingers to keep the rope from cutting into the hand. Then, too, the handles enable one to shorten the rope and to make highest skips at will.

The second requisite is that the air in which the skipping is performed

shall be fresh. Women go out into the air more than they once did, and when it comes to exercising they exercise directly in the open. Who does not remember the first gymnasiums, stuffy things, under ground usually. Fully heated. almost unventilated, breathing of the heaviness of stone, they have opened to the pupil, who was expected to co enough to produce two good whiffs come in and get health and strength by

The gymnasiums now are luxuriury, they are at least well aired. In one house, where there is a room called by courtesy the gymnasium, the a bow and arrow, a tin horn, a skipping rope, a wand and a pair of flat

But there are many little low windows, for the gymnasium is an attic her mother.

floor, and one side of the room has a wide, low mirror. In this place the ing the gymnasium is to open all the windows.

What He Was Paid For.

A new application of the rule of proportion between wages and labor is Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. The leader of the band stopped the music in the middle of the bar and frowned. "Say, Pumpernickel," he demanded, in a loud whisper, "what do you mean

by playing a lot of half-notes where there should be whole notes?" Pumpernickel took the horn off his

"Vell," said he, "I make explanations by you. You remember dot you cud down my vages to halluf, don'd

The leader stared in amazement. He had done so, but-

"Und so I gontinues to make der nodes mid dis horn, but dey vill pe halluf nodes until der vages vos restoreded unto whole vages. Ain'd it, I rather think history would have to be yes?"

Plenty on Hand.

"You would get along a great deal better if you didn't get so excited," said the calm man to his trascible friend. "Can't you learn to keep your temper?

"Keep my temper! Well, I like that!" retorted the other. "I'd have you understand that I keep more temper in one day than you have in your possession during a whole year."

The point in securing an evangelist new dress; very important that he officer." should come from a larger town.

When a girl is 16, and a princess, her father begins to think that she is nearer his age for social pleasures than that can get so badly stuck on itself

ELECTRIC DEATH FOR RATS.

Effective Protection for Small Birds in a City Zoo.

Superintendent Stephan, of the Cincinnati Zoo, is thinking of getting out a patent. He has not decided exactly what to call the machine he has recently perfected, but in all probability it will be named "Stephan's electric rat exterminator." The invention was born of that necessity which has mothered so many other labor-saving devices and has proved invaluable to the Not long ago a number of rats and

stray cats discovered that the Zoo was a splendid place for foraging, and that game birds, such as pheasants and quall, were numerous in the big inclosure. All that was necessary to secure a good meal, free of charge, was to jump the fence and pick out the one which pleased the fancy of the marauder. Superintendent Stephan was the first to discover why so many hurt him much?" "No. He uses it to o. these valuable birds were missing every now and then, and it did not take him long to also find a remedy for the trouble. While the Zoo management is willing to replace its animals and fowls that fall victims to ordinary diseases or accidents, it has no desire to furnish food for all the rodents and felines in Avondale, and Mr. Stephan immediately set about putting an end to the free lunches.

One evening, after he had retired to rest, a suspicious noise in the locality of the pheasant inclosure caused him to dress hastily and repair to the spot. As he approached he noted a large and rusty-looking rat taking French leave over the fence, with a handsome pheasant in its mouth. Mr. Stephan said things that would not look well in print, and sat up the rest of that night. waiting to slay any other rats that might appear on a like errand, but without result.

The next day Mr. Stephan did some deep thinking, with satisfactory results. A wire was stretched along the top of the fence and connected with a live electric light wire. When the garden was closed for the night the current was turned on and the superintendent went to bed convinced that there would be lively times for any animal that tried to cross the trocha he had prepared for the enemy. Nor was he wrong.

At daybreak several large and wellfed rodents were discovered as dead as the proverbial door nail on the outside of the fence, where they had fallen after coming in contact with the charged wire. The next night Mr. Stephan was awakened by a wail of pain and surprise that made the air ribrate. At first he thought the ania the carnivora, but another howl put him at ease. It was merely the death wall of a cat which had tempted fate once too often and fallen a victim to its own expensive appetite.

Since then, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, a daily barvest of rats and cats is reported by the attendants at the Zoo. They are found lying across the wire or on the ground, but with both eyes shut now, where be-

## ABOUT THE GENERAL STAFF.

Wifey Gets Valuable Information on a New Order of Things.

"George, what is this I've been reading about the control of the army being placed in the hands of a general staff. What is a general staff, George?" "A general staff, my dear, is a bunch of gold lace and brass buttons that poses around a library table and puils the wires that keep the soldiers moving.

"Thank you, George. You are always so lucid. I suppose the general staff runs the army instead of bothering the generals in the field to do it?"

women of the family go beauty hunt- stay there in Washington and keep in "That's about right, my dear. They ing every day, says the Indianapolis touch with the best restaurants and News. And the first move on enter- the paymaster and the social gatherings, and relieve the fighting generals of all the responsibility."

"How nice that is! And it's some thing new, too, isn't it? I don't remember reading that Alexander was ever the motive of a little story from the helped in that way, or Hannibal, or Julius Caesar, or Napoleon. But, of course, they were so dreadfully oldfashioned and so rash. Just think how much slower the world's fighting would have been if the general staff had been consulted every time Napoleon wanted to make a move. There wasn't any telegraph then, you know, and so the general would have had to send a courier to Paris to ask if the staff would approve of his advancing to the right center, or withdrawing the left wing, or making a concerted night attack all along the line. How different things would have turned out, dear."

"You are quite right, my love. The general staff would have cut short a good many of Nap's pet surprises, and rewritten."

"Yes, dear. And just think how funny it would be if one of our commanding generals, just as he was going into battle, should suddenly discover that the telegraph wires were out of order and the wireless machines in the repair shop. How would be know whether to advance or retreat until he beard from home?"

"That would be very funny, my love very funny."

"Thank you, George. It seems funny to me. But I guess it seems funnier to seems to be the same as in getting a us than it would to the commanding

> "I've no doubt you are quite right, my dear."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There's probably nothing on earth as a sheet of postage stamps.



A Great Hand: Mike (teaching Pat poker)—Well, what hov yez got? Pat
—Four trowels and a black shamrock!

She-Doctor, is Squeedunk a good

place to go for rheumatism? Doctor-Sure. That's where I got mine .- Detrolt Free Press. The Doctor-Are you sure you never buried any one alive? The Under-

taker-Well, none of your patients, at least.-Chicago Dally News. Frightful: "Pat has got an awfuß gash in his face." "Does it seem to-

eat with."-New York Sun. "When Mr. Casey died he left all'l he had to the orphan asylum." deed! That was nice of him. What did he leave?" "His twelve children." -Chicago Evening Post.

A Sunny South Item: "Where in thunder are you going with that stove and all those overcoats?" "I am going, my friend, to spend the winter in Florida."-Atlanta Constitution.

Phrapper (after his tenth miss)-Oh; bang the birds! Keeper-Sorry, sir, but we ain't got no string; but if you likes to let me have the gun I'll shoot. 'em for you.-Glasgow Evening Times.

Quickest Way: Mr. Kidder-People say that it is impossible to find a needle in a haystack-but they're wrong. Mrs. Kidder-How would you go about it? Mr. Kidder-Walk across the stack in my stocking feet .- Denver Republican.

Dr. Smarty-Had a very delicate surgical operation at my place yesterday. Removed an arm from a lady's waist. Dr. Synnex-If it was your arm the operation could not have been very painful to the lady .- Boston Transcript.

"And now," said the teacher, at the end of a long description of the brain, "where is the seat of memory? . Can a any of you tell me?" "Yessum," replied Johnny Brighteyes; "in the little finger, where you tie a string around it to make you recolect"-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune

Restful Rawlins-Dat new hobo hez . jess completed his first "century" ride on de trucks in a freight train! Narrow-Gauge Nevins-Did it please him much? Restful Rawlins-Not a bit? He said de dust an' jolts reminded him mals were holding a political meeting uv de days when he wuz rich an' owned an' "auto!"-Puck.

Shopkeeper (whose patience is completely exhausted)-Snippers, call the porter to kick this fellow out. Importunate Commercial Traveler (undaunted)-Now, while we're waiting for the porter, I'll show you an entirely new line-best thing you ever laid eyes on ...

-Glasgow Evening Times. "Are you sure the course is clear?" the pheasants are safe and can sleep she whispered, sliding down to the arms of her lover. "Yes," he respondfore they had to keep one eye open ed; "I succeeded in boring a hole in if they hoped to be alive the next day. the waterpipe. Your father has discovered it, and will keep his finger over

Come!"-Philadelphia Bulletin. Somewhat Broken: "Was Mrs. Murphy pleased when she heard her husband's voice on the phonograph?"
"Very much so." "But the record was scratched and his speech sounded incoherently." "Yes, she said it sounded just like him talking when he came home from the club."-Chicago News.

The Self-Effacing Act: Myer-In olden time it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible. Gyer-Pshaw! that's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day. Myer-You don't tell mel How do they manage it? Gyer-By marrying famous women.-Chicago

Mr. Mulhooly-Phwat fur are yes makin' such a noise on that planny? Y'r drivin' me distracted wid y'r rucket, an' me head achin' loik it wud split in two paces! Daughter-Them new neighbors nixt door has been complainin' of my playin'. Mr. Mulhooly-Begorra, hammer harder.-New York Weekly.

Not So Bad: Mrs. Henpeck-I read this morning about a man who was arrested twenty minutes after his wedding and sent to prison for fifteen years. Isn't that awful? Mr. Henpeck-Oh, I don't know. The law doesn't compel him to take his wife to prison with him, does it?-Baltimore World.

The Different Stages: "One smile makes a flirtation. One flirtation makes two acquainted. Two acquainted makes one kiss. One kiss makes several more. Several kisses make an engagement. One engagement makes two fools. Two fools make one marriage. One marriage makes a motherin-law. One mother-in-law makes a red-hot time."-Ex.

Taken at Her Word: "Now," said' Mrs. Biggleson's cousin at breakfast on the morning after her arrival, "don't make company of me. I want to be treated just as if I were one of the family." "All right," replied Mr. Biggleson, helping himself to the tender part of the steak, "we'll try tomake you feel right at home."-Chicago Record-Herald.

"My dear sir," wrote the editor to the persistent young author, "in order to simplify matters somewhat, we are inclosing a bunch of our 'declined with thanks' notices. If you will put one of these in an envelope with your manuscript, and mail it to yourself, it will make it easier for all of us, and you will be saving something in postage as well."-Chicago Evening Post.