

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

- 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.

THE BLUE DRESS.

HE was waiting in Madam Jackson's dressmaking parlors, where the 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.



"WHY, LOTTIE, WHY, MY DEAR, IS IT RESILY 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 contained with a tender hand.

In a few minutes the blue 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.

"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!"

Over the thin face there swept a beautiful flush. "Is that for me?" she said, in an awestruck 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.

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.

As the rattling wagon disappeared Madam Jackson turned away from the window with a smile that was half a sigh. "That blue dress—it was a success, after all," she murmured.—Youth's Companion.

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.

POVERTY STRICKEN MEXICO STILL LAVISHES MONEY ON BULL FIGHTS



SUNDAY 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, well-dressed and in rags.

The bugle blows, and the gate of the bull pen is thrown open. The bull 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.

The second "banderillo" introduces a novelty. He places a pocket-handkerchief on the ground, stands upon it, and as the bull 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 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 this kind, he stops, puzzled and somewhat 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 bull, who also charges, he sends it home through the bull's heart.

TRY ROPE SKIPPING. Novel Remedy for Many of the Ills 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.

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 come in and get health and strength by exercising in the dark place.

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."

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 quail, were numerous in the big enclosure. 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.

One evening, after he had retired to rest, a suspicious noise in the locality of the pheasant enclosure 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.

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 well-fed 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 wall of pain and surprise that made the air vibrate. At first he thought the animals were holding a political meeting in the carniyora, but another howl put him at ease. It was merely the death rattle 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 harvest of rats and cats is reported by the attendants at the Zoo. They are found lying across the wire or on the ground, but the pheasants are safe and can sleep with both eyes shut now, where before they had to keep one eye open if they hoped to be alive the next day.

ABOUT THE GENERAL STAFF.

Wife 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?"

"That's about right, my dear. They stay there in Washington and keep in touch with the best restaurants and the paymaster and the social gatherings, and relieve the fighting generals of all the responsibility."

"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?"

"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 he know whether to advance or retreat until he heard from home?"



JOLLY JOKER

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

The Doctor: Are you sure you never buried any one alive? The Undertaker—Well, none of your patients, at least.—Chicago Daily News.

Pratful: "Pat has got an awful gash in his face." "Does it seem to hurt him much?" "No. He uses it to eat with."—New York Sun.

When Mr. Casey died he left all he had to the orphan asylum. "Indeed! 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, hang 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 any of you tell me?" "Yessum," replied Johnny Brighteyes; "in the little finger, where you tie a string around it to make you recollect."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Restful Rawlins—Dat new hobo hex-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 durn an' jolts reminded him uv de days when he wuz rich an' owned an "auto!"—Puck.

Shopkeeper (whose patience is completely exhausted)—Snappers, call the porter to kick this fellow out. Impudent 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?" she whispered, sliding down to the arms of her lover. "Yes," he responded; "I succeeded in boring a hole in the water pipe. Your father has discovered it, and will keep his finger over the hole until the plumber arrives. 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 feel well. How do they manage it? Gyer—By marrying famous women.—Chicago News.

Mr. Mulhooly—Phwat fur are yez makin' such a noise on that pianny? Y'r drivin' me distracted wid y'r racket, an' me head achrin' 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 mother-in-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 to make you feel right at home."—Chicago Record-Herald.