

MR. TOGG'S GENEROSITY.

Mr. Toggs was peculiar; but every one is peculiar who is assertive and does not think in all things just as we do.

Mr. Toggs was not considered a generous man; but then the standard for generosity varies so that we cannot always accept even the judgment of friends.

Mr. Toggs was generous with himself. This was unquestionably conceded. In dress he was generous to prodigality. The appearance of his well-developed 6 feet 2 of physical manhood, from the luster of his high top hat and immaculate linen to the sheen of his No. 10s was faultless.

It was in his family relations that Madam Gossip charged him most unsparringly. She said that he kept no servant for his wife; that he never allowed her family to visit her on account of the added expense that would be incurred; that while he was clothed faultlessly, she was—but why should we be rummaging in other folks' closets to display their family skeletons, when the very thought starts a commotion in dark recesses nearer home.

Remember Mrs. Toggs never complained; not she. Had she not promised at the sacred altar to love, worship—cherish, I mean—and obey? And she did it so thoroughly that all independence of thought and action was lost in her devotion to her over-towering spouse.

Mr. Toggs fell ill. He had been exceedingly generous with himself, and had indulged in a late banquet at the Ego club. He awakened early in the morning with a most pronounced attack of indigestion.

Mr. Toggs declared that he had swallowed the larger part of a millstone, and that it lay with its crushing weight just below his diaphragm. Then he felt like the Spartan youth who concealed the stolen fox under his toga, and he experienced the burnings of a thousand pitiless flames as they ate their way into his vitals.

During the first hour's torture Mr. Toggs groaned and moaned and expressed himself in language that was as forcible as the conditions demanded.

Mrs. Toggs, without any undue display of alarm, gave him the full service of her devoted nature. He had been sick once with rheumatism, and she had witnessed a display of the lack of all Christian graces in the nature of Mr. Toggs when sick, so she was not apprehensive.

Indigestion may effect a complete transformation in its victim. It will make either a saint or a demon of the worst or best of men, or change a lion into a lamb. Mr. Toggs, after a few hours' torture, became a lamb.

He uncomplainingly swallowed quarts of scalding hot water. He chewed pepsin tablets without a murmur. He swallowed Dr. Killer's remedies faithfully and submitted to application of mustard plasters until the outer surface of his body had every appearance of being parboiled.

Through it all not one word of complaint or rebellion escaped Mr. Toggs' lips, and Mrs. Toggs was somewhat alarmed.

As day and night in regular order succeeded each other until five revolutions of the earth on its axis had been completed, and Mr. Toggs avowed that the millstone was growing heavier, the fox was unwearied in his endeavors to claw out his vitals, and the inextinguishable fires burned with increasing fury, and in the face of all he was growing more and more lamblike, Mrs. Toggs became correspondingly more alarmed. This complete change could presage only one thing—the coming end.

"Dear!" gasped the tortured Mr. Toggs, as he turned a look of intense longing upon his unflinching wife and noted her anxious face, "won't you send for Elizabeth to come and assist you? You are overdoing yourself."

Poor Mrs. Toggs could scarcely restrain herself until she hastened from the room, when she burst into a flood of tears. Mr. Toggs was certainly mortally ill. In all their twenty-three years of conjugal relations, he had never before applied to her so precious an epithet, and for the first time he seemed con-

cerned about her personal comfort. And he had broken his oft-declared law that there would be no visiting relations of either side allowed in his home.

Elizabeth had a reputation for being an exceptional nurse, and an expert in the knowledge of family remedies. So upon her arrival there was a resumption, or rather addition, of operations. The indigestion loosened its hold somewhat, and Mr. Toggs was grateful.

"Clarissa, dear," he said assuringly, as he lay bolstered up in a large rocker, "I feel much better, and if I continue to improve, and am well to-morrow, I'll give you \$5 for your nursing and care of me."

Mrs. Toggs hastened from the room the picture of despair. She was sure he was dying, and when she returned to his side, closely followed by the faithful Elizabeth, she manifested no sign of joy at her husband's assertion of marked improvement.

"Elizabeth," and Mr. Toggs' voice grew stronger, "I'll give you \$5, too, if I am well to-morrow."

Then Mrs. Toggs had a presentiment by a rattling in the chest that he was marked for death, and her little body stooped on anticipation of the crushing blow.

By noon Mr. Toggs declared that he felt well enough to go out for a walk about the block. As he was adjusting his lustrous high-top hat, he said, "if you'll give me the money I'll settle the account for the medicines at the druggist's."

Mr. Toggs never liked bills to hang.

Mrs. Toggs handed her departing lord and master a shining gold eagle—a part of her week's allowance for all household expenses.

The druggist claimed half of the gold, and Mr. Toggs tucked the change in his lower right-side waist coat pocket. But feeling a suspicious sensation that prophesied a return of the tortures, he hastened home and calmly submitted to the untiring efforts of his faithful nurses for relief.

That night Mr. Toggs fell into a refreshing sleep and awoke in the morning a completely delivered man.

"Hear, dear, is that \$5 I promised you," and his thumb and index finger went down into the lower pocket on the right side of his waistcoat, and he laid a \$5 bill on the bureau.

Mrs. Toggs murmured her thanks between stifled sobs, but refrained from touching the sacred testimonial of his dying love. For, surely, Mr. Toggs was nearing the end of his earthly career, and his avowed improvement was only a delusion. She gazed upon him in helpless abandonment to the inevitable.

Mr. Toggs proceeded with his toilet, and when it was completed he turned suddenly toward the bureau and, picking up the money he had shortly before laid there, said in his old way:

"I think, Mrs. Toggs, you saved this much on me in household expenses, for I have not partaken of a single meal while I have been sick. I may as well pay Elizabeth with it."

And he hastened to find Elizabeth.

As Mr. Toggs left the room, his wife experienced a sensation of joy. Mr. Toggs was better. He was his old self again. She was relieved of the dread that hung over her and she was happy.

"Here's the five dollars I promised you," Mr. Toggs said to Elizabeth, who was busy preparing the morning meal. He laid the bill upon the sideboard in the dining-room and strode away.

Mrs. Toggs and Elizabeth were so happy that they could only gaze in admiration at Mr. Toggs as they sat at the table, while he ate sparingly of the morning repast.

Happy Mrs. Toggs stood with Mr. Toggs' lustrous high-top hat in her hand when Mr. Toggs appeared ready to leave for his office. After he had taken a last reassuring look at himself in the hall mirror, he went to the dining-room and said to Elizabeth, as he took the \$5 bill from the sideboard:

"I think your board has been worth this much for the time you have been with us as our guest."

Mrs. Toggs never questioned her husband's intentions. It was enough that he was well once more, and she was happy.

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What Elizabeth thought and said as she journeyed homeward would not be complimentary as an epitaph. All that day Mr. Toggs' countenance was lighted with a complacent smile. He was a man well satisfied with himself.—Frank E. Graff in Boston Globe.

MONTREAL SHOWS GREAT GROWTH. Montreal, July 9.—Montreal has grown during last year. It has a population of 287,000 for the city proper, and 360,000 with suburbs. These are the figures given in the directory just issued. This is an increase of about 27,000 during the year for the entire city and suburbs, and of about 12,000 for the city proper. Since 1901 according to the government census returns, the city proper has grown in population 20,000. Montreal has now 810 streets, about 9,000 stores and offices, and 50,000 residences. Montreal's first directory was issued in 1841, and contained 272 pages, the last issue is a bulky volume of 1,560 pages. There are 6,000 more names in this year's directory than the last.

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