

"MY TOAST."

BY A. M. HEATCOTE.

"Give us," they cried, "a toast!"
All were in merry grin;
Each, except me, could boast
One who had smiled on him.
Dora we'd toasted, Kate,
Margery, Etheldred;
Now it was getting late,
It was my turn, they said.

"She that you love the most,
Give us the name!" they cried.
Forced to propose a toast,
"Lillian!" I replied.
"Lillian" sounded well,
Blushing eighteen, no more;
Was I then bound to tell
That she had passed three score?

"Has she blue eyes—your queen—
Hazel or black?" said they,
Kindly and clear and keen,
And of a tender gray.
Why was I forced to add,
"Spectacles large and blue,
Now that her sight is bad,
Shelters their gaze so true."

"Golden or brown her hair?"
"Soft," I replied, "and light."
This I conceived was fair,
Since it is nearly white.
"What is her voice in tone?"
"Gentle and soft and low."
Was I obliged to own
Sorrows have made it so.

"And do you love her best
Under the whole blue sky?
And for her lightest jest
Would you be glad to die?
Would you that for her good,
Sorrows should fall on you?"
"Gladly," I said, "I would."
That at the least was true.

Then as their glasses rang,
Dancing with flashes red,
"Lillian!" out they sang;
"Here's to her health," they said,
"Grey-eyed and blonde—a belle—
Blushing eighteen—no more!"
Lillian sounded well,
Why should I tell them more?
—Temple Bar.

ONE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

BY KENRIDGE.

The studio looked unusually dull and dreary, with its dirty, paint-bedaubed easel and the one solitary broken old chair that did duty for artist and visitor alike. But then there were never any visitors, so George Ellison did not trouble himself much on that score. He would even have liked to risk a little mortification for the sake of seeing some one else besides the scrub-woman and janitor enter that dingy room.

It was a square, box-like room—quite unlike any ideal one would form of an artist's studio. Of course there were pictures lying around, and the collection was increasing only too rapidly, for he worked assiduously day after day.

"I've got enough to stock the whole Exposition," he muttered, moodily, as he stood contemplating the last picture on his easel—a landscape which showed some fair traces of genius. "Fact is," he went on, as his careful eye noted its defects, "that tree-painting is not my forte. If I could only sell a few of these and hire a model—the kind of a model I want—why, then I'd get on a good deal faster than I'm doing now."

He was a young fellow of only twenty-three who had worked his way to Chicago from a country town, where he had gained the rudiments of the art to which he intended to devote his life. The old artist who had instructed him had so dazzled his mind with visions of the wealth and reputation to be made in a large city, that he had come to Chicago with any amount of hope, which, however, was beginning to wane, as the weeks passed by and he still remained unnoticed and unknown.

He began to think that the people of Chicago had no appreciation of the fine arts; that it was true what envious Eastern cities said of them—that they cared more for stocks and pork-packing than for the refinements of civilized life.

One day, feeling more than usually discouraged, he stopped work quite early, and sauntered forth to get what fresh air he could on the crowded thoroughfare on which the window of his studio opened.

As he came down the east stairway to the entrance, two ladies were just emerging from the jewelry store at its side. He did not see them, but they noticed him, and the younger one gazed at him with a curiosity that was not altogether unfriendly.

"I wonder who he is, Nell," she whispered, nudging her companion's elbow. "His clothes certainly didn't come from Ely's. From the fit of them he's evidently made them himself, one would think, for such fearfully baggy pantaloons I never saw, not even on the poorest beggar."

"Don't talk so loudly—he might hear you. It's no business of ours—the fit of his clothes. Is that a Cottage Grove car coming?"

The object of this conversation was still standing in the doorway, looking dreamily upon the moving mass before him.

"And if I could afford to hire a model," the two heard him mutter, "where on earth would I get one? Not in this city. Chicago has some fine-looking women, but I've yet to see one beautiful woman."

Mrs. Colby gave her sister's arm a gentle tap with her parasol.

"There—Ethel, listen, and do not waste your sympathy on him any more. He deserves to wear baggy pantaloons all his life long, just for that miserable tirade against Chicago women."

"Alas, that I am not endowed with sufficient beauty to prove his terrible mistake to him," murmured Ethel, as she signaled the car-driver.

"No one with a pug nose could hope to do that, even if she has got good eyes and a decent sort of a mouth," said her sister cruelly, and the conversation dropped at that point.

But Ethel Harbridge did not forget that pathetic figure standing in the doorway by Matson's; and in a few

days she resolved to go past the place again. There was not the slightest chance of seeing him, she kept repeating to herself as she neared her destination, and laughed at the absurd whim which had brought her. But she came across him, notwithstanding her opinion of the contrary, and, strange to say, was not at all disappointed at the failure of her prediction.

He was just going up the stairway with a small bundle under one arm, through the end of which she saw a palette and some brushes sticking out.

"Just as I thought, the poor fellow is an artist, and a Chicago one at that. No wonder his clothes are ill-fitting, and his face is pinched—yes, actually pinched."

By this time he had gained the top of one stairway, and was lost to view on the second. Ethel opened her purse and glanced at its contents.

"Just eleven dollars and five cents. Now, the nickel will be enough to carry me home, and if I thought he'd have any real cheap pictures I'd follow him up and invest the rest, for he seems decidedly poor."

She did not pause long. It was the day of the week on which the artists in that building received an admiring but not very generously disposed public—she would avail herself of this opportunity and boldly ascend the stairway after him. She stopped on the second landing and went into several rooms, but rightly conjecturing that his would be one of the smallest and poorest, she soon wended her way to the top.

Sure enough, in a dingy little room, that rented for a mere song, she found him.

He was sitting at his easel, with a piece of clear canvas before him, mechanically fumbling with his brushes, and pouring tiny drops of paint upon the palette he had just brought in. He turned with a start as he heard a light knock on the half-open door.

Could it be—? No; the janitor always gave a knock like that; the man was a negro, with those little pretensions to politeness which all true sons of Africa possess. So he meekly said, "Come in," and did not raise his head until the subtle odor of a delicate perfume floated about him, and he looked up in surprise, and saw a visitor at last!

It was a woman, and a lovely one—his eyes could tell that at their first glance. He got up in a dazed sort of a way and offered her the solitary chair.

"No—many thanks. I did not come to stay, only to see if—if you have anything very small. A bit of print to fill up a corner, you know."

She glanced around as she spoke, and George's eyes followed hers.

No, there was nothing very small in the room. He inwardly cursed himself for having wasted so many days on large canvases when something small would have filled the bill completely.

She noted his perplexity and hastened to relieve it.

"After seeing that pretty trout brook"—pointing to a fairly good picture in the window—"I think it would be difficult to suit me with anything else, though I am not provided to-day with the sum at which you doubtless value it."

"I have had no sales, and I do not value it at all," he said, a little bitterly. "It can go for whatever one would choose to give."

"Well, you see"—with a confidential air that was very charming—"I am all out of funds to-day, but if you would save it for me, or if you would take a payment now and the rest to-morrow, I should be very grateful, for my heart is set on that picture, and I must have it."

She opened her purse and showed its contents to him. He could not tell whether his eyes were playing him false or not, yet surely those were crisp, new notes, the like of which he had not seen for many a day.

"Just eleven dollars, and the nickel," she continued, laughing. "Now if you would trust me for the rest—"

"The picture is not worth more than ten dollars; you have more than enough for it," he said, with a little smile of joy at this unexpected piece of fortune.

Ethel looked at him pityingly.

"Don't think I am telling you this simply to get the picture for so little," she said, coloring.

"By no means; I believe you. Do not think so badly of me as to—only, you see, I have never sold one since I've been here, and this sale is a godsend to me."

His voice trembled for a moment, but he soon controlled it and went on. "And I am so ill-bred as to bore you with my troubles. Pray forgive me. If you will let me know the address I'll have it sent this afternoon."

Ethel hesitated for an instant. She did not like to take the picture at that price, yet he insisted, and she saw that it would pain him to offer more. So she gave him the address and went away, promising to call again.

The next morning, quite early, a gentleman called at the studio, a stout, burly person, with iron-gray whiskers and mustache. He had not the appearance of a connoisseur, but one or two remarks which he made concerning the merits and demerits of the pictures gave the young artist a new veneration for the judgment and taste of Chicago merchants.

"My daughter wants something in this line—yes, that birch grove's just the thing. Good color, and shadows not too deep. What's the price?"

George had the courage to place its true value upon it. The old gentleman eyed him keenly, nodded acquiescence, drew forth his pocketbook and counted out the money, all the while murmuring inwardly:

"Why, that's five times as much as

Ethel paid, and the picture's no bigger, either. Talk of artists not being sharp business men; why, they'd stick a Jew any day."

With the firm conviction that he had been "stuck," Mr. Harbridge carried the landscape home, and delivered it to Ethel.

"You know I am only too glad to help the worthy poor," he said; "but I guess we've done our duty in this case, Ethel. We won't buy any more pictures for a while, so don't hunt up any more poor artists."

As Mr. Harbridge could not be prevailed upon to purchase again, Ethel interested some of her friends in Ellison. The consequence was that the dingy studio gradually began to brighten with little comforts and luxuries which he had never been able to afford before. George himself began to have a fresher, less pinched appearance, and worked away with greater energy than ever. One day he was bold enough to say:

"I would not care to paint landscapes forever; but a portrait painter, you know, finds it very difficult to get a start; and if one paints ideal heads and faces, one must have a model."

Ethel laughed aloud.

"Do you know," she said, confidentially, "that Mrs. Colby once remarked in a joke that—that if I hadn't anything better to do I might make my living by loaning out my head—you know the hair is the color Titian used to paint."

"If you would only give me one or two sittings," he pleaded, "I should be so grateful. But I should not ask—it would be too much."

"No, it wouldn't," she answered, determinedly; so after a little discussion it was arranged that she should come there the next day and pose for a Madonna, or whatever he chose to make of her.

Mrs. Colby protested against the sittings, but to no purpose, and then interviewed Mr. Harbridge on the subject.

"I tell you what, Ellen," said her father, with a wisdom that nineteen years, acquaintance with Ethel had imbued him with, "if we run contrary to her wishes in this direction, sure as fate she'd run against mine from sheer obstinacy by falling in love with and marrying this Ellison."

"And that's the very thing I'm afraid will happen."

"Oh, never you fear about that. It takes opposition to make people marry poor artists, and Ethel hasn't been crossed in this whim yet."

Nothing further was said, but Mrs. Colby's fears were by no means allayed.

The sittings went on, and the Madonna progressed rapidly. At length it was finished. The artist, though far from being egotistical, could see for himself how immensely superior it was to his landscapes.

He was standing beside Ethel at a little distance from it, silently noting its wonderful beauty.

"I could not have painted it so well had it not been for your kindness," he said, at last, in reply to a compliment which she hesitatingly gave. "But my opportunities are over. You are going away, and even if you were not I could not trespass on your patience for sittings for another picture."

"But there are plenty of models to be had," she said, with a gleam of mischief in her eye.

"Not—" he began, and stopped abruptly.

"Not in Chicago," laughed Ethel. "Go on and finish, Mr. Ellison; I can anticipate the rest, for I overheard a remark which you once made about the lack of female beauty in this city."

He flushed hotly; but a glance at her face reassured him. Something in her manner, also, gave him a desperate courage, at which he himself was much amazed when he recollected afterward all the occurrences of that afternoon.

"But you have shown me my mistake," he said, coming a little closer. "There is one beautiful woman here; but only one. What would I not give to possess her?"

"Well, what would you?" she asked, coquettishly, with a smile that showed him what the answer would be to the question, should he ask it. But it never came.

There was only a little cry of joy, some smothered exclamation, the sound which has always been supposed to be peculiar to turtle doves, but which has been infringed and improved upon by the human species, and then the Madonna on the handsome easel looked complacently down and saw her living prototype gathered into the artist's arms.—Chicago Ledger.

Dining in Persia.

Persian dinners are always preceded by pipes (hubble-bubbles), while tea and sweets are handed around. Then servants bring in a long leathern sheet and place it on the ground; the guests take their seats around it, squatting on the ground. A flat loaf of bread is placed before each mah. Music plays. The dinner is brought in on trays and placed on the ground on the leathern sheet; the covers are removed; the host says "Bismillah" ("in the name of God"), and in silence all fall to with their fingers.

A Secret of the Sanctum.

The New York Graphic has begun a religious department. The swearing of the religious editor when he can't make out the writing of the clerical correspondents is so horrible that the sporting editor, who occupies the next room, threatens to resign.—Detroit Free Press.

It is better to ride on an ass that carries you than a horse that throws you.

Seventy-one Below Zero.

Seventy-one degrees below zero means one hundred and three degrees below the freezing point.

It was in the arctic regions, not far from Back's Great Fish River, when the author was conducting a homeward sledge journey to Hudson's Bay in the depth of an arctic winter—November, December, January, February, and March—that he experienced it. Severe weather—that is, intensely cold—had set in just before Christmas in 1879, the thermometer sinking down to 65 degrees below zero, and never getting above 60 degrees below, and we were having a very hard time with our sleighing along the river, our camps at night almost in sight of those we had left in the morning, so close were they together and so slowly did we labor along. Reindeer, on which we were relying for our daily supply of food, were not found near the river, and being seen some ten or fifteen miles back from it, I determined to leave its bed and strike straight for home in Hudson's Bay.

We had been gone two or three days, and as we ascended the higher levels, the thermometer commenced lowering, and on the 2d of January, 1880, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, reached seventy-one degrees below zero, the coldest we experienced on our sledge journey of nearly a year in length, and the coldest ever encountered by white men traveling out of doors; for that day we moved camp some ten or twelve miles to the southeastward. The day was not at all disagreeable, I must say, until long toward the dreary night, when a slight zephyr, the merest kind of motion of the leaves on a tree, or even sufficient to cool the face on a warm day, sprang up from the southward, and slight and insignificant as it was, it cut to the bone every part of the body that was exposed, and which fortunately was only the face from the eyebrows to the chin and about half of the cheeks. We turned our backs toward it as much as possible, and especially after we had got into camp and got to work building our snow houses and digging through the thick ice of the lake for fresh water, and so lazily did our breath that congealed into miniature clouds float away to the northward, like the little light cirrus clouds of a summer sky, that we knew well enough how terribly cold it must be without looking at the thermometer that stood at 71 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

It is not so much the intensity of the cold, expressed in degrees, on the thermometer, that determines the disagreeableness of arctic winter weather as it is the force and relative direction of the wind. I have found it far pleasanter with the thermometer at 50, 60, or even 70 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, with little or no wind blowing at the time, than to face a rather stiff breeze when the little tell-tale showed 50 degrees warmer temperature. Even an arctic acclimated white man facing a good, strong wind, at 20 or 25 degrees below zero, is almost sure to find the wind freeze the nose and cheeks, and the thermometer does not have to sink over 4 or 5 degrees to induce the Eskimos themselves to keep within their snug snow houses under the same circumstances, unless want or famine demands their presence in the storm. With plenty in the larder for all the months, brute and human, none of them venture out in such weather.—Lieut. Schwatka.

Mammondoxy.

What is my opinion of Mammondoxy? You cannot worship God and Mammon, says Holy Writ, and to those who have seen the efforts of those who had their doubts about the truth of the statement, it is hardly necessary for us to say that the doctrine is warranted not to fade. Mammondoxy is the doxy of so many, that it can scarcely be called heterodoxy, nor is it any nearer orthodoxy. It is a hybrid doctrine which teaches that the capital G must be taken from the name of God, to be used in spelling gold. It thrives in churches, and puts its imprint on the swell preacher and his fashionable congregation. It changes the freescold text, "God is Love," to "God is Cash," it hands the gilded sinner into a gilded pew, and leaves the poor widow to perish. Outside of the church it teaches that wealth is worth. Fashion is its most faithful devotee and society accepts its tenets without a question. Marriages are celebrated according to the rites it imposes, and the children are born and christened in its faith. Politics is swayed by its dogmas, and legislatures and courts are held in its thrall. The rich and the poor acknowledge its rule and the houses of the living and the tombs of the dead bear testimony to its mighty influence. From the earliest times to the present, Mammondoxy has found a place among all religions and has never failed to set its pennant in the fore. There are religions of head and there are religions of heart, but this one drops a degree, and is a religion of the pocketbook. Its creed is written on bank checks, and its church papers are certificates of stock. It has no limit but the grave, and there its glory and its power stop short. "Shroud have no pockets." The worm is no respecter of persons. Decay has no favorites. Mammondoxy serves the body only in life. It recognizes no soul. Beyond the grave it cannot reach. Death is death to all its teachings, and in his last bitter hours, man finds that the god he had made more than God has deserted him.—Mrs. Brown, in Merchant Traveler.

Not Tired.

Deacon—Boys! boys! you shouldn't play marbles to-day. Sunday's a day of rest, you know.

Spokesman—Yes, sir, we know it; but we ain't tired, sir.—Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR.

EVEN a heavy-built man can be light-hearted.—Barbers' Gazette.

WHEN the devil pays his debts does he shoul out?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE mosquito always files his bill before he puts in his claim.—New York Journal.

STRANGE to say, lacquer work keeps many people busy in Japan.—Boston Bulletin.

APPLES are the youth, new cider the middle age, and vinegar the old age of humanity.—Whitehall Times.

"PAPA, why do the little pigs get so much milk?" "Because we want them to make hogs of themselves."—Beacon.

THAT was a very conscientious humorist who broke off an engagement because his girl had chestnut hair.—The Hatchet.

"THE first gray hair!" Ah, yes; what emotions the sight of it stirs up—especially when you happen to find it in the gray.

THEY've changed the word a little, And Sheol's now the name, But if you lead a wicked life, You'll catch it just the same.—Merchant Traveler.

THEY say the bustle is to be very pronounced again. Only now you must pronounce it "fourneur."—Oil City Derrick.

THE Italians believe that maternity robs a woman of her voice. This is a barren consolation to a man without children. We long, oh, we long for an heir.—St. Paul Herald.

THE Chinese have a proverb that every man who rules himself is a king. Royal blood is not scarce in this country if every woman who rules her husband is a queen.—Chicago Ledger.

"ONLY one man in one thousand can whistle," say a writer. It is different with boys. About one thousand boys in a hundred can whistle. And the worst of it is, they don't conceal the fact from the public.—Norristown Herald.

"You are the only one I love," said a young girl to her lover. "Sorry to hear it," he replied. "Why?" "Nothing, only I would rather at the present time take my chances on a divorce than a breach of promise case."—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

"WHAT are little boys made of, mamma?" asked a Brooklyn toddler. "Dust, my child." "Dust, mamma?" "Yes, darling." "Well, I guess that's what makes 'em like to muck in the ash barrels so much. Aint it, mamma?"—New York Journal.

IN Scotland the violin is regarded by many people as the devil's instrument. No religious family will have a violin in the house. The great need of this country at the present time, it seems to us, is a little of the kind of religion they have in Scotland.—Boston Courier.

THIRTEEN MILLIONS is what we pay annually for Postmasters and their clerks. With what eager pride and exultation must these figures be read by the hundreds who preside over the destinies of village postoffices at a princely salary of \$100 per annum.—Texas Siftings.

A BOSTON surgeon successfully amputated the ulcerated tail of a Bengal tigress. When asked where he got the skill and nerve necessary to perform so dangerous an operation, he said, "Oh, this is nothing! I used to extract teeth for my mother-in-law!"—Newman Independent.

"You don't drink?" "No, sir." "Not even beer?" "No, sir; I never drink a drop of anything that can intoxicate." "Never?" "Never." "Then do you know what I'd do if I was in your fix?" "No. What?" "I'd get my nose enameled to prevent people from wasting politeness on me?"—Chicago Ledger.

THE FUNNY MAN.

Over a joke that was a trifle and worn The Funny Man leaned, with a look forlorn. His garments were shabby, and soiled, and patched, And bad was his head where he often scratched As he tried to evolve a chunk of wit, Or a verse or jest that would make a hit; And he slowly said, as he glanced about: "It's a chestnut old, but I'll grind it out!" "A column of jokes is my daily task, And who is the author I never ask; For source or credit I care not at all— I call them my own, though it takes some gall— And I twist them around, and change the names, And resort to a score of little games, 'Till my qualms of conscience are put to rout, As day after day I grind the jokes out." The Funny Man paused, his pencil to whet, When the boss yelled in: "Ain't they ready yet?" And the F. M. turned, with a mocking grin, While a cold wind blew through his whiskers thin. And these were the words he in turn did shout: "I'm grinding them out! I'm grinding them out!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

What Makes Calamity of Life.

When a long-suffering fisherman accidentally and unexpectedly finds a big trout has actually grabbed his hook and shows fight and darts around and pitches and cavorts, and lashes the water, and bends the pole almost double, and you brace yourself for the great occasion with hope in your eye and your heart in your mouth, and begin to draw him in and up and out, and just at the inexpressible moment of success and triumph he gives a flirt and falls back—oh, what a fall was that, my countrymen! What goodness, what helplessness, what crushing, subduing feelings come over a man. He couldn't smile if he was going to be hung if he didn't. It is worse than to have a cow die, or to be left by the train. I have experienced that, and gone home as humble as a wet dog. It is a \$10 grief over the loss of a half dollar fish.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

THERE is a steady tendency to the style of dress of fifty years ago.