

OUR STORY PAGE.

Tim's Kit.

It surprised the shiners and news-boys around the post-office the other day to see "Limpy Tom" come around them in a quiet way, and hear him say:

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillings."

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."

"Going on a 'seourtion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down the money, and said:

"I guess I kin write if you'll give me a pencil."

With slow moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you may not have seen it. He wrote:

"Died—Litul Ted, of scarlet fever, aged three years; funeral to-morrow, gone up to Hevin; left one bruther."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered and he pointed to the notice on the counter, and gasped: "I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b—but he had his arms around my neck when he d—died!"

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys; they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a bare-footed boy left the kit on the door-step, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted urchins.

His "Little Feller."

"I happened to be down in my cellar the other morning when the ashman came around to collect the ashes," said a gentleman who resides in Second Avenue, to a Detroit Free Press representative. "I was opening a barrel of great red apples at the time, and when the big, dust-covered and necessarily untidy man came back with the emp-

ty ash barrel I picked up an apple and held it out toward him, saying as I did so:

"Won't you have an apple?"

He took it eagerly, saying as he did so:

"Thank ye, sir; I've a little feller at home who'll be tickled to death to git it. I most always find something or other in the ash barrels to carry home to 'im at night, but it ain't often I get anything equal to this big apple. I tell ye the little feller's eyes will shine when he sees it."

"I don't know how many times that day my thoughts were of that big, rough-handed fellow, with that apple put away so carefully in his pocket for that 'little feller'."

"When evening came I thought of the 'little feller' who was on the outlook for the big, dust-covered father, with the calloused and soiled hands, but with the true heart and the kindly word that made him a king in the eyes of that 'little feller'."

"It must have been a very poor and humble home to which the man went at the close of his weary day, but then there was the 'little feller's' presence to make beautiful even the bare walls and floors and to bring the love light to his father's eyes and joy to his father's heart."

"These 'little fellers' glorify and beautify many a home in which poverty abides. But human affections can sweetly and patiently endure toil and rags and poverty when there is a 'little feller' to meet and greet the father when the long day is done."

Seeing the Point.

A boy returned from school one day with the report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Son," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of dime novels scattered about the house; but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half-full of chips."

Suspecting nothing the boy obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When the apples were replaced, the boy said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course you can't put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you've been the past month filling it up with chipdirt—dime novels."

The boy turned on his heel, whistled, and said: "Whew! I see the point."

Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that day to this.

I know a Thing or Two.

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, and I am afraid they gamble. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid for me, father," replied the boy, laughingly; "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the 'old man's notions.'

A few years later, and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for some crime in which he had been concerned.

Before he was sentenced he addressed the court and said, among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back upon my home, temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas and hurried me into ruin."

A little fellow, upon hearing his aunt say that the sermon was one of the best that the pastor had ever preached, remarked, "Why, aunt Emma, it seems to me that you say that every Sunday." Happy pastor who has such hearers! What did you say about your pastor's sermon last Sunday?—*Baptist Union*.