

## Our Story Page.

### Ben's Room.

"What a hideous green you are putting in that tidy," said Belle to her very best friend, as they sat talking over their fancy work.

"I know it," said Kate good-humorously. "You see I bought it one night, and began to work on it by lamplight, and thought it looked pretty well. But some colors are so changeable; it looks frightful by daylight. I only know one thing I can do with it—I'll give it to Ben."

"Why—will he like it?"

"O I don't know; I guess so. It'll help him make out for Christmas, and do well enough for his room. We stuff everything there." And Kate gave a little short laugh.

"Why," said the girl, and her fingers stopped in their busy motion. "I'd just as soon think of putting anything ugly into the parlor as into Brother Frank's room; he is so choice of it."

"O well, boys are different," stammered Kate.

"You must all do something to try to keep Ben at home these evenings," said her father one day. "I don't like the way he is spending his time."

And Kate, as she heard the words, wondered what she could do.

That afternoon there was a great overhauling of furniture upstairs, and by supper time quite a transformation had taken place in Ben's room. There were pretty bright chromos and one or two choice engravings on the wall, hitherto bare; dainty white mats on the bureau, fresh muslin curtains draped back from the window, and everything as inviting as thoughtful hands could make it.

"Now," she said, "I wonder if he'll notice it."

"Have you a headache, Ben?" she asked, as she passed his door that evening and saw him sitting with his head bowed upon his hands.

"O no," he answered, "only thinking of going down town, but it looks so pleasant and homelike up here, I guess I'll stay."

And he did stay; it was not the last time, either. By-and-by he began to invite some of 'the fellows' to come and

see him at the house, and with great satisfaction would ask them to 'step up' to his room. Was it strange that from these little gatherings more than one went away feeling that it was a good thing to have a home, and to be worthy of it?—Philadelphia Call.

### Giving the Tiger a Bath.

When Pezon, the lion-tamer, was at Moscow with his menagerie, he had occasion to employ a moujik, a fine specimen of a Cossack, to clean out the cages of the wild beasts. The Cossack did not understand a word of French, and the terms of contract were settled in dumb show. By way of instructing him in his new duties, Pezon went through a sort of pantomime with the broom, sponge and water-bucket. The moujik watched him closely, and appeared fully to understand the details of the lesson given. Next morning, armed with a broom, a bucket, and a sponge, he opened the first cage he came to, and quietly stepped in, as he had seen his master on the previous day step into two cages of harmless brutes; but this one happened to be tenanted by a splendid, but untamed, tiger that lay stretched on the floor fast asleep. At the noise made by opening and closing the door, the creature raised his head, and turned his green eyes full on the man, who, all unconscious of his danger, stood in a corner dipping his big sponge into the bucket. At that moment Pezon came out of his caravan, and was struck dumb by the terrible sight that met his gaze. What could he do to warn the man of his danger? A sound, movement, on his part might enrage the great beast, and hasten its attack on the defenseless Cossack. So Pezon stood awaiting developments, ready to rush to the scene when the crisis came. The moujik, sponge in hand, coolly approached the tiger, and made ready to rub him down with the stolidity of a military boot-jack polishing his captain's boots. The sudden application of cold water to its hide evidently produced a very agreeable effect on the tiger, for it began to purr, stretched out its paws, rolled over on its back, and complacently offered every part of its body to the vigorous treatment of the moujik, who went on scrubbing with might and main.

All the while Pezon stood there with his eyes wide open, and as if nailed to the spot. When he had finished his job the Cossack left the cage as quietly as he had entered it; and it required the most energetic and expressive gestures on the part of the lion-tamer to prevent his repeating his experiment on a second wild beast.—The Million.

### He was a Gentleman.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street where some boys were playing at baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball.

His companions very good-naturedly tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one at last,—"you can't run, you know."

"O hush!" said another—the tallest in the party; "never mind, I'll run for him," and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman. "No," answered the boy, "the pain's in me."

—Indianapolis Journal.

"Say to-morrow," said the devil to a man who was wrestling with a call to duty. And then he whispered to himself: "I've worked that for six thousand years and nobody has seen a to-morrow yet. What does these mortals be."—Bible Reader.