

BABY'S PIGS.

Ten little pigs that grow and thrive,
Rosy and plump and clean;
Two little pens, each holding five,
And the owner is Baby Gene.
They wriggle about, and root and dig,
And push again and again.
Till at last we find one dear little pig
Is out of the little red pen.

Baby Gene is a little old man,
Bald and serious, too,
He looks to the pigs whenever he can,
But he has a great deal to do.
And this little pig says he'll get some corn,
And the next one cries, "O where?"
And the little one says, "In Granpa's barn?"
And the great one knows it's there.

Four pearly grains he can
plainly see;
Have them he must and
will;
He strains and struggles—but
"quee-quee-quee"
He can't get over the sill!
So he's given it up, and off he
goes,
(With Grandfather Gene be-
fore),
Snubbing and rubbing his little
bare nose
On the way to the pantry
door.

You queer little pig, you're ever
so bold,
But it never, never will do!
The great wide world would be
cruel and cold
To a little pink mite like you.
Mamma must bring her needle
and yarn
And build up the fence again,
For the five little pigs would be
quite forlorn
Outside of the little red pen.

—Eudora S. Bumstead, in *Youth's Companion*.

DR. FAIRMAN.

As Dr. Fairman was crossing the network of tracks beyond the Central station, his attention was arrested by the tall, athletic figure of a young man engaged in unloading some freight-cars. He was two or three and twenty, perhaps, with heavy jaws, a suspiciously red face, and closely cropped yellow hair.

Dr. Fairman experienced a slight feeling of envy, as the young fellow hoisted the heavy boxes from the car to the dray with little apparent effort, every motion of his body betraying, to the experienced eye of the surgeon, its suppleness and vigor. He passed on with a half sigh, for his intense spirit had fashioned itself a refined and delicate body, never quite ready to respond to the intelligence within, and for a moment he coveted the perfect physical equipment of the young laborer.

His carriage waited for him in a side street, and he had just entered it when his name was shouted from the direction of the railway station, and a man came running toward him. "Hello, doctor!" he cried. "Come back! There's a man crushed out here!"

He sprang from the carriage and hastily retraced his steps. Some instinct warned him that the victim was the young athlete. It was even so. The man had slipped and fallen backward from the car, a heavy box had crushed him, and he lay bleeding profusely and unconscious.

Under Dr. Fairman's supervision, he was removed to his cottage home, where for weeks he hovered between life and death, cared for assiduously by the most distinguished surgeon in the city. Day after day, and often in the night, the doctor's carriage stood at the humble door, while he battled with death for the life within.

After weeks of agony and months of weakness, Sam Barker crept slowly back to health and strength. Before the accident he had been a dissipated rowdy, earning fair wages, but always out of funds before

pay-day. There was not much of him but brawn and bone, and a kind of dogged honesty which gained for him the reputation of being "square" among his boon companions.

Goodness is contagious, and Dr. Fairman was filled with moral sanative power. While he healed the wounds of the body, he probed the soul of this man, if haply he might touch some responsive chord.

His intuitions were so keen that he was rarely at fault even with complex natures; with subtle delicacy, as fine as the touch of his hand was light, he struck the one sound fibre in Sam's nature so gently, so truly, that the work of moral restoration was done

about the expense, and I asked him how long I should have to lay by.

"A year, Sam," he said.
"But I can't," I said. "I haven't cost father a cent before, since I was fifteen. Do try and hurry me up, doctor!"

"You see I thought he could do anything he wanted to. He gave me one of his long, keen looks, and said, 'Had you no money when you were injured?'"

"Not a cent," says I.
"A big, strong fellow like you must have earned good wages. What did you do with your money?"

"Spent it," I says, "like other fellows."
"Had you any debts?"

books, cases full all along the walls, and pictures and busts. But that pale man was worth all the rest.

"Sit down, Sam," he said, "and tell me about yourself."

"So I told about my place and the wages and asked for his bill."

"I shall charge you three hundred dollars, Sam. Of course you cannot pay at once, but you can spare ten dollars a month, can't you?"

"Easy," says I. "But it will be over two years before you get your pay at that rate. I'll better it and pay twice ten."

"He thought a minute and shook his head. 'No, ten is enough. Bring it to me on the first day of the month at this hour. I want to keep an eye on you for a while to see that you don't overwork.'"

"He shook hands with me as he did every month for two years and a half. Rain or shine I never missed the hour. He would make me sit down and tell how I got along and what I was doing out of work-hours, although he was such a great doctor that every minute was worth a mint of money. He looked so pleased when I told him I was learning book-keeping, that I took to reading evenings, more to have it to tell him than because I cared about it. It was a great thing to see him smile; he didn't very often, and I never heard him laugh.

"When I begun work, I wanted to drink awfully,—I felt so weak and shiftless,—but I was afraid I should get drunk and spend my money and cheat the doctor. If I could have paid in a lump and been free, I should have gone to the bow-wows. Hundreds of times I wanted to go off with the boys and have a lark; but I durst not, and I got in the way of skipping most things that's bad. I'd just say to myself; 'It's all right, doctor,' and I could shunt any kind of deviltry.

"Well, the last month came and I went to the office clean down-hearted. It just broke my heart to cut loose from the doctor. I really thought the ground must be glad because his shadow fell on it.

"Here's the last of my debt," I said, as I gave him the money. "But the best luck that ever happened to me was getting smashed up."

"Why so?" he asked, as he took the bill in his thin, white fingers.

"I was a drunken fool before and now I'm a sober man. It wasn't the accident, either. It's you, Dr. Fairman. I can't do the things I used to. I see why you only took ten dollars a month. You wanted to make sure of me long enough to save me. Nobody but you would have thought of that way, or taken the trouble, either, and I ain't ashamed to say I got out my handkerchief right then and there.

"There came a light to his eyes and on his face a kind of sunshine good to see. He opened a drawer of his desk and took out a roll of bills to which he added the ten I had just given him, and thrust the money in my hand.

"There, Sam," he said, "is the three hundred dollars. Deposit it in the savings bank and add ten to it every month. You have proved that you are a man. Good-night."

"He gently hustled me out, and before I had fairly taken it in I was on the street.

"I put the money in the bank because he told me to and I add ten to it every month to honor his memory, for I saw him for the last time that night. He died suddenly at Easter and the whole city mourned for him, for there isn't a street where you can't hear just such stories of his wise and wonderful goodness.—Lucy L. Stout."



BABY'S PIGS.

before the patient was aware of a beginning. Sam shall tell how Dr. Fairman made a man of him.

"The first thing I sensed after the accident was Dr. Fairman, and I just caught his face for a minute. You didn't know him? There never was a face like his, so gentle and still, like a deep lake. Dark blue eyes that looked through you; didn't stab, you know—just saw. He never talked much, but somehow only to see him was company. No use to try to tell what he did for me, over and above what he was bound to do as a doctor. 'Twas just everything!"

"When I begun to mend, I worried

"No sir," I said, squarely. "I don't spend money till I earn it."

"He sat quite still a while, thinking. Then he said, 'Sam, you must make up your mind to be idle a year, if you are to be of any use in the world afterward. As an honest man, you should have saved something for this disaster. But never mind now; our present business is to let nature make a sound man of you again.'"

"The year was fully up before I earned a cent. Then I got a place as switchman, and went round to Dr. Fairman's office for his bill.

"How well I remember that office! Two large rooms in the old Cass mansion; nice chairs and sofas and carpets; books,

just given him, and thrust the money in my hand.