

••• LITTLE FOLKS •••

Piggy Jack.

(By Mary E. Murray, in 'Early Days.')

'I'd like to keep one, but they must all go to pay the rent.' Poor widow Curtis sighed as she drove her eight little brown pigs to market. But Jacky, the cleverest of them, had no wish to leave his comfortable home, and while his mistress was busy with his tiresome brothers, he slipped away without being missed, and galloped back as

never been made to cover a little brown pig; but it suited Jacky well, and he grunted with joy as he rocked from side to side. At last he fell asleep, and there he stayed snugly amongst the pillows till late in the afternoon.

'My dear,' said the farmer to his wife as he came in to tea, 'the baby seemed to be sleeping very heavily as I passed through the garden.'

'In the garden? What do you mean?' she asked. 'Baby's been indoors all the afternoon.' And

woman came up the road. She had not missed Jacky until she had nearly reached the market, so she had sold the others, and come back to find him. 'Look at him, cunning little chap! He knows where he's well off, doesn't he?'

'Come in and have a cup of tea with us,' the farmer's wife said. 'I've been wanting to see you, for I've had a letter from my nephew in Australia to-day, and he sent a little remembrance for you in it.' And she slipped a bright half-sovereign into the widow's hand.

The poor old woman's face glowed with joy. 'God bless his kind heart!' she said. 'I needn't sell my little pig now.'

'Nay, you mustn't sell him yet,' said the farmer heartily. 'I've a sack or two of damaged corn, and one of the lads shall carry it down for you to fatten him with.' And as the widow thanked him warmly, Jacky got out of the cradle, and squealed with anticipation and hunger, as if he felt that he, too, must show gratitude.

What Bessie Found Out.

(By S. Jennie Smith, in 'Sunday-School Times.')

'Ting-ling-a-ling! Ting-aling!' said the bell at the front door, and Bessie jumped from the breakfast table and went out to see who was calling there so early in the morning.

It's a telegram, mamma, she cried excitedly, as she came back to the dining-room, 'and the man wants you to sign the book, and— Oh my, I wonder who could have sent it!'

Mrs. Royse looked anxious. We always do, I think, when telegrams come to us.

'It's from John,' she said to her husband, when she had read it. 'Sister Mary is very ill, and wants to see me.'

'Then you had better go at once,' returned Mr. Royse.

'I suppose so. But I wonder if things will be all right here.'

'Of course. Why shouldn't they be? The girl is able to take care of the house, and, as for Bessie, she isn't a baby any longer,—are you, dear?'

'Indeed I am not,' Bessie declared emphatically. 'I am nine years old this very month.'

'Then you think you can take



nimbly as his fat little legs would carry him.

Halfway home he stopped at a farmyard, and had a good meal of the bran which had been thrown out for the hens, and then he trotted into the front garden to see what he could find there. The baby's cradle was on the grass in the sunshine, so Master Jacky scrambled into it. It was warm and soft, and the dainty white quilt had

she went to the cradle, and peeped to see what it was that snored so loudly.

Her coming wakened Jacky, and he winked sleepily at her with his head still on the pillow, and she laughed so much that the farmer came out to see what was the matter.

'Hallo, Mrs. Curtis! do you know where your brown pig is?' he cried out as the poor, tired, old