

THE LITTLE FOLK.

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE.

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward too; But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do, Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother my head, "If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name). And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" A hundred times, till I knew The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two. Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud, Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud! But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell it you can," For I thought of my doll and—sakes alive!—I answered: "Mary Ann!" —St. Nicholas.

HOW MR. AND MRS. JACK FROST KEPT HOUSE.

"One—two—three—go! That is what you must say, and jump right out of bed the minute I call you in the morning," said Rob.

Marjorie heeded, and that is how the two children came to be running over the crust of snow and climbing the hill so early in the morning.

"Hurrah!" shouted Rob, as they reached the top, "we beat the old sun this time. Isn't this grand?" and away they went on their sleds down the hill, Rob shouting to add



to the fun, and Marjorie a little frightened by the rapid descent. Up they climbed for another ride, and met the sun just appearing over the mountains. He covered the snow and icy trees with such sparkling beauty that the children clapped their hands in delight, and Rob said, "Jack Frost made some bright pictures last night."

"Yes," said Marjorie, "Jack Frost and his whole family must have worked all night. I wish Jack's family would come and live in our house; it does not look very bright there now-a-days. I guess baby bothers mamma so much he is spoiling her disposition, as Jim Green spoils Nettie's by teasing her so much, as papa says. I most wish he hadn't come. He just cries all the time, and makes mamma nervous; and he takes so much time that things never get done. Mamma did not use to be so cross; she used to say, 'Be my good, happy children, and help to keep a bright home for papa.'"

"Say, Marjorie, let's try it. I'll be Jack Frost, and you be Mrs. Jack Frost for to-day. We will see if we can not make mamma more like she used to be. We always have to help, of course, but to day let's not say, 'Oh, dear,' when she asks us."

"Yes I'll try, if I don't forget."

After breakfast and family worship, Mrs. Kingsley took baby upstairs for the morning nap, saying, as she left the room, "Children I wish you would put the food away, and scrap up the dishes."

"Now, Mrs. Frost," said Rob, "let's us make things hum, and see if we can get this all done before she come back."

"We'll s'prise her; I'll wash and you wipe. Be careful, Jack; do not break anything," as Rob ran to the pantry with a bread plate in one hand and a milk pitcher in the other.

"Now, say, Mrs. Frost, we must work softly, as we do

when we are making frost pictures on the windows; let us run on tip-toe."

"Yes. See how this glass sparkles," holding out one she had just rinsed.

"Very good, Mrs. Frost, everything Jack Frost touches must shine, you know. It is fun to wipe the glasses when I try to make them shine."

"Now, that is done. I will take my little broom and sweep around the stove."

"I'll peel the potatoes for dinner."

"Why, Jack Frost, I thought you hated to peel potatoes."

"I'll play they are wild animals, and I am making them white with frost."

"Let us play that these chairs are trees; see how the frost glistens on them!" and Marjorie used her dust cloth vigorously.

At last baby was asleep, and Mrs. Kingsley came back, looking tired and worried; saying with a sigh:

"Only half an hour to dinner time, and nothing done." Then, looking around, "Why what does this mean? Who has been here?"

"We did it, mamma," laughed the children, "to make you happy."

"Bless your dear hearts; I would not have thought you could do it so well."

At dinner, Mr. Kingsley gave a loving touch to the happy little face beside him, and asked:

"Do you know any little woman who would like a sleigh-ride to-day?"

"Yes, papa," answered Marjorie, promptly, "she has not had a ride this winter, and she is my little mamma."

"Good for you my girlie. Will you go 'little mamma'?"

"I would not steal Marjorie's ride for anything; and I could not leave my work."

"Yes, do go," said both children, "we will do the dishes and keep house," and papa said he was sure baby needed fresh air; so Mrs. Kingsley accepted the opportunity for a rest and a change.

Baby enjoyed it, and came home laughing and crowing, and mamma looked so fresh the children said to each other:

"This is like old times. Mamma is pretty and happy, and we helped to make her so. Let us be Mr. and Mrs. Jack Frost right along."

BOBBIE'S WOLF.

"What was the text to-day, Bobbie?" asked Aunt Kate

"I hope you don't expect a little chap like Bob to remember or understand the text we had to-day?" laughed Bobbie's father.

"'Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves'" repeated Antie.

"There isn't any wolves in this city," said Bobbie, complacently.

"Oh yes, there are," said mamma, as she took him in her lap and explained the meaning of the words as well as she could.

But Bobbie was restless. He asked whether wolves, when they dressed up like sheep, said "B-a-a!" Even mamma was afraid that Bobbie would get little help from his lesson.

It was three o'clock that afternoon when Bobbie, on the corner, listened to John Walker while he coaxed:

"It's just a little way from here; and I shouldn't think your mother would be afraid to have a big boy like you go down there, specially with n.; and it's a great deal warmer there because it's on the sunny side of the street. I do believe if your mother was here she would want you to go, so as to get out of this ugly east wind."

Bobbie looked curiously at John Walker. At last he spoke: "You're a wolf, Johnnie Walker! As true as you live, you're a wolf."

"Don't you go calling me names!" said John, his face growing red.

"But I can't help it, you see, because it's in the Bible. Our Lord said, 'Beware of 'em'; that means, take care that you don't do a thing they say, because they are only makin' believe to be good. You're makin' believe my mamma wants me to go down to Court Street, when she told me not to go; and I know you're a wolf, because mamma told me about it this morning."

I think Bobbie understood the text pretty well, don't you?