

LITTLE FOLKS

Chuckie Wuckie.

The first thing everybody says when meeting Chuckie Wuckie is, 'Why, what a funny name! Who gave it to you?'

And Chuckie Wuckie always answers, 'My papa found it for me.'

'Why did he give it to you?' they ask.

'Because, he says, I look just like a Chuckie Wuckie.'

'But what is a Chuckie Wuckie?' everybody persists in asking.

'I don't know,' Chuckie Wuckie answers gravely. 'My papa says there isn't any other Chuckie Wuckie in the world—that he knows of, at least.'

One summer it grew very, very hot, and the doctor advised Chuckie Wuckie's mamma to take her up in the mountains where the air was cool. Papa could not go with them, because he had work to do at his office, so mamma and Chuckie Wuckie prepared to go alone.

'Dear, dear!' said Chuckie Wuckie, while she sat watching her mamma pack her trunk—'dear, dear! Poor papa will be so lonesome!'

'Yes, we do wish he could go with us.'

'He won't forget we love him just as much, will he, if he thinks we are having a good time where we are and he is working down in the dusty old city, all alone, where it is hot?'

'No, indeed,' said mamma; 'he won't ever forget we love him. We will write a long letter every day, and tell him everything we do.'

Mamma went on folding little frocks and petticoats, rolling stockings into little balls, and tucking wads of tissue paper about little hats. Chuckie Wuckie sat very quiet for a long time; then she said, 'Mamma, will you please show me how to print "I love you?"' You know I can make all the letters nicely, only I don't know how to put them together into any words, except "dog" and "cat" and my name.'

Mamma laughed. 'Of course, I will, dear,' she said. 'It is a very easy little sentence, and you can write it without any trouble.'

Chuckie Wuckie brought a pencil and paper; then mamma sat down beside her and printed 'I love you' in beautiful clear, big letters.

'Now, suppose I print it in French. Here it is: "Je t'aime," just as George would say it.'

Chuckie Wuckie went away to her own little desk in her own little room. For two hours, while mamma was packing and arranging things round the house, the little girl sat cutting out bits of paper and writing on them. Mamma was glad to have her busy, because she had so much to do.

Next morning they went away on an early train to the mountains, and with

Being Useful.

(J. E. C. F., in 'Chatterbox.')



'I CAN'T QUITE THREAD MY NEEDLE YET, THEY MAKE THE HOLE SO SMALL.'

I'm only quite a little girl,
But once was smaller still;
I used to cobble up my work,
And do it—oh, so ill!

And yet I always took such pains,
And thought I worked so well!
Perhaps you don't admire it yet,
Only you will not tell.

I can't quite thread my needle yet,
They make the hole so small;
Mother's the only one that can.
For Grannie can't at all.

And Father says he can't see how
We women ever can:
The needles have such little eyes—
But then he is a man!

I am but quite a little girl,
But I am useful too,

For mother says so: I know how
Quite many things to do.

The cradle I can rock, and sing,
And carry baby out
A little way, and then I let
Him creep and trot about.

The dinner I can help to set,
And put away the tea;
And many things there are to do,
Just fit for Tom and me.

Sometimes we play at sweeping up
And making all things neat;
We'd like to set the 'world' to rights,
And have it clean and sweet!

But people laugh when we say so,
And say, 'It can't be done,'
But Granny sighs, and says it might,
If 'each one mended one.'

the last hug and kiss which Chuckie Wuckie gave to her papa she whispered, 'You won't forget how much I love you?'

'Papa can never forget that,' said

her father, with a big laugh and a tight squeeze.

Then the choo-choo cars came along with their great noise, and papa was left on the platform waving to a little