

EDITED  
BY  
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# The Pansy.

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FOR  
BOYS AND GIRLS.

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## "THE OTHER ONE."

SOME folks has everything, and some folks has nothing."

This is precisely what the sour-faced little girl, Hannah Bancroft, thought as she stood in the doorway and saw Helen's mother bend over the bed and kiss her. Hannah was this favored Helen's little nurse-girl, who had not yet been in the house twelve hours, and was taking her first peep at Helen and Helen's room. She had never seen such a beautiful room before in her life! Lovely carpet, that looked as though somebody had been to the woods for mosses and ferns, and strewn them all over the room. Lovely paper on the wall, that on the stormiest winter days made the room look as though a golden sun was setting. Soft couches and easy-chairs, and a mantel filled with many pretty things. She thought of the one in which she had slept only two nights before; no carpet on the floor, no mantel at all, no chairs, only a wooden one with three legs, and part of the back broken off.

"I've something for my darling when she gets up," the mother said, bending over Helen. "A nice surprise."

"Mamma, you always have nice surprises," said the little girl with a low, happy laugh.

"This is the nicest one mamma has found in many a day," the mother said and she began to make preparations for the little girl to get up.

"Lazy thing!" said Hannah to herself. "Lying there and letting her mother hunt her shoes, and pick up her things. Why don't she bound out and wait on herself? She is just horrid; I know she is."

"Now, darling," said the mother, and she bent over the bed again, and to Hannah's great surprise lifted the slight little form in her arms and carried her to an easy-chair. Then Hannah saw that the poor little feet were much smaller than they ought to be, and that there was a bandage around one of them.

"Didn't you know that you were to be feet for my

little girl?" Mrs. Stevens said, speaking to Hannah, as she saw her startled face.

"Can't she walk at all?" was her dismayed answer.

"Not now," the mother said, gently; "she is going to some day, we hope. You may come in now."

"Mamma," she said, "I can go visiting now whenever I want to, can't I?" and that happy little laugh gurgled out; then almost in the same breath she said: "Mamma, what about the other one?"

"I don't know about that yet," the mother said. "I will leave you to plan for it."

"The other one," muttered Hannah. "What can she want of two?" The sullen look had come back.

"Don't you think my new carriage is lovely?" Helen ventured this to the gloomy-faced little girl.

"Yes'm," said Hannah absently; yes'm, I s'pose so."



"MAMMA, YOU ALWAYS HAVE NICE SURPRISES," SAID THE LITTLE GIRL.

"But you don't think you would like it as well as walking?"—this with the least bit of a sigh—"I like it very much, though; it is such a rest to me. I haven't walked a step in two years."

She expected to see the gloomy face change into one of surprise and pity; but Hannah said, speaking almost fiercely: "I know a boy who hasn't walked a step in five years."

"Oh dear me!" There was instant sympathy in Helen's voice. "Who is he? What is the matter with him? How old is he?"

"He's my brother," said Hannah in a gentler tone. "He is most twelve years old, but he is so little and



weak, you wouldn't think he was six. I can carry him just as easy! He had a very bad fall when he was seven, and he won't never walk again."

"Poor little fellow! And has he a wheeled chair, and a couch that can be raised and let down, and a sponge pillow when his head aches, and oh! I don't know; all sorts of nice things?"

"No," said Hannah, the sullen look coming back; "he ain't got nothing only a hard bed, and a chair with a cushion in, that mother made out of our old quilt."

"Then I have found the 'other one' already," said Helen joyfully.

"What?" said Hannah.

And Helen laughed.

"You don't know what I mean. Why, you see long ago, when papa and mamma began to get me so many things to help me bear my trouble, we planned it that there should always be two bought, and the other one should be given to somebody who needed it, and couldn't spare the money to get it. So I know there is another one of these lovely chairs, and your poor little brother shall be in it before night."

Sure enough, the widow Bancroft received, just at noon, the strangest-looking parcel! It could only by great coaxing be gotten up her narrow stairs. All the rest—what the pale little fellow who had not walked a step in five years thought, and felt, and said, when he found himself actually going across the room on wheels, and what the mother thought as the tears rolled down her cheeks, and what Hannah thought as she looked on and remembered her cross sentence: "Some folks has everything, and some folks has nothing,"—I will leave you to imagine.

But then, you must remember that in the morning she had not heard anything about "the other one."

## THE THREE LITTLE M'S.—PART II.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

FOR the first two or three moments, Mary was too frightened to think of anything but her heart-beats, which certainly, it seemed to her, must be heard a mile away.

"I wish"—thump, thump, thump,—*"I'd—been—good,"* at last she gasped out in a muffled sob. "Oh dear, dear! I want to go—home to—*father!*"

And with a low wail of despair, she flung herself, a little heap of woe, on an old potato bag, and shut her eyes tight.

A wise old rat peered out from behind a pile of corn, stopping his nibbling long enough to stare at her.

"That child has been doing something wrong," he nodded sagely to himself; and his little eyes gleamed. "I know the signs. Now I'm going to scare her."

Thereupon he rattled so suddenly among the dry kernels on the old floor that Mary shivered with fright.

"I shall be killed!" she cried, stuffing back her tears, to bound up into a sitting posture. "Oh, it's rats! and they'll eat me, every single speck of me, bones and all! Oh dear, dear, dear!"

With a wild fling of his hind legs, Mr. Rat flew across the little room from corner to corner, making such a noise that the little prisoner screamed in very terror.

"I—never—will—be—bad—again." And then over she tumbled in a swoon.

Meantime, the little shop was all astir with excitement because the youngest of the bunch hadn't come home.

"Pa," exclaimed Martha, the little housekeeper, who,

in her anxiety, had let all the bread burn to a cinder, "do, oh, do let me run down to Mrs. Smith's and see if she's there!"

"Oh, poor Mary!" cried Matilda, wringing her hands. "I know she's lost, and she never'll come home, never, as long as she lives!"

"For the land sakes!" exclaimed Mr. Poser, throwing a stubby pencil, with which he was vainly trying to cast up accounts, down on the well-worn counter, "you'll worry the life out of me, some of you will; an' then I



GOING TO FIND MARY.

shall be dead. There! reach me my hat an' stick, Marthy. I'll go myself."

"I don't worry you, pa," said Matilda in a grieved way, turning back from the small cracked window out of which she was peering into the gathering dusk, for the first glimpse of the familiar little red hood.

"And I'm sure I don't," broke in Martha, in a dreadfully injured tone, as she handed up the articles mentioned. "Do take that back, pa," she begged.

"Well, somebody does," said the old gentleman doggedly, putting his hat on his head with no gentle thrust, and grasping his stick, "so what odds does it make *who* 'tis. There, keep a sharp eye on the shop, Matildy; an', Marthy, run along to your work. I'll be back soon."

But he got no further than the door, for a big woman with a very determined face was marching in, and now confronted him sharply.

"Good day to you, Mr. Poser!" she exclaimed, with more the air of a policeman than an ordinary visitor. "I'd like to inquire where my quarter of a dollar is. 'Tisn't often a chopping-bowl is so very high as the one I bought this morning. Not *very* often."

"*Your quarter of a dollar!*" repeated the fat shopkeeper, glaring at his visitor in sheer astonishment. "Why, hain't you got it? Where's my Mary?" he demanded, in a tone to match hers in sharpness.

"I don't know where your Mary is, nor any other folks' Mary," declared Mrs. Smith irritably, "an' I'm sure I don't care. All I want is my quarter of a dollar. I'd thank you for that."

"I sent it by my youngest little gal," said Mr. Poser, on a high key, and punching his stick on the floor to emphasize each word, "four good hours ago. Hain't you seen her?"

In the babel that followed of tears and bewailings on the part of the two little sisters, Mrs. Smith protested three times solemnly on her word and honor, that she had not seen Mary Poser that day. Then she straightway magnanimously forgot the loss of her precious quarter of a dollar, and turned comforter at once.



"Oh, you'll find her," she said cheerfully; "don't be afraid. A girl like her, such a run-about, always turns up like a cat."

"There's a last time to everythin'," said Mr. Poser solemnly, "an' I guess Mary's run herself out this time." Which encouraging statement caused such fresh wails of despair, that Mrs. Smith was nearly frantic.

"Hush-sh!" she exclaimed warningly. "You'll have the house down around your ears, if you don't look out, with all your noise. I'll go an' see if I can't find her. There, do be still!"

"I'll go, too," said Mr. Poser, waddling to the door.

"And I'm going, too! Oh, I am!" cried Matilda, rushing after him to grasp his hand.

"And I ain't going to stay home alone," exclaimed Martha, flying up, the tears running down her chubby face; "I want to go and look for my dear sister too."

"You might as well let 'em come, Mr. Poser," said Mrs. Smith decidedly. "They'll scream themselves to death left behind. There now, we'll soon find Mary safe and sound."

So the whole procession left the little shop, and started on their dismal errand.

### WHO DID IT?

#### PART SECOND.

**H**ESTER," said Mrs. Denton, still in the "awful" tone, "you have been a very ungrateful little girl indeed; I could not have believed it! I don't know but I ought to send you dinnerless and supperless to bed to spend the day; but I have concluded to give you a chance, even yet, to overcome your faults, great as they are. If you will confess the whole thing to me from beginning to end, and will go to Miss Cora and say that you are bitterly sorry for having been so wicked a girl, I will allow you to go to the New Year's party, and say nothing about the matter to your teacher for the present, at least; perhaps never, if I find you are truly sorry and are trying hard to do right."

Poor Hester! This seemed to hem her in more than ever. Confess what? That she had inked the beautiful dress in a fit of rage; and then had told falsehood after falsehood to cover the sin?

As she stood before her waiting mistress, thinking it all over, one minute her face was pale with fear, and the next it flushed with anger. She *wanted* so to go to that party! More, perhaps, than you who have been to many parties, can possibly imagine. The fear of giving it up made her face pale. Then the thought that her word was not believed, and that the only way to get to the party was actually to tell a lie, made her face grow red with anger.

"Well," said Mrs. Denton at last, vexed more than ever at her hesitation, "it seems to take you a long time to decide. Are you going to confess the whole thing to me or not? I assure you I shall not stand here waiting very long."

"Oh, ma'am!" burst forth Hester at last, the tears streaming from her eyes. "Indeed! indeed, I have told you the truth. I don't know one thing about the pretty dress."

"Leave the room instantly!" was Mrs. Denton's stern command. And Hester flew sobbing up the stairs into her attic, and threw herself on the bed in a perfect passion of weeping.

Even then Mrs. Denton was sorry for her. "It is not so much the loss of the dress," she said to her daughters, "though that is enough; but to think that the creature will persist in falsehood! And yet I cannot help being sorry for her. I suppose she is so frightened about it now, that she is actually afraid to confess."

"Poor little wretch!" said Miss Cora, who by this

time was dressed in her new bottle-green suit, and found that she looked very nice indeed, and so felt better. "Mamma, give her another trial. She has never been to a party in her life; and she has talked about this one incessantly all the week."

So Mrs. Denton, believing herself to be the most patient and forgiving of women, sent up word that she would give Hester one hour, even now, in which to decide to do right.

Oh! can I describe to you how awfully tempted poor Hester was then? What to do? Why, to say that she had inked the beautiful blue dress!

"Somebody must have done it," sobbed the poor little girl to herself; "and they will always think I did it; and they will think I am awful, awful wicked; and they will send me to the house of correction, maybe, or somewhere, and she said she would forgive me if I would confess. She will tell Mrs. Neilson all about it, and she will think I forgot all she said to me, and didn't try a bit to do right; and she said she would forgive me if I would confess it. Oh dear me! What *shall* I do?"

Don't you see how Satan came to torment this poor little friendless mouse? He actually made her think that it wouldn't be such a dreadful thing just to say she was sorry for what she had never done. She told herself that she could think in her heart that she only meant she was sorry because the blue dress was spoiled, and she was sure that would be true. Besides, oh, what an important matter she made of that New Year's party! What would all the other girls think was the reason she was not there? That fat Anna Parks, who didn't like her a



"SOMEBODY MUST HAVE DONE IT," SOBBED HESTER.

bit and was always saying ugly things about her, would be sure to find out why she was kept away, and would tell all the girls, and they would believe it, and it would do more harm than one poor little story possibly could.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" she said, hopping up suddenly as she heard a clock down in the sitting-room strike the



half-hour. "The time is almost gone, and if I don't do it I shall have to stay here all day, and all night, and be sent away and never see Mrs. Neilson any more, and they will never forgive me. Oh, I must! I must!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

## SIDE BY SIDE

YE HAVE NOT CHOSEN ME, BUT I HAVE CHOSEN YOU, AND ORDAINED YOU, THAT YE SHOULD GO AND BRING FORTH FRUIT, AND THAT YOUR FRUIT SHOULD REMAIN.

HE THAT IS NOT WITH ME IS AGAINST ME.

HE THAT HATH AN EAR, LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAITH UNTO THE CHURCHES.

THERE SHALL BE A HANDFUL OF CORN IN THE EARTH UPON THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAINS; THE FRUIT THEREOF SHALL SHAKE LIKE LEBANON.

THE girls gathered in little groups and talked over the matter. Something new to be done. Miss Mason was in charge of their room, and in the reading-class that morning had told them of the custom when she went to school of "choosing sides and spelling down." These girls and boys knew nothing about it, but most of them had agreed that it would be "fun," and at recess they had crowded about Miss Mason, and coaxed her to let them have a spelling-match. So this very afternoon it was to be tried; and the leaders had already been chosen, one of them being Ethol Harrison.

"Our side will beat, you'll see if it won't," she said, tossing back her pretty curls. "I know who all the best spellers are, and I'll choose them as fast as I can, and the others may keep their seats for all I care."

"But Johnnie Burns has every other turn," objected one of the girls; "what if he chooses some of the best ones before you get a chance?"

"Oh, he won't!" said Ethol. "Johnnie doesn't think fast enough to know who the best spellers are."

Just then Ethol caught sight of Sarah Lambert standing just outside the group, looking wistfully at them. Sarah was almost always just outside of things.

"Just see that girl stare at us!" Ethol said. "She always looks hungry out of her eyes. Did you ever notice? I wonder if she expects to get chosen? I shan't choose her, I'm sure."

"She's a pretty good speller, though," answered one of the girls, thoughtfully.

"I don't care. I shan't choose her; and I don't believe Johnnie will; he won't if I tell him not to. She doesn't belong to us girls. It always makes me cross to see her standing around. Her faded old dress, and straight, yellow hair, and no ruffle, and worn-out shoes, don't match in with the rest of us;" and Ethol tossed her curls again, and smoothed the overskirt of her handsome all-wool blue dress, and looked down at her trim, buttoned boots with an air that said as plainly as words: "Could you imagine two people who looked more unlike than Sarah Lambert and I?"

Presently the group around the register moved away in different directions, but Sarah Lambert's eager eyes followed Ethol. She had caught stray words here and there from the girls, and she knew that a good deal of the talk had been going on about choosing; so she determined to do what took a good deal of courage.

"Did He choose you?" She asked the question eagerly, her great eyes looking hungrier than ever.

"Did who choose me?" Ethol's voice was almost cross. "What are you talking about? You always begin in the middle of things."

"I want to know if He chose you, and if He has told you what to do, and if you know how to do it, and how He let you know that He wanted you?"

Then did Ethol look at her in utter amazement. "Sarah Lambert, I believe you are crazy!" she said slowly. "Nobody is to choose me; Johnnie Burns and I do the choosing of the others. Of course I know how to do it. And as to his wanting me, I don't know what you mean."

The eagerness went out of Sarah's eyes a little.

"I didn't mean about the spelling," she said gravely, "it's about the other choosing. Don't you know?" and she took from her pocket a card, carefully wrapped in paper, and pointed to the verse at the head of this story. "I meant Him; the one Miss Mason talked about yesterday. She said He chose folks now, and gave them things to do for Him; and I thought you was one, because you are so pretty, you know, and dress



"I MEANT HIM; THE ONE MISS MASON TALKED ABOUT YESTERDAY."

so nice; and I wondered what He had given you to do; and I was thinking maybe there was something even for me to do in my old dress, and with my shoes all out at the toes; but I don't suppose there is."

I wish I could give you a picture of Ethol as she stood looking at the ill-dressed girl at that moment. If I could show you a picture of both of them you would see that though side by side there was a very great difference between them.

"You are the queerest girl that I ever heard of in my life!" Ethol said at last. It was all the answer that she seemed to know how to make.

When three o'clock came, and the two champions took their places on the floor of the schoolroom, ready to call their helpers, some of the girls were very much astonished to hear Ethol call "Sarah Lambert" for her first choice. It seems Ethol had made up her mind that at least the "queer girl" should be chosen for something. I don't suppose she had the slightest idea what a surprise and delight this was to Sarah; she had never been chosen for anything before.