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EDITED
BY
MRS. G. R. ALDEN.

The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE
AT HOME.

VOLUME 9.

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THOUGHTFUL LILY.

WHOA!" said uncle Dick, and he reined his horses in front of the side gate. "Lily might go with us. Halloo, Lily! hurry up and ask mamma to let you take a ride with us."

Eva, uncle Dick's little girl, clapped her hands over this. "Do hurry fast!" she said. "We are going to the park and everywhere."

"Well," said Lily, her face aglow with pleasure, "I'm all dressed. I'll ask mamma."

But when she had reached the library window and peeped in, there was mamma fast asleep. How tired she looked! Lily held back the curtain, and stood gazing at her steadily for a minute, then turned and walked slowly away.

"The midget can't go," said her uncle. "She would never move as slowly as that if she could."

"I suppose Helen is afraid of the horses," said aunt Alice, looking indignant. "I should think she might trust her with us."

Then came Lily to tell her tale. "Mamma is asleep," she said, "and I couldn't ask her."

Uncle Dick whistled. Eva said, "Oh dear!" and aunt Alice asked: "Couldn't she be wakened, just this once? It is such a perfect day for a trip to the park."

But Lily shook her grave little face. "Miss Sleight was sick last night, and mamma was up a long, long time in the night, and she has been tired all the morning. She mustn't be 'sturbed."

"Then there's no help for it," said uncle Dick, "unless, indeed, we steal her, and leave a note confessing it. How would that do?" But aunt Alice shook her head. "Helen would be frightened," she said. "We must let Lily wait until some other time." And away went the prancing horses.

"Dear little thing!" This was what the sleeping woman on the couch said, smiling. Was she talking in her sleep?

She lay very still for a few minutes, then suddenly hopped up, looked at her watch, and shaking out her dress, said, "I believe we can do it. We could take the three o'clock boat, and reach the park before uncle Dick does, and I have been promising Lily so long!" She was tired, and she had a headache; but then, perhaps the ride would do her good. Miss Sleight, the sewing-girl who had been taken sick in her house, and



HOW TIRED SHE LOOKED.

who had kept her up half the night, was much better to-day; and besides, had her own sister bending over her. There really was no good reason why Lily's mamma should not gratify her.

"Lily," she said, a few minutes later, leaning from the window to speak to the listless little girl at the gate, "stop the South-line car for me. I will be out in a moment."



And Lily, wondering, stepped out on the walk to watch for the car. "How fast mamma does things," she said. "I thought she was asleep. I wonder where she is going? To some committee-meeting, I guess. Oh, isn't it a nice afternoon!" and she drew a sorrowful little sigh, and signalled the car. Her mother came out with her own wrap not only, but with Lily's thick sack on her arm. "O, mamma!" said Lily, "you are dragging *my* sack along. When will you be home?"

"Hop in, dear," was her answer, and wondering, Lily "hopped in," and the car was off. What a flutter of delight the little girl was in! Her mamma enjoyed her every minute, in spite of the sigh she gave over the thought that she seldom had time to enjoy Lily.

Imagine the shout of triumph with which the little lady greeted uncle Dick and aunt Alice and cousin Eva as they drove into the elm-lined park, half an hour after the boat came in. Imagine the lovely, lovely time they had together all that bright afternoon.

"You dear mamma!" said Lily, nestling, tired and happy, among the cushions on her mother's couch that evening. "How came you to give me this whole afternoon, and to go to the park too?"

Then mamma bent and gave her five or six kisses before she answered. "It was a little bit of a reward to a little bit of a girlie for her unselfish thoughtfulness. Mamma wasn't so sound asleep but that she heard a great deal this afternoon."

WHAT THE OLD-FASHIONED CAPE DID.

VIDA was rummaging. She dearly loved to do it, at all times, but this morning there was a special reason for it. Aunt Kate was away, and there was going to be a tableau party. Vida was invited to be one of the characters, and this old trunk was the very place in which to find treasures to dress herself with. Aunt Kate had no great fancy for children's parties of any kind, and tableaux she utterly detested. "Just teaching children to love the theatre!"

"Let me see," she said, bending delightedly over the old trunk, "here is a dress that would be elegant for an old lady, but I am too little for that. Still, I might lend it to some of the others. Wouldn't aunt Kate be cross, though, if she knew this? I just wish I lived with aunt Sarah all the time. She is twice as nice. I wonder what they will want me to be, anyway! Here is a pair of white satin slippers such as they used to wear to weddings. Those would be splendid for the bride! Of course they will have a bride. I wish I were old enough for one. Oh, here is —"

And the busy tongue stopped, and a shadow fell over the bright face, while her fingers unfolded and gathered into place a quaint ruffled cape of soft white mull. She knew whose cape that was. She had seen it thrown gracefully around her own mother's shoulders.

"For the sake of old memories, dear," she had explained when Vida laughed about the pretty, old-fashioned cape. "My own mother used to wear it when she was sick, and sat in this very chair. And now her sick daughter wears it."

Then would Vida put her arms about her mother's neck, and declare that she was not sick; that her eyes were just as bright and her cheeks just as red; and she mustn't be sick, because she, Vida, couldn't bear it. Then mother would kiss and comfort her.

But there came a day when Vida knew, only too surely, that her mother was sick, and would never be well again. She thought of it all as she sat on the box with the cape pinned over her shoulders, and a bunch of dried something that she knew her mother used to love, held tight in her hand.

She remembered it all; those sorrowful days before

her mother went away, the long talks that she used to have with her one little daughter; a great many of the talks about aunt Kate. "She seems a little bit stern, sometimes, darling, but she is as good as gold. If I could be sure that my little girl would always obey what she said, I would not feel worried; because then I know she would do right."

And Vida had kissed her mother continually, and cried a great deal, and declared over and over again, that she would always and *always* do just as aunt Kate desired. She meant it, too; and here she was, less than a year afterwards, rummaging the old trunk for fineries that aunt Kate did not like to have her touch, to wear where she knew aunt Kate would not want her to go. A long



THE CAPE PINNED OVER HER SHOULDERS.

time she sat still on the box, and looked at nothing in particular, and winked hard and fast, and told herself that she wasn't going to cry. Then she got down on her knees and carefully packed everything back into the trunk just as she had found it, and went down to the parlor.

"After all, aunt Sarah," she said to that dear, fat old aunt who was petting the dog, "I think I won't go to the tableau party. Aunt Kate would rather I didn't."

"So she would, dear; that's a fact! And you are a good girl. I've felt real troubled ever since I said you might; not that I think it any harm, but she is particular."

That was aunt Sarah's answer. And she told two of her particular friends right before Vida, what a good girl she was; "just for all the world like her mother."

"I'm not like mamma," Vida said to herself with a homesick little sigh. "I can never, never be good like her; but I'm glad I haven't worried her to-day."

WHERE I WENT, AND WHAT I SAW.

I WENT just to this spot in the picture only a few days ago; to one of the busiest quarters of busy New York. Oh, what a snarl the horses and carriages and omnibuses and carts and coaches were in! How could we ever get across the street? "What a pity,"

said the gentleman at my side, "that *Broadway* should really be such a narrow way!"

Well, we pushed and crowded and jammed with the rest, and crossed the street just at the point where it seemed impossible to do any such thing. "I shall get killed, as sure as the world!" said a frightened lady from the country just behind me.

"No, you won't, ma'am," said a strong tall policeman just at her side. "I'll see you through. This way. Come, hold on!" this last to a couple of fiery-looking horses who seemed to have made up their minds to bite the frightened lady's head right off. But they respectfully obeyed the policeman's order, and the woman made a dodge, and the policeman seized her arm and went right under great wheels, and brushed against horses' noses, and brandished his club a little, and said: "Stand back!" once or twice in an awful tone, and at last, breathless but safe, the lady from the country stood on the other side of the street panting her thanks. But the policeman did not hear her; he had gone to pilot a mother and her little girl safely over the "broad" narrow way.

There we stopped, exactly at that corner, the country lady and I, to look at what was to us a wonderful sight. A cage full of little green-and-yellow birds, canaries, and two who were not in a cage, but were hopping about the man who was trying to sell them. On his coat, on his hat, on his outstretched hand, anywhere they happened to fancy. One of them even perched on his ear, and swayed herself daintily to and fro, as if it were the branch of some leafy tree. They chirped to each other, and hopped and fluttered, and seemed not a speck afraid of the horses or the people or the continuous roar of *Broadway*.

"For sale?" I asked the man.

"Yes'm. Would you like to take one? They are the cutest little pets you ever saw, and as cheap as dirt. This one only two dollars," and he stepped towards me. Instantly the little bird on his ear put her head on one side, gave one sharp little chirp which I suppose said, "Who are you? Are you going to buy me?" Then she gave a graceful hop and landed in the centre of my muff.

"How very strange," I said.

"Think so?" said she. "Then how do you like this?" and she hopped to my hand, and pecked at the buttons of my glove.

The mate who had been left making a journey around his owner's hat, seemed to conclude that it was time to look after his little wife, so down he came, and perched himself on my thumb, and said: "Take us both, do! We are always together, and a nicer couple you never saw." Anyway, I suppose that was what he meant, with the shrill and eager song he piped up at me from his perch on my thumb. I believed it, every word, and oh, how I wanted those two birds! But the gentleman waiting for me, at this moment said: "Here's our car! This way, now, quick!" and I made a frantic plunge after him into the midst of that awful crowd, the bird on my wrist, and the bird on my thumb both taking themselves in haste back to their owner's shoulder, and I saw them no more. But I said to myself as we rattled over the noisy streets: "I shall certainly tell the Pansies about those birds, and ask them why they think the little creatures did not fly away off into the real trees, and come back no more? What had the man done to make them so tame? Who knows? Can

all birds be tamed? How many of you have pet canaries who will behave as these little creatures did?"

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

OH, there's Carter!" they said, and both little girls scrambled across the park to speak to him.

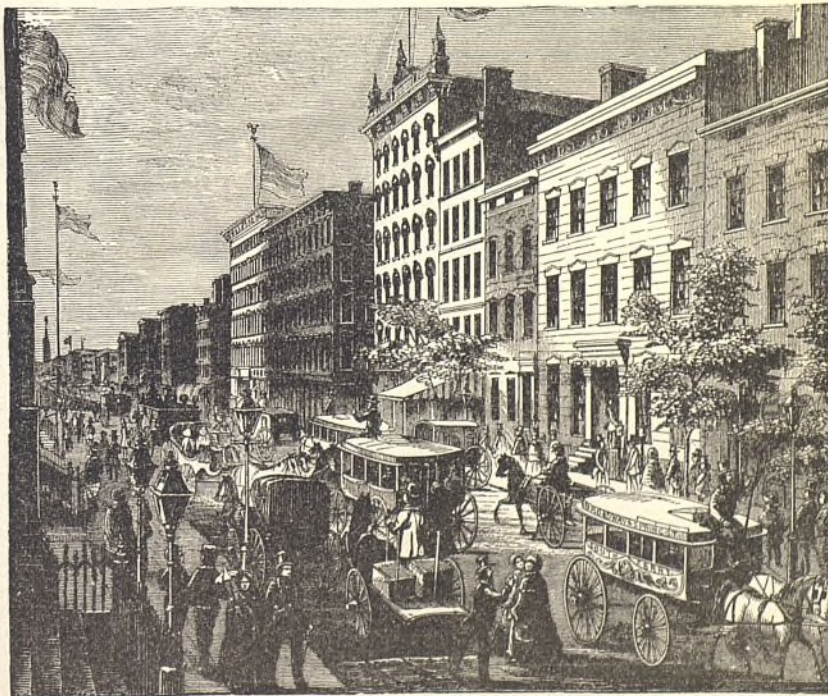
Carter was the man who helped build the piazzas around Trudie Dunlap's house when she lived in the next square, and they played all day with her. He was a great friend of the children; was never fretted by having them around, and ready at any time to answer their troublesome questions. On this day he was walking slowly through the park, looking sober. Alice and Aimie were so used to seeing him at work that he looked strange to them.

They were ready with questions, and he explained, still looking sober, that he could not get any work. He had been trying for five weeks, and found none.

"Why, there's lots and lots of work!" the little girls exclaimed; and they told of a new house here and another there. Yes, Carter knew there was plenty of work, but there were also plenty of people to work; and he was so boyish-looking folks thought he didn't know how, and wouldn't give him a chance.

"The idea!" Alice said, throwing back her yellow hair. She guessed he *did* know how a great deal better than the others. They would find work for him. Papa meant to have a greenhouse built, and they would coax him to do it right away; and he did.

One day, when the new greenhouse was nearly done, they sat on his bench, and he made some unusually long curls for them to deck their pretty heads, and talked



BUSY BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

with them about his going away. "Give me a real curl," he said, "to remember you by."

"And can't you remember us unless you have our curls?" asked Aimie, her blue eyes looking into his.

"Yes, indeed," he said, catching his breath. He would remember them forever. It was for their sakes the father had hired him and helped him.

"No," said Alice, with thoughtful eyes. "Papa would have helped you anyway, if he had known about you, for Jesus' sake. He always does things for Jesus' sake."

"Yes," repeated her sweet little echo. "He does things for Jesus' sake; and you must, you know, *always*."

Carter carried two yellow curls away with him, and laid them in a box beside two shaving curls that the yellow heads had worn.

The years passed on, and the yellow heads grew brown, and the owners had never seen Carter again. One winter

how we used to play in the shavings, and that young workman who built papa's greenhouse and did so well?"

"I dimly remember it," Aimie said; "and our giving him curls of our hair. I wonder what became of him!"

"I beg your pardon, ladies; but is your name Ellerton?"

They started and drew aside, preparing to pass on, as Alice answered gravely that such was their

name. Handing them a card: "Gordon Carter, Architect and Builder," he asked if they remembered that name.

Yes, they remembered it, of course. Hadn't they been talking about Gordon Carter the builder?

There were many questions to ask and answer after that. Some of the answers were sad. The dear father was in his grave; the greenhouse and the beautiful home had passed into other hands; all the money was gone. The mother was saleswoman in a store that her husband used to own, and her two daughters stood all day behind the ribbon counter of the same store.

But Gordon Carter was a rich man. I could fill the PANSY this month and next with the story of all the good, and kind, and comforting things that he

managed to do for his old friends. They could not refuse his kindness, for the first evening that he spent with them he showed them a box in which lay two yellow curls of hair and two faded shavings. A card lay beside them, with these words written on it:

GORDON CARTER'S MOTTO. Given him by two little messengers from Jesus, "FOR JESUS' SAKE."



"AND CAN'T YOU REMEMBER US UNLESS YOU HAVE OUR CURLS?"

day two ladies — young ladies — dressed in deep mourning — the kind of mourning that doesn't cost much, and that looks the saddest — stopped before a new building that was being put up on a business street in a large city, and watched the workmen. On the ground at their feet lay a pile of freshly-made shavings.

"Aimie," the elder lady, said, "do you remember