

EDITED  
BY  
MRS. G. R. ALDEN.

# The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE  
AT HOME.

VOLUME 9.

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KISS ME, TESSIE.

## GRANDPA'S MISTAKE.

TESSIE was just learning to add. Dreadful work she made of it sometimes, and occasionally, when she was all mixed up, she would declare that she hated numbers with all her might, so she *did*, and she wished the man who made the addition table, had got lost in the woods, and never found his way out.

Getting lost in the woods was something that Tessie lived in terror of.

Grandpa made a great pet of Tessie, and was always trying to help her out of her troubles.

One night in the midst of his newspaper reading, he heard Tessie wailing; not over the addition table this time, but over the fact that she had so little money. Her church subscription was due—she gave two cents a week to the building-fund of the new church. If all the people had done as well as that, in proportion to their wealth, they would soon have had a new church. She belonged, too, to the Children's Band of Foreign Missions, and gave ten cents a month to that. She belonged to the Home Mission Band, and gave ten cents a month to that; altogether, her hands were full. Just now was a new call.

A birthday present to Miss Keith, our own missionary—that was the way all the children of the band spoke of the lady out in New Mexico, who sent them letters. Tessie wanted to give to it, but some bright-colored paper dolls, in the window of the toy store, had been too much for her, and her money was all gone. No wonder Tessie wailed.

"What's all this?" said grandpa, putting down his paper and looking over his glasses. Tessie, with the tears still shining on her lashes, explained. Grandpa never could endure tears in her eyes. His hand went into his pocket.

"See here," he said, "seems to me I wasn't to give you any more money for a week; but there is no law against your earning some. We'll make a bargain. If you count what I've got in my hand and get it right the first time, you may have it for your dear Miss Keith."

Joyfully Tessie agreed to this. She did not like adding, but she could afford to try very hard and be very careful with such an object in view. So the small handful of pennies was passed over from grandpa's hand to hers, and she curled herself into the great chair and commenced her task.

"Only one count, remember," said grandpa. So her lips moved slowly and carefully. At last she looked up.

"Grandpa, there's five dollars and nineteen cents."

"What! what! what!" said grandpa in great astonishment. "Why, my little Tessie! How could you make such a big blunder as that? Let me see."

"It is true," said Tessie, with a gay little laugh, covering up her treasure, and turning herself away from grandpa.

But finally she condescended to count it for him. "Look, grandpa! There's five cents, and five cents, that makes ten cents."

"Aye," said grandpa.

"And there's nine bright pennies, and they make nineteen cents."

"Just so," said grandpa.

"And then there is this *very* bright penny, made of gold, and it says 'five dollars' on it; and that makes five dollars and nineteen cents."

"Oh ho!" said grandpa. "I've caught you now. That is a new cent, and nothing more."

But Tessie declared that it was not a cent, it was made of gold; it was just exactly like one that papa

showed her only yesterday, and had just the same letters on it, and papa told her it was five dollars.

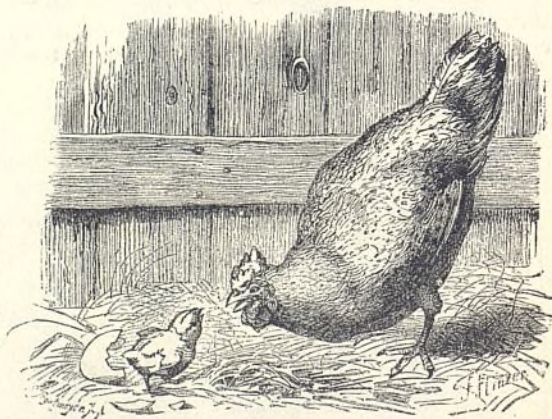
"Let me see," said grandpa, and he took the shining penny in his hand and turned it over and looked at it through his glasses, and finally said: "Bless my heart! Well, well, well! grandpa is the one that is caught this time, sure enough! It can't be helped now; I'll stick to my bargain. You counted right, Tessie, the money is yours."

And that was the way it happened that Tessie Warren gave five dollars and nineteen cents toward Miss Keith's birthday present.

## A WONDERFUL HEN.

BY I. M.

I suppose you see nothing remarkable about her? Neither did farmer Burns when she clucked and scratched around his farm-yard day after day. She was a useful, respectable, well-behaved hen, and that was all that could be said for her. Still, all unknown to her companions, she was destined to become famous, though, poor thing! she earned her fame with her life, as many another has done. One morning she went to market in a great box, in company with two or three dozen other hens. They all comforted themselves with the thought that they were choice fowls, and were to be sold to work instead of to be eaten. They landed at a great poultry stall, and were placed, with dozens and dozens of other boxes, in a row before the stall. "Dear me!" said Pinkie, which was the name the Burns children had given to our friend, because she had unusually pink toes, "I really did not know there were so many hens in the world." A finely-dressed man sauntering down the street, seemed to be struck with the same idea, and



PINKIE WAS A USEFUL, WELL-BEHAVED HEN.

stopped to admire the many clucking, crowing creatures. Pinkie has reason to be forever sorry that he leaned over to admire her. For what did she do but spy a wonderfully bright-looking creature which she took for a bug, that rested quietly on his shirt front.

"What bright eyes that bug has!" she said to herself. "It must be a very rare bit; it ought not to be left on that shining shirt; I'll pick it off, and eat it." No sooner thought than done! A sudden reaching up her long neck, a sharp jerk, a vigorous swallow, and the bug was gone down Pinkie's throat! You may imagine what a clucking and fluttering there was then; for you must know that the bright-eyed bug was not a bug at all, but a diamond pin! I am not sure that Pinkie is aware of that fact, to this day, but she knows her throat had a dreadful scraping.

Well, the gentleman was excited now. He flew

about like a wild man, reaching in his long arms and scurrying his hands around that box until he frightened those hens nearly out of their senses. No use; the pin was not to be found. Of course not, when it was down Pinkie's smarting throat. Then the gentleman rushed to the stand and told his sad story, and the head man came out with him to look for the pin; but alas! the box had mixed itself up somehow with all the other boxes, and though the man ran back and forth and tried to remember just where he stood, and picked out a dozen places which he was sure was the one, he really and truly did not know before which box he stood when his pin was stolen. Poor Pinkie! think of hearing herself called a thief! What was to be done? Many of these hens were to be kept until the great Thanksgiving feast, and then to be killed and eaten. But it was a week to Thanksgiving, and the gentleman could not wait so long for his diamond pin. He wanted to be a thousand miles away by that time. What did he do, but promise to buy the whole crowd of hens at the highest market price, if the men would begin at the box that he *thought* was the one, and kill and dress the poor victims one after another until his pin was found. Of course this was after each box had been thoroughly searched, and no trace of the pin was to be found.

So the work of slaughter began. Poor, poor Pinkie! Her feathers almost stood straight, in her terror. It was little comfort to her that the blundering man selected a box a dozen feet from her, as the one where he believed he stood, for couldn't she feel that pin scraping in her throat all the time? Of course her turn would come, and it did; but not before five hundred and seventy-six hens had fallen victims to her appetite for shining bugs. Yes, Pinkie was the five hundred and seventy-seventh hen that was killed, and in her naughty crop was found the lost treasure.

Oh me! There is surely no need to write the moral to this story. In the first place it is not a story at all, but an account of what actually happened a short time ago in a Western city.

In the second place, Pinkie stands for a great many people, who for a moment of what they fancy will be pleasure, often for a drop of something to drink, will put their own lives, and the lives of hundreds of others, in danger. Well for Pinkie that she was only a hen. What if she had been a human being with a soul, to live and regret its folly forever!

### A FASHIONABLE LADY.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

#### I. — OPENING DAY.

Scarcely waked up in the morning  
Is the Lady Dandelion,  
When a little yellow bonnet  
Gayly she begins to try on.

Such a coronet of fringes  
Is it — such a glow of color —  
Even the gold upon the plumage  
Of the oriole is duller.

All she cares for is the fashion,  
For she waits not to see whether  
It is timely as to season,  
Or is proper as to weather.

She was born to lead and dazzle,  
And her followers will be plenty,  
And, because of that one little  
Yellow bonnet, there'll be twenty.

#### II. — THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Scarce a week has scattered sunshine  
On the Lady Dandelion,  
When a little snowy head-dress  
Gravely she begins to tie on.

It looks quite as if a fairy  
In a frolic had begun it;  
Or as if a nimble spider  
In her busy mood had spun it.

Ah, I see old Time is busy  
With this stylish little lady;  
Ruffled white-cap is a night-cap!  
She is passed her beauty's heyday.

Nothing now she cares for fashion;  
All she asks a bed to die on!  
Blows a gust! and in a moment  
Gone is Lady Dandelion!

#### WORK BEFORE BREAKFAST.

A LOVELY spring morning. The birds were all in a twitter getting ready to build their nests and set up housekeeping.

Hannah came across the lawn on her way to the milk-room, her big pail in her hand, and butter-bowl under her arm, and stopped a minute to breathe the freshness of the soft air. But she looked very grim. It would take more than the song of birds and the smell of spring flowers to make Hannah feel happy this morning.

In fact, it was a long time since she had felt happy.

All night she had been lying awake, thinking of her boy John, who was going wrong in many ways: who was writing home to her for money to get him out of foolish debts, instead of earning enough to help her, as a boy who loved his mother should. She had made up her mind to write him a sharp letter, and tell him she washed her hands of him entirely. She would send him no more money to help him go to ruin, and she did not want to hear from him again until he had made up his mind to behave himself. No wonder poor Hannah looked grim, and cared nothing about the birds.

A light step sounded behind her, and little Grace came down the grassy path in a fresh spring dress, with a black ribbon tied around her waist. Grace had not been at the old farm-house with her auntie but a few days, but she was already a friend of Hannah's, and loved to follow her around at her work. She had many questions to ask about the cows and the milking and the churning and the dear little pats of shining butter. Hannah liked the sound of her voice. She was able to stop thinking about John for awhile, and listen to Grace.

"Are you going to churn again this morning?" Gracie asked, following her from one pan of rich creamy milk to another.

Hannah shook her head. "No; this is baking day. I've got bread and pies and I don't know what to tend to. You come down to the kitchen after breakfast, and I'll show you how to make a little pie for your uncle's dinner. Would you like that?"

"Oh yes!" Grace said, with happy eyes; that would be lovely; she would ask auntie if she might come, just as soon as she wrote her letter. "I must write to Jerry this morning," she continued, her merry eyes assuming a graver look.

Then did Hannah give so sudden a start that she almost overturned her bowl of cream.

"Jerry who?" she said sharply.

"He is *so* sorry, Hannah. He didn't mean to kill papa, you know; if he had not been drinking, he would not have done it; and papa forgave him with his last breath; and Jerry is in prison, and feels so *awful*, that they are afraid he will die."

But Hannah shut her grim lips together. "There's reason in all things," she said. "It's against nature for you to forgive that man, I don't care how sorry he is!

He needn't have swallowed the poison that took his brains away. I don't see how you *can* forgive him."

"But Hannah, I've got to, you know."

Gracie's voice was low and her lips were trembling. "The Bible says you must forgive seventy times seven; and it says you must forgive your enemies, and you know Jesus said on the cruel cross, 'Father, forgive them.' Papa said I couldn't ask Jesus to forgive me if I did not forgive Jerry."

"At first I couldn't; I had to ask Jesus about it a great many times. But at last, when I went to see Jerry, he *asked* me to forgive him, and of course I had to then."

Hannah turned away suddenly, to hide her face. Just then she saw a line in John's letter: "Dear mother, I know I have done wrong; will you forgive me and help me out this time? I promise you I'll never get caught in this way again."

It was more than an hour afterwards that Mrs. Cameron, Gracie's aunt, met Hannah as she came in from the milk-room with the cream for breakfast. "Well, Hannah," she said pleasantly, "outside work all done?"

"Yes'm," said Hannah; "and some of the inside work."

That meant a good deal more than Mrs. Cameron knew anything about.

The afternoon mail took two letters away from the farm-house. One was to poor Jerry Brown in his prison cell, the other was to poor John Barton, Hannah's son. In that letter there was this sentence: "John, poor boy, your mother forgives you; try again."

Gracie Cameron had helped to do some of the "inside work" that morning; but she didn't know any thing about it.



HANNAH.

"Why, Jerry Brown. Don't you know?" Gracie spoke in a low, sad tone.

"It can't be that you write to him!"

"Every week," said Gracie quietly. "Every Friday he watches for my letter."

"And he killed your father! Why, Grace Cameron, how can you write to him! I should think you would hate him."

"Oh no," and a shocked look came into Gracie's brown eyes.