

EDITED

BY

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The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE
AT HOME.

VOLUME 9.

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CALLIE'S CATASTROPHE.

CALLIE dear, don't take the kitten to school with you." This was what the mother called from the window.

"No, ma'am," said Callie. But she tucked the kitten under her arm, and ran down the walk toward the schoolhouse.

"I'll only take her as far as the corner, then I will send her back; she knows the way home well enough."

I suppose Callie must have been speaking to her conscience, for there certainly was no one but the cat in sight to talk to. It is true Callie knew if there was any thing that cat hated to do, it was to turn around and run home instead of following her little mistress; and she was not very good at obeying at any time. Callie expected trouble. Then why did she take her to the corner? I don't know; do you?

It happened that before Callie reached the corner, Effie Huston joined her.

"Oh," said Effie, "you've got Flossy; isn't she cute? Let's take her to school, and hide her under the seat; wouldn't the boys laugh!"

"Mamma said I mustn't take her to school," explained Callie.

"All right; then you needn't. She didn't say I mustn't take her. Give her to me; we'll keep her until recess, then we can have real fun showing off her pretty tricks."

"I guess I ought to send her home," said Callie; but she reached out her hands, and put Flossy into Effie's outstretched arms.

"She wouldn't go home," declared Effie; "she would just prowl around and get lost. Charlie Stokes lost his cat last week."

This was dreadful! Flossy must not on any account be lost. So she went to school, Callie telling her conscience that she was sure *she* wasn't taking her. It was all Effie Huston's fault.

Arrived at school poor pussy had to be patted and coaxed into a willow basket that Effie had, because kittens were not received as scholars. To be sure the basket was the one in which Effie always carried her morning lunch, but she didn't seem to be troubled about lending it to the cat. Matters went on very well, by dint of feeding Miss Flossy on bits of apple, and candy, and cake, and patting her now and then, and leaving the cover fastened up a little, until both Effie and Callie had to go to their spelling-class. It was just as Callie was trying hard to think how "phlegm" was spelled, so she could get above Harry Burton, that Flossy, with a wailing "meow," that startled every child in the room, came tripping across the floor, hopped on a seat, and sprang from that fairly into Callie's arms.

"P-h-e-l-g-m," said Callie nervously; and the girl below her immediately put the e and l in their places, and went above her, and four others, away to the head of the class, where Callie had been trying to get for a

week. All Flossy's fault too. Of course she knew it was "p-h-l-e-g-m," only that horrid kitten scared her so.

She was almost glad when the teacher sent her home with the kitten; or she would have been, if it were not for seeing mamma, and being questioned by her.

"I didn't take kitty to school, it was Effie Huston



SHE TUCKED THE KITTEN UNDER HER ARM.

did it." She said this over on the way home, but somehow it didn't sound very well. However, mamma was gone out, and for once in her life, Callie was glad.

She went skipping back to school; mamma need know nothing about it; and if it were not for missing that dreadful word, she would be quite happy. It was

recess when she returned, and Effie Huston was waiting for her with news.

"What do you think? Your mamma has been here with Mrs. Germaine and Alice in a carriage. A lovely carriage and two horses; she came for you to go to the island. They are going to have a ride on the lake, and come back by moonlight. I heard her tell Miss Carter, and then Miss Carter told her about the kitten, and how she had sent you home with it; and your mamma looked awful sober, and turned away, and told Mrs. Germaine she would have to go without you, and they drove off down town."

"Oh!" wailed Callie; "that horrid cat!"

But I don't think the cat was to blame, do you?

GOOD OLD JACK.

BY G. R. A.

I THINK I know why I was always a little partial to dogs; that is, to real nice dogs. Cross, snarly, ill-kept curs I always detested, though it is perhaps no fault of the dog's. I said I thought I knew why I was always a little partial to dogs.

Shall I tell you?

Well, dear, good old Jack was about all the playfellow I had when I was a small boy.

Oh, I forgot! You do not know who he was.



JACK WAS AN HONEST FELLOW.

Ah! he was the dearest old doggie that ever anybody had to play with, and hunt with, and go of errands with, and to sleep with.

"To sleep with?" Yes, to *sleep* with; for I would have you to know that my Jack was about the neatest playfellow I ever had. Why, he was so neat that when he was in the house he would never lie on the floor, nor anywhere that was not perfectly clean.

It was interesting to see how he would manage to keep himself neat; stepping on stones and sticks to keep out of the mud; going on the tops of fences and walls to keep his feet dry; all the time taking as much pains to keep himself in good condition as *some* boys that I have seen.

How I did love that dear old fellow! My life was not all sunshine. I did not live with my father and

mother, and brothers and sisters, and in the family where Jack and I found a home there were no little boys or girls for playmates, and as I had to be very much alone, so far as any company but Jack was concerned, his presence with me was most welcome.

As I tell you of my old friend, you will see why I think so much of dogs.

Of what shall I tell you first? Shall it be of our playing, or hunting, or of our sleeping? or shall I now introduce you to Mrs. Jack, or "aunt Betsey," the old Maltese cat?

I might begin at the beginning of my experience with this delightful old couple, but not with *their* youth; for they were both my seniors, being at least twice my age.

I was first introduced to Jack and his worthy companion when I myself was only a little lad not much more than four years of age. Save the dear old lady who was to be my new mother, I think Jack was most glad to see me of any of the family. Indeed, he made more demonstrations of joy than any one else; and from that time to the day of his death, we were fast friends.

Let me see! Shall I tell you about his negative qualities — old Jack's, I mean — or shall I first make you acquainted with some of the noble acts and worthy deeds of my doggie friend?

I suppose you would like best to hear of what he did, rather than of what he did *not*, though I have known some boys and dogs that would have been more pleasantly remembered, if I had not so vivid a recollection of things they did *not*.

Wouldn't it be splendid if every dog and boy could be always counted upon as a fast friend; never turning against you when others were around; never speaking unkind words — I suppose dogs have their way of speaking; never getting envious, or proud, or — or — or — well, any thing that makes one feel uncomfortable, and wish they hadn't?

I never knew my four-footed friend to take advantage of my circumstances to play practical jokes upon me when others happened to be near. I never knew him to be guilty of tattling. He would never try to make trouble between us by betraying confidence, though it must be admitted that he would both "bring and carry a bone," literally.

Jack was an honest fellow. He would not take advantage of the absence of the mistress to taste some delicacy of bread or meat. Not he; you could leave things in the very room with him, and unless they were given him he would never touch, taste, nor handle.

He was never found with his fingers in the sugar-bowl, or in the fruit jar, or cake basket. He was never known to open the bureau drawers when the family was away; was never known to investigate the clock, or to be guilty of any of those inconsistencies that boys and girls in *books* are sometimes accused of.

There was another trait that I had almost forgotten to mention, and one that some of my readers will hardly know how to account for. He was always ready to get up in the morning the very first time he was called. Yes, and I might add, was always ready to go on an errand the first time he was spoken to. These traits we did not prize so much as we should; but we remember them with pleasure, now that the poor fellow is dead and buried.

I should not like to think of having had to argue with him every time I wished him to go with me to the neighboring store, or after the cows, away down in the old "long pasture," or when I wished him to go after a stick, or ball, or a rabbit or woodchuck.

Jack had his weaknesses; but even these are to be remembered with charity; for from them I can seem to learn a lesson.

COUNTING THE PENNIES.

AH, what shall I do with my pennies,
For see, I have such a store!
I never have sold my basket
Of walnuts so soon before.

How often I've trudged for hours,
And taken a secret cry,
Because I was tired and hungry,
And nobody cared to buy!

I dreaded to think how mother
Would look as I came and said
That I hadn't enough of pennies
To bring her a loaf of bread—

How Nellie, my little sister,
Would watch at the door and say,
"I've thought and I've thought of the apple
You promised to bring all day!"

But now I can fill my basket,
For there's never a nut behind;
One loaf—two loaves—and a dozen
Of apples—the sweetest kind—

And a pat of that yellow butter;
It's dainty and fresh, I know;
How good it will taste to mother!
And Nellie will like it so.

Five pennies—ten—fifteen—twenty—
And thirty—and thirty-five;
Just think of it!—here are fifty,
As certain as I'm alive!

It must have been God who helped me
To sell off my nuts so soon,
Or else I'd been trudging, trudging,
The whole of the afternoon.

And now I would like to thank him,
So kind he has been—so true!
Let's see if I cannot spare him
A few of my pennies too.

Why, surely I can!—here's forty
For mother and Nellie—and then,
*Dear Jesus, to help thy heathen,
I give thee the other ten.*

—Margaret J. Preston.

PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS.

VERY well, dear friends of the P. S. What shall we think about to-day? Let me send greeting to each and every one of the brave blossoms who are "trying." I think often of the little "Emily," who has been in the habit of "slamming the door," when mamma told her to do what she didn't like. How glad I am that she has resolved to teach the door to behave itself; besides, she is going to study her Sunday-school lesson at the right time, so as not to be caught without it on Sabbath afternoons. Then there is "Susie," who seems to be trying to conquer several faults, remembering always the whisper motto: "*For Jesus' sake*;" and "James," who has "made up his mind" to drop his habit of "speaking back," and "Amy," who all her young life has been saying, "Wait a minute," and means to do so no more, and "Edith," who is trying not to make her teacher any

trouble, and "Bertie" who gravely writes that he is not a "good boy," but means to try to be a better one, and "Eddie," who is thirteen, and "sees room for improvement," and "Flossie," who means to try to be "more like Jesus," and a long, long list of others, to whom I hope to send special word some day.

Meantime I bid you all take courage, and remember you are not alone in trying to overcome your faults. All the people in the world who love Jesus are with you, and every one of them uses our whisper motto to help them: "*For Jesus' sake*." We all desire above all things else to please and honor him.

Are you ready for a new book? How many have read the book called *Behaving*, a beautiful red-covered volume with one hundred and forty-eight pages?

"That's a girl's book," said a small boy to me one day, and he puckered his nose as though he thought that "a girl's book" was of very little consequence.

"Indeed, sir," I said, "is it? Then boys need not have any manners at the table, or in the parlor, or at church; or are they so bad that to try to help them is a hopeless task? or, are they such perfect gentlemen that they need no help? Which is it?"

The boy hung his head and had no answer ready. Let me tell you, my boys, it is just the book for you, as well as your sisters; and it is not a stupid list of rules about how to bow, and how to hold your head, and how to move your feet, and all that sort of thing. It is really just as interesting as a story book; in fact, there are several stories in it.

Now for the special secret that should delight our hearts: We, the P. S. people, can have it, for how much do you think? Why, for fifty cents a volume! That ought to make your eyes sparkle. Don't tell anybody but the P. S. people, for the world.

Get the book as soon as you can; study it carefully; then do let us know what you think about it; which fault in it you discover to be yours, and how earnestly you are setting to work to overcome it. Don't be such silent young people, leaving me to do all the talking. My brains fairly ache sometimes with talking to you so much.

Now another thing: Ever so many questions come to me asking whether people who take the monthly PANSY, or the semi-monthly, can join our P. S. and have badges.

Every one of you listen, for I'm going to try to answer this question once for all. The P. S. with all its privileges was intended to belong only to the subscribers who took each number of the paper at fifty cents a year. Only such were to receive badges. But the publishers have been coaxed to say that those other subscribers who want badges so badly can join us by securing one new subscriber to the PANSY, and sending the money for that subscriber at the same time that he sends his request to join the Society. Do you understand? Here is a chance for you to help other boys and girls, by getting a good paper into their hands, and to secure your badge at the same time. Of course the very best thing you can do would be to become fifty-cent subscribers yourselves, getting all the papers, for then you would be sure of reading the letter which I write each month to the members, and you would get all the serials as they come out, and you would have a complete book of your own at the end of the year. Still, if you don't want the whole PANSY, here is your chance.

Another thing: My Pansies, when you write to me, telling of the fault which you mean to correct, let it be a distinct fault; something that you and I will understand. It is not enough simply to say: "I am going to try to do right." Of course you are, but what is the thing that troubles you the most? What does Satan know is your weak point? Perhaps you don't want to tell me. Very well; then write, "Mamma and I know of something which is a very troublesome fault of mine;

I don't want to tell you what it is, but mamma knows, and I promise to try to overcome it; to wear my badge for the sake of the help it will give me in remembering, and to let you know, from time to time, how I succeed."

Dear me! I hope I shall not have to write such long letters to you very often, or they will take up too much room.

Good-by, my blossoms, until next month.

Lovingly,

PANSY.

HETTY'S PROBLEM.

THREE and five are eight, and two is a two," she said. "That's every single cent I've got, and I'm sure I can't get up much of a supper with that."

A troubled little woman of business was Hetty. She had come into town in the morning with papa; mamma and the boys were to come by the late train. They had expected to board for a few days until their house could be got ready; but the house proved to be much better furnished than they had supposed, and one dinner at the boarding-house was as much as the father cared for.



SHE COULDN'T MAKE BUT TWENTY-EIGHT CENTS.

"We will go to housekeeping right away, little woman," he said gaily to Hetty as they roamed through the cottage after dinner. "I guess you can pucker something together for supper, and mamma will be more comfortable here, I am sure."

So they had been at work all the long, bright afternoon, brushing, dusting, filling water-pitchers, doing a hundred other things, and now papa was gone to order coal, and to stop at the market and the baker's, and then to go to the train, and little Hetty was to have supper ready by the time they all returned. She had poured all her money out of her pocket-book and counted it out, first on her fingers and then on her slate, and she couldn't make but twenty-eight cents of it; she had forgotten to get any money of papa. She felt very doleful—nothing but baker's sour bread and not very good butter. What could be bought with twenty-eight cents?

"Homesick?" said a voice at her elbow, and the girl whom she took to be her next-door neighbor, and whom she didn't like because she had freckles and a turned-up nose, and wore an ugly calico dress, sat down in the doorway. She had a pleasant voice, and chatted away so cheerily that Hetty found herself telling how much she would like to get a nice tea for mamma, and how sure she was that she couldn't do it with so little money.

"Twenty-eight cents will do lots," said the girl with freckles. "You ought to get the necessary things first. Have you milk?"

"Oh, no!" said Hetty with a little start. "I forgot all about milk."

"There's a milk-man yelling at the next corner," said the visitor. "Give me your pitcher and I'll run and get you some milk. It is eight cents a quart." So Hetty counted out eight pennies and away she ran.

"Suppose you have batter cakes for supper," she said, when they were discussing the matter again.

"I don't know how to make them," said Hetty dolefully.

"I do; they're easy. Have you flour?"

Hetty nodded. "A sack full. Papa got it with the sugar and tea and things."

"I suppose you haven't any sour milk; but I have; I could lend you a cupful. The next thing would be eggs. You might get half a dozen at the grocery just around the corner." She had such a brisk, cheery voice, and was so eager to help and seemed to know so well what to do, that Hetty found herself following directions, and was presently in the kitchen bending over her batter cakes. They behaved beautifully. The soda gurgled and bubbled and foamed the milk fairly over the sides of the bowl, and the eggs made the whole mass a lovely cream-yellow.

In the midst of their work came a boy calling out right under the window, "Strawberries! only twelve cents a quart!"

"Oh, delightful!" said Hetty. "Mother will like some so much." And twelve cents were counted out. The eggs had taken six, so there were just two cents left; but the supper was ready.

Hetty looked dismayed over the taking, the moment she tried the first one and it acted as though it was bewitched. But the girl with freckles said: "Never mind; they do act mean, sometimes, especially if you aren't used to 'em. Now I bake ours every morning. I'll do them, and you can carry them in, piping hot."

What a supper it was for the tired travellers, and what a surprise to the father as well as to mother and the boys.

"You're a witch!" said papa, taking his seventh cake; "how do you manage? Have you a machine out in the kitchen that grinds them out?"

Hetty laughed gleefully. "Yes, sir," she said, "I have; and it has freckles and a turned-up nose, and is perfectly splendid. I know I shall love her dearly; I do now; and this very afternoon I thought I should never like her a bit."

The girl with freckles went home soon after the cakes were baked, and her mother said to her: "Jane Briggs, what a queer girl you are! as tired as you were, to go out to the neighbors,—strange ones at that—and work for them over a hot stove till your cheeks are as red as beets!"

Jane laughed, good-natured still. "It wasn't hard work," she said, and the housekeeper is such a little thing, and looked so lonesome. I thought maybe she was one of the little ones that the Lord Jesus told us to help, you know; so I thought I'd try it."

"You are a queer girl!" said her mother. And I think she was.