

EDITED
BY
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The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE
AT HOME.

VOLUME 9.

PUBLISHED BY D. LOTHROP & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

NUMBER 34.

Saturday, August 26, 1882.

Monthly, 15 cents.

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Semi-monthly, 25 cents.

Weekly, 50 cents a year.



GRANDFATHER DICKIE.

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THE play was, that Dickie should be grandfather, and pretty little cousin Faye should be grandmother, and the children should come to visit them. So the grandparents made ready.

Dickie got out his own grandfather's slippers, and stepped into them, put the gold-bowed spectacles astride his pug-nose, then went to grumbling in no gentle tone:

"Where is the morning paper? It does seem strange that that paper cannot be let alone! Every day I have to hunt for it until I get so tired that when it is found I don't want it. Scat! you wretch! You are always under foot."

And he gave an imaginary cat a vigorous kick with his slipper, which must have hurt, for there was a miserable yowl in the room at once; so natural that it brought grandmother Faye (who was putting on her

frilled cap before the mirror in the bedroom) to see what was the matter.

"Isn't Muff here?" she asked. "I truly thought I heard her."

"No, she isn't here!" declared Dickie, in the grandfatherly sharp tone. "I just kicked her down-stairs; she is always prowling around under foot. I've told those children a dozen times never to let her into the library, but that is all the good it does. No attention is ever paid to any thing that I say. Tell those children to keep still; I want two minutes of quiet if it is to be had in this world."

Whereupon he settled himself in the arm-chair, his feet on a hassock, his large handkerchief thrown over what was supposed to be the bald part of his head.

"Why, Dickie Dunlap!" said Faye, still tarrying to watch him, "you don't act the least bit in the world like a grandfather. They never scold, and kick cats, and speak cross about the children."

"I should think they didn't!" said Dickie in utter astonishment. "Haven't I heard them do it ten hundred times? This very morning my grandfather scatted Muff out of this room, and told me if he ever found her in here again, he'd have her drowned in the lake; and he is always and forever fussing about the noise we children make; and the paper is always gone; mother says she believes it is alive, and slips away on purpose."

"Well," said Faye, with her head on one side, as she always set it when she was in a very thoughtful mood, "maybe there's a difference in grandfathers, but ours always speaks to us in the nicest voice; and when mamma thinks we make too much noise and says 'hush,' grandpa says, 'Never mind, mamma, let the kitlets frolic; so long as their voices are pleasant I don't mind the noise; it does my old heart good.' And he says 'dearie' to me, and 'grandpa's little man' to Arthur, and he is just *lovely* all the time."

"I should think there was a difference in grandfathers!" declared Dickie, getting out a tin camphor-ice box, and pretending to snuff some corn-meal up his nose. "Grandfather never calls *me* a little man; and I've heard him say children are a nuisance, and all cats ought to be drowned, and all dogs ought to be shot; and he thinks this is a mean ugly world all the time, except when he is taking a nap."

Meantime Faye was still thinking.

"But, Dickie," she began again more earnestly, "we never let grandpa hunt for the paper; we children see that it is ready for him every day after dinner; that is our business; if we should forget it mamma wouldn't like it at all. And we don't go into grandpa's side of the library only when he invites us; and we never meddle with his things, mamma wouldn't like it; and we wouldn't like to bother him either."

"Well," said Dickie, a roguish light in his handsome eyes, "maybe there's a difference in grandchildren, too. I shouldn't wonder if there was."

Who do you think stood by the window in the next room, and heard all this talk? Why Dickie's grandfather!

He listened, and sighed heavily, two or three times; then he took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. Poor old man! I think he was sorry he had the name of being so cross.

WAITING FOR A CHANCE.

IT was not a June morning by any means. A fresh fall of snow lay on the ground. And it was this that made Charlie Wright look sober. There was scarcely a hope that a man could be found on the street so foolish as to pay ten cents, or five cents, for a "shine," and then put his boots down into the slush that would be sure to fill the streets.

After gravely considering the question for a few minutes, Charlie left his box and brushes at home, and went off to see if a chance for doing something would come to him. He had not the least idea that he should find such a chance as he did. In fact, he was feeling particularly doleful over the thought that the morning was going, and he was not earning a cent, when there burst suddenly on the air the cry of "Fire! fire!"

Away up in the fourth story of one of the burning buildings, there appeared three men at the window. No way for them to get down; no ladders long enough to reach them; the stairways all in flames. People looked up at them and groaned; nothing for it, but to stand still and see those three men perish. It was awful. Would they jump? Surely not, for that would be certain death; yet no more certain, after all, than to stay where they were.

What is Charlie Wright going to do? See, he is climbing that telegraph pole across the street. Hard work it is, for the pole is smooth and slippery, and Charlie has no grappling-irons fastened to his feet such as men wear when they want to climb poles. Yet he goes steadily up. What for? Why, his keen eyes have seen that a wire half an inch thick is fastened, one end of it to the pole, and the other end of it away across the street, just above the window where those three men stand. If he can reach the top of the pole, and then can unfasten the wire, and if the men see it and catch hold of it, he believes they can slide down it and be saved; it is worth trying for, anyway. Charlie sees in it a chance for saving life. Up he climbs. Hundreds of eyes are watching him now. They begin to understand what he will try to do. Many of them don't believe it can be done. They watch him silently. The three men across the street see him. Imagine how *they* watch!

In his pocket he happens to have an iron spike. When he picked it up in the road, he chuckled and said:

"What am I picking this up for? It ain't good for any thing; but it hadn't ought to lie there for horses to step on."

And he put it in his pocket. Now he means to try to cut the wire with it.

Charlie works away. A hot breath from the fire blows on him, almost choking him; then a cold blast and a whirl of snow, and his hands are bleeding from sharp cuts which the ice has given him, but he saws away.

A moment, and the wire slowly swings out from his hand, and sways across the street, and one of the watching men has caught at the other end, and begun his journey down. And the people watch and are still. Down and down he climbs! He has reached the ground, and another is coming, and then another; and then what a shout goes up! The men are saved!

Charlie comes down the pole like a cat, bruised and bleeding, torn hands, sprained ankle—what does he care for that? God has used him to save three lives! What kind of lives will those men live? For what has God saved them? Up in heaven some day will they talk it over with Charlie, and will he feel glad forever and ever that he was able to do the world such a service as to save three such men? Who knows?

Meantime, I wonder what the boys and girls can do to show that they are proud of Charlie Wright. Don't you think he ought to go to school? I do wonder what we can do for him!

This we can certainly do. Ask God to take care of him, to make him a good man, to give him a chance to save men's *souls*. Oh, if he will begin now to work for that, what *chances* Charlie can find! what great things he can do! It was a great thing to save the bodies of those three men. I wonder if their souls are saved. I wonder if anybody has tried hard for that. I wonder if the boy Charlie has seen to it that his own soul is safe.

I wonder, my Pansies, how many of you have seen to this for yourselves, so that you are all ready to help others.

AMY ROBB.

BY C. M. L.

CHAPTER IV. — THE THIEF AND HOW HE BROUGHT
BACK THE JEWELS.

LITTLE by little it began to dawn upon Pussy's mind just what uncle May meant by the jewels and diamonds; and by this time most of the little folks see through it too.

But you may not quite understand how such jewels could be stolen, and maybe you would like to have uncle May spend one more evening with Pussy on his knee or sitting in her chair by his side, and the kitty purring at her mamma's feet.

Well, there comes a sound in the hall. Pussy has heard it before, for she bounds out into the hall, and there's a little scuffle and some shouts and laughter, and the door opens, and Pussy leads the way, drawing her dear uncle May after her. Then the hour — one of the happiest in Pussy's home — when they not only eat the good things that faithful Bridget has prepared, but each one tells some pleasant thing of the day, though now and then something very sad has happened, and they must needs speak of that too.

"Now to-night I must tell you about that thief," began uncle May.

"Oh, do!" said Pussy; and in half a minute she was ready to listen.

"Well, then, the name of the thief was" —

"Who?" said Pussy, all eager to know.

"Was Amy Robb."

"O, uncle!"

"Listen, and you will see. Amy got into the habit of not coming when her mamma called her, and so she would keep her mamma waiting for her. She had the habit of leaving her room in disorder for her mamma to look after, and she would drop her things here and there and insist upon her mamma's finding them, and so in many ways she stole away her mamma's *Time*."

"Why, uncle May, is *Time* a jewel?" inquired Pussy.

"A most precious one, my child, when you remember that —

Life is the *Time* that God has given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven."

"Yes, I see that. If we keep our mammas looking after us, they can't find much time to think and pray and read the Bible and make ready for Jesus when he comes. I wonder how much time Amy stole away from her mamma."

"More than one whole year; three hundred and sixty-five days; nearly nine thousand hours."

"Dear me! I can't bear to lose one hour when I'm playing."

"Then Amy was often very disobedient and naughty and saucy to her mamma. Sometimes she would get very angry, and dreadful words would leap from her mouth at her dear mamma. Then she became a very vain girl. She would put on her finery and go strutting about the house and want every one to say how handsome she was; or she would place herself before the looking-glass and admire herself. Sometimes she would get a bad book and run away by herself and read it. Then she would deny it. So she became a liar."

"Well, all this, little by little, broke her mother's heart. Her Peace and Hope and Joy and Love left her. The light went from her eyes, and rosy hues from her cheeks, and her hair became gray, and her face thin and wrinkled, and she seldom smiled."

And the great tears ran down uncle May's face as he went on with the story.

"But," he continued, "I was there last week" —

"Was you, uncle?" asked Pussy; "and did you see them, Amy and her mamma?"

"Yes, and I saw such a change I hardly knew them."

"How did they look?"

"Why, I saw right away that some of the stolen jewels were being brought back."

"How strange! Did Amy bring them back?"

"Yes, my darling. God showed her that her wicked ways were killing her poor mother. And Amy was dreadfully frightened and ashamed at what she had done, and she wept over it night after night, and asked Jesus to forgive her and change her heart; and she went to her mother and confessed her great wrong, and now she is doing so much better. Her mother told me she was so changed, so gentle and obedient that she wasn't the same at all. Oh, I can't tell you what a joyful day that was when Amy came weeping and begging her dear mamma not to remember her wicked ways against her, and to be happy and beautiful as she once was, and that they all might be children of Jesus."

"Did they?" asked Pussy.

"Yes, all of them, my darling."

"And did the jewels come back?"

"Yes, dear, and they were brighter than ever; and some day I will tell you why."

MY MOCKING-BIRD.

BY INA WOODS.

IF you are an artist, and want to color this little fellow, be sure you use no gay yellows or glowing reds about him. His back must be made a sort of ashy brown, and his wings and tail nearly black, and his legs and bill quite black. A bit of white, as you see, may be put on his breast, but even this must not be too white; it ought to have a brownish tinge. There is really not a bit of brightness for trimming; no yellow at the tips of his wings, no ruffle of red about his throat. He isn't pretty, and I may as well own it at once. The lovely goldfinch in the cage opposite him, with her brilliant yellow wings that contrast so beautifully with the green vines among which she loves to hop, is often tossing her head at him in a saucy way, as though she knew she was a beauty; and I'm sure she does, for the first place she visits when I let her out of her cage, is the looking-glass.

Ah, but let me be just to my poor little goldfinch, if she is a trifle vain. There was a time that she really did not know it was her own pretty self she saw in the glass, and she actually took a seed with her, and offered it to the bird in the glass.

But you should see her when Mornie — that's the homely bird's name — makes up his mind to sing. She retires to the most distant corner of her cage, curls herself up in a still little heap, puts her head on one side, and listens without the flutter of a feather. Either I imagine it or there really does come a sad look in her eyes, as though she thought she would give all the yellow in her lovely tail if she could sing like that.

Oh, how he sings! Sometimes like a canary, sometimes like a wood-robin in a spring morning, sometimes like the true mate of the pretty little goldfinch herself. In fact, like any bird that he has ever heard; springing the notes from one style of music to another much more quickly than a young Miss at the piano can change her music, and begin again.

A mischievous bird is this Mornie of mine. In addition to his musical powers, he can cackle exactly like a hen; and when Mollie, my little errand girl, first came to live with me, Mornie kept her half the time running to see which hen had laid an egg, so sure was she that she would find a fresh one.

Then, no sooner does Tom go to sawing wood in the back-yard, than Mornie begins her "Scream! scream!"

scream!" so exactly like the sound which the saw makes, that you would be almost certain to think Tom had moved his work to the side piazza where Mornie

birds are being reared; if they don't, the fierce father bird will dart at them and pick their eyes out.

My cat Tabby has learned by some means that she is



not to have any thing to do with Mornie; I never taught her, so I think he has explained it to her. By the way, another accomplishment he has is to bark like a dog. Tabby, who is mortally afraid of dogs, went around half the time with her back arched like a bow, when Mornie first came into the house; but she has learned now, that the bark which she dreads comes from the bird in the cage; and if she is awakened suddenly from a nap, and begins to

hangs. Very often he wakens in the middle of the night and gives us a song. But there is this queer thing about him then. All his fun seems to be gone. Whether he is lonely and homesick or not, I do not know, but the plaintive little note that belongs to him is all he sings in the night.

That is not the time, he thinks, for mocking anybody.

I have some trouble in preparing his food for him; he is really very dainty, unlike my gay goldfinch. He is very fond of raw meat chopped fine; and indeed must have it, or he would lose his health. Mush and milk is also a favorite dish of his; at least, that is what we call it, though the meal is not cooked like our mush, but stirred raw into the milk.

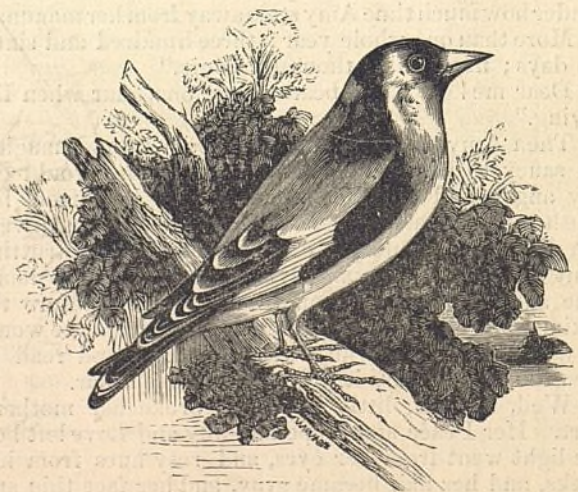
Then, too, he must have his fresh fruit in its season. Strawberries are his special favorites, but he will kindly condescend to eat any fruit that he can get after strawberries are gone. Still, you need not suppose that his tastes are all so dainty. He is by no means above eating a good-sized grasshopper or beetle, and a fat worm now and then he considers a special dainty.

Now I have taken a good deal of pains to inquire into the character and habits of mocking birds, and I find that mine is not an unusual one, but is quite like his race; so that if you think of getting such a bird for a pet, you may safely feed him as I do mine, and expect him to act very much as Mornie does.

He and all his class are very brave when they have any young birds to defend; they have been known to kill snakes by darting at their eyes and biting, and by striking them sharp blows on the head with their beaks. It is said that even cats discover that it is wise to keep away from the pretty little nest where young mocking

birds are being reared; if they don't, the fierce father bird will dart at them and pick their eyes out.

arch her back in fear, she remembers in a trice, and goes off under the barn to feel ashamed. Isn't it a wonder that Mornie never tries to talk? Perhaps he does try, but he never succeeds. I often feel sorry for him, to think that when he knows so much, he cannot learn to speak one little word. However, he gives me a great deal of pleasure with his music; as much as goldfinch does with her pretty ways and her gay dress; both of them are cheerful and happy all day long, and do just as well as they know



how. Without any judgment, or reason, or soul, each contrives to do well and joyfully just what God wants him to do.