

EDITED
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The Pansy.

STORIES
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.

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"CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES."

I'LL just go down by the lake, mamma, and wait until you are ready."

"But, Rollo, remember you are dressed in white, and it soils very easily; don't go where you will get any stains."

"I won't, mamma, I'll be ever so careful."

It was less than ten minutes when he came back in just the plight which you see in the picture. One shoe off, one elastic gone, his bright red stocking torn and hanging, himself covered from head to foot with mud. How *could* a boy have done so much mischief to himself in so short a time! If only Rollo had had a reputation for being careful, she would have surely stopped to hear his story; but, alas for him! A more heedless boy



This was the talk they had as Rollo, in his newest white suit, and brilliant red stockings and fresh sailor hat, kissed his hand to his mother and tripped out of the gate. Ten minutes more and he expected to be off to the park to hear the lovely music, and see the swans and the monkeys.

never lived than this same Rollo. Still, this was worse than usual; so much worse that the mother decided on the instant that he must have a severe lesson.

"Rollo," she said in her coldest tone, "you may go at once to Hannah and have her put your every-day suit on, then you may go to my room and stay until I return."

"But, mamma," said Rollo, his face in a quiver, his lips trembling so that he could hardly speak.

But she passed him on the stairs without a word.

He called after her:

"Mamma, oh, mamma! Won't you *please* to listen to me?"

Then she said:

"Rollo, you may obey me immediately, and I do not wish to hear a word."

In a very few minutes after that the carriage rolled away, stopped at Mrs. Merrivale's and took up Helen and her mother, then on to the park.

You needn't suppose Rollo's mother enjoyed it. She seemed to care nothing for the park; she hardly glanced at the swans, and did not go near the monkeys. All the time she missed a happy little face and eager voice that she had expected to have with her. Miss Helen Merrivale was another disappointed one. Had not she and Rollo planned together this ride to the park? Now, all she could learn from his mother was that Rollo was detained at the last minute. *She* did not intend to tell the Merrivales that her careless little boy seemed to grow more careless every day; and how she felt that she must shut her ears to his pitiful little explanations, which would amount to nothing more than he "didn't mean to at all," and was "so sorry."

The mother believed that she had done right; nevertheless she was lonely and sad. They came home earlier than they had intended. As they passed Mrs. Sullivan's pretty cottage she was standing at the gate with Mamie in her arms, and out she came to speak to them.

"You haven't the dear little fellow with you," she said eagerly, her lips trembling. "I wanted to kiss him, the darling, brave boy. O, Mrs. Grey, I hope and trust that he did not get hurt in any way?"

"Who?" said Mrs. Grey wonderingly. "My Rollo! Oh, no, he isn't hurt. Why? Did you hear of any accident?"

"Didn't he tell you? Didn't *anybody* tell you? Why, Mrs. Grey, if it hadn't been for your brave little Rollo—I shiver and grow cold all over when I think where my baby would be now! She climbed into the boat; it was locked, but she tried to sit down at the farther end, and she lost her balance and pitched head first into the lake. Rollo saw her, your little Rollo, he was the only one around; and I don't know how he did it, and he such a little bit of a fellow. He climbed over the side of the boat and reached after her; he stepped right in that deep mud and got stuck, and the little man had sense enough to unbutton his shoe and leave it sticking there, and wade out after baby. He saved her, I'm sure I don't know how, nobody seems to know, but he tugged her out and laid her on the bank, all unconscious, you know, and we thought she was dead, but she is as well as ever, and O, Mrs. Grey, isn't there *any* thing I can do for the blessed boy?"

"John," said Mrs. Grey, "drive home as fast as possible."

Up the steps she ran, gave the bell a furious pull, and dashed past the little nurse-girl to her own room like a comet.

"Where is Rollo?" she said breathlessly to Hannah.

"He's asleep now, ma'am. He cried as though his heart would break, and was a long time getting comforted; but finally I got him dressed and coaxed him to take a nap, and there's been half the town here this afternoon to inquire how he is."

She didn't believe in disturbing sleeping boys as a rule, but she picked this one right out of his bed and carried him, half smothered with kisses, to her rocking-chair, and sat down to laugh and cry over him and kiss him. Only half awake he was at last, still grasping the

big orange that Hannah had given him, when mamma, giving him more kisses, said:

"Dear little brave boy, will you forgive mamma for all the sorrow of this afternoon?"

Then he rubbed his eyes and looked at her wonderingly, and patted her cheek, and said:

"You mean you will forgive me? You will, won't you? I truly didn't mean to get wet and dirty."

How many kisses do you suppose he had then? As for Mrs. Sullivan, she hasn't found enough yet to do for Rollo, though she keeps doing nice little things all the time.

LITTLE FOXES.

AMONG my tender vines I spy,
A little fox named By and By."

Then set upon him, quick, I say,
The swift young hunter "Right Away."

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox "I Can't!"

Then fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave "I Can."

"No Use in Trying!" lags and whines,
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low, and drive him high
With this good hunter named I'll Try."

Among the vines in my small lot,
Creeps in the young fox "I Forgot."

Then hunt him out and to his den,
With "I-Will-Not-Forget-Again."

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named "I-Don't-Care."

Then let "I'm Sorry," hunter true —
Chase him afar from vines and you.

— *From Children's Hour.*

A NOTE TO THE OLDER PANSIES.

My dear friends:—This little rhyme will make a very pretty recitation for your little sisters. Select five little bits of girls and dress them up prettily like gardeners; trim them with flowers and vines, and in any pretty easy way you can think of, suggest the garden. Then let each one come to a sixth little girl, who is dressed up like the queen of the garden, and seated on a garden throne, if you can manage that—a large chair covered with a bright cloth and trimmed with vines and flowers or with evergreens, does nicely. This queen has an answer ready for each little gardener's troublesome fox.

You have no idea how pretty this exercise is for very little bits of people, if you take pains to teach them.

The queen should be older than the others.

Close the exercise by letting the five little children join hands and form a half-circle before their queen, repeating in concert her last bit of advice:

'Then let 'I'm sorry,' hunter true,
Chase him afar from vines and you.'

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

OH, what a hurry he was in! He rushed through the house, slamming all the doors behind him. He had something to show papa, and mamma, and auntie Mag. On his slate was a wonderful picture: Two ladies in long dresses, and elegant hats, walking across a railroad-track, with a steam-engine coming pell-mell after them.

What a talk they all made over that picture, to be sure! Aunt Mag said the curl of the plumes on their hats was just as natural as life. Mamma said he certainly had a wonderful talent for drawing faces. And papa said he must confess that that steam-engine was very well drawn.

"I wish it were on paper," said mamma, "I would really like to keep it." Then she stooped down and kissed Roger. And Roger said never a word. Why should he? I'll tell you. It was Alice Parsons who drew that picture. She had borrowed Roger's slate in the morning, and at recess had given it to him with that lovely picture drawn with colored pencils.

When Roger rushed into the house, he had not meant to claim the picture as his; but when they all made such a talk over it, and his mother kissed him, he could not bear to say a word. He comforted his naughty little heart by telling it that he hadn't told anybody *he* drew it. Hadn't he?

"When did you draw the picture?" mamma asked, as they sat down to dinner. "I hope you didn't take the time from your spelling-lesson?"

"No, ma'am," said Roger with a red face.

"He did it at recess," said aunt Mag. "It was raining so I suppose they couldn't play out-doors. Didn't you, Roger?"

"Yes," said Roger. His soup almost choked him.

Mamma asked where he got colored pencils.

And Roger muttered that he borrowed them of a boy.

They *would* keep talking about that hateful picture. Papa asked him what ladies he took for models, when he had studied a steam-engine so carefully. After dinner it was worse and worse. Mamma set the slate on the mantel, and said she was going to show it to uncle Dick. She did show it to a lady, and to the minister who

asked more questions, and Roger had to tell half a dozen falsehoods. How did it end? Why, about five o'clock came Alice Parsons with a note for Roger's mother, and while she waited for an answer, her eyes went roving around the room, and saw the slate.

"Why, Roger!" she said, "you kept that picture! I made those ladies for mamma and cousin Kate. They truly did most get run over by an engine."

Then it all came out. What a time they had! I don't know who had the heaviest heart, papa, or mamma, or



WHAT A HURRY HE WAS IN!

the boy. I know he shed a great many tears; but it takes more than *tears* to wash away the stains of sin.

"I truly didn't ever mean to do it, mamma," Roger said, when he was getting ready for bed; "I brought it home to show you how nicely Alice could draw; but when you all thought it was so nice, I couldn't say a word. I didn't mean to tell what wasn't true."

"But you did say what was not true," said mamma.

"Yes'm," said Roger, "I couldn't seem to get out of it."

"Ah! you dip it by letting Satan make you keep still when you ought to have spoken!" mamma said very sadly.

SIDE BY SIDE

THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD WITH ALL THY HEART, AND WITH ALL THY SOUL, AND WITH ALL THY MIGHT.

A PRUDENT MAN FORESEETH THE EVIL, AND HIDETH HIMSELF.

THEREFORE, LET US NOT SLEEP AS DO OTHERS; BUT LET US WATCH, AND BE SOBER.

AS I LIVE SAITH THE LORD, EVERY KNEE SHALL BOW TO ME, AND EVERY TONGUE, SHALL CONFESS TO GOD.

YOU should have seen the astonishment on Sarah Lambert's face as she slowly read over the second verse on her new card! In fact there was something more than astonishment; she could hardly keep her lip from curling a little: "I don't like that a bit," she said in her abrupt way, never noticing that she was interrupting Miss Mason in the middle of a sentence. "That's exactly what Timmy Burke did; a drunken man came into the room and staggered around, and threatened to kill Timmy's little sister, and Timmy was so scared he hid in the cupboard; and everybody called him a coward; and I think he was too!"

The girls all laughed; and even Miss Mason could not keep from smiling; but she explained: "That is not



"DON'T LET ME INTERRUPT YOU, GIRLS."

the sort of hiding which the verse means, Sarah. Prudent men hide from danger, or avoid it if they can, when there is nothing to be gained by braving it; when no possible good can come from it, but only harm. Prudent boys and girls hide from the temptation to do wrong, but reckless ones say, 'I'm not afraid.'"

"Oh," said Sarah, and the curl went out of her lip.

It was the next Thursday afternoon at recess, when she stood in the door with Ethol Harrison. Ethol had

just appeared there, when Sarah seized her hand eagerly and said: "Ethol, let's run and hide!"

"Hide from what?" asked Ethol in astonishment.

"From Bobbie Stuart. Don't you know about it? He has an apple for every girl who hasn't brought one, and exactly at three o'clock they are all to begin eating them and see what Miss Mason will do. Have you got an apple?"

"No," said Ethol. "I forgot mine."

"I haven't either; I never do have any apples. Well now, let's hide."

"We needn't take an apple if we don't want to; or we needn't eat it when the rest do."

"Oh well, we might want to, awful. I'm sure I should. Apples are dreadful good; especially when you don't ever have any; and maybe we would think it would look so funny to see every girl in the room eating one that we couldn't help it. Anyhow I 'foresee the evil.' Don't you know what the verse says, and what Miss Mason said? Let's hide, quick."

"Where?" asked Ethol, drawn slowly by Sarah's eager fingers. She did not want the apple, but she wanted the fun. How queer it was for Sarah Lambert to be the one to hide her from temptation!

"In the school-room," said Sarah in answer to her last question. "They won't dare to come in there with apples, you know. Come on."

Such a silly joke as Bobby Stuart had planned for the girls in his sister's room, and the boys in his own! Precisely at three of the clock, they were each to take a huge bite from an apple. What could teachers do with forty-six girls and forty-two boys all eating apples at once!

Well, the plan was carried out; not exactly as it was planned. How did the teachers hear of it? I don't know; teachers have ways of hearing of things. Precisely at three o'clock in the girls' room, out came forty-four apples, and were bitten! Precisely at three o'clock the door swung open, and Professor Haviland stood in it and looked at them. What would those girls have liked to do with their apples then? But the Professor was very kind. "Don't let me interrupt you, girls," he said pleasantly. "You can listen and eat at the same time. I have something to tell you."

Then he bent forward and spoke in low tones to Miss Mason. "How many exceptions are there?"

"Just two. Ethol Harrison and Sarah Lambert; it seems almost too bad."

"So it does; I am sorry for them; but these attempts at joking are growing too frequent." Then he spoke to the girls:

"At four this afternoon there is to be a concert in the Park, for the special benefit of the young people. Your teachers had planned a little surprise for you, and two band wagons had been engaged to take you to the concert; but from some things we have heard and seen, we have concluded that we made a mistake in our way of giving you pleasure. I have sent away the band wagons, and ordered my man to bring in a large basket of apples, with which I hope you will be able to enjoy yourselves in your own way. In the meantime, the two Misses who do not find their enjoyment in breaking one of the rules of the school, may leave the school-room in ten minutes, and take seats in my carriage, which is waiting at the door."

"I'm glad we hid," said Sarah, as she stepped into Professor Haviland's elegant carriage, "but I'm awful sorry for the others."

"Yes," said Ethol. "But Sarah, there's one thing I'm afraid of. If you hadn't hid me, I think maybe I should have eaten apples too."

"That shows the good of hiding," said Sarah philosophically.