

EDITED
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The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE
ABROAD.

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GIESSBACH.

THE two girls squealed with delight over the picture. "Just see! three falls, one on top of the other!" declared Fannie. "Oh dear me! How I *should* like to see them! You can't tell any thing by looking at a picture."

Tom came and looked over their shoulders.

"Where is the thing?" he asked.

"Why, is it that wonderful Giessbach fall in Switzerland that Mr. Warder told us about. He said it was just the loveliest view in all Switzerland; and he promised aunt Kate a picture of it; but pictures are the most unsatisfactory things! I want to see the color of the rocks, and the little ferns and bushes growing about, and hear the water dashing. But I don't suppose I ever shall see or hear any such things. I expect to fly, just as much as I expect to go to Switzerland."

"You needn't go to Switzerland to see a grand waterfall," declared Tom. "I don't believe Giessbach with its horrible name, is any finer than Cheyenne Cañon fall, that I stood under only last week. I tell you, Fannie, that was a sight! Three falls, distinct from each other, yet all tumbling into one at the bottom, and making the grandest kind of white foam. I stood as close to it as I do to you, and the spray came all over my face. Then we went up the mountain and looked down on it all. How many falls do you think we saw then? Seven of them, all roaring down together. That was a sight to remember, and we didn't have to go abroad for it, either. You can just make up your mind, Fannie, that there are about as grand things to



look at in our own country as can be found anywhere."

But Fannie was in the mood to grumble:

"Oh, well, one might as well go abroad as to go to Colorado; I don't expect ever to be able to go there, either."

"Humph!" said Tom. "Neither did I expect to; I could have imagined myself in the moon as well as in Colorado, three weeks before I went; yet I went, and so may you. People can't ever tell what may happen to them. You just remember that when you do go, there is one place to see; the falls of Cheyenne Cañon. People who have seen both, say that there is nothing grander in Switzerland than they get up in that cañon."

Cora, meantime, had been listening in silence, gazing with thoughtful, far-away eyes at the picture. At last she spoke:

"Tom, what did you think of when you stood looking up at the wonderful foamy water coming down from so high a place?"

Tom's face flushed a little.

"People think different things," he said, laughing.

was a little chap stood by me, a pale-faced fellow with blue eyes, who had taken off his cap and stared up without speaking, for ten minutes. Just then he turned to me and said:

"I've been thinking how easy it must be for God to make wonderful things! Here he has made all this white water and tumbled it down from away up in heaven—that is the way it looks—just for the sake of giving these old still rocks something gay and bright to play with."

"Wasn't that a poetical thought? Sounds like you, Cora. It made me think of you at the time."

INTERLAKEN.

INTERLAKEN means "between the lakes, and is the name of a village in Switzerland. It is situated between two lakes called Thun and Brienz. All you geography scholars will be able to turn to it in your minds, or if not so, on your maps. The village is in a plain and on the river Aare, and you have in the picture a view of the bridge across the river. The people who live at Interlaken lead quite uneventful lives, gaining the means of living by carving toys in all sorts of quaint devices, which are sold in the shops which line the principal streets. The wonderful scenery brings large numbers of visitors to the place, and these visitors are the purchasers of the curiosities of the shops.

Large quantities of Swiss lace and Swiss carving finds its way to the United States in the trunks of American travellers; and I have no doubt that when you visit Europe you will bring away a quantity of the work of these same Interlaken lace-makers and carvers. However you may set your face against the folly, you will be sure to find some things which you must have.

The scenery in this valley is among the finest in Switzerland. From the windows of some of the *pensions* or boarding-houses, you may get a view of the celebrated "Jungfrau." Do you know that Jungfrau means "the maiden?" There seems to be a dispute as to the origin of the name. Some say it was given to this lofty peak because of the spotless purity of appearance on account of the unsullied snow which always covers its summit. The view which you get of the Jungfrau at Interlaken is through an opening in the range of lower mountains that lie at the base of the grand old mountain itself, which is nearly fourteen thousand feet high. I believe that the first to reach the top was a party of



THE WONDERFUL SCENERY BRINGS LARGE NUMBERS OF VISITORS TO THE PLACE.

"As I stood there looking at it, I said, 'What a grand place that would be for a shower bath. I'd just like to go and stand under it, and take a good one.' There

native of the valley, in 1828.

Soon after a scientific expedition, accompanied by the renowned Agassiz, made the ascent. You will find

within a few miles of the village of Interlaken many points of wild and picturesque beauty, and you will want to visit the waterfall Straubbach, which means "sky born," and is one of the highest in Europe.

across the street in a muddy day. It was very funny to see a dog mincing and tipping along, trying to imitate a fine lady.

Then Jip and Milly and Tip each came in turn and

SOME REAL DOGS.

BY MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

THEY went abroad, or rather came abroad, from Spain here to America.

There are just six of them: pretty, graceful, well-behaved—not young people exactly—but six young Spanish dogs, the cunningest little creatures you ever saw, with white curly wool, big black eyes and pink noses.

Some little people who are spending the summer at the seaside went down to the beach the other evening to see these dogs perform. Fred and Harry and Nellie and Maud coaxed their mothers and got them started off early.

They went down to the large pavilion. It was all lighted up, and gayly-dressed people were walking about or sitting in chairs watching the great waves as they came in one after another with white foam on their heads; one after another, always coming, never tiring, roar and splash, on and on they come and go. But it was not old ocean, much as they loved him, that our girls and boys were interested in to-night.

They seated themselves in front of the platform and waited as patiently as they could. It was not long before a brisk little man came in followed by a boy with a very large basket. No sooner had he set it down than out popped a little curly dog, then another, and another, till the whole six were out. Each one hopped up on a chair and curled himself down in a heap.

Their master stood before them then and said:

"Attention, doggies!"

Then every little dog as quick as a flash straightened up, sat on his hind feet and hung his two forepaws down before him, and every one of the twelve black eyes was fixed on their master.

"That will do now. Major, come here," he said.

Down skipped a pretty little dog with such a "knowing" face, and very wide-open eyes gazing into his master's.

"Major, I want you to dance your very best now."

So Major, standing straight on his hind legs, with his forepaws drooped gracefully before him, tripped through the lively measures of a dance to the music of an accordion played by a boy. Round and round he went, keeping perfect time.

Presently "Black-eyed Susan" was called out to waltz with him. She tripped out, and they two whirled about

in as senseless a manner as any other young couple.

After these were sent to their seats Mandy, a pretty little creature, was called to show how a lady walked



INTERLAKEN.

cut many funny capers which proved them to be most remarkable dogs.

After that Major, who seemed to be the star actor, came out again, and when his master said, "Major, if you were a soldier which would you do, jump the bounty or die for your country?" Major stretched himself at full length and lay for a moment like a truly dead doggie, cold and stiff. And that was his answer.

But he could answer questions in another way; for when his master asked, "Do you love me, Major?" he responded by a sharp bark that sounded exactly like "Yes." And to the question, "Do you like the police?" he gave a deep, hoarse bark that meant "No! no! no!"

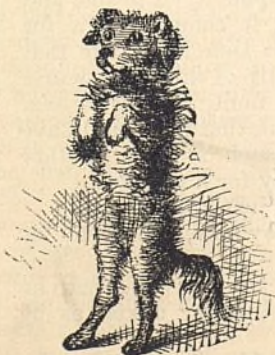
Milly was a queer little upstart of a dog, with a very pug nose that was always rushing forward when he called one of the others, and the man had to say, "Milly, you go right back to your seat and wait till you are called;" then Milly would drop her eyes and her ears and sneak back looking exactly like a little girl when she is sent out of the parlor for being naughty. They were all very tired dogs, for they had given several shows that day. They yawned and looked sleepy just like children, stretching their mouths wide open right in the midst of the performance; and Mandy two or three times sat down and rested herself a bit while she was dancing. She took good care to do it, though, only when she was behind her master's back.

Mandy made one or two mistakes, and the man said: "Mandy, step off there! Attention, Mandy!" And if ever there was a good specimen of attention that was Mandy as with body upright and ears erect, she fixed her keen eyes on his face.

"That will do," he said; "now see if you can jump over my foot eight times as I told you."

And she did just eight times, so Mandy can count.

"Now be good doggies," he said at last, "and dance the 'Grand March,' and after that I'll take you right home."



"MANLY."

Every dog was on its feet in a trice, and they looked as eager and glad as possible, and somehow one knew it was not because they liked to dance so well, but because they were to go home to their little beds.

And now every dog put his paw on his neighbor's shoulder, and away they all went in a merry jig.

"They do it up in fine style," an old gentleman said,

wonderful dogs! wonderful! They positively know more than some men do."

"Pooh!" said Fred on the way home, "what stuff he tells! His dogs know more than some men! How could that be?"

"I think I know some reasons why they might appear to know more than some boys," said mamma gently.

Fred's mother was different from some mothers.

Her voice was softer when she found fault with him than at any other time; so he knew something was coming now that perhaps he would not like to hear.

"These dogs, you know, spring up the instant their names are spoken. They give entire attention to what is told them.

"They go and do it without a second's delay.

"If my dear boy imitated these little animals in these points it would make his mother very happy, for I found myself wishing that I owned one of the little creatures just for the pleasure of being obeyed so promptly."

This talk was all by themselves; the others had gone on.

Fred's mother was not one to tell him his faults before others.

Fred was silent, thinking it all over.

He knew how he tried his mother's patience every day; how when he was called he always said, "Yes, in a minute," and a minute usually meant five; and how he was in the habit of not giving attention when errands or messages were repeated to him, and so he was always getting things mixed up.

He had been told of this fault hundreds of times, but now walking by the great sea, with the moon shining down upon it, so grand and solemn, it came to him for the first time in his life that this fault of his was worse than a fault, it was a *sin*. To think that he should have made such a dear mother unhappy for a minute!

Oh, it was awful—truly awful, he thought.

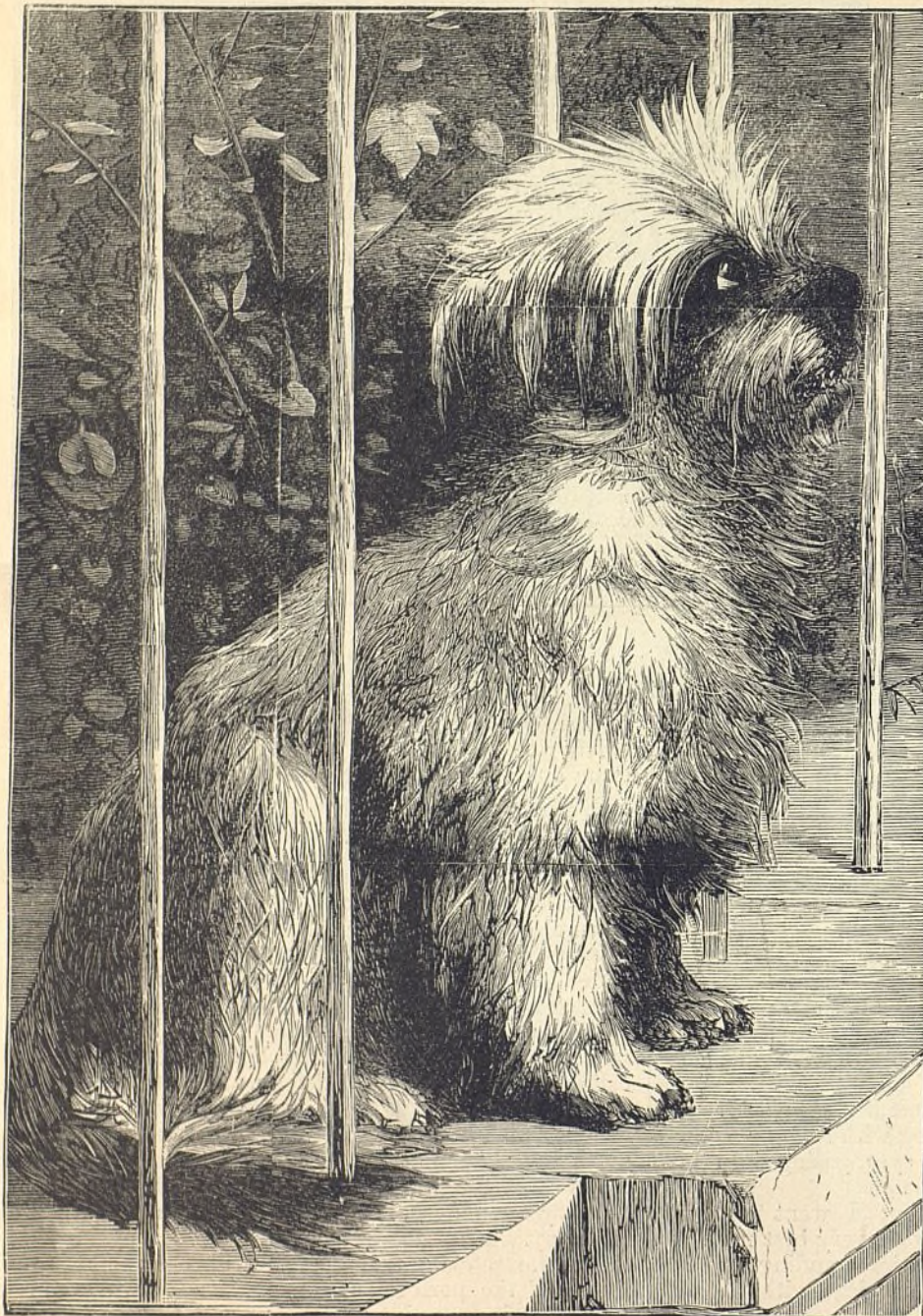
He was getting to be a tall boy now, almost to his mother's shoulders.

She could lean on his arm, but for all that he was not ashamed to put up his lips for a kiss as he said:

"Mother, I will break off the habit; I *will*!"

And he did; for he was in earnest.

He had often prayed to be made a better boy, now his will took hold of the work, which is just as necessary as praying.



"MAJOR."

who was looking on; "they ought to do the dancing for all the folks in the hotels this hot weather."

"There, my doggies, that will do," said their master.

"Get right into your basket and we will go home."

There was a scramble at once for the basket. Each little dog seemed to know just what corner he fitted into, and without any fuss or snarling they each hopped in and settled quietly down. Not one of them said "Stop!" or "don't!" or "lie over, can't you?"

"Gentlemen and ladies," the dog man said, looking with pride as the last little dog jumped in, "these are