

EDITED

BY

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The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE
AT HOME.

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NOBLE AND TRICKSY.

(A true Story.)

TWO dogs they were, and I am about to tell you a true story concerning them. Tricksy belonged to little Robbie Parker, and was one of the nicest dogs I ever knew. Robbie thought so; he came to his mother almost every night with a fresh story of the fellow's goodness.

"It is a pity he has such a dishonorable name," the mother said. "I don't like tricky people."

"O, mamma!" would Robbie say, "he is only a dog; but then I know he wouldn't do any thing mean."

In the course of time, Robbie's older brother Nelson, became the owner of the wickedest looking little dog that ever yelped. If you want to know *just* how he looked, here is his picture.

What Nelson saw in the little wretch to please him, it would be hard to say; and of all queer things, he was named Noble!

If the names could have been turned about, and "Tricksy" given to him, I think it would have suited every one but Nelson.

He was a queer fellow, and certainly he had many tricks. Brave old Tricksy took kindly to him, and used to frolic with him in a dignified way, and whether it was that being with the little scamp so much he learned some of his ways or not, I do not know, but certain it is that the funny thing I am going to tell you, actually happened. There was nothing that the little scamp named "Noble" liked better than to have a race with old Tricksy around the great trees on the lawn. Yes, perhaps there was one thing that he liked almost as well, and that was, to curl himself on a certain cushion that before he came, had been the large dog's special property.

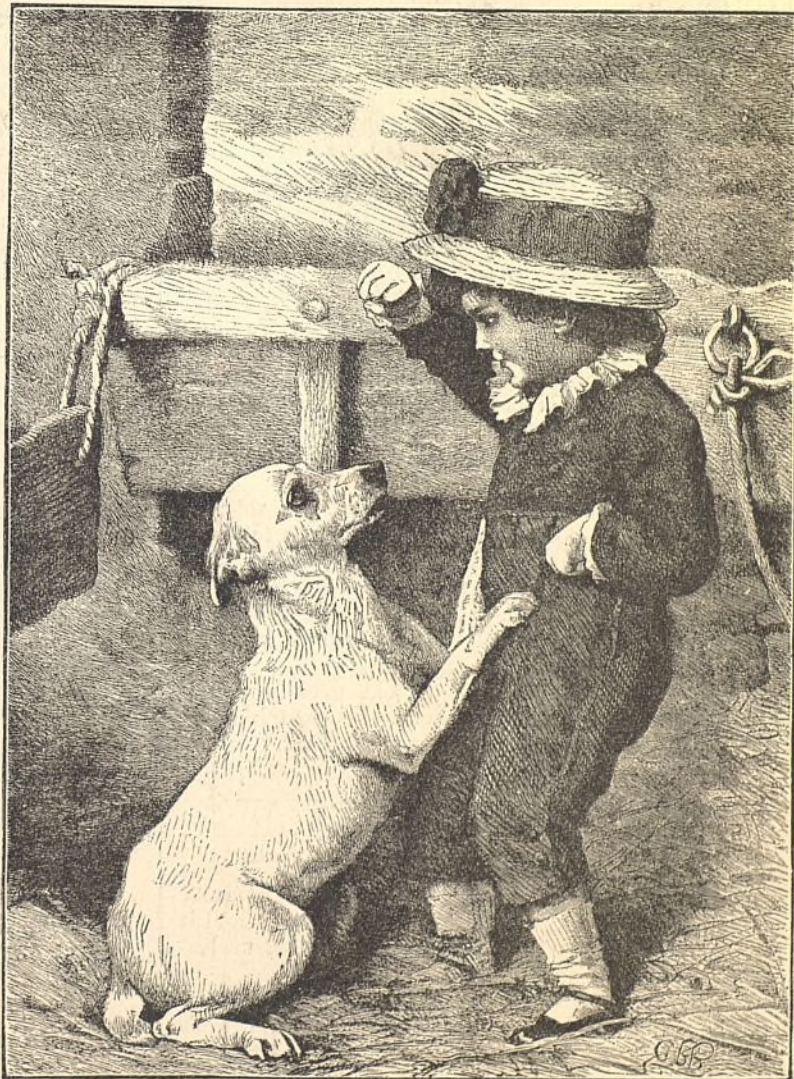
So sure as the old dog left it for a minute to do an errand, or to attend to any of his duties, up the little scamp would jump and be in possession. Good old Tricksy stood it patiently a good many times, but at last one day he evidently thought out a way to manage the little new comer. It was just after a hearty dinner, and it was a chilly day, and a cosy nap on the warm cushion, I suppose, looked most inviting to both dogs. The little one was ahead, as usual, and the old dog sat down by the stove to think about it. At last he got up, moved gravely towards the door leading to the lawn, then turned around to

the little dog and said as plainly as dog-language would admit:

"Come on, then, if you want a race."

Down jumped the little dog in a perfect flutter of delight, and wagged his tail, and barked his short, sharp barks that said "Oh, good, good!" and ran to the door.

What did our grave old dog do but turn around very



TRICKSY.

quickly, spring to the bench behind the stove, curl himself on the cushion, and go to sleep, leaving the disappointed younger one to bear the loss of his frolic and his cushion, as best he might!

"He has earned his name!" somebody said, laughing. "O, Tricksy, Tricksy! We can never say you ought to be called 'Noble' any more."

But what do you think Robbie did? Instead of being delighted with the sharpness of his dear old dog, he burst into tears.

"Why, Robbie!" mamma said, "what is the matter?"

Then Robbie wailed forth his heart-breaking question:

"Was it wicked, mamma? Tricksy didn't know any better; he is only a dog."

"Of course it was wicked!" Nelson declared in his



NOBLE.

most teasing tone. "My good little Noble wouldn't think of doing such a cheating thing."

Whether mamma wanted to comfort Robbie or whether she thought Nelson needed the lesson; or whether it was a little of both reasons that made her speak just then, I will not stop to tell you, but what she said was:

"He may have been led astray by bad example. I wonder if it can be possible that he saw a boy take his slate and book under his arm yesterday, and walk towards the stairs as if he were going to the library to study, then dodge out at the side door, hide his books under a rose-bush, and run off to play marbles with the boys?"

Not a word said Nelson; his cheeks grew red, and he looked down and fumbled with his watch-chain. Do you think his mother could have meant him?

WHERE I WENT, AND WHAT I SAW.

I WENT down by the sea-coast on the New Jersey shore, just a mile from Asbury Park, one summer day, and looked at the wreck. A great noble vessel it once was, lying, when I saw it, a neglected, useless thing, one end stuck in the sand.

People came and looked at it, and talked about the night when it landed there, and the storm, and went away and forgot it.

There are some people who will not forget about it so easily. I'll tell you the story. One night the wind blew fiercely; the doors and windows rattled all the time, as though some surly stranger was trying to get in; every once in a while he would really succeed, and open would come a door with a great bang, and papers and magazines would go flying over the room, sent hither and thither by the strong east wind.

"What a dreadful night it must be on the ocean," one said. And another: "I hope there are no vessels

near the coast." Then another: "Hark! What was that?" It was a signal gun, and it meant that some vessel was in distress. Then there was hurrying to and fro, and cries for lanterns, and boats, and storm-coats. It is a long story—sometime I am going to write out all about it for you; just now I'm only trying to tell you the main facts. Don't you think there was on that ship a little baby only two months old! Don't you think her uncle took her in his arms, and when the ropes were tied about his waist, and the queer little balloon-like bag was made fast that was to help draw him ashore, he held the little baby high up above the waves in his two strong arms, and brought her safely to land! What rejoicing there was over that baby! And over those six children who were brought over the angry sea! How rich and glad and grateful that father and mother felt when they counted their children and found them all safe! How hard everybody worked! They did not mind the storm, nor the water that soaked them through, nor the boat that was ruined, nor the sleep that was lost in saving these dear bodies. Oh dear me! Do you suppose anybody thought to see whether their souls were all safe? Do you suppose anybody will work hard, day and night, and go without sleep, and food, and rest, in order to help them get ready for the ship that will come to take them over the river named death?

Somebody did! Somebody gave up more than thirty years of home, and beauty, and joy, and went out into the cold, and the storm, and was mocked at, and hated, and whipped, and *killed*, just so that these dear *souls* might get safely home from sea. Not one of them refused to be brought over the angry water safe to land. Do you think it can be possible that any of them will refuse to take the help that is offered them to get safe to the other side of the river they have yet to cross? I wonder if the little baby will be held high up, safe in Jesus' arms, all her life? I'll tell you, Pansies, let us every one pray for the life of that little baby, that it may be given to God.

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

MINNIE and Winnie
Slept in a shell,
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell.
"What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft:
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft!

— St. Nicholas.

DEAR OLD JACK.

THERE was one day in the year that my dog Jack dreaded. It is possible that he passed wakeful hours thinking it over. I hope you will not think he was unpatriotic because he dreaded the Fourth of July. The trouble was he had once been shot; and he ever after associated the noise of all guns, and even of thunder, with that sad hurt.

Oh, how sorry I was for him when he came home that day with his side all torn and bleeding from the effect of the shot that some hard-hearted fellow had fired into him! We tried to make a bed for him of some old clothes, but he would not touch them. Then his young master took off his coat and laid it down for him; and I can now seem to see the look of gratitude in his suffering face as he slowly crawled to his bed.

Do you think it a weakness in our old friend that he was ever after afraid of a gun? If only every one was afraid of that which hurts him! If men and boys would use the law of association and their reason to as much advantage!

Suppose every one should associate suffering and disgrace and hunger and misery and death with the wine-cup and grog-shop, so as to be afraid to touch or to come near the poison that wounds so sorely, would not the world be better for such weakness?

Perhaps Jack was foolish to fear the thunder; but then he had never been taught to read the Bible, and no one had told him the lightnings are the arrows of God's quiver, and that he who loves God need not fear. Well, this fear of a gun rather interfered with his usefulness as a hunter. He was ready to hunt, only you must not take a gun along.

Now, boys, here is one thing about my old friend Jack that has given me much thought: that is, *why* need he fear such a friend as I? Didn't he know that I loved him?

This puzzled me not a little. Would you like to know how I have solved it? When I tell you, you will see that if I have rightly solved the mystery, even this weakness reflects credit upon the dog's character.

I have come to the conclusion that he supposed his being shot was either a mistake or an accident, not believing that any person *could* be so cruel as to hurt him on purpose. So he seemed to think that the same mistake might occur again, even among his friends, and the safe thing for him to do would be to keep away from that which might cause mischief.

I may not be right in this conclusion, but the theory seems most in keeping with the known character of this faithful fellow; and I am going to give his memory the benefit of it.

You think it must have been a great drawback not to have Jack's help in hunting? Oh, no; not much, at least for me; and for several reasons.

In the first place, I had no gun and very little ammunition. The only gun that I could borrow took so much powder that I could not afford to load it very often, and such shot as peas and beans, cherry stones, and old nails cut up, were not very effective. Fourthly, there was not much to shoot in the place where I lived, and with a pretty good bow and a few arrows Jack and I could *hunt* just as well as with a gun, and shoot about as much.

It is true I never shot much, so that we never brought home any game taken in that way, but we could *hunt*; there was nothing to interfere with that. Still, I ought to tell you that we did now and then trap something; and then we had our sport. Such events were much talked over; and it seemed as if my playmate understood what was said, and enjoyed the conversation as

much as some of those to whom the event was told.

I once referred to his good habit of not telling what he ought not; but I forgot to say that when we took one certain kind of an animal in our trap, he never kept the secret of that fact from anyone in the house. I perhaps ought to add that it was not his fault; so do not think hard of his memory on that account.

Good Jack was fond of going with me when I went on errands, or after the cows, or the horse, or when I went bathing in the river or pond; and, as I said, was exceedingly fond of hunting with me; but there was one game at which he was very expert, and of which he was



JACK ENJOYS "HIDE AND WHOOP."

very fond; and this I think he enjoyed most of all. He had quite a reputation for this, and played it so well that it was not an unusual thing for the boys in the neighborhood to come there to have a game with us. This favorite game we called "hide and whoop."

You have played it? Well, then you know that it has lots of innocent fun in it, specially if you have a good thick grove to play it in; big trees and clumps of bushes around which one can walk like a cat when he is being hunted, and all the time keep out of sight of his pursuer; big rocks, too, a great many of them, that afford the nicest places to hide in, or behind.

The rule was, that one should hide, have so many minutes in which to find his place, while the others counted, say three hundred; then the hider was to "whoop" just so as to be heard. While one was hiding, of course the others covered their eyes, so when Jack was playing he would sit down with the others; he did not have to be held. Then some one would cover his eyes, and he would prick up his beautiful ears, keeping so still that you could not see a foot move till he caught the sound of the faint "whoop" from some hiding-place. After that no boy could hold him. Then wasn't it fun to see him take the track for the hider. No matter how crooked had been his track, Jack could follow it; and generally had the fun of finding the fellow first. Then you should have seen him laugh! No boy in the crowd enjoyed his success better than did our four-footed boy.

Don't you think he showed a good degree of patience in waiting till the proper time, and some perseverance in hunting his man when the right time came?

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.—IN S. S. TIMES.

MRS. MORSE kept no regular servant. Mrs. Sticht, a German woman, came every Monday to do the week's washing, and every Tuesday to do the ironing. She had always been a happy-faced, merry woman, but one morning Stella Morse, going into the kitchen to make a pudding for dinner, found a sad face over the wash-board.

"Good morning, Mrs. Sticht," Stella said.

"Good mornin', Miss Stella," responded the washer-woman soberly, looking up with tear-filled eyes.

"Are you sick, Mrs. Sticht? You look pale and tired."

"I'm not sick, miss, but I am tired; I didn't rest much last night," she answered wearily.

"Then you better wait until another day to wash; mamma would be willing, I'm sure," Stella said kindly.

"No, miss, I'll keep right on washin', but I thank you all the same for your kindness. I'll be just as tired to-morrow, an' the day after too. A mother can't have much rest with a sick child to tend."

"Is your little girl sick, ma'am?"

"She's bin sick these two weeks with an awful cold; she's that weak that she can't hardly walk about the room, an' she's dreadful wakeful nights."

"Who stays with her when you go out to wash?"

"No one but her little brother Tim; an' he's only seven years old."

"And you go out washing every day, do you not?"

"No, miss; if I did I'd have more money than I've got. This is my only wash-place; the rest of the week I help an old fruit-woman down in the market, but I don't get much pay."

"Do you earn enough to support your children?"

"Yes, miss; but my husband's long sickness and death brought some heavy bills for me to pay. I can't get any extras for my little sick girl, though she's that lonesome when I'm gone that Tim says she cries most of the time."

"I should think she would be lonely, poor little soul! What does she want most, Mrs. Sticht?" Stella asked.

A smile flickered over Mrs. Sticht's face. Perhaps this young lady would do something for her little sick girl.

"Her whole mind seems to be set on a doll; she's never had a doll, and she thinks she'd never get lonesome if she had one; she's a lovin' little thing, Patty is."

"She shall have a doll before the week is out," Stella said decidedly. "I have a pretty wax one with golden curls and blue eyes that I used to play with myself. I have not had it out for a long time, and it has no clothes, but I'll dress it up just as pretty as I can, and—let me see, to-day is Monday—by Wednesday I'll have it ready."

"Oh! that is very good of you, Miss Stella," the woman said gratefully; "Patty'll laugh for joy sure."

"Let me see, what is your number, Mrs. Sticht?"

"Number Eleven, Spraker's Court. I can come after the doll, if you say so."

"No, I'll not trouble you; besides, I want to see the little sick girl. Just tell her for me, please, that I'll be there on Wednesday with a beautiful doll, dressed in ruffled blue silk, and I will bring her some other things too."

Stella spoke earnestly, and a load was lifted from the mother's heart. Her unspoken thought was, "I believe the child will soon get better when she gets the doll she so longs for."

Patty's eyes grew bright when her mother told her that a dear, kind young girl was coming to her on

Wednesday with a beautiful blue-eyed, golden-haired doll, dressed in blue silk.

"For my very own?—O mamma, for my very own?" asked Patty, clasping and unclasping her thin white hands in her excitement.

There were tears in her mother's eyes as she bent her head and kissed Patty's forehead, saying tenderly, "Yes, dear, for your very own."

Wednesday came—a bright, beautiful day. Patty's first words to her mother were, "O mamma! this is the day that my dolly is coming. O mamma! I believe I'll get well quick when dolly comes."

Mrs. Sticht did not like to leave home that morning for some reason, but she felt that she must, for the rent was nearly due, and the doctor who came to see the child cared more for filling his pockets than for filling human hearts with thankfulness. She came home very weary, but with one glad thought, namely, "I suppose Patty is overjoyed with her pretty doll. How good of Miss Stella to think of my poor little one!"

But as she stepped over her own threshold, a very weary little face greeted her. Patty's cheeks were flushed, and she said brokenly, "O mamma, my dolly didn't come."

"An' she wouldn't stop cryin', mamma, an' my head aches," sobbed Tim, who was worn out by his sister's day of bitter sorrow.

Mrs. Sticht did not go to bed that night. She watched beside restless Patty, who tossed about all night, talking about blue eyes and golden hair and blue silk dresses, moaning in her sleep, "An' my dolly didn't come; an' my sweet, sweet dolly didn't come."

Monday morning came. A little boy stood knocking at Mrs. Morse's kitchen door. Stella opened it. "Mamma can't wash to-day, Patty's tuk worse," he said quickly, and then scampered away.

"Oh, what a shame that I haven't dressed that doll!" Stella said mentally. "I certainly meant to, but there were so many things to take up my attention that I kept putting it off. I'll dress it this very day."

Tuesday morning Stella, with the beautiful, tastefully dressed doll in her arms, and a little bag of oranges also, started for Mrs. Sticht's. In answer to her rap, Mrs. Sticht opened the door. Her eyes were heavy with weeping and her face had grown more aged.

"How is little Patty this morning, Mrs. Sticht? I've brought her the doll. Can I see her?" were Stella's rapid questions.

"Yes, Miss Stella, you can see her. Walk in, please."

There was anguish and reproof in the mother's tone; Stella stepped inside the poorly furnished room; the mother led the way to one corner, and pointed to a little white-draped cot.

The terrible truth dawned upon Stella. She had come too late. Patty was dead. She burst into tears as the sobbing, broken-hearted mother uncovered the little still face. Through her tears Stella could see how beautiful Patty was, with her golden hair brushed back from a pretty forehead, and her dear little hands clasped over her still bosom.

"And did you tell her I would bring the doll? Did she look for it?" Stella moaned, her remorseful tears rolling down her cheeks like rain.

"Look for it!" Yes, Miss Stella, she looked for it day and night," Mrs. Sticht answered huskily. "She was very light-headed toward the last; she talked of nothin' else. Just before she died her reason returned. She sat up in bed, an' put her arms around my neck an' said, 'Good-by, mamma; I'm goin' to heaven.' I cried aloud, but Patty smoothed my cheek, and said, 'Don't cry, mamma, you'll come by and by, an' I'll be waitin' and lovin' my blue-eyed dolly, 'cause I know Jesus will give me one, 'cause there's no tears in heaven.'"