

EDITED
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The Pansy.

STORIES
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.

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WHITE AND CLEAN.

"CHESTER!" It was his mother's voice, and it rang out from her room in the second story. "Only half an hour until school-time."

"Yes'm," shouted Chester; "I'll be there." But he bent over the tub and rubbed Sport so fiercely that he howled. "Keep still, sir," said Chester. "A dog who can't stand being washed shouldn't have white feet and a white nose; I'm not going to have you trotting around looking so horrid dirty as you have for a week. Look here, sir; don't you try to bite me. If you do, you'll get a whipping. I'm in a hurry."

Rub, rub, souse, souse!

Poor Sport shivered, and howled, and struggled, and looked as though he would never feel equal to his name again: but Chester splashed away.

His mother opened her window again.

"My son, you shouldn't have begun with the dogs this morning; you knew it was late. Let Sport go at once, and leave Beauty until to-night."

"O, mamma! I cannot possibly leave Beauty. He looks worse than Sport did."

"Can't help it, my boy. You will be late to school, and have a poor lesson."

"I'm coming, mamma, right away."

Out went Sport to the piece of carpet with which he was rubbed; glad was he to get out of that horrible tub at any cost. But in went Beauty, and the soaping, and howling, and splashing, and scolding went on again. Chester worked fast, no doubt — although I suppose Beauty did not think so — but before his work was half done, the window of his mother's room went up with a click that meant business.

"Chester, put that dog on the ground and come here immediately."

Which Chester immediately did, shaking the soapy drops from him as he went.

I suppose you are not surprised to hear that half an hour afterwards, in the arithmetic class, he said that seven times eight was ninety-four, and insisted that such was the case, even after half the girls in the class were

laughing over it. This is about a specimen of the way in which he knew his entire lesson. Of course he sat gloomily in his seat during recess, with his arithmetic upside down.

"Chester," his teacher asked, "how is it that you failed on your lesson this morning?"

"I didn't have time to study it, sir."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Pierson. He thought a great deal of Chester, who, to tell you the truth, generally had his lesson. His mother often had trouble about it, but the teacher rarely had. "I think I'll have to excuse you," his teacher said kindly, "if you really had



THE CAUSE OF A POOR ARITHMETIC LESSON.

not the time to learn it. You may make it up to-morrow."

And Chester went to the playground with a hurrah on his lips. He seemed to be very happy the rest of the day. When he went home he was full of play, and greeted the dogs with words of praise for keeping themselves looking so well.

"Your nose is almost as clean as it was this morning, when you fought so hard against my washing it, you ungrateful fellow!" he said to Sport.

A very happy boy he was all the evening. He went to bed happy. He knelt down in his white night-suit and said "Our Father," and then hopped into bed with a whistle, and the next minute was asleep.

Poor Chester! Why? Oh, to be a boy who disobeyed his mother, and told two falsehoods, and yet to think so little of it all that he could go to bed whistling, without even having *asked* to be forgiven, is to be a boy who needs pity.

Two falsehoods? Yes, indeed! Didn't he say to his mother, "I'm coming right away," and go on with his work that she had directed him to leave? Didn't he tell the teacher he "hadn't time," when the truth would have been that he chose to take the time which belonged to the arithmetic for something else?

White and clean! Oh, yes, that is what the dogs were; clean as to their consciences for that matter, if they had any; for I believe they acted as well as they knew how all that day. But how was it with Chester's heart?

"BOY WANTED."

PEOPLE laughed when they saw the sign again. It seemed to be always in Mr. Peters' window. For a day or two, sometimes for only an hour or two, it would be missing, and passers-by would wonder whether Mr. Peters had at last found a boy to suit him; but sooner or later, it was sure to appear again.

"What sort of a boy does he want, anyway?" one and another would ask, and then they would say to each other, that they supposed he was looking for a perfect boy, and in their opinion, he would look a good while before he found one. Not that there were not plenty of boys—as many as a dozen used sometimes to appear in the course of a morning, trying for the situation. Mr. Peters was said to be rich and queer, and for one or both of these reasons, boys were very anxious to try to suit him. "All he wants is a fellow to run of errands; it must be easy work and sure pay." This was the way they talked to each other. But Mr. Peters wanted more than a boy to run of errands. John Simmons found that out, and this was the way he did it. He had been engaged that very morning, and had been kept busy all the forenoon, at pleasant-enough work, and although he was a lazy fellow, he rather enjoyed the place.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon that he was sent up to the attic, a dark, dingy place, inhabited by mice and cobwebs.

"You will find a long deep box there," said Mr. Peters, "that I want to have put in order. It stands right in the middle of the room, you can't miss it."

John looked doleful. "A long deep box, I should think it was!" he told himself, as the attic door closed after him. "It would weigh most a ton, I guess; and what is there in it? Nothing in the world but old nails, and screws, and pieces of iron, and broken keys and things; *rubbish*, the whole of it! Nothing worth touching, and it is as dark as a pocket up here, and cold, besides; how the wind blows in through those knot-holes! There's a mouse! If there is anything that I *hate*, it's mice! I'll tell you what it is, if old Peters thinks I'm going to stay up here and tumble over his rusty nails, he's much mistaken. I wasn't hired for that kind of work."

Whereupon John bounced down the attic stairs, three at a time, and was found lounging in the show window, half an hour afterwards, when Mr. Peters appeared.

"Have you put that box in order already?" was the gentleman's question.

"I didn't find any thing to put in order; there was nothing in it but nails and things."

"Exactly; it was the 'nails and things' that I wanted put in order; did you do it?"

"No, sir, it was dark up there, and cold; and I didn't see any thing worth doing; besides, I thought I was hired to run of errands."

"Oh," said Mr. Peters, "I thought you were hired to do as you were told." But he smiled pleasantly enough, and at once gave John an errand to do down

town, and the boy went off chuckling, declaring to himself that he knew how to manage the old fellow; all it needed was a little standing up for your rights.

Precisely at six o'clock John was called and paid the sum promised him for a day's work, and then, to his dismay, he was told that his services would not be needed any more. He asked no questions; indeed he had time for none, as Mr. Peters immediately closed the door.

The next morning the old sign "Boy Wanted" appeared in its usual place.

Before noon it was taken down, and Charlie Jones was the fortunate boy. Errands, plenty of them; he was kept busy until within an hour of closing. Then, behold he was sent to the attic to put the long box in order. He was not afraid of a mouse, nor of the cold, but he grumbled much over that box; nothing in it worth his attention. However, he tumbled over the things, growling all the time, picked out a few straight nails, a key or two, and finally appeared down-stairs with this message: "Here's all there is worth keeping in that old box; the rest of the nails are rusty, and the hooks are bent, or something."

"Very well," said Mr. Peters, and sent him to the post-office. What do you think? by the close of the next day, Charlie had been paid and discharged, and the old sign hung in the window.

"I've no kind of a notion why I was discharged," grumbled Charlie to his mother; "he said he had no fault to find, only he saw that I wouldn't suit. It's my opinion he doesn't want a boy at all, and takes that way to cheat. Mean old fellow!"

It was Crawford Mills who was hired next. He knew neither of the other boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the "long box," until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called him. "Got through?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much more to do."

"All right; it is dinner time now; you may go back to it after dinner." After dinner back he went; all the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and down at the very bottom of the box I found this." "This" was a five dollar gold piece.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters. "It's good you found it; well, sir, I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning?" This he said as he was putting the gold piece in his pocket-book. After Crawford had said good-night and gone, Mr. Peters took the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered. Crawford had evidently been to the bottom of it; he had fitted in pieces of shingle to make compartments, and in these different rooms he had placed the articles, with bits of shingle laid on top and labeled thus: "Good screws." "Prttee good nails." "Picture nails." "Small keys, somewhat bent." "Picture hooks." "Pieces of iron whose use I don't know." So on through the long box. In perfect order it was at last, and very little that could really be called useful, was to be found within it. But Mr. Peters as he bent over and read the labels, laughed gleefully and murmured to the mice: "If we are not both mistaken, I have found a boy, and he has found a fortune."

Sure enough; the sign disappeared from the window and was seen no more. Crawford became the well-known errand boy of the firm of Peters & Co. He had a little room neatly fitted up, next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Peters gave him. "It tells your fortune for you, don't forget it," he said when he handed it

to Crawford; and the boy laughed and read it curiously: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." "I'll try to be, sir," he said; and he never once thought of the long box over which he had been faithful.

All this happened years ago. Crawford Mills is errand boy no more, but the firm is Peters, Mills, & Co. A young man and a rich man. "He found his fortune in a long box full of rubbish," Mr. Peters said once, laughing. "Never was a five dollar gold piece so successful in business as that one of his has been; it is good he found it." Then after a moment of silence he said gravely: "No, he didn't; he found it in his mother's Bible. 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.' It is true; Mills the boy was faithful, and Mills the man we trust."

AN UMBRELLA STORY.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

IT was the twins, of course. They always did all the mischief that went on in that house. If any thing was lost, from Rob's diamond stud down to the rolling-pin, somebody was sure to say: "The twins must have had it."

On this particular afternoon the softest of summer showers had been falling, and a few bright drops were still coming down through the leaves and the sunshine, when they were seized with such a longing to go out right into the midst of the shower, that they appeared at the foot of the stairs, both shouting coaxing petitions at mamma.

She looked out of the window at the few bright drops, and laughed, and said:

"Kate, put something around them, and let them run



DRESSED FOR THE RAIN.

out; they think it will be something wonderful to go out in the rain."

Now Kate was a grown-up sister of the twins, and she had just come up-stairs after a long morning's work in the kitchen and dining-room. She was tired; she hated to go down-stairs again.

She thought of the little blue cape hanging in the hall, and of the old brown shawl by the door, or on the hook

by the window, or *somewhere*; she couldn't remember just where. What matter which of these old wraps they took?

"Take any thing you can find, children," she called out, "and wrap yourselves up and go."

"Oh! oh!" squealed the children in delight.

Then came the next petition:

"May we take a lumbella?"

"Yes; take any of them from the rack."

Well, they obeyed.

Now it happened that the upper front room of the twins' home belonged to Miss Stella Pierson, who boarded with their mother; and it happened that Miss Alice Fletcher was her very dear friend, and had just run up the stairs to call on her, leaving her India shawl on the hook in the hall. It was damp, so she flung it there to dry, leaving her pearl-handled, gold-tipped parasol standing in the umbrella-rack for the same reason.

How were the twins to know that "any thing they could find" did not cover Miss Alice's India shawl and pearl-handled parasol? Anyhow, they chose just these things and sallied forth, and were so delighted that they went out of sight of the house; and the rain, not being over its frolic, came suddenly down in what might almost have been called torrents, and brought the wind with it, and between them and the dust turned into mud, the twins and the India shawl and the white-lined parasol came home in a sad plight.

"We couldn't help it!" they wailed (the twins did, I mean). "The wind blew and *blew*, and shooked us *so*, and twisted the lumbella wight wound and wound; and the shawl was too heavy, and kept dragging and slipping, and then the lumbella turned itself wight wrong side out!"

"Mother, they really ought to be whipped!" said the indignant Kate. "The parasol is simply ruined, and the India shawl is a sight to behold."

Then did the twins cry out:

"We couldn't help it! She told us to take any thing we could find; and we just tooked them and went. We found 'em; we did *truly*."

"I don't know," said the grave mother, "if it comes to a question of punishment, which ought to have it. The twins, it seems, obeyed just what was told them, and it seems their sister Kate did not."

POOR JOEY.

HE was a handsome boy, with blue eyes and yellow curly hair. He put his arms around his mother's neck, and gave her tender little kisses on cheeks, on nose, on chin, saying between each kiss, "Do please to let me go! you are such a dear mamma."

"But, Joey dear, it will be after eight o'clock before you can get home; and you will be tired and sleepy, and to-morrow morning the lessons will suffer."

Then Joey's voice, eager and firm: "O mamma, no, not a bit. I know my spelling lesson now, and the geography is the littlest speck of a lesson; it won't take me ten minutes in the morning to learn it. And arithmetic is review. Do, please, mamma! all the other boys go, younger boys than I am."

"See here, Joey, tell me why you want to go? Is it because all the other boys do?"

"No, ma'am, that isn't the only reason; it is because, because—" and Joey hung his head, and his cheeks turned a bright rosy color.

"Joey, is it because you love Jesus that you want to go to the little boys' prayer meeting and hear about him?"

"Yes'm," said Joey in a soft whisper, and his head drooped low on his mother's shoulder. Then she kissed

him, and sat and thought. Her little boy never went out in the evening; but it was lovely moonlight, and the meeting closed at eight, and it was but a little way, and the other boys all went, and he was nine years old. The end of it was that she brushed his hair, and fastened on a fresh collar, and tied his blue necktie in a neat bow, and kissed him again, and sent him away to the boys' prayer meeting in his pastor's study. After he was gone she went around with a smile on her face and a song in her heart, she was so glad that Joey loved Jesus and wanted to go to the prayer meeting.

Alas and alas! Do you think the blue-eyed boy in a clean collar went to the prayer meeting that night? No, he didn't. Do you think he meant to go? I cannot even say that for him. He meant to go, and he went, down to the lake in company with five other boys, and hopped into a boat named the *Sea Bird*, and rowed around in the moonlight until the clock struck eight.

No, he wasn't drowned nor hurt in any way; and he came home at just the time his mother expected him; and she kissed him and called him her dear boy, and asked him no questions about the prayer meeting, because she thought he was tired and sleepy and ought to go to bed.

To bed he went, but his mother's kiss seemed to burn on his cheek. He tumbled and tossed and turned his pillow until it was a rumpled heap. It was long, long before he slept, and when he did, oh, what ugly dreams! Do you wonder? Perhaps he dreamed about the kisses that he gave his mother; perhaps he dreamed that his name was Judas. I should have thought he would. Can you tell why? Poor Joey, and poor, poor mother! How sorry I am for them both.

SIDE BY SIDE

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

IT IS THE SACRIFICE OF THE LORD'S PASSOVER.

FOR AS OFTEN AS YE EAT THIS BREAD, AND DRINK THIS CUP, YE DO SHOW THE LORD'S DEATH TILL HE COME.

SURELY HE HATH BORNE OUR GRIEFS AND CARRIED OUR SORROWS.

THE SON OF MAN IS BETRAYED INTO THE HANDS OF SINNERS.

IN the little room over the stable there was trouble. Sarah Lambert's mother had been sick for three weeks. Not a stroke of work could she do in that time, and the consequence was, when pay-day came the rent was not ready. Such a thing had never happened to them before. Whatever scrimping had been done to accomplish it, when Monday noon came, Mrs. Lambert always had the month's rent rolled in a paper tied with a string ready for the agent. Yet he looked at her as sourly when she told him she could not pay, as though she had always troubled him in that way, and assured her that he could not wait; if the rent was not ready by Thursday noon, which was a long time to give her, she would have to pack out; it would be his duty to set her things out on the street, and put somebody in her place who could pay.

Now it was Thursday morning, and though Mrs. Lambert and Sarah had done their best, and live don almost nothing, the rent was by no means ready. Such a gloomy morning as it had been! Mrs. Lambert did not cry, she had no time for crying; but she groaned, and Sarah went around in a slow, solemn way, and felt as though there had been a funeral! What was to become of them she could not think. Was it possible that they were to go to the poor-house!

She went into the little closet where they slept and began to fold up the bed-clothes, hardly noticing what she was doing, yet feeling that if they were to be put out into the street they ought to get ready. She took

down the blue calico dress she had worn to Sabbath-school, and began to fold it. Something stiff in the pocket; she felt for it, and drew out her Sabbath-school card. "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." Yes, the other verses were all there, but this seemed to be the only one she saw. She read it over carefully, three times, thinking, "He hath borne our griefs!" Then why didn't He bear this one? She belonged to him, she had given herself to him the best she knew how. Perhaps He had borne this very one. Then what was she bearing it for? But then again, if He had borne it, why didn't he show her the way out of it? Suddenly she remembered that she had not asked him to. Oh yes, Sarah Lambert had learned to pray; that very morning she had said "Our Father," and added a little prayer of her own, but she had said not a word to Him about this trouble. Why should she? Didn't He know all about it? But then, what business was that to her, since He had told people to tell him all their troubles? Down went Sarah Lambert on her knees, and this was something like the prayer she prayed: "O Lord you know all about it, and I know you do, and I s'pose you see the way out, but I wish you would show it to us. We haven't got any home, mother and me, after this noon, and we've done our best, too. Won't you please to show us a place to go to, and how to get it, and not let it be the poor-house if you can help it, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

She finished folding the dress after that, and felt quieter. What could happen to help them she could not imagine, but she worked away until everything was done that she could do in there, and then slipped down to the back yard, and patted the horses in the stable and kissed the little colt, and went on an errand for a neighbor, and finally went in to her mother. The moment she glanced at her mother's face she saw that something had happened. "The world has turned around since you went out!" That was what the mother said, and Sarah's heart gave two or three heavy thumps and then seemed to stand still. Could it be possible that her telling *Him* about it had made a difference? Had He shown her mother the way out?

"Well, what is it?" she asked, and her voice sounded so queer to her, and her limbs trembled so, that she sat down on the little wood-box to listen.

"Who do you think has been here?" began the mother. "That Mr. Harrison whose little girl you like so much. Do you know that little house with green blinds that stands in his yard just at the end of the lane?"

"Yes," said Sarah; "go on."

"Well, it seems the Mrs. Jones who lives there, has done their washing and ironing for the rent, and tended to the mending and fixing for pay, and gone in when they wanted her, to the house, and done extra work for pay, good pay too; now she has broken up and gone to her daughter's out West to live; and what has he done but offered me the place, with more wages for the little I'm to do, than I've made slaving here, and no rent to pay besides, and a chance to raise garden things, and a chance to keep hens, and I don't know what all. And he's advanced the money to move with, and pay the rent besides, so you can tell the agent when he comes, if he'll set our things out on the sidewalk, as he threatened, we'll be much obliged, and when he gets it done, we'll pay our rent like honest folks, just as we always have done, and good-by to him."

"He carried them," said Sarah, in a slow, reverent tone; "He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, He said he did, and now I know it. Oh, I'm so glad I told him."

"What are you talking about?" asked her mother; but Sarah knew.