

**MRS. LONGMAN'S  
SURPRISE PARTY**  
By **MARY E. IRELAND**

**T**HERE had been a long spell of rainy weather. For six days the sun had not shown a glimpse of himself, and everything, out door and in, wore a look of clammy dependency. Moreover, Mrs. Longman was having one of her gloomy spells, and was looking at all created things, herself included, through the bluest kind of spectacles.

For several days she had gone about the house with a dull aching at her heart, a cloud upon her brow, and a querulous twang in her voice, until her husband—kind, forbearing man as he was—began to lose patience, while Bridget, in the kitchen, muttered almost audibly that "a saint from heaven would find herself done to bits out widd trying to please her."

Mrs. Longman was not by nature a bad-tempered woman; on the contrary she possessed many noble and commendable qualities, but her spirits were not equal; she would have her gloomy attacks, which had there been any apparent cause, might have been looked upon in the light of an affliction worthy of sympathy, but as it was, even the most lenient of her friends characterized them by the name of "dumps," which, though Webster condemns it as not being an "elegant" word, was in his opinion quite good enough to express the state of her case.

Her family might have been rendered miserable by her despondency had they been of the material capable of being made miserable, but as it was, each one accepted the visitation in his or her individual way. Mr. Longman stayed out of the house all he could, Bridget contented herself with her prayer book and beads in the comfortable kitchen, while the two boys, who were too young to go to school, except in fine weather, amused themselves in their playroom in the attic, or in Bridget's domain, where they were always welcome.

The short November day was drawing to a close, and although the little gilt clock on the mantel had proclaimed it to be only 4 o'clock, it was getting too dark for Mrs. Longman to sew any longer upon the little cloth suits she was languidly mending, so laying them aside she wandered aimlessly into the kitchen, where Bridget was folding the newly ironed clothes from the rack by the glowing grate.

"Mr. Longman will not be at home until this evening, Bridget," she said; "business will detain him down town, so you may just set up anything for the children; I do not feel as though I could eat anything; everything tastes alike to me and nothing tastes right."

What the reply would have been will never be known, for at that moment there came a resounding knock upon the alley gate, and throwing an old shawl over her head Bridget hastily responded to the call.

"It is two boys, ma'am," she said, returning almost immediately, "and they have come to a party here."

"A party?" echoed Mrs. Longman, in astonishment; "who in the world told them there was a party here?"

"I don't know, ma'am; I will go and ask them," said the willing maid, who apparently would rather have got wet than not.

"Bring them in out of the rain, Bridget," called Mrs. Longman from the door, "until we find out what it means. Of course," thought she to herself, "it is a mistake, but what possessed them to come to the alley gate?"

Bridget came in, followed by the boys, who had been in the meantime joined by a third, and who, notwithstanding the soaking rain, were not as wet as might have been supposed, owing to their having a piece of oilcloth around them, which upon inspection proved to be old carriage curtains sewed together, while the last arrival sported a gentleman's old swallow-tail dress coat, which made a useful, if not very handsome, overcoat for the festive-seeking lad. They did not appear to think it expected of them to remove their dripping hats, and stood eyeing the good fire and Mrs. Longman with complacent smiles.

"You say you came to a party," said the lady; "have you not made a mistake?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; this is the place your boys told us. We went to the front of the house and took the number as soon as we sold our papers, and here it is," said he of the swallow-tail, taking a scrap of the margin of a newspaper from his pocket and showing the number, sure enough, in magnificent proportions.

Mrs. Longman was bewildered.

"You say as soon as you sold out your papers. What do you mean?"

"Why, you see, we are newsboys, ma'am; every one of us, and we 'dallies' could get 'off' earlier, but the Evening Telegram and the Bulletin and the Herald and the News will be along as soon as they can hire somebody to pay for them, and they are going to pay them with something from the party, if you please, ma'am," with an air of cheerful confidence.

Mrs. Longman could not restrain a smile.

"Go to the attic, Bridget, and call the children down," said she. "Take off your wraps, boys, and dry your feet, and we will see what can be done."

Bridget soon returned with the delinquents.

"Boys, how did you happen to invite company without telling me, so that I could be prepared for them?" said their mother, gently but gravely.

showed no lack of dainty preserved fruits, jellies and all the little knick-knacks which she could muster on such short notice.

Mrs. Longman took a quiet observation of the whole company while helping them, and she observed one puzzle for which in her own mind she could find no solution, and that was that the blind boy, while evidently enjoying his gravy had carelessly laid down pieces of poultry aside.

"Here is one exception to Bridget's rule," she thought to herself. "Do you not like chicken, my boy?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am, I love it," he replied with emphasis, "but—" and he hesitated while his pale little face grew flushed.

A moment or so later he slipped from his chair, and with the unerring accuracy with which the blind calculate distances, he came to Mrs. Longman and said:

"Please, ma'am, may I touch your face?"

"Certainly, dear," she replied.

Very gently and speedily the little soft hand of the blind boy examined each feature and then, apparently satisfied, he whispered:

"I would like to take it to Nancy, she is so good to me; she is sick and cannot get good things to eat."

Quick tears of sympathy filled Mrs. Longman's eyes. Truly she was receiving many lessons this evening. She was giving, but it was being returned to her an hundred fold. She kissed the boy, and whispered in return:

"You are a noble little boy to remember others. Eat all you wish; I will see that your friend has some also."

After supper was over, the table cleared away and the other boys deep in the enjoyment of many games, in which he could take but little part, Mrs. Longman and the blind boy had a long and confidential conversation. She gathered from his earnest lips that even the poor in purse can be rich in spirit; that the milk of human kindness sometimes made fertile hearts which had never known anything but stern, unrelenting poverty. The one he called Nancy had received him from the bedside of his dying mother, and although she had to work early and late to support her own helpless ones, she was to the best of her poor ability faithfully fulfilling her promise.

The Longmans were not rich, but Mrs. Longman sadly compared her own selfish life, with its means of doing good, with that of the poor woman whose opportunities were so few, and yet whose life was a continued sacrifice of self for others.

In the meantime Mr. Longman came home, and the cheerful smile upon his wife's lips, so different from what he was expecting, delighted him, and he gave the boys an even more cordial greeting than was his wont. When his wife had informed him how it all came about he resolved to do his part toward giving them a good time, so sent an abundant order for apples and the beloved peanuts, the delight of the newsboy's heart, and told them to help themselves, which they did to a man.

Mrs. Longman, with Bridget's assistance, spent the balance of the evening making packages for the boys to take home with them, and the substitutes were not forgotten. With her husband's approval, she made a proposition to the boys at the close of the evening, and that was that they should all come one evening in every month and take supper with the boys, provided that all who could go to some Sunday-school would do so. To her glad surprise the most of them agreed to the arrangement, and those who held back, she found upon inquiry were constrained to object on the score of clothing, a want she engaged to supply. She went further than that. She exerted herself to obtain admission for the blind boy into an institution for the blind, and after each of the monthly parties she paid him a visit, taking him his share of the good things, always accompanied by her own sons, and sometimes by the Evening Telegram, Bulletin or one of the dailies, and one of the most useful lessons which Mrs. Longman received from her surprise party was this: "There is no surer remedy for low spirits than doing good to others.—Waverley Magazine.

**Astonished the Barber.**  
Many stories have been told of twins, but this, which cropped up in West Philadelphia, is the very latest.

Out in the district over the Schuylkill live two men, twins, and it is only with difficulty their friends are able to tell them apart. One morning one of the twins went to a barber shop to get shaved, and a new barber shaved him. In the afternoon the other twin went to the same shop and placed himself in the new barber's chair. The barber looked at the boss of the shop, and went over to the boss of the shop.

"Boss," he said, "I think I'll go home. I guess there's something the matter with me."

"What's the matter?" inquired the boss.

"Well," replied the barber, "see that man in my chair? I shaved him only this morning and here he is with two days' growth of beard. I guess I'll quit."—Philadelphia Press.

**Forest Lore.**  
When the oak leaf is the size of a squirrel's foot, says Ernest Thompson Seton in Century, take a stick like a crow's bill and make holes as big as a con's ear and as wide apart as fox tracks. Then plant your corn, that it may ripen before the chestnut splits and the woodchuck begins his winter's sleep.

**Toothbrush Drill For Children.**  
The children of the Hampstead Workhouse are to be provided with a toothbrush each, and are to be trained during class drill to use it.—London Express.

## The Man Who Acts

By the Editor of Labor and Capital

**S**UCCESS does not come to any man without effort; without opposition from others.

The man who accomplishes things in this world necessarily makes enemies. All mediocrity rises against him. His achievements are minimized; his failures are magnified; his plans are stolen and his methods are adopted without credit. Where it is possible to do this, vituperation, ridicule and malice are employed to detract attention from the plain evidence of lack of ability on the part of those who thus display their character.

Criticism is easier than accomplishment. Honest emulation is open flattery, but carping criticism is the handmaiden of dishonesty. But notwithstanding all this, the successful man mounts to higher planes over the shoulders of his critics. He saves his breath for retorted effort, while they waste theirs in empty vapors. He acts while they hesitate; he works while they wait.

That is why there is always one man in the community who is conspicuous by contrast, and why also one interest, one corporation, or one association overtops all others.

The best banker in a town did not inherit his business genius—he worked. If he had stopped to listen to his critics he would have fallen far short of the mark. He would not have escaped criticism even then, for failure is a fertile field for malicious comment.

All of which goes to prove that it does not make much difference what people say of us, for if we are honest and work, success will come.

We cannot escape the critic, but we can reap whatever reward hard work brings—which is more than the chronic kicker can do.

The man who acts, therefore, the man who works, will not only bring results, but he will be a power in his community.

Do not allow criticism to discourage or deter you in your work. Your pride and a high regard for your good name should spur you on to greater and better things than you have yet accomplished.

The right kind of pride keeps us up to the high standard we have set for ourselves, both in our social life and in our business life.

Pride helps us to merit the good opinions already gained from others.

Pride sustains us through many a struggle and storm, and it is as potent an incentive as can be fixed in a man's qualities. The lack of it is as great a limitation as can be put upon a man's abilities.

The kind of pride to have is the pride that stands for progress, the pride that stimulates a man to action, that straightens him up, so that he can meet the world erect, every man face to face, and that will gain him courage to overcome every obstacle.

Every man should have a deep sense of obligation to live up to a record for honesty and integrity, a record for things done; for superiority of attainment, which should be his beacon light to lead him to the heights of success.

Lay out your work for each day and devote each day conscientiously to that work with all your strength and ability.

Be the man who acts and you will be sure to achieve results commensurate with the efforts expended and creditable to both yourself and to society.—Labor and Capital.

## The Successful Farmer is Educated

By C. O. Witter.

**T**HE successful farmer is the one who keeps a set of books, and knows what every crop and every head of stock costs him, and what each yields in return. Some men do the same thing year after year, whether it pays or not, simply because they have gotten in the way of doing it. Such farming does not pay, and that farmer wastes a great deal of brain and muscle which a little calculation would save.

So much for the practical, money-making side of the question; but isn't there something more than that? Isn't it worth a man's while to have an education, so that when one sits by the fire during the long winter evenings he can appreciate the words of wise men and of poets? Isn't it worth something to understand how the great undertakings of the world's history makers are carried on? Isn't it worth something to know, as you toil under the boiling sun, how the sun and air and all the elements work together to produce the ruddy apple, the flinty wheat or the golden corn?

Give us the educated farmer, with his steady integrity, his frank and open heart, and his fearlessness in overcoming obstacles, and we have a man who is capable of filling a thousand spheres of usefulness which he alone who lives close to the great heart of nature, and who sympathizes with his fellows, can fill.—Brethren Evangelist.

## What Code of Manners For the Home?

By Mary A. Livermore.

**W**HAT code of manners should prevail in the home? It is a great question, for law itself is but "a reflex of homes," and peoples are gathered out of nurseries and nations are but the outcome of homes. Manners are indeed but minor morals, and are of more importance than laws, which are but their exponents. Good manners are simply beautiful behavior. They are the outcome of kind hearts—the courteous expression of kind feelings in-out intercourse with one another. What we call etiquette is a substitute for good manners, and is very often only their counterfeit. Yet, without it, society would be insufferable, at times, for the artificial laws of politeness, upon whose observance society insists, softens even natural angularities and asperities, and hold rudeness and ill-breeding in check.

In the home, it is probably most important that the married couple shall maintain the courtesy and charm of manner, and the recognition of equal relationship which invested the days of courtship with delight. There should not be any lack of courtesy in the home habits, even when the husband and the wife are in entire seclusion. It should extend to matters of dress, and regulate attention to each other's wishes. It is fatal to the happiness and permanency of married life for either to drop the lovefulness of manner and the engaging courtesies of the ante-nuptial relation. Nothing is too trivial to be considered that tends to strengthen family affection or prompts its expression in unselfishness and loving acts.—Success.

## The Endless Pursuit of Wealth

An Argument For the Early Retirement of Business Men and the Cultivation of Leisure  
From the Bankers' Magazine

**I**N the United States leaders in every line of activity, in politics and business, have been conspicuously prone to die as it is said, in harness. The death of Mark Hanna is a case in point. But the loss of those distinguished for their successful attainment of wealth and fame, who have continued their activities long after the advance of age and the diminution of physical strength must have warned them of the approaching end, is a very long one. In the older countries of Europe, on whose civilization that of the United States is founded, it seems easier for men who have more or less successfully attained the object they aimed at to retire and enjoy freely the prizes they have gained, although even there the old barbaric struggle is in many cases kept up to the end. Until within the last twenty-five years the idea of retiring from active life and settling down to a life in which personal tastes and proclivities could be followed, was regarded as at least eccentric.

There have always been two necessary steps to be taken before retirement from active life could with safety be accomplished; one was the acquirement of wealth, and the other provision for its safe keeping. As civilization progresses the second and more important step can be more easily managed. The individual no longer has to depend upon his own efforts to guard the store set aside for his future support. The power of corporation, originally directed simply to the accumulation of wealth, is now to a very great extent applied to its conservation.

The existence of a leisure class able and willing to enjoy their lives rationally and intelligently is a check on the wilder exhibitions of leisure on the part of suddenly acquired wealth. It also holds out something beyond mere money-getting as the goal of a successful life. It encourages retirement after reasonable fortune has been gained, and discourages to some extent the piling up of exaggerated redundancy. The effect of a more philosophical view of life on the part of our business men will tend to a more even distribution of wealth, and a leveling of the inequalities now so frequently pointed out.

## AN INTELLIGENT GOAT.

**Bill is His Name and He Leads Sheep Out of Cars.**

John Dudley, manager of the sheep yards in Morris, ten miles west of Kansas City, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, uses a goat as a bell wether that is known by all the train crews from the Missouri River to La Junta.

Bill is the name of the animal, and he does work that two men and a tribe of boys could not perform. If a car of sheep is to be unloaded Bill is sent in to lead them out. The door is opened and he crowds his way in among the blinking sheep. Slowly, and without creating any excitement, he makes his way along the walls of the car. The inquisitive sheep follow in his wake. Along the side of the car to the end, and along that wall he makes his way, and so on until he gets back to the door, where he makes his egress, the sheep following. By his leadership a procession is formed, and within three minutes the car is empty. When it is desired to load a car Bill is sent into the pen. "Go in there, Bill," is the command given. Into the car he goes and soon both decks are loaded, first one end then the other. It is a trick to get out without the sheep following, but Bill is "onto" his job, and at the proper moment he jumps through a narrow opening left for him, and an attendant quickly shuts the door after him.

During the flood Bill nearly lost his life. He was put into the lower deck of a sheep car. The flood was soon up to that level, and Mr. Dudley lifted him into the top deck. Still the waters rose. The end of a big log floated into the upper deck, where Bill stood up to his shoulders in water. He thought the log was something to walk on and he made the venture, only to be tilted by his own weight into the water. "Get in there, Bill," commanded his friend Dudley, who was coming in a skiff, and Bill scrambled back. Afterward he was taken into the skiff and carried to dry land.—Kansas City Times.

**Wants Birds of Prey.**

A London ornithologist has a plan for getting rid of the overabundance of pigeons that brood in the tops of public buildings in that city. He thinks it cruel to trap or shoot them, so he would rehabilitate in the parks of London the once numerous kite, or, as he is called in the north, "the pu-tuck." Once this bird was quite common about Covent Garden and if he could be induced to return he would thin out the pigeons and at the same time afford Londoners an opportunity for observing a display of natural falconry that would be a novelty. The ornithologist would also have jays and magpies rehabilitated, so that they might keep down the sparrows and other small birds that threaten to become a nuisance.

**A Gap in the Language.**

"I have another complaint against the English tongue," began the Literary Man. "There are a good many gaps in it, of course, but it seems to me that the most absurd is that a language which has a dozen current names for drink has none for the young woman whom a man is engaged to marry. Most of the terms that might be suggested are the basest of coin—'best girl,' 'intended,' and so forth. We have to fall back weakly on the French fiancee. And yet the relation is English and American enough, I think, for us to have a word of our own. Of course, there is 'sweetheart,' but that seems to have dropped out of use altogether."—Philadelphia Press.

**Uphill Walk For Health.**

The best way to get oxygen into the blood is to walk a mile uphill two or three times a day, keeping the mouth closed and expanding the nostrils. This beats all other methods. During such a walk every drop of blood in the body will make the circuit of the lungs and stream, red and pure, back to its appointed work of cleansing the repairing worn-out tissues. The uphill walk, as a prophylactic and curative measure in many chronic ailments dependent upon a weak condition of the heart, lungs and blood vessels, would prove invaluable. Medical Brief.

**Rand Miners.**

Sir Gorey Langdon, South African commissioner for native affairs, recently stated before the legislative council that the native miners on the Rand were "as comfortable and well-looked after as the miners in Cumberland or in any part of England." Sir George Farrar, commissioner for native affairs in the Transvaal, reports to the legislative council that the native mortality in the Rand mines from November, 1902, to July, 1903, was 70.6 per thousand.

**Honduras Draft Animals.**

Draft animals in Honduras are mules, asses, oxen and horses. These animals are all of a diminutive type and serve very well for the carrying of freight, but for the purpose of hauling carriages and wagons these little beasts scarcely do; and yet they carry packs of 200 pounds over the mountain trails and through roaring streams.

**Town Built Over a Coal Mine.**

Many buildings in Motherwell, Scotland, look like the leaning tower of Pisa. The little town is built over the side of a coal mine, some houses have collapsed, business is at a standstill, and the town will probably soon be deserted.

**Army Manuevers by Rail.**

During the German army manuevers there were moved over one railroad in two days, without suspending its regular traffic, 56,000 men, 5200 horses, 225 wagons and 500 tons of baggage.