



## THE SUPRIZE PARTY.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

They have been havin' surprize partys round here all winter, and the children have urged me to go to em, but I held back. "I don't believe in em," sez I, "and I won't go." But finely they got their father on their side—Sez he, "it won't hurt u, Samantha, to go for once."

"Sez I," Josiah Allen the place for old folks is to hum, and I don't believe in surprize parties anyway—I think they are perfect nuisances. It stands to reason if u want to see ure friends u can invite em—and if anybody is too poor to bake a cake or 2, or a pan of cookies, they are too poor to go into company at all." Sez I, "I haint proud ner never wuz called so, but I don't want Tom, Dick and Harry that I never spoke to in my life, feel as if they are free to break into my house any time they please."—Sez I, "it would make me perfectly wild to think there wuz a whole drow ov people liable to rush in on us at any minute, and I won't break into other wimmens houses." And, sez I, "hev u forgot how some ov em carred liquer to old Peedicks, and two or three had to be carred up and laid on to Miss Peedicks' spare bed?" Sez I, "hev u forgot how they broke Miss Bobbet's porler lamp all to smash runnin' round ketchen each other—hev u forgot these incidences?" sez I in cold tones.

"It is fun," sez Thomas Jefferson, "I should love to see you and old Deacon Bobbet playin' wink em slyly."

"Let em wink at me if they dare," sez I sternly, "let me ketch em at it. I don't believe on surprize parties," says I in firm accents.

"No more do I," sez Josiah, "but the children are so set on our goin' sposen we go for once—No livin' women could do better by children than u have by mine, but I don't suppose u feel exactly as I do about pleasing em—it haint nateral you should."

There he knew he had got me. If ever a women tried to do her duty by another women's children it is Samantha Allen, whose maiden name was Smith—Josiah knows it—he knows jest how to start me. Well, there haint no use talkin—I went to the very next party which was to be held 2 miles beyond Jonesville; they had had em so fast they had used up all the nearer places. They had heard ov this family that had a big house—and the women had been to the same meetin' house with Betsy Bobbet 2 or 3 times, and she had met her in a store a year before, and had been introduced to her, so she said she felt perfectly free to go—and as she wuz the leader it wuz decided on.

They went in two loads, but Josiah and I went in a cutter alone—we got started ahead ov the loads, and when we got to the house we see it wuz lighted up real pleasant, and a little cutter stood by the door. We went up to the door and knocked, and a motherly lookin' woman with a bunch ov catnip in her hand opened the door.

"Good evenin'," sez I, but she seemed to be a little deaf and didn't answer. I see as we stepped in thro a door partly open a room full ov wimmen.

"Good many got here," sez I, speakin' a little louder.

"Yes, a real good doctor," sez she.

"What in the world?" I began to say in wild amaze.

"No," sez she, "it's a boy."

I turned right around and laid hold on Josiah, sez I, "start this minute, Josiah Allen, for the door." I laid hold ov him and got him to the door, and we never spoke another word till we wuz on the sleigh and had turned round—then, sez I—

"Mebby u will hear to me another time Josiah Allen."

"I wish u wudn't be so aggravated," sez he. Jest then we met the first load where Tirzah and Thomas Jefferson wuz, and we told em to turn round and go back for they had other company and couldn't have us. We went back most to Jonesville when we met the other load, who had topped over in the snow—as we drove out most to the fence to go by em, Josiah told em the same as he had the other load.

"I don't care for company," sez Betsy Bobbet, risin' up out of the snow with a buffalo skin on her back, which made her look wild, "I don't care for company. Did they say we musn't come?"

"No," sez Josiah, "they didn't say so."

"Well, then, girls and boys," sez she, clamberin' into the sleigh, "lets go on."

They went, and how they got along I haint never inquired, and they don't seem free to talk about it. But they kept on havin' em. Betsy Bobbet, as I hav' sed, wuz the leader, and she led em once into a house where they wuz makin' preparations for a funeral, and once into a house where they had the small pox. They had all been vaxeynated, so they got of better than they ort to. Some how Tirzah and Thomas Jefferson got sick of em, and left off goin, and az for Josiah, though he didn't say much, I knew his mind.

One nite about 2 weeks after this, one Monday nite, I had had an awful days' work washin, and we had been up all the nite before with Josiah, who had the newralagay in his back. We hadn't one ov us slept a wink the nite before, and Tirzah and Thomas J. had gone to bed early. 'It had been a lowry day, and I couldn't hang out my cloze, and so many ov em wuz hung up round the kitchen on lines, and nails, that Josiah and me looked as if we wuz settin' in a calaco tent. And what grieved the room a more gloomy and melancholy east. I found when I went to lit the lamp at nite that the kerosene wuz all gone—and told out ov candles, I made for the first time in my life what they call a "slut"—which is a button tied up in a rag and put in a saucer ov lard, u set fire to the rag, and it makes a lite which is better than no lite at all—as a slut is better than no women at all,—in that way I suppose it deryved its name, but it haint a dazlin lite, nothin' like so gay and festive as gas. I beet out with work and watchin, thought I would soak my feet before I went to bed, and so I put some water in the mop pail an set by the side ov the stove with my feet into it—the thought had come to me after I had put my nite cap on. Josiah set behind the stove rubbin' some linament into his back—he wuz barefooted, with his coat and vest off. Josiah was jest speakin' 2 me, and, sez he,

"I believe this liniment makes my back feel easier Samantha, I do hope I shall get a little rest to nite."

Sez I, "I hope so to, Josiah." Jest as I sed these words, without a minutes warnin, there came a knock—and the door opened at the same time—and in poured what seemed to me at the time to be a hundred and 50, men, women and children, headed by Betsy Bobbet. Josiah, so wild with horror and amazement that he forgot his lameness for the time bein, leaped from his chair, and backed up against the wall between the back door and the wood box. I rose up and stood in the mop pail, 2 stricken with amaze and horror to get out of it—for the same reason heedin' not my nite cap, which was cut sheepskin fashion.

"We have come to surprize u," sez Betsy Bobbet sweetly. My tongue clove to the roof ov my mouth—word I could speak for I wuz speechless, but I glanced at em with looks which I suppose filled em with awe and dread, for Betsy spoke again in plaintive accents—

"Won't you let us surprize you?"

"No! No!" sez I wildly—for then my voice came back—"I won't be surprized!—u shant surprize us to nite! We won't be surprized! Speak Josiah," sez I, turning to him in my extremity, "Speak! tell her! Will we be surprized to nite?"

"No, no!" sez he, in a firm, warlike tone, as he stood backed up against the wall, "No we won't be surprized."

"I see friends," sez Betsy to the crowd—"she won't let us surprize her. We will go." So she headed em off—but she

turned at the door, and sez she in a reproachful ackcent: "Mebby it is right to serve a old friend in this way—I have known u long time Josiah Allen's wife."

"I have known u plenty long enuff," sez I steppin' out of the mop pail and shetten the door which they left open—pretty hard.

Josiah came from behind the stove, pushin a chair ahead of him, and walkin by the help ov it, and sez he,

"Darn the surprize parties; and darn—"

"Don't swear Josiah," sez I, "I should think u wuz bad enuff off without swearin'."

"I will say darn Betsy Bobbet, Samantha. "Oh, my back!"

he groaned, settin' down slowly on his chair. "I can't set down, nor stand up."

"U jumped up lively enuff when they came in," sez I.

"Throw that in my face, will u, what could I do—and there is a pin stickin' into my shoulder, do get it out Samantha, it has been there ever sence they came, only I haint senced it till now."

"Wall," sez I, in a kinder soothing tone, as I drew it out ov his shoulder—it must have hurt him awfully had he not been 2 crazed with fear to feel it—sez I, "less be thankful we are as well off as we be, Betsy might have insisted on stayin. I'll rub your shoulders with liniment, agin, and I guess ure back will feel better. Don't suppose they'll be mad, Josiah?"

"I don't know, nor I don't care," sez he, "but I hope so."

And truly his wish came to pass, for Betsy Bobbet haint spoke to me sence. The rest didn't seem to care, but she was awful mad, which shows that it makes a difference with her, who does the same thing, for meetin' with a disappointment here, they went that night right from here to surprize the Editor of the *Gintet*, and it came straight to me, Celestine Peedick told Miss Goveley and Miss Goveley told me, he turned em out of doors and shet the door in their faces. The way it was, his hired girl had left him that very day, and one of his twins was taken sick with the colic. He had just got the sick baby to sleep, and laid it in the cradle by the fire, and he had give the other one some playthings and set her down on the carpet, and he was washin his dinner dishes, with his sleeves rolled up, and a pink bib apron on that belonged to his late wife; he was just finishing his dishes when he heard an awful screamin from the well babe, and wildly ringin' out his dishcloth, he rushed out with it still in his hands, and found that she had swallowed a side thimble, he ketched her up and spat her on the back, and the thimble flew out half way across the room, and he screamed and held his breath, and the sick one awakened by the tumult, sot up in the cradle and begun to scream, jest then the door burst open and in came the surprize party headed by Betsy Bobbet. They say, half crazed as he wuz that he told em if they didn't leave that minute he would prosicute em. Some of em was mad about it, but Betsy Bobbet wasn't, for in the next weeks *Gintet* these verses came out:

## TIS SWEET TO FORGIVE.

BY BETSY BOBBET.

"Tis sweet to be,  
Tis sweet to live;  
But sweeter, the sweet  
Word, forgive."

If harsh, spoken words,  
Should sould be,  
Say "Soul be calm,  
They come from he—"

"When he was wild  
With toil and grief,  
When colic could  
Not find relief."

When twins are well,  
And the world looks bright,  
To be "suprized"  
Is sweet and right.

But when twins are sick,  
And the world looks sad,  
To be "suprized"  
Is hard, and bad.

And when side thimbles  
S—sh—  
How can the world  
Look sweet to he—

Who owns the babe,  
Fair twin, Heaven bless it,  
Who hath no mother,  
To caress it.

Its mother, a year ago,  
Hath gone above;  
Ah! how it needs,  
A mother's love.

My heart runs o'er  
With tenderness;  
But its dear father tries  
To do his best.

But housework men  
Can't perfectly understand;  
Oh! how he needs  
A helping hand.

For when twins are sick,  
And girls have flown,  
Tis sad for a dear man  
To be alone.

He, noble one,  
Had cares enuff,  
For life is wild,  
The world is rough.

Such brave, hard toils,  
Should have sufficed;  
Here! h—should no  
Have been "suprized."

## Remember Your Mother, Boys.

Few men have expressed in more exquisite language than Macaulay the affection which every good man feels for his mother. "Make the most of it while yet you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomed love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, but never will your have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggle with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep sincerity I felt when of an evening, nestled in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep, never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother."

(The Voice.)

## MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

## MY DEAR NIECES:—

A few days ago I received a letter from one of my nieces who has gone to California for the winter, and it gave me so much pleasure, that I think, perhaps, you will be interested also in hearing some of its contents. I have so often wished to know more of the daily life of my large and growing family, and I am sure the nieces would be pleased to know more of each other. From shore to shore of our great Dominion, from the Eastern coast where the billows of the Atlantic rear their white heads and roll in upon the shore; westward, until we reach the mountain barrier of the Rockies, our homes are scattered; some in the towns and village, some far out upon the prairie, and others upon the farms in the older settled portion of the country. Now, why may not your relationship to each other, and to me, be a bond of union between us? Write to me, and tell me of yourselves, and your letters will be published with or without the name, as you may desire. A column of this nature may be made interesting and profitable to us all by means of hearty co-operation. The mother who has brought up her family of children can give many hints from her experience which will help the young mother in her unpracticed efforts to guide and train the young life entrusted to her care. The able housekeeper can tell us of her system of regulating the affairs of her household—how she manages her servants; if she can afford to keep them, or if not, how she arranges her time in order to accomplish the most with the least strain upon herself. Then, perhaps, some niece who has deft and nimble fingers, and a ready faculty for adapting new ideas, will communicate a few of them so that we may know what to make for little presents to express one's love and remembrance for a birthday, or the holiday season. Those who have the care of invalids or loved ones upon whom time has laid his heavy, numbing hand, will welcome gladly any suggestions which will help them in their labor of love. We all know something which will be of benefit to others. Why not make MINNIE MAY'S Department the means of sending it out into the world to help someone, even if it be in a humble way. A sentence from a French author occurs to me in this connection, and is in substance as follows:—"Natural gifts accorded to one, are not an individual advantage, but a present made to the earth; everyone inherits it because everyone suffers or profits by what it has accomplished. Genius is a lighthouse destined to send its beams of light to a great distance; the man who possesses it is only the rock upon which this lighthouse has been built. Upon few—possibly upon none of my nieces—has the high gift of genius been conferred, but we each possess at least one talent, which may serve to send its light a short distance, even if it may not be seen afar off. Write to me of your difficulties as well as the brightness of your life, and so we may be enabled to help each other. I would like to make this a leading feature in our paper in the new year, which will so soon be with us, and now that the winter season will give you more leisure, let me hear from you on any question in which you are interested, and about which you desire information. But I must not forget the letter to which I referred:

"While in Vancouver, the doctor on the 'Empress of India,' and one of the officers, took us all through the ship. It was most interesting. The trip to Japan takes thirteen days. The three 'Emperors' are armed in case of war. They have Japanese plants, and we saw cunning little Japanese dogs, who nearly shiver their little tails off, they find this climate so cold. The weather here has been charming,—lovely blue skies and warm days, with no need of a coat, although some people will persist in wearing sealskins. The sun is quite hot, and the flowers are a sight to behold; fuschias grow to the size of bushes; hedges are formed of white and yellow daisies; hollyhocks rear their heads to the height of second story windows; sweet peas and honeysuckles festoon the walls, and roses are growing in abundance even here in 'Frisco' the last week in October.

"The Hopkins Academy of Art is well worthy of a visit. The outside is insignificant in comparison to the interior, which is a perfect marvel as regards the woodwork. Each room is finished in different woods. In one it is white maple, and the walls are light-blue satin, thickly covered with embroidery. Another is all in rosewood, etc.—the most costly inlaid work you could or could not imagine. It is said that in none of the palaces on the continent is there anything to surpass it. It was built for Mark Hopkins, who never lived to come into it. He was originally a retail merchant, but made his money in railways. He died just before its completion, having no will, and about eight years afterwards his widow married a young man of thirty, while she was seventy. At her death nearly all the fortune passed to her husband, and he donated this residence, as an Academy of Art, to the city, and \$5,000 a year for five years towards its support.

"Then, of course, we had to visit Chinatown at night, had a guide, an ex-detective, to pilot us through. There was a party of six, but I was very much frightened. It is the largest Chinatown outside of China, and the inhabitants are a low class of Chinese. We went into an opium den and saw them smoking the opium, and had a whiff of it. The odor is very pleasant—the only one of the large and influential family of odors that we found pleasant, for we travelled through a labyrinth of unsweet