

"The Home that is Happiest."

Our burdens are lightened
That many hands bear,
And pleasures are brightened
That many hearts share,
And the home that is happiest
Brightest and best,
Is where they all labor
And where they all rest.

Where no careworn father
The brunt of work bears,
And no gray-haired mother
Is burdened with cares;
Where one tired elder sister
Is helper alone,
But each one is busy
Till all work is done.

Then mother has leisure
To laugh with her girls,
She shares all her secrets,
She smooths her soft curls
And deck her with blossom
And fondly declares
There never was mother
So winsome and fair.

And father is jolly;
His stories and fun
Are the life of the household,
He has not a son
Who does not think father
Knows best and is best;
And would not work double
That he might take rest,

So, helping each other
In labor or play,
In happiness ever;
The years pass away;
For pleasures are brightest
That many hearts share,
And burdens are lightest
That many hands bear.

A PROVOKING MISTAKE.

"Susy!"
"Yes, Miss Pryce!"
Susy Holland was feeding the birds in the great gilded aviary that formed one end of the hall. Miss Pryce sat in her own room—writing room, she called it, although not being especially literary, she never wrote there, nor anywhere else.
Miss Pryce was one of those human flowers who blossom out late in life. Up to thirty years of age she had been a factory girl. At that time the sudden rise in the value of some suburban property, which had belonged to her dead father, made a wealthy woman of her.
Miss Pryce had ambition and energy. She moved as far away as possible from Wellings Mills, bought a place of a house, engaged a staff of servants, headed by a butler who had the manners and appearance of a bishop, and a housekeeper who might have been Queen Victoria in disguise.
She began a course of reading, of which as a matter of course, she soon tired; engaged a French maid, and assumed all the dignity of one born in purple.
Yet she was discontented enough as she sat there in the radiant cross lights of the unstained glass windows of the writing room with her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, and the lustrous folds of her Watteau-shaped wrapper lying around her in a glittering mass.
The fact was that Miss Pryce had reached a point that money could not touch. Miss Pryce was in love. Hugo Field had been the foreman in the Wellings Mills factory when Miss Pryce did day's work wages. He was in Philadelphia now, superintending the erection of a great iron works.
And Susan Holland, who had stood at the loom next to Miss Pryce's own for two years, was her attendant at such times as the presence of Mademoiselle Celine was too oppressive.
"I can say and do as I like before you," Miss Pryce observed, with a sigh of relief.
Miss Pryce was tall and large and square shouldered, with deep gray eyes, thin colorless hair, and a firm, thin lip. Evidently nature had meant her for a man.
Susy Holland was a small, fresh-beaked, dew-eyed lassie, with hair that twisted itself naturally into curls, and a little red rose of a mouth.
"Susy!" said Miss Pryce, abruptly, nodding toward a hammered brass and receiver on the table, "are those all the cards that were left yesterday?"
"Yes, Miss Pryce."
"All? Are you quite sure?"
"Quite sure, Miss Pryce."
"Humph!" said the heiress. "Then, course, Hugo Field didn't call."
"Hugo never leaves a card, Miss Pryce," said Susy. "He—"

"Look here, Susie, sharply interrupted Miss Pryce, 'don't you think it would sound quite as well if you were to say Mr. Field, considering all things'."

Susy reddened deeply.
"Mr. Field," she corrected herself, in a low voice.
"For you know," relentlessly went on Miss Pryce, "you are nothing but a sort of upper servant after all. And Mr. Field is in a fair way to be one of the stars of the scientific world."
"Yes," murmured Susy; "I know he's a very learned man. At least, so people say."
"How is the grouty canary, Susy?" questioned Miss Pryce, after a minute or two of silence.
"Oh, he's a deal better, ma'am," said Susy.
"And the little marmoset that had cramps?"
"There's nothing at all the matter with him to-day, Miss Pryce."
"You're a good girl, Susy," said Miss Pryce, perhaps regretting her sharpness of a few moments ago. "There's that black lace dress of mine, Susy—it don't become me, and I'm tired of it. You can have it if you like."
"Thank you, Miss Pryce," said Susy, whose wardrobe was of the slenderest. "But—but I don't know what use I could possibly have for a black lace dress."
"Give it away if you don't want to wear it," said the heiress. "Sell it. I'm told there are people who make their whole business to buy such things."
"Thank you, Miss Pryce," said Susy. "And she took the black lace dress—a brilliant confection of Chantilly laces over an old gold silk foundation—folded it up, and sold it to a very respectable woman on a side street, who dealt in dyed and renovated goods. And with the price—none too much, we may be sure—she bought herself a dark blue cashmere gown more suited to her position in life.
At the end of a week, Mrs. Hubbs, the dealer in second-hand stock, knocked mysteriously at Miss Pryce's door with a flat box on her arm.
"This black lace reception dress," said she—, "whom did it belong to?"
"One of the ladies in the house, I believe!"
The housekeeper, who had the manners of a reduced queen, deigned to become interested, although it been her first impulse to order the intruder off the premises and discharge the maid who had been bold enough to convey her in from the area door.
She put on her gold eye-glasses.
"It is Miss Pryce's gown," said she. "How did it come into your possession, my good soul?"
"It was sold to me," said Mrs. Hubbs. "Don't look at me as if you thought I stole it, ma'am! I'm as honest a woman as any in the State of Pennsylvania, and I ain't accustomed to be 'good-souled' by anybody! It's mine by sale and barter. But what ain't mine is this," producing a folded slip of paper. "I found it in the pocket of the gown, I'd scorn to keep what wasn't my own; and so if you please ma'am, dropping an ironically deep curtsey I'll bid you a good day!"
Queen Victoria took some time to recover from the shock of this blunt address; but when at last she regained her mental equipoise, she carried the letter to Miss Pryce and told the story.
"A letter, eh?" said the heiress.
"How came it there?"
Queen Victoria found herself unable to answer this question.
"Some one is culpably careless," said Miss Pryce. "Where is Celine?"
"Perhaps, ma'am," said the housekeeper, "you forgot that you gave Mademoiselle Celine leave to go out this afternoon."
"So I did," said Miss Pryce. "Well, Maulverer, you may go."
And Mrs. Maulverer departed, stalking along like Lady Macbeth on the tragic stage.
Miss Pryce opened the letter, which was without any outside address whatever.
It contained but a few lines in Hugo Field's strong handwriting:
"My OWN DARLING—I have determined to put to you in writing the question I have not the courage to speak in words. Do you love me? Will you accept the loyalty of my whole life? Until you send me an answer—yes or no—I shall not venture to come to the house again."

For Heaven's sake do not keep me long in suspense, Yours; ever devotedly, whatever the reply may be, HUGO FIELD.

The letter dropped from Miss Pryce's white diamond-glittering hand; her eyes sparkled with an indescribable exultation and joy.
"So this is what has kept him away she mused; while unbidden smiles wreathed her hard square lips. "Dear, dear Hugo! But it need discourage him no longer."
Drawing her mother-of-pearl and sandal wood desk towards her, she hurriedly scribbled the word "Yes" on a card, inclosed it in an envelope, and gave it to a servant, with a word or two of direction, and then she rang the bell.
"Where is Susy?" she asked of the maid who answered the summons.
"Please, ma'am," said Mary Ann, "she's gone out."
"Without my leave!" stormed the heiress.
"She only stepped out to get a spool of sewing silk, please, Miss Pryce. She said she'd be back in a minute."
Miss Pryce's face darkened ominously.
"I didn't hire her to rush around buying sewing silk," said she, curtly, and she dismissed Mary Ann.
"My! said that young person, when she reached the servant's hall. 'I would not be in Susy Holland's shoes when she comes home, not for the brightest shilling that was ever coined! Ain't misses mad, though? Ain't she just?'"
And Miss Pryce, impatiently pulling back the satin draperies of the window was further more stung by seeing Susy come down the street, leaning on the arm of Hugo Field himself.
"Well, I never!" said Miss Pryce. "If that isn't taking a great deal on herself. My companion that I pay two pounds a month to! With her arm in his, and her face turned up toward him, like the picture of the sun worshiper and the sun! I'll teach her better than that, before she's an hour older—see if I don't! The bold, forward, saucy, little thing!"
Even as these tumultuous thoughts passed through her mind, Susy came in, fresh as a rose.
"Where is he?" asked Miss Pryce, repressing her rage, as she glanced around the hall.
"Wh. Miss Pryce?"
"Mr. Field."
Susy blushed to the very roots of her soft, gold-brown hair.
"He wouldn't come in," she faltered. "He—oh, I may as well tell you, Miss Pryce—he has asked me to be his wife."
"You are telling a lie!"
Susy started back, as the fierce words seemed to strike against her like so many javelin-points.
"Miss Pryce," she gasped, "are you crazy?"
"No, you poor fool," shrieked the heiress; "but I think that you are! Hugo Field is only playing with your credulity. He is my lover. Look here! And she waved the folded slip of paper before Susy's dazzled eyes.
At that moment Mademoiselle Celine, the French maid, glided in, with Miss Pryce's slawl in her hand.
"I beg mademoiselle's pardon," said she smoothly, "but zat letter, was for Miss Sussee. Monsieur Field bade me give it to her secretly. What could I do better zan put it in ze pocket of ze dress—la robe—zat I knew mademoiselle have give to Miss Sussee? I deplore myself much zat such a mistake can have happened itself, but ze letter is for Miss Sussee."
Miss Pryce dropped the letter as if it were a living thing, and had stung her.
But Susy flung both her arms around her neck.
"Oh, Miss Pryce, Miss Pryce," she cried; "don't look so pale and hurt. The letter was for me! Hugo told me he had sent it; but I never knew—I didn't dream."
"Child," said Miss Pryce, recovering herself by a resolute effort, "what does it matter what you thought or dreamed? It seems to me that it was I who had been dreaming a dream all along. But Susie, I supposed that love letter was for me. I sent back the answer he asked for Susie, will you do me a life long favor? Will you let Hugo Field suppose that it was you who de-spached the word 'yes,' written on a card to him."
"I will," gaily answered, softly. "And to the day of his death, Hugo Field never knew that the heiress was snitten with him."
"All my secrets are his," said Susie, "but this secret is Miss Pryce's—not mine."
And at her wedding, Susie Holland wore a pearl clasp of priceless value in the folds of her veil—Miss Pryce's gift.

How High License Works.

WHAT PENNSYLVANIA MAY EXPECT FROM THE RESULTS SHOWN IN MINNESOTA.
Minnesota is almost the first state to put a high license law in operation. Such a law went into effect on the 1st of July last, and the 'Pioneer Press' prints the first complete results of the law, based upon returns from every town, city and township in the state. The law provides that the license for selling intoxicating liquors shall be \$1,000 in all cities containing a population of 10,000 or more and \$500 in all cities the population of which is less than 10,000. It imposes the severest penalties for the violation of any of its mandates, and gives over to the state authorities partial jurisdiction in matters pertaining to its enforcement. It is found that in those cities and towns in which the new law is now enforced there has been a falling off of one-third in the aggregate number of saloons, while a similar decrease is with good reason predicted for those places where the old licenses have not yet expired. Expressing it in round numbers, of 1650 saloons which flourished under the old license law, some 550 have been unable to meet the advance and continue in business under the new law. In Minneapolis the saloons have decreased in number from 334 to 237. In Duluth from 113 to 54. In Stillwater from 43 to 32, and in Winona from 93 to 23. St. Paul is not as yet effected by the new law. In that city the old licenses for 700 saloons do not expire until Jan. 1, 1888. The license fee being \$100, it is thought that high license will reduce this number at least one-third perhaps one-half. Saloons which have renewed their licenses under the new law, with those which dropped out last year, paid an average license fee of \$308. With high license the average fee per saloon is \$388. Many of the cities and towns report public order as improved. In other places there appears to be no perceptible difference. Some are of the opinion that drinking has increased and while very many assert that drunkenness has greatly diminished. Generally speaking, business in the police courts, especially those of the smaller cities and towns, does not appear to be nearly so brisk as heretofore. With a reduction in number of one-third of the saloons has followed an increase of one-third of the amount of public revenue derived therefrom. Public sentiment is reported as overwhelmingly in favor of the new law and high license.
The Delaware County 'American' Media; says: "The Democratic papers of the State headed by the Philadelphia 'Times,' are with singular pertinacity stating that the lost revenue bill is a loss this year of over a million dollars to the treasuries of cities and counties. The fact is that the assessment period having expired before its passage, it would not have applied to this year at all. An extra session, which will doubtless be called to enact into law the revised measure to be presented by the Revenue Commission, will pass in ample time a measure which will give even more to the city and county treasuries than the lost measure, because it will reach even greater sources of taxation. The Republican State convention has called for this extra session, and we believe Governor Beaver will call it in ample time to meet the assessments of next year, which is as soon as they could have been met if the bill had not been lost."
A Court street lady forbade her little girl to play with a neighbor's boy, and had frequent occasions to chide her for disobedience. "Nellie," said her mother one day, "I have told you a great many times not to romp with Tommy, and you must obey me." Nellie—Could I play with him if he was a girl? "Perhaps," replied the mother, absently. Nellie—But I wouldn't want to.

A Mystery of a Sleeping Car Unblushingly Unravalled.

"Queerest thing happened on my car to-day that I ever heard of," said a sleeping car conductor on the New York Central. "Coming into the city we were a little late, and didn't reach town until 7.30 p. m. when we should have been in by 6. One of my passengers was a rather elderly and infirm woman with long, shallow face, dull, sunken eyes, a languid air, and tawny hair that was too straight to be pretty. She was plainly dressed and too homely and common to attract any attention from the drummers who sat near her. All afternoon she kept inquiring if we'd get into New York on time, and appeared very nervous about it. Finally I told her we couldn't get in till nearly 8 o'clock, and then she said she wanted the use of the state room about half an hour and don't want to be disturbed. Well, I didn't pay any more attention to her for some time, but just before we arrived at the Central station I passed through the car, and sitting there in the seat where the old woman had been was a girl—a pretty and bright girl as I ever saw in my life, with a round, creamy face, bright eyes and golden ringlets and she was beautifully dressed.
"Something wrong here," says I to myself, and I am going to find out what it is." So I approached her and asked to see her train check. She showed it to me and it was all right.
"Do you know what has become of the old party who had this berth last night?" I inquired.
"I don't know anything about any old party," she snapped out as I went away.
"Some mystery here," says I to myself. "There's been a murder, or disappearance, or an attempt to rob two people on one ticket, or some thing, and I'm going to find out what it is. I hunted all through the car, and even went forward into the passenger coaches, but not a trace could I get of my old woman passenger. By this time I was thoroughly excited, and as the train drew into the station I called the company's detective, pointed the young woman out to him and told him the strange facts.
"Look it up," says I to him. "There's been foul play if some sort, sure."
The detective accompanied the young woman to a carriage and I saw him talk to her. She laughed showing a rosy mouth and pearly teeth, and then he laughed until I thought he would fall to pieces.
"What's the trouble?" I says I, as her carriage drove away.
"Trouble, echoed the detective. "There is no trouble except that you are a confounded idiot. Can't a pretty ballet dancer make her toilet on your car, when she is pushed for time and has to go right from the train to the theatre, without you are suspecting her of murder and insulting her?"
Reunion of the Bucktail Sharpshooters.
WILLIAMSPORT, October 2.—The survivors of the famous Bucktail regiment will hold their first reunion at Williamsport Thursday and Friday, October 20 and 21. A very full and interesting programme has been made out and great efforts will be made by those having it in charge to make this meeting an eminent success. Reno Post, G. A. R., of Williamsport, which is one of the best in the State, have tendered their elegantly furnished room to the Bucktails for their meetings and they will give the sharpshooters and skirmishers of national fame a hearty welcome. Public meeting will be held each evening in the Court House. Every member of the old regiment present will wear a bucktail. These old heroes on parade, wearing the badge that they so dearly love, will be a sight worth seeing and will no doubt attract a large crowd.
"I am sorry to say there are no seats, madam," said a passenger who was hanging on to a strap the other day in a Market street car, as a lady was trying to push her way past him. "I know it," said the lady, sweetly, "but I should like to get as far as the middle of the car, because my bust is outside in the rain."

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