MISS LOLLIPOP'S HOUSEKEEPING.

Little Miss Lollipop thought she must help
To wash up the dishes, and wipe up the shelf,
To brush up the table and sweep up the floor,
And clean off the stains from the paint on the door.

She put on her apron and pulled up her sleeve—
She didn't want work that was only make believe;
"For muzzers who've got little children," said she,
"Must have yittle housekeepers; dat's what I'll be."

Little Miss Lollipop went through the room,
Whisked the dust high with the edge of the broom,
Broke the poor cup which she dropped on the floor,
Left the paint twenty times worse than before.

She spattered and splashed—but how could I chide
The little heart swelling with sweet, helpful pride?
"For how would my muzzer be able," said she,
"To get troo her work if she didn't have me?"

Dearer the love in the sunny blue eyes
Than the dust she is raising, which fades as it flies;
Better to miss the best cup on the shelf
Than chide the dear heart which is enjoying itself.

Dear little Lollipop, we are like you—
Spoiling the work we are trying to do—
But surely the father who loves us will heed
And take, in His kindness, the will for the deed.

THE YOUNG ENGINEER.

"The young man you met at the gate, sir? Yes, that is my son—my boy Jack.

"You noticed the scars on his face, sir, and thought, maybe, that they spoiled features meant to be handsome?

"Ah, sir! that was because you did not know. Why those red marks make him more beautiful to me now than when a baby in my arms, with yellow curls and laughing eyes and a skin like a rose leaf, the people hurrying in and out of the trains would turn to look and smile at him, and praise him to each other, speaking low, maybe, but not too low for a mother's quick, proud ears to hear.

"For we lived in a little house close by the station; and, when I heard the whistle of his father's train, I used to snatch the boy from his cradle, or off the floor where he sat with his little playthings, and ran down to the farther end of the long depot, where the engine always halted, to get the smile and loving word that my heart lived on all day.

"Not the least bit afraid was the baby of all the whistling and clanging of bells, the groaning of the wheels and puffing of the steam. He would laugh and spring so in my arms that I could scarcely hold him, till his father would reach down sometimes and lift him up into the engineer's cabin and kiss him for one precious minute, and then toss him down to me again.

"When he grew a little older he was never playing horse or soldiers like the other little fellows around; it was always a railroad train that he was driving. All the smoothest strips out of my billets of kindling wood went to build tracks over the kitchen floor, hither and thither, crossing and recrossing each other.

"'Don't move my switch, mother dear,' he used to cry out to me. 'You'll wreck my train for sure!'

"So I had to go softly about my work, with scarce a place sometimes to set my foot. And all the chairs in the house would be ranged for cars, the big rocker, with the tea bell tied to its back, for the engine; and there he would sit perched up by the hour together, making believe attend to the valves and shouting to the firemen.

"I shall never forget the first time his father took him to ride on the engine. Jack had begged over and over to go, but his father always bade him to wait till he was a little older. So I had said,—

"'Don't tease father any more, Jack, dear.' And, like the true little heart he was, he had not said another word about it for a matter of six months or more.

"But that day such a wistful look came into his face; and he pulled himself up tall and straight, and said quite softly, his voice trembling a little, 'Father, do you think I am grown enough now?'

"Looking at him, I saw two tears in his pretty eyes. I think his father saw them, too; for he turned to me in a hurry, and said he,—

"'We meet the up train at Langton, Mary; and Will Brow will bring the little chap back all straight, I know. What do you say?'

"What could I say but yes? At supper time he was back again; but he could not eat. His eyes were like stars; and there was a hot, red spot on each cheek, so that I feared he would be ill. And I had thought he would never be done talking, but now he said scarce a word.

"'What was it like, Jackie?' I asked him.

"'O mother,' he said, 'it wasn't like anything!' He sat still for a minute thinking, then he said, 'Unless it was like—that you read last Sunday.'

"'And what was that, Jack?' I asked, for I had quite forgotten.

"'Don't you know, mother? 'The wings of the wind?'"

"That was not his last ride on the engine by many times; for, as he grew older, his father would take him often on Saturdays or other hal holidays. He was perfectly trusty and obedient. I believe he would have had his right hand cut off sooner than have meddled with anything, but he knew every valve and screw and guage, and watched every turn of his father's hand, and learned the signals all along the line, so that my husband said to me more than once:

"'I believe in my heart, Mary, that if I was to be struck dead on the engine, Jack could rush her through without a break!'

"He was in school, and learning fast; but, out of hours; he was always studying over books about machinery and steam. Such an odd child as he was, with thoughts far beyond his years! Sometimes, sitting here by myself, I go over in my mind the strange things he used to say to me in those days.

"I remember that one evening he had been reading for a long time in some book that he had got out of the public library; but by and by he stopped and leaned his head on his hand, looking into the coals. All at once—

"'Mother, said he, 'isn't it a wonderful thing that God could trust men with it?'

"'With what, Jack?'

"'With the steam—the power in it, I mean! It was a long time before he did. But when the right time came, and somebody listened, then he told.'

"'Oh, mother!' said he, with his eyes shining, 'what must it have been to be James Watt, and to listen to such a secret as that!'

"In a minute he spoke again.

"'And it's never safe to forget to listen, because we can't know when He might speak, or what there might be to hear.'

"I could not answer him for a choking in my throat, but I laid down my knitting, and put my arm around him; and he looked up into my face with something in his eyes that I never forgot.

"We were getting on well then. The little house and garden were almost paid for; and we thought that nowhere in the world were happier people than we, or a brighter, cozier home. My husband and I were always talking of this and that to be done for Jack as soon as the last payment should be made. But before the money was due, my husband came home sick one day.

"'Don't be frightened, Mary,' he said, 'I shall be better to-morrow.'

"But he only grew worse next day. It was a lung fever that he had, and for many days we thought he must die. Yet he rallied after a time—though he kept his hacking cough—and sat up and moved about the house, and at last thought himself strong enough to take his place again. But that was too much; for, at the end of the first week, he came home and fell fainting on the threshold.

"'It's of no use, Mary,' he said, after he came to himself. 'I can't run the engine, and, if I could, it isn't right for people's lives to be trusted to such weak hands as mine.'

"He never did any regular work after that, though he lived for a year.

"Young as he was, Jack was my stay and comfort through that dark time. My poor husband had matters in his mind that he longed to speak to me about; but I always put him off, for I could not bear to listen to anything like his going away from us.

"But at last, the very day before the end came; as I sat by his bed holding his hand in my mine, he said very gently but firmly, 'Mary, wife, I think you must let me speak to you to-day.'

"I fell to crying as if my heart would break, and he drew a pitiful sigh that went like a sword through my breast; yet I could not stop the sobs. Then Jack rose up from the little stool where he had sat so quietly that I had almost forgotten he was there, and came and touched me.

"'Mother, dear mother,' he said, and as I looked I saw his face perfectly white, but then there were no tears in his eyes.

"'Mother, he said again, 'please go away for a little while. I can hear what father wants to say.'

"You will think me cowardly, sir, but I did as the child bade me. I left the door ajar, and I could hear my husband's weak voice, though I could not understand the words, and then my brave boy's answers, clear and low, not a break or tremble in the sweet voice. And at last Jack said, 'Is that all, dear father?' and 'Yes, I will be sure to remember it,—every word.'

"Then he came and kissed me, with almost a smile, and went through the outer door. But an hour afterward, when I went out to the well, I heard a little choking sound, and saw him lying on his face in the long grass, under the apple tree, sobbing his very heart away. So I turned about, and went into the house as softly as I could, and never let him know.

"After it was all over and we had time to look about us, we found some debts left and very little money. It was a hard thing for me, that had for so long a strong, loving arm between me and every care, to have to think and plan how to make ends meet, when I could not even start evenly at the beginning. But Jack came to my help again.

"Father said that you were never to work hard, dear mother, because you were not strong, but that I must take care of you some way. He thought you could let two or three rooms to lodgers, maybe, and that the best thing for me just now would be to get a train boy's place. He said the men on our road would be sure to give me a chance for his sake."

"I do not know that I had smiled before since his father died; but when I heard him say 'our road' in that little proud tone he had, I caught him to my heart, and laughed and cried together.

"'And I spoke to Mr. Withers about it only yesterday,' he went on; 'and he said that Tom Gray is going to leave, and I can have his chance and begin next week, if I like. What do you say, dear mother?'

"'O Jack,' I said, 'how can I get through the long, lonesome days without you? And if anything should happen to you, I should die!'

"'Don't, mother!' he said gently, for the tears were in my eyes again. But I would not heed him.

"'And you to give up your school!' I cried. 'And all our plans for you to come to naught!'

"'Father thought of that, too,' he answered. 'But he said that the whole world belonged to the man that was faithful and true. And I promised him. You can trust me mother!'

"Trust him? Ah, yes! he had struck the right chord at last, and I lifted my head and dried my tears. Whatever unseen dangers I might fear for my boy would be of the body, not of the soul. 'Faithful and true!' I thanked God, and took courage.

"It was wonderful how he succeeded with the books and papers and the other things he sold. There was something in him that made him a favorite with everybody. I have been told by more than one that the sight of his frank, handsome face was like sunshine, and that people bought of him whether they wanted anything or not.

"Well, the years went by, and he grew up, working his way from one position to another on the road, trusted everywhere. He was my own boy still, though he was so tall and strong, with his bright curls turned chestnut brown and a silken fringe shading the lips that kept their old, loving kisses for me alone.

"It was not very long that he had had the place of engineer, which he had wanted so long. He had a day off, and was doing some little things for me about the house and garden, when one of the depot hands came running up the path, calling for him.

"'Mr. Harding wants you instantly, Jack!' cried the man. 'The Jersey express should have left the depot five minutes ago, and the engineer has just fallen down in a fit. Curtis and Fitch are both off on leave, and Mr. Harding says there's nobody left but you that he'll trust with the train.'

"'I!' cried Jack, in a maze. 'The Jersey express! And I never drove anything but a freight train!'

"'Well, well,' cried the man impatiently, 'don't stop to argue! Orders is orders, and here's a minute and a half gone already.'

"Jack seemed to come to himself at that. He darted one smile at me, and was off like a shot, drawing on his coat as he ran. In less time than I take in telling it, I heard the signal of the outgoing train and knew that my boy was trusted with a task that used to be given only to the most intelligent and careful men in the service.

"They brought him back to me that night, sir, and laid him on his father's bed; and, by piecemeal, then and afterwards, I learned what had happened that day.

"The train, starting out so late, they were forced to make up time somewhere on the line. So, on that long, straight stretch of track, through the valley, they were making sixty miles an hour. The train fairly flew. Jack could feel the air strike his face like a sharp wind, though it was a balmy spring day.

"Then an awful thing happened. The great connecting-rod of the driving-wheel on the right of the engine broke. Jack seemed to live all his life over in that one terrible instant when he saw the end of the rod swing upward. It struck the cab under him and dashed it into a thousand pieces. And he knew no more until a horrible agony awoke him where he had fallen senseless on the engine.

"Burned and almost blind, with the flesh scalded and torn from his hands, he remembered his engine, with its open throttle, leaping on to certain destruction. He seemed to see the passengers beside the long train, as so many times in the old days when he called the morning papers through the cars.

"He knew how they looked and what they were doing,—the men reading, smoking, talking of the elections, the price of grain, or how stocks went up last week; women with crowing, dimpled babies in arms; little children crowing to the windows, vainly trying to count the whizzing telegraph-poles; young, happy people going on wedding journeys maybe, and others coming home who had been long away.

"He remembered that, as he hurried to his place at the front, that day, a little girl with a cloud of golden hair had leaned from a car window, to give one good-bye kiss to her father on the platform. 'Take good care of mamma, darling,' he had heard the gentleman say.

"The fireman—no coward, either, was Tim Harbrook, but with wife and babies at home—let himself down from the tender and escaped. So might my Jack have done, but he crept along the side of the leaping engine, carefully and painfully he swung himself into his place, and, with every motion of his hands an untold agony, he reversed the engine and put on the air brake.

"Then, the train stopped, snatched back from the pit's mouth, and they took my boy from his post—'faithful and true.'

"It was a long time before Jack's burns were healed. The road people often came to see him,—no men could have been kinder,—and every week his wages came in full.

"But one evening, after he had begun to get out a little, one of his mates came in. 'Come, Jack, old fellow, you'll be moped to death here,' he said. 'You want a change. There's a big meeting of the road folks over at the hall tonight. I'm just on my way. Come along!'

"'What sort of a meeting?" said Jack.

"'Oh, I can't say, exactly. Something interesting, they told me, and everybody invited.'

"He stole a queer look at me, and I knew he wanted me to help him. So, as I really thought it might do Jack good, I said,—

"'Yes, Jack, go along with Tom.'

"'But I'm not presentable with this face,' said Jack.

"'Pshaw, man. It's evening, and nobody'll notice. Leastways they needn't.'

"With a little more coaxing, Jack set off with him. I had hardly heard the gate click, when the door opened again, and Jenny Brown came in like a spirite.

"'Quick, quick, Mrs. Burton! Put on your bonnet!' she whispered.

"'Where? What do you mean?' I said, for I was frightened.

"'To the meeting! Hurry, or we shall be late!'

"She was tying my bonnet strings under my chin, as she spoke; and she had the house-door locked, and me down the garden path and out of the back gate, fairly without my will. She hurried me across the square, and pushed me through the crowd around the hall-entrance.

"I was out of breath with nervousness and fast walking, so we sat down in a back seat. The room was full. There were a great many ladies there, and on the platform sat the superintendent and several of the directors of the road. Everybody seemed to be whispering and smiling and looking backward toward the door, and I looked too, though I didn't know why.

"Then the door opened and Jack came in with Tom. I heard somebody on the other side of me whisper, "That is he!" and another, and another, and a rustle crept through the place; and then, all at once, such a cheer went up as, I can truly say, I never heard in all my life before, no, not even when the troops came back from the war. The people stood up and the ladies waved their white handkerchiefs.

"The superintendent tried to speak, and rapped on his little table, but all in vain until the crowd had had their three times three. And, through it all, I watched my boy. He looked around him, dazed at first by all the tumult, and trying to know what it meant. But wherever he might turn his eyes he met a hundred others smiling on him, and more than a score of hands outstretched to him as he passed, and all at once he knew!

"O, sir; I can not tell you all about it; how they carried him up to the front, though not on the platform—there he would not go; how they found me out and made me sit beside him; how there were speeches and hand-shakings and laughing and crying.

"And at last the superintendent said that there was a little child there, the granddaughter of the president of the road, who had been with her mother on the train that day, and that she had been selected by many grateful friends to present a little token to the man whose faithful courage had saved so many lives.

"Then, a beautiful lady, all in soft, rustling silk, came up the aisle, leading the loveliest child I ever saw, with a great glory of golden hair around her head like the picture of an angel. I felt Jack start, for it was the very child whose face had come to him in that awful moment on the flying engine.

"The little thing let go her mother's hand as she came near, looking up with shy blue eyes, and in her small fingers was a purse of gold. You could see the great coins shining through the netting. She held it up to him, and all the room was still as death. I heard one great sob in my boy's throat; and then, he lifted the child in his arms, and stood up, holding her, straight and tall.

"But he did not take the purse. 'No, darling,' he said, in a low, tender voice, so clear that everybody heard. Then he kissed her and lifted one long curl from her neck.

"'This is the only gold I want," he said, and he looked at the child's mother with a question in his eyes.

"The lady nodded, and my boy took out a little pair of scissors from his vest pocket and cut the curl off gently and put it carefully away.

"And, sir, if they had cheered before, what was it now? The arched ceiling rang, the gas jets flared and flickered, and the very pendonts on the chandeliers clashed together.

"But he would not take the money—then, nor afterwards.

"'It is not ours. What can we do with it? We can not throw it away,' the superintendent said.

"'I'll tell you then, sir,' said Jack, at last. 'Brakeman Jim Flaherty was killed last week. He left a sick wife and six little children. Give the money to them.'

"And they did so.

"Now, you know, sir, what the scars on my boy's face mean to me. I read in the red marks, 'faithful and true,' and I would not have them changed for the coat-of-arms of any king on the throne."

A Feathered Shepherd.

In South America there is a very beautiful bird called the agami, or the golden-breasted trumpeter. It is about as large in the body as one of our common barnyard fowl, but as it has longer legs and a longer neck, it seems much larger. Its general color is black, but the plumage on its breast is beautiful beyond description, being what might be called iridescent, changing, as it continually does, from a steel blue to a red gold, and glittering with a metallic luster.

In the wild state the agami is not peculiar for anything but its beauty, its extraordinary cry, which has given it the name of trumpeter, and for an odd habit of leaping with comical antics into the air, apparently for its own amusement. When tamed, however—and it soon learns to abandon its wild ways—it usually conceives a violent attachment for its master, and though very jealous of his affection endeavors to please him by a solicitude for the well being of all that belongs to him, which may fairly be termed benevolence.

It is never shut up at night as the other fowl are; but, with a well deserved liberty, is permitted to take up its quarters where it pleases. In the morning it drives the ducks to the water and the chickens to the feeding ground, and if any should presume to wander they are quickly brought to a sense of duty by a sharp reminder from the strong beak of the vigilant agami. At night the faithful guardian drives its charge home again.

Sometimes it is given to the care of a flock of sheep; and, though it may seem too puny for such a task, it is in fact quite equal to it. The misguided sheep that tries to trifle with the agami soon has cause to repent the experiment; for, with a swiftness unrivaled by any dog, the feathered shepherd darts after the runaway, and with wings and beak drives it back to its place, not forgetting to impress upon the offender a sense of its error by pecks with its beak.

Should a dog think to take advantage of the seemingly unguarded condition of the sheep, and approach them with evil design, the agami makes no hesitation about rushing at him and giving combat. And it must be a good dog that will overcome the brave bird. Indeed, most dogs are so awed by the fierce onset of the agami, accompanied by its strange cries, that they incontinently turn about and run, fortunate if they escape unwounded from the indignant creature.

At meal time it walks into the house and takes its position near its master, seeming to ask for his caresses. It will not permit the presence of any other pet in the room, and even resents the intrusion of any servants not belonging there, driving out all others before it will be contented. Like a well bred dog, it does not clamor for food, but waits with dignity until its wants have been satisfied.—St. Nicholas.

Home Hints.

Tomatoes dipped in bread crumbs and browned in butter are a delicious addition to the dinner.

Two draped curtains of white serim with insertion and antique lace, strung on rods with rings, are pretty for the windows of a small parlor.

Griddle cakes made of batter and tomatoes are put forth as something gastronomically new and the "creation" of somebody's chef at Newport.

Rice croquettes are delicious if served hot with brandy sauce. This sauce is made like common pudding sauce, only it should be a little thinner.

Celery becomes better and better with the approach of winter. The highest authorities now say it should be packed in crushed ice an hour before it is eaten.

A fillet of veal stuffed with fine herbs makes an excellent foundation for a dinner, and if nicely browned and served hot, with brown gravy, may well take the place of chicken or duck.

No two after-dinner coffee cups should be the same, says an exchange, and this will enable china collectors to show what they have got that is old, new, odd, unique, exclusive and pretty.

Lemon fritters are delicious. To one cup of milk and one egg allow the juice of one lemon. These may be served with sauce; in that case, add the grated peel of half the lemon to flavor the sauce.

Roast ham is a noted Pennsylvania dish. It is roasted the same as beef, only, being less juicy, it requires a longer time in the oven. It is served cut in thin slices, with a gravy made of beef stock and brown flour.

Muffins without soda, if baked in a hot oven, will be light and excellent. Take one cup of sweet milk, one cup of flour, one egg well beaten, about a third of a teaspoonful of salt. Have your gem pans very hot, fill about half full, and bake. These are nice with butter alone, or with maple sugar syrup added.

Thou must be lord and master to thine own actions; not a servant or a hireling.

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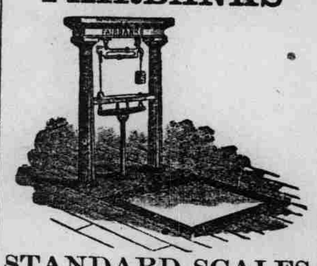

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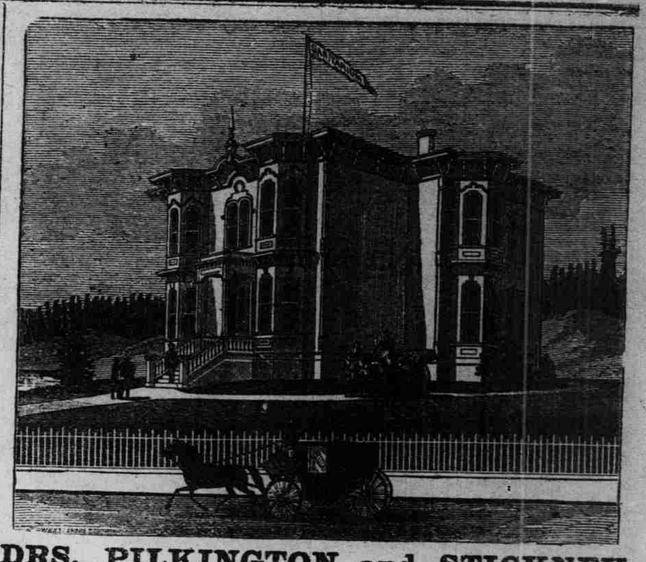

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