

Egg Hunting in India.

(E. H. Lougher, in 'Morning Star'.)

The native Indian servants are jewels, not all of them polished though. We would have a hard time of it in the country without them, and they have a hard time with us, I expect. For, 'Why should the Sahib make such a fuss over one little saw being lost? To be sure he can't get another like it in the country, but then, there will be new missionaries coming out in a year or two, and he can get one easy enough then?' or, 'Just because I slept too late when the Sahib wanted to go to the train. Yes, he did have to carry his own things, and hunt round in the village for a man to help him, but what is a man to do when he has no windows in his house and don't wake up?'

Says the cook: 'Yes, I did wipe the stove with the dish towels, but the dhoba is going to wash them anyway, and if they are just a little blacker, why he will get them clean somehow, and why should the Mem worry?' I know I did forget to put any sugar in the pudding, but I should think they could put it on with a spoon at the table just as well.'

So you see the poor fellows do have their 'Kosta' and don't see why notice should be taken of such trifles.

There's my sweeper, too. Never told you about him, did I? Well, he is the crown jewel. When I want him to do anything I always tell him three times, and every time he says 'Haw, haw,' (Open your mouth and say it through your nose with all your force and you will have it to perfection). Well, he says that, and starts off, only to return in a couple of minutes to ask it all over again, so as to be sure of two things, first, that he has understood it right, and second, to ask if he is to do it now. He is cute about some things however, one of which is getting and keeping the eggs our hens lay.

A while ago Miss Scott was going away for a few days and we had to take her hens. They were laying eight eggs a day. I expressed my doubt as to their laying at my house



Two Boys—Two Men.

(Kate Tannatt Woods, in 'Our Little Folks'.)

Two boys were travelling over a hill,	And the other, he carolled a better lay,
And they sang as they went,	'I'll try,' and 'I'll hope,' and
'Yee-hover,	'I will, sir.'
Life is jolly, we'll both get rich,	
And then we will live in clover.'	So both trudged on and grew to be men,
	And they sing no more, 'Yee-hover,'
One boy sang, as he went on his way,	For 'I can't' is a drunkard, gaunt and grim,
'I can't,' and 'I won't,' and 'I sha'n't, sir;'	And 'I'll try' is living in clover.

for my sweeper the hens 'never give an egg.' I have often discussed the matter with him, telling him that it must be the climate in my chicken yard doesn't agree with the hens. It is one of the best however.

Well, the hens came and the eggs stopped. In about a week I asked about it. 'Never an egg, Sahib, never an egg,' was his reply. That afternoon I happened to be in the hen house hunting for a piece of board and there found two nice, fresh eggs. I kept the place in sight, as it was near closing-up time, and Mungerli locked up as usual, then early in the morning I was up when he unlocked, so when he did not notice I slipped in and of course the eggs were minus. At noon I called him up where some of the men were working, so I could make the effect of his punishment felt on the others. I said, 'Well,

what about eggs to-day?' Bracing himself up with a respectful air, he replied, 'I have said, sir, that I never find one, but if I ever should, you shall have it at once.'

'Now, Mungerli, why do you lie to me? You know you are getting eggs and taking them home or selling them to the Mem Sahib' (my wife).

'Oh, sir, bring out the Bible, bring out the Bible, and I will put my hand on it and swear that I never saw or took an egg.'

'Now, see here, man, you are a Hindu, and you don't know anything about what you are saying. I know you took the eggs, for yesterday I saw two. You locked the house and opened it and I saw that the eggs were gone.' Off he rushed, ostensibly to look for the eggs, and soon he returned, his face wreathed in one large radiant smile. 'Oh, sir, I have it. The crows you