

the waters are often a mass of delicate colors. Land is scarce and precious in Japan, but every square foot of it is utilized for flower or tree cultivation. Sometimes, the fragrance in the spring of the year is too sickening to be pleasant, while the eyes are dazzled by the gaudy display of colors that are met on every side.—The 'Sabbath School Visitor.'

A Plantation Hymn.

You better be givin' of yo' ail ter de po'.—
De sun gwine down—gwine down!
De folks won't know you w'en you knock at
de do,—
De sun gwine down—gwine down!

Better be a-workin'
Whilst de day is de day;
De sun gwine down,
An' you'll never fin' de way!

You better stan' an' lissen w'en you hear de
gospill cry—
De sun gwine down—gwine down!
You won't have wings ter flyin' w'en de time
is come ter fly—
De sun gwine down—gwine down!

Better be a-workin'
Whilst de day is de day;
De sun gwine down,
An' you'll never fin' de way!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Working His Way.

(By Elizabeth Pettee.)

'Father,' said Billy, looking up from the poultry journal in which he had been absorbed for the last hour; 'father, I want an incubator.'

'A what?' asked his sister Jane from the pantry where she was putting away the last of the supper dishes. Jane had an idea that she was a trifle deaf, and always liked to assure herself at the very beginning that she knew what the conversation was about. 'What did you say you wanted, Billy?'

This little habit of Jane's was quite irritating at times, and was especially so to Billy just now. 'I wasn't talking to you,' he growled.

Farmer Redmond looked at his son meditatively for a moment. 'Humph!' he said at last, as he went back to his paper. 'Don't be foolish, Billy.'

'Well, but father,' persisted Billy, 'other people make money with incubators, and why shouldn't I?'

'Some people kin make money out o' nothin',' drawled his father, 'but that's no reason that you kin.'

'The Hopkinses got an incubator last summer, didn't they?' asked Jane, who had now joined the group around the kitchen table.

'Yes,' put in the hired man from his place behind the stove. 'They split it up fer kindlin' wood the other day. It was no good,' he added with a chuckle.

'Course it wasn't any good,' said Billy indignantly. 'It was a cheap machine in the first place, and they got it secondhand. Jim Hopkins has got no more business with an incubator than a cat has with two tails anyway—wouldn't know any more what to do with it.'

'I suppose you think you would,' said his sister sarcastically. 'I suppose you think you learned everything at the high school.'

'What d'ye want to do with it, Billy?' interposed his mother.

'Do with it?' exploded Billy wrathfully getting up from his chair. 'Do with it? Co fishin', I s'pose.' He turned at the door. 'Anyway, I want an incubator, and what's more,' he added doggedly, 'I'm going to have one.'

He tramped upstairs to his room, his face set with sullen determination, sat down on the bed, and kicked off his shoes so vigorously that they struck the wall opposite with a thump. He dropped his chin in his hands, and tried to think how he could manage that incubator.

The youngest of four children, Billy always had had an easier time than the others. The lighter tasks had fallen to him, and his mis-

deeds had been more frequently overlooked. He already had had more than his share of schooling, and to ask for the college education he so longed for, he hardly thought would be fair. But there was nothing to prevent his earning it, and that he had fully made up his mind to do. Eight months had already passed since he had received his diploma from the high school, and with all his endeavors, he had succeeded in scraping together only ten dollars. He felt that another year, at most, was as long as he could afford to wait, and the money would have to come in a good deal faster than that. There seemed to be no way of earning money on a farm. He had cudgelled his brain in vain until he happened to see an incubator advertised in the weekly paper. He sent for a catalogue, and a sample copy of a good poultry journal, and soon made up his mind that there was money in it if he could only get the incubator. He had spoken to his father as a last resort, not expecting any help from him, but hoping that he might at least look favorably on the scheme.

'In bed, Billy?' called his mother from the hall.

'Uh—uh'—muttered Billy without raising his head.

Mrs. Redmond came in and sat down beside him. 'Tell me about it,' she said simply.

He was still her baby, this tall lad of eighteen, and occupied the warmest spot in her heart. Billy poured out his hopes and longings into her sympathetic ears, and ended with an elaborate tale of just how he would manage the incubator, and make the most of his chickens. He already had been to see the proprietor of the largest hotel in the nearest town, and had found that he could get fifty cents apiece for broilers from December until July, and besides that he could make a good deal from winter eggs.

'But, Billy,' said his mother, 'you know chickens don't lay to amount to anything in winter.'

'Mine would,' said Billy confidently, 'if I could start them right now. It all depends on how you feed them. The Journal tells all about it. But there's no use,' he added dismally; 'I can't raise enough to start inside of six months.'

'How much would it take?' asked Mrs. Redmond.

'Well, twenty-five dollars, with what I have, would get an incubator and a brooder (that's to raise the chickens in), and stock it with eggs, and get enough oil to hatch them. I'd have to have a little more before I could begin to take in any money, I wouldn't make much before fall anyway, for it would take all summer to raise a flock of hens for winter laying.'

'Well,' said his mother getting up to go, 'you order the things, and I'll see about the money.'

'Mother, you're a dear!' he exclaimed enthusiastically. 'You'll see,' he called after her, 'that it'll make money all right.'

Billy began to get ready for business the next morning. Back in the yard stood the little tumble-down cottage, in which his father and mother had set up house-keeping, thirty years before. It was used for a storehouse for all sorts of old rubbish; for these thrifty people never threw anything away, no matter how old or useless it might seem. Billy cleared out one of its two tiny rooms, and in a corner, away from all draught, prepared a place in which to set up his shrine. He intended to use the other room for a chicken-house, so he filled the chinks, and covered the walls with building paper. He set up an old, rusty stove, and even brought out some bedding, and made himself a couch on the floor. He was going to stay right by that incubator, and if it failed, it wouldn't be from lack of attention. 'But it isn't going to fail. I'll make it go or know why,' he said emphatically.

At last it came. Billy hauled it out from town himself, and set it up with many loving pats. He had studied the directions carefully, and was sure he knew just how to go at it. He had had a hard time getting eggs enough, for the weather had turned cold, and the hens had almost ceased to lay; but by visiting every farmhouse within ten miles, and paying good prices, he had managed to get ten dozen.

They all were in at last; the incubator was going; and there was nothing more to do until

the fifth day, when he could test them. The happy boy sat in front of the machine by the hour, his chin in his hands, watching the thermometer to see that the temperature remained stationary. He got up two or three times in the night to inspect things. His greatest trial was that there was so little he could do to it. Those first four days dragged terribly.

The family paid little attention to him. His father seemed oblivious of the fact that any such foolishness was going on under his very nose. The hired man looked in on him occasionally, oftener, in fact, than Billy cared to have him. He would rather have been left severely alone, except for his mother. He liked to have her come out and sit with him. He could talk freely to her. She was on hand when testing time came, and sat patiently in the darkened room, while Billy examined the eggs with his tester, and took out all those showing no signs of life. He had ninety-two fertile eggs, he decided, which was more than he had expected at that time of year. His spirits went up and up. He would show the scoffers that he could hatch chickens in March.

As time went on, however, some of the eggs didn't look so well. A few germs died every day, and when hatching time drew near, the number had dwindled to seventy. If he got fifty chicks, he decided, he would be doing well.

On the evening of the nineteenth day he examined them carefully, and found two with tiny holes in the shells. He held one of them to his ear to see if he could hear the chicken tapping on the walls of his prison, and was so startled by the vigorous, 'Peep-peep' that the infant fowl let out that he almost dropped it.

'Well, I declare!' drawled his father's voice behind him, and Billy jumped again. He hastily put the egg back in the warm nest, and proceeded to fill the lamp, and see that everything was ready for the hatch.

'Queer performance, isn't it?' he remarked.

'Well, I guess,' said the farmer.

'What do you think about it now?' asked Billy triumphantly.

'Tell ye when they come out,' was the answer. 'Seein' believin'.'

'You'll see,' said Billy. 'I'm going to have two, anyway.'

'Goin' to set up all night an' watch fer 'em? Indeed I am,' responded Billy emphatically.

And he did. Hour after hour he sat there, watching the hole in the shell get bigger, but it was not until the wee, small hours of the morning, that the first chicken burst his chains, and with a vigorous flop, rolled over on the tray and raised his wobbly head to inspect his surroundings.

'Hello!' grinned Billy; 'you're all right, you are. My! Look at his feathers!' he exclaimed in astonishment.

He eagerly watched for the next one, but the rest were slow. Only two more had come out by the night of the twentieth day. Billy began to get anxious. The thermometer had been kicked over, and he had hesitated to open the door of the machine to set it up, for the directions said that the door must not be opened after the chicks began to come out. He finally decided that something was wrong, and that the thermometer must be inspected, and he found to his disgust that the temperature had dropped six degrees. That was the trouble, then. The chicks weren't warm enough. He hastily turned up the lamp, and did everything he could to help the hatch along, but it was too late to do much. Five more straggled out, but they were weak and exhausted with their long struggle, and didn't look very promising.

'Eight chickens out of a possible seventy,' mused Billy mournfully, 'and I thought I would have such a lot. Well!' manfully, squaring his shoulders, 'there's no use crying over spilt milk. I'll do better next time.'

The family mercifully refrained from making many remarks about Billy's chickens, for which he was duly thankful, although it might have been some satisfaction to have told them how it happened. His mother's sympathy was some comfort, however, and he tried to be satisfied with that. He decided not to go to the farmers for his next lot of eggs. He wanted to start a good stock, so he went away to a well-known poultry man, and got some Plymouth Rock eggs. He couldn't