



JAPANESE SERVANT.

"Why, Roger, you don't mean that lovely buff hen!" cried Nan, with sparkling eyes; then growing rather rosy, "You didn't think I was hinting, Roger?"

"Nan Bradford hint! Don't be a goose, but come and peep at her highness."

"She's too sweet for anything!" cried Nan, clasping her hands in delight, as Roger carefully lifted a corner of the basket-cover; "the very prettiest hen I ever saw in my life; so soft and puffy!"

"And as good as she looks, or I wouldn't give her to you. She lays the biggest, whitest eggs you ever saw, Nan; she *may* make your fortune; who knows? And now come away home, or your mother will think that I have left you in the pond."

"*She may make your fortune.*"

The words seemed to sing and repeat themselves till Nan could hardly understand what Roger was saying to her, and the moment that he said "good-by," and turned from the door, promising that he would see Mistress Hen safe-

ly locked in her new quarters for the night, Nan turned and ran up to her own room, and, sinking down upon the side of the bed, laughed a sweet, rippling little laugh which was simply overflowing with gratitude and happiness.

"Mother," she said, when, ten minutes later, she came downstairs, her cheeks glowing and her eyes shining, "how much do you get for eggs at the store?"

"About twenty-five cents; but why, dear?"

"Because," said Nan, "because Roger has given me the sweetest hen; and he says that she is a splendid layer, and I am going to sell every one of her eggs, and give the money to missions. Oh, mother, just think how God answers us! Why, who would ever have thought of Roger giving me a hen! I'm so glad! so very, very glad! How kind God is! I shall call her," with a happy little laugh, "my Missionary Box." And then she put both arms about her mother's neck, gave her a loving kiss, and ran off to put the kettle on to boil for tea.

"I wonder," thought her mother, as she watched the bright face, and listened to the words which Nan was almost unconsciously singing:

"Let us with a thankful mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,"

"I wonder how many girls would feel like that because they had found something to give away!"—*Young Christian Soldier.*

JAPANESE SERVANTS.

JAPANESE servants are very polite, and are said, as a rule, to be cheerful in their work. Their dress fits tightly around them, and they love to wear a big, wide sash about their waist. Their sandals have great thick soles—sometimes three inches thick.

Here is a picture of one. She looks very happy—and she is happy. We are told that servants in Japan are quite contented with their position, and do not murmur or grumble at it at all—in fact, that they are quite happy. It is always best to be happy wherever you may be. While you try to do well and to get on up to something higher, if you can, be happy where you are. It will be far better in the end to do so.

ONE SMALL MAN'S PLAN.

THE "blue line" street car stopped at the corner, and a rather anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Rob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you; don't take it out of your pocket at all."