

But her mamma answered, —
 “Not yet, Rosy; let us go first and look at these good ladies that are walking about inside their house. We can have a good look at them before they get away. See, they can't get out if we stand at the door.”

“Ah, look at these beauties, all over speckly feathers,” cried Rosy, as she ran forward to catch one.

She put out her little arms to seize her; but the hen seemed to think this a great liberty from so small a child, and instead of running away, she turned and opened her beak in a very angry manner.

“Take care, Rosy,” said her