

CHAPTER IV.

ONE evening in early spring, as my father returned home from his daily labour, he called my brother and myself to him, and inquired how we liked the idea of hatching and bringing up chickens. I was delighted, as usual, when any new project was on foot, and begged of him to allow me the entire charge of the imaginary brood. My brother, thinking it would detract from his manliness to entreat for the same responsible position, contented himself with contemptuously saying,—

“*You!* I’d like to see *you* have the care of chickens, or any other living thing. They’d never get anything to eat, that’s certain.”

I was provoked, for I felt that an argument so powerful would greatly influence my father, upon whose decision I hung with that intense interest peculiar to children. How rejoiced was I, then, to hear him say, in spite of Willie’s remark,—

“Perhaps we’d better try Fanny once more, before giving her up entirely, William.”

I looked triumphantly at my brother, and strongly urged the propriety of giving me at least one more fair trial, and closed by saying,