be so tormented;" but a secret feeling that I would soon be able to prove to my friends they were mistaken in me, greatly diminished my present indignation.

"How long will it be before they will be hatched?" I anxiously inquired.

"In about three weeks," replied my father, without appearing to observe my impatience; but I think he noticed it, for he smiled aside to himself.

The weeks passed very slowly to me, and I often asked mother how long the hen had been sitting, and if she were sure it would take just three weeks, and no longer, to hatch the chickens. These inquiries, and many similar ones, I frequently put to her, taking good care always that my mischievous brother was out of sight and hearing. I feasted upon my imagination. I fancied the time had come when we should subsist almost entirely upon the eggs and chickens of our own raising. How happy would I be in going round from nest to nest, collecting the fresh new eggs; and how surprised mother would be to see so many; for I was certain, from her quiet manner, that her expectations were by no means as large as mine.

At length, just as the three weeks were about expiring, upon going out one fine morning I