

Two of the brood were particular favourites with me—two little yellow, downy creatures, but so bright and nimble. One of them I named, “Mrs. Indott,” and the other, “Individual,”—queer names for chickens, I must admit. For what reason I chose them I am unable to say. Everything concerning my chickens went on nicely for two or three weeks—not one of the eight died. No mother was ever more attentive to her little ones than was I to mine. “Ah,” said I to myself, “Master Willie had better crow *now*, just as if I could not take good care of anything. Mother said all that was needed was a little perseverance.” I was a heroine in my own opinion, quite forgetting that the end had not yet arrived.

The chickens soon grew large enough to be let out of the coop, and every morning they might be seen walking through the long grass, or sunning themselves in a sand-heap. During the day they nearly supported themselves by picking up crumbs and worms; but at night it was necessary they should be housed, lest a weasel or some other animal should catch them.

“Fanny,” said my mother one evening to me, as I was busily engaged with an interesting story,—“Fanny, isn’t it almost time to put up your chickens?”