

“What can it be?” they wondered again and again as they listened to soft stirs within, and tried to peer through the chinks.

“It is alive, whatever it is,” said Brother after a long and careful listening; “for I can hear breathing. And I think it is a Shetland pony colt,” and he beamed with bright fancies.

“Oh, Brother, what a goose you are! As if a Shetland pony colt—even a colt—could be carried in a basket by a woman,” and Sister laughed from her wisdom. “It is much more likely to be a dear little pig—or a rabbit. I almost hope it is not a rabbit—though they are so perfectly lovely—for it would make me so miserable to see the dear wee thing carried about by its ears.”

“It is the only way to carry rabbits,” with an air of manly hard-heartedness.

“Maybe it is; but I would always carry them in my apron.”

“Ho, yes; but boys don’t have aprons.