



HIS FIRST EASTER.

Jack and the Chickens.

Jack was a beautiful Irish setter that was devoted to his little mistress, Mary. He had one very bad habit; he would kill chickens, says the Chicago 'Times-Herald.' The ranchmen all around threatened to shoot Jack if they caught him, and Mary was much distressed.

One rainy day in the early spring a farm hand brought into the house a number of dear little chickens, just out of the shell, and placed them on the hearth before the fire. The tiny, fluffy waifs were chilled through and through, and their little legs were icy cold. Mary, like the good little housewife she was, suddenly conceived the bril-

liant idea of filling a basket with raw cotton, so as to make the small strangers a nice comfortable bed, and, without thought of leaving them alone, started briskly upstairs to the garret, and soon returned with a hamper padded with warm, white cotton. Imagine her horror, however, when, upon entering the room, she discovered Jack lying lazily in front of the fire and not a chicken in sight.

The little girl was sick with fright, for she knew they had been hatched from very expensive eggs of a particular breed, and that her father would scold her for her carelessness.

'Jack,' she cried severely, 'what

have you done with those chickens?'

Jack merely wagged his tail and looked at her with one ear cocked. Mary slowly approached the culprit, with a deep frown on her face, and continued:

'If you have eaten those chickens your master will have to shoot you.'

At this terrible threat the dog only wagged his tail all the harder and cocked both ears. Just then came a faint 'Peep, peep!' from somewhere near the fire, and the dog looked knowing.

And where do you suppose those baby chickens were hiding? Between the setter's two great fore-paws, and all up under his soft,