

her, such a nice little thing, nearly three years old; and she told me such a delightful story about her, that I am longing to tell it to you, Mamma.

You know cousin Mary was very ill when she first went to France, and the doctors told her to drink goat's milk. So a goat was bought, and it used to feed all day in the little garden, and eat up all her pretty flowers without being scolded, for it was so tame, and she grew so fond of it that she thought nothing was too good for it.

Well, Mamma, when the baby was born, poor Mary was so ill that the doctors thought she would die, and her little baby die too. It would not eat, and could not sleep, and did nothing but cry, till the old cook, who lived in