

the nurse stooped to take the little thing from the cook, it butted at her with its head and tried to force her away; then, when she did get it into her arms, it followed her up stairs and into Mrs. Seton's room, though they did all they could to prevent it.

The old cook was the goat's best friend, and the baby's too, for she went straight to cousin Harry, and he said his little girl should have no other foster-mother than the goat. So he had a small wooden room, or shed, built for it at one of the nursery windows, that it might come out and in without disturbing any one. And many a time it did go out and in, for the baby never moved or turned in its bed but the goat was by its side in a moment.

The most curious part of all though is still