

The Grey Stone.

March 17-1909.

My dear Auntie Calilā.

I have been meaning to write to you for a long time, but have been very busy riding on my donkey. Now, I have a new toy in the shape of a baby elephant. Jumbo is bigger than me, he has a long mouth, and two of his teeth are coming out. I think Daddy must have sent him to me. I have been feeling very cross for two days, with a bad cold in my head.

Little Bobby Fisher came to play with me yesterday afternoon. He isn't very interesting as he would not talk to me, although I did my best, and told him that the "Duck" came out yesterday," and he just stared at me, in such a rude way. Then I took him up to see the boat, but his Ma nearly had fifty fits and wouldn't let him get near the water.

Come back soon because I miss you very much, and I will let you ride on my



donkey all you want.

Your loving little

