

**A LITTLE QUEEN OF
HEARTS; AN
INTERNATIONAL STORY**

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A little queen of hearts; an international story by Ruth Ogden

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RUTH OGDEN

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INTERNATIONAL STORY**



PEERS OF THE REALM.

A LITTLE QUEEN OF HEARTS

An International Story

BY

RUTH OGDEN

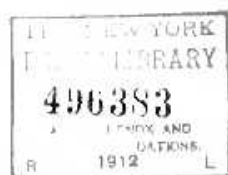
Author of "A Loyal Little Red-Coat," "Courage" and "His Little Royal Highness"



WITH OVER FIFTY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY

H. A. OGDEN

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A CONFIDENTIAL WORD.

A FEW years ago, when my first story saw the light, a little fellow, a stranger to me then, but who has since proved himself the truest of friends, wrote me a most welcome letter. He said, among other things: "I have read the book five times through. My nurse, Lily Jones, read the book to me twice, my mamma read the book to me once, and my Aunt Lizzie read the book to me twice, for I can only read in my reading-book." Now you can understand, I think, how I have wanted to keep that boy for a friend, together with the other children who have proved themselves friendly; and so realizing they were all growing older each year, I have tried in the books I have written since then to keep pace with them, that they might not perhaps outgrow me for a little while yet.

At the same time, my heart, in a way, is still with the little people who count their years by a single numeral; and so, if you please, I want to take them aside for a moment, and just whisper in their ears that, although "A Little Queen of Hearts" may seem a trifle too old for them at first, I have an idea they will not find that fault later on.

RUTH OGDEN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A LITTLE QUEEN OF HEARTS

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A LITTLE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

CHAPTER I.

HAROLD AND TED HAVE IT OUT.



He was a thoroughly manly little fellow — nobody questioned that for a moment, not even Ted; and yet there he sat, his head bowed upon his folded arms, while now and then something very like a sob seemed to shake the well-knit figure and give the boyish head an undignified little bob. When at last he looked up, behold proof positive! There were tears not only in his eyes, but on the sleeve of his Eton jacket; and there was no longer any question but that Harold Harris, sturdy little Englishman though he

was, had been having what is known on both sides of the water as a good, hard cry.