

**BEAUTIFUL
BERTHA**

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Beautiful Bertha by Louisa C. Tuthill

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LOUISA C. TUTHILL

**BEAUTIFUL
BERTHA**



FRONTISPIECK.

Beautiful Bertha.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Honey-pot Brook, - - - - - 7

CHAPTER II.

Miss Nancy, - - - - - 14

CHAPTER III.

Treasures Discovered, - - - - - 21

CHAPTER IV.

The Grotto, - - - - - 33

CHAPTER V.

The Fairies, - - - - - 44

CHAPTER VI.

The Beauty and the Brook, - - - - - 52

	PAGE
CHAPTER VII.	
The wrong Pew, - - - - -	61
CHAPTER VIII.	
Style in a Shandrydan, - - - - -	76
CHAPTER IX.	
Patsy Gracy, - - - - -	90
CHAPTER X.	
Work and Play, - - - - -	100
CHAPTER XI.	
Love of the Beautiful, - - - - -	108
CHAPTER XII.	
St. George and the Dragon, - - - - -	117
CHAPTER XIII.	
Esther's Influence, - - - - -	131
CHAPTER XIV.	
An unexpected Visitor, - - - - -	138
CHAPTER XV.	
Mr. Perrit's Fancy Sketch, - - - - -	149

CONTENTS.

V

PAGE

CHAPTER XVI.

A sad Farewell, - - - - - 161

CHAPTER XVII.

The Beauty at School, - - - - - 165

CHAPTER XVIII.

A sudden change of Scene, - - - - - 173

CHAPTER XIX.

Ivy Cottage Fireside, - - - - - 179

CHAPTER XX.

Who comes now? - - - - - 185

CHAPTER XXI.

Delicate Kindness, - - - - - 206

CHAPTER XXII.

A Letter to the Dead, - - - - - 213

CHAPTER XXIII.

Grand Expectations, - - - - - 226

CHAPTER XXIV.

News from the Antipodes, - - - - - 231

CHAPTER XXV.

Under an Umbrella, - - - - - 235

	PAGE
CHAPTER XXVI.	
An overwhelming Surprise, - - - - -	243
CHAPTER XXVII.	
The Ivory Casket, - - - - -	250
CHAPTER XXVIII.	
Gratitude, - - - - -	259
CHAPTER XXIX.	
"Not expected to happen," - - - - -	268

CHAPTER I.

HONEY-POT BROOK.

"~~There~~ is Honey-pot!" exclaimed Mr. Perrit, with boyish glee.

Mr. Perrit and his daughters, Esther and Louisa, had left the railroad, over which they had traveled more than two hundred miles, and were driving in a one-horse wagon to the village of Sylvania.

The sun was just sinking in the west as they came in sight of Honey-pot brook.

"Brook! Do you call this a brook?" exclaimed Louisa. "Why, a brook is just a narrow stream that I could jump over."

"Later in the season you will be able to jump over this brook. It is now swollen by the snow and rain. Many a time, when I was a boy, have I followed its winding course, and waded three or four miles in its waters."

"But what a queer name it has," remarked Esther.

"I always liked its name," replied Mr. Perrit; "and the brook seemed perfectly contented with it, too, dancing over the smooth pebbles, and winding its shining way through groves and green meadows, and bounding over huge rocks, as merrily as any brook in the whole world."

"It is *awfully* wide and deep now; how are we to get over?" anxiously demanded Louisa.

"By going right through, to be sure; come, old horse, jog along." So saying, Mr. Perrit snapped the whip, and the horse splashed in up to his knees, and then stood still to take a draught of cool water.

"Oh dear, dear, this is a deep river, I know it is; you have forgotten the road, papa, and the brook, too," said Louisa, with tears rushing over her cheeks.

"Not remember Honey-pot brook! I have forgotten many things, change has come over many more, but this brook is as familiar to me as the face of your mother. Those very willows, now so rough and gnarled, were then in