

**MY LITTLE GIRL:
A NOVEL. VOL. III**

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My little girl: a novel. Vol. III by Walter Sir Besant & James Rice

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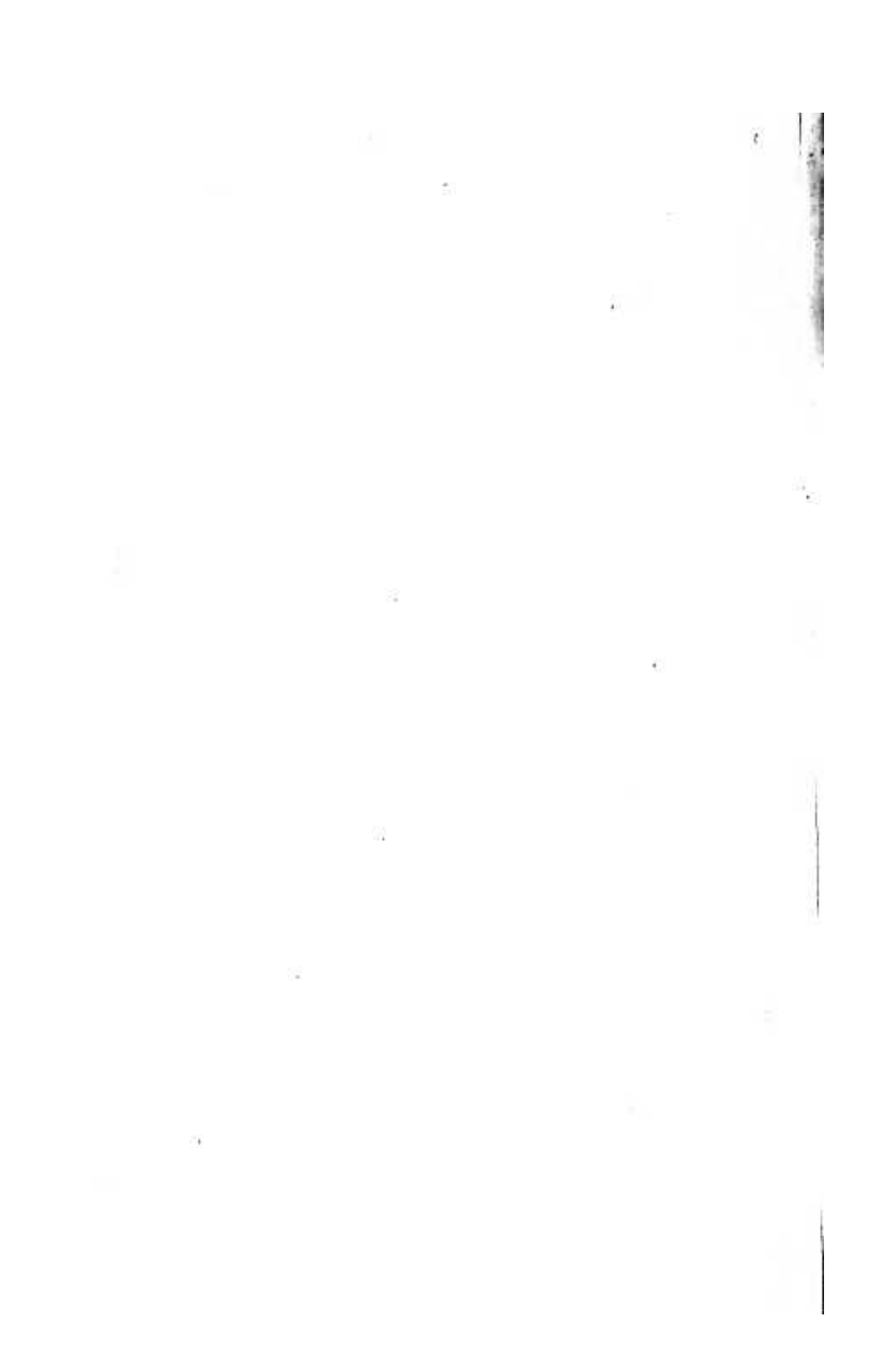
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WALTER SIR BESANT & JAMES RICE

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MY LITTLE GIRL.



MY LITTLE GIRL.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHORS OF
"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

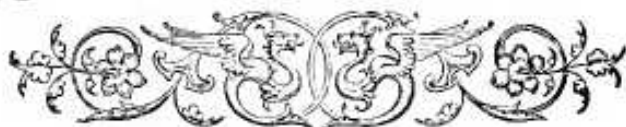


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MY LITTLE GIRL.

CHAPTER I.



VENN, on the following morning, called upon his sister. She burst forth with all her tale of trouble as soon as she saw him. Hartley judiciously gave her

the reins, only occasionally murmuring sympathetically.

"Why, Sukey," he said, when she had quite finished, "you can do nothing better than persist. It is the most outrageous tyranny. And such a beautiful animal, too. St. Cyril, come here. Sh—tsh! A lovely cat."

"I thought you hated cats, Hartley."

"As a rule, I do. But not such a superb creature as this. St. Cyril—what a beautiful name for a cat! Suggestive of howlings on chimney-tops—I mean, of purrings on the hearth-rug. My dear sister, you have a genius for giving names. When I was a child—when we were children together—you used to call me Billa-belub for short, I remember well."

Sukey began to purr too, falling into the trap baited by flattery as innocently as any creature of the forest.

"I think I chose a good name, in spite of Mr. De Vere. Take a glass of wine, Hartley, and a biscuit. Why do you call here so seldom?"

"The sherry, by all means."

He poured out two glasses.

"Hartley, you know I never take wine in the morning."