## THE HONORABLE PERCIVAL

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The Honorable Percival by Alice Hegan Rice

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### **ALICE HEGAN RICE**

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Trieste



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### ALICE (HEGAN) RICE

AUTHOR OF "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CARBAGE PATCH," "A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL," FIC.



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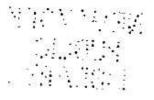
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#### LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

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| Their boat had sailed Frontispie   | ce        |
|--|-----------|
| "Well, did you ever! Where did you come from ?" ]  | 19        |
| Her hair, still damp, was hanging about her shoul-<br>ders, and she carried a bundle of bath-towels<br>under her arm                                     | <b>£1</b> |
| "Mr. Hascombel" she demanded breathlessly,<br>"you'll take me out in the surf boat, won't<br>you?"   | 57        |
|  | 79        |
| "I don't know what makes me so everlastingly<br>silly!" she said flercely, trying to swallow the   | 93        |
| "I like the way your mouth looks when you read it" 12  | 21        |
| "Roberta!" he called sternly. "What are you doing<br>out here?"  | 29        |
| "You will have to join the crowd," suggested Bobby<br>when Percival complained of not seeing her as<br>often as he wished                                | 15        |
| "If you want to hold my hand, Mr. Hascombe, you are welcome to it"   | 51        |
| He sat on a table swinging his feet in unison with<br>a lot of other young feet, while he sipped lemon-<br>ade from the same glass as Bobby Boynton . 20 | 9         |
| "Isn't that the protiest thing you ever saw?" she<br>asked, glancing at him over her shoulder 22   | 25        |
| "It's quite worth while," he said, "getting a jab in<br>the wrist, to have you looking after me like<br>this"  |           |
| "I'm so sorry!" whispered Bobby, putting her arm<br>impulsively around his heaving shoulders 26  | 37        |

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