

**LITTLE LADY LINTON.  
A NOVEL. IN THREE  
VOLUMES. VOL. III**

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Little Lady Linton. A novel. In Three Volumes. Vol. III by Frank Barrett

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**FRANK BARRETT**

**LITTLE LADY LINTON.  
A NOVEL. IN THREE  
VOLUMES. VOL. III**



# LITTLE LADY LINTON.

A Novel.

BY

FRANK BARRETT,

AUTHOR OF 'FOLLY MORRISON,' 'HONEST DAVIE,' ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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## LITTLE LADY LINTON.

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### CHAPTER I.

NARRATIVE.—LITTLE LADY LINTON RECEIVES  
AN OLD FRIEND OF HER HUSBAND'S.

**L**ITTLE LADY LINTON sat in the salon of her home at Valvins. Her dream of happiness was realized.

The windows of the low front abutting upon the lawn were thrown wide open, and the soft morning breeze came in sweet with

the fragrance of the jessamine that overran the veranda. There was just enough wind to set the river sparkling, and to make the tall aspens bend and cause a cheerful rustling among their leaves. The atmosphere was bright and fresh; the flowerbeds that bordered the lawn were gay with colour. In the paddock beyond, the grass had been allowed to stand and run to seed; it came up to the knees of the dun cow, and Gertie could only see the back of the old goat as she steadily browsed, and the heads of her young as they frisked and leapt. Everything was pleasant to the senses and exhilarating.

Gertie was alone, stitching; a dainty little work-table stood between her and the veranda, so that when she paused in her work to get a fresh length of cotton, she could look out over her garden and paddock

and see the silver river between the tall poplars on the right.

That is just what she was doing when her ear caught the sound of a voice humming a tune. In a moment she slipped her work into the well of the little table, closed the top, and, folding her arms upon it, leant forward with her head a little on one side, and looked out in the direction from which the sound had come, her eyes prettily twinkling with pleasure and her cheeks just tinged with a blush.

Gilbert strolled over the lawn with a garden-basket in his hand, and came towards the house. The morning sun was in his eyes when he looked towards the salon, and he failed to see Gertie. Still humming, he paused under the veranda and picked a spray of jessamine; then,