

**COUNT UP THE
SUNNY DAYS: A
STORY FOR GIRLS**

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Count up the sunny days: a story for girls by C. A. Jones

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C. A. JONES

**COUNT UP THE
SUNNY DAYS: A
STORY FOR GIRLS**



‘IF YOU PLEASE, BINKIE IS NEARLY WELL. WILL YOU ASK THE PEOPLE WHO PRAYED FOR HIM TO THANK GOD?’—Page 121.

COUNT UP THE SUNNY DAYS

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

Counting Sunny Days
By C. A. JONES,

Author of "Only a Girl," "Little Jeanneton's Work," etc., etc.

"Non numero horas nisi serenas."

"I keep count of no hours save the sunny ones."

An Old Swedish Motto.

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TO
ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS
WHO HAVE BROUGHT MANY SUNNY DAYS INTO MY LIFE,
I DEDICATE
THIS STORY.

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COUNT UP THE SUNNY DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE FOG.

"PLEASE can you tell me the way to Golden Lane?"

"I think we're in Golden Lane now, but wait a bit and I'll see. Miud where you tread, whoever you may be; there's a bit of the street up, and the lantern as was put there has gone out. I've been on the beat here for ten years and more, and I never saw anything like this before."

"It wasn't quite so pitch-dark up at the West End," answered the first speaker, and it was easy to tell by the sound of the voice that it was a young girl who was wandering about in the fog.

On the December day upon which this story

begins, London had been wrapped in fog for a whole week. There were lights in the shops, lights in the houses, lights carried by linkboys in the streets; and yet with it all, folks could hardly find their way along the thoroughfares, and no one went out who by any possible means could manage to stay at home.

Golden Lane was not very far from St. Paul's Cathedral, not many minutes' walk from all the crowd and the bustle of the great city; but even on bright days it was a dull place—not a shop in it, only a few tumble-down houses, and three gas lamps at equal distances from each other, which on this particular afternoon looked like small glowworms which somehow or another had got up into mid-air.

The only people in the lane, groping their way along were the two we have heard holding a short conversation. One the young girl, the other a policeman, who was turning his lantern about in all directions to try and discover where he really was.

“You're all right; this is Golden Lane,” he called out. “Wait a bit and I'll come to you