

**LITTLE FAN; OR, THE LIFE
AND FORTUNES OF A
LONDON MATCH-GIRL**

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Little Fan; or, The life and fortunes of a London match-girl by G. Todd

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G. TODD

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*THE LIFE AND FORTUNES OF A
LONDON MATCH-GIRL.*

By G. TODD.

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LITTLE FAN.



CHAPTER I.

THE SHILLING.

IT was a cold wet day in the beginning of January, and all the passengers who thronged one of the busy thoroughfares of London were hurrying along to gain the shelter of their homes, and enjoy the comforts of their warm firesides,—that is to say, as many as had them; for there were many of the poor of London, mingling with their richer neighbours, who could boast of no shelter from the bitter wind and drenching rain. Among the

latter might be noticed a gentleman, somewhat advanced in years. He had a kind, noble face, lit up with a friendly smile. Perhaps he was thinking of the glad welcome he would receive from his wife and children on his arrival at home.

While thus indulging his happy thoughts, Mr. Marston—for that was the gentleman's name—was suddenly brought to a standstill by a gentle, quivering little voice, which said earnestly and beseechingly, 'Please buy a box of matches, sir; only a penny for two! Please do, sir!' the speaker repeated, taking note of the kindly look which even his impatience to be at home did not prevent his assuming.

He looked at the little shivering figure before him, the pinched, tiny face upturned to his, and, putting his hand into his pocket, he produced one or two coppers, which he dropped into the little blue hand, saying kindly, 'There, you had better go home now; you look very wet.'

The child's touching look of thankfulness, as