

# LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

BY  
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

NEWLY ILLUSTRATED BY  
REGINALD BIRCH

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  
NEW YORK . . . . 1946

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*ABOUT twenty-five years ago this story was written. The children who read it first are now men and women. Many of them have children of their own, and these children, it seems, are reading it also—or want to read it, or their friends wish to give it to them to read. As I myself loved Fauntleroy, it is a happiness to me to know that so many others have loved him. The book which told his story has been read so many thousand times that its lettering has been worn out and its pictures have faded away. As he himself has not faded away, there has been made this new book with new pictures by the same hand which years ago created the first Fauntleroy who made his cheerful little bow to the world. On my own part I feel it great good fortune that he has been re-created by the hand of a friend and not by that of a stranger. To every one who has loved this little boy of my heart I give greeting and affectionate thanks.*

*FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.*



Mr. Hobbs stared wildly at the innocent, serious little face before him





“ So this is little Lord Fauntleroy ”



"Just lean on me " he said. " I'll walk very slowly "





Mr. Mordaunt held the small hand in his as he looked down at the child's face



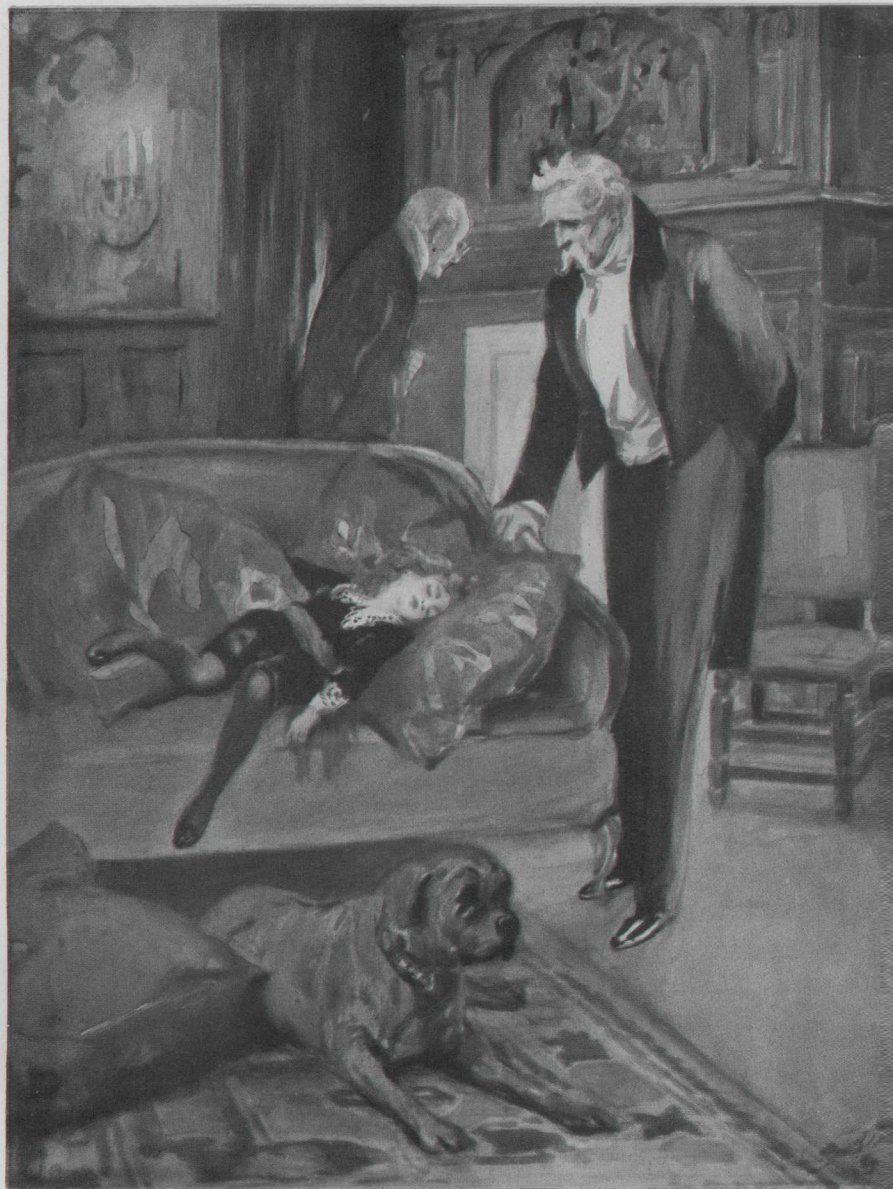


“ ‘I’ve brought your son home, ma’am,’ ses he, ‘because his leg hurt him’ ”



In their rides together through the green lanes . . . the old man heard a great deal about "Dearest"



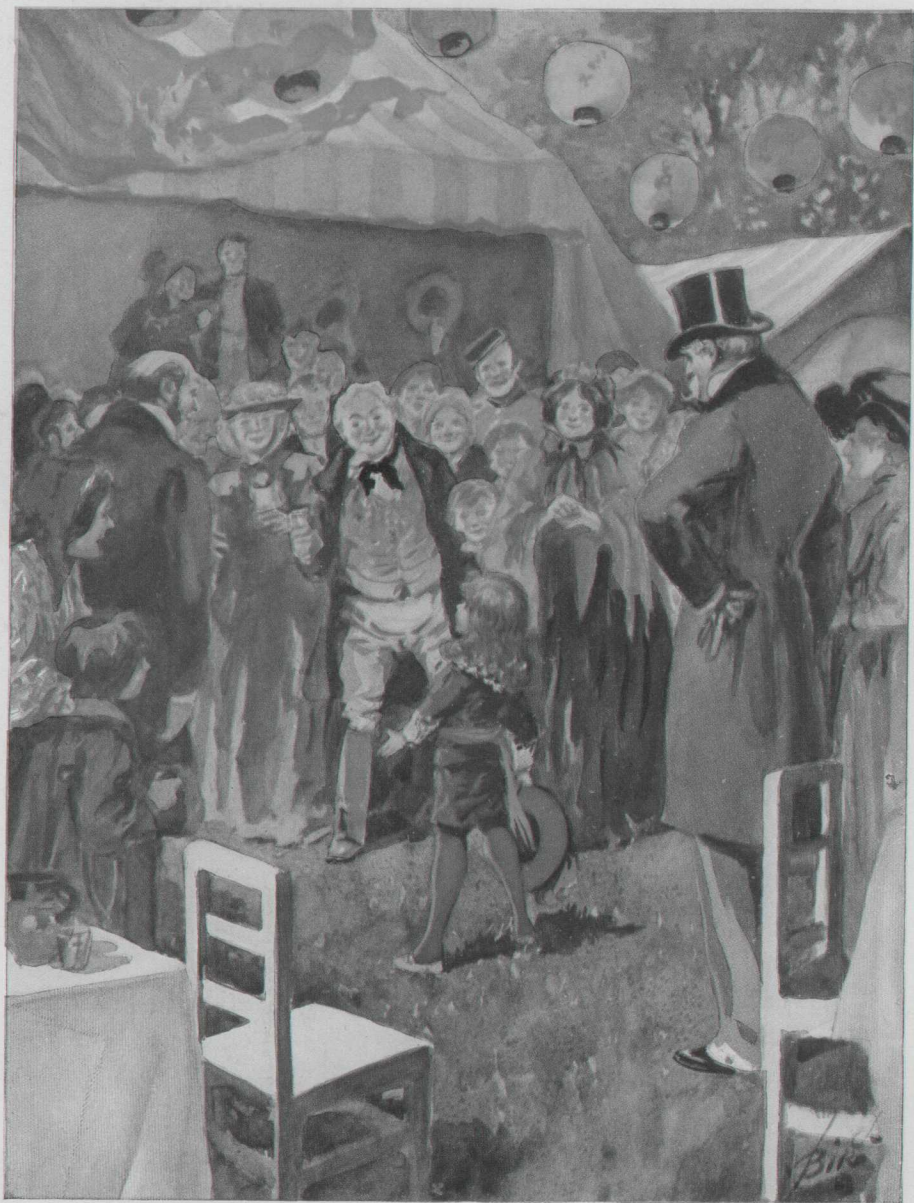


He bent down and stood a minute or so looking at the happy, sleeping face



Fauntleroy flung his arms around his mother's neck; "To live with us!" he cried





He spoke as loudly as he could, his childish voice ringing out quite clear and strong

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