

**DOROTHY.**  
**A TALE**

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Dorothy. A Tale by Mrs. T. M. Browne

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**MRS. T. M. BROWNE**

**DOROTHY.  
A TALE**





"A SECOND NATURE, DOTIE, A SECOND NATURE."

(Page 115.)

# DOROTHY

## A Tale

BY

Mrs. T. M. BROWNE

*Author of "Not My Way; or, Good out of Evil"*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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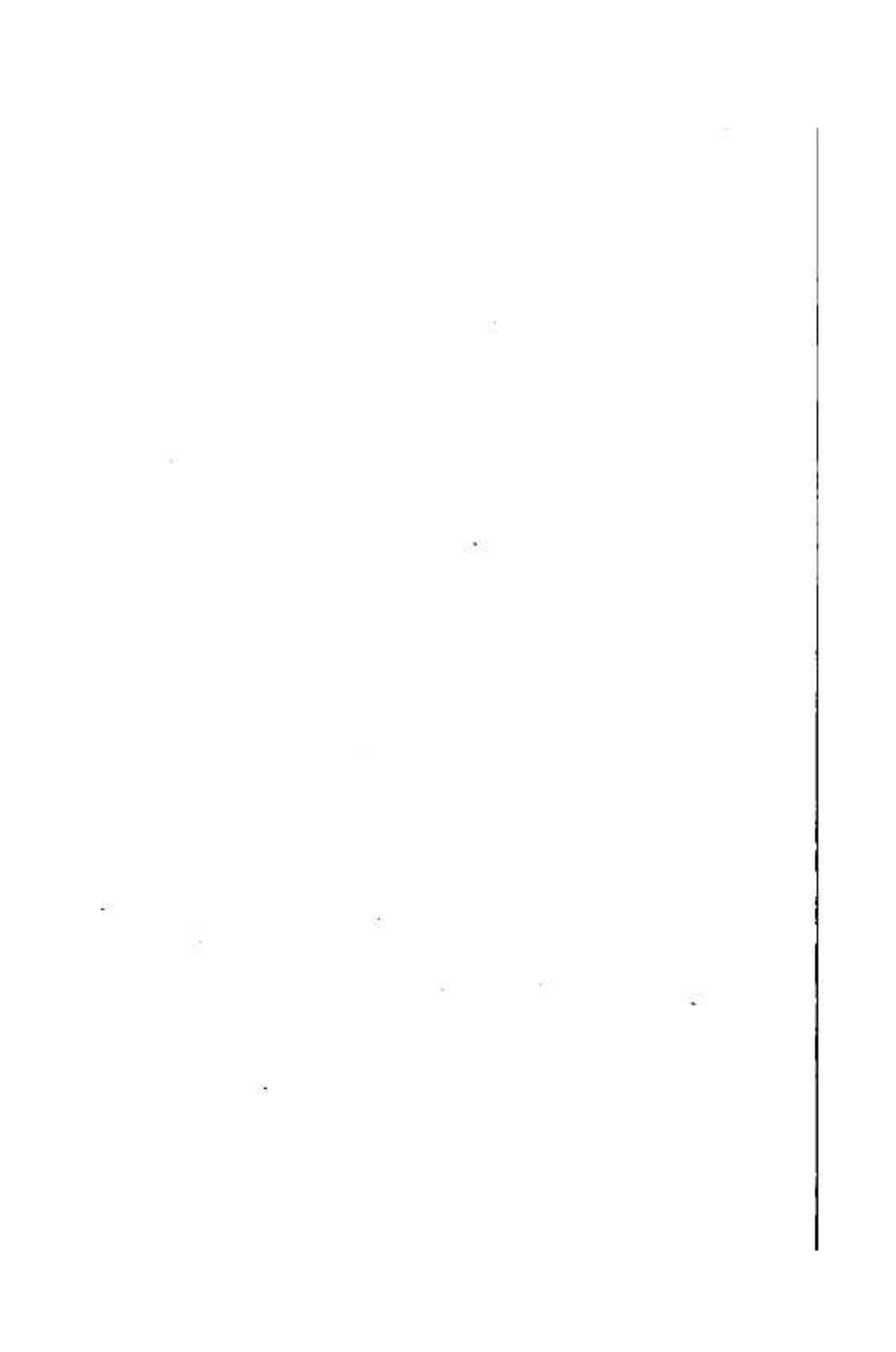
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# DOROTHY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

“NEVER!” cried Dorothy; and she threw down, with unnecessary vehemence, the letter which she had been reading with flushed cheeks, and tears of vexation in her eyes. “Why! what do they think we are both made of, papa? It is neither more nor less than an insult.”

“Papa” was an elderly gentleman, with snow-white hair, rather dreamy, but very kind blue eyes, and shapely features, betokening gentleness and refinement. He was leaning back in a comfortable easy-chair, his finger-tips joined together, as his elbows

rested on the arms of his seat, and looking tenderly and reflectively at his daughter.

"I thought you would look upon it in that light, Dotie, but it is scarcely fair."

"Scarcely fair!" echoed Dorothy, "and pray in what light do *you* look at it, papa? Perhaps you think that we ought to be very greatly, very humbly obliged to these people, for proposing to take me away from you, and make our two lives utterly wretched. Or would you really be able to get on without me?" And she flashed a look of sudden indignant suspicion at her father, and the next moment had her arms about his neck.

"Tell me, *could* you do without me?" she said, with loving imperiousness. "Perhaps I have been making a mistake all this time in thinking that I was necessary in this establishment."

Mr. Rivers laughed, as he put his hand under his daughter's chin, and looked into the sweet, indignant face. "Honestly, I think I should miss you a little, Dotie. But yet your grand-uncle's proposition is worthy of being considered. Now, just curb your in-

dignation for a few moments, and listen to me." Dorothy stepped back with the air of a martyr, and, seating herself at some distance, listened under protest.

"In the first place, remember that your father is not very far from being an old man." — "Which, of course," burst out Dorothy, "would be the best of all reasons for leaving him."

Mr. Rivers motioned silence, and went on. "And though now able to provide his little termagant of a daughter with a pleasant home, and the pretty dresses in which her heart delights, yet, unhappily, he has made little or no provision for her future; and this thought has often worried him of late. Now, your grand-uncle is a wealthy man, a very wealthy man, and with a stroke of his pen could set my little girl for her whole life long far above the cares and pressure of poverty, and give her a position in the world which would satisfy a very ambitious person. Don't spoil your forehead with that frown, Dotie, but hear me patiently. Your grand-uncle has no cause to love me, though I grant you that he