

**DOROTHY; OR GETTING
ONE'S OWN WAY. A
STORY FOR CHILDREN**

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Dorothy; Or Getting One's Own Way. A Story for Children by Ger

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GER

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STORY FOR CHILDREN**

DOROTHY;
OR,
GETTING ONE'S OWN WAY.

A Story for Children.

By GER.



'Is not a life well spent
A child's play-garden, lent
For Heaven's high trust to train
Young heart and limb?'
—*Lyra Innocentium*.

A. R. MOWBRAY & CO.
OXFORD: 116 S. Aldate's Street. | LONDON: 65 Farringdon Street, E.C.
1882.

TO THOSE DEAR ONES

WHOSE LOVING CARE

MADE CHILDHOOD A TIME OF SUNNY DAYS,

AND HOME THE HAPPIEST, SOFTEST NEST

FOR THE LITTLE ONES,

THE FOLLOWING STORY IS GRATEFULLY AND

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

'ONE OF THE LITTLE ONES.'

'The cares, the loves of parents fond,
Go deep, all loves, all cares beyond.'

Lyra Innocentium.



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DOROTHY;

OR, GETTING ONE'S OWN WAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCHOOLROOM.

'A race of real children ; not too wise,
Too learned, or too good.'

HSAY, Eva, what *do* you think she will be like?' exclaimed a round-faced, brown-eyed child of about ten years, as she seated herself at the table opposite her sister, a slim, pretty-looking girl, a few years older than herself.

It was six o'clock,—tea-time in the sunny schoolroom of one of the houses in a large square at the west end of London ; and as the children take their places, I will endeavour to

give my young readers some description of the house and its occupants.

The family with which we have to make acquaintance had not been long settled in London before the opening of my story, their home having formerly been (as the children expressed it) at the very top of England. But latterly an appointment under Government had obliged their father, Mr. Beaumont, to be much in town, and finally, not without some regrets from the younger members of the family, he determined to settle there. This arrangement had the advantage of affording a home for the youngest son, Gerard, who, too delicate to return to Harrow after a severe illness of the previous winter, pursued his education with a tutor at home. He was at the same time the companion of his elder, and the adored playfellow of his younger sisters, who, pitying him for his ill-health, and full of gratitude for his condescending to join them in their games, were ever his admiring slaves, and felt it an honour to do his behests. Besides the two already mentioned, the family consisted of two grown-up daughters, Edith and Margaret; the eldest son, Edward, who was with his regiment in India; and the youngest of all, Blanche by name, but Baby as she was always called (though this she was apt to resent occasionally, considering her eight years).