DORA HAMILTON, OR, SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649115310

Dora Hamilton, or, Sunshine and shadow by Mrs W. H. Coates

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

www.triestepublishing.com

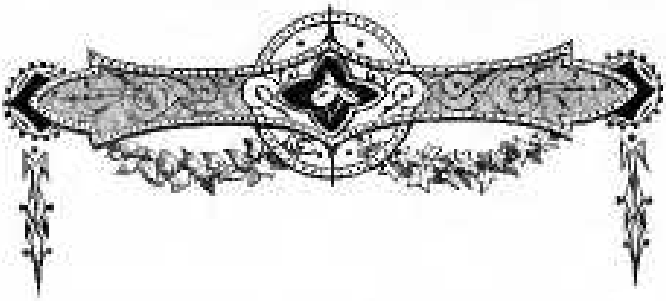
MRS W. H. COATES

DORA HAMILTON, OR, SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

Trieste

DORA ENTERS UPON HER SITUATION.

SEE PAGE 31.



DORA HAMILTON;

OR,

Sunshine and Shadow.

BY

MRS. W. H. COATES,

Author of

"How Little Bessie kept the Wolf from the Door,"
"Mabel's Faith," etc.

LONDON:
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY:
56, Paternoster Row; 65, St. Paul's Churchyard;
and 164, Piccadilly.
Manchester: Corporation Street. Brighton: Western Road.

CONTENTS.

DORA HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

"ROBERT," said Mrs. Hamilton to her husband, as they sat together one evening in their pleasant drawing-room, "I have been wishing to say something to you a long time—but I hardly like saying it either."

"Never mind. Tell me what it is," answered Mr. Hamilton quickly, looking anxiously into her thin, flushed face as he spoke. "I am afraid you are not feeling so well to-night."

"Yes, thank you; as well as usual. It is not that; it is not about myself. I only wanted to ask you whether you do not place too much confidence in Seth Browne; and whether you really think of giving him poor Rawson's place as head clerk?"

"Why not? There is no one else in the office half as capable of filling it."

"But then he is so young."

"A fault which every day must needs help to mend. Have you no other reason, my dear?"

"Only a woman's reason," replied his wife, speaking more energetically than was her wont, while the crimson spot deepened on either cheek. "I do not like Seth Browne. I never did. I could not trust him. He never looks one in the face."

"Did I ever tell you how I first came to take him into the office?" asked Mr. Hamilton, after a pause.

"I think not. I do not remember speaking of him to you before. You know, my dear, I seldom venture to interfere with your business arrangements; but when I heard of his being likely to have Rawson's place, I could not help doing so."

"It is singular enough," observed Mr. Hamilton thoughtfully, "that poor old Rawson should have uttered a similar warning just before he died, and with no better reason to give for it than your own—'that he never liked the lad from the first.' I am afraid that Seth is not one to make many friends; he is too silent and reserved. But I should be slow to believe any evil of him, for his mother's sake. And then he is so steady and attentive to business; and shrewd—wonderfully shrewd—an old head on young shoulders."

"You knew his mother?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, leaning back in her easy chair.

"We were children and playfellows together. She married while I was abroad, and went to reside with her husband somewhere in London. Her parents died shortly afterwards, within a few months of one