

BROTHER, OR LOVER.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

Well, I must say I think you are ridiculously proud. You know dad wished us to go and live with Uncle John, if he would take us in. You had better change your mind before it is too late, Donsa.

Perhaps they would not be so particular there. Mistake number two was to peep into her bag from time to time in order to ascertain that her roll of notes was safe.

gradual degradation which threatened him if he lived—as he had been living of late; and he told himself that he lacked sufficient will power to reorganize his life.

think of them situated as you are at this moment.' This was too much for Charlie Maxwell. He fancied he had been told that both of Curtis Lockhart's parents were dead.

say about a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.' 'I started this morning very nearly determined not to be alive at sunset.

CHAPTER II.

Charlie Maxwell considered himself so illused by fate, that he left his luxuriously furnished rooms one morning with something more than a faint idea that he might as well put an end to his existence.

At the last words he pricked up his ears with keener attention still, for though he had no personal acquaintance with Curtis Lockhart, he knew all about him.

CHAPTER III.

As he walked back to his rooms that evening, after satisfying himself that Donsa had all she required at the hotel he had selected for her, Charlie Maxwell's reflections were somewhat interesting.

'On the contrary, I rather like when the people happen to be pretty girls.' 'Do you call me pretty?' 'Yes, Miss Vanity, I do.'

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