

BROTHER ROGUE AND BROTHER SAINT

By TOM GALLON

Author of "Tatterley," "A Rogue in Love," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF INSTALMENTS I.-II.

Roger Carvell, a hard hearted and harder headed provincial banker, has two sons, Stephen—the elder, who sticks to business, and is his father's favourite—and Dick. On his return from a jaunt to London, his father, largely owing to Stephen's interference, disowns his younger son, who seeks consolation at the hands of his sweetheart, Olive Wilmore, but, being forestalled by his brother, meets with a cool welcome. Half mad with disappointment and despair he spends a rollicking night at the club, after which, hardly responsible for his actions, he breaks into his father's house, and finds the bank keys lying ready to his hands. Stephen is leading a double life; he has already embezzled large sums from his father; is in a quagmire of debt, and is actually at the bank falsifying the books at the moment Dick enters by means of his father's keys. He sees Dick take a large sum of money from the safe and then return it; sees him fall asleep at his father's desk, and finally himself takes the money and the keys. On awakening, Dick concludes that he has taken the money and hidden it somewhere. In despair he determines to mysteriously disappear. On his return to the house, Stephen finds that James Farley, whom he has swindled out of a fortune, is waiting for him, and threat-ens exposure if he is not paid to be silent. In a struggle, Stephen accidentally kills the man, and, covertly surmising Dick's movements, takes the body up to his brother's room, where he sets fire to the bed. After the fire is subdued, and the robbery discovered, Stephen pretends to his father, the theory that the theft had been committed by Dick, who had then returned to the house and met an accidental death. An inquest is held, at which Stephen is careful that his version of the matter is told to the jury. The night after the funeral, Stephen is drawn to the grave, where he is terribly startled to find himself face to face with Dick, who is anxious to know what it all means.

The latter is easily persuaded that it is to his interest to disappear, the more so as he is assured that his sweetheart is glad that he has gone out of her life. The field is then left clear for Stephen, who is on the point of proposing to Olive, when Mrs. Farley, the widow of his victim, appears, and demands to know the whereabouts of her husband. Stephen, of course, denies any knowledge of the man, and is in the act of rudely dismissing Mrs. Farley, when he is embarrassed by the appearance of his aunt Julia Pride, who privately learns later from an old servant, that Dick has been seen alive. Julia Pride departs to investigate the matter, talking with her the wife of the dead man.

CHAPTER VII.
GHOSTLY COMPANY.

WHEN Mr. Richard Smith—poor forlorn ghost of a certain dead Richard Carvell—started out into the world, he had one determination firmly fixed in a mind which had never been noted for any great fixity of purpose: the determination never again to tread the streets of Market Rimstone, or to look upon the face of anyone he knew or had known in life. That, of course, was very admirable so far as it went; but Dick had failed to take into account the weaknesses of human nature in general, and of his own in particular.

In the first place, it must be remembered that he was in love; and there is no accounting for what a man may do when in that condition. In the second place, it must be remembered that he believed himself to have been somewhat hardly treated, and was therefore suffering under a sense of injustice. All things considered, it was more difficult to leave the neighbourhood of Market Rimstone than he had thought.

For a day or two—and for a night or two—he haunted the neighbourhood, going especially to that new-looking house inhabited by Mrs Wilmore and her daughter. Once, indeed, he caught sight of the girl walking in the grounds, and had a hard matter to keep him-

self from speaking to her. Knowing, however, what disastrous things must follow such a proceeding, he refrained, and crept away again, more unhappy than ever. And then at last one night Dick, seeing the hopelessness of it all, turned his back on Market Rimstone, and faced the world in earnest.

"It's no good Dick," he said, addressing himself, severely—"this won't do. You've got to begin again; you know you promised that. On the one side is some unknown man in a quiet grave, with your name and your sins for company; on the other side there's you, with no name at all, save that which you have taken to yourself, and with the sure and certain knowledge that you can't dig up the dead stranger, because by doing it you publish your own shame. You're a thief, Dick Carvell, and you'll get the reward of a thief if you try to go back. Be a man; face the world like a man."

Despite the bitterness attendant upon that thought, there was something refreshing in it, in the sense that past mistakes and troubles and responsibilities dropped away from him, and need not be carried into a new life. True, old delights and hopes dropped away, too, but that wasn't to be avoided. Mr Richard Smith could have nothing in common with Mr Richard Carvell, deceased.

Poverty is a great incentive to pedestrianism: Dick walked. He had but a small sum in his pocket, and that small sum had to last him into a very indefinite future. Dick was learning thrift in a hard school; for the first time in his life he looked at a coin not only on both sides, but all round the edges, before spending it. He got cheap beds at little wayside inns for the first night or two after leaving Market Rimstone; and was afoot again early in the morning, with a great determination in his mind that he would, in some mysterious fashion, begin to earn a livelihood before nightfall.

He found it difficult—in fact, impossible, to earn anything. He met numbers of busy people in every possible walk of life; but all the gaps were filled, and there was absolutely nothing to be done anywhere, unless he should turn his attention to agricultural pursuits; and his style of dress scarcely favoured that. Moreover, pedestrianism, taken in large doses, did not suit his temperament at all; and he was quite astonished, at the end of a few days, to find that he was stupidly longing, more than ever, for the dull old town of Market Rimstone. Utterly worn out and dispirited as he was, he made a resolve to start back again on the morrow; and actually retraced his steps, during the next few days, until he had reached a little town not more than twenty miles from Market Rimstone.

Dick must be forgiven if, even at this time, and with so uncertain a future to face, he took his troubles more lightly than he should have done. That looking at each coin had become a troublesome and a wearisome matter; he told himself that he had no responsibilities, and that he was, above all things, strong and young, and well able to cope with the world, however hardly it might use him. Looking at the very few coins still remaining to him, he decided that he had enough for a bed and a meal, and something over. He told himself further, that he had done rather well in making his small capital last for so long a time; to-morrow might take care of itself; he urged upon himself, somewhat whimsically, that to-night he needed mental and

moral refreshment. Casting dull care to the winds—(always an easy matter with Dick)—he decided that he would patronise a certain entertainment then proceeding in the local hall of the town he had reached.

Several large bills outside the hall and on the walls of the town generally, announced the fact of the important production within. A certain Mr and Mrs Orlando Joplin, supported by a London company, were appearing nightly (or to be more strictly accurate, for six nights only) in that stirring drama, "The Forger's Fate," described as of heart-searching quality. The public were earnestly advised to seek the early doors, in order to avoid the crush; but whatever crush there had been was gone. Dick sauntered in, and took his seat in a house that was half empty, and followed the fate of Mr Orlando Joplin, in the character of the forger, with more or less attention.

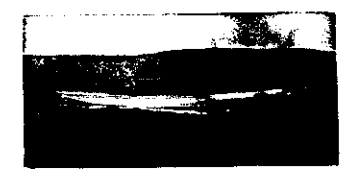
Then it was, of course, that Mr. John Tuff, in the character of a comic clerk, with a huge quill pen behind each ear, and another in his mouth, and a fourth for the purpose of writing with, saw in the audience that figure, as he believed, of a dead man; and was so startled and impressed by it that he forgot the few lines which had been entrusted to him, and played his small part rather worse even than usual.

Dick Carvell, quite unconscious of the sensation he was creating, watched Mr. Orlando Joplin being lured on to crime after crime by the real villain of the piece; saw him concealed behind curtains; and innocently picking up blood-stained knives, and other things of a like nature dropped by the villain, the while he was protected by Mrs. Orlando Joplin, who went about for the most part with a shawl over her head, instead of the regulation hat or bonnet, and spoke long speeches up to the roof of the hall, what time she was not calling down the wrath of Heaven upon the villain. As Mr. Orlando Joplin was a small and meagre man, with a timid manner, and a high voice, and Mrs. Orlando Joplin was formed on nature's largest plan, and had a remarkably deep voice, the general effect was somewhat grotesque. Indeed, when at last the unfortunate forger died in her arms, with all the stage lights full upon him, it had something of the effect of a very large mother nursing an overgrown baby; especially as Mrs. Joplin, in the stress of her emotion, rocked Mr. Jop-

lin to and fro, while delivering her final malediction against the villain, who was afterwards to die in agony in a scene all to himself. When at last the curtain descended, and the scanty audience strayed out into the street, Dick wondered a little why he had spent the money. He did not know then how far-reaching was to be the effect of that night at the play.

His funds had reached so low an ebb, and he had been so careless regarding the future, that he found to his consternation that the purchase of a bed for the night would mean that his food would have to be reduced for the morrow; and as food was of more importance than a bed, Dick decided that he would do without that latter luxury. As he wandered away from the theatre, he was quite unconscious of the fact that Mr. John Tuff was following him; in fact, he would not have known that gentleman, in all probability, had he met him face to face; for John had only visited his father on rare occasions, and then had not come in contact with Mr. Richard Carvell.

Dick strolled on aimlessly enough; fortunately for him, the night was fine, and he was not afraid to face the fact that the skies must shelter him. But as it grew later and later, and the last people out of doors in the little town had drifted to their homes, Dick became aware of this persistent young man who strolled, apparently aimlessly, be-



The above launch, the Petrel, an exceptionally fine sea boat, is for sale. She is a fast cruising launch, 40ft over all, 8ft beam, and 3ft draught. Launched in 1902. The Petrel is fitted with a fifteen horse-power Standard oil engine and is equipped with every modern convenience for cruising. Her cabin, which is handsomely decorated, provides bunks for five persons. The launch is to be sold with mast, rigging, sail, cooking utensils, crockery, bedding, furnishing, awnings, dingley, ropes, anchors, chain, etc. The owner's reason for selling is his early departure from the colony. Price moderate. Any trial given. All particulars from W.C.L., Box 104, Auckland.

All Records Beaten.

Copy of Letter from Messrs. SHIRLEY W. HILL & CO., Custom-house and Shipping Agents.
31 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND, 28th Oct., 1904.
Mr. T. MILLER, Victoria Street.
Dear Sir.—Herewith we return Invoices of Wakanui shipment of 69 CASES BOOTS and SHOES. You will note the number is 10,300 (TEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED PAIRS), which constitutes a RECORD for this port for one importation.—Yours truly, SHIRLEY W. HILL & CO.

Our Immense Business enabling us to buy in Huge Quantities, we are in a position to sell good quality shoes at Extraordinary Prices.

LADIES

We guarantee to fit any foot with a Stylish Shoe, and give immediate comfort, no matter how tender your feet are.
Ladies' American Shoes, from 5/11 to 17/6 per pair.
Over 100 varieties to select from at

MILLER'S BOOT PALACE,
102 and 104 Victoria-st., AUCKLAND.