

**FAN'S BROTHER, OR, AN
OLD HEAD ON YOUNG
SHOULDERS, PP. 1-127**

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Fan's Brother, Or, An Old Head on Young Shoulders, pp. 1-127 by Beatrice Marshall

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BEATRICE MARSHALL

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"HE SMILED AT HER AS HE WENT IN."—p. 13.

FAN'S BROTHER;

OR,

AN OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

BY

BEATRICE MARSHALL,

AUTHOR OF "DOLLY'S CHARGE."

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

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FAN'S BROTHER.

CHAPTER I.

A Smile.

IT was a very hot June morning. The sun was everywhere, even in dreary, dingy streets and alleys, gilding over ugly and poverty-stricken objects, and making beautiful things ten times more beautiful. It shone almost fiercely on the bare head of a little girl sitting on a doorstep, and made her mop of tangled curls look like a bundle of golden shavings.

"I'd put somethin' on my head if I was you," a pale-faced boy in ragged

clothes called from a window above her; as he spoke he threw down an old torn straw hat, the brim of which landed on the child's lap before the crown, having separated itself in the fall. She looked at it contemptuously for a moment, and then threw it in the gutter.

"I'll 'ave nothin' rather than such as that," she exclaimed, and then lifting up a quaint little brown face she added, "Come along out, Arty, I wants ye."

Arty, the pale boy was soon on the doorstep sitting by Fan, his little sister, with whom he shared his few joys and his many sorrows.

"Arty, I'm a-going now to watch for the fine gent."

"All that way off in this 'eat? Why, ye'll be just roasted, as sure as my name's Arthur Drew." As the boy said this a neighbouring clock struck one.

"I shall be late," cried Fan, jumping up with alacrity, and off she raced down the street, leaving Arty looking after her with his languid light blue eyes. He wondered how she could be so insensible to the great heat which oppressed him