

For the Favorite.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

She wasn't the least bit pretty,
And only the least bit gay;
And she walked with a firm, elastic tread,
In a business-like kind of way.
Her dress was of coarse, brown woolen,
Plainly but neatly made,
Trimmed with some common ribbon
Or cheaper kind of braid;
And a hat with a broken feather
And shawl of a modest plaid.

Her face seemed worn and weary,
And traced with lines of care,
As per nut-brown tresses blew aside
In the keen December air;
Yet she was not old, scarce twenty,
And her form was full and sleek;
But her heavy eye, and tired step,
Seemed of wearisome toil to speak;
She worked as a common factory girl,
For two dollars and a half a week.

Ten hours a day of labor
In a close, ill-lighted room,
Machinery's buzz for music,
Waste gas for sweet perfume;
Hot stifling vapors in summer,
Chill draughts on a winter's day,
No pause for rest or pleasure
On pain of being sent away,
So ran her civilised sorrows—
Four cents an hour the pay!

"A fair day's work," say the masters,
And a fair day's pay," say the men;
There's a strike—a rise in wages,
What effect to the poor girl then?
A harder struggle than ever
The honest path to keep,
And to sink a little lower
Come humbler home to seek;
For rates are higher—her wages,
Two dollars and a half a week.

A man gets thrice the money,
But then "a man's a man,
And a woman surely can't expect
To earn as much as he can.
Of his hire the laborer's worthy,
Be the laborer wh. it may
If a woman can do a man's work
She should have a man's full pay,
Not be left to starve—or sin—
On forty cents a day.

Two dollars and a half to live on,
Or starve on, if you will;
Two dollars and a half to dress on
And a hungry mouth to fill;
Two dollars and a half to lodge on
In some wretched hole or den,
Where crowds are huddled together,
Girls, and women, and men;
If she can't escape her bondage
Is there room for wonder then?
MONTANA.

For the Favorite

WINONA;
OR,
THE FOSTER-SISTERS.BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD
OF PETERBORO', ONT.Author of "The Silver Christmas Eve," "Wreck
ed; or, the Rosclerras of Mistree," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

ANDROSIA.

"I guess if we wait a bit, some one'll come to take up the traps; but whatever you cumbered yourself with such a heap of tackle for, I don't see, comin' all this way."

"I've caught more trout with a willer wand, in a hour than you're like to catch in ten with them jointy things, I tell you, Cap'n."

The young man addressed as Captain smiled, showing under his heavy mustache a set of dazzling teeth, and with a light bound, sprang from the canoe to the reedy bank, to the admiration of his two companions, a pair of wide shouldered trappers in doekin jerkins and moccasins, gay with porcupine quills, for the frail boat hardly rocked as he leaped ashore.

"Guess, Billy, that's like it," remarked the elder of the two approvingly, the Cap'n an active feller and no mistake, guess he'll make Andy Farmer leave that!" this last in an under tone, and with a low chuckle of delight.

"You're about right, old man, an' he'll be just about right pleased to see him too, will Andy."

"Hallo!" cried the subject of their remarks from the bank, "I can't stay here all night, you know, I'll pay you two fellows well, if you'll help me with my things to the Colonel's, it can't be far."

"Tain't far, sure enough," responded the elder man, "but I guess he'll be Mike Murphy and Jimmy comin' to take them up, and we've got to be back at Lizard creek afore sun-down, along of Billy here and Sal Tomkins."

"You shut up!" retorted Billy, much exasperated and crimsoning to the roots of his curly brown hair. "You ain't got as much sense as an owl; can't you let Sal be?"

"You're no call to get your back up, Billy. You're not the first man on yearth as has meant to get married, eh, Cap'n?"

"By no means," replied the young man laughing, and as I find such an event is impending, pray, Billy, tell Mike Sally that she has my best wishes as you have also, my friend."

The young trapper extended his huge brown

hand, and shook that of the speaker cordially, "you're a down-right good-natured chap," he said, pleasure beaming from every line of his bronzed face, "and if such a thing as a bar would lie in your way, say the word, and Billy Montgomery's the man to show you their tracks. That!"

"Thank you," responded the young gentleman smiling, and added, "I have no gift suited to a lady, but here's something may suit you, Billy," and he lifted an elegant rifle from the ground, where it had been carefully laid.

"I have not forgotten," he said, with a grave smile, "my adventure at Sandy Point tavern or your interference in my behalf."

Billy's dark eyes flashed as he glanced at the rifle, its silver mountings, and beautifully marked twist barrel gleaming in the sun, but he shook his head.

"Couldn't fix it nohow, Cap'n," he said, still fondly eyeing the rifle. "The fact is Hawk-eye is just one of them 'varnal terrors as a man was it to his country to squish when he gets a

circle, or a heavy splash showed that the dinky tenants of the lake were disporting themselves in the cool of the approaching evening. A couple of cranes were stepping daintily along a little sandy reach farther up, and a gorgeous king-fisher, wheeled his shy flight to his ready bower on the opposite shore. A couple of tiny islets rose like twin emeralds from the lake, and were harbored in its bosom with a fidelity that did not forget the faintest fern spray, or the slenderest vine that clambered up their sides. The melancholy cry of a hidden loon came plaintively across the water, and the tap, tap of a woodpecker, came with startling distinctness from the woods behind. A flotilla of water-lilies gleamed like huge pearls in the shadow of a group of graceful willows bending from the bank on which Captain Fraser had landed, and the rice bed waved softly in the light breeze. There was a kind of cathedral quiet, mingled with a vernal cheerfulness reigning over the spot. Nature rejoiced in her solitary place, and

youder, and sent me and Jimmy there to carry up yer traps. Here, Jimmy, lend a hand wid the things, can't ye, and don't be kapin' the captain waitin'."

Jimmy moved haughtily forward, and swung the heavy portmanteau on his shoulder as though it had been a feather, without deigning a glance at Fraser, while Mr. Murphy loaded himself with the baize-covered fishing-tackle and the rifle, and preceded by the young Indian, guided Fraser up the bank into a footpath leading through the forest, and apparently kept with some degree of care, for it was quite free of underbrush and fallen timber. It was almost dark in this leafy lane, so closely were the trees interwoven above it; but here and there a ruby shaft of sunlight fell athwart the narrow path, or a slight opening in the umbrageous roof let a space of azure sky be visible, with rosy patches of clouds drifting across it from the sunset. The path was just wide enough for two to walk abreast, and while Jimmy strode noiselessly on in advance, Captain Fraser and Murphy walked side by side.

"Well, now?" remarked Mr. Murphy, after a moment's sharp scrutiny of his companion, "it's mighty queer, but this Kandy bates all for givin' wan a youthful air! Who'd be afther thinkin' that yer honor served in the same regiment wid the ould master nigh forty years back? Wirra, but ye carries you years light, Captain, honey!"

Archie Fraser laughed. "Why, Mike, I think I look my age; but I see how it is. Colonel Howard, of course, expects my father; but I was obliged to come in his place, as he is quite unable to leave home. How is the Colonel, Mike?"

"Bodad, yer honor, he's fine and cross, and that last's a good sign in an ould man, and if it wasn't for Miss Drosia there'd be no standin' him at all, at all. Bad luck to them spalpeens that it's owin' to!"

Archie looked curiously at Mike Murphy's face. He felt anxious to learn something of his host's affairs, he had many reasons for feeling keenly interested in the old commander of his father's regiment; but he felt that there would be a want of delicacy in questioning the Colonel's domestics on such matters, and while he was quite willing to allow Mike's eloquence to proceed unchecked, he did not wish to appear inquisitive. Mr. Murphy, however, caught his interested glance, and instantly assumed an expression of intense simplicity.

"It's the muskitties I'm alluding to, yer honor," he said, looking Archie full in the eye, "they're in fine voice about now, and many's the male's meat they're beholden to the master for, the dirty spalpeens!"

Jimmy was listening intently, as Archie could see by the position of his head, as he strode like a dark shadow before them, and nodding towards him Mr. Murphy wagged his red head with expressive pantomime, as if he would say, "be cautious," and then went on: "Och, murder, but it's a queer life to lade, isn't it, now, shut up in the woods? It's Miss Drosia 'll be glad to see you, captain, an' no mistake."

"I hope so," responded Archie, carelessly. He was not prepared for a very keen interest in this wild young girl, who had never been within three hundred miles of the outskirts of civilization, added to which there was a glowing face pictured on his heart, the owner of which was his betrothed wife; and even as he walked along the narrow path and listened to Mr. Murphy's remarks, the sylph-like figure and golden head of Cecile Bertrand flitted before him, and he heard her soft laughter in the waving boughs. Mr. Murphy remained silent for a few moments, until a thinning of the trees and sudden burst of rosy light proclaimed that they were nearing a clearing, and turning a little curve in the path, they found themselves at the foot of a gently rising hill, one shoulder of which sloped into the lucid waters of the lake. The hill was partially cleared, so as to give a view of the lake; and detached masses of plummy maples cast tracts of trembling shade on the emerald turf. Midway up the hill, on a natural terrace facing the lake, stood a large, rambling log house, built in the rudest style of architecture, of great trees with the bronze bark clinging like armor to their sides, but which at this time of year were hardly visible, as a vast grape vine hung its verdant banners even over the sloping roof, and fluted in long streamers from the rude chimneys of unhewn stone.

There were some fields on the crest of the hill under a rough kind of cultivation, with blackened stumps bristling up amid the ripening wheat; and here and there a ramplike cutting the sky like a lance of jet. A dilapidated log barn stood behind the house, and two monstrous elms waved their great boughs over its ruinous roof. A flock of pigeons wheeled in the air, or daintily dropped on their rosy feet in search of food, and the lowing of kine came from a distant pasture. As they approached the house four or five lanky deer-bounds came bounding from its interior to welcome them, followed by a man of middle height and of a well-knit and graceful frame, who came forward to meet Archie and his guides.

"It's Andy Farmer," muttered Mike in Archie's ear. "Oh, won't he be the proud man to see you this day?"

Farmer had the air and address of a gentleman. Yet he started and his brow lowered as he looked at Archie, but he controlled himself with an effort.

"This is hardly Captain Fraser?" he said inquiringly, and with what Archie instantly recognized as a suspicious and rather insolent gaze. "There can't be some mistake. However, sir,



ARCHIE'S MEETING WITH ANDROSIA.

chance, no matter whether they're red or white. I guess he'll keep snug now for a time, the tarnal galoot!"

"There ain't much of a doubt of it," said the elder trapper with a wide grin of intensest enjoyment. "You mashed him into apple sass, Bill Montgomery." Bill laughed good-humoredly, and by a dexterous shove with the paddle sent the canoe several feet from the shore, rustling through a bed of rice.

"I guess I'd best make tracks away from that ere rifle," he called back, "it's powerful tempting, Cap, but I'm not the mean beggar to take pay for standing up for a friend. Mind you give Sal and me a call when you're comin' down the rapids."

Captain Archie Fraser of the 19th Blues looked disappointed at having his grateful intentions frustrated by the generous spirit of the trapper, but remembering that he would see him again shortly, when he would insist on carrying out his design, he returned the parting signals of his quondam guides, and leaning on the rejected rifle watched them as they shot out into the little lake, that lay like a solitary diamond gleaming in the eye of the sun. It was completely surrounded with dense forest, except where a narrow opening let its limpid waters leap out into a narrow channel, which widened gradually into a fine river, running for many miles through trackless solitudes, and towards this liquid gateway the trappers shot, leaving a track of wavering gold on the calm bosom of the lake. A heron sailed slowly across the cloudless sky, and here and there a widening

at this bright hour, the minor undertone that perpetually sighs through the forests of America was almost hushed. A rosy mist was creeping over the lake, and the lucid shadows were stealing out on the amber waters, deepening them near the shore to bronze, gradually morning into gold and mellow purple where the light had fallen away.

There was nothing very striking in this little bit of woodland scenery, no telling effects of frowning rocks or whirling rapids, but it was perfect in its way, and Captain Fraser became so absorbed in contemplating it that he quite forgot the approach of Mike Murphy and Jimmy, until a rich voice, redolent of the Isle of Erin, and close at his ear, brought him round with a start, to face a little man with comely blue eyes and a tall gaunt Indian lad of about nineteen, who stood like a bronze statue, while Mr. Murphy introduced himself to the Captain.

"A thin, Captain, for it's him you'll be, I'm judging, it's Mike Murphy that's delighted to see a Christian gentleman who hasn't been through a tannery, in these parts; for berrin the Mother an' Miss Drosia, the craythur, a white face hasn't gladdened my eyes for a matter of two months and ten days. Wirra, it's a haythenish place is Kandy, any ways."

"Did Colonel Howard know I was coming today," inquired Fraser, as Mr. Murphy paused in his speech of welcome, and scanned him with his twinkling eyes which overflowed with drollery.

"Well, now, mebbe he did, but it wor Miss Drosia as made ye out down by the Portage