

(For the Favorite.)

THE AULD BRIG.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

"Whaur ha'e ye been lassie, whaur ha'e ye been?"

"This hour alane I've been spinnin'."
"Is it askin' me, minnie, whaur I ha'e been?"
"Weel, down whaur the burn is rinnin' An' wimplin' sae sweetly aneath th' auld brig, 'Twas whisperin' sae saft in its flowin', That I linger'd an' listened, and ne'er took tent How that auld carl, Time, was goin'."

"Weel lassie, weel lassie, aften myself I've linger'd to spy the trout playin' In the pool 'neath the brig, but whisper awee, What was the burnie sayin'?"
"Is it askin' me, minnie, what the words were I heard?"

"Weel, mixed wi' its wimplin' sae clearly, I heard as I hearkened just sax wee words— 'Jeanie, I lo'e ye sae dearly!'"

"Weel lassie, weel lassie, that was richt strange! It's a drear spot alane to be roamin', But whisper, what answer ye made back again As the burnie wimplin' on i' the gloamin'?"
"Is it askin' me, minnie, what the answer I made?"

"I made it, I trow, douce and fairly; An' richt glad as I spoke of the saft gloamin' shade:"

"An' I too, I lo'e ye richt dearly!"

"Strange, lassie; strange, lassie; were ye no feared

Of kelpie, or nixie, or fairie?
The willows hang dark by the wee burnie side, An' the auld brig is lanesome an' eerie."
"Is it askin' me, minnie, if I were afear'd?
I knew there'd nae evil betide me, For young Robbie Grey had his arm roun' my waist, As he stood on the auld brig beside me!"

For the Favorite.

What Mischief Brought About.

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER, OF MONTREAL.

"Indeed, I know nothing of them, Mrs. Langsly; you do not use them often, and I scarcely recollect them."

"It is very surprising, Fannie, they should be missing from my work-box," replied Mrs. Langsly. "No one has access to my bedroom or work-box but yourself and Sarah. She has been with me over twenty years, and I have always trusted her as I would have done a sister. Sarah knows that those missing spectacles were a birthday present from my son, who is now dead, and that I prize them above value. She would not have taken them."

"It does seem very mysterious, Mrs. Langsly, but I can't help that; I did not take them. By your manner of speaking I shall think you meant to imply that. I have been in your employ for more than a year, and I hoped that I had always acted in such a manner as to have gained your confidence. I am sorry that it should have been otherwise."

"I have always had the highest opinion of you, Fannie Holmes, and I sincerely trust that those spectacles may be found, for your sake as well as my own. I shall have a complete stir made throughout the house, probable and improbable places shall be searched, and, if not found, then I will speak further on the subject," and old Mrs. Langsly bustled out of Fannie's little bedroom.

Poor Fannie, as soon as the old lady had left the room, sat down and pressed her cold hands to her forehead to calm her brain. She could scarcely understand what it was all about, so agitated had she become. Was she to be taken up for theft, when she was innocent of any offence?

"Ah! my God," she cried, bursting into tears, "will my troubles never end?"

Every part of the house was searched, every bureau, box, nook and cranny, yet no spectacles were forthcoming. Fannie had helped in the search of the missing article, and at each failure her heart sank lower and lower. She knew it was enough to provoke suspicion; yet why not suspect Sarah as well as herself. She thought it hard that it should be laid on her alone. She bit her lip with vexation.

"Could not Mrs. Langsly see that I am too respectable to condescend to so low a crime," she murmured aloud.

The next morning Mrs. Langsly summoned Fannie. She was sitting in state in the parlor, and Fannie felt as if she were about to be judged at some tribunal, so stern and solemn looked the old lady.

"Fannie," she began, "I have sent for you to speak to you on this sad and serious matter, the one of yesterday. The spectacles, as you are aware, have not been found. What am I to think? As I told you before, Sarah I could not possibly suspect, therefore, Fannie, I am truly sorry to say my suspicions are strong on you. I grieve for you. I shall feel your loss very much, for you have ever given me satisfaction since you have been with me, and I have always esteemed you. What could have induced you, a respectable girl, to commit such a fault I cannot imagine. If you had been in any emergency for money I would have helped you. Oh! Fannie, Fannie," continued the old lady, "your mother is to be pitied. Of course,

with my confidence shaken, I could no longer keep you in my employ, nor can I conscientiously give you a character. Yet one more thing, Fannie: if it be possible to reclaim them, I entreat you to let me know where they are. I would give twice their value to get them back."

While Mrs. Langsly was giving this long tirade, Fannie never once spoke. She became paler and paler, until in rigidity and pallor she resembled a statue.

At length she cleared her voice and spoke: "Mrs. Langsly, I have told you already, and I told you the truth, that I did not take your spectacles; I know nothing whatever of them. I grant it is strange their disappearance, but I have nothing to do with that. You take advantage of my helplessness, madame, or you would not dare to impugn my character: so undeservedly. I hope to live to see this mystery brought to light, and that you will feel some remorse for injuring one who has always tried

been prostrated with a severe illness, which left her a confirmed invalid. Then it was that Fannie, who was only sixteen at the time, stepped forward and took the burden on her own shoulders.

"Don't bother, dear mamma," she said, "I will manage everything, and you shall have what you require, and Rosy too. Leave all to me, mamma."

And Mrs. Holmes did leave all to her heroic girl.

Soon after, hearing of a situation as companion (and to be generally useful) to a lady, not far from her mother's (which was a great inducement), Fannie applied for the situation, and had been an inmate of Mrs. Langsly's home since that time, with a salary sufficient, with great economy, to keep her mother and sister from want. Thus matters stood when this unlucky occurrence took place.

Fannie went up stairs with lingering footsteps, knowing the blow she was going to in-

fute it. It is too hard—too hard," and with a short gasp, the unhappy mother fell back insensible.

Fannie, who had often seen her mother in that state before, used remedies which quickly restored her for the time, but the blow had been too much for her in her feeble state of health, and in less than a month Fannie and Rosy were orphans.

Although so long expecting this event, it still came with the force of woe upon the sorrowing girls.

Fannie could not take a resident situation now, and leave her sister alone, so she had the daily battling with whatever work she could procure to sustain themselves.

Thus things continued for a month or two, matters becoming worse and worse, when Fannie thought of an uncle far distant, whom, although she had never seen nor scarcely heard of, she determined to seek in this emergency for her sister's sake. She had written him a letter, but getting no answer, was still bent on going.

The night before they were to start on their journey, Fannie was seated on a low stool—almost the only article of furniture in the room, she having sold everything that could raise money—when there was a knock at the door.

Fannie threw down the work she was finishing, and went to the door. It was a messenger with a note from Mrs. Langsly. It ran thus: "DEAR FANNIE,—

"The spectacles are found. Will you come to me at once, and I will tell you all.

"Yours, in haste,

"S. LANGSLY."

Fannie sat down, quite undecided what to do for a minute or two, then she gave an affirmative answer.

The mystery about the spectacles had been cleared up. Fannie's prayers were answered, but, alas! too late to comfort her poor mother, who had died sorrowing. Then all the old grief came welling up into Fannie's heart, and she burst into tears and wept bitterly. However, calming herself, she rose.

"I suppose I had better go at once," she murmured to herself.

Then, throwing on her cloak and hat, without waking her sister, she slipped out, and fastened the door behind her.

Fannie found Mrs. Langsly in the parlor. As she entered, Mrs. Langsly came forward to meet her, offering her hand, which Fannie pretended not to see.

The recollection of that time when she had last been there was not likely to make her feel very friendly, nor could she forget that Mrs. Langsly had been the cause that hastened her mother's death.

"Fannie, can you forgive me?" said the old lady tenderly. "I wronged you cruelly. I will do all I can to make amends. Sit down and hear all."

Fannie silently took the chair to which she was motioned, for she remembered too vividly her feelings the last time she had been in that room, and her heart was too full to speak.

"Fannie," said the old lady, "I have found my spectacles, and who do you think had created all this trouble? My grandson, Robby, for mischief, hid them, to amuse himself at my discomfiture when I discovered the loss of them, for, from his babyhood, whenever I opened my work-box, he would endeavor to snatch them out. It appears, two days before he left, the mischievous idea entered his head from hearing me speak of how much I valued them. I did not miss them in that time, and the morning he was to return to school he forgot to replace them, as he had intended, nor did they ever recur to his mind again. It was only this week that Sarah, in cleaning and dusting the clothes-closet, came upon an old coat of Robert's. In shaking it, she discovered something had fallen through the torn pocket into the lining below. Seeking what it was, the missing spectacles were found. Imagine my consternation when Sarah brought them to me. I wrote to my grandson directly to tell him all that had occurred, asking him if he had placed the spectacles where they were found. His answer was what I have told you, accompanied by a great many regrets."

At last Fannie spoke: "Mrs. Langsly, why did you accuse any one without some proof. Had I been placed in your position, I should not have acted as you did—I should have been more patient. I forgive you, Mrs. Langsly, but I can never forget that you hastened my mother's death, and that you have changed me from a hopeful girl to a sad woman."

"I am truly sorry, Fannie," replied Mrs. Langsly, "but if you will come back to me I will let you take with you your sister also, and you shall be as my daughters."

"Thank you for your kindness, Mrs. Langsly, but that can never be. I must now tell you what you told me once—my confidence is gone. I can never accept of anything from you further than civility."

Fannie rose and took leave of Mrs. Langsly, who seemed grieved at her decision.

"I am grieved, my dear," she said, "that you should still feel unkindly towards me." Fannie assured her that she had no unkindness towards her, but it would be unpleasant to both parties for her to accept her offer. And so they parted.

Fannie, the next day, started, as she had intended, and fortunately herself and sister were warmly welcomed by their uncle, who was himself just about setting out to seek them instead of writing. And thus ended poor Fannie's difficulties.



THE FAMILY COACHMAN.

to do her duty;" and Fannie turned round, and was about leaving the room, when she was stopped by Mrs. Langsly.

"A moment more, Miss Holmes. Here are your wages to the end of the month. Although it has only just commenced, I wish to deal fairly with you."

"I do not wish it, Mrs. Langsly. Give me what I have rightly earned, which is a week, and I shall take no more."

"What I have given you, Fannie, I consider right, and I shall have nothing more to do with it," replied Mrs. Langsly.

Fannie deliberately counted out the money, took what she thought proper, and laid down the rest on the table. She drew her fine form up proudly, her dark eyes flashing with indignation, and with a slight courtesy to her late employer, Fannie left the room.

Hastening to her own room, she gathered all her little effects, which were placed in her trunk and small valise, and, slipping down stairs without a word further, she soon procured a cab, and in a short while was deposited at her mother's door.

Fannie was indeed to be pitied. Four years before her father had been in business in rather prosperous circumstances; making a hazardous speculation, he became a bankrupt; taking it to heart, he died not long after, leaving a wife and two children to mourn his loss.

For a short time Mrs. Holmes exerted herself in needle-work and various ways to support herself, and give her eldest girl (which was Fannie) a decent education; but being of delicate constitution, the struggle was more than she could bear, and a couple of years before this, she had

been concealed she would have done so, but she was obliged to live at home, and the reason must be told for her leaving her situation.

"Fannie has come, mamma," said little Rosy, running to meet her sister, and almost jumping into her arms with joy.

Mrs. Holmes looked feebly up as Fannie stooped to kiss her.

"You have come early to-day, my love. I thought this was your busiest time."

"So it is generally, dear mamma, but to-day is different. I will tell you why by-and-by, mamma."

She had left her trunk and valise in the passage below, or those would have told the tale of themselves, but Fannie wished to break the news gradually to her mother.

Drawing a low chair close to her mother's in the afternoon, and laying her head on her knee, she began the painful subject:

"Mamma, I have been very much annoyed to-day. Fancy Mrs. Langsly suspecting me of taking a pair of gold spectacles."

Ill as Mrs. Holmes was, she almost jumped up from her seat.

"My child, accuse you, how dare she, my true, darling girl. I am shocked. Tell me all, my child, everything."

Fannie then related all that had taken place at Mrs. Langsly's.

Mrs. Holmes grew very white, and pressed her hand to her heart to still its violent beating.

"Father of Heaven, that I should live to hear one of my children branded as a thief, so unjustly accused, and we have not a friend to con-