

WITH CLEAREE VISION.

BY CAROLINA FERRY.

Two or three years ago, I lived in a house, which was a wonder to me, and I had a lot of marble brevets, and a tender, soulful eyes.

A voice of music; here by which the raven was a wonder to me, and that haunts a face and form to haunt a sculptor's dream.

But, when I looked at him to night, I saw no trace of the old glory; only just a little.

No marble boxes, no soulful eyes; the face was round and sleek. That once to my love-haunted eyes was so intensely Greek.

I know full well he has not changed. Of course, and yet to night I saw him not. But I was blind in those dear days, and now, alas, I see.

Very dreadful to be blind, and yet to night I saw him not. Had not received my sight.

One little thought will trouble me—only with I know. Whether still is blind, or if he has seen me, too.

Burlington *Evening Herald*.

THE STOLEN BRACELET.

A Sunshine Lover.

The position of a farm laborer in some of our English counties is anything but enviable.

Hard work, from morning till night, scanty food, small co-ages, with insufficient accommodation, and a large family to maintain, make the lot of a laboring man anything but the realization of blue upon earth.

Peter Tillson was one of the said sons of the soil, who rise with the lark, and labor to make the earth bring forth its fruits.

He had several children, amongst whom his eldest daughter, Sarah, was the most promising.

She distinguished herself in the parish school, and won the favorable regard of Mrs. Rutherford, the rector's wife.

When she reached the age of 16, she was pronounced old enough to get her own living; and her father and mother could not afford to allow her to remain any longer at school, though under the fostering care of Mrs. Rutherford.

That good lady received the intelligence of her intended departure with great regret.

"What do you propose to do, my dearest child?" she asked.

"Go to service, ma'am," was the reply.

"Ah, well, that is usual resource of country girls," said Mrs. Rutherford.

"It is a pity, for you are worthy of something better."

"I shan't be sorry to leave you, ma'am," exclaimed Sarah, in a tone of genuine regret.

Mrs. Rutherford thought for a little while, and then said: "If you are not in any immediate hurry to leave home, I think I should be able to employ you myself."

The look of delight which stole over the girl's countenance sufficiently told Mrs. Rutherford how well she understood her communication.

"You must know," she continued, "that my household leaves me at the end of the quarter, and I shall be glad to give you a trial. If you do not like the place at Christmas, let it be fully understood between us that you are perfectly at liberty to leave and do anything else you imagine will be for your benefit."

"I should be pleased to come at any time, and on any terms," responded Sarah. "My chief regret, ma'am, has been through a thought of leaving all my kind friends in Boston."

"Go to your father. Consult him. I have heard him spoken of as a sensible man; be guided by him, and let me shortly know your decision."

"I will, ma'am, and many thanks," Sarah exclaimed.

Curtseying to Mrs. Rutherford, Sarah wended her way to her father's cottage, which lay at the end of a prettily-wooded lane some distance from the village.

She had not proceeded far before she met Mrs. A. P. Tillson in pain.

Quenching her pain, she, on meeting a comor, perceived a young man holding a lad with one arm and laboring with him the other.

With a heightened color she recognized in the first John Aitken, the son of a well-to-do farmer in the vicinity, who on several occasions had done Sarah the honor to walk home from church with her, and look at her in such a way as to lead her to believe that he either loved her or regarded her with anything but indifference.

In the present instance he was violently agitated, and, half-witted, half-witted, much older than he looked, went by the name of Nolikyns.

He was a mischievous, malignant elf, who frequently committed reprehensible actions, escaping from the consequences of them through his natural infirmities.

Continued impunity made him bold. John Aitken relinquished his grasp of Sarah's arm, and seemed half ashamed of being detected in administering corporal punishment to one so much inferior in every respect.

"I really could help it," he exclaimed, apologetically, as he came up.

"What has he done to deserve such severity?" asked Sarah.

"Why, the provoking rascal! I can hardly keep my temper when I think of it."

"But you must," she replied, with a smile; "that is the first requisite when telling a story."

"Well, I was coming by here just now, and had no sooner entered the field than my father's before I saw Nolikyns cutting off the tail of our finest brood mare."

Nolikyns withdrew a short distance, and, thinking himself out of immediate danger, gave vent to a burst of demoniac laughter.

But seeing a threatening movement on the part of Aitken, he removed to a further spot, and kept gradually retiring, while his peculiar shouts and noises were heard weirdly at intervals.

"He should be put under some restraint," said Sarah. "He is clearly not amenable to human action."

"The soundest is clever enough not to be found when he knows he will be pursued. I have given him something to remember me by, and I hope you do not think me cruel?"

"A little," she answered.

"It shall not occur again," he hastened to say.

"On that assurance I forgive you. Are you walking my way? I am going home and shall be glad of your company."

He placed himself by her side with alacrity, and they walked steadily along till they came to a stile, over which he assisted her. They were now in the lane which led in a direct line to her father's house.

"I hear, Sarah," exclaimed the young man, "that you think of leaving the village shortly."

"Indeed! Who told you so?" she asked, willing to mystify him a little.

"I really forget. It would give me some trouble to trace a vague report to its source, but it is so?"

He looked earnestly at her, and waited, she fancied, anxiously for her reply.

"I am in hopes," Sarah answered, "of getting employment here. If so, I

should be under no necessity to leave Barsley."

"That is good news. Who has offered to employ you?"

"You could not be in a better family," said John Aitken. "I am the more pleased because we shall be near one another."

"How can that please you, Mr. Aitken?" asked Sarah, innocently.

"Can you not guess?"

She shook her head, as if fairly puzzled.

"I must help your sluggish comprehension, I can see," said John Aitken; "that is, I shall not offend you by so doing."

"Not in the least."

"That is right. You must have noticed, Sarah, that I have caught your society in every possible occasion."

"Yes," replied Sarah, hesitatingly, as if she was no quite sure of the fact.

"In another year's time I shall come into a good bit of money, left me by my aunt," continued John Aitken; "with this I intend to set up farming on my own account. Then I shall only want one."

"What is that?"

"A wife," he returned.

Sarah gave him a tiny scream of amazement.

"A wife?" she repeated. "Oh, Mr. Aitken, whatever would you do with a wife?"

"You would be out all day with dogs and gun, and I am afraid your poor wife would have but a sorry time of it."

"You do not believe that in your heart, Sarah," he exclaimed, in a tone that showed her love pained him.

"Forgive me," she answered, lowering her eyes; "but you are full young to marry."

Her earrings, brooch and other articles of jewelry were on the table, but, to her intense surprise, the bracelet was missing.

"I forgot to put my bracelet and things away. I'll do it now," said Sarah.

"I did not hear the bell, ma'am," replied Sarah.

"Don't let it occur again. Mr. Rutherford does not like such inattention and carelessness."

Sarah said confused.

About 11 o'clock Aline and her friend, Miss Young, went up stairs to attire themselves for a morning walk.

"I forgot to put my bracelet and things away. I'll do it now," said Sarah.

"I did not hear the bell, ma'am," replied Sarah.

"I am the most innocent person in the world," she said, with a smile.

"The sympathy of the whole household was excited in her behalf."

The clergyman prided himself upon being firm as a rock when he once made up his mind.

So, at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Sarah found herself in custody—seated in a small cart, by the side of a policeman, with a pair of handcuffs on her wrists.

Fortunately for her, the assizes were then being held, and she was tried at once.

The jury found her "Not guilty," because there was no evidence of the disposition of the missing property.

Every one, however, thought the case very strong against her.

At once returned from the assize town with her father and mother to Barsley.

They believed her innocent.

The comfort she received from her relations was the one sole consolation which she had in her affliction.

Her dismay, John Aitken did not come near her.

This was the heaviest blow of all.

She could bear it, though it caused a slight tremor in her body.

"She did not lose her good looks—that was impossible. Her features were too well formed for that."

She was very wretched and miserable, and, settling melancholy took possession of her face.

She would sit for hours by herself, and her friends were pained in the extreme to behold her.

Indeed, she felt that she wanted his love more now than at any other time.

A month glided away.

Sarah fretted and worried herself away until she became thin and ill.

She did not lose her good looks—that was impossible. Her features were too well formed for that.

She was two from two girls in this city, who replied just for the sake of fun.

One of them represented herself as a young widow, and her lively account of herself and her circumstances was very largely fictitious, especially that which told very incidentally, as if it was of no consequence, of the snug sum of money left her by her dear departed. She never expected to hear of the matter again, but that was the one letter out of all the advertiser received which struck his fancy. He wrote to the supposed writer, who, in fact, he never met, and who, when she came to him, was living with her neccle; photographs were exchanged; the letters grew more and more affectionate, until the young woman, realizing that the affair was no longer a joke, wrote to her new-found admirer and told him frankly of her humble circumstances.

Of course he admired her all the more, and at last he came from Dubuque to this city to claim her for his bride. Instead of the sleek and intelligent-looking man, whom she had been led to suppose, he was a wretched and miserable, and, sitting behind a half-open door, heard every word that was uttered.

Unable to bear the announcement made without some sign, she rushed forward, and, uttering the single word "John," fell into his arms.

He quickly carried her into the cottage, and laid her down gently.

"You think within?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Tillson.

"Will you not see her? You had better, I think. I do not care about taking messages."

"I merely wish you to say that I have called to release her from her promise."

"If I tell you," replied Miss Young.

"You must promise me that you will not use what you hear from me to this girl's prejudice unless you are satisfied of my truth."

"Prejudice!—guilt! Whose guilt?"

"The honestel's—Sarah, I think you call her."

Mrs. Tillson smiled skeptically.

"Oh, no! She would sooner die than be guilty of such an act," she said.

"I do, because I know her so well. I have known her all my life, I may say. She is to be married, in a few months, to a rich young farmer. Oh! no, my dear, you are mistaken."

Seeing her embarrassment, he hastened to relieve her to the best of his ability, and said:

"You wish me to understand that you require me to administer corporal punishment to one another?"

If you do not like the place at Christmas, let it be fully understood between us that you are perfectly at liberty to leave and do anything else you imagine will be for your benefit."

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