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SPRING & SUMMER OPENING

—AT—

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Relieves any cough, asthma, etc., in an hour.

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J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

LOVE'S CRYPTOGRAM.

[The author, if he can be so styled, awoke from a restless sleep with the first stanza of the following piece in his mind. He has no memory of composing it, either awake or asleep. He has long known the perhaps Pythagorean fable of the bean juice, but certainly never thought of applying it to an amorous correspondence. The remaining verses are the contribution of his conscious self]:

ELLE.

I cannot write, I may not write,
I dare not write to thee,
But look on the face of the moon by night,
And my letters shall thou see.
For every letter that lovers write
By their lovers on the moon is seen
If they pen their thought on the paper white
With the magic juice of the bean.

LUI.

Oh! I had written this many a year,
And my letters you had read.
Had you only told me the spell, my dear,
Ere ever we twain were wed!
But I have a lady, and you have a lord,
And their eyes are of the green,
And we dared not trust to the written word
Lest our long, long love be seen.

ELLE.

"Oh! every thought that your heart has thought
Since the world came us between
The birds of the air to my heart have brought,
With no word heard or seen."
'Twas thus in a dream we spoke and said,
Myself and my love unseen,
But I woke and sighed on my weary bed
For the spell of the juice of the bean.

—Andrew Lang in Scribner's.

GRAY DAYS AND BLUE

It was a long time ago. I was only a little child then, and I wondered at the frightened faces of the servants—they looked almost white—as I came running into the breakfast room that morning. I was very happy. It was early summer, and already the little buds were out on the big yellow jasmine vine and would soon be hanging in great clusters, making the air smell like paradise, I thought, and soon the humming birds would be fluttering near, looking like the rings that grandmamma used to wear.

There was no one in the room but old Nelson and the young butler, to whom he was saying: "He done gone way, I tell you. Old miss won't never see him again, she say. She's took to her bed and I specks she won't get up no mo'." Seeing me, he stopped.

"Who's gone away, Nelson, and why has grandmamma gone to bed early in the morning?" I asked imperiously.

"Your Uncle Moultrie, honey. De Yankees is marching down here pretty fast."

My heart stopped beating—at least, I thought so afterward, when I recalled the scene and remembered how faint I felt, and how Nelson caught me and put me on the sofa. Uncle Moultrie gone, my beloved soldier uncle, my devoted slave, my ideal knight and daily companion on horseback, grandmamma in bed, the Yankees coming! Here were more horrors than I had dreamed of, even when following the hapless Babes in the Woods through their trials, the young Marooners on their perilous way, or my favorite Betsinda and the changeful fortunes of Prince Giglio.

"And will they come here, Nelson, to Bel Air?" I gasped.

"I dunno. Miss Claude specks they will. They's after horses and jewelry, I hear."

The door opened, and Aunt Alice in her white frock, with pink roses in her belt, came in. She, too, was deathly pale and almost seemed to stagger.

"Uncle Moultrie has gone, Lady Bird," she said, kissing me, "and grandmamma is not coming to breakfast today."

Aunt Alice could scarcely taste her breakfast, and for the first time in my life I could not eat my portion of fresh figs, although Nelson had given me twice as many as he knew that I was allowed to have.

The days passed with a hideous dread and endless weariness. I was only allowed to see grandmamma for a few minutes at a time. Aunt Alice scarcely ever left her, and I was lost without Uncle Moultrie. I was kept very busy for a time packing and repacking a basket with my doll's most valuable clothes and my most precious treasures. Then I made Nelson's son, the only one agile enough for my purpose whom I dared trust with my secret, climb the leafiest tree and tie it in the branches quite out of sight, but many times was he obliged to stop cleaning the silver to fetch the basket, so that some treasured shell or forgotten toy should be safely hidden within.

So many days passed. At last—and it was almost a relief—we heard the distant sound of cannon and saw the scattered troops of men hurrying by. The avenue was soon full of them, many of them hatless, they and their horses panic stricken, rushing up to get food. All day long we were doling it out to them—perhaps their last meal, poor fellows. We soon knew that the battle had gone against us, but where Uncle Moultrie was no one could tell us.

Then came the dull tread of feet, and the northern army defiled by with unbroken ranks. The avenue gate was thrown open, and we saw the officers on their fine horses approach. Aunt Allie was as white as her gown, only there were no pink roses in her cheeks like those she wore in her belt. She stood on the broad piazza as the officers rode up, and I stood by her, behind. Nelson and the house servants were gathered, looking so frightened and trembling. Aunt Alice was trembling, too, only she stood up so proudly that I tried to look like her and make myself as tall as I could.

The officers gave her a salute. She bowed, but as they did not speak she said, just in the same way that Uncle Moultrie always did, "Gentlemen, will you alight?" They hesitated for a moment. Then they sprang down, and turning to Nelson she said, "Send a boy to hold the horses."

The colonel then said that he was sorry to perform a very painful duty, but he knew that Colonel Moultrie had been at home lately, and as he was known to be in the confidence of the government the house must be searched.

Aunt Allie tried to look brave as she said, "I am glad to feel that we are in the hands of gentlemen." She led the way into the big hall and with a strange kind of smile said, "Gentlemen, I offer you the hospitality of Bel Air." The colonel bowed, but the other officer—I thought he must be the general, he was so handsome, just like Sir Wilfred—looked at Aunt Alice as if he were sorry for her.

Aunt Alice took me with her to grandmamma's room. I went in the corner and cried very hard when the men came in and the orderlies searched the room. They went out very quickly. Then Aunt Allie went into her room, and throwing herself on the sofa began to cry, oh, so hard. But she had to stop very soon, for Nelson came up to say, "Them gentlemen wants to see the lady."

They were waiting for us on the piazza as we both, with very red eyes, came down stairs. The colonel said he was obliged to join his regiment, which was stationed near by. The search had been fruitless, but he must leave his friend, Lieutenant Beekman, in charge of the house. This would serve as a protection, and he hoped would not be disagreeable to the ladies. Aunt Allie said that Lieutenant Beekman should be made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and the colonel rode away. Then Lieutenant Beekman begged that she would not inconvenience herself on his account and asked permission to go into the library, where he would find occupation and amusement.

So many more days passed. Aunt Alice scarcely ever came down stairs, because she was with grandmamma nearly always. Sometimes grandmamma made her sing. It made me cry to hear her, but grandmamma liked sad things, I think, and I suppose Lieutenant Beekman did, too, for he always stood on the piazza under the big vine, where he could see Aunt Alice playing the piano or the guitar, but she scarcely ever saw him near. He used to pace up and down the rose garden for hours every day, often with a book in his hand, oftener just thinking, and as I looked at him from the big ivy covered window I thought that he seemed like one of my favorite knights, only he never wore armor, but only a beautiful new suit of blue, singing with gold braid and brass buttons.

Sometimes I would go and walk with him and pick bunches of pale pink roses for him or handfuls of violets, for he seemed so lonely, and I would tell him, "These are Aunt Allie's own dear roses that she used to wear always in her belt, but she does not any more, for grandmamma is very ill, you know." Then I would tell him about my dear Uncle Moultrie, and he would let me ride on his horse, because I told him once that all our horses had been sent to the swamps to hide, and I had no pony to ride any more.

One day grandmamma was much worse, and I could not help crying, though I always tried not to let the "enemy" see me, as Aunt Allie always called Lieutenant Beekman. I told her that he was a very gentle enemy indeed, but this day he saw me and asked so kindly what was the matter that I told him, and that Nelson had no horse to go for the doctor, and besides the doctor was off with the army probably, and grandmamma was going to die I was sure, for Aunt Allie was crying so hard.

It was getting dark, but he went to the stable and called to his orderly: "Saddle Apache at once. I will find some doctor somewhere before I come back." He would not wait a moment for supper, but galloped off very fast.

I had been long asleep when I was waked up by hearing talking in grandmamma's room. I jumped up quickly, for I knew that I heard Uncle Moultrie's voice and ran into the room. Uncle Moultrie was kneeling by grandmamma's bed. She was smiling like an angel and said: "Goodby, my son. You have risked your life to see me again. It is the last time. God bless you. May he have you always in his holy keeping."

Uncle Moultrie was sobbing, though he tried not to show it, and said, "I am safe enough in my lair, mother, dear, and shall be off again before the young fox makes his rounds tonight; but he came pretty near me once, I can tell you."

As he left the room I saw that he was wounded, for he limped badly, but grandmamma did not see this, for she was still smiling, with her eyes closed. Then I heard horses' feet, and scarcely had Uncle Moultrie left the room before Nelson came to say that Lieutenant Beekman had come back with the army doctor.

I did not like the doctor, and I am sure that Lieutenant Beekman did not, for he frowned when the doctor said: "I fear that I cannot do much for you, madam. If I could assure you of your son's safety, I would have more hope of the good effect of my medicine."

Grandmamma smiled in that strange way that all the Moultries do when they wish to make people sorry for what they have said and answered, "I leave him to the care of one who can protect him."

Grandmamma was very ill all night. When I went into the rose garden next morning, Lieutenant Beekman was walking up and down the paths. He saw that I looked sad, and he asked about grandmamma. I told him how ill she was and how Uncle Moultrie had come to see her; how he had cried when he saw her; that he was wounded and could scarcely walk, but he had come on foot nearly all the way for fear of being seen by the troops whom he had to pass, and that he had gone back to his regiment last night just as the doctor came.

Lieutenant Beekman looked just as white as Aunt Allie. He staggered to a garden seat and buried his face in his hands for a long time. Then, taking his wallet out of his pocket, he wrote a few lines, and calling his orderly said: "Take this to the colonel at Berkeley at once. When you return, pack my valise. I shall be relieved of duty tonight." Then turning to me he said, "Little friend, I will beg you to say goodby to the ladies for me." Then very slowly he gasped, "for I have resigned my commission."

I did not quite understand. I longed to go and tell Aunt Alice, but she had not slept all night and was resting now. I thought perhaps she would be glad if the "enemy" went away, but I was not, and I cried a little because Lieutenant Beekman looked so sad.

That night while I was trying to go to sleep—but it is very hard to go to sleep when you are sure that Aunt Allie is all alone and something is always going to happen—I heard talking in the yard. I ran to the window. The moon was shining very brightly. I saw four men on horseback. After talking for awhile two rode slowly down the avenue, and as they passed the house one looked up, and I saw that it was Lieutenant Beekman.

The next day when I went down stairs into the breakfast room a big man with a red face was there. He scolded Nelson and all the servants so much that I never went down to dine again, but ate up stairs by myself. He said that they were hiding the wines and would not give him enough. I am sure he drank two bottles every day for dinner, and he was afraid that Nelson would keep some for grandmamma, which I am sure he did, and, oh, how I wished the first enemy would come back. But he did not. And then one dreadful night grandmamma died, and we buried her in the churchyard, and there was only Aunt Allie to read the service.

After a long, long time we heard that the war was over, and our men, what was left of them, came home, and the big, red faced man had to leave Bel Air. He had drunk nearly all the wine, and I think he was sorry to go or not to take what was left.

Then Uncle Moultrie came back, and that was a great joy. But we were all very sad, although we did not show it, for grandmamma was gone, and all the servants nearly, and Uncle Moultrie's wound was so bad that he could not ride, and besides we had no horse left.

One day we were walking in the rose garden. We heard horses' hoofs, and I called out, "Oh, Aunt Allie, it is the old 'enemy' come back!" for there stood Lieutenant Beekman at her side, looking very beseechingly at her, with his hand stretched out toward her, but she turned away. I was so sorry that I cried out: "Oh, Aunt Allie, now I know why he went away! It was to give Uncle Moultrie time to escape with his wounded leg." She looked at him. I ran to tell Uncle Moultrie, who was standing on the piazza, just as I heard him say, "Yes, but I have won my spurs again." After awhile, a long while, they came up the path, both looking so happy. Uncle Moultrie, shaking hands, began to thank Lieutenant Beekman for his kindness and courtesy to his "prisoners of war."

Lieutenant Beekman smiled and said, "Colonel Moultrie, may I hope for the same courtesy from you, for you see I am now the prisoner?"—J. M. B. Roberts in New York Post.