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[For the Courier.]

A Dream of Love.

I dreamed I saw my sweetheart,
With eyes of heavenly blue;
His face was wreathed in glowing smiles,
Which told his heart was true.
I gazed long at the vision,
My eyes were filled with tears,
For then I saw the ideal face
Which had haunted me for years.

I smiled as I saw him advancing
With a look which told to me
What speech could never so fully explain,
As the face I then did see.
It was radiant and full of beauty,
Gleaming forth with hope and love;
It dimmed the sunshine in its brightness,
The worlds whirl in space above.

I dreamed that is was evening,
Bright with the golden rays
Of the great sun that was sinking,
Changing darkness into day.
The veil of twilight had thus clothed
All the world in silent night;
The soft breeze was gently playing
With the moon's pale silver light.

I thought he stood beside me,
And a smile played on his face;
He whispered words of love to me,
Which echoed through all space.
I dreamed as I looked up at him
My heart did throb with pride,
For he cast one loving look upon me,
And asked me to be his bride.

I knew how well he loved me,
For the moon's wan light did show;
The face once filled with sadness,
Was now with love aglow.
He pledged a vow to heaven,
And an angel recorded it there,
When he had claimed me for his bride,
My life should be his care.

I dreamed of a beautiful maiden,
But like a bubble on the wave,
It vanished like all fair visions,
And slept in its new made grave.
As we sleep on the pillow at midnight,
Our dreams are sometimes fair;
How oft have we wished at the dawn of day,
No hope of the dream was there.

March 28th, 1891. T.

JEAN'S PORTMANTEAU.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

My story dates back nearly seventy years, but it is a true story, and its significance is as forcible and fresh as if the incidents had occurred but yesterday.

In 1820 there was living in the northern part of Alabama an old Frenchman whom we shall call Jean Paulet. He was a younger son of a noble family in Avignon, had come, a mere lad, to fight for the cause of freedom in this country under Lafayette, and had borne himself well and bravely until the battle of Brandywine, where he lost his right arm and was obliged to leave the service.

His father was guillotined during the reign of terror in Paris. Jean escaped, returned, with the young wife whom he had married, to this country, and found his way to a village in Alabama to which many French refugees had fled.

When the little money which they had brought with them was spent they scattered. Many of them made their way back to France. Jean escaped, returned, with the young wife whom he had married, to this country, and found his way to a village in Alabama to which many French refugees had fled.

When the little money which they had brought with them was spent they scattered. Many of them made their way back to France. Jean Paulet, with his one child, Rose, a girl of twelve, remained. His wife was dead. Jean earned a small sum occasionally by teaching French to the children of the neighboring planters. He and Rose were happy and merry as two children, but often they were hungry, and shabbily clothed.

One day, as usual, old Judge Pope called at Paulet's cabin to smoke a pipe with him.

"Mosheer," he said, "I have an idea! Why have you never applied for a pension? The country has owed it to you for many years. The back payments will amount to a considerable sum."

"Do you mean zat ze republique zall pay me for ze service I give it?" He drew himself up stiffly. "No, sare! Jean Paulet offered his body and his life to ze help of ze America people. His body and his life vas crippled for dem, but zey will not insult me by paying me for dat!"

"Nonsense!" was the judge's irreverent reply to this outbreak of patriotism. "You owe your strength to your child. Having spent it for this country in her need, it is only just that she, in her prosperity, shall help you in your care of Rosy here."

The Frenchman's face glowed.

"Ah, zat is a different light on it! It is a great, noble country, and it cares for ze children of its soldiers! I am willing to receive alms from it, but not pay!"

"Anyhow you like, so you get the money," said the judge. "Let me see your papers—the proofs that you lost your arm in the service." He examined them closely.

"They're all right," he said. "Now, mo sheer, you must take these to Washington. I will write to our congressman to attend to the affair. Rosy shall stay with us. You must start to-morrow."

Monsieur Paulet changed color, and hesitated painfully.

"Yes, yes, my dear fellow, I understand! It is a long journey, and you are out of funds just now. You must draw on me. I am often out of funds myself, and you will be a rich man when you come back. Then I will draw on you. It is all settled."

The kindly but peremptory old judge had his way. Rosy was taken out to the plantation and received with delight by Mrs. Pope, the children and a swarm of young negroes, with all of whom the vivacious French child was a pet.

Monsieur Paulet, in a new suit of clothes, his papers, money and ticket in a brown portmanteau, belonging to the judge, was escorted by almost all the population of the village to the inn from which he was to begin his journey, and departed, loaded with prayers and wishes for good luck.

It is hard for the young people of the present time to understand the traveling of those days. Jean Paulet started in November for Washington on horseback. When he reached the Ohio river, where he expected to take a boat, it was frozen over. Then began a long and perilous journey in an open sled along the banks. It was late in January when he reached Wheeling, Va., V., the terminus of the National road.

He was exhausted and feeble and his money was nearly spent, but he was thankful sure now that his troubles were over.

Stage-coaches ran regular between Wheeling and Baltimore. Poor little monsieur climbed into one of these one stormy day at noon and, wrapping himself in his blanket, deposited his portmanteau in the straw at the bottom of the coach, and curling himself up on the seat, slept heavily. He did not waken until the coach drew up in a little village in Pennsylvania long after night.

The inn door stood open and savory smell of supper poured out. Several coaches with their teams of prancing horses, stood in the great inn yard, and hostlers, guards and drivers were stamping about, scolding and swearing.

"Twenty minutes for supper!" shouted the guard in the window at monsieur. Jean, who was the only passenger, crawled out sleepily, and hurried into the warm supper room.

"There seems to be a grand concourse of ze coach here," he said to a negro waiter.

"Yes, sah. It is one of the big stations on the road. Old Sam'el Boyce lives here. He's superintendent of the stage line. A big owner, too. That is Mr. Boyce sah," flourishing his napkin toward a short, untidy old man, who stood with his back to the fire peering through his spectacles at the passengers. His bald head rose red and shining above his little, ferret-like eyes; the snuff which he took incessantly drabbled his dirty, ruffled shirt front.

Monsieur, however, paid no attention to the old man, but hastily ate his supper, paid for it, hurried out to the coach.

It was gone!

Another, with a different driver and guard, drove up with a dash and toot of the horn into its place.

"This coach for Cumberland!" the guard shouted.

Jean stood stunned and bewildered. He was not a practical, ready man.

"Vere is my coach?" he asked. "It vas red; zis is green. It vas ze Eclipse."

"Get aboard, Frenchy! Can't you ride in anything but a red coach?" shouted the driver. "In with you."

"Cest mon portmanteau! It is my tickets, my money, my papers," cried Jean, in an agony of fright, running to an fro.

"What ails that man?" demanded one of the coachmen.

"His luggage was in Eclipse, it seems," replied the guard.

"Where is the Eclipse?"

"Gone back to Wheeling, or on to Cumberland. I don't know which."

Jean heard, and stood dumb and trembling, while the men, kindly but ignorant surrounded him, plying him questions. "Whabbut ye took yer portmanty out wid ye?" "Take a horse and ride out the Wheeling pike, an' ye'll overtake it." "No sir. Ride the other way. It's to Cumberland it's gone." "There was nine passengers got in. Small chance but they'll take the portmanty among them!"

Jean, in all his dismay, had yet some common sense left. He asked to be taken to the superintendent and told his story in broken English, with many gestures and tears.

Now, old Mr. Boyce, though he had paid a high sum for a front pew in church, never had been known to give a penny in charity, nor a kind word to any one in pain or need. He despised all foreigners. He saw, instantly, too, that a mistake had been made which might cost the stage company or himself some money. He did not know which way the Eclipse had gone, and to send a messenger in both directions would cost a few dollars.

"Why did you not take care of your carpet-sack?" he snarled, eyeing poor Jean angrily.

"O monsieur! I haf always leave him in ze coach! Ze American peoples are honest! O monsieur, it is my papers, my money—all!"

"The more reason you should take care of them, then. Here, Joe, go out and see if any-body knows which way the Eclipse went."

"Oh, I thank you, monsieur!" cried Jean, clapping his hands. He drew back and waited. Joe soon returned. It was late, he reported, there were few many in the yard, and seven coaches had started at once. Nobody had noticed at which gate the Eclipse went out.

"There! You hear?" growled Boyce to the old man. He knew that the company was responsible for the lost bag and intended to search for it. But the money which must be spent he would have to pay out of his own pocket. He laughed savagely as he saw Jeans misery.

"O monsieur! Is zat all? Can notting be done?"

"That is all. You don't expect me to pay you for the bag?"

"Notting can pay me for it. It is all I have," Jean sobbed. He stood a moment longer but Boyce was talking to the men on other affairs and had apparently wholly forgotten him. He crept out in to the night with a wild gesture of despair.

The next morning O'Rourke, one of the drivers, a kind-hearted Irishman, ventured to ask Mr. Boyce, "An' what became of the little Frenchy last night?"

"How do I know? He went on in one of the coaches to Cumberland, I suppose. He'll be writing back for his bag soon enough. Filled with rags, most likely, judging from his clothes."

A week passed. One evening, just before sunset, O'Rourke, going into the inn stable to look after his horses, heard a cry like that of a choking animal on the mow. He came out, shouting to the other men, "By the powthers of war! I dunno what it is! It's no human 'bein', nor a horse, nor a dog. It might be a Banshee!"

The men ran in, curious and laughing. But in a moment O'Rourke came out, quiet and pale.

"A doctor!" he said. "Mr. Boyce, you have killed him—the Frenchman!"

The other men carried out their burden gently and laid him on the ground, dying, as they thought, and dying of starvation. The skin clung to the bones of his cheeks, his eyes glared out of their sockets in the skull. He could not speak, but gave short, inaudible cries. It was the body, not the soul, that fought against death. While Jean Paulet could think, he had kept silence.

The news spread through the little town. The kindly people gathered about the poor stranger, doctors and indignant men and weeping women, all anxious to help and nurse him. He was carried to the minister's house. Old Doctor Morton, with the judge, watched over him all night, feeding him as they would a baby, a spoonful at a time. The Squires wife was there before day, with a bowl wine-panada, which she had made with her own hands. She found a crowd of other women, rich and poor, gathered about the door of the parsonage.

"Will he live?"

"Has he spoken again of his little girl?"

"Oh, if he only lives long enough to know that we are not all murderers!"

The village was full of warm, hospitable, Christian feeling, and the thought that that a stranger had lain among them, starving to death in his despair, for a week, had roused them all.

Late that morning, when Jean had wakened from his deadly lethergy, old Boyce came skulking up to the minister's door. Some of his neighbors met him and turned their heads the other way. They had long known the manner of man he was; this was only the culmination of his life of sham piety and meanness.

The old doctor met him at the door.

"Here is the portmanteau. I had it safe three days ago," he muttered, and turned away.

The doctor carried it in and laid it on the bed. Jean gave a low cry and caught it in his bony hands. "I can go back to my little girl now!" he whispered.

The people of the village did not do good by halves. They sent Sam Nelson, a promising young lawyer, to Washington, with Jean's papers to substantiate his claims. While he was gone they nursed the old man back to health and strength, handing him about from house to house, and farm to farm, an honored guest. A great trunk was prepared and filled with gifts for Rose. The women sent pretty dresses, clothes for dolls, acorn tea-sets, glass pitchers small enough for the fairies to use.

Sam Nelson returned triumphant with money enough to make Jean rich. He started at length for home in the very coach, Eclipse, which had brought him.

It hurt him sorely to part with his friends. He waved the poor stump of his arm, wiping away the tears with the other hand.

"If it were not for my friend, the judge, I would bring my Rose and live among you," he said.

He kissed the children again and again, bowed profoundly to the poor old women, embraced the sturdy farmers. It seemed as if he could not tear himself away.

How the boys cheered! Even the old men joined in the shout as the red coach went up the hill out of sight, Jean waving his handkerchief out of the window.

Old Boyce watched it grimly through his dingy office window, and then looked at the cheering crowd.

"An old beggar," he muttered, "whom they can never make a penny off of! I have brought thousands of dollars into the town, but not a man in it will give me a civil word!"

Yet in his secret soul he knew that he and the poor old cripple had been weighed in just scales, and each had received his reward.—*Youth's Companion.*

Folk-Lore And Folk-Cure.

Some of the scientists who make a specialty of folk lore have lately been making inquires about the malady which the country people called spring fever. It is a genuine malady, though more disagreeable than serious. Yet it should be taken note of. While the scientists are inquiring about the tone of the malady, those who are suffering the lassitude, nervousness and melancholis, that are its symptoms, should run the disease out of their systems by means of that more subtle scientist and folk-curist—S.S.S. This is particularly necessary, since spring fever leaves the system in such a condition that it succumbs readily to diseases that are more dangerous and less easily contorlled. S.S.S is a prventive as well as a remedy.

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