

Oh, what memories crowded o'er me
 As I gazed upon that curl !
 How it brought to me remembrance
 Of a fair and lovely girl !

One who was my pride and pleasure,
 One who, though now dead and gone,
 Changed my life from joy and pleasure—
 To a being old and worn.

Slowly I rebound the package,
 And the tears came down like rain,
 As I tenderly replaced it
 Where for ages it had lain.

Strange how such things overcome us,—
 Make our spirits sadly droop !
 But how mad that hair had made me
 Had I found it in the soup.

THE DOCTOR'S COUNTERCLAIM.

I WORKED a month for Doctor Fox,
 And, when the end had come,
 I went to him to get my pay—
 Ten dollars was the sum.

He gave me a receipt in full,
 With grin of fiendish mirth :—
 " For services professional,"
 The morning of my birth !

And now I think it would have been
 (No wonder I'm forlorn !)
 Ten dollars in my pocket if
 I never had been born.