

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.