

A SONG OF GOLDEN CURLS.

Stay a little, golden curls—twinkling eyes of blue; Stay and see the violets, for they are kin to you.

Linger where the frolic winds around the gardens race. Cheeks like lovely mirrors, where the red rose sees its face.

"Sweet! Sweet!" All the birds are singing: "Sweet! Sweet!" The blossom-bells are ringing: Kisses from the red rose. And kisses from the white—Kissing you good-morning. And kissing you good-night!

Stay a little, golden curls—brightening eyes of blue; The violets are listening for the lovely steps of you: The white rose bids you welcome, the red rose calls you sweet. And the daisies spread a carpet for the falling of your feet.

A MIRACULOUS CURE.

Doctor Guicheverre was not in a cheerful mood; fortune had frowned upon him of late and the prospect was gloomy. For forty years he had been the village doctor at Saint Leon. Although not very learned, he had cured as many patients as most village doctors, and if there were some whom he had not cured, it was not because he had not tried. He was a worthy, conscientious man, and the inhabitants of Saint Leon had something to thank him for, taking one thing with another. Things had gone pretty smoothly with him, and his supreme ambition was to always be considered the best physician in the village.

Guicheverre was the apothecary as well as the doctor of Saint Leon. But a few months prior to the opening of this story a second-rate druggist had come and set up a store quite close to his; and in order to impress the people whom he hoped to secure as customers, he had made a fine display of drugs, patent medicines, hair washes and numerous other articles.

The villagers began to patronize him and took some of Guicheverre's prescriptions to be made up; the druggist at once seized the opportunity to laugh at these prescriptions—they certainly were not up-to-date, although just as efficacious as many of the modern ones—and as a consequence of this ridicule Guicheverre lost most of his profitable trade in drugs.

That was bad enough, but worse followed. A young doctor, a friend of the rival druggist, settled in Saint Leon, and was, of course, warmly recommended to the customers of the latter. That was the finishing stroke. Guicheverre found his patients gradually deserting him, and finally he saw him moodily warning himself by the fire and wondering what was to be done.

On this particular winter morning his sadness was several degrees deeper than it had been at any time previously; and for this reason: Among the few of his patrons who had remained faithful to their old doctor was the constable. This official had a little boy of three, who was the playmate of Guicheverre's grandson, and had become such a favorite with the doctor that the old man had treated him almost like a grandchild. Well, this child had been ill for four days, and Guicheverre had not been summoned to attend Robert. Was even the constable going to throw him over for this Doctor Preville in spite of his kindness which he had shown to him and his little boy?

For three days Guicheverre had not had a patient, and during all that time he had been constantly on the watch, expecting a visit from the constable. And this, the fourth day, promised to be a repetition of the preceding three.

Guicheverre arose from his chair and paced up and down, stopping occasionally to look out of the window to see if the constable was coming. Suddenly he heard the sound of horse's hoofs on the hard ground; he hurried to the window just in time to see Doctor Preville dash past on a prancing horse in the direction of the constable's house.

So it was true! Little Robert was being attended by his successful rival. It was too hard to bear; the old man sat down heavily in his chair, covered his face with his hands and wept. It was good-by to his dream of always working as the leading physician of the village; he could no longer earn a living there, and must go away with his widowed daughter and her boy to some place where they could manage to live on what little money he had been able to save.

Four days afterward Guicheverre returned to Saint Leon from a journey he had undertaken. He had found a little cottage in a hamlet some miles distant, and he and his daughter were preparing to pack their things ready for removal. He had not been in the house an hour when there came a ring at the bell, and his daughter ushered in the constable.

"Doctor," exclaimed the man, his eyes filling with tears, "we're very sorry, me and the missts. You've been very good to little Bob, and we should not have gone to Doctor Preville. I don't know why we did go. I'm sure, but, doctor, poor Bob's worse" (sob) "and Doctor Preville doesn't seem to do him any good—says as the little chap has got some dreadful complaint with a long name—we've never heard it before in these parts. Looks as if it was all up with him, poor chap" (sob) "though the doctor won't say anything. And Bob's been asking for you. Won't you come? Just to please him? Perhaps you can cure him."

He tried to keep a stern face and make excuses; he knew nothing of the case; Doctor Preville would take it as a slight and so on; but the sorrowing father had an answer for all. Doctor Preville knew that he was going to call Doctor Guicheverre; he now felt that he had done wrong in not having the older doctor, who must know more than a young one; and much more to the same effect. So Guicheverre, who was secretly overjoyed, set off with the village constable for the sick-room.

There was no doubt that little Bob was very ill, that was quite clear; but what on earth was the matter with him? Guicheverre felt the boy's pulse, looked at his tongue, sounded him, tapped his thin body in different parts, but could arrive at no decision. He was dreadfully perplexed; there was no apparent cause for disease, yet the boy was evidently wasting away, and would undoubtedly die if something were not done to rouse him and make him eat. His mother was crying and his father doing his best to keep back the tears; this naturally had a depressing effect upon the child, who had brightened up a little on the appearance of the doctor, but was now lying in a listless condition and occasionally whimpering. Something must be done to drive away those gloomy faces.

"We'll soon set him right!" said the old man, cheerily. He uttered a few long medical terms so as to reassure the parents, and soon afterward left the house to make up some medicine which would do the boy a lot of good. "Heaven forgive me!" murmured the doctor, as he walked home. "I would give something to save him, but I don't know what ails him and I'm afraid he will not recover."

Actuated by a desire to save the boy, for the parents' sake, Guicheverre, whose preparations for removal were suspended, did all he possibly could. He went two or three times each day, he changed the medicine, and he offered up earnest prayers on the child's behalf; but neither the one nor the other made any apparent difference; at the end of three days there was no improvement and the doctor was at his wits' end.

In the meantime some of his former patients came back to him. The fact that Doctor Preville no longer attended Bob and that Doctor Guicheverre was curing him—so the rumor ran—operated in favor of the latter. It was a terribly anxious time for Guicheverre. If the boy recovered, what happiness for the parents, what honor for himself! If he died—the doctor shuddered at the thought.

On the fourth day the doctor would not allow the parents to be in the room while he was examining the child. The fact was, he wished to hide from them that he could do nothing; he was afraid that they would see through his ruses, and would give way to grief when they learned the truth, and thus, perhaps, spoil what little chance still remained of saving the boy. He must be alone, he said; he was going to treat the boy in a special manner—by an invention of his own.

He shut the door and locked it. Then he sat down by the child's bedside and began to talk to it in an aimless way; he did not know what else to do. He had a box with him. A friend had sent a present—a toy—for his grandson, and he had been to the railway station to fetch it.

He thought he might as well open the box and see what it contained. It would serve to while away the fifteen minutes or so which he usually stayed in the room, and Bob might like to see the toy.

It was a splendid toy engine, going by clockwork, and according to a card in the box at certain intervals would give a shrill little whistle. It was so beautifully made that Guicheverre held it up to admire it, and forgot his patient until reminded of his presence by an exclamation of delight. Turning to the boy, he saw that his face was animated with excitement.

"Isn't it pretty?" he asked, holding it in front of the child, whose eyes were lighted up by a pleased expression. Little Bob looked at it, and touched it.

"Does it go along by itself?" he inquired. "Of course it does," replied Guicheverre. "You just watch it!" There was a long table under the window. The doctor quickly cleared it and dragged it across the uncarpeted floor to the bedside. A few turns of the key, and the engine ran along the table, a piping whistle coming from it every few seconds. The boy shrieked with delight and tried to raise himself in his bed; Guicheverre propped him up and started the engine again.

This continued for about ten minutes when the doctor felt that he must desist, or the little patient would be over-excited. The difference in Bob's appearance was astounding, and when the worthy medico left the room (after having put everything straight, and wrapped up the toy) he was able to say, with perfect truth, in answer to the perplexed inquiries of the parents: "He's much better this morning." He hurried home and made up a simple tonic; then he wrote a letter to the friend who had sent the toy-engine.

When Guicheverre paid his second visit, toward evening, he found the constable and his wife delighted and astonished at the change in the child's condition. He was so much brighter, and had begun to eat his food as though he wanted it. They were, however, anxious about one thing; Bob had been talking a great deal about something they could not understand. "It goes round," "It whistles," and several other things. They hoped his brain was not affected.

"It's all right in the head," returned the doctor. "Take no notice of what he says; only see that he takes the tonic. I will see him again to-day, lest my new treatment should excite him too much." He was glad that they had not guessed the truth.

The next day the same thing took place. The parents got no nearer the truth, probably because Bob, being more accustomed to the toy, did not say so much. The constable and his wife did not worry themselves much about what little he did say; they saw that he was getting slowly better, and they had the doctor's assurance that Bob's head was all right.

The following day Guicheverre had a new toy, and afterward he took them alternately. This went on for some days, Bob's condition improving daily. At last, one morning the doctor made such a noise amusing his patient—who was by this time almost convalescent—that the perplexed father and mother tried the door, and, finding it unlocked, came hurrying into the room.

Guicheverre uttered an exclamation of fright, tumbled the engine into the box, and giving a confused reply to the question as to whether anything was wrong, simply bolted from the house.

For the first time he realized the ridiculous position he was in. Everybody in the place believed that he was treating Bob according to some new system of medicine—he had said "an invention of his own"—and he had simply been playing with a toy. He could never face his patients again; he would be the laughing stock of the village.

But that evening he was set at rest by a visit from the schoolmaster. "I am an occasional contributor to a popular scientific journal, Doctor Guicheverre," said the schoolmaster, "and I have come to ask you if you will be so good as to let me examine that wonderful invention which has enabled you to cure the constable's son. I am convinced that a description of the details of your mode of treatment which I hope you will give me, will be read with the greatest interest."

He bowed. Doctor Guicheverre had hard work to preserve his gravity; but he was relieved of all anxiety; it was clear that the parents of little Bob had not seen enough of the toy to distinguish it, and were of opinion that it was some surgical or similar apparatus.

"I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot oblige you," replied the doctor, "but I am unable, for important reasons, to make the invention public just now. I hope to explain all that is new in my treatment at a meeting of the College of Surgeons in due course."

The old doctor is the most popular man in the village; all his neighbors say that he is extremely skillful; his practice has very much increased; and his young rival, Dr. Preville, is seeking a new field wherein to attempt to get up a profitable practice. From the French, in New York Weekly.

A French Miser Cone. A remarkable individual named a London paper. One of the qualities of France. Despite the fact that he possessed \$5,000,000, he was disgustingly miserly. In the streets, with his ragged, dirty clothes, he looked like a beggar. He was nearly seventy years old and had never been married.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS OF THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Unmistakable Devotion—With the Summer Girl—His Exact Condition—The Way She Took It—Lucky to be Allowed That.

Edith—I know it is said to be so, but there are lots of men— Meg—For goodness sake! where? A LONG RIDE. Miss Leftover—Yes, I am very fond of the wheel. I have ridden a half-century. Mr. Gettstrong—Really? I didn't know they had been invented that long.

Barberly, why don't you find some good woman and form a matrimonial alliance? What I want in that line is a silent partner, and I've been seeking in vain for the last ten years. HIS ONLY WISH. Young Gushington—Mr. Grimmer, I love your daughter devotedly, madly! I cannot live without her! Old Grimmer—Oh, all right. All I ask of you is not to stay and die in the house.

My dear," said Mr. Darfer, "did you take any money out of my waistcoat pocket?" "I did," replied she, defiantly. "Whv did you?" "Because that is one of married women's vested rights." AS AMENDED. "People who live in glass houses," began Mrs. Tibbetts: "People who live in glass houses," interrupted Mr. Tibbetts, in a man's domestic way, "should pull down the blinds."

Tourist in Oklahoma—I understand that Polcent Pete barely escaped from the mob last night. Alkali Ike—Wal, not exactly barely—he had about half a coat of tar an' feathers on when he got away. ANOTHER SIMILARITY. He—As near as I can get at it, the general idea of heaven seems to be a place where it is always summer. She—Yes, and the proportion of men to women will be about as it is at most of the summer resorts. Am I right?

There is a joke in your paper this week that I heard at a variety show two seasons ago," said the disagreeable man. "What if there is?" said the publisher of the religious weekly. "Our subscribers never go to variety shows." THE WAY SHE TOOK IT. Mrs. Lovey (proudly)—Yes, Mr. Lovey and I have been married for twenty-five years. And we have yet to make up our first real quarrel. Miss Bert—Isn't that rather a long time to sulky?

"Pa," said little Johnny, "what's a matrimonial bureau?" "O," replied pa, "I guess it must be one in which the husband is allowed to put things only in one corner of the top drawer." THE BICYCLE'S RETORT. "You may talk about your superiority all you please," said the horse to the bicycle, "but you can't go unless somebody rides you." "True!" retorted the machine, "but you never got the girls to wearing bloomers nor did you originate the New Woman. I did all that."

Little Johnnie Chaffie has the habit of waking up every night and demanding something to eat. At last his mother said to him: "Look here, Johnnie, I never want you to eat anything in the night." "Well, I don't think I'd care much to eat anything either in the night if I kept my teeth in a mug of water." ONE ON JENNIE. Fannie—"Where is your wheel?" Jennie—"I loaned it to Dudely Cane-sucker."

Fannie—"Oh, yes. Dudely did write me to go out with him this afternoon for a spin; I musn't keep him waiting." HIS LOCATION. Able Editor (Hawville Clarion)—Did the jury find the prisoner guilty or not guilty? Texas Ike—Neither. "How was that—a hung jury?" "None a hung prisoner. When they got through deliberatin' they found him hanged by the neck from the windmill back of the jail. We'd got tired waitin' for 'em to get a focus."

Torker Long (a bore)—I tell you, fellows, that tooth was a terror! The dentist says to me, he says: 'Now, Mr. Long, you've got lots of nerve, and can stand pain as well as the next one, but you have to inhale gas for this tooth!' And I took the gas! Yes, sir, after considerable thought, I decided to take the gas, and— An Auditor—Yes, of! man, and now you're getting rid of it, aren't you?

"Well, I can do the peddle, I do so no one will ever guess it." "You won't do. I don't want fake. I want a genuine, living man, not an imitation." "Nobody'll know the difference." "I don't want him for exhibitor, want him for cashier."

Two Clever Birds That Warbled. An Italian by the name of B. who lives in Savannah, Ga., has two parrots who sing in duet all the songs of the day. Rassoni raised the birds, and early to teach them to speak in and English. No thought was given to their musical education; they began later to develop facility to sing. Then Rassoni, musician of local note, began to teach them short and simple songs. They were apt and learned rapidly. In time, they caught the popular tunes that were sung and whistled by gamins, who never passed the without stopping and singing parrots.

It was not long before the birds could carry an air with perfect time and with distinctness, both began to sing together, as they sing in duet with the first artists. The birds are male—Henry and Polly. Henry's voice between a mezzo-soprano and pretty high range. Polly's voice is a well developed soprano of pretty high range. Both are strong and sweet, and possess volume and sweetness all their accomplishments, Henry and Polly are like all parrots, they will never sing or talk unless they are most anxious to hear the music, but for this reason, nature Rassoni would have made a fortune with them.

The writer sat in the lobby of the Pulaski House in Savannah at the parrots sing the famous "Say Au Revoir, but Not Good-bye" heard. All endeavored to imitate the music. Finally one asked clerk who were the singers. They were parrots and perched on the closed glass door of a cigar store adjoining the lobby. They gathered about the door in great numbers, but the birds stopped. We left the door and they resumed their song and sang it through fully and in perfect time and Polly took the high notes with admirable ease. Then they sang "Murphy's Home." "Fifteen Dollars My Inside Pocket." "Swallow and popular ditties of the day. He was in the store at the time of the concert and gave a concert as remarkable as it was enjoyable.

Between the songs they warbled in Italian and English. The parrots sometimes hold conversation with Rassoni, but are strangers. Fortunes From the Sea. One of the most extraordinary instances of a fortune found in the wreck of the treasure ship Alfonso XII, was sunk off Point Gault, Grand Malabar off Galle. A single diver, David Tetter, by the well-known diving outfit of E. Heineke & Company, recovered \$100,000. The depth from which the treasure was recovered was one and two-thirds fathoms, or 15 feet. One of the most difficult divers ever performed by a diver was covering of the treasure ship Malabar off Galle. On this the large iron plates, half thick, had to be cut away by work through nine feet of the whole of the specie on board vessel—upward of \$1,500,000 saved, as much as \$80,000 he got out in one day.

It is an interesting fact that time to time expeditions have been sent out and companies for the sole intention of searching for treasure beneath the sea. Again and again have expeditions been sent out, but with no certainty of recovering tons sunk off the Brazilian coast, undisturbed in the mud of the Plata. It is, however, an occurrence for divers to be sent to the Great Portland street for pearls; and, likewise, to the world—or, rather, to a part of the ocean—where snappers are to be entered and their value goes recovered. At the end of 1885, the late Indus, belonging to the P. & O. company, sank off Trincomalee, and a very valuable cargo was lost. This was another fortune found in the sea. A large amount of treasure was recovered. London Mail.

On Egyptian monuments thousands of years old there are depictions of persons playing resembling checkers.

Good Hood's Sarsaparilla

What gives strong nerves, vigor, vitality and good health come by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the favorite family cathartic.

Contains Mercury. It will surely destroy the source of disease through the mucous surfaces. It should never be used except on the advice of a reputable physician, as the medicine will do its best work on the system. Hood's Sarsaparilla is made in Toledo, Ohio, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, and is made in Toledo, Ohio.

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