

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.

"Sweet! Sweet!" All the birds are singing; "Sweet! Sweet!" The blossom-bells are ringing;

Stay a little, golden curls—brightening eyes of blue; The violets are listening for the lovely steps of you;

"Sweet! Sweet!" All the birds are singing; "Sweet! Sweet!" The blossom-bells are ringing;

A MIRACULOUS CURE.

Doctor Guichemerre 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.

Guichemerre 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;

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.

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 Guichemerre's grandson, and had become such a favorite with the doctor that the old man had treated him almost like a grandchild.

For three days Guichemerre 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.

Guichemerre 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 Prévillle 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 Guichemerre returned to Saint Leon on 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 missus. You've been

very good to little Bob, and we should not have gone to Doctor Prévillle. I don't know why we did go, I'm sure. But, doctor, poor Bob's worse" (sob) "and Doctor Prévillle 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 ben 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 Prévillle would take it as a slight and so on; but the sorrowing father had an answer for all. Doctor Prévillle knew that he was going to call Doctor Guichemerre; 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 Guichemerre, 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? Guichemerre 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, Guichemerre, 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 Prévillle no longer attended Bob and that Doctor Guichemerre was curing him—so the rumor ran—operated in favor of the latter. It was a terribly anxious time for Guichemerre. 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 Guichemerre 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, the first real sign of life since he had first attended the child. The doctor started as an idea flashed across his mind.

"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 Guichemerre. "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; Guichemerre 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 inquirer 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 Guichemerre 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.

"He'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 Guichemerre 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.

Guichemerre 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 Guichemerre," 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 Guichemerre 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. Prévillle, is seeking a new field wherein to attempt to get up a profitable practice.—From the French, in New York Weekly.

Chicago's Bridges.

Few people realize that Chicago today possesses more bridges in number than any other city in America. Collectively they constitute a greater total length in miles than any other system. The extent of a single span of one of the swing bridges is greater than that of any other bridge. Modern bridge construction is embodied in and illustrated with a greater variety of perfected mechanical devices in Chicago than is the case in any other city in the world.

Standing out like monuments erected to engineering skill, to a people's enterprise, and to mechanical perfection, these bridges present a greater variety of admirable features, and are evidences of better workmanship, than can be found in the best of all the cities in either the old or the new world.

Chicago has sixty-eight bridges spanning the river and its branches at every point where commerce and traffic demand a passageway. There are thirty-eight systems of viaducts, which bespeak as many safeguards for the people against the dangers of railroad transportation. Represented among these sixty-eight bridges is to be found every description of swing or draw bridge which the world possesses to-day that is of practical value. They constitute within a radius of a few miles a congeries of mechanical devices which captivate the spectator by their perfection and diversity of arrangements.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A French Miser Con.

A remarkable individual named a London paper. One of the qualifications. 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.

FOUND—FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

And How the Girl in Pink Shirt Waist Would Have Spent It.

"Look what I have found!" cried the girl in the pink shirt waist, "a glove with a 5-bill tucked in one finger and a ten in another!"

"My goodness," said the girl in the linen suit, "I always thought that such a safe way to carry money."

"Why, so did I," said the girl in the lace cape, "I often—"

"And I," said the girl in the linen suit, "it always seemed safer than a pocketbook, because everyone knows that is to carry money in, while nobody—"

"What are you going to do with it?" "What are you going to do with the money?" asked the girl in the lace cap.

"I don't know," said the girl in the pink shirt waist; "I suppose somebody will claim it, or I shall see an advertisement in the morning paper to—"

"I shouldn't look at the advertisement at all," said the girl in the linen suit, "though, of course, if you just happen to hear of anyone who lost—"

"Oh, I shall," said the girl in the pink shirt waist, "I never did have any such luck."

"You could buy some awfully nice things with \$15," said the girl in the lace cape. "Goodness me, how hungry I am, and I've only my car fare left."

"So am I," said the girl in the linen suit, "and I've nothing but a punctured quarter. Oh, Effie do look at those lovely organdies! If I had \$15, I—"

"But you know it really doesn't belong to me yet; somebody might—"

"I just don't believe they will," said the girl in the lace cape. "Anyhow, people who are so careless deserve to lose their money. Oh, Effie, I know a place where they have the loveliest leas—if I had any money left I'd treat you both, but—"

"Well, after all, I doubt if I ever find out who lost it."

"Of course you won't," said the girl in the linen suit. "If you advertise somebody might get it; then you'd just be encouraging vice."

"Why, so I would," said the girl in the pink shirt waist, "I suppose the money really belongs to me. How far is it to the place where they keep those leas?"

"Oh just a little way. Dear me, Effie, how well you look in that new hat!"

"Doesn't she? Oh, Effie, I heard somebody pay you a lovely compliment the other day, but I'm too faint to tell it now."

"Let us go and get some leas," said the girl in the pink shirt waist; "we can have a nice long talk over them. I'll get the organdies when I come back."

"How nice," said the girl in the lace cape. "Look, girls, here comes Enid; how pale she is, too. Do you suppose Dick has—"

"Oh, Enid," said the girl in the pink shirt waist, "do join us. We are going for some leas, and—"

"Oh, girls, I can't, I'm nearly wild; I've just lost \$15. It was in a tangle-colored glove; \$5 in one and \$10—why Effie, you dear thing, you have it in your hand! Where did you find it?"

"Over yonder by the lace counter," said the girl in the pink shirt waist, faintly. "I was just wondering how to find the owner."

"Yes," said the girl in the lace cape, "we were just consulting as to the best plan—"

"You really should be more careful," said the girl in the linen suit. "Suppose some dishonest persons had—"

"I know it. I shall be more careful in future. Now, Effie, I should be glad to accept your invitation. An ice would—"

"I—I think I must go home now," said the girl in the pink shirt waist. "I—that is, I am not feeling very well. Can anybody lend me a nickel for car fare?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Fortunes From the Sea.

One of the most extraordinary instances of a fortune found in the sea concerned the wreck of the Spanish treasure ship Alfonso XII, which was sunk off Point Gando, Grand Canary. A single diver, David Tester, employed by the well-known diving experts, C. E. Heinke & Company, recovered Spanish gold coin of the estimated value of \$100,000. The depth from which this specie was recovered was twenty-six and two-thirds fathoms, or 160 feet.

One of the most difficult operations ever performed by a diver was the recovering of the treasure sunk in the Malabar off Galle. On this occasion the large iron plates, half an inch thick, had to be cut away from the mailroom, and then the diver had to work through nine feet of sand. The whole of the specie on board of this vessel—upward of \$1,500,000—was saved, as much as \$80,000 having been got out in one day.

It is an interesting fact that from time to time expeditions have been fitted out and companies formed with the sole intention of searching for buried treasure beneath the sea. Again and again have expeditions left New York and San Francisco in the certainty of recovering tons of bullion sunk off the Brazilian coast, or lying undisturbed in the mud of the Rio de la Plata. It is, however, an everyday occurrence for divers to be sent from the Great Portland street establishment to the Australian coasts to fish for pearls; and, likewise, to all parts of the world—or, rather, to all parts of the ocean—where sunken vessels are to be entered and their valuable cargoes recovered.

At the end of 1885 the large steamer Indus, belonging to the P. and O. Company, sank off Trincomalee, having on board a very valuable East Indian cargo, together with a large amount of specie. This was another case of a fortune found in the sea, for a very large amount of treasure was recovered.—London Mail.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Mrs. Langtry has had her bicycle enamelled in turquoise and lawn, her racing colors.

The rumor is again revived in London that the elder brother of the Earl of Aberdeen has been seen in America.

The Dowager Empress of Germany draws \$400,000 a year from the British treasury every year as a British princess.

The Master of the Rolls (Lord Esher) has completed his 81st year. Lord Esher is the oldest judge on the bench in England.

Ferdinand Herder, for some time librarian of the Petersburg Botanical Garden and the last male descendant of the poet Herder, died recently in Bavaria.

Countess Grey and Lady Victoria have joined Earl Grey at Bulawayo. They were accompanied in their journey thither by Captain Holford, Lady Grey's brother.

For a good many years Buskin received over £5,000 annually in royalties. Strange as it may seem none of Buskin's books has ever been translated into a foreign language.

The King of Greece delights in taking recreation in the fields. He can plow, cut and bind corn, milk cows, and, in short, could at a pinch keep a farm going single-handed.

The Empress Eugenie, who is staying at Cowes on board the steam yacht Thistle (the late Duke of Hamilton's vessel), will spend September in Scotland, and the Queen has placed Aberdeenshire Castle at her disposal.

Dr. W. Greece, in a recent cricket match between Gloucestershire and Sussex, made 301 runs, the largest score of the year, and the third three hundred that he has made in first-class matches in his long cricketing career.

A man named Pattison, who recently died in Queensland, Australia, began life as a butcher, struck gold, became very wealthy, went into politics, became Postmaster-General, lost all his money, became a butcher again and died in straitened circumstances.

William A. Clark, who is known as the Silver King of Montana, and who is reputed to be worth \$20,000,000, is about to erect a mausoleum in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York, in memory of his wife, who died about two years ago. The memorial is to cost about \$100,000.

COAL FROM CHINA.

It is Proposed to Compete with the Mines of This Country and Wales.

China has thrown the gauntlet to the coal miners of the United States.

The American bark Colorado, which has just arrived in San Francisco, brought a mixed sample cargo of anthracite and manufactured coal, mined and made in the Tonquin district. It was consigned to a coal-dealing firm which promises to push the Chinese fuel on the coast market at prices greatly below those which Pennsylvania and Welsh coals of the same character are now bringing. Examining experts have pronounced the Tonquin coal beds almost inexhaustible.

Tonquin, since the Tonquin war, has been under the control of the French, and it is French capital that is now developing the mines, but the land is populated by Chinese, as before, and cheap Chinese labor is employed in the mines. The coal from the Orient is said to be of the finest quality—fully equal to the best Pennsylvania or Welsh coal.

CONGRESSIONAL NOMINEES.

In Alabama, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Other States.

Democratic congressional conventions in Alabama have made the following nominations: Second district, J. D. Stallings; sixth district, J. Bankhead; ninth district, H. W. Underwood.

ELMER, N. Y.—The republicans of the twenty-ninth district have renominated Charles W. Gillett for Congress.

SAGINAW, Mich.—Eighth district democrats nominated Ferdinand Bruckner for Congress.

CELINA, Ohio.—Rev. J. P. McLean has been nominated for Congress by the republicans of the fourth district.

DANVILLE, Pa.—M. H. Kulp was renominated for Congress by the republicans of the seventeenth district.

WORK AND WORKERS.

In Reading, Pa., the Blandon Rolling Mill, employing 125 men, has suspended operations owing to dull trade. This is the second large mill to close down in a week.

John S. Poyen & Co., carriage findings, established at Merrimac, Mass., nearly a half century ago, made an assignment to R. E. Briggs. The liabilities are about \$100,000.

Oliver Bros.' Tenth-street rolling mill, Pittsburg, Pa., closed down indefinitely, throwing several hundred men out of employment. The road mill closed down last week.

A district convention of the miners of the Pittsburg district is to be called at an early date to consider stringent methods of holding the operators to the 70-cent agreement until October 1.

The old Forbes and Hammer paper mills, located at Burnside, Conn., and operated by Ferguson & Harding, of Holyoke, Mass., was forced into insolvency. The liabilities are said to be about \$30,000.

Judge Fryor has appointed Spencer Trask and Miles M. O'Brien temporary receivers of the Murray Hill (New York) Bank, pending a voluntary dissolution of the institution. The receivers are required to file a bond of \$100,000.

The state bank examiner has taken charge of the Manufacturers' Bank of West Duluth, and C. E. Benson has been appointed receiver. The failure was attributed to the bank's inability to quickly realize on its assets. Deposits amount to \$40,000.

James G. Knowles, proprietor of the Big Knowles Woolen Mills, of Newcastle, Del., confessed judgment for \$50,000. Mr. Knowles says: "My failure is due absolutely and exclusively to these hard times, and particularly this free-silver fanaticism."

The best furnace men at the Riverside Iron Works in Wheeling, West Virginia, were notified of a 30 per cent. reduction in their wages. They refused to accept the reduction and quit work, and the plant was shut down. The whole mill, employing 300 men, is now idle.

MET DEATH ON THE GALLOWS.

Oroz Hanged in Pittsburg for the Murder of His Sweetheart.

Joseph Oroz was hanged in the county jail-yard at Pittsburg, Pa., Tuesday. Death was due to strangulation. The murderer met his doom bravely, and walked to the gallows without flinching.

The crime for which Joseph Oroz was hanged was the murder of his sweetheart, Teresa Bobak, who had rejected him after promising to be his wife. The killing took place on January 8 last in a Greenfield boarding-house.

Oroz, who was intoxicated, called on the young woman and asked her if she still refused to marry him. Upon her answering that she had not changed her mind, he drew a revolver and shot her dead. He then shot himself in the left breast, but the wound was not serious.

He was convicted on February 18, and sentenced to be hanged on June 30, but was afterward respited. After the signing of his death warrant he became reconciled to his doom, and said he preferred death on the gallows rather than a commutation of sentence to life imprisonment, or even a term of 20 years.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

The town of Tigonish, Prince Edward's Island, is reported to have been almost totally destroyed by fire.

One man was killed and three injured by the collapse of a building at 147th street and Amsterdam avenue, N. Y.

Spreading rails wrecked a Chicago and Northwestern Railroad passenger train at North Evansville, Ill., injuring four persons.

Herbert Dowell, aged 19, and Miss Jessie Fisher, aged 17, were drowned at Natick, Mass., by the upsetting of a boat.

By the explosion of the boiler of a thrashing machine, at Santaeo Centre, Mich., Geo. Casterlon, Datus Lossing were killed.

The British steamer Lindtgow, from San Francisco for Leith, with a cargo of barley is adrift off Acapulco, Mex., with a broken shaft.

The powder mill near East Alton, Ill., exploded and three men were killed instantly. Their names are Henry Regas, Henry Rogers and Thomas Ketter, all employes.

Sergeant Ivy Baldwin, attached to the Signal Service of the Department of Colorado, fell from his balloon while making an ascent and will probably die of his injuries.

A break in the main line pipe of the Lafayette Natural Gas Company near Michigan-town, Ind., caused an explosion, which killed Robert Hanna and seriously injured two other men.

By the burning of the Commercial Hotel, at Vankleek Hill, Ont., five persons met death. The victims are Mary Louise Yon-dean, Christy Villeneuve, Josephine Deschamps, Mrs. T. Filina and Miss K. McLeod. The property loss is about \$10,000.

MARKETS.

Table with columns for GRAIN ETC., BALTIMORE, and various commodity prices like FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, etc.

CANNED GOODS.

Table with columns for TOMATOES, PEAS, BEANS, etc., and their prices.

HIDES.

Table with columns for CITY STEERS, POTATOES, etc., and their prices.

POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.

Table with columns for POTATOES, ONIONS, etc., and their prices.

PROVISIONS.

Table with columns for HOGS, BUTTER, etc., and their prices.

CHEESE.

Table with columns for CHEESE, EGGS, etc., and their prices.

EGGS.

Table with columns for EGGS, LIVE POULTRY, etc., and their prices.

LIVE POULTRY.

Table with columns for CHICKENS, DUCKS, etc., and their prices.

TOBACCO.

Table with columns for TOBACCO, LIVE STOCK, etc., and their prices.

LIVE STOCK.

Table with columns for BEEF, SHEEP, HOGS, etc., and their prices.

FURS AND SKINS.

Table with columns for MUSKRAT, RACCOON, etc., and their prices.

NEW YORK.

Table with columns for FLOUR, WHEAT, etc., and their prices.

PHILADELPHIA.

Table with columns for FLOUR, WHEAT, etc., and their prices.