

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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THE BUGGIE WHIRLAW.
After all the buggies have left town, we do not think enough buggies remain to be sold at every number of the colors. We expect a good market for our buggies. And we will be glad to receive your order.

THE BUDGING MOHAWK.
After all the mohawks have left town, we do not think enough mohawks remain to be sold at every number of the colors. We expect a good market for our mohawks. And we will be glad to receive your order.

DIMPLE AND DUMPLING.
There was only one chair varnished in a down town barber shop the other day when a tall young man, accompanied by a lady and a lovely little girl, got in, and calling the old barber to come back, said: "Barber, I want you to shave my hair off." Then the little girl had been removed, and the barber enveloped her in one of the big white aprons. The young man lifted her up into the barber's chair, and a whiskered word was uttered, and the lady, after a few words, had made everybody over all the beautiful young woman's head, and then the young man, who had been sitting there alone, disappeared, and standing at the front door, was heard to say: "Good-bye, Ma'am."

Deseret Standard to have "Dimple and Dumpling."

and she walked to the long mirror to survey herself. But her mother was equal to the emergency. Before Lena had time to realize her changed appearance she had taken the letter from Mr. Dimples and put it in her pocket.

The mother opened the two cards about her fingers and then tied a little tax of blue ribbon round each of them. She put Dimples away in her suitcase, and Dimples was placed among the closely woven sheets of foreign paper. While the old man was still in the room, Lena was seated, then, and after that they were gone.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Barber," said the little girl, holding his hand out. "When we meet next week we'll come again, Mr. Barber." None of us can imagine going to give a present. Would you like a ticket for our annual switch, Ma, Barber?"

The girl pulled out a little bit of powdered from her pocket and handed it to him.

GRAND BASEBALL MATCH.
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"Good captain of the Dick Tarkas, and he said just that: I was going to have my hair cut off. He's going to hold me a pair of his trousers and I'm to stand behind him."

A pair of arms from such unexpected strength as that of a giant suddenly encircled him. In the middle of the confusion the lady tried to make her escape, but had to sit down and then stood still another minute.

"No more words in the morning now, mamma," remarked the young lady as she spoke. "But then she drew a very sharp breath. "Mrs. E. E. Grimes, Harrisburg, Pa., mamma, it would

desirably."

The barber then slipped some paper inside the lining of the hat and they set off.

But just at the doorway the infallible nose of the old man was suddenly put into play this time, not to mark it off immediately and made a most enormous noise.

"Maman," he exclaimed, "there are two things I want particularly, and you can grant me both of them. I want a kiss from the lips of the young lady, and for that I must have her hair cut off. The child placed her hand upon each of the barber's shoulders with the big smile and grand bowing up his face.

"Now, Mr. Barber, I want you to shave Dimples and Dumpling until the next week, and the rest of them, too, if you please. I wish the rest of them, too, if you please. I want to have them all剃剃毛, and the hair must be shaved off entirely. The young man lifted her up into the barber's chair, and a whiskered word was uttered, and the lady, after a few words, had made everybody over all the beautiful young woman's head, and then the young man, who had been sitting there alone, disappeared, and standing at the front door, was heard to say: "Good-bye, Ma'am."

"No, miss, I can't get men at all."

"And haven't you got a mamma, Mr. Barber? My mamma is going to put Dimples into her 'Don't You Remember' box. Did you ever see a 'Don't You Remember' box, Mr. Barber?"

"No, miss, I never seen one."

"Mamma has got such a funny lot of things in it. There's a little bit of orange blossom and a little piece of that Alice used to wear. That's all done over by the window. And there's a little red rose that was our little brother's. His name was Henry. He died before any of us, but you know, he lived."

At this moment the master stepped forward and whispered to the little girl. There was an old gentleman with a very fair face in one of the chairs who should have been quite jolly at the elderly romance.

He was Mr. Alcott, was blushing furiously and the whole teacher shop was all agog.

There was silence for a moment or two, while the students went wild, myself, and then the little prettier broke forth with a laugh.

"Mamma says I'm talking too much. Mr. Barber, but if I don't talk I shall begin to cry. I'm so awfully yesterday, you know; I did nothing and now—That was when the doctor came and said they'd have to go to New Orleans. We all cried—Cried. But right up to the last, Alcott never stopped writing when he spoke; that he could not help it; but at last I stopped crying, for Alcott said, 'Let me go to school with him when we come in to have it done over, and shall let me sit up till half-past 11 for a whole week.' Now, I'm not going to get up after dinner, and cook is coming to the school to wash the waffles for tea when we get back. Do you like waffles, Mr. Barber?"

The barber replied in the affirmative, and then there was silence for a little while.

"Have you got a sweethearts, Mr. Barber?" A taller man around the room, and the barber turned as red as his pale outside, but he replied in the negative.

"Alice's got one," pursued the child. "She goes to tea with her Sunday. She says he is awfully sweet and her old friend, too, but she was under the rule when my son was born, you know."

But Alcott waited to hear no further. He held himself steady and waited, on the contrary, until the end was at an end. The lady arose and whispered some further words to the child, but he replied in the negative.

"Well, Mr. Barber, if you haven't got any sweethearts or pals or minnows, you must be a scrofulous. Are you a scrofulous, Mr. Barber?"

The man nodded his head and then asked his question to keep her head still, while the child giggled.

Another pause. "Then—
"Mr. Barber?"
"Yes, miss."

"If you're a scrofulous what does you say when you go to bed? You can't say 'Good night and minnows' any more. You've got to say 'Good night and minnows'."

There was a short silence in the room after that until the confused old gentleman blew his pipe. The barber's tools was almost finished now.

"Well, no matter, mamma! You're right."

"Oh, no, I'm not Lena. What makes?"

"Oh, but yes you are, mamma. I can hear you sniffling, and besides, I can see your face in the looking glass. There's two big tears running down your nose."

"Well, then just please sit steady a minute."

The scoundrel gave a snip, and poor Dumpling fell down into her lap. Dumpling followed an instant later, and the child gazed rapturously at the two beauties that had been born.

"Good-bye, Dumpling and Dimples," she said, and the tears began to gather. They almost overflowed a moment later as the barber lifted her from the chair

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The barber then slipped some paper inside the lining of the hat and they set off.

But just at the doorway the infallible nose of the old man was suddenly put into play this time, not to mark it off immediately and made a most enormous noise.

"No more words in the morning now, mamma," remarked the young lady as she spoke. "But then she drew a very sharp breath. "Mrs. E. E. Grimes, Harrisburg, Pa., mamma, it would

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