WINNSBORO, S. C., JUNE 19, 1880.

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

TRI-WEEKLY EDITION.

I know that the world, that the great big world. From the peasant up to the king. Has a different tale from the tale I tell, And a different song to sing.

But for me-and I care not a single fig If they say I am wrong or am right-I shall always go in for the weaker dog,

For the under dog in the fight. I know that the world, that the great big

world, Will never a moment stop

To see which dog may be in the fault, But will shout for the dog on top. But for me, I shall never pause to ask

Which dog may be in the right; For my heart will beat, while it beate at all For the under dog in the fight.

The Mystery of Garrick Hall.

"It was just such a night as this, Robert," said Aunt Edith, to my papa, with a little shiver. "Exactly," papa replied, thoughtfully,

"and the same time of year, too." "Suppose you tell the children all about it," mamma said quietly; "they look as if they wanted to know very much."

"Well, since it is perhaps time they knew, I will tell you how Aunt Edith saved my life," continued papa, turning to Edgar the eldest of us, "long ago, long before you were born, my boy."

"Aunt Edith and I were only brother and sister; ever so much greater cronies than you and Edgar are, Jessie, not only because we had each other to love, but because we had to make common cause against an enemy, Jeffrey Lawson, our step-mother's son by previous marriage. We lost our own dear mother when we were babies. Jeff was ten years older than I was; and after our father's death which happened when I was eight and Edith six, we would have had a poor time of it but for Dame Turtle, our dear old nurse. She looked after our interests, and fought a'l our battles valiantly whether we were in the right or wrong. Our step-mother was so wrapped up in Jeff that she bestowed little trouble upon us. I, especially, was no favorite, for she got the silly idea into her head that I stood between Jeff and the property of Garrick. He was a fine, handso ne fellow, as I remember when I was 15, and he twenty-five; strong and daring. haughty in disposition and hasty in temper. I could see even then he bitterly resented for all our servants had grown old with us. and were staunch and loyal to us children

"Our mother-we called he so, though she was 'little more than kin, and less than kind'-resented it too, and looked forward with very bitter feelings to the time when I would be 21; for then according to our father's will she was to leave Garrick Hall, the homestead, and reside in a little cottage he owned in Wales.

"It would be a different position for her as she had but a small jointure-all her mained silent about the appearance of the own fortune had been spent on Jeffrey- man who attempted my life, and I refrained and by some mexplicable chain of woman's from questioning her. At best there could reasoning, she blamed me for what she was be but a conjecture—the room was dark, pleased to call her unmerited misfortunes. the man disguised and your aunt frigh'e i-Each year that passed made matters worse ed. The knife which lay upon my bed apbetween us. As I grew older many things pealed with terrible force to us both. It in the management of the property struck was my pruning knife, and that very afme as unjust. The best of the timber was being cut down and the house allowed to Lawson. Whether the knife had been fall into a state bordering on rum, because poisoned, or whether your aunt's wound my mother would not spend money on repairs which I alone was to enjoy the benefit I do not know, but inflammation set in and of. Our family lawyer was dead. Jeffrey chose his mother's legal adviser, and neither Edith or I knew where to look for advice or assistance. Things remained very much | brave right hand that had saved me so well in this state till I was nearly twenty, when one day Jeff entered my room in a state of wild excitement, and showed me a will that had been discovered in some out-ofthe-way corner. It was dated a few days before my father's death; and except that it bequethed to Jeffrey the sum of £5,080, and the reversion to Garrack if I died without heirs, it was substantially the same as

the one already in existence. "I had my doubt about the validity of the document, but I passed no comment : both the witnesses were dead, and I had not a shadow of proof to advance. Suspiclons in such a case go for nothing, so I held my peace, the more especially as Judson, our old steward, was prepared to swear to my father's signature. So Jeff Lawson had his £5,000.

"On the night of which I am going to tell you, there was a large part of the money in the house. Jeff was going to London the next morning; and he meant to start early; he said good-bye to us over night, and went up to his room first carrying the money with him. Edith and I remained in the dining room a little longer, chatting on different matters, among others Jeff's departure, of a strange restlessness I had observed in his manner of late, of the possible date of his return; and somehow, quite unintentionally, I let fall a hint about my suspicions about the will, and discovered that they corresponded exactly with Edith's. At last, when the fire had burned quite out, and the candles were getting low in their sockets, we went up stairs together. It was a wild November night, and just such angry, impatient gusts of wind and vagrant thunder-ciaps as this. I occupied the west room; your aunt the one adjoining; and Jeff slept in the west room at the other end of the corridor; while his mother had her apartments in the south wing. As I bade Edith good-night, the clock on the stairs struck 12, and she merrily wished me many happy returns of the day, for I had just entered my 20th birthday. In a few

minutes more my light was extinguished, and I was closely wrapped up. In less than half an hour I was sound asleep. Not so Aunt Edith. She was, she told me afterwards, restless and nervous, two most unusual things with her. All efforts to sleep were unavailing, and she gave up the attempt at last, and rising from the bed set down by the fire to read. Twice she fancied she heard footsteps in the corridor, and opened the door to listen. Your aunt was not afraid of the White Lady, our famly ghost, or anybody else, girls. Twice she threw herself on a couch with the intention of resting, since slumber was out of the question; but between the storm and the mysterious sounds through the house, rest was impossible. At length, about 2 o'clock, she fancied she heard some one moving about the room very cautiously; and, nothing doubting but that I was as wakeful and restless as herself, she resolved to come in and speak to me. A sudden gust of wind in the corridor extinguished her candle, and she entered my oom in the dark, save for the faint rays of he moonlight which shone through the carelessly

"As your aunt gently approached my bed, she saw a form advancing on the other side with uplifted hand, in which something white gleamed in the moonlight. Quick as a thought, without a moment's hesitation. her arm was thrown across my neck. The knife of an assassin descended with a terrible force; and glancing off the bone, inflicting a long and jagged gash in her arm. The assassin, who had not seen or heard her approach, instantly fled, leaving his weapon pehind; and I was aroused from my slumbers by Edith's shricks, to find myself bathed in her blood. Binding my silk handkerchief around her arm tightly, to check the bleeding, I sent a servant-for the whole house was aroused by your aunt's That will by which I obtained £5,000 was shricks and the violent ringing of my bell a forgery. But I have come to pay it back for the nearest surgeon, and then proceeded to search for some traces of the murderous intruder. Mechanically I went first to lent. Jeff's room, probably because I was astonished at not having seen his face among the wondering group gathered round my door. It seemed amazing that he should sleep so soundly through such commotion. The trick succeeded, it was too late. Absolute door of the east room (Jeff's) was open, ruin and disgrace stared me in the face, and and so was the window, but the room was I was compelled to fly, like a thief in the empty.

suddenly and mysteriously? Why the escaping by my bedroom window. Conopen window? I was all the more pain- cealing all the money I had, I took passage my being master, and himself as if nobody; fully perplexed, as the most careful exami- for Australia, where, by careful speculation nation failed to disclose any other means of and hard work, I soon realized a consider-exit by which the wound-be-assussin count have escaped. Every door was securely east room was safely fastened. In the flower bed underneath there were tracks of and ashamed of the part I played about the whatever leading to it.

have crept into my countenance, for Edith devined them at once. However, she reternoon Edith had seen me lend it to Jeff had been badly dressed in the first instance, for weeks she was dangerously ill. For days her life was dispaired of, and it was only saved at last at the expense of the from a terrible and sudden death.

"The matter made a sensation, which was something more than a nine days' wonder in our village; but as I kept my suspicions to myself, no one else ventured to express any, and Jeffrey's name was never mixed up in the matter. Indeed it got tradicted it. The object of the attack, simple wants."

"What became of Jeff Lawson, father?"

"From the night he said good-bye to us in this very room, thirty-one years ago, I for the villian as it had already proved the have never heard of him nor from him. He disappeared in the most extraordinary manner. Doubtless he is dead; and as far as he is concerned, I have no hope of the mystery of that awful night ever being cleared up.

"And his mother, papa?" Fred ques-

tioned. "Ah, his poor mother, she broke her heart over his disappearance, my boy. Mothers will do such things over the most worthless sons. Well, Upton, what's the matter?"

"If you please, sir, there's a gentleman wants to see you," said our old butler, closing the door behind him, and looking mysteriously around. "He says his business is urgent, but he won't give his name."

"A strange gentleman, at this hour and on such a night," exclaimed papa, rising. 'He must be some belated traveller. Show him in."

We all looked at each other, and glanced | to forget and forgive." toward the door in eager, nervous curiosity,

hair and beard, entered the room, made a I claim yours. I have done you an infinand proceeded to unbutton an enormous traveling cloak, in which he was enveloped. For a moment or so his eyes wandered round the room, as if in search of some thing, and then he smiled sadly.

"You don't know me, Mr. Neville," quoth the gentleman, after what seemed an ominous silence, drawing more directly into the light of the fire, which blazed cheerlly.

"I have not that pleasure, sir," papa re plied, looking at our visitor more attentively.

"Ah! Yet my picture hung there once," pointing to a vacant space among the por traits on the wall. "My name is Jeffrey

"Jeff!" we all cried in amazement Here was the sequel to the story with a

"You don't seem overjoyed to see me, Robert," Mr. Lawson said, after another puise. Well, perhaps you are not to blame. But you, Edith, after all these long years -might give me your hand."

At that moment his eyes rested on aunt's helpless right arm, and the most terrible awkward, awful silence I ever witnessed ensued.

Mr. Lawson was the first to recover his self-possession. "Forgive me," he said, and there was a tremor in his voice. "I did not know-I am sorrow." Papa remained stern and silent. I really pitied Mr. Lawson, the odds were so fearfully against him. Not a single kind or encouraging glance met his eye as he looked up a little haughtily, and continued addressing us all. "I did you a great wrong once, Mr. Neville. I have travelled many thousand miles to offer what reparation I can. with interest.'

Papa bowed his head but remained si-

"Money was absolutely necessary, then, for I had many pressing engagements to meet-my safety, my liberty was at stake -I was desperate; but though my base night, to escape the consequences of my Where was Jeff? Why had he gone so folly. That night I secretly left the house,

I formed new friends; new habits, a squatbarred, every window except that of the ter life suited me; and so I remained year after year. But I was heartily sorry for, men's feet leading from the window, none will, and resolved one day to try and make it square with you. The gold fever broke These things made me terribly unhappy, out, and the spirit of adventure being strong in me, I resolved to go the diggings. I was singularly successful; but others were not so fortunate. One poor fellow went by the name of 'Down Ted' I heard frequently spoken of as singularly unlucky. One day I was surprised to receive a message from this fellow requesting me to come and see him as he was very ill, and had a very important confession to make. I went at once, and saw at a glance that the man was dying; but imagine my surprise, when, on a closer survey of his features, I recognized him to be Tom Judson, the son of your old steward-good-for-nothing, graceless, vagrant Ted, who got me into many scrapes as I got him out of. With the utmost difficulty, for he was dying, he told me a singular story. On the very night I left Garrick, he tried to rob and murder

"Hearing from his father that I had a large sum of money by me, he resolved to have some of it; and entering the house in the dusk of the evening, he concealed himself behind the corridor window and waited till the house was all quiet; then he entered my room, and after searching in vain circulated that he left Garrick the evening for the money, he seized the knife which of the attempted marder and no one con- lay on the table, and in a fit of drunken rage and disappointment, he resolved to cut which was evidently robbery as well as my throat if I did not give up my purse. nurder, for every drawer and desk in my Advancing to the bed where I lay sound room was thoroughly ransacked, caused asleep, he lifted the knife and made a slash much wonder and discussion. It was pretty at my throat; when to his horror he saw generally know that my allowance as a the While Lady, who 'walks', bending over ninor was scarcely adequate to my few me. Throwing down he knife he fled in terror, and made his escape through a window he found open. In a moment it Jess asked, with a stolen glance at aunt's flashed upon me that your room was mistaken for mine, and my window, which I had left open, proved the means of escape means of escape for me. I hope the timely appearance of the White Lady prevented any serious mischief." "It did to me," papa said sadly; "but

the slash that missed my throat cost my sister her right hand. She was the lady who saved me, Jeffrey. I am better pleased to have the mystery cleared up than I would be to have the right hand back again, if such a thing were possible," aunt said

"The knife Judson saw on the table must have been your pruning knife, Robert, which I asked one of the servants to return to you," continued Mr. Lawson. "Here's Ted's written and signed confessin 1, witnessed by a magistrate. And now let me once more entreat your forgiveness; and, as my mission is accomplished, I will not intrude any longer. I should have remembered that the Nevilles are not a race

"Are the Lawsons, Jeff?" papa cried. as an elderly gentleman, with very white advancing with outstretched hand. "If so, candles.

courteous bow, which embraced everybody, itely greater wrong than you did me. I am very s rr ."

> A bright smile passed over Mr. Lawson's face, altering his whole expression, as he grasped papa's hand; and I am sure there were tears in his eyes as he bent down to kiss Aunt Edith's forehead; and in the smiling silence that followed, as they looked into each other's eyes, all old scores were wiped out, all old scores healed and forgot-

> > Bints for the Engaged.

Ought engagements belong or short? It has often been said that nothing helps so much as being engaged to the girl whom he loves, and for whom he works to prepare a suitable home. The solicitude of David Copperfield's friend, Traddles, to buy bits of furnitureflower pots and such like for the house where he and his bettothed were to it is undeniable that long engagements have their drawbacks, expecially if the young people see much of each other during the period of probation. In this case much of the rythm is taken off the poetry of courtship, and no less gilding off the prospects of marriage. There may be a great deal to say against the policy of wedding in haste, but young people who take each other for better or for worse, in all the illusion of mutual trust and admiration, go through a time of ecstacy unknown to those who marry quite rationally. The honeymoons o: such pall's are haleyon epochs to be remembered all a life long, and if the after periods seem dull and loveless by comparison, yet it is something to have lived, for however brief a time, up to the highest idea of felicity. Besides, there is no little sweetness in having faced the first hardhips of life together. If a young couple have to encounter poverity and if they conquer it side by side, lightening all their labors by sharing them and diminishing their troubles by mutual consolation and encouragement, they forge links which must bind their nearts closer and closer together. I like to see a snug young man stacking up money in a bank against his wedding day, while his future wife looks on complacently at the operation as if to say: "Thomas must carn a good many more dollars before he can furnish a house good enough for me;" but I like still more to see a young husband Bull-Wife, who spreason to hear a smilng woman remark, "We had nothing when we married, but see now how cosy we have made our house." This means that there has been cheerful hard work on the one side, thrift and and again rising up in the morning to preself denial on the other-in fact, union. sent its expanded blossom to the sun. The After all, the yoke of marriage is an same phenomenon is also related by Pliny. apparatus that should sit on two pairs of shoulders; and there is nothing very seemly in seeing a girl wait to wear

her own part of it until it has been nicely padded with quilted satin.

The most delicious and expensive of the things to be found on the confectioners' counters are the crystallized apricots, figs, amber and green limes, pears and green gages, and most of the persons who buy hem select them almost piece by piece, making up their boxes to suit themselves. The fashion of doing this has come up within the last few years, and the confec tioners who first allowed it made large profits and greatly increased a demand for the better class of candies. A customer flits from jar to jar and case to case saying, 'Give me this, and this, and this," she can see nothing clse that she wants, smiles a little when she is told how much the whole weighs, and pays for a pound and a half of candy instead of the pound that she meant to buy. Sherbert candy, made up of three thin, lozenger-shaped layers of sugar, different in colors and flavor, is a favorite with high school girls, and so are the cream walnuts and crystal lized watnuts. Dyspeptics piously avoid the last two things, which are rather less disgestible that melted butter, but they ook so nice with their brown skins peeping through their coats of white sugar, and they are so tempting in the long thick bars into which they are sometimes made, that they please every body. Two other kinds of bar candy, the grated and sliced cocoanut, are much liked and are much sold for children's parties, at which it is desirable to have pretty dishes of confectionery, as well as broken into bits and mixed with other things for boxes. It would be possible to have a varied stock and candies of many prices without going beyond the class of caocolates, which grows larger and larger every year. There are several kinds o plain chocolate lozenges, and next to them in cheapness come the nonpareil chocolates, which are loznenges studded with drops of sugar looking like h meepathic piles for fairles. Cream chocolates may be filled either with vanilla or orange, as one pleases, and some confectioners use rasherry and other fruit flavors. Vanilla cream chocolates have little cherries inside them, making a deligh ful mingling of sour, sweet and bitter, and the almond caramel, which ! comes in little cubes cased in paper, ranks next in excellence. This paper wrapping s an improvement added the last few years for convenience in packing, chocolate be ing any thing but a beautifler to pink or whise candies that lie next to it for any length of time. Almonds are cased both in plain chocolate and in mixture of chocolate and suger that crystallizes upon them, in plain sugar poured upon them in the form of a thin sirup and making the variety known to the trade as rough, and in smooth almonds which are polished by constantly moving the pan in which they are dried.

Curious Flowers There are several plants, especially those

with compound yellow flowers, which nod, and during the whole day turn their Howers toward the sun. Such flowers are designated as "heliotropes," and the movement which they thus exhibit is called their "nutation." This is particularly observa-This is particularly observable in the common sow thistle, and is a well known fact that a great part of the plants in a serene sky expand their flowers, but before rain they shut them up, as the tulip, for instance. The flowers of chickwintergreen droop in the night, lest rain or moisture should injure the fertilizing pollen. One species of wood sorrel shuts up or doubles its leaves before storms and tempests, but in a serene sky expands or unfolds them, so that husbandmen can foretell tempests from it. It is also well known that the sensitive plants and other species of Cassia observe the same rule. flowers of the bindwood, the wood anemone, and the common daisy, even if already open, will shut on the approach The last named flower appears to have derived its name—day's eye—from dwell, was a pretty thing and much to be commended; but, on the other hand, action of light, and the flowers of such its sensitiveness of light. Such phenomena plants being shut at ten or eleven o'clock in the morning tell of clouds and gloom, and so predict rain. Besides affording prognostics, many plants also fold them s dves up at particular hours, with such regularity as to have acquired particular names from this property. Linneus has enumerated forty-six flowers which possess the kind of sensibility. From an arrange-ment of such flowers it has been ingeniously proposed to form a floral timepiece. The lowers of the goat's beard open in the morn ing at the approach of the sun, and regard less of the weather, shut about noon, and hence its common name of "go-to-bed-atnoon." The Star of Bethlehem expands its flowers about elezen, and closes them at three in the afternion. The evening primrose is well known from is remarkable properties of regularly shutting with a loud popping noise about sunrise and opening at sunset. After six o'clock, these flowers regularly report the approach of night The flowers of the garden lettuce open at seven o'clock and shut at ten. That light is the chief agent of these changes seems to be proved by the experiments of De Candolle, made at the Jardin des Plantes, in an underground cellar, illuminated by lamps giving a light equal to fifty-four ordinary wax candles. By lighting these he could cause the flowers of the Star of Bethlehem to open at pleasure, and also those of the camomile, which keeps its flowers closely shut during the night; but he could produce no artificial effect with the strongest light upon several species of wood sorral, whose flowers and leaves are both folded up at night. With the sensitive plant he succeeded in so completely changng the hour of closure that on the third day from being placed in the lighted cellar it began to fold its leaves in the morning melonan, then in the evening ... One of the on plants is that of the Lotus of the Euphrates, as described by Theophrastus, and which he represents as rearing and expanding its blossom by day, closing and sinking beneath the surface of the water by night,

Too Many Fares.

so as to be beyond the grasp of the hand.

A few days ago a stranger was moving down Third Street, Louisville. He was in a crooked condition. It was not the length of the street, but the width that bothered him so much. In one hand he carried a hat box and umbrella, and in the other a gripsack: while under each arm were stuffed several domestic-looking bundles. He

was evidently making for the boat. On reaching the wharf he stepped aboard and proceeded immediately to the cabin. Tumbling into a chair, with his baggage scattered around his feet, he was oblivious to all that was passing, and remained so till he was aroused by the Captain, who shook him persistently and yelled the word "ticket." Our stranger indicated that he had no ticket.

"Fare, then," demanded the Captain. "How muzh?"

He was told, and he handed his loose change to the Captain, who took the proper amount. He was soon snoring again. Half an hour passed, and the Captain again made his appearance.

"Fare!" "How muzh."

The amount as stated before; the strauger ponied up and again fell asleep. This thing was gone over four times, and when the Captain for the fifth time aroused the sleeper, he had sobered up a little, and was evidently as mad as a hornet. Looking laggers at the indefatigable collector he muttered: "Look a 'ere, why don't you e'leet all

your fare at once? What you come 'sturb-ing a man in this way for? How much to

"Cincinnati!" yelled the Captain. "This here hain't no Cincinnati steamer. This is the ferryboat.' The last seen of our traveling friend he

vas standing on the wharf with his baggage n his hand and a cartload of levee mud on his boots.

About the Teeth Enough has been spoken and written at arious times upon the abuses of civilized ife, and especially of refined society, to induce us to confess that the constitution of man has deteriorated, and that the teeth have shared in the degeneration of organism. One of the most conclusive proofs of this is found in the fact that scientific travelers visiting various nations in different parts of the globe have reported that those people who breathe a pure atmosphere, who drink pure water and eat unaculterated food, who take healthful exercise and sufficient rest, who dress in a manner that favors free respiration and free movement of the body, are wonderfully free from those diseases that are so common among people of more civilized nations, and possess teeth that are seldom, during a ong life, attacked by any disease. It is a reasonable assertion, then, that if we would endeavor to imitate the healthful manner of living of these nations—which In the last variety the nut is not burned; we could do very nearly and still retain all in the others it is. The name of jelly our claims to civilization-if we would eat chocolates sounds imposing, but the things bread made of unbolted flour, and other themselves are rather disappointing and things containing a liberal amount of seem rather tame after chocolate creams. phosphates, we could make a decided imbut they are liked by the admirers of soft pression for the better upon the teeth of the coming generation.

Dimple Culture.

A handsome woman, elegantly dressed, entered a Broadway car, New York, recently, a reporter was riding and mediately but unconsciously diverted the attention of a dapper little man who sat next the reporter and who had been staring out of countenance all the other ladies in the car. The little man, who looked like and ere this is published in the reporter and who had been staring out of countenance all the other ladies in the car. The little man, who looked like Indians, and that he needn't mind about attention of a dapper little man who sat and ere this is published Mr. Reid has re the car. The little man, who looked like something between a hairdresser and a middle-aged beau, drew a note book from his pocket, and after making a slight sketch of the face of the lady who had just entered the car, satu to the reporter : "Fine woman,

The reporter could not but agree with

"What do you think is her special charm?" asked the little man.

The reporter thought it might be a sort of "I don't know whatness," a combination of chic and dignity, her graceful bearing,

her good clothes. "I was speaking of her face, purely and simply," interrupted the little man. Do you notice how completely her face is in epose?"

The reporter answered that he thought the lady looked as if she didn't take much interest in any of the other women in the car.

"Now I will make her smile," continued the dapper man, and rising, he turned his back to the occupants of the car and blew his nose violently. This grotesque exhibition of politeness caused the "fine woman to smile. The dimples chased each other over her cheeks and then slowly disappeared. The little man resumed his seat in time to catch a glimpse of the fleeting dimples. "What do you think now?" he asked.

The reporter thought the lady was very pretty when she smiled, and that her face vas as dimpled as that of a baby or a Wateau sheperdess.

"Those dimples are her particular charm, said the little man. "She is haudsome with out them, beautiful with them. In five years from to-day—perhaps before that vhen my method becomes known, New York City will be filled with women who having been plain become pretty, having this to be bluffed by anybody,19 you've been pretty become handsome, having been

handsome become beautiful. "Oh, then, you are a sort of a"—began the reporter. The little man handed him a card. It bore simply the words, "Professor A. Verrom, No. 12 Daffodil Place. "That is my name and address," said he By profession 1 am a surgeon, graduate of the School of Medicine, Paris. I am a specialist, however, like many of the emin nt—I would say like many physicians and surgeons of the present time, and my specialty is to place dimples in the faces of those to whom Nature has denied this charm. Now some women can get up a six-inch smile without doing anything further than put their mouths in a parenthesis. and others laugh as if they had dimples in their upper gums; but those delicate, expressive little hollows that you see in the cheeks are called up by the slightest move-

more assessed advenued the soil of the party The reporter suggested that he already oles; and he would be obliged to the Proessor if he would tell him what a dimple

"Well, sir," said Prof. Verroni, "a dimple—a natural dimple that is—is simply a there was in Yuldies would will him. slight hollow between two muscles or over That night host also discovered the cook, cle and the skin is more firmly attached to the subjacent tissues at this point than at other points. Hence when the muscles contract as in the act of smiling, the skin is drawn down into the hollow

forming a dimple, that beautiful—' "Yes," said the reporter, "but how do

you make them?" "I make a puncture in the skin at the point where the dimple is required," swered the Professor, "a puncture that can not be noticed when it is healed, and with very delicate instrument I remove a small portion of the muscle. Then I excite a slight inflammation which attaches the skin to the subcutancous hollow I have formed. In a few days the wound---if wound it can be called-has healed and a charming dimple is the result."

The reporter suggested that there ought to be a good deal of money in the new operation.

"There is," said the Professor, "Women will be made lovely and I will be made "How many times have you performed

this operation?" asked the reporter. "Many times in France," answered the Professor: "never yet in Americal Tol morrow 1 begin operations on several actresses who wish dimples on their faces, shoulders, arms and-yes, shoulders and arms.

"You speak English very well for a Frenchman, Professor," said the reporter. "Maybe you think I ain't a Frenchman, said the Professor savagely. "Oh, not at all," said the reporter in non-committal way; "here's my street.

Professor. Good day."

Our Special Domestic Department.

Indian Pudding; Wash a little Indian; stuff with meat, butter and eggs. Add a little wine-though the Indian generally clared it the best. prefers rum. Bake over a slow fire.

Ginger Snaps: Take some ginger. Stir in a piece of borrowed butter, a. d the same quantity of molasses and sugar. Mix with | in gold." lour. Bake until it snaps. To Sweeten Pickles: Sprinkle sugar over

couple of old maids.

Sauce for Pudding: Make your pudding so that it will not be fit to cat. Your husband will furnish the sauce. Don't let it Boston Bread; Take some beans; a

quantity of flour; some more beans; some end comes." salt; a few beans. Bake in a stove or an oven. (If puns were permissible in this department, we might throw a shadow of gloon over the reader by remarking that the people who take most kindly to the "Sorra a na" penny; but he is a good lad for beans are Boston Bred.)

few soup. Put the onions in the soup ; or the soup in the onions; it is immaterial fore him." which. Cook them. If too thick, make t thinner: if too thin, make it thicker.

slaps your face; then slap-jack's. Johnny Cake: Take a quart of butter and a half pound of milk; mix. Place in

one stummy cake. peaches; set them on the dining-room ta- priest and have it already." ble. When Charley returns home from

The Dear Lambo 1 18

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One of the little lambs picked up in the streets of New York by Whitelaw Reld im- and sent West to find a home was adopted by a Detroit family about two months ago, sending on another to take his place.

This New York lamb was thirteen years old. He said so at the depot on his arrival, and half an hour later he resterated the Blatement at the house, and added: "And if you don't believe it then call

me a liarl That's the sort of spring-gun I am, and don't you forget it!"
"They didn't forget it. He ate with his

fingers, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and gave the family to understand before supper was over that he didn't come West to have his hair combed or his face washed as regular business. On his first evening he slipped out, had three fights and stole a dog, and when hunted up he was about to take his beer in a saloon.

The family expected to wrestle with the boy for awhile, and they didn't sit down on him until it became a painful necessity. During his first week he stole three dollars n money, a gold chain, a revolver and a pair of ear-rings, and he got drunk twice. When reasoned with and asked to do better he took a fresh chew of plug tabacco and

"Oh! you Michigan folks are too soft! If a feller can't have a good time what's the use of being an orphan?"

On Monday of the second week he sold the family dog to a stranger for a quarter, threw the saw and the ax into the alley, and when locked up in a closet fore a Sunday coat to pieces. It was thought best to have a policeman to talk to him, and one was called in. He put on his fiercest look, and lectured the lamb for fifteen minutes, but as soon as he stepped for preath the young sinner replied.

"Now see here, old buttons, von are wasting time! I know my little gate, I do, and if you think I've come to a village like missed your train!

He was taken to Sunday school by the hand. He hadn't been there half an' hour when he was taken out by the collar. He seemed anxious to punch the head of every good little boy within half a mile of him and he told the teacher of his class that when she could stuff Moses in the bulfrushes down him it would be after she had bleached out her freckles. They gave him a Sunday school book to fit his case, but he fitted it to a crack in the sidewalk on his way home.

When moral suasion had no effect on the wicked youth his guardian tried the rod. He was bigger than the boy, and he walloped him, but within three hours two of the nuts were taken off his buggy and thrown away. There was a second seance in the woodshed, and before dark a window

glass worth eight dollars was broken. That orphan was faithfully and dily and ed and liattered. He was licked and reasonknew all about the poetical aspects of dim- ed with. Ambition, gratitude, fear and avarice, were alike appealed to in turn, but as he was the first day so, he was the last. A few days ago he was told that he would be sent to the Reform School at Lansing if the sideboard, and departed from the house, leaving on his bed a note freading as follows: "I specify the parties of the feet of the feet

"This town an no pluss the a W. York or fun. I'm going out out thed planes to fite lojuns, It will be gushless to foller me, fur I can't be took Alive

While the landlady was at work in New York, recently, two old men strolled in for refreshment. One of them was evidently a small farmer. He wore his hat down over his eyes, and appeared occupied by a matter of some weight. Talking to him earnestly and in a low tone, his companion, an old fellow with a shabby hat, shiny breeches, and much worn shoes, looked about him with cunning eyes for the most retired nook, and pulling out an old stool

"Sit ye there, man, and we'll have a pint and a talk. The colorless pothern was served them and each drank a tumblerful of it as if it

had been water.

"Now, man," said the smaller and older
of the two, "why not make a match beof the two, why not make a match be-tween them? He is a smart lad, and she is a fine girl. God bless her! Just say what, will you give her, and we can have done with it before the game is out."

"Well," said the farmer, after pulling and cracking all his fingers, "I will give her a oabib, a quarter acre of land, with potatoes tilled and brought to the door." There was a profound silence on the other side.

"I will give her a fine feather bed." "Very good, very good," said he with ne cunning eyes, "We'll have another the cunning eyes, pint." They were served with the flery liquid and smacking their lips over it de-

"The players must be near through." The farmer, staring in the bottom of his cup, added. "I will give her tifteen pounds

A short quick laugh from his companion was the response : "That's very good, man; you are doing well. God bless you.

"Her mother will give her the best of petticoats-and that is about all." And enough it is, if her mother would not forget the old silver beads, so, that she can prepare her soul-for Heaven when the

"What, then," said the others a little all of that, and can knock as much work Onion Soup: Take a few onions; also a out of a day as any boy in the country, and

in a fight can bate anybody that stands be-"It is not fighting man that I want for thinner; if too thin, make it thicker.
"Slap Jacks: Tease your Jack until he tily. "There's little good comes us it."
"Well, well, he need not do that same, my daughter," responded the farmer, tes-tily. "There's little good comes of it."

but he's good for it if wantin'." "I'll stand for the money, as he's a pe the oven. See that there is a fire in the tidy boy." The farmer was some, at oven. When baked, give seven of them to molified. "I'll buy him a boat and he can Johnny. These will be sufficient to make knock his living out of it. In the

Peach Mangoes: Procure a peck of choice Thursday? I'll stop to night to see the To my horror, the farmer now called for office, watch how readily the man goes for another pint, with which they sealed their

bargain, Fitz John Porter,

Congression were glad to get aw