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**Dobbins HAIR VEGETABLE REGENERATOR**

A color and dressing that will not burn the hair or injure the head.

It does not produce a color mechanically, as the poisonous preparations do.

It gradually restores the hair to its original color and lustre, by supplying new life and vigor.

It causes a luxuriant growth of soft, fine hair.

The best and safest article ever offered.

Clean and Pure. No sediment. Sold everywhere.

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NATURE'S

**Hair Restorative!**



Contains NO LAC SULPHUR—NO SUGAR OF LEAD—NO LITHARGE—NO NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN, and EFFICIENT—desiderata—LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

Restores and clears as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN, and EFFICIENT—desiderata—LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

Restores and clears as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN, and EFFICIENT—desiderata—LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

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**"THE WEED" FAMILY FAVORITE.**



It is the Best and most desirable Family Sewing Machine now in use.

It makes the celebrated LOCK STITCH alike on both sides of the fabric.

Sewing equally well on light or heavy goods, requiring

NO CHANGE IN THE TENSION.

USING SILK, COTTON, OR LINEN THREADS WITH EASE.

This Machine is built on what is called the Esplanade Principle or movement, and in many particulars differs from all other machines. It has new and novel devices for taking up the slack thread, feeding the goods, and perfecting the stitch, nothing can surpass this machine in execution, rapidity, or delicacy of operation.

ITS SIMPLICITY IS CHARMING,

for there is no

INTRICACY ABOUT IT.

**"THE WEED"**

has only to be seen and tried, to be fully appreciated. It will recommend itself to all inquirers and is furnished with all the usual equipments of a first class machine, without extra charge.

Call and see this in operation.

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CIRCULAR WORK, &c., &c.,

Made and Warranted from dry material, and all common sizes of

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Kept on hand and for sale by the undersigned.

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**AN INDIAN VILLAGE.**

"ONE can have no appreciative idea of an Indian village, unless he has been permitted to come across the prairie through a hot summer's sun, and suddenly discovers one nestled under the broad shade trees, beside a clear running stream, in a green valley. How pleasant the grass then looks; how refreshing the bright waters, and how cosy the tall lodges, with their shaded verandahs of thickly interwoven boughs.

All day long we had toiled over the scorching plain, through clouds of grasshoppers that often struck us in the face with sufficient force to make the skin smart for several minutes. Once we had seen a mirage of a beautiful lake, fringed with trees and surrounded by green pastures, which invited us to pursue its fleeting shadows, but we well knew all about these deceptions by sad experience, and pushed steadily on over the burning sands.

These mirages often deceive the weary traveler of the desert. Suddenly the horseman sees a river or lake, apparently, just ahead of him, and he rides on, and on, hoping to come up to it. For hours it lies before his eyes, and then in a moment disappears, leaving him miles and miles out of his way, and in the midst of desert sands.

Men have ridden all day striving to reach the beautiful river just before them and then at night turn back to plod their weary way to where they had started from in the morning. These mirages often lead to death both man and horse.

The mirage we had seen was most delightful, representing a clear lake, with trees, meadows and villages nesting on its shores, but it scarcely equalled the reality of the scene when, late in the afternoon we ascended a rise in the prairie, and saw below us a wide stream lined with green trees, and on its banks a large Indian encampment.

The ponies pricked up their ears and neighed with pleasure as they smelt the water, and our own delight was unbounded. We halted for a moment to admire the beautiful prospect. Through the majestic trees, slanting rays of the sun shivered on the grass. Far away, winding like a huge silver-serpent, ran the river, while near by in a shady grove, stood the village—the children at play on the green lawns, not made by hands. The white sides of the teepees shone in the setting sunlight, and the smoke curled lazily upward from their dingy tops. Bright ribbons and red grass, looking like streamers on a ship, fluttered from the lodge-poles, and gaudily-dressed squaws and warriors walked about, or sat on the green sod under the trees. There were maidens, as beautiful as Hiawatha, or as graceful as Minnehaha, wandering, hand in hand, along the stream, or listening under the shade of some wide-spreading tree to words of love, as soft and tender as ever were poured into woman's ear.

Near the village were hundreds of horses and ponies, with bright feathers flaunting in their manes and tails as they cropped the rich grass of the valley. A group of noisy children were playing at a game much resembling ten-pins; some boys were shooting at a mark with arrows, and up the stream several youths were returning home with rod and line, and fine strings of speckled trout. Scores of men and women were swimming about in the river, now diving, and then dousing each other, amid screams of laughter from the bystanders on the shore. Here and there a young girl darted about like a fish, her black hair streaming behind her in the water.

While we looked, the little children suddenly ceased from play and ran into the lodges; mounted men surrounded the herd, and the swimmers and promenaders hastened toward the village. We had been perceived by the villagers, and the unexpected arrival of strange horsemen at an Indian encampment always creates great excitement. They may be friends, but they are more often enemies, so the villagers are always prepared for a surprise.

Some men were seen running to and fro with guns and bows, and in a few minutes, some mounted warriors left the encampment and rode toward us, going first to the top of the highest mound to see if they could discover other horsemen in the rear, or to the right or left of us. No sooner did they ascertain there were but three in the party, than they rode boldly up and asked us our business. I told them who we were, and where we were from, upon which they cordially invited us to the village.

As we approached, men, women and children poured out of the encampment to look at the strangers, and having satisfied their curiosity, the sports and amusements of the evening were renewed. I asked permission to camp of no one, for I needed none, as this was God's land, and not owned by ravenous and dishonest speculators. So I marched right down to the center of the village, and finding a vacant space, pitched my lodge. It was not necessary to purchase a town lot here, for no one, save Him who owns all, held real estate.

A few Santee women gathered about my squaws and chatted with them, anxious to learn the news from down the river. Seeing that they were interfring with the unpacking of the ponies and the erecting of the lodge, I unceremoniously

ordered them to be gone, and they went quietly away. The lodge was soon up; the ponies unpacked and put out to graze. Having seen things put in order for the night, I sauntered out through the village to learn the news.

I was agreeably surprised, when I learned there was a white man in the village, who had been sent out to the Indians as a missionary. All the savages spoke of him as a kind-hearted, good man, who was a great friend of the Great Spirit and of the big Father at Washington.

I made haste to pay my respects to my white brother, and found him indeed a good Christian gentleman. He had a white wife and child, and he and they were living comfortably and pleasantly with these wild children of the desert. I talked more than an hour with the good man; it was so delightful to see and speak with one of my own blood and color. When I left him, I promised I would return the next day and dine with him, which I did. It may sound strange to hear one talk of "dining out" in an Indian camp, but I can assure my civilized readers the meal was none the less wholesome or abundant on account of the place in which it was served.

When I returned to my lodge, I found it surrounded by a crowd of dirty squaws and children, who were intent upon examining everything we had. I ordered them off, and could not help laughing when I compared the curiosity of these rude Indian women with what I had seen exhibited at church, in the States, by white women. There they go to church, not to hear the Gospel, but to see what their neighbors have to wear, and these Indian women had come to my lodge with the same laudable object. I am not certain that human nature is the same everywhere, but I am quite certain woman nature is the same all the world over.

From BELDEN: THE WHITE CHIEF, published by A. H. HUBBARD, 400 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and sold only by subscription.

**The Test of Sobriety.**

About a generation by-gone there flourished in Western Michigan a certain Squire T——, whose stalwart sons now till the parental acres, in whose honesty the community had great confidence, but who had an unfortunate failing—drink.

He had been known to try causes when he would have been more appropriately in bed. Upon one occasion an appeal was taken from a judgment rendered, as it was alleged, when "the wine was in and the wit out."

Under the broad latitude taken at that day, a full inquiry was gone into upon the trial of the appeal, as to the question of sobriety of the justice, and there was much contradictory testimony—the friends of the justice swearing one way, his enemies directly contrary.

At length a very candid witness appeared, who testified with great apparent circumspection—so great, indeed, that on the direct examination almost nothing was elicited from him.

Upon the cross-examination, the lawyer conducting it made a very common mistake; and being unwilling to "let well enough alone," kept driving at the witness until he finally felt safe in putting the leading and dangerous question:

"Did you not look upon the justice, upon the trial of that case, as a perfectly sober man?"

The witness hesitated, and the counsel pressed the interrogatory still closer. The witness finally omitted the following with great difficulty, as though it had been drawn from him painfully:

"I should have thought so only for one thing."

"Well," said the cross-examiner, "what was that?"

"I saw him fill up his inkstand with whisky, and take a snifter out of the ink-bottle."

The cross-examination stopped at that point.

Lansburg and its suburb, Troy, have at last a sensation. It is a wild man, who dwells east of Rensselaer Park, and there roams about in the bosom of the hills. A few days ago some children visited the spot and were terrified beyond measure by seeing this being, who, although half-clad, and in the most dreadful state of mind, did them no harm. Returning to the village they recounted what they had seen, but of course their story was supposed to merely the result of childish fancy. But soon a strange man, resembling him of whom the youngsters had spoken, was seen near the old Bacon House, where he made the hills resound with his yells, and frightened people out of their senses by his hideous grimaces. The police gave chase as soon as possible, but the pursued man ran like a deer, and could not be overtaken. Since this took place he has frequently been seen, and traces of his mode of life have been come across. As yet, however, he is a mystery. Some think him a lunatic escaped from Marshall Infirmary, while others have a dim idea that he is the devil.

A friend of ours, twitted upon having a piece of broken crockery standing on his side-board, retorted that he liked to display "a bit of plate."

**AN INNOCENT MAN HANGED.**

**A Case of Circumstantial Evidence—A Story of Crime Half a Century Ago.**

IN 1817, Dr. John P. Sanderson was murdered in that part of Barren Co., which is now Metcalfe county, Ky., and John C. Hamilton, a wealthy city residing in the neighborhood where the body of the murdered man was found, was arrested, tried, and convicted for the murder. The evidence against Hamilton was wholly circumstantial, and so remarkable in its character as to produce not only in the minds of the jury, but of the whole population in that section, a clear conviction of the accused. It appeared upon the trial that Hamilton was a trader, driving stock, and occasionally carrying slaves to Mississippi to sell.

The family was aristocratic, one of the sisters having married General Carroll, of Tennessee, and the other Colonel Anderson, of that same State, and there existed, as was alleged, strong feelings of envy against the family. It appeared from the evidence that Hamilton had just returned from a successful trip to Mississippi, in company with Dr. Sanderson, who was a wealthy planter, residing near Natchez. He came to Kentucky for the purpose of purchasing slaves to work on his plantation and brought with him a large amount of money, of which fact Hamilton was apprised. They came through a wild and sparsely settled portion of the Indian Territory, and Dr. Sanderson was very sick during the greater part of the journey. On their arrival in Barron county they went to the residence of Hamilton's father, where Dr. Sanderson remained for several weeks and until he recovered his health.

It was shown that after his health was restored the two left the house in company, Hamilton, who acted, as was said, as guide to a neighboring county, where a sale of negroes was to take place at public auction, which Sanderson wanted to attend. The two were seen together at various points on the road. A short time afterwards Hamilton returned alone, and the night following the horse of Sanderson came home riderless to the house of Hamilton's father. Sanderson was never again seen alive. Several days elapsed, and suspicions were aroused that he had been foully dealt with. The neighborhood en masse made search for his body. It was found on the road in the direction to the point where the negro sale was to have taken place, covered with brush and briars. His hat was discovered in a hollow stump, and under a log near by was found a brass horse pistol with the hammer broken. In the head of the murdered man was found a number of shot, and a piece of the hammer of the pistol, which fitted exactly. Under the lining of the hat there was a list of thirty-three \$100 Mississippi bills, the numbers thereof, and to whom payable. When Hamilton was arrested the bills corresponding with the list were found in his possession. It was shown that he had borrowed the pistol from Colonel Gorin, of Glasgow, Barren county, and that the shot in the head of Dr. Sanderson corresponded in size with the shot purchased a few days previous by Hamilton in Glasgow. It was also proved on trial that Hamilton's sherry-vallies, or overalls, were concealed in his father's barn, and there was blood upon them. They were fully identified by his sister. This was the evidence introduced by the State.

Hamilton alleged in his defence that he and Sanderson were, and had been for years intimate friends; that they had traveled together through a wild country, and that, if he had sinister designs, nothing more than a little neglect of Sanderson during his sickness would have insured his death, and that he could thus have secured the money. He said that Mississippi money was at a discount in Kentucky, and Kentucky money at a discount in Mississippi; that he (Hamilton) was about to return to Mississippi, where he could use the money of that State while Dr. Sanderson wanted the Kentucky money to buy negroes; and that, for mutual accommodation and profit, they made an exchange of the money.—And he further proved that he borrowed \$1,000 of the bank in Glasgow to make up the sum required for the exchange. As to the pistol, he said he borrowed it from Colonel Gorin to lend to Dr. Sanderson, who wanted it for his personal protection, and that parting with him at the fork of the road he had given it to him. He alleges that his negro-servant had stolen his sherry-vallies, gone to a dance, where he got into a fight, and concealed them in the barn until he—the negro—could have an opportunity to clean the blood from them. His statements were not corroborated, and he was convicted and hung.

The celebrated John Rowan, was his chief counsel, and defended the unfortunate man with his accustomed ability, but the evidence was so strong that he felt that he presented a hopeless cause.—Indeed Judge Rowan subsequently declared that with one exception he never had a case possessing so few points for a successful defence. Solomon P. Sharpe, whose tragic fate a few years later sent a thrill of horror throughout the State, prosecuted Hamilton, and being thoroughly convinced of his guilt, showed him no mercy. Hamilton's family alone

believed him the victim of circumstances, and the accused died protesting innocence.

Now for the sequel. In the year 1869 Hon. Richard A. Rosseau, of Kentucky, then Minister of Central America, was visited at Tegucigulpa, Honduras, by Col. Gibson, a rich planter, who then resided near Vicksburg, Miss., which is still his home, and who told him that some thirty-five years ago a man was executed for murder in the eastern part of Mississippi, and that while under the gallows he heard him confess that he and a comrade, both fugitives from justice, were hidden at the head of the ravine near where the body of Sanderson was found. They saw him as he approached; dashed out and seized and dragged him from his horse; that he endeavored to use his pistol, which they wrenched from his hand, and shot him in the head; that they then struck him with a pistol and broke the hammer, which remained in his hand; that they robbed him and concealed his body and fled.

They afterwards heard that Hamilton was hung for their crime, but the facts had never been made known until that time. This man's comrade had met his death by the hangman for another murder, but died without disclosing his connection with the foul deed, and it rested with him alone to reveal the true story.—Mr. Rosseau, from whom we derive this statement, informs us that he was authorized by Colonel Gibson to make known these facts, that they might reach Hamilton's relatives, if any were living, and thus wipe out from the dead and the living the stain which rested on them.

**Rags and Scraps.**

THE "old junk" business is much more extensive than most people suppose. It includes refuse of all kinds—cotton waste, woolen rags, old newspapers, iron, tin, lead, etc., patiently gathered from all quarters, insignificant in detail, but valuable in the aggregate. It is believed that over \$15,000,000 worth of old material is annually worked over in New England, and that at least \$5,000,000 worth of this peculiar stock could at any time be thrown upon the market by the Boston dealers.

The amounts consumed by the mills are astonishing, especially of shoddy. Woolen mills could be named that purchase each year from \$3,000 to \$4,000 worth of the above stock, and this, too, in addition to flocks. Very many paper mills have standing orders with the largest paper dealers for thirty and fifty tons of stock per week. The Kingsley Iron and Machine Company receive and consume from sixty to seventy-five tons of scrap iron each week, and the Old Colony and Ames shovel companies stand ready to take all the old wrought iron offered in the market. The war in Europe seems to have closed up the avenue for using a large percentage of the Mediterranean rags, and as a natural consequence, they have all drifted here. The immediate effect on our market is to put foreign stocks at the lowest quotable figure, while domestics are and likely will be for some little time, a drag.

There are firms in Boston each holding \$100,000 worth of foreign and domestic, patiently awaiting a rising and favorable market. The importation of old junk grows in importance each year. Old newspapers are brought from England and find ready sale at remunerative rates; the rags from London and the Mediterranean average more in quantity and better in quality each succeeding year. It has been supposed that imported rags have been a source of epidemic diseases in many instances, but one of the largest dealers in Boston who has been in the trade fifteen years states that he has yet to learn of a single case of sickness occasioned by the opening or handling of a bale of foreign rags. New England rags are worth more and will readily bring from one to three cents per pound more than from any other section, the reason being that an almost universal custom prevails there among the housewives of washing their rags before putting them in their rag-bags—so that time, labor and shrinkage are directly saved to the mills. One firm in Boston receives over \$300,000 worth of paper stock per month from the south, New Orleans being the chief point of collection.

**True as Preaching.**

No young woman ever looks so well to a sensible man as when dressed in a plain neat modest attire, with but little ornament about her. She looks then as though she possessed worth in herself, and needed no artificial rigging to enhance her value. If a young woman would spend as much time in improving her mind, training her temper and cherishing kindness, mercy and other good qualities, as most of them do in extra dress and ornaments to increase their personal charms, she would at least be recognized among a thousand—her character would be read in her countenance.

A French lady, on her arrival in this country, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with, and being on one occasion pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied: "No, I thank you; I eat only my acquaintances."

She thought she had expressed herself in admirable English.