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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!**



TRADE MARK. PATENTED.

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—restoratives—LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling out, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headaches, cures all Humors, Cutaneous Eruptions, and unnatural Heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

Dr. G. Smith, Patented, Groton Junction, Mass. Prepared only by Procter Brothers, Gloucester, Mass. The Genuine is put up in a small bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for Nature's Hair Restorative, and take no other.

Send a three cent stamp to Procter Bros. for a Treatise on the Human Hair. The information it contains is worth \$50.00 to any person.

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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 *English Principle* of 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.

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**OVER SHOOTING THE MARK.**  
OR  
**A Slight Mistake.**  
BY F. D.

A GREAT many years since, when bright-eyed and fair-haired lasses were not so plenty in New England as they are now, there dwelt in the town of P——, a pretty village, distant, then, some five-and-twenty miles from the "market-town," a peculiarly comely and graceful maiden, who had a peculiarly ugly and cross-grained father.

Minnie, was Danforth's only child; and report said truly she would be his sole legatee.

The old man was a sturdy farmer, and was estimated to be worth full ten thousand dollars, at that period—a very handsome fortune to have.

The sparkling eyes and winning manners of Minnie Danforth had stirred up the finer feelings of the whole male portion of the village, and her suitors were numerous; but her father was particular, and none succeeded in making headway with her or him.

In the meantime Minnie had a true and loyal lover in secret, who no one would have supposed for a moment that such a fellow would dare to look upon beauty and comparative refinement. His name was Walker, or, as he was generally called, "Joe."—Joe Walker; and he was simply a farmer employed by old Danforth, who had entrusted Joe to his place for two or three years.

But a very excellent farmer, and a right good manager was this plain, unassuming, but good-looking Joe Walker. He was young, too,—only twenty-three—and he actually fell in love with this beautiful, pleasant, joyous Minnie Danforth, the only daughter. But the strangest part of the occurrence was Minnie returned his love earnestly, truly, and frankly; and promised to wed him at the favorable moment.

Things went on merrily for a time, but old Danforth discovered certain glances and attentions between them which excited his envy and suspicions. Very soon afterwards Joe learned the old man's mind indirectly in regard to his future disposal of Minnie's hand, and he quickly saw his case was a hopeless one, unless he resorted to stratagem; and so he set his wits at once to work.

By agreement, an apparently settled coldness and distance was observed by the lovers toward each other for five or six months, and the father saw—as he believed—with satisfaction, that his previous suspicions and fears had been all premature.

Then by agreement also between them, Joe absented himself from the house at evening; and, night after night for full three months longer did Joe disappear as soon as his work was finished to return only at late bed time. This was unusual, and old Danforth determined to know the cause of it.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter, who resided less than three miles distant, but after a faithful attachment between them for several months, the old man had utterly refused to entertain his application for the young girl's hand.

This was capital. Just what old Danforth most desired.

This satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child; and he would help Joe to get married, and thus stop all further suspicion or trouble at home; so he said:

"Well, Joe, is she a buxom lass?"

"Yes, yes," said Joe, "that is other folks say so. I am not much of a judge myself."

"And you like her?"

"Yes, sir; yes."

"Then marry her," said old Danforth.

"But I can't—the father objects."

"Pooh!" continued Danforth; "let him do so; what need you care? Run away with her."

"Elope!"

"Yes! Off with you at once. If the girl will join, all right. Marry her; bring her here; you shall have the little cottage at the foot of the lane. I'll furnish it for you; your wages shall be increased, and the old man may like it or not—as he will."

"But—but—"

"But use no 'buts,' Joe. Do as I bid you; go about it at once, and—you will stand by me? yes, to the last. I know you, Joe, you're a good fellow—a good workman, and will make any body a good son-in-law or husband."

"The old fellow would be so mad, though."

"Who cares, I say? Go on quickly, but quietly."

"To-morrow night, then," said Joe.

"Yes," said Danforth.

"I'll hire Colver's horse."

"No you shan't."

"Not?"

"I say no. Take my horse, the best one—Young Morgan; he'll take you off in fine style in the new phaeton."

"Exactly."

And as soon as you are spliced, come right back here, and a jolly time we'll have of it at the old house."

"Her father will kill me!"

"He's an old fool who ever he is; he don't know your good qualities as well as

I do, Joe. Don't be afraid; faint heart, you know, never won fair women."

"The old man will be astounded."

"Never mind, go on. We'll turn the laugh on him. I'll take care of you and your wife, at any rate."

"Then I'll do it," said Joe.

"You shall," said Danforth. And they parted, in the best of spirits.

An hour after dark on the following evening, Joe made his appearance decked in a nice new black suit, and really looking very comely. The old man bustled out to the barn with him, helped to harness "Young Morgan" to the phaeton, and leading the spunky animal himself into the road, away went happy Joe Walker in search of his bride.

A few rods distant from the house he found her according to arrangement, and repairing to the next village, the parson very quickly made them one in the holy bands of wedlock.

Joe took his bride and soon dashed back to the town of P——, and halted at old Danforth's house, who was already looking for him, and who received him with open arms.

"It is done!" cried the old man.

"Yes, yes," answered Joe.

"Bring her in! Bring her in!" continued the old fellow, in high glee. "Never mind compliments. No matter about the dark entry. Here, here, Joe, to the right is the best parlor. We'll have a fine time, now, sure." And the anxious farmer rushed away for lights, returning almost immediately.

"Here's the certificate, sir," said Joe.

"Yes, yes!"

"And this is my wife," he added, as he popped up his beautiful bride—the bewitching and lovely Minnie Danforth.

"What?" roared the old fellow, "what did you say, Joe! you villain! you scamp! you audacious cheat you! you—you—"

"It is the truth, sir, we are lawfully married."

"You advised me to do this; you assisted me; you planned the whole affair; you lent me your horse; you thought me worthy last evening—worthy of any man's child; you encouraged it; you promised to stand by me; you offered me the cottage at the foot of the lane; you—"

"I didn't! I deny it! you can't prove it! You're a—"

"Calmly, now, sir," continued Joe. And the entreaties of the happy couple were at once united to quell the old man's ire, and to persuade him to acknowledge the union.

The father relented at last. It was a job of his own manufacture, and he saw how useless it would be, finally, to attempt to destroy it.

He gave in reluctantly, and the fair Minnie Danforth was overjoyed to be duly acknowledged as Mrs. Joe Walker.—The marriage proved a joyful one, and the original assertion of old Danforth proved truthful in every respect. The cunning lover was a good son-in-law and a faithful husband, and lived many years to enjoy the happiness which followed his runaway match, while the old man never cared to hear much about the details of the elopement, for he saw how completely he had overshot the mark.

**A Novel Marriage Complication.**

SOME recent developments of matrimonial infelicities are now occupying considerable attention in the usually quiet village of Hastings-upon-Hudson. It appears that some time during the year 1867, a Mrs. Easterbrook, a respectable widow, earning a comfortable maintenance by keeping a store, attracted the notice of Mr. Wm. Henry Wright, a well-to-do farmer living in the neighborhood, a widower with a large family of children, who finally proposed marriage to Mrs. Easterbrook. She however, declined assuming the responsible charge of such a large family unless Mr. Wright would not only make her Mrs. Wright, but also right in a pecuniary point of view by settling upon her a certain amount of property before the hymeneal knot was tied. To meet her views on that point, he gave her his note for \$5,000, payable six months after date. A short time after marriage Mrs. Wright found their domestic relations unsatisfactory, and concluded to return to her parental roof, and about the same time discovered that the note given her by her husband was missing, and suspected that her husband had managed to get possession of it. At the expiration of six months Mrs. Wright sued her husband for the amount of the note given, and although her husband denied in the most positive manner, that he had ever given his wife any such acknowledgement of indebtedness or obligation, the latter produced witnesses who had seen the note, knew it to be the handwriting of Mr. Wright, one of whom affixed the revenue stamp to the document at the time, and a verdict was rendered in favor of the wife, who had just ascertained that her husband had obtained a divorce from her by means of alleged fraudulent affidavits. Mrs. Wright has employed counsel to have the proceedings of this divorce case thoroughly ventilated and this decree of divorce set aside.

Ceremonies are different in every country; but true politeness is everywhere the same. Ceremonies which take up so much of our attention are only artificial helps which ignorance assumes in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good sense and good nature.

**A Puzzled Dutchman.**

ONE who does not believe in immersion for baptism, was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said: "Some believe it necessary to go down into the water, and come out of it, to be baptized. But this is claimed to be a fallacy, for the preposition 'into' of the Scriptures should be rendered differently, for it does not mean 'into' at all times. 'Moses,' said he, 'we are told, went up into the mountain, and the Savior was taken into a high mountain, etc. Now we do not suppose that either went into a mountain, but into it. So with going down into the water; it means simply going down close by or near the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way by sprinkling or pouring."

He carried this idea out fully, and in due season and style closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any so disposed to arise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of the brethren arose and said that they were glad that they had been present on this occasion, that they were pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all arose and broke the silence, that was almost painful, as follows:

"Mister Breacher: I ish so glad I vash here to-night, for I had explained to my mint some dings dat I never could believe before. Oh! I am so glad dat 'into' does not mean into at all, but shust close py or near to, for now I can believe many dings vot I cannot believe before.—Ve reat, Mister Breacher, dat Taniel was into de ten of lions and came out alive! Now I never could believe dat, for de wilt peasts would shust eat him right off; now it ish very clear to my mint. He vas shust close py or near to, and did not get into de den at all. Oh, I ish so glad I vas here to night!"

"Again we reat dat de Hebrew children vash cast into de frish furnace—and dat air alwish looked like a peeg story, too, for they were shust cast near py or close to de frish furnace. Oh, I ish so glad I vash here to night!"

"And now Mr. Breacher, if you will shust explain two more passages of Scriptures, I shall be oh! so happy dat I vash here to-night! One of dem ish where it saith de vicked shall be cast into a lake dat burns mit fire and primestone aretly. Oh, Mister Breacher, shall I pe cast into dat lake if I am vicked? or shust close py or near to, shust near enough to pe comfortable? Oh! I hopes you dell me I shall pe cast only shust py a goot way off, unt I vill pe so glad I vash here to-night! De other passage ish dat vich saish, blessed are dey who de dese commandments, dat dey may have right to de tree of life and enter in into de gate of de city, and not shust close py or near to, shust near enough to see vot I have lost, unt I shall pe so glad I vash here to-night!"

A Mr. Ferris married in early manhood a slim old lady twice his age. As years went by, his ancient charmer grew wrinkled and savage, and Mr. Ferris mourned the hour he first went wooing. At last he met a pretty, jolly little widow down town. Both found in the other their mutual affinity. They loved fondly, extravagantly, incessantly. At last whispers of the way things were going on began to reach the aged matron's ears. Although too old to love, her heart burned fiercely with the pangs of jealousy. She employed spies and detectives, and watched herself. Finally she burst in on them, and a free fight ensued. An arrest was then the consequence. Arraigned before the magistrate, the aged wife attempted to explain the difficulty. "But," said the recorder, "you intruded on them." "Yes," interposed Mr. Ferris, "burst with loud screams and Indian-like yells into our presence. 'She's crazy.' 'What!' screamed the vigo, 'do you call me, your wife crazy?' 'There, now,' exclaimed Mr. Ferris, with an air of triumph. I told you she was crazy. She thinks I am her husband." Mrs. Ferris was too confounded to speak. "She's your mother, aint she?" "Certainly," replied the hard hearted Ferris; and before anything further could be said the court dismissed the case.

A dignified drunkard dwells at Bellows Falls, Vt. He is an old Indian, known as "Dr. John," who would be smart, save for his love of liquor. As he was tacking along the sidewalk, he made a mis-step, plunged into an opening, and stuck there, with nothing but his feet visible above the bricks. A person who saw him fall ran to his aid, and pulled him out. As soon as the "doctor" was on his feet, he braced himself against a hitching-post, and said:

"G'long now. Can't yer mind yer business? What have I done dat you should abuse me this way?"

The individual explained, by saying that he wished to help the doctor out of trouble. Whereat John replied:

"Spect you think that's mighty big talk! Next time I stoop down to pick up my hat out o' that hole, want ye just to keep yer hands off, that's all!"

**AN OBSTINATE COUPLE.**  
Truth Stranger than Fiction.

ONE of the pioneers in the California emigration, who went across the plains in 1849 tells the story, that began on the journey and has recently ended in San Francisco:

With the train on which the narrator, now in Nevada, was a member, was encamped at a point on the Humboldt where the Lessen trails intersects the Carson track of travel, he visited the tent of a family consisting of an elderly couple and one child, a daughter of fourteen or fifteen. The old lady was sitting on a pile of blankets under the canvass, encouraging a most determined attack of the "sults," while the masculine head of affairs had planted himself on the wooden tongue, and was sucking his pipe as if he expected to stay there forever.

A single glance developed the difficulty of that little train of one wagon and three persons, and that it had attained a point of quiet desperation beyond the reach of peaceful adjustment. Three days before they had pitched their tents at the forks of the road, and as they could not agree upon the route by which to enter California there they remained. The husband had expressed a preference for the Carson road, and the wife the Lessen, and neither would yield. The wife declared she would remain all winter; the husband said he would be pleased to prolong the journey through the summer following.

On the morning of the fourth day the wife broke a sullen silence of thirty-six hours by proposing a division of the property which consisted of two yoke of oxen, one wagon, camp furniture, a small quantity of provisions, and \$12 in silver. The proposal was accepted, and forthwith the "plunder" was divided, leaving the wagon to the old man and the daughter to the mother. The latter exchanged with a neighboring train the cattle belonging to her for a pony and pack-saddle, and piling her daughter and portion of the divided spoils upon the animal she resolutely started across the desert by the Lessen trail while the old man silently yoked his cattle and took the other route.

Of course both parties reached California in safety. We say "of course," for it is scarcely possible that any obstacle death included could have interfered with stubbornness so sublime. Arriving in Sacramento with her daughter, the old lady found employment—for women were less plentiful than now—and subsequently opened a boarding house, and in a few years amassed a handsome fortune. Two years ago she went to San Francisco, and the daughter, whose education had not been neglected was married to one of the most substantial citizens.

And what had become of the old man? The wife had not seen or heard of him since they parted on the Humboldt. They had lived happily together for years, and she sometimes reproached herself for the wilfulness that separated them after so long a pilgrimage together. But he was not dead. We cannot trace his course in California, however. All that we know of him is, that fortune had not smiled upon him, and that for years he had toiled without hope. Finally, feeling unable to wield the pick and shovel, he visited San Francisco in the hope of obtaining employment better adapted to his wasted strength.

For three months he remained idle after arriving there, and then, for want of occupation became the humble retailer of peanuts and oranges, with his entire traffic upon his arm. This was six months ago. A few weeks since in passing the open door of a cottage in the southern part of the city, he observed a lady in the hall and stopped to offer his merchandise. As he stepped on the threshold the lady approached, and the old man raised his eyes and dropped his basket; and no wonder, either, for she was his wife, his "old woman!" She recognized him, and, throwing up her arm in amazement, exclaimed:

"Great God! John, is that you?"

"All that is left of me" replied the old man. With extended arms they approached. Suddenly the old lady's countenance changed, and she stepped back. "John," said she, with a look which might have been construed into earnestness, "how did you find the Carson road?" "Miserable Sukey, miserable," replied the old man; "full of sand and alkali." Then I was right, John," she continued, inquiringly. "You were, Sukey." "That's enough, John," and the old couple strangely sundered, were reunited.

**Artemus Ward on Lending Money.**

Artemus Ward once lent money. He thus recounts the transaction:

"A gentlemanly friend of mine came to me one day, with tears in his eyes. I said, 'Why these weeps?' He said he had a mortgage on his property, and wanted to borrow two hundred dollars. I lent him the money and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of the two hundred dollars. He brightened, shook my hand, and said, 'Old friend, I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality. I'll throw off the other hundred.' And thus he discharged the debt."