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WORTH TRYING. "BERTHA, have you not heard from Phil lately?" "No papa." "And what do you expect to do?—You have waited for him now two years, and none of his letters have been at all encouraging." Bertha twirled her empty tea-cup in her saucer, to charm the tea-leaves into the right position to tell her fortune. "The world was not made in a day, you know, papa." "But, Bertha, you don't know what you're talking about. Girls are always unreasonable. Here you are twenty-three years old, and with less and less prospect of marrying. Constancy is all very well but there can be too much of a good thing. Remember how many good chances you have thrown away since Phil left you and went up to London, to make his fortune he said, but he doesn't appear to have done it yet." "He would if he could, papa." "There is Mr. Grainger, now, who would be glad to marry you, and put you in a better position than either of your sisters. A most respectable man, too, by all accounts. He spoke to me yesterday and said he would have offered himself before this, if you had not been so shy and cold. It would be a shame for you to refuse him if he did ask you." "I certainly shall refuse him, papa. A pretty husband he would make for me—fifty years old, at least; and a very pretty wife I should make for him, marrying him for nothing but his money. I'm not afraid of being an old maid. I can earn my living." A little later in the day Bertha was told that Mr. Grainger was in the house and her father insisted that she should go and hear what that gentleman had to say for himself. "And what's more," said Mr. Clark, "if he should propose, and you refuse him I'll never forgive you." But Bertha knew her father better than that, she told him. She had never seen this Mr. Grainger before, that she was aware of though it appeared that he had seen her, or it is not at all likely that he would have desired all at once to marry her. He talked to her for some time on various matters, and she found that he was a well-informed man, and as pleasant and as affable as need be. After a while he said: "By-the-by, Miss Clark, when I was in London, two or three months ago, I met a friend of yours—Mr. Philip Traversers." "Did you, sir?" stammered Bertha, feeling all of a tremble. "Yes," he replied, "a worthy fellow but rather unfortunate in life. He told me himself that it might be a long time before he would dare venture on taking a wife." Poor Bertha sighed from the very bottom of her heart. There was a short silence, and then—"Miss Clark," cried Grainger, so loudly and suddenly, that the young lady gave a little scream and a great jump. "Miss Clark, I have recently been made a partner in a firm, which I had enriched by my judgement in various gigantic speculations. I can say with truth that I have an income of five thousand a year which amount I have every reason to believe will speedily be doubled." "You are a fortunate man," said Bertha, envying him just a little. "I shall be a miserable man, Miss Clark, if you refuse to share my fortune. I do not expect that you should love an old fellow like me all at once, but it might come to that after marriage, for I would spare no pains to make you happy." Bertha told him that she was much obliged, and all that, but her heart was already, and long since, given to another. "It isn't, I don't believe it," cried Mr. Grainger, jumping up and seizing her round the waist. Bertha screamed, and into the room came her father. "What's all this noise about?" demanded Mr. Clark. "Take away this man," said Bertha with great dignity. "How, sir," said Mr. Clark, "have you dared to insult my daughter?—Then I'll pull your nose." Immediately he seized the offender's proboscis, and it came off in his hand. At the same instant a gray wig was hurled to the other side of the room, and there stood Philip Traversers. Mr. Clark laughed, and as soon as Bertha was able to speak, she said, reproachfully: "Oh, Phil! how could you?" "I wanted to try you a little, Bertha. I wanted to be sure that you loved me still, poor as I might be." "What do you suppose I cared for your poverty? Was your faith in me so light as to need confirmation of this kind?" "Bertha, don't be angry, but tell me that you love me, and forgive me!" he pleaded. "Of course I love you, you miserable doubter! and of course I must forgive you! And so you have come back as poor as you went away?" "We can work together, can't we, Bertha?" "Of course we can." "What a pity though that this little

white hand should be spoiled by labor." "What nonsense," laughed Bertha. "It is such a beautiful hand," he said kissing it. "Those taper fingers were made to wear diamond rings—something of this sort," he added, as he glided a valuable diamond ring on her finger. "Oh, Phil, what does this mean?"—cried the astonished girl. "It means, my angel, that what I told you as Mr. Grainger, is the perfect truth as concerning Mr. Philip Traversers." Miss Clark gasped for breath. "Well, my girl," chuckled Mr. Clark, "I suppose you will be able to love him as well as ever, though he is worth five thousand a year." "I'm sure I don't know father," said Bertha, smiling archly, "but I'll try." The Dutchman's Vote. A PROPOS of the recent elections, the following is capital; and will be especially relished by gentlemen who have been unsuccessful in their aspirations for office: In one of the towns of Pennsylvania, the freemen had for many years deposited their votes solidly for the Democratic candidates. Such a thing as a Whig or Republican was unknown, and prior to the Grant and Seymour campaign the local Republican ticket had never been run. At that time, however, the politicians of an adjacent township thought it an opportune occasion to attempt the establishment, in that town of a Republican organization. To this end, they persuaded a certain Mr. Green, who had recently settled there, to become their candidate for some minor office, hoping to procure for him a few votes, under the popularity of the great name of Grant, and thus to get an entering wedge in the local affairs of the township. The day of election arrived, but Mr. Green was unable to get to the polls by reason of sickness. In due time the returns were published, and Mr. Green had just one vote. Chagrined at this, and annoyed by the accusation that he had voted for himself, he announced that if the person who had voted for him would come forward and make affidavit to the vote he would reward him with a good suit of clothes. A few mornings afterward a burly, looking Pennsylvania Dutchman called upon Mr. Green, and abruptly remarked: "I vants dat suit of clothes." "Ah!" said Mr. Green, "then you are the person who voted for me?" "Yah, I'm dat man." "Are you willing to make an affidavit of it?" "Yah, I swear to 'em." Mr. Green, accompanied by the intelligent voter, went to the office of the justice of the peace, and the required affidavit was made; after which the clothes were purchased and given to the deponent. So delighted was Mr. Green to be relieved from the unpleasantness of his situation, and so glad to learn that there was another righteous man in the township, that he had taken the Dutchman's Republicanism as a matter of course. However, at parting, he said: "Now my friend, you have your suit of clothes, just answer me one question—How came you to vote for me?" "You wants to know dat?" "Yes." "And you won't go back on de clothes?" "No." "Vell," said he, slowly, and with a sly twinkle of the eye, "den I tole you; I makes a mistake in de ticket!" Sombre Preparations for Death. John Dye, a cheerful old Indianian, has a grave for himself, which he executed several years ago. He accomplished the work with his own hands, excavating the earth to a proper depth, laying a stone slab on the bottom, and walling it up the sides with brick. A similar slab is intended to cover the grave, and what is singular, Mr. Dye has scooped out of the nether stone a hollow for his body to lie in, with an elevation, in which there is another hollow for his head. It is his desire that when he dies he shall be dressed in certain specified clothing, and that a blanket shall be laid in the tomb, upon which his remains are to be laid. Another blanket is to be spread over him, and the large slab of stone placed on the tomb, and the earth filled in above. It will be seen that he does away with the use of a coffin entirely, and he further requests that no burial service be used or sermon preached, and that no monument be erected to his memory. Recently a heavy rain caved in the earth above the tomb, and Mr. Dye set about repairs with a vigor that was surprising. To prevent a recurrence of the accident he has walled the grave up to the surface of the earth, and carefully covered it with boards and sod. The grave is on his farm, and within a few feet of the railroad. An old friend of Ike Partington living in one of the rural towns of Central Pennsylvania seeing the pump tongue—spout—very much coated one frosty morning, asked what remedy was appropriate in this case. A medical friend recommended an injection of warm water repeat it as often as the case may require.

A KENTUCKY STORY. BY MARK TWAIN. AT ONE time in Kentucky, the law was very strict against what is termed the "game of chance." About a dozen of the boys were detected playing "seven up" or "old sledge" for money and the grand jury found a true bill against them. Jim Sturgis was retained to defend them when the case came up, of course. The more he studied over the matter and looked into the evidence, the plainer it was that he must lose a case at last—there was no getting around that painful fact. Those boys had certainly been betting money on a game of chance. Even public sympathy was roused in behalf of Sturgis. People said it was a pity to see him mar his successful career with a big, prominent case like this, which must go against him. But after several restless nights, an inspired idea flashed upon Sturgis, and he sprang out of bed delighted. He thought he saw his way through. The next day he whispered around a little among his clients and a few friends, and then when the case came up in court he acknowledged the seven-up and the betting, and as his sole defence, had the astounding effrontery to put in the plea that old sledge was not a game of chance! There was a broad smile over all the faces of that sophisticated audience. The judge smiled with the rest. But Sturgis maintained a countenance whose earnestness was even severe. The opposite counsel tried to ridicule him out of his position and did not succeed. The judge jested in a ponderous judicial way about the thing, but did not move him. The matter was becoming grave. The judge lost a little of his patience, and said the joke had gone far enough. Jim Sturgis said he knew of no joke in the matter—his clients could not be punished for indulging in what some people chose to consider a game of chance, until it was proven that it was a game of chance. Judge and counsel said that would be an easy matter, and forthwith called Deacons Job, Peters, Burke and Johnson, and Dominies Wirt and Miggles to testify; and they unanimously, and with strong feeling, put down the legal quibble of Sturgis, by pronouncing that sledge was a game of chance. "What do you call it now?" said the judge. "I call it a game of science!" retorted Sturgis; "and I'll prove it too!" They saw his little game. He brought in a cloud of witnesses, and produced an overwhelming mass of testimony, to show that old sledge was not a game of chance, but a game of science. Instead of being the simplest case in the world, it had somehow turned out to be an excessively knotty one. The judge scratched his head over it a while and said there was no way of coming to a determination, because just as many men could be brought into court who would testify on one side, as could be found to testify on the other. But he said he was willing to do the fair thing by all parties and would act upon any suggestion Mr. Sturgis would make for the solution of the difficulty. Mr. Sturgis was on his feet in a second: "Inpanel a jury of six each, Luck vs. Science—give them candles and a couple of decks of cards, send them into the jury-room, and just abide by the result!" There was no disputing the fairness of the proposition. The four deacons and the two dominies were sworn in as the "chance" jurymen, and six inveterate old seven-up professors were chosen to represent the "science" side of the issue. They retired to the jury-room. In about two hours, Deacon Peters sent into court to borrow three dollars from a friend. (Sensation.) In about two hours the other dominie and the other deacons sent into court for small loans. And still the packed audience waited, for it was a prodigious occasion in Bull's Corners, and one in which every father of a family was necessarily interested. The rest of the story can be told briefly. About daylight the jury came in and Deacon Job, the foreman read the following. VERDICT. We, the jury in the case of the Commonwealth of Kentucky vs. John Wheeler et al, have carefully considered the case, and tested the merits of the several theories advanced, and do hereby unanimously decide that the game commonly known as old sledge or seven-up is eminently a game of science and not of chance. In demonstration whereof, it is hereby and herein stated, iterated, and reiterated, set forth, and made manifest that, during the entire night, the "chance" men never won a game of turned jack, although both feats were common and frequent to the opposition; and furthermore, in support of this our verdict, we call attention to the significant fact that the "chance" men are all busted, and the "science" men have got the money. It is the deliberate opinion of this jury that the "chance" theory concerning seven-up is a pernicious doctrine, and calculated to inflict untold suffering and pecuniary loss upon any community that takes stock in it. "That is the way that seven-up came to be set apart and particularized in the statute books of Kentucky as being a game not of chance but of science, and therefore non punishable under the law."

THE CAPTIVE. IT is a well-known fact that certain mountainous regions in modern Greece are infested by desperate bands of robbers. They profess to wage a ceaseless war against the Turks, but they are only engaged in oppressing the weak.— They have adopted a barbarous code of laws for their own government, and look upon the surrounding country as their natural inheritance. They visit the unprotected, and plunder the helpless without mercy. They often capture citizens, and if a ransom is not paid for them on demand, the unfortunate prisoners are cruelly tortured and put to death. A few years ago a peasant was captured by these brigands, and carried into one of the mountainous strongholds. At the suggestion of the chief he wrote a letter to his friends, stating his perilous condition and the amount that must be paid for his deliverance. They were unable to raise the sum demanded, and the unhappy man was left to perish. After waiting a few days for the expected ransom, the robbers assembled in council and decided that the prisoner must die. According to their custom, they drew lots as to which one should perform the execution, and it fell on the chief, who ever delighted in acts of cruelty. He disregarded the entreaties of the unfortunate, appointed a place, and compelled him to dig his own grave. He stood impatiently watching the helpless victim as he toiled at his unpleasant task, and when the work was done he prepared to strike the fatal blow. "Mercy!" exclaimed the prisoner. "mercy! have mercy!" "Our law admits no mercy." "Spare me," pleaded the trembling captive, "I have a wife and children." "Ransom or death!" exclaimed the chief. "Set me free," continued the captive, in an agonizing tone, "and I will pay the sum demanded." "You are a beggar," said the chief, delighted at the torture his wifed inflicted. "I will work and raise the money." "No, you must die, said the unfeeling wretch, as he raised the knife to plunge it into his vitals. A voice suddenly arrested the uplifted weapon, and a robber advanced, followed by Salee, a well-known citizen whom the prisoner had long hated and considered his worst enemy. "I have sacrificed my cattle," said Salee addressing the peasant, "and paid the ransom. You have injured me without a cause when I was your best friend. Now you are redeemed from death, and I only ask your love in return." The prisoner was astonished at such an unexpected favor. He begged Salee's pardon for his numerous offenses, and wept many tears of gratitude. A multitude now living in this world are willing captives of Satan, and do not seem to realize their wretched condition. They are unable to escape from their hard task-master, and are digging their own graves. They have insulted their best friend, and are exposed to eternal death. The ransom is paid, but they must perish or accept it on the terms of the gospel.— Selected. A Pair of Robinson Crusoes. A TELEGRAM, stated a few days ago, that the Government steamer Napoleon III., left Quebec for the lower St. Lawrence, on lighthouse service. The Quebec Chronicle says the principal object of the mission is to remove two men from the Bird Rocks, in the gulf who have been on the desolate little Island for more than a month without being able to obtain the slightest assistance, although several attempts have been made. The rocks are over seventy feet high, and to reach the summit the visitor must climb two perpendicular ladders, over thirty feet each, an operation attended with much risk and trouble. At the base of the island large sharply-cut boulders of black stone are scattered at irregular distances against which and the rock itself, the waves, when the sea is running high, dash with tremendous violence and force. In launching a boat from the rocks, a calm day must be selected and even then the greatest caution observed owing to the great under-swell, which is almost as dangerous as the high-running sea. One of the government schooners in the fishery protection service made several attempts last week to reach the unfortunate occupants of the Robinson Crusoe island, but failed; and, in addition, the commander (to save his vessel) ordered the crew to throw all the provisions overboard with which it was intended to replenish the exhausted stock on the island. The steamship Lady Head also attempted to reach the charmed spot. It is decided now that a final attempt will be made to reach the rock, and for that purpose a first class outfit of boats, gearings, and other required appurtenances have been provided and in the event of the attempt proving a failure, it is decided to pull the men away from it through the water by means of ropes tied around their bodies. Mr. Tomlinson, chief engineer of the marine fisheries department, visits the locality on board the Napoleon, and, as this gentleman is possessed of excellent skill and judgement in his profession, it is probable that this trip will prove effective. As a last attempt, Mr. Robertson will throw a small line from the ship by means of a rocket.