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

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**SUNDAY READING.**

**"GOD WILL PROVIDE."**

BY CATHERINE STANLEY.

"DON'T cry, Nellie," said a piping little voice. "You know what mamma told us the night she died.—'God will provide,' she said."

It was Saturday night—a wild, bitter winter night. The wind rattled at the loose casement, and roared down the fireless chimney. The two orphans had eaten nothing all day, and there was not a cent in the house. From earliest dawn the eldest had been sewing at a bit of piece-work for a clothing store, in hopes to complete it before night; but now, when dusk had come, and the task was still unfinished, her brave heart had given way, and letting the waistcoat fall into her lap, she burst into despairing tears.

Nellie Thorndike and her little six-year-old sister, Annie, were the children of a clergyman, who had worn himself out in the service of his Master, in an obscure country district. His wife had soon followed him to the grave, broken-hearted, leaving their orphan offspring alone and friendless in the great city to which she had come in hopes to earn a living by giving lessons in music. For a while Nellie had fought bravely to keep the wolf from the door. But as her needle was her only resource, the battle had gone steadily against her. First, one comfort had to be given up, and then another; no fire had been kept, though winter and very often the sisters had gone supperless to bed. To-day they had eaten nothing. No wonder that Nellie had broken down! Even at seventeen, when when hope is still high, there can be such a thing as despair.

But she rallied at her little sister's words. Hastily brushing the tears from her eyes, she took the child in her arms, and kissed her vehemently.

"I know, I know," she said. "I have been weak and very wicked. Yes, darling! 'God will provide.'"

"And don't you remember," said Annie, nestling to her sister's heart, "that verse in the Bible, about never seeing the righteous forsaken, or their seed begging bread? Mother used to give it to me to learn by heart."

"She was interrupted by a loud, imperative knocking at the door.

"Hark! What was that?" she cried, in a frightened whisper.

Nellie started to her feet, but still held the child. She was pale and troubled, and had a wild look, as of one hunted to death.

"It is the landlady," she said. "I promised to pay the rent to-night; and I had forgot. But I haven't a penny.—What shall we do? She will turn us out into the streets."

"Oh, not to-night!" cried Annie, convulsively clutching her sister. "Just listen to the storm."

The danger roused Nellie, as danger always rouses the brave. Her eyes kindled. Her frail form seemed to grow taller.

"She won't dare to do it. She cannot be so cruel," she said. Yet she hardly believed her own words. "But I must go and open the door."

She put down Annie as she spoke.—The child followed, clinging to her skirt. The knocking about this time had become more furious. Nellie unbolted the door, and stood there with a fast-beating heart, but outwardly calm. Brave, noble girl!

It was as she expected, the landlady.—But, to her surprise, no angry countenance met Nellie's gaze. The new comer was in a flurry of apparently pleasurable excitement.

"Oh, Miss!" she cried, raising her hands as if in admiration, "such a carriage as is at the door—with a footman as well, Miss." She spoke in short, gasping sentences, evidently out of breath with her haste.

"They are asking for you, Miss. Miss Nellie Thorndike and her sister! There's such a grand old lady in the carriage.—With such beautiful white hair. Such a dress!" And the hands went up again.

"You're coming up stairs themselves to you. I've just run ahead—"

At this point, the landlady's exclamations were cut short by a tall footman unceremoniously pushing her aside, making way for the most wonderful vision in the shape of an old lady, that Nellie had ever conceived of, much less beheld. So stately and grand, and yet so sweet-looking withal, and dressed so magnificently! If she had been a fairy godmother she could not have overpowered poor Nellie more!

"It is! it is!" cried this apparition, as she saw Nellie. "You have my dear brother's eyes, and your mother's sweet mouth. Oh! my darlings! that you should have come to this!"

As she spoke she looked around the bare wintry room, and then clasping the orphans in her arms, sobbed aloud.

"I am your aunt, my dears," she replied. "Your father's only sister.—Have you never heard him talk of sister Annie? One of you is named after me. Is it you, is it, you darling!" and she kissed first Annie and then Nellie, holding them, by turns, at arm's length, and passionately regarding them. "A widow, a childless widow, now living these many years away off in China, till I lost my

dear husband, when I came home to find all trace of you gone. We have searched everywhere for you. But it was not till to-day that I came on your track.—Thank God! I have found you at last! You must come and live with me, to take the place of those I have lost. The carriage is at the door. What a happy day!"

That night, as Annie nestled in her sister's arms, after the orphans had gone to bed, in the grand mansion to which their aunt carried them, she whispered, "Wasn't I right, Nellie, dear? Didn't mother tell the truth? Yes! 'God will provide.'"

And Nellie murmured, amid happy, thankful tears, clasping Annie closer to her heart, "Yes, darling, God will provide."

**Those Plagued Cats!**

THE FACT that Mr. Oliver lived in a uniform row of houses in the Fourteenth Ward was the reason why he was unfortunate. One moonlight night last week the noise made by the cats on the roof was simply awful. Mr. Oliver lay in bed trying in vain to get to sleep, grinding his teeth with rage, until at last the uproar overhead became unendurable. Mr. Oliver crept out of bed softly, so that his wife could not be awakened. He put on his slippers, seized a boot with each hand, and clad in the snowy robes of night, he opened the trap door and emerged upon the roof. There were thirty or forty cats out there holding a kind of general synod in the cool of the summer evening, enjoying the bracing air, and singing glees. As Mr. Oliver approached, the cats moved over to the next roof. Mr. Oliver advanced and flung a boot at them. They then adjourned suddenly to the next residence. Mr. Oliver projected another boot, and went over after the first one. In this manner the synod retreated, and he advanced till the last one of the row of twenty houses was reached, when the cats arranged themselves in a line along the parapet, ruffled up their fur, curved their spines, and spat furiously at Oliver. That bold warrior gathered up his boots and determined to retreat. He walked over a dozen houses and descended through a trap-door. He went down stairs to his bed-room, and opened the door. There was a man in the room in the act of walking up and down with a baby. Before Oliver had recovered from his amazement, the man flung the baby on the bed, and seizing a revolver began firing rapidly at Oliver. It then dawned upon Oliver that he had come down the wrong trap-door. He proceeded up stairs again suddenly, the man with the revolver practicing at him in a painful manner. When Oliver reached the door he shut the trap and stood upon it. The man fled through the boards twice, and then hooked the door upon the inside. A moment after Oliver heard him springing a watchman's rattle from the front window. As soon as the neighbors knew there was a man on the roof, they all flew up stairs and fasted their trap-doors, and Mrs. Oliver fastened hers, with the firm conviction that some predatory villain had entered while she slept and stolen her Oliver. When he tried the door it was fast, and Mrs. Oliver was screaming so fiercely that he could not make himself heard. By this time the street was filled with policemen, all of whom were blazing away at Oliver with their revolvers, while the young men across the street kept up a steady fire with pistols, shot guns, and miscellaneous missiles. Oliver, with every advantage of forming an opinion, said that Gettysburg was a mere skirmish to it. He hid behind the chimney and lay up against the bricks to keep warm, while the policemen stationed themselves all around the square to capture him when he would slide down one of the water-spouts. But Oliver did not slide. He sat out on the roof all night, with the wind circulating through his two trifling garments, listening to the yawling cats and the occasional shouts from the picket line below, and thinking of the old Jews who used to pray on their house tops, and wondering if Mussulmen were ever shot at or bothered with cats and policemen when they practiced their evening devotions on their roofs. When daylight came, the neighbors rallied in a crowd, armed with all kinds of weapons, from howitzers down, and mounted to the roof, Oliver was taken down and put to bed, and he now has more influenza for a man of his size than any other citizen of his Ward. He says he is going to move into a house that is next to nobody, a house that stands in the middle of a prairie of some kind, and he intends to stencil his name in white on the trap-door.

A Louisville girl, whose lover calls every morning and stays all day, and long into the night, became discouraged at so much attention, and concocted a plan to get rid of him by asking him to help to move the piano up stairs, and after that was done, changed her mind and had him help to move it down. She had it moved to and fro seven times, and he didn't see the point, and the other night, in despair, she threw a pail of water on him out of the window. He says you can't place any confidence in women, and he has presented a bill for moving furniture.

**SCIENTIFIC READING.**

**Mechanism of Watches.**

AN interesting article in the *Phrenological Journal and Packard's Monthly* for December, on the Watch Manufacture in America, gives some extraordinary facts connected with the exceeding delicacy of the mechanism of our pocket time-keepers. Among other things the writer says: "A hair spring, according to the Elgin standard, is a delicate ribbon of the finest steel, measuring one-twelve-hundred-and-fiftieth of an inch in diameter, and weighing one-fifteen-thousandth of a pound Troy. It is a foot long when drawn out on a straight line.

"A pound of steel, worth in the bar one dollar, when converted into hair-springs becomes worth \$4,000; or more than fifteen times as valuable as a pound of gold. For each pivot of a watch, a jewel is selected with a hole which is a degree or the 10,000th part of an inch larger, so that there shall be just sufficient room for the pivot's play and no more. In preparing jewels for watches, the precious stones—diamonds, rubies, garnets, sapphires and aquamarines, are set in good time-pieces—are cut into little cubes, and then turned in a lathe. When ready to be inserted in the watch-plate, a jewel weighs less than the one sixtieth-hundredth of an ounce Troy. The pivot hole is drilled into it with a diamond point, hardly perceptible to the naked eye, and then polished with a wire that passes through it and whirls one way, making 28,000 revolutions in a minute. Every jewel hole is left a little larger than the pivot, for what is called the 'side shake,' and every shaft or axle a little shorter for 'the end shake.' The minute gauges which measure all the parts, make allowance for these—a bit of calculation which they readily perform with an accuracy unknown to human brains.

After the operation of polishing, if a single particle of diamond dust is left in the jewel hole it will imbed itself firmly in the steel pivot, and there act like a tiny chisel, cutting away into the jewel as the pivot revolves. The utmost care is necessary, therefore, to see that no diamond dust is left in the watch.

"The last stage in the manufacture is the adjusting of the movement to heat and cold. First, the watch is run several hours in a temperature of 110 degrees; then it is placed in a cold box where the temperature is above zero, and it must keep time alike in both conditions. It is the office of the adjuster also to try the running of the movement in different positions, and if he finds no variation, it is ready for the case.

"The number of pieces in an American watch varies from 156 to 180, while a watch made by hand in the old English style, contained 800, if we count each link in the chain, which in this country, with the fuse and 'mainwheel,' have been done away, and with advantage."

**What Becomes of a Dead Horse.**

The *Scientific American* recently contained an article on the uses to which dead horses can be applied, in the course of which it is remarked that the animal must be a remarkably good one, if he is worth as much when alive as he is to the retorts and kettles of the chemist. As soon as the horse is dead, his blood is sought by the manufacturers of albumen, and by sugar refiners, and burners of lampblack. Not a drop is allowed to go to waste.

The mane and tail are wanted for hair cloth, seives, bow-strings and brushes.—The skin is converted into leather for cart harness, for boots and shoes, and strong collars. The hoofs are used for combs, horn-work, glue, and in old times, were the chief source of hartshorn, now obtained from the gas house. The flesh is boiled down in the rendering vat, and much fat and oil is obtained from it.—Some of the choice bits may find their way into cheap restaurants, and play the part of beefsteak, or help to enrich the heavy plates of soup of those establishments. The flesh left after all has been extracted from it that is of any service, is sometimes burned, to be used as a manure, or is worked up into nitrogenous compounds, such as the cyanides, to be used by the photographer in taking our pictures.

The stomach and intestines make valuable stings and cords for musical instruments, and out of the bones so many useful articles are manufactured, that it is almost impossible to make out a complete list of them. Among them are buttons, toys, tweezers, knife handles, rulers, cups, dominoes, balls; and the residue from all these things is burnt into bone-black to be used by the sugar refiner, who puts in a second claim on the dead horse; and some part of the bone-black is burnt white to be used by the assayer in testing gold; and when the assayer and refiner have finished with it, it is converted into super phosphate, to serve as a valuable manure on our land. The teeth are used as substitutes for ivory; and the iron shoes, if not hailed over the door to insure good fortune to the household, are worked up into excellent wrought metal. Some portions of the bone-black is converted into phosphorus for the manufacture of matches, and lately a valuable bread preparation is made of the phosphate, and medicines are prepared for the cure of consumptives.

**A New Catechism.**

Whom did Adam marry and when did he marry her? *One Eve.*

What was her bridal dress? Barely nothing.

Not even a ribbon? No, she had no need of one; she was a *rib bone* herself.

When Adam and Eve were in the gardening business, what time did they commence picking apples? In the *Fall*.

What was the first step they took in the sugar business? Raising *Cain*.

Why did not Cain make good sugar? Because he wasn't *Able*.

Spirit as well as sugar, comes from cane: what evil resulted from this Cain's spirit? *Abel got slewed.*

What reason have we to suppose that Cain also got slewed? He went immediately to the land of *Nod*.

Who was the wisest man? *Knower.*

What did he know? He knew enough to go in out of the rain.

**Take thy Pill.**

A gentleman of the old school, thus describes the rendering of a well-known hymn by a modern fashionable choir: First, the soprano, in a soaring leap, sings, "Take thy pill—," followed by the alto and tenor in duet, with like advice, (while the soprano is magnificently holding on to the "pill,") and as the deep base profoundly echoes the same, "Take thy pill—," they finally unite and repeat together, eventually succeeding in singing "Take thy pilgrim to his home," etc., greatly to the relief of both minister and people, who seem alike awfully impressed with the suggestive advice so emphatically reiterated.

When Mrs. M. was preparing to act "Jane Shore," at Liverpool, her dresser, an ignorant country girl, informed her that a woman had called to request two box orders, because she and her daughter had walked four miles on purpose to see the play. "Does she know me?" inquired the mistress. "Not at all," was the reply. "What a very odd request," exclaimed Mrs. M'Gibbon; "has the good woman got her faculties about her?" "I think she have, ma'am for I see she has got something tied up in a red silk handkerchief."

The electricity generated by a rapidly moving belt is immense. The one leading from the fly wheel of the large engine that drives the works in Batterson's building, Hartford, develops electricity enough to ignite a gas-light situated at least six feet from the belt. By presenting the knuckles of one hand to the belt and the point of the other to the burner the gas will be instantly ignited.

A man in Sparta, Wis., wishing to present an organ to a church, wrote to a friend in New York to know what it would cost to get one. He received a reply that he could get a little cussed organ for \$1,500; "but if you expect to get to heaven on the organ dodge, you had better invest about \$20,000." He took the high-priced organ.

There is a boy in Breckenridge, Missouri, who has no ears. They are entirely grown over, if there ever were any. It is said that he can hear distinctly through his mouth.

There will be only one professional bass-ball nine in Philadelphia next season, which is one too many.

For The Bloomfield Times.

**Two Scared Lovers.**

IN a beautiful town in the old Keystone State, our dear friend, the "Squire," has lived many a year, and raised up a highly respectable family, which is a great comfort at this period of his life.

Thinking that a visit to his friends would be a source of recreation to him and afford great pleasure to his beloved wife and son Willie, concluded to hitch "Yank" to the carriage, and leave his pleasant home for a few days. His youngest daughter was left in charge of the household and kitchen furniture, and feeling somewhat lonely when her parents and little brother had gone, invited some of her female friends to spend the evening with her. When the fond lovers of the fair damsels learned of their lonely situation, they at once sought their society to spend a few hours in social converse.

At about ten o'clock in the evening, when the happy parties were nestled up very close, a comical fellow thought he would arrest the progress of the youthful lovers. So, when he reached the porch of the house, he hollowed loudly, imitating the Squire's voice:

"Whoa! Yank! whoa! Willie jump out and knock the snow off your shoes before going into the house."

As soon as the young gentlemen in the house heard this they at once left their sweethearts by way of the back door, and in passing through the garden, one fell and knocked the bark off his nose—the other jumping the fence, and returned thanks that his life has been spared.

As soon as the brave lads left, one of the ladies opened the front door, and said: "Willie, come in. Come in Willie!" And lo! no Willie was there.

The joke was then discovered, but not in time to call back the departed lovers, that were making their tracks for parts unknown.