Office of J. B. DOBBINS,

426 North Eighth St., Philada.

Dobbins | Line VEGETABLE TEXT

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.

ASK FOR DOBBINS'.

NATURES

Hair Restorative!



Contains NO LAU 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 fabrie—perfectly SAPE, CLEAN, and EFFICIENT—desiderations—LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

If 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 of, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headaches, cures all Humors, Cutanoious Ecuptions, and unmatural Heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

Dr. G. Smith, Patentes, Groton Junction, Mass, Prepared only by Proctor Brothers, Glomester, 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 yo ur Druggist for Na-ture's Hair Restorative, and take no other.

Senda-three cent stamp to Procter Bros. for a Treatise on the Human Hair. The information it contains is worth \$500.00 to any person,

THE HOUSEHOLD DELIGHT!

THE WEED"

FAMILY FAVORITE.



It is the Best and most desirable Family Sching 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 En-otine Principle or movement, and in many particu-lars differs from all other machines. It has new and novel devices for taking up the slack thread, feeding the goods, and perfecting the stitch, noth-ing can surpass this machine in execution, rapidi-ty, 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 them in operation.

For sale in Ferry County by

WM. ICKES, Newport, Pa.

F. MORTIMER & CO., New Bloomfield, Pa.

SPROUT & EDDY,

MANUFACTURERS OF



Balusters, Newel Posts, Scroll, Sawing,

CIRCULAR WORK, &c., &c., Made and Warranted from dry material, and all common sizes of

DOORS AND SASH, Kept on hand and for sale by the undersigned

Send for List of Prices to SPROUT & EDDY, PICTURE ROCKS, Lycoming county, Pa. SUNDAY READING.

CAIN'S WIFE.

BY HENRY WARD BERCHER.

MIERE is no record of Cain's court-I ship or wedding. However interesting to the parties themselves, it is of no interest to us, except on the supposition that the account in Genesis of the creation of Adam was designed to exclude the supposition that any people had been If Adam and Eve were the sole progenitors of the race, then Cain and Abel, it is inferred, must have married their own sisters - a connection which is shocking to the sensibilities of the whole race, at a subsequent stage of development.

But many of the Fathers of the Church denied that Adam and Eve, and their children, were the only people on the globe. They affirmed that the text in Genesis very plainly implies that there were other inhabitants besides Adam's family. They allege that verse 14, of chapter 4 of Genesis, plainly implies that the earth was already widely populated. For, when God declared that Cain should be driven out from his family, and made a vagabond in the earth, Cain deprecated the sentence and plead that "every one that findeth me shall slay me." It was plainly not his family connections that he feared, for he desired not to be driven from them. It was the people that he should meet when a wanderer in the Who, then, were these people whom Cain feared to meet when he should have gone forth into the earth?

It is also reasoned by scholars that the most natural method of soothing his fears would have been to tell him, "There are no other people on earth, except your father's children." Instead of that the Lord is represented as falling in with Cain's impression respecting the population of the world, and that he set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him. —Gen. 4: 15.—Still further, it is said that Cain, separating himself from his kindred, went to the land of Nod, east of Edom, " and he builded a city, and called the name of the city after the name of his son Enoch." The Fathers very pertinently asked, where the people came from that lived in this city. That would be an extraordinary state of things which should have enabled Cain that." to fill up a city, however small, with his own children! And it is inferred, therefore, that there were other people in the land besides the immediate posterity of Adam. If Adam was the only progenitor, Cain must have married his sister .-If there were other lines of people, other Adams, as it were, then Cain might have married into another stock.

We do not express any judgment in the matter. We give our correspondent the opinions that have been held in the early days of the Church, but with the statement that almost all modern Christian writers have rejected them.

But as the origin of races has, in our day, assumed an important scientific development, and, as very many able seientists hold to a variety of original race stocks, it is interesting to know that those views have been held before, and upon supposed Biblical grounds.

But are there no more questions about Cain? Does nobody wish to know his wife's name? Does no one wish to know what the mark was which the Lord affixed to Cain? Does no one wish to know how Cain died? Questions must be searce to leave such points untouched. If Cain is to be raised, he surely ought to be thoroughly dealt with.

How the Dutch Farmer Learned Some-

"The Dutch farmers in Africa have held the black native in great contempt. As one of these farmers was riding out one day, he saw one of these blacks sitting by the road-side reading. Cheeking

his horse, he jeeringly asked:

"What book have you got there?"

"The Bible,' replied the Hottentot.

"The Bible! Why, that book was

never intended for you. " Indeed it was, replied the black, con-

fidently; 'for I see my name here.'
"'Your name! Where?" said the farmer, getting off his horse: 'show it

me. "'There!' said the poor fellow, putting his finger on the word sinners—1 Tim. 1: 15—. 'There'—"sinners." That's my

I am a sinner; so that means name. me. "The farmer was silenced; and, mounting his horse, he galloped away. So the children may claim the Bible for theirs, since they are not only sinners, but their other name, children, is in the Bible a

great many times." The less we expect from this world the better for us. The less we expect from our fellow-men, whether the spiritual help or of inspiring example, the smaller will be our disappointment. He that leans on his own strength leans

on a broken reed.

Some people, because they can-not give as much as they would like to, will not give anything. But this was not the way with the poor woman, noticed by our Saviour, who cast two mites into the Lord's treasury.

Too Much for Him.

M. MONCTON," said my grand-mother, "I have no wood to burn to-day. What shall I do?"

"Oh, send Louisa round to pick up some," said the good man making a stride towards the door.

But she has picked up all she can

"Then let her break some of the old stuff. " But she has broken up everything al-

"Oh! well, do the next best thing-I must be off," said the farmer; and off he was, whistling as he went, and no doubt

best thing would turn out to be. Noon come, and with it came my grandfather and four hungry laborers.— My grandmother stood in the kitchen, spinning on her great wheel, and singing a pleasant little ditty; Louisa was scouring in the back room, and the cat sat purring on the hearth before a black and fireless chimney, while the table sat in the middle of the room, spread for din-

ner with empty dishes.
"Well, wife, here we are," said my grandfather, cheerily.

"So I see," replied she, placidly.-"Have you had a good morning in the

"Why, yes, so so. But where is the dinner?

"In the pot on the doorstep. Won't you see if it is done?"

And on the door-step, sure enough sat the great iron pot, nicely covered, but not looking particularly steamy. My grandfather raised the cover and there lay all the ingredients of a nice boiled dinner-everything prepared in the nicest manner, and the pot filled with the elearest of water, and all the vegtables as raw as they had ever been. Grand-father stared and grandmother joined another roll of the yarn upon the distaff, and began another verse of her song.

"Why, woman, what does this mean?" began my grandfather, indignantly.-"This dinner is not cooked at all !"

"Dear me, is it not? Why, it has set in the sun this four hours.' Set in the sun!"

"Yes; you told me try the next best thing to having a fire, and I thought setting my dinner in the sun was about

My grandfather stood doubtful for a moment, but finally his sense of humor overcame his sense of injury, and he when it arrives he keeps it all to himovercame his sense of injury, and he laughed aloud. Then, picking up his self. hat, he said :

"Come, boys, we might as well start for the woods. We shall have no dinner until we shall have earned it, I perceive."

"Won't you have some bread and cheese before you go?" asked my grandmother, generous in her victory as women almost always are. And so she won the day.

The cellar-stairs in the old farmhouse had become broken and so unsafe of late that my grandmother beseiged her husband, early and late, to repair them, lest some accident should happen. He always promised to do so, and always forgot to fulfill his promise. At last one day my fulfill his promise. At last, one day my grandmother fell in going down, and spilled all the new milk she was carrying a dose of Prussic acid; her lips touched

smoking his pipe, beside the fire.
"No matter whether I am or not!" returned the angry housewife, re-appear- has never altogether left us. ing with her empty pan. "That is the last time I carry milk down those stairs until they are mended."

"Please yourself and find the next best way to get it down," said the husband, a little vexed at her tone.

"I will," said my grandmother, and she was as good as her word. The next evening my grandfather went down in the cellar to draw some eider.

"What in thunder is the matter down here? Why, woman, your milk is all over the cellar bottom," exclaimed my grandfather.

"Is it?" replied my grandmother tran-quilly. "Well, I think that is likely

enough, falling so far."

"Falling so far! What on earth do you mean?'

"Why, you know I said I shouldn't carry the milk over those broken stairs and you told me to try the next best way of getting it down, and so I took up a hoard in the kitchen floor, threw down the pans, and then strained the milk down

In one of our neighboring towns not long ago, a family had been afflicted by one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence likely to occur in any family, and were making arrangements for the funeral. A little son of the family was sent for the minister. Arrived at the parsonage, and confronted by the left. kind gentleman, the boy said: "Mr. Preacher, father wants you to come down to our house."

"What for, my young man!"

"He wants you to preach a funeral."
"A funeral! Who is it that has

"It is my little brother (boo-hoo.") "Your little brother, indeed; how old

was he?" "He wasn't old at all, (boo-hoo.) He died a bornin."

Look Sharp.

A FUNNY affair occurred the other day, illustrating the importance of FUNNY affair occurred the other business men looking on both sides of scrap paper upon which they may write orders, receipts or messages. A well known merchant having a small lot of damaged and almost unsaleable goods remaining from a large consignment, at last succeeded in "working them off," and sitting down to his desk, wrote a note to the consignor, announcing the gratifying intelligence in these words:

"I have at length succeeded in closing out those goods, by selling the whole lot to old Scroogins for a hundred dollars, and glad to get rid of them at any price. I'm so afraid, even now, the sharp old codger will back out, that I won't let him have the goods till he pays the money." wondering in his heart what the next

At this point the merchant was interrupted, and turning the note face downward in his portfolio, went out into his warehouse to attend to a customer. hour or two afterward, as he returned, having forgotten the note entirely, Scroogins' clerk enters, hands a hundred dollar bill, and asks for a receipt. The merchant seizes the first piece of paper before him, dashes off the receipt, and hands it to

What was his consternation half an hour afterwards, when the grinning clerk returned with the message from his master, "Mr. Scroogins wants to know if you won't give him another receipt on a clean piece of paper," to find that he had inscribed the acknowledgment on the back of the very letter announcing the sale to his correspondent. Scroogins got an amount of information with the first recipt that he didn't count upon.

A Country Editor's First Kiss.

TENEVER believed Pope's line,

Die of a rose in a romantic pain, till we once accidentally got a kiss awarded to us at a game of forfeits, some fifty years ago. Ehen! fuguees! The fair one in question was the secret idol of our soul. When we were entitled to a kiss by the sacred game of forfeits, the keenness of the rapture almost grew into a toothache. A kiss seemed more than we could imagine; it grew into Titantic dimensions. We had a vague notion of asking the company to help us out by sharing our bliss, as the school boy who, when he hears of his

A kiss from Mary; and all to our own cheek! Oh! and then the blushing shame of a first love, vulgarly called calf, came over us, and we stood looking at our

Mary's lips as a thief does at the gallows. Oh! those sunny eyes! Oh! those lux-uriant tresses, as she shook them off her radiant face, as a dove shakes her feathers and a dog his hide, in order to leave more check to kiss. Oh! those provoking "Are you hurt?" asked my grandfather mine; the world slid away' as it does when we soar in a balloon; and we were carried away into a calm delirium, which aware - but - but this is a Baptist

Who's There ?

MR. THOMAS TWOMBLEY had drank but six glasses of brandy and water, when, being a man of discretion, he returned home at the seasonable hour of one A. M., and went soberly to

Mrs. Thomas Twombley was too well accustomed to the goings and comings of your pardon for intruding, and will re-Mr. Thomas to be much disturbed by the triffing noise he made on retiring; when she discovered that he had his boots on, she requested him to remove

them, or keep his feet out of bed.
"My dear," said Mr. Twombley, in an apologetie tone, "skuse me! came to forget the boots, I can't conceive, for I'm jes's sobe's I ever was'n my life!"

Mr. Twombley sat on the side of his bed, and made an effort to pull off his right boot. The attempt was successful, but it brought him to the floor. On regaining his feet, Mr. Twombley thought he saw the door open. As he was sure to them."

The cellar stairs were mended the next tonished; and, dark as it was in the room, he couldn't be mistaken, he felt foam.

The shut the door on coming in he was astronished; and, dark as it was in the room, he couldn't be mistaken, he felt foam.

Mr. Twombley staggered towards the door, to close it; when, to his still greater an enterprise, and is successful, he will surprise, he saw a figure approach from Twombley stopped, the figure stopped. Twombley advanced again, and the figure did the same. Twombley raised his right hand-the figure raised its

"Who's there?" roared Twombley, beginning to be frightened.

The object made no reply. Twombley raised his boot in a menacing attitudethe figure defied him by shaking a similar

"By the Lor'!" cried Twombley, "I'll find out who you be, you sneaking cuss!"
He hurled the boot at the head of the had mistaken for the door.

A Faithful Wife.

Sheriff Prichard tells us that the wife of George Hyer-sentenced to the penitentiary for five years for horse stealing -followed her husband to the walls of the prison. They attempted to get away from Lewistown without letting her know about it, but the poor woman was evermore on watch at the depot, and so she was on hand when the officers and prisoners started away last week, and, tollowing on the cars, hung about the neck of her husband at the end of the journey .-Mrs. Hyer had two children. These she had deliberately given away to her people, determined to remain in Joliet, near her husband, so that she could see him as often as possible, and be ready at the end of five years, to welcome him again to freedom. She hoped she would be per-mitted to see him often, but this fond hope was rudely torn from her by the stern prison rules. She can see him but once in two months, and then but for two or three minutes in the presence of a guard. She can write to him as often as she pleases, but he can write in reply once a month. After learning these facts the sheriff tried to get her to return to her family near Peorin; but her resolution was firmly taken. She had given up home and children to be near her husband and there she determined to stay, at what-ever sacrifice. They left her alone and friendless, a stranger in a strange city weeping as if her heart would break, but unwavering in her devotion to her husband. No entreaty of her husband, or friend, or stranger, could move her to leave him in his long imprisonment.

A few days since a colored lad entered a drug store in Portland with what he described as an 'nwful feeling in the stomach, jest like it was full of fish hooks and angle worms," and demanded a "set-ter powder," as he had been advised that would give relief. Accordingly the seidlitz powders were dissolved in separate glasses, as usual, and placed before him. with instructions to pour one into the other and drink while effervescing. But the sable youth did nothing of the sort. Instead of following the directions, he drank off the contents of one glass and immediately swallowed the other. The effect may be imagined, but not described. The effervescence which should have ta-ken place in the glass before it was drank took place in the bewildered darkey's stomach, sending streams of the frothy liquid from his mouth, nose, eyes, and ears. As soon as the poor fellow could recover breath, he cried out in frightened

"My stomach has busted; I can't live a minute!" In a few minutes, however, he felt better, and turning to depart, he said: "Dat stuff may work well nuf on de white trash, but its shure death on a

An Intruder. In George W. Curtis' new lectures upon "Charles Dickens," a story is told of a church member, who happening to be in a strange town on Sunday, went into a certain church and remained after sermon at communion service. deacons looked uneasily at him and at

to the stranger, and in a whisper accosted him thus: "Perhaps you-you-are-are-not

one another, and finally one of them went

church?" "Yes," mildly returned the stranger, "I am aware of it."

"Well, rejoined the deacon, "we-we -do not expect-ch-that-ch-that any will partake except those who belong to a-a Baptist church."

"Oh," said the stranger, "I thought this was a Christian church, and that you were celebrating the Lord's Supper; but if this is a private entertainment, I beg

A White Pine laudlord thus advertises, his hotel in the local papers :-"And Joseph wept aloud, and he said unto his brethren, "I am Joseph, doth my father my father yet live?" brethren answered him: "You bet, the old man is doing bully, for he boards at the Cosmopolitan."

A lady writer in one of the daily papers says, if women were as particular in choosing a virtuous husband as men are in selecting a virtuous wife, a moral

say he was smart; but his neighbors will say he was lucky; but if he does not succeed well, he will say he was unfortunate; but his neighbors will say he was a fool.

It is a bad sign when a preacher tries to drive home his logic by thumping the desk violently with his elemened hand. His arguments are so-fist-ical.

Ber What would you say if you wished a reverened Doctor of Divinity to play a tune on the violin? Fiddle-dee-dee-D.

There is only one good substitute mysterious object, when—crash! went for the endearments of a sister, and that is the big looking-glass, which Twombley the endearments of some other fellow's