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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.

ASK FOR DOBBINS'.

NATURE'S Hair Restorative!



Contains NO LAC SULPHUR—NO SUGAR OF LEAD—NO LITHARGE—NO NITRATE OF SILVER...

Transparent and clear as crystal. It will not soil the finest fabric—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN, and EFFICIENT...

It restores and prevents the hair from becoming gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head...

Dr. G. Smith, Patente, Groton Junction, Mass. Prepared only by Procter Brothers, Gloucester, Mass.

Send a three cent stamp to Procter Bros. for a Treatise on the Human Hair.

THE HOUSEHOLD DELIGHT!

"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 English Principle...

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 inspectors and is furnished with all the usual equipments of a first-class machine...

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

SPROUT & EDDY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, Blinds,

BRACKETS, Mouldings,

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 BEECHER.

THERE is no record of Cain's courtship 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 created.

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.

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."

My grandfather stood doubtful for a moment, but finally his sense of humor overcame his sense of injury, and he laughed aloud. Then, picking up his 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."

How the Dutch Farmer Learned Something.

"The Dutch farmers in Africa 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 roadside reading.

"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, confidently; '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—I Tim. I: 15.—"There—'sinners.' That's my name. I am a sinner; so that means 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.

Too Much for Him.

"MR. MONCTON," said my grandmother, "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 find."

"Then let her break some of the old stuff."

"But she has broken up everything already."

"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 wondering in his heart what the next best thing would turn out to be.

Noon came, and with it came my grandfather and four hungry laborers.

"Well, wife, here we are," said my grandfather, cheerily.

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

"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 doorstep, sure enough sat the great iron pot, nicely covered, but not looking particularly steamy.

"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 that."

"No matter whether I am or not!" returned the angry housewife, re-appearing with her empty pan.

"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 cider.

"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 tranquilly. "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 board in the kitchen floor, threw down the pans, and then strained the milk down into them."

The cellar stairs were mended the next day.

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.

"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 died?"

"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 bornun."

Look Sharp.

A FUNNY affair occurred the other day, illustrating the importance of business men looking on both sides of scrap paper upon which they may write orders, receipts or messages.

"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."

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.

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.

A few days since a colored lad entered a drug store in Portland with what he described as an 'awful feeling in the stomach, just 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.

A kiss from Mary; and all to our own check! 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.

Who's There?

MR. THOMAS TWOMBLEY had drunk 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 bed.

Mrs. Thomas Twombley was too well accustomed to the goings and comings of Mr. Thomas to be much disturbed by the trifling noise he made on retiring; but 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 apologetic tone, "skuse me! How I came to forget the boots, I can't conceive, for I'm jes' sober's I ever was a 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.

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

"By the Lor'!" cried Twombley, "I'll find out who you be, you sneaking cuss!"

He hurled the boot at the head of the mysterious object, when—crash! went the big looking-glass, which Twombley 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.

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