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USING SILK, COTTON, OR LINEN THREADS WITH EASE.

This Machine is built on what is called the Engine 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.

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For The Bloomfield Times.
DUNCANNON, Feb. 10th 1871.
THE RED MEN.
BY ONE OF THEM.

Mr. Editor—The origin and progress of the Improved Order of Red Men. It originated in the year 1812, at Fort Mifflin, on the Delaware River. None but soldiers were admitted. The question naturally arises, why was this society organized, or what was the motive which prompted its organization. It will be remembered by some, that during this period of our country's history, there were two parties—the war party and the anti war party. Between these two factions there had arisen a bitter animosity, which spread itself in such a manner as to cause a good deal of alarm. It found its way in the fort, and soon began to disseminate its demoralizing influence among the soldiers. The same spirit of hatred, strife, and distrust which had embittered the feelings of the too conflicting factions outside soon began to manifest itself among the soldiers. Captain James H. Barker, who was commandant of the fort, and Lieutenant Williams, viewing with apprehension and fear the threatening consequence of the powers at work among the soldiers to their country and its free institution, and rising above the machinations of party to the level of patriotism proposed and effected among the soldiers the organization of the society above referred to, and fortified it by signs, grips, and pass-words, the object of which was to dispel, discard, and discriminate friendship. Their efforts were attended with the happiest results, for in a very short time after the organization was completed a marked change was visible in the tone and temper of the garrison, etc.

The order, while confined to the soldiers of Fort Mifflin, was no doubt political in its character, it having grown out of the bitterness of feeling engendered between the two conflicting factions outside, but thank God, if it was political in its character, it was on the side of right and patriotism, and was national in its purposes and designs, proving itself a most powerful agent for the government in dispelling the gloom which then hung around the national horizon, and in bringing about peace and joy. Brother Red Men, you may well feel proud of the origin of your order. It is American in its origin, in its teachings, in its objects, and in its purposes. The members of our charitable organization may boast of their ability to trace their origin away back to the past, and glory in the idea of being able to associate with the master spirits of long past ages; but I ask what is all their boasting, compared with the knowledge brought home to us, that our order had its origin in America? That patriotism gave it its first impulse, and that it was reared up under the blessed influences of free institutions and that its first votaries were to be found battling in the sacred cause of freedom, and for the rights of man.

At the close of the war the society in the fort was necessarily abandoned, its original object having ceased, and the volunteers being compelled to separate and return to their homes. But the principles inculcated by that society had made a lasting impression upon their hearts, and they found after they had resumed the peaceful pursuits of life, that they could not resist the charms of the association, which seemed to have complete control over them. They determined, or at least many of them did, to effect a re-organization of the society, based upon the pure principles of friendship. Accordingly, some time during the year 1817, a call was inserted in one or more of the Philadelphia papers for a council of Red Men, which resulted in the organization of what was subsequently known as the Tribe of Columbia of the Society of Red Men of Pennsylvania, but, subsequently, owing to a corroding element which was introduced into the society, the Tribe of Columbia, and also the branch tribes, generally, throughout the several states, lost their power for good. In May, 1835, the order was placed upon proper footing, and a complete organization was effected. This was brought about by a meeting of the past sachems and representatives selected for that purpose, who convened in the old "wigwag," on Thames Street, Fell Point, Baltimore. The order was now shorn of its political character, military successions and titles abandoned, and new ones adopted in their stead. The organization was affected without regard to, or apparent knowledge of, the fraternity elsewhere. The order thus clothed with new power and proper authority, and taking for its motto freedom, friendship, and charity, started out into the world upon its broad mission of love. The good it has accomplished since it was thus endowed, can hardly be estimated. Thousands of homes have been made happy through its ministrations. Many are filling high places of trust to-day, who never would have been known outside of the immediate community in which they lived, but for the good it brought upon their hearts, and the practical lesson it taught them. It has educated thousands of orphans, and has sent them on their way rejoicing. It has brought joy to many a widow's heart, and saved untold numbers from starvation

and misery. Time would fail me, my friends and brothers, to recount all the good deeds. Monuments of its ministrations are to be seen everywhere. It now counts its membership by thousands, and on its rolls are found the names of some of the best men in the land. We have now three tribes in our county—one in Duncannon, one in Millerstown, and one in Marysville, and all in a good, and flourishing condition, and at the present rate we will double our membership in less than one year.

There is yet room for more new tribes. We hope that before the year 1871 rolls around, every town in the county will have a tribe in it.

SCIENTIFIC READING.

THE MOUNT CENIS TUNNEL.

IN 1805 NAPOLEON constructed a road over the pass of Mount Cenis, at an expense of 7,000,000*fr.*, which, at the time, was regarded at a great engineering triumph. It was eighteen feet wide and thirty miles long, and afforded a fine road-bed, though passing over an elevation a mile higher than the level of the surrounding country. It served for many years as the only highway from France to Italy. Subsequently, after the age of railroad engineering and tunnelling was fully inaugurated, the idea was broached of going under the mountain instead of over it. Examination proved that the little stream of the *Dora*, on the Italian side, approached, at one point, to within less than eight miles of the Arc on the French side; and the valleys of these two streams afforded excellent railroad routes, down to the plains of Italy and France. Between the points however, where the rivers approached nearest to each other, towered three lofty mountain peaks, the highest more than two miles above the level of the sea. Of course, a tunnel, if attempted through such a range, could not be excavated, as is usual, by shafts sunk at intermediate places between the two extremities. Such a shaft would cost more than the tunnel itself, besides being useless, when done, on account of the immense elevation. The excavation could be made only from the two ends, and by any process then in use, its completion could not be hoped for within less than forty to fifty years. This was a discouraging prospect indeed, yet so earnestly did the advocates of the work urge it, that, with the guarantee of Governmental aid, it was commenced on the Italian side in 1857.

The work for the first four years was done entirely by hand-drills and blasting with powder. But, meantime, engineers and inventors were anxiously endeavoring to bring into use more effectual means. Steam could not be employed as a power for drilling, for, when the tunnel had progressed a little way, there was not air to feed the fires, it being difficult to force in amid the smoke and gasses of the blasting, enough air even for the workmen to breathe. In this difficulty it was seen that if any apparatus could be contrived to use compressed air as a motive power, it would meet all the needs of rapid motion for the drills, ventilation for the workmen, an atmosphere to sustain the requisite lights. Experiment accordingly took this direction, and after many discouraging failures, the required machine was produced. The streams on either side of the mountains afforded the needed power to drive immense air pumps, which compressed air to one-sixth its ordinary bulk, and drove it into reservoirs. From these it was taken in tubes into the tunnel, and, when allowed to escape, afforded all the power needed to draw the cars and drill the rocks, and then drove away in gusts the smoke of the blasting, and gave the workmen the clear atmosphere they needed for their life and comfort.

The drilling machine itself was fixed on an iron car, which was moved by air power backward and forward upon rails, as need might require. Each machine had ten perforators; these were struck by a force equal to 200 pounds, turned partly around and then withdrawn. Two hundred of these blows were given each drill per minute. After about 90 holes, 3 feet in depth, and 2 or 3 inches in diameter, converging a little toward each other, were drilled, they were charged, tamped, and the machine withdrawn by the workmen behind wooden doors which had been made for their protection. The slow match was then applied, and the charge fired. This process was then repeated, while other workmen were engaged in picking up and removing the debris upon their air drawn cars. And so the work went on, day and night, seven days in the week, and fifty-two weeks in the year, till now we find the work of more than forty years of hand labor has been compressed into about eight of this machine-work. About 2,500 workmen have been employed, those within the tunnel working in gangs of about three hundred and fifty each, relieved three times in the twenty four hours, eighteen hours being given to labor and sixteen to rest. Common laborers received three francs a day; skilled, five. At first powder only was used for blasting; afterward, gun-cotton; and, finally nitro glycerine.

The full length of the tunnel is 7 3/5 miles, while its average height is 25 feet and its width 26 feet.

Dyeing Wood, Leather, Bone, etc., a Brilliant Red.

This is now accomplished by the use of picric acid mixed with a solution of fuschin. Each of ingredients is first mixed with ammonia, to prevent their mutual decomposition when brought together. Then, when mixed, a deep yellow solution results. This solution when applied to wood, leather, bone, horn, ivory, wool, or silk, almost immediately turns to a deep red. Various shades are produced by varying the proportions of picric acid and fuschin, from bluish red to deep orange. The full tint is revealed only on the evaporation of the ammonia. A little experience in the use of these substances will enable any person of ordinary intelligence to succeed to his satisfaction.

Judging by Appearance.

SOME years ago there arrived at the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, an odd-looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated resort. He seemed to have just sprung from the woods; his dress, which was made of leather, stood dreadfully in need of repair apparently not having felt the touch of a needle for many a long month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long, rusty tin box on the other, and his beard unchopped, tangled, and coarse, fell down upon his bosom as if to counterpoise the weight of the thick dark locks that supported themselves on his back and shoulders. This being, strange to the spectators, seemingly half civilized, half savage, pushed his steps into the sitting-room, untrapped his little burden, quietly looked around for the landlord and modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance to receive this uncouth form among genteel visitors, but a few words whispered in his ear satisfied him, and the stranger took his place in the company, some shrugging their shoulders, some staring, some laughing outright. Yet there was more in that one man than in the whole company. He had been entertained with distinction at the tables of princes; learned societies, to which the like of Cuvier belonged, had bowed down to welcome his presence; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them. In short, he was one whose fame will be growing brighter when the fashionables who laughed at him, and much greater than they, shall have been forgotten. From every hill-top and deep, shadowy grove, the birds, those blossoms of the air, will sing his name.

The little wren will wipe it with her matin-hymn; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadow; the turtle dove roll it through the secret forests; the many-voiced mocking bird pour it along the air, and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits far up on the blue mountains, will scream it to tempt and the stars. He was John J. Audubon, ornithologist.

Hogs I've Got you Now.

SOME years ago, an eccentric genius, Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, used to give lectures. One night he announced that he would lecture in Easton. Now, temperance was not in favor among the male portion of that burg. The women, however, were all in for the "pledge," and consequently on Hunt's first night not a man showed himself in the hall. The benches were pretty well filled with women, though, and Hunt commenced; but instead of temperance, he put them through on the vanities of dress, etc.—They were great stuffed feather sleeves then. They (the sleeves) caught it, then their tight lacing, and so on through the whole catalogue of female follies; not a word about temperance. And the ladies went home hopping mad, told their husbands about it, and voted old Hunt down to the lowest notch.

He had announced that he would lecture at the same place next night. Long before the time appointed they commenced to come, and when Hunt hobbled down the aisle, the building was comfortably well filled with men. The fellow looked about, chuckled, and muttered:—"Hogs, I've got you now!"

After the crowd had got a little more quiet, the lecturer arose and said:—"Friends, you wanted to know what I meant by saying, 'Hogs, I've got you now,' and I'll tell you. Out West, the hogs run wild; and when folks get out of meat they catch a young pig, put a strap under his body and hitch him to a young sapling that will just swing him from the ground nicely. Of course he squeals and raises a rumpus, when all the old hogs gather around to see what's the matter, and then they shoot them at leisure. Last night I hung a pig up; I hurt it a little, and it squealed. The old hogs have turned out to-night to see the fun, and I'll roast you," and so he did, pitching into their favorite vice with a relish and gusto.

An old Greenland seaman said he could readily believe that crocodiles shed tears, for he had often seen the whales' blubber.

Serious Charges.

THE FOLLOWING charges, made by Wm. Welsh, of the Indian peace Commission, are contained in a letter addressed to Vincent Collyer, his associate to this effect.

MY DEAR SIR: You ask me if my statements of improvidence, or something worse, in the Indian Department are fully sustained by the books and vouchers. A deliberate examination has revealed facts even worse than my statements, but as the investigating committee will in due season report thereon, I do not feel free to state anything beyond a few indisputable facts taken from the official records. One million and thirty-one thousand dollars were paid to one favored contractor within a few months. All but \$96,000 of this sum was on very private contracts. One hundred and seventy-nine thousand dollars of it was paid for freights up the Missouri at from 85 per cent. to 300 per cent. above the rates at which the Quartermaster of the army had effected a contract to take all the Indian goods. The profit on the money paid to this contractor must have exceeded \$400,000, and it does not appear that he assumed any risk. On the 10th of August last he was authorized by Commissioner Parker to pick up two or three million pounds of flour, without limit as to price. Most of it was purchased at \$2.20 a hundred, whilst the government pay for it \$3.50 a hundred. If it had been bought in August it could have been shipped to Grand River under the quartermaster contract at \$1.60 a hundred pounds, but under the private bargain the freight was \$6 per hundred pounds. The Texas cattle brought privately on June 17 and August 10 were paid for at six cents per pound immediately on their arrival at the reservations whilst the same contractor, after proper competition united with others in furnishing still better cattle at three and eighty-eight hundredths cents per pound, taking all risks of keeping during the winter. Yours, truly,

WILLIAM WELSH.

Hold Fast Below.

A party of Irishmen, once upon a time contracted to clear a very deep well. Having some of the usual conveniences employed for such purposes, they were at a loss to get one of the party on a little ledge near the bottom to assist in the process of getting out water, mud, etc. At last Jimmy Phelan, a herculean fellow proposed a plan which was considered just the thing.

It was this: Jimmy was to clasp his big fists around the windlass; then another of the party was to clamber down and hold on by his legs, and so on until the last man should be able to leap upon the ledge.

Being slightly corned with liquor, the party prepared for the descent, without stopping to contemplate the difficulties involved in the adventure.

With bared breast, and sleeves tucked up, big Jimmy seized the round portion of the windlass directly over the well and swung himself over. Another of the party crept down Jimmy's body and grasped him by the boots. After several more had followed suit, and the human chain began to stretch far into the well, Jimmy became alive to one great difficulty; the windlass did not afford him a good hold in the first place, and the weight was getting intolerable.

At last human sinew could stand it no longer, and Jimmy hailed the lower link in the chain with:

"Be jabers, Pat howled fast below till I spit on me hans."

Suiting the action to the words, he released his hold, when of course, the whole party was precipitated to the bottom of the well. As luck had it, there was more mud than water where the Hibernians lit, and they wisely considered themselves particularly fortunate in escaping without actual loss of either life or limb.

How to Spell.

Often in writing, a simple word is required, of the orthography of which the writer is not sure. The dictionary may be referred to—but is not always convenient. An easy mode is to write the word on a bit of waste paper, in two or three ways of which you are in doubt.—Nine times in ten the mode which looks right, is right. Spelling—particularly English spelling is so completely a work of the eye, that the eye alone should be trusted. There is no reason why "receive" and "believe" should be spelled differently, yet sounded alike, in their second syllables. Yet write them "re-ceive" and "be-lieve" and the eye shows you the mistake at once. The best way for young people, and indeed people of any age, to learn to spell, is to practice writing. Cobbett, the famous English radical, taught his children grammar by requiring that they should copy their lessons two or three times. These lessons he himself gave them in the form of letters; and his French and English grammars are two of the most amusing books in the English language. Of course "learning to spell" came in incidentally.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.