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428 North Eighth St., Philada.

**Dobbins HAIR VEGETABLE RENEWER**

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!**

TRADE MARK. PATENTED.

Contains NO LAC SULPHUR—NO SUGAR OF LEAD—NO LITHARGE—NO NITRATE OF SILEX, 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 fabric—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN, EFFICIENT—desideratum—LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It 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 out, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headaches, cures all Humors, Cutaneous Eruptions, and restores the Hair to its natural color and growth. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

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

Send a three cent stamp to Procter Bros. for a Treatise on the Human Hair. The information it contains is worth \$200.00 to any person.

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 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.

**"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 Perry County by  
**WM. ICKES, Newport, Pa.**  
AND  
**F. MORTIMER & CO.,**  
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**SPROUT & EDDY,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF

**DOORS, Blinds, BRACKETS, Mouldings,**  
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CIRCULAR WORK, &c., &c.,  
Made and Warranted of dry material, and all common sizes of

**DOORS AND SASH,**  
Kept on hand and for sale by the undersigned  
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PICTURE ROCKS,  
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**Gentle Words and Loving Smiles.**

The wild rose in the summer time  
Is beautiful to me,  
And glorious the many stars  
That glimmer o'er the sea;  
But gentle words and loving smiles,  
And hands to clasp my own,  
Are sweeter than the brightest flowers  
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun-rays warm the grass to life,  
The dew the drooping flower,  
And stars shine bright to hail the light  
Of autumn's opening hour;  
But words that breathe out tenderness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the summer time,  
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,  
With all its subtle art,  
And gold and gems are not the thing  
To satisfy the heart.  
But O! if those who cluster round  
The altar and the earth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is hearth!

**The Chancellor in a Fix.**

THERE is a story told of a former Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who was desirous of visiting a lunatic asylum near Dublin, in order to satisfy himself upon some points touching its management and administration. None of the officials of the establishment were to be previously apprised of the intended visit, his lordship's object being to see the asylum in its every-day working, and to judge for himself as to the matters that interested him.

For this purpose the Lord Chancellor repaired thither alone, and quite *incognito*. One other person only was in the secret. This was an eminent medical man whom the Chancellor had requested to meet him in the waiting room of the institution at a certain hour on a particular day. When his lordship, punctual to the minute, got to the place, he found upon inquiry that the doctor had not arrived. He said he would wait, as he wanted particularly to see the doctor. Fifteen minutes passed, but the medical man did not make his appearance. The Lord Chancellor began to show signs of impatience, not unobserved by an official attendant.

High functionaries must not be kept waiting, and this one was notoriously fidgety and short-tempered. He kept looking at his watch every two or three minutes, and at length gave vent to his impatience by stamping his foot on the floor, and muttering something which bore a strong resemblance to a good round oath. His manner attracted the attention of the attendant who began to suspect the visitor must be mad.

The attendant kept his eye on him, and prepared for an emergency. Half an hour elapsed—still no doctor. The great man could stand it no longer. Starting from his seat, he paced up and down the room hurriedly, uttering angry ejaculations the while. The official, now satisfied of the insanity of the visitor, made a dash at him and called out for help. One of the keepers soon appeared on the spot, and the unlucky Chancellor was soon secured.

Not without a fierce struggle, however. Against the indignity he protested loudly and lustily. He declared with all the emphasis possible that he was perfectly sane, and threatened condign punishment to the officials. But the men only smiled. Having made up their minds he was a dangerous patient, they at once proceeded to forcibly remove him to one of the wards. Seeing that his protests and threats were useless, and that the matter was getting serious, the Chancellor thought to turn the scale in his favor by divesting himself of his *incognito*. Accordingly he declared himself to be the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and that Sir—(naming the physician) was his personal friend. The officials knew better. Each gave a sly wink to the other.

"Oh, yes, I dare say," quietly remarked one of the men, "we have already got two Lord Chancellors up stairs, besides the Duke of Wellington and the Queen of England." And not only was the unhappy Chancellor removed, but he was actually placed in a straight waistcoat, each successive manifestation of his rage at the proceeding being only regarded as a stronger symptom of lunacy.

Luckily Sir—arrived at the asylum immediately afterwards. Entering the waiting room he anxiously inquired whether a gentleman had called and asked for him.

"A gentleman had called," was the reply, "but he became so violent that it was necessary to remove him up stairs."

"Good God!" exclaimed the physician, "why it is the Lord Chancellor.—What is the meaning of this?"

The officers were horror-stricken, and it need hardly be added that the unlucky Lord Chancellor was released instantly with many apologies.

A prominent dry goods merchant of Boston worked half an hour on the following proposition, and failed to give the answer: "If fourteen men build a stone wall in nine days, how long will it take five men to build a like wall in six days?"

Pride hides a man's faults from himself and magnifies them to others.

**A Patriotic Jury.**

MR. CHARLES M. LEE was a well-known criminal lawyer of Rochester. He summed up a case with a superfluity of gesture and an affluence of perspiration that would have astonished even John Graham in his vehement and melting moods. Lee was defending an old revolutionary soldier for passing a forged promissory note for some thirty dollars. There was hardly the faintest doubt of his guilt; but Lee contrived to get before the jury the fact that the prisoner, then a dare-devil boy of 19, was one of the storming party that followed Mad Anthony Wayne in his desperate night assault upon Stony Point, and helped carry the wounded General into the fort during that terrible affray. In summing up, Lee after getting over the ugly points as he best could, then undertook to carry the jury by escalade, on the ground of the prisoner's revolutionary services. He described in graphic language the bloody attack on Stony Point, the impetuous valor of Wayne, the daring exploit of his client, and wound up with this stunning interrogatory: "Gentlemen of the jury, will you send to the State Prison, for passing a contemptible thirty dollar forged note, an old hero of three score and ten, who, in his youth, cheered the heart of his country, in the darkest hour of the revolution, by storming Stony Point?"

This was a poser. The chin of some of the jury quivered, but the foreman, a bluff farmer, put on air which seemed to say, that storming Stony Point was a good thing enough in its line, but what had it to do with passing this forged note? After being out a couple of hours, the jury returned to the court room, when the clerk went through the usual formula:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, because he stormed Stony Point," thundered the stalwart foreman, who, it was afterward learned, was the last to come to an agreement.

The audience applauded, the eric rapped to order, the District Attorney objected to the recording of the verdict, and the judge sent the jury out again, telling the foreman, in a rather sharp tone, that they must find an unconditional verdict of guilty or not guilty. After an absence of a few minutes, they returned, when the foreman rendered a simple verdict of not guilty, adding, however, as he dropped into his seat, "It was a good thing, though, Judge, for the old Revolutionary cuss that he stormed Stony Point."

**K new His Business.**

A WELL known clergyman was crossing Lake Erie, some years ago upon one of the lake steamers, and seeing a small lad at the wheel, steering the vessel, he accosted him as follows:

"My son, you appear to be a small boy to steer so large a boat."

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "but you see I can do it, though."

"Do you think you understand your business, my son?"

"Yes, sir; I think I do."

"Can you box the compass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear you box it."

The boy did as he was requested, when the minister said,—

"Well, really, you can do it! Can you box it backwards?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear you."

The boy again did as requested, when the minister remarked,—

"I declare, my son! you do seem to understand your business."

The boy then took his turn at question asking, beginning,—

"Pray, sir, what might be your business?"

"I am a minister of the gospel?"

"Do you understand your business?"

"I think I do, my son."

"Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say it."

The clergyman did so, repeating the words in a very fervent manner, as though trying to make an impression on the lad.

"Well, really, said the boy, upon its conclusion, "you do know it, don't you? Now say it backward."

"Oh! I can't do such a thing as that—Of course."

"You can't do it, eh?" returned the boy. "Well, then, you see I understand my business a great deal better than you do yours."

The clergyman acknowledged himself beaten and retired.

An agent soliciting subscribers for a book, showed the prospectus to a man who, after reading, "One dollar in boards and one dollar and twenty five cents in sheep," declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand when called upon for payment.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven is indispensibly required that he forgive.

**Curing Drunkenness.**

THE following novel method of curing drunkenness is practiced in the Austrian army, the medical reports stating that out of 139 cases, 128 cures of confirmed drunkards have been effected:

The soldier taken in a state of intoxication, or purposely inebriated, is confined to his room, where his diet is carefully and amply supplied to him, according to his choice. For drink, he is allowed brandy and water, in the proportion of one-third brandy, two-thirds water. All his food is prepared in a weak solution of brandy and water. Coffee, with a small quantity of brandy, is also allowed him. At first, the treatment throws the patient into a constant state of intoxication, and he sleeps much. At the end of three or four days he takes a dislike to his food and drink, and asks for a change, which request, were it acceded to, would entirely prevent the completion of the cure.

On the contrary, it must now be persevered in, until the patient can no longer swallow food or drink and even the smell revolts and nauseates the stomach, when the cure may be considered as effected.—The shortest time for the continuance of the treatment is seven days; the longest, nine. In order to prevent the congestion which might ensue, the patient must now be given gentle emetics—that is, one grain of emetic in a bottle of water, a wineglass to be taken every quarter of an hour in the morning fasting. This is followed by forty grains of magnesia daily, given in broth or gruel, placing the patient at first on a low light diet, and then gradually increasing to his original rations.

If during the first part of the treatment, spitting of blood or convulsions should result, it must not be persevered in; therefore this mode of remedy can not, on any pretence whatever, be adopted but by a medical man. In Russia, drunkenness is also treated as a disease, and certain strong aromatic preparations are used as curative means. As a temporary remedy, to restore the unfortunate victim to a state of sobriety, give him from ten to twelve drops of spirits of ammonia, in a wineglass of water. This will be sufficient in a common case; but if the person is positively drunk, it may be necessary to give the dose a second time, in which case it will generally act as an emetic (an advantage) when short sleep will ensue, and the patient will wake restored. None but a medical man may venture to apply the ammonia to the nostrils, as not only injurious, but fatal effects might ensue.

**Cutting off the Wrong Head.**

An old farmer was out one fine day looking over his broad acres, with an axe on his shoulder and a small dog at his heels. They espied a woodchuck. The dog gave chase and drove him into a stone wall, where action immediately commenced. The dog would draw the woodchuck partly out from the wall, and the woodchuck would take the dog back. The old gentleman's sympathy getting high on the side of the dog, thought he must help him. So putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, waited for the extraction of the woodchuck, when he would cut him down. Soon an opportunity offered and the old man struck, but the woodchuck gathered up at the same time, took the dog in far enough to receive the blow, and the dog was killed on the spot. For years after, the old gentleman in relating the story would always add: "And that dog don't know to this day but what the woodchuck killed him."

**Too Much for 'em.**

DEACON K—lacked the confidence of the inhabitants of M—. He was most sincerely detested for his hypocrisy and double dealing, and was so very unpopular, that a few wags conceived the idea of drawing up a paper requesting him to leave town.

Once endorsed with two or three respectable names, the joke took; the paper circulated like wildfire and soon contained every business man in the place.

A most horrible position to occupy in regard to one's neighbors.

But the Deacon was a genius in his way. Getting possession of the document, he adroitly changed the heading, and behold! the intended rebuke was transformed into a humble petition to the President that Deacon K—be appointed postmaster of M—, and in due time the appointment came.

Once a keeper of an asylum had occasion to go upon the roof of the building—a very high one. A patient, unobserved, quickly mounted the ladder after him, and confronting the keeper at the top, told him if he—the keeper—did not jump down, he—the lunatic—would throw him down. There was no mistaking the menacing look and tone. Escape was impossible. Suddenly a happy impression struck the keeper.

"Ha!" said he, with an air of easy confidence, "to jump down would be no great feat. I tell you what—I'll go down and jump up."

The madman was off the scent at once. The notion pleased him immensely.—Both descended the ladder, and the keeper saved his life by this lucky stratagem.

**SCIENTIFIC READING.**

**Sponges.**

Sponges were very numerous, though we were told a large portion were not worth gathering. The sponger could readily distinguish the best as he pushed his boat over them. Some of the coarser kinds, not marketable, are four feet in diameter. They are all more or less concave at the apex. A black membranous tunia covers them, and soft jelly-like portions project into the pores and cavities, constituting the slight claim they have to a place in the animal kingdom. Animal mucus and fat oil have been found in their analysis; so the vexed question is settled by chemistry, and they are unquestionably admitted to the ranks of animated nature, though far from active members. A slight current is observable over the openings, and nourishment is probably absorbed as it circulates through them. The frame-work is made up of silica, a wonderful proportion, in the form of spiculae or splinters. Unlike most other marine objects, sponge is less attractive in its living state; only after the soft parts are removed is it pleasing to the eye. The pretty urn and other shaped sponges found on the beaches are merely the skeletons.

A large trade is now carried on at Key West in this article. Small schooners, from ten to twenty tons burden are employed. They are much the shape of half an egg, and as flat as is consistent with due regard to sailing qualities; approaching, probably as near as is possible the mythic craft that is said to "float in a heavy dew." These vessels lie at anchor in the channels, while the spongers push their small boats over the flats to gather the sponge. In some places they dive for it, and in shoal water grapple them. The specimens are very heavy, being loaded with water and the jelly-like animal matter. They are buried in the sand of the beaches until the matter is decomposed, when they are washed and carried to Key West, collected upon strings of convenient length, and bleached in the sun. That portion of Key West called Conchtown is the principal depository, where the yards and fences are loaded with them. For many years nearly all the sponge collected on the Florida Reef was sold at Key West to an Israelite of New York, to one Isaacs; latterly others have entered the trade, and a very respectable income is derived from it.

**Wool in its Passage to Velvet Carpeting.**

The material passes from the wash to the combing machines, which separates the long from the short fibres. The long are passed through rollers, and assume a form called "sliver," which falls into a hollow cylinder set for its reception, while the short fibres vanish in a mysterious looking box at one side of the room.—These slivers are passed through a drawing-frame, twenty or more of them united and drawn out so as to equalize the thread; eight or ten of these threads are again subjected to the drawing process and reduced to one. This operation is repeated as often as is necessary to produce uniformity. These long fibres form the warp of the carpets, while the short are used for the "wool" or "filling." In the spinning-room both staples of the wool are placed on the "spinning jacks," which operate with great rapidity. When it leaves the "jacks," it is in the form of course yarn, lightly rolled on large spools, then wound into skeins, when it is ready for the dye-house.

By the American system of "folding" part of the yarn-skeins are subjected to a parti-colored dyeing. Parti-colored yarns are used for warp. Other bundles of yarn are submerged in rolling steaming floods of colored liquids of every hue. Sulphur is used to bleach the portion intended to represent white.

From the dye-room the yarn is conveyed to the drying-room, and thence to the winding-room. The threads are here wound on large cylinders for the printers, and each filling of the cylinder makes but a single thread in the warp of a pattern. These skeins, after being printed with 100 or more shades of colors, and placed in boxes on a little railroad car, are shoved into a boiler, where from four to six pounds pressure of steam is applied. When the colors are thoroughly fixed, the skeins are dried and pressed through setting-machines, when the yarn is ready for the Bigelow loom. These have on the end of each of the little wires used to raise the pile of the Brussels carpet, a small knife, which, while it weaves, cuts the pile and makes it velvet. The fabric is next subjected to the process of "shaving" and after that to the rolling machine. The carpets are then rolled, marked with the number of the pattern of each roll, number of yards etc., and are thus prepared for removal to the ware house.

**Good Hair Wash.**

When the hair is falling off the following tonic wash will be found useful: Take half a fluid ounce of tincture of quinine, one drachm of bicarbonate of ammonia, and five and a half ounces of rose water. First dissolve the ammonia in the water, then add the tincture. Apply it gently to the roots of the hair twice a week, or oftener if found beneficial.