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FITZ HUMES' LITTLE TRICK.

MR. AUGUSTUS FITZ-HUMES sat in his luxurious bachelor establishment on B—street, and pondered deeply. The subject of his cogitations was a wife, or, rather, how to get one. There were enough young ladies who would be glad to bless their lucky stars for the privilege of becoming mistress of his home, as he well knew; but he also felt tolerably well assured the home was all they cared for. For the fortune they would wed its owner.

Deuce take the money!" he exclaimed. "I wish I'd never had a cent, and then-but botheration !- then I should have been too poor to marry, any way. Why couldn't I have just wealth enough for all my wants, and nothing more? I'll foil them, though, the mean adven-

A furious pull of the bell-cord brought the housekeeper to the room in a hurry.
"Pack up your traps, Mrs. Ashfield,"
he exclaimed, abruptly; "for I am going

to close the house It was evident that he had come to

some conclusion. "Shut up the house, Mr. Fitz-Humes!" ejaculated the housekeeper, almost believing she had lost her reason. "Why such a thing has not occurred since your lamented uncle took possession five-andforty years ago !"

"That makes no difference, ma'am; I'm master here now, and I shall close it for the present. Meanwhile your pay can still go on, and that of such domesties as you consider indispensable. Have you no relatives you wish to visit?" he in-

quired.
That settled it. The proffer of continued pay removed Mrs. Ashfield's scruples quite effectually. She then remembered she had friends she had not seen for years.

Three days later, Mr. Augustus Fitz-Humes was safely domiciled in a quiet boarding-house, and shortly afterwards he began to sell his diamond rings, and seals, and others paraphernalia of fashionable life, as well as dress himself in plainer clothes. A rumor that his property had all been lost through an unlucky speculation was soon afloat.

He lost friends rapidly. By twos and threes they ceased to know him as he met them on the street. He only laughed and snapped his fingers at them be-hind their backs. Had his adversity been real he would not have felt like laughing.

Then came the time when this circle of acquaintance got narrowed down to three. But three of his former friends still clung to him, true in adversity. It is no wonder that he grew misanthrophic.

Out upon the street, one day, he met a carriage containing some of his former acquaintances, who had been absent from the city since he closed his house. He thought they would not notice him: but each inmate of the carriage bowed politely as of old.

"They have not heard the news," he muttered, cynically. He was mistaken; that night the own-

er of the carriage came to see him.

"Rather close quarters, my friend," he said, as he took a calm survey of Augustus's not very pretentious surround-

"Pretty close, that's a fact," said Mr. Fitz-Humes, decidedly. "But since I've lost my property of which I suppose you haven't heard, I have become quite economical."

"But I have heard," cried his auditor, abruptly, "and that is why I came. 1 knew you needed friends now, if ever, and the fact is-well-my daughter, sir-I mean, I came too offer the position of head clerk in my counting-room. Will you accept of it?"

"Ahem! Well, I will think of it. But it is a long way from my boarding-house."

"Deuce take your boarding-house! You can board in my family as a—well, as a sort of guest, you know."

Augustus looked him over closely.

Reuben Stanely was a wealthy man-very wealthy, he was called-and in his face there was nothing to warrant the sus-picion that he had learned Augustus' secret, and wished to curry favor, aiding him while under an apparent cloud; so that idea was speedily dismissed. Of course, he quickly thanked him, and accepted.

Once cosily snugged in the Stanely mansion, it was not long before he wondered why he had not noticed Nellie Stanely before. She did not seem to feel above him, notwithstanding the wide difference in their positions, and treated him as cordially-more cordially, he thought-than before the change in his fortunes. He would not have been human had he not learned to love her.

The climax came when she gave a grand party. Then, before the clite of the city, she did not hesitate to receive her quite a heroine, and asked no further proof that she could love him.

The next forenoon they met in her father's library, where he had waited to

" Nellie," he said, as the usual courtesies had been exchanged, "I come to you | himself: this morning to learn my fate. I know the differences in our positions, and would not urge you—only let your heart decide. My heart I lay before you."

"Well, this is a go. The ole gemman come home at last. Good clothes, big trunk, must have the tin. Well, I am in luck."

She blushed prettily, and seemed confused for a moment, then she gave him

"I have loved you, O so long!" she said. "And I feared that you would never love me. You were so jealous before you lost your wealth that all women were mere adventuresses. I was heartily glad when papa said you had lost it, and

"You sent him to negotiate with me!" cried Augustus, finishing the sentence intuitively, and giving it labial empha-

"I loved you so !" she murmured, deprecatingly.

"I do not doubt it, dearest." Mr. Augustus Fitz-Humes believed himself the happiest of men.

They were married. The wedding was very unpretentious, as became the bridegroom's straightened circumstances; and he was in constant costacy as he thought of her surprise when he should tell her that his fortune still remained. He sent for Mrs. Ashfield to come and re-open the house and to put it in condition to receive its mistress. ried at her father's. Meantime they tar-

"Augustus," said his wife one day, "I have a favor to ask of you-will you grant it?"

"I will if in my power, darling!" he exclaimed. "Well, poor papa is rather short of

money-won't you lend him ten or fif-teen thousand dollars?" Me! Why, you know-"
"Oh! I know that you have been pretending," was the quick reply. "But then it wasn't so—you never lost your

money." Augustus Fitz-Humes was dumb with astonishment and chagrin.

" How did you find that out?" he I knew it all the time. When I heard that you were penniless, papa went directly to your banker and learned the con-

trary. I think we managed shrowdly."

"I think you did," cried her husband, desperately; "but do you think I'll endure it?"

"How can you help yourself? We are married now-will you apply for a divorce?"

" No, I won't!"

"Then what will you do?" "Answer me one question: do you really love me?"
"Yes, I do."

"Well, if you love me, we will drop the subject."

Plain Talk to Girls.

TOUR every-day toilet is a part of YOUR every-day tollet your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or a sloven in the morning, is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room is, there are eight things it should contain, viz: A mirror, wash-stand, soap, towel, hair, nail, and tooth-brushes.

These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances, not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after dinner work is over, improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may or need the afternoon. Your dress may or need ding is in the eating." not be snything better than calico; but with a ribbon, or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of selfrespect and satisfaction, that invariably comes with being well-dressed. A girl with fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged, dirty dress, with her hair unkempt, if a stranger or neighbor comes in. Moreover, your self respect should demand the decent appareling of your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can even if you know nobody will see you but yourself.

Found his Father.

MY SON, can you take a trunk for me up to the hotel?" said a passenger stepping from a boat on the levee, to a ragged looking youngster, who sat balancing himself on the trail of a dray.

"Your son?" cried the boy, eyeing him from head to foot. Well, I'll be dod drabbed if I ain't in luck. Here I've been tryin' to find out my daddy for three years, and all of a sudden up comes the old hose himself, and knows me right off. How are you?" stretching out a muddy looking paw.

The traveller was non-plussed. Between a smile and a frown, he inquired :

"What is your name, sir?" "My name? So you don't know? Well it's nothin' for people in these parts to some folks call me William for short. What the other part is, I reckon you know. If you don't you mus' ax the ole 'oman."

And shouldering the trunk, he marched off to-wards the hotel, mumbling to

Farmer Speedwell's Pudding.

LD JOHN SPEEDWELL was a well-to-do farmer, living in the

western part of Vermont. His family consisted of his wife Phebe, two sons, Amos and Jim, and two daughters, Reliance and Prudence, -which names were very appropriate, as the elder daughter was a model of self reliance, and the other was prudence personified.

The elder daughter, Reliance, was engaged to be married to a neighboring farmer, a young man, whose mother had

In those days there was no butcher to bring fresh meat every day, as at the present time; but people had to rely on their own resources for dinner; and, on the morning which opens our story, old Farmer Speedwell had proposed to have some hasty pudding and milk for dinner; and, as his word was law it was agreed

After breakfast, Farmer Speedwell and his sons went to their having, Dame Speedwell to her work, and the girls busied themselves about their duties.

At the proper time Dame Speedwell made the pudding, taking care to salt it well, as she knew her husband liked a good deal of salt, hung it over a slow fire, and went up stairs to put the

winter clothing in camphor. It was only a few moments before Reliance came into the kitchen, when, secing the pudding cooking, and knowing that her mother was apt to forget to salt it, she put in a handful of salt and stirred it well, so that her father would have no occasion to find fault.

Soon after, Prudence passed through the kitchen, and reasoning the same as Reliance had, she also added a handful of salt, and went about her work again.

Before long, Amos entered to get a jug of molasses and water, and soon after Jim, each of whom put in a handful more salt, as they had no more faith in their mother's remembering it than Reliance or Prudence had.

Just before dinner, Farmer Speedwell returned from work, and when he saw the pudding cooking, said:

"That pudding smells all-fired good, but I'll bet a sixpence wife's forgot to salt it, as she always does; I used to depend on Reliance, till she got her head chock full of that young man o' hern, but I can't reckon on her thinkin' on't now; and, as to Prudence, she is so cautious she would not dare to salt it anyhow; so I guess I'll salt it myself," and suiting the action to the word, he put in a handful and a half of salt, stirring it well in.

Twelve o'clock came, and they were all seated at the table, when Farmer Speed-well helped himself to a good share of the pudding, and took a mouthful; but no sooner had he tasted it than he leaped up, exclaiming: "Who salted this ere puddin'?" then recollecting that he salted it himself, he left the room, saying: "I should think that thundering colt was trying to kick through the barn

The next who tried it was Amos, who leaped up, also, and left "to see what

the colt was doing!" Then followed Reliance and Prudence and Jim, who each and all escaped on some pretence, leaving Dame Speedwell

A Few Hints.

Some gentle hints on manners are given by an exchange, from which we select a few :

Don't be disturbed if you find the best seats in a railroad car taken. As no one knew you were coming, of course they did not not reserve one.

When a car is crowded, don't fill a seat with your bundles. True politeness is not amiss even amidst the confusion and bustle of a public conveyance.

If an open window proves uncomfortable to another, you will close it.

Whispering in church is impolite .-Besides showing disrespect to the speaker, it is extremely annoying to those who wish to hear. Coughing should be avoided as much as possible. Sleeping, with its frequent accompaniment, snoring, had better be done at home.

Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are offensive to many people, and to some positively distressing .-Don't scent yourself when going to any crowded assembly. Beecher says, "there is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell."

Female Masons.

A discussion in a Boston paper con-cerning the existence of female Freemasons brings out a statement from a correspondent, who says he is " well acquainted with two ladies who have received eight degrees, and who are the 'shining lights' of a flourishing lodge in Vermont. attentions from him, on which but one have so many children that they don't The circumstances of their admission are construction could be placed. He thought know their names. My name's Bill, but very interesting, and closely related to certain well-known adventures in our late war, when these two heroines followed, for over a year, the fortunes of one of the Vermont regiments. I was present myself at the initiation of one of these ladies, who went through the ordeal in a manner worthy of the title she has earn-ed. It was the same as that undergone by men, except in a few particulars of if he could measure it accurately and dress, which was slightly altered in respect to her sex."

The Troubles of a Traveller.

YER the Lowell medicine man, has A a traveller of a humorous and nial disposition, whom we will call Clark. He has recently been in this section, is a good fellow, of thorough business character, and is popular in his trade, which lies largely in Georgia and the Carolinas. We take advantage of our acquaintance with him to tell the follow-

ing good joke at his expense: Clark had arrived in Columbia, S. C., from down the Congaree, after a hot and dusty drive from New York, and stopped at Gorman's House, where Budds, the gentlemanly book-keeper, gave him a good room, as he had entertained the same guest oft before.

After supper the two, both old smokers emptied pipe after pipe chatting of old times and absent friends, until the house was still. Then Clark retired. Like a prudent man, as was his accustomed habit, after disrobing, he made a close examination of his room, its fastenings and approaches. Armoire and closet were examined : then a side door which might secrete some burglarious cuss or sneakthief. Holding the light over his head he cautiously peered in, and finally enter-ed, his socks falling noiselessly upon the soft carpet. He had hardly reached the centre of the room when he espied the daintiest and nicest of feminine apparel. He was withdrawing, and he hoped unperceived, when a lone figure rose up in bed and gave a most terrific scream. Poor Clark! he dropped his light, and, hurrying back to his room, plunged into bed.
The screams continued, when a bright
thought struck him. He rang his bell, violently—the lady did her's. Up came the porter and chambermaid. "There's a woman in this room!" "there's a man in my room!" screamed both at once. The porter, glancing at the side door ajar saw through the difficulty and explained to Clark, who very happily replied; "Very well; I see the lady is a somnambulist, and has been walking in her sleep. It is all right, you may close that door."
"Dat may be," said the porter, grinning,
"but how de debbel cum dat ar candle I left you in her room?" Clark saw he was caught, and flung a boot at the porter with clear out there-I want to go to sleep!"—Ex.

The Power of Imagination.

A physician relates a remarkable case of the influence of imagination upon the human body.

He was called to see a lady who was afflicted with a cold, and, of course, a sore throat. He wrote a prescription and gave it the lady, with the following in-

"Madam, put this in a tumbler full of water, and take a tablespoonful every two hours."

The next day, he called to see her, when she informed him that a tablespoonful of the medicine had made her so sick that she had reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, but that she was much better. He paid her a third visit, when she in-formed him she was still improving, but that the medicine was so powerful that a teaspoonful produced vomiting, and she had been compelled to stop taking it. The doctor said :

"I suppose it is nearly all gone." The lady said the tumbler was on the mantel, and he could see how much was

The doctor says : "I looked at the tumbler, and I'm d-d if I didn't find that she had put my paper on which my prescription was written, in the tumbler, and had been taking nothing but water!"

A brave officer, who had been wounded with a musket-ball in or near his knee, was stretched upon the dissecting table of a surgeon, who with an assistant began to probe and cut in that region of his anatomy. After a while the "subject" said :

"Don't cut me up in that style, doctor! What are you torturing me in that cruel

way for?" "We are looking after the ball," replied the senior operator. "Why didn't you say so, then, before?" asked the indignant patient; " I've got the ball in my pocket!" said he, putting his hand in his waistcoat, and taking it out. "I took it out myself," he added;

"didn't I mention it to you? I meant

A farmer, who wished to invest the accumulation of his industry in United States securities, went to a broker's office to obtain treasury notes. The clerk

inquired: "What denomination will you have

them, sir?" Having never heard that word used except to distinguish religious sects, the farmer after a little deliberation, replied : "Well, you may give me part in Old School Presbyterian, to please the old lady, but give me the heft on't in Free Will Baptist."

pon Problem-A farmer on his way to town to buy "harvest whiskey," bad a five gallon empty keg, and met a friend coming out who had an eight gallon keg save his going to town. He did it. How was it done?"