

Office of J. B. DOBBINS,
428 North Eighth St., Philada.

Dobbins HAIR VEGETABLE

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 SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-detracting Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal. It will soil the finest fabric—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN, and EFFICIENT—desiderata—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 off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headaches, cures all Humors, Cutaneous Eruptions, and unnatural Heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

Dr. G. Smith, Patentee, Groton Junction, Mass. Prepared only by Procter Brothers, Gloucester, 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 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 \$500 to any person.

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,
481, Lye on Ing county, Pa.

THOMAS MOORE. S. S. WEBER.

GREATLY IMPROVED AND RE-FITTED!

'THE UNION,'

This fine Hotel is located on Arch Street, Between Third and Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOORE & WEBER Proprietors.
January 1, 1899.

JAMES B. CLARK,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware
New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.,

KEEFS constantly on hand every article usually kept in a first-class establishment. All the latest styles and most improved

Parlor and Kitchen Stoves,
TO BURN EITHER COAL OR WOOD!

Sponting and Roofing put up in the most durable manner and at reasonable prices. Call and examine his stock.

Use the Red Horse Powders.

HORSES CURED OF GLANDERS.—Aaron Snyder, U. S. Assistant Assessor, Mount Aetna, Pa. C. Bacon, Livery Stable, Sunbury, Pa.

Horses Cured of Founder. — Wolf & Wilhelm, Danville, Pa. A. Ellis, Merchant, Washingtonville, Pa. A. Stonaker, Jersey.

Horse Cured of Lung Fever. — Hess & Brother, Lewisburg, Pa.

Horse Cured of Colic.—Thomas Clingan, Union County, Pa. Hogs Cured of Cholera. — H. Barry, H. & A. Caldwell, Covey, Carroll—Dr. J. M. H. Clancy, H. McCurtick, Milton, Pa.

Chickens Cured of Cholera and Gapes.—Dr. U. Q. Davis, Dr. D. T. Krobs, C. W. Stieker, John N. and James Finney.

Hundreds more could be cited whose Stock was saved.

German and English Directions. Prepared by **CYRUS BROWN,**
Druggist, Chemist and Horseman,
441 Milton, Pa., Northumberland co., Pa.

MATRIMONIAL.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

My dearest, are you going out?
Indeed, 'tis very cold.
Let me, sweet love around, your neck
This handkerchief enfold.

You know how anxious for your health,
My own dear George, am I.
One loving kiss before we part—
Good-by, good luck, good-by!

THREE YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

You're going out!—why don't you go?
I cannot help the rain.
You wouldn't grieve me mightily
To ne'er come back again!

Umbrella! I don't know where 'tis!
What'll you want next, I wonder?
Don't pester me about your cold,
Good gracious, go to thunder!

THE MINISTER'S COURTSHIP.

THE following story was told me by an acquaintance who, as he began it, said, "I can vouch for the truth of this narrative, as I know the young man who is the hero of the story, well."

A long time ago, when I was a boy, the son of a poor widow, the lot on which he lived joined at the back the lot on which lived a Mr. Morton, at that time a thriving merchant, now the principal capitalist in that part of the country.—As there was a back gate between the lots, my friend was the constant playmate from earliest childhood of Jennie Morton. He built her play houses out of old boards; he moulded clay bricks for her use, and carved tiny toys out of pine blocks for her amusement. As he grew larger, and as Jennie's father grew richer, and came to live in greater style, Henry grew more shy. But by all the unspoken language of the eyes the two never failed to make their unchanging regard known to each other.

"Henry went to college early. At vacation time the two met. But the growing difference in their social position could not but be felt. Jennie's friends were a different race from his own. Her parents never thought of inviting him to their entertainments. And if they had a rusty coat and a lack of money to spend on kid gloves would have effectually kept him away. He was proud. This apparent neglect stung him. It is true that Jennie Morton was all the more kind. But his quick and foolish pride made him fancy that he detected pity in her kindness. And yet all this only made him determined to place himself in a position in which he could ask her hand as her equal. But you do not understand, as I do, how irresistible is this conviction of duty in regard to the ministry. Under that pressure my friend settled it that he must preach. And now there was before him a good ten years of poverty at least. What should he do about it?"

In this extremity he took advice of a favorite theological professor. The professor advised him not to seek the hand of a rich girl. She would not be suited to the trials of a minister's life. But finding that Henry was firm in his opinion that this sound general principle did not in the least apply to this particular case the professor proceeded to touch the tenderest chord in the young man's heart. He said that it would be ungenerous, and in some sense dishonorable, for him to take a woman delicately brought up, into poverty and trial incident to a minister's life. To give up the ministry, was in his mind, to be a traitor to duty and to God. To win her, if he could, was to treat ungenerously her whose happiness was dearer to him a thousand times than his own.

For three years he did not trust himself to return to his home. But having graduated and settled himself for nine months over a church, there was no reason why he shouldn't go to see his mother again. And once in the village, the sight of the old school-house and the old church revived a thousand memories that he had been endeavoring to banish. The garden walks, and especially the apple-trees, that are the most unchangeable of landmarks, revived the old passion with undiminished power. He paced his room at night. He looked out at the new house of his rich neighbor. He chafed under the restraint of his rich neighbor. To think again of Jennie Morton. It was the old story of the monk who thinks the world subdued, but who finds it all at once about to assume the mastery of him. I do not know how the struggle might have ended, but it was all at once stopped from without.

There reached him a rumor that Jennie was already the betrothed wife of a Colonel Pearson, who was her father's partner in business. And indeed Colonel Pearson went in and out at Mr. Morton's gate every evening, and the father was known to favor his suit.

Jennie was not engaged to him, however. Three times she had refused him. The fourth time, in deference to her father's wishes, she had consented to "think about it" for a week. In truth, Henry had been home ten days and had not called upon her, and all the hope she had cherished in that direction, and all the weary waiting, seemed in vain. When the Colonel's week was nearly out she heard that Henry was to leave in two days. In a sort of desperation she determined to accept Colonel Pearson without waiting for the time appointed for her

answer. But the gentleman spoiled it all by his own over confidence.

For when he called, after Jennie had determined on this course, he found her so full of kindness that he hardly knew how to behave with moderation. And so he fell to flattering her, and flattering himself at the same time that he knew all the ins and outs of a girl's heart.—He complimented her on the many offers she had received.

"And I tell you what," he proceeded, "there are plenty of others that would lay their hearts at your feet, if they were only your equals. There's that young parson, Gilbert, I think they call him, that is visiting his mother, in the unpainted and threadbare looking little house that stands behind this one. I've actually seen that fellow, in his rusty, musty coat, stop and look after you on the street, and every night, when I go home, he is sitting at the window that looks over this way. The poor fool is in love with you. Only think of it. And I chuckle to myself when I see him, and say, 'Don't you wish you could reach so high!' I declare it's funny."

In that one speech Colonel Pearson dashed his chances to pieces. He could not account for the sudden return of winter in Jennie Morton's manner. And all his sunshine was powerless to dispel it, or to bring back the least approach of spring.

Poor Jennie! She began to understand something of the courage of Henry Gilbert's heart, and something of the manliness of his motives. All night long she watched the light burning in the room in the widow's house; and all night long she debated the matter until her head ached. She could reach but one conclusion. Henry was to leave the day after to-morrow. If any communication should ever be opened between them, she must begin it. It was as if she had seen him drifting away from her forever, and must throw him a rope.

But she could not find a way—she had no rope to throw. Again the Colonel, meaning to do anything else but that, opened the way. At the breakfast table the next morning she received from him a magnificent valentine. All at once she saw her method. It was St. Valentine's day. The rope was in her hand. Excusing herself from breakfast she hastened to her room.

To send a valentine to the faithful lover was the uppermost thought. But how? She dare not write her name, for after all, she might be mistaken in counting on his love, or she might offend his prejudices or his pride by so direct an approach.—The went fumbling in a drawer for stationery. She drew out a little pine boat that Henry had whittled for her many years before. He had named it 'Hope,' but the combined wisdom of the little boy and girl could not succeed in spelling the name correctly. And here was the little old boat that he had given, saying often afterward that it was the boat they two were going to sail in some day. She misspelt name had been the subject of many a laugh between them. Now—but I mustn't be sentimental.

It did not take Jennie long to draw an exact likeness of the little craft.—And that there might be no mistake about it, she spelled the name as it was on the side of the boat—'Hoap.'

There was not another word in the valentine. Sealing it up, she hurried out with it, and dropped it in the post-office. No merchant, sending all his fortune to sea in one frail bark, ever watched the departure and trembled for the result of a venture as she did. Spain did not pray half so fervently when the invincible Armada sailed. It was an unuttered prayer—an unutterable prayer. For heart and hope were the landing of the little picture-boat that sailed out that day, with no other wind but her wishes in its sails.

She sat down at her window until she saw Henry Gilbert pass the next street corner on his morning walk to the post-office. Three minutes after, he went home, evidently in a great state of excitement, with her valentine open in his hand. After a while he went back again toward the post-office and returned. He had taken a reply?

Jennie again sought the office. There were people all around with those hideous things that they call comic valentines open in their hands. And they actually seemed to think them funny. She had a reply. It did not take her long to find her room and to open it. There was another picture of a boat, but the name on its side 'Despair.' And these words were added: 'Your boat is the pleasantest, but understanding that there was no vacant place upon it, I have been obliged to take passage on this.' Slowly the meaning forced itself upon her. Henry had fears that she whom he thought engaged was coquetting with him. Jennie drew again the little boat with misspelt name. And this time she added five words: 'The master's place is vacant.'

And quite late in the afternoon the reply was left at the door: 'I am applicant for the vacant place, if you will take the place of master's mate.'

That evening Gough was to lecture in the village, and my friend went, not to hear Gough, but to see Miss Jennie Morton at a distance. Somehow in the stupefaction of revived hope he had not thought of going to the house to see her yet. He had postponed his departure, and had thrown away his scruples.—Knowing how much opposition he would

have to contend with, he thought, if he thought at all, that he must proceed with caution. But some time after the lecture began he discovered the Monton family without Jennie! Slowly it all dawned upon him. She was at home waiting for him. He was near the front of the church in which the lecture was held, and every inch of aisle was full of people. To get out was not easy. But, as he thought of Jennie waiting, it became a matter of life and death. If the house had been on fire he would not have been more intent on making his exit. He reached the door; he passed the happiest evening of his life, but only to awake to sorrow, for Jennie's father was 'dead set' against the match.

Such devotion and constancy was, however, sure of its reward, and if you wait a few minutes I will show you the heroine of my story. A few moments later a beautiful woman came in and took a baby from the cradle, where it had been sleeping, and as she fondled it with a mother's tenderness, I asked her what she called it.

"Hope," said the mother.

"Hope Valentine," added the father, with a significant smile.

"And you spell hope with an 'a,' I believe," I said.

"You naughty Hu," said Mrs. Cornelia. "You've been telling. You think that love story is interesting to others because you enjoy it so much!"

A Young Man's Troubles.

A YOUNG man in Baltimore, whose lady-love had a "stern parent," who interfered with the course of true love had heard of the plan of talking through a speaking tube, so that although his "darling" was kept up stairs, he could by that means converse softly with her, though not allowed to enter the house.—He therefore got a tin pipe, of the desired length, made by a tinner, and in each end of it placed, for want of a better mouth-piece, a funnel. Delicious conversation went on, he sitting on the top of a water barrel, and she leaning from the window above. They would converse for hours, and exchange all the nonsense in the world, and then he would unship his apparatus, put the funnels in his pocket, wrap the pieces up in a newspaper and go home in a condition of ethereal bliss.

The course of true love never did run smooth, and one evening the old gentleman, smoking in the back garden at an unusual hour saw the young gentleman arrive, fix up his apparatus, and commence his soul communicating operations. He went into the kitchen and asked for a pitcher of boiling water; it was handed to him, and off he posted, up stairs. Just as he got up he commenced calling her. So telling her lover to wait a moment, she came to the door. Nelly, my dear, run up to my room and get my spectacles; I'll wait here until you come down.—She disappeared up stairs and he stole cautiously to the window. The moment he touched the funnel the amorous and unsuspecting youth clasped his mouth to it to resume where he had broken off—"my darling you can imagine how—" Just then the old gentleman commenced assiduously filling the funnel with hot water, and the rest of the miserable youth's sentence was never heard. He wore flour on his face for a fortnight after, and declines to go into society just at present.

Good Little Johnny.

THE Superintendent asked us to take charge of a Sunday-school class.—"You'll find 'em rather a bad lot," said he. "They all went fishing last Sunday but little Johnny Rand. He is really a good boy, and I hope his example may yet redeem the others. I wish you would talk to 'em a little." I told him I would. They were rather a hard-looking set. I don't think I ever witnessed a more elegant assortment of black eyes in my life. Little Johnny Rand, the good boy, was in his place, and I smiled on him approvingly. As soon as lessons were over, I said:

"Boys, your Superintendent tells me you went fishing last Sunday. All but little Johnny here. You didn't go did you, Johnny?"

"No sir."

"That was right. Though this boy is the youngest among you," I continued, "you will now learn from his own lips words of good counsel, which I hope you will profit by." I lifted him on the seat beside me, and smoothed his auburn ringlets. "Now, Johnny, I want you to tell your teacher, and these wicked boys, why you didn't go fishing with them last Sunday. Speak up loud, now. It was because it was very wicked; and you had rather come to Sunday-school, wasn't it?"

"No, sir, it was 'cos I couldn't find no worms for bait."

SUNDAY READING.
Vices of Genius.

COLERIDGE was such a slave to liquor that he had to be kept an unwilling prisoner by Christopher North on an occasion when some literary performances had to be completed by a certain time; and on that very day, without taking leave of any member of the family, he ran at full speed down the avenue to Elloray, and was soon hidden, not in the groves of the valley, but in some obscure den where drinking among low companions, his magnificent mind was soon brought to the level of the vile. When his spree was over, he would return to the society of decent men.

De Quincy was such a slave to the use of opium that his daily allowance was of more importance than eating. An ounce of laudanum a day prostrated animal life during the forenoon. It was no unfrequent sight to find him asleep on the rug before the fire in his own room, his head on a book, and his arm crossed on his breast. When his torpor from the opium had passed away, he was ready for company until about daylight. In order to show him off, his friends had to arrange their supper parties, so that, sitting until three or four in the afternoon, he might be brought to that point at which, in charm and power of conversation, he was so truly wonderful.

Burns was not less a drunkard than Coleridge. It was also the weakness of Charles Lamb. And who can remember the last days of Poe, without an irrefragable regret? He was on his way to marry a confiding woman, stopped in Baltimore, and was found by a gentleman who knew him, in a state of beastly intoxication, unconscious as a log, and died that night of delirium tremens!

Douglas Jerrold was a devotee of gin; so was Byron. Steele, the brilliant author of the Christian Hero, was a beastly drunkard. Men wrote of him that he would dress himself, kiss his wife and children, tell them a lie about his pressing engagements, heel it over to a grogery called the "store," and have a revel with his bottle companions.

These examples show the importance of forming right habits, and the impossibility of doing so if we rely solely upon our own strength.

Home Courtesies.

A retired governess says: "I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home in the course of about thirty years, there were only three that could be designated as happy families. The source of trouble was not so much the lack of love, as the lack of care to manifest it."

The closing words of this sentence give us the fruitful source of family alienations, of heart-aches innumerable, of sad faces, and gloomy home circles.—"Not so much the lack of love as the lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark! Not more than three happy families in twenty!—and the cause so manifest and so easily remedied!—Ah, in the small, sweet courtesies of life what power resides! In a look, a word, a tone, how much of happiness or disquietude may be communicated! Think of it, reader, and take the lesson home with you.

Small Mouths.

What I am about to record may surprise some people; but I have always noticed that in women who have an extremely small mouth, there is seldom observed that amiableness of disposition and character, which is so frequently found in those who have a handsome mouth of moderate size. It would seem that too small a mouth indicates a weakness which degenerates into affectation. The last mentioned quality seems to be so inseparably attached to smallness of the mouth, that even those females who have an ordinary mouth, when they are going to be affected, always begin by contracting that part.

"Was it your eldest daughter, madam, that was bitten by a donkey?" "No, sir, it was my youngest. My eldest daughter had a worse misfortune; she married a monkey."

A lady, in giving directions to a new servant, the other evening, said:—"Now, Biddy, as soon as you have breakfast ready to-morrow morning, you must ring the bell."

"Shure an' I'll do it, mum," said Biddy.

At an unusual hour the next morning, there came a fearful tug at the door-bell—a tug that almost broke the wire, and sent both husband and wife into an upright position in bed. The ringing continued with frightful energy. The master of the house pulled on his pants, and without waiting for slippers or dressing-gown, hurries, in surprise to the door.—There stood Biddy upon the door-step, with a countenance radiant in the consciousness of a faithfully discharged duty, and, with a low courtesy, exclaimed: "Breakfast is ready sir!"