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SUNDAY READING.

How She Cured Him. "WHAT brings you here, Mary?" said Truesdall to his wife, as she entered the liquor shop.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek but resolute wife. "To me there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come home to me, I come here to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tom. "No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

"Surely you are not going to give that stuff to the children," cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them. "Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and surely I have sorrow to forget."

"Woman! Woman! you are not going to give that stuff to the children," cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them. "Why not? Can children have a better example set them than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; this is fire, and bed, and food, and clothing.—Drink; see how much good it does your father."

With some reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and earnestly that God would help him to break an evil habit, and keep a newly formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough, and Mrs. Truesdall is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers with a melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to the dram-shop.

A Good Wife.

The following sentences from Archbishop Seeker's "Wedding Ring" are worth reading twice:

"Hast thou a soft heart? It is of God's breaking. Hast thou a sweet wife? She is of God's making. The Hebrews have a saying, 'He is not a man that hath not a woman.' Though man alone may be good, yet it is not good that man should be alone. 'Every perfect gift is from above.' A wife, though she be not a perfect gift, a beam dashed from the Sun of Mercury. How happy are those marriages where Christ is at the wedding. Let none but those who have found favor in God's find favor in yours. Husbands should spread a mantle of charity over their wives' infirmities. Do not put out the candle because of the snuff.—Husbands and wives should provoke one another to love; and they should love one another, notwithstanding provocations. The tree of love should grow up in the midst of the family, as the tree of life grew in the garden of Eden.—Good servants are a great blessing; good children a greater blessing; but a good wife is the greatest blessing; and such a help let him seek for that lacks one; let him sigh for that hath lost one; let him delight in that enjoys one.

Practical Falsehoods.

Lies of action are blood relation to lies of speech, and oral lies constitute a small share of the falsehoods in the world.—There are lies of custom and lies of fashion—lies of padding and lies of whalebone—lies of the first water in diamonds of paste, and unblushing blushes of lies to which a shower would give a different complexion; the politician's lies, who, like a circus-rider, strides two horses at once—the coquette's lies, who like a professor of legerdemain, keeps six plates dancing at a time—lies sandwiched between bargains—lies of livery behind republican coaches, in all the pomp of gold band and buttons—lies of red tape and sealing wax—lies from the cannon's mouth—lies in the name of glorious principles that might make dead heroes clatter in their graves—Malakoffs of lies, standing upon sacred dust, and lifting their audacious pinnacles in the very height of the eternal heaven.—Chapin.

Recently, in prayer meeting, a strong man, who had just begun the Christian life arose and said, in regard to his skeptical difficulties: "I was like a man in plain highway, looking toward the place he desired to reach, who on seeing a blind path diverging from it, should stop and refuse to go further until he knew where that by-path would lead.—His course was right onward, and the by-path no concern of his. It is just so in respect to the way to heaven. I was trying to explore the secret things of God; but now have found, and intend to walk in the King's highway to glory."

It is an old saying that charity begins at home; but this is no reason why it should not go abroad; a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter, or sphere, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.

SCIENTIFIC READING.

Mahogany Cutting.

OF all occupations known to man, that of the mahogany cutter is perhaps the wildest in its nature, and among the most systematic in its arrangements. When the cutter has fixed upon the valley of some river as the field of his operations, he makes a depot for storing provisions, and for securing and embarking the wood. Here he maintains a fleet of pitpans for carrying supplies and keeping up relations with the "works" proper, the sites of which are determined by the abundance of trees, their accessibility, and the means that exist for feeding the cattle

which it is necessary to use in "tracking" the wood. To these points it is often necessary to drive the oxen through thick and untracked forests, and to carry the chains and trucks, by the means of small boats, against strong currents, or over shallows and rapids, which are only surmounted with infinite labor.

The site once definitely fixed upon, the next step is to erect temporary dwellings for the men—a task of no great difficulty, as the only requisite is protection from the sun and rains, which is effected by a roof thatched with long grass from the swamps, or with "cashion" leaves, on the branches of the thatch-palm. A hammock swung between two posts, two stones to support his kettle, and the hut of a cutter is both finished and furnished!

The mahogany season, which lasts some months, commences in August of each year, it being the opinion of cutters that the wood is not so apt to split in falling, nor so likely to "chuck" in seasoning, as when cut from April to August, in what is called "the spring." Furthermore, by commencing at this period, the cutter is enabled to get down his wood, and prepare it for tracking, by the setting in of the dry season.

The laborers are divided into gangs or companies of from 20 to 50 each, under the directions of a leader styled "a captain," who directs the men in his company, assigns them their daily tasks, and adds to or deducts from their wages, in proportion as they accomplish more or less than what is supposed to be a just day's work. Each has also one person connected with it who is called a hunter, whose duty it is to search the "bush" for trees proper to cut. His work, therefore, commences somewhat earlier than that of the others, and, as it involves activity and intelligence, he is paid much higher wages than the mere cutters. His first movement is to cut his way through the thickest of the woods to some elevated situation, where he climbs the tallest trees he finds, from which he minutely surveys the surrounding country.

Around Belize the mahogany-cutters are chiefly negroes, descendants of the slaves who were formerly employed there. But in Honduras they are principally Caribs, who, in activity and strength, are said to excel negroes; they are also more intelligent and require less care and superintendence. Many of them go annually to Belize and hire themselves for the season, returning to their homes at its close.

Instructions for the Erection of Lightning Rods. 1. The rod should consist of round iron of about one inch in diameter; its parts, throughout the whole length, should be in perfect metallic continuity, by being secured together by coupling ferrules.

2. To secure it from rust the rod should be coated with black paint, itself a good conductor. 3. It should terminate in a single platinum point. 4. The shorter and more direct the course of the rod to the earth the better; bendings should be round, and not formed in acute angles.

5. It should be fastened to the building by iron eyes, and may be insulated from these by cylinders of glass; (I don't, however, consider the latter of much importance.) 6. The rod should be connected with the earth in the most perfect manner possible, and nothing is better for the purpose than to place it in metallic contact with the gas pipes, or better, the water pipes or the city. The connection may be made by a ribbon of copper or iron soldered to the end of the rod at one of its extremities, and wrapped around the pipe at the other. If a connection of this kind is impracticable, the rod should be continued horizontally to the nearest well, and then turned vertically downward until the end enters the water as deep as its lowest level. The horizontal part of the rod may be buried in a stratum of pounded charcoal and ashes. The rod should be placed in preference, on the west side of the building. A rod of this kind may be put up by an ordinary blacksmith. The rod in question is in accordance with our latest knowledge of all the facts of electricity.—Attempted improvements on it are worthless, and as a general thing, are proposed by those who are but slightly acquainted with the subject.

JOSEPH HENRY. Sec. Smithsonian Institution.

An old lady who was sharply questioned the other day in court by an angry lawyer, remarked, on leaving the witness stand, that she now understood what is meant by a cross-examination.

A Wheel-barrow Game.

IT is related of Girard that when a young tradesman having bought of him and paid for a bag of coffee, proceeded to wheel it home himself, the shrewd old merchant immediately offered to trust his customer for as many bags as he might desire. The trait of character revealed by the young man in being his own porter, had given the millionaire confidence in him at once. His reputation was made with Girard. He became a favored dealer with the enterprising merchant, threw rapidly, and in the end mad a fortune.—Exchange.

That sort of thing might have worked well enough with old Girard, but it don't fool anybody now. I have tried it. I bought half a pound of tea at Penderry's the other day, after reading the above paragraph, and wheeled it home in the most ostentatious manner, to see if Penderry, who was looking on, wouldn't offer to trust me for all the tea that I wanted, but he didn't. On the contrary, I overheard him speak up sharp to a clerk as I went around the corner asking him if "that tea was paid for?"

I afterward took a wheelbarrow and went to a flour store on Central Avenue. Bought a small bag of flour, twenty-five pounds, I think, and loaded it on. The head of the concern looking at me with apparent interest.

"Now," I thought, "is my opportunity. This is a Girard feller. He will tell me to come and get all the flour I can wheel away and pay when I get ready. Perhaps he will offer me a partnership in his store."

Then I spat on my hands and whipped them over my shoulders to encourage a vigorous circulation, rubbed them together smartly, and clutching the handles of the barrow started off at a brisk trot. I had proceeded about a square when I heard some one shouting after me.—I looked around and saw the flour man coming on a dead run.

"Ha, ha!" thought I, "the thing works admirably. The example of Steve Girard is not lost. I have revealed a trait of character in being my own porter—to say nothing of my beer, and my fortune is made. The flour and feed man recognizes merits, and comes to offer me a partnership."

As he approached I saw he had some money in his hand. "He is at least," I said, "going to return me my money."—There was a severe look on his face as he came up to me, which did not accord at all with what I had pictured Girard's countenance to have worn when he gave the carte blanche for coffee.

While reflecting that it might be "his way," he said: "Sir, I want you to go right back to my store."

"It is coming now," though I did not quite like his tone. "Wheelbarrows are about to receive their reward. He is going to offer me a partnership; perhaps to turn over his entire business to me." I was consequently elated.

Then I said to the flour and feed man, —just as though I didn't know, you know, the clever things he meant to do for me.—"May I inquire for what purpose, sir?"

"Certainly you may," he replied, frowning worse than ever. "You shoved this one dollar counterfeit bill to my clerk, and you must come back till I get a policeman. Oh! you needn't try to look so innocent! I spicioned you when I saw you coming round to my store to get such a little jag o' flour as that. Watched ye to see ye didn't steal nothin'. You see you can't fool an old hand like me."

Here was a turn in affairs that would astonish old Girard himself. I tried to explain. Assured him that I supposed the note to be genuine. He was incredulous for a time, and was disposed to have me looked up and the wheelbarrow detained as a witness, but finally let me off on my redeeming the note.

The wheelbarrow business is all a humbug. A man can't make a character in any such way. And the chances are that he will lose what little he starts out with.—The Fat Contributor.

Advice of an Old Lady.

Now John, listen to me, for I am older than you, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John before you have contrived to happen at the house where she lives at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as it is in the evening, or whether the wash and towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, that you can see her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible you should hear the conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend on it. But if you find her up and dressed neatly in the morning, with the same countenance, the same smiles, the same neatly combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answers to her mother, which characterized her deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the breakfast ready in good season she is a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better.