

Office of J. B. DOBBINS,
426 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!



Contains NO LAC SULPHUR—NO SUGAR OF LEAD—NO LITHARGE—NO NITRATE OF SILVER, 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, 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, Patente, 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 \$500.00 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,

634 Lye o mung county, Pa.

THOMAS MOORE, N. S. WEBER

GREATLY IMPROVED

AND

RE-FITTED!

'THE UNION'

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

January 1, 1860. MOORE & WEBER Proprietors.

JAMES B. CLARK,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

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

KEEPS 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!

Spouting 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 Acton, Pa. C. Bacon, Livery Stable, Sunbury, Pa.

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

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

Horse Cured of Colic. — Thomas Clingan, Union County, Pa. Hogs Cured of Cholera. — H. Barr, H. & A. Cadwallader. Cows Cured. — Dr. J. M. McCleery, B. McCormick, Milton, Pa.

Chickens Cured of Cholera and Gapes. — Dr. U. G. Davis, Dr. D. T. Krebs, G. W. Sticker, John 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.

BARTON'S INVESTMENT.

"CAN you lend me two thousand dollars to establish myself in a small retail business?" inquired a young man not quite out of his teens, of a middle-aged gentleman, who was poring over a pile of ledgers in the counting room of one of the largest establishments in Boston. The person addressed turned toward the speaker, regarded him for a moment with a look of surprise, and inquired:

"What security can you give me, Mr. Strosser."

"Nothing but my note," replied the young man promptly.

"Which, I fear, would be below par in the market," replied the merchant, smiling.

"Perhaps so," the young man replied, "but Mr. Barton, remember that the boy is not the man; the time may come when Hiram Strosser's note may be as readily accepted as that of any other man."

"True, very true," said Barton, mildly "but you know business men very seldom loan money without adequate security—otherwise they might soon be reduced to penury."

At this remark the young man's countenance became deadly pale, and having observed a silence of several minutes, he inquired, in a voice whose tones indicated keen disappointment, "then you cannot accommodate me, can you?"

"Call upon me to-morrow, and I will give you a reply," said Mr. Barton; and the young man retired.

Mr. Barton resumed his labors at his desk, but his mind was so much upon the boy and his singular errand that he could not pursue his task with any correctness and after having made several sad blunders took his hat, and went out upon the street. Arriving opposite the door of a wealthy merchant on Milk street, he entered the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Hawley," said he, approaching the proprietor of the establishment, who was seated at his desk counting over the profits of the week.

"Good morning," replied the merchant blandly, "happy to see you; have a seat. Any news? How's trade?"

"Without noticing the interrogations Barton said:

"Young Strosser is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington street, and called this morning to secure of me the loan of \$2,000 for that purpose."

"Indeed," exclaimed Hawley, evidently surprised at this announcement, "but you do not think of loaning that sum do you?"

"I do not know," replied Barton, "Strosser is a young man of business talent and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."

"Perhaps so," replied Hawley doubtfully, "but I am heartily tired of helping to establish these young aspirants for commercial honors."

"Have you ever suffered from such a course?" inquired Barton, at the same time casting a keen glance at Hawley.

"No," replied Hawley, for I never felt inclined to make an investment of that kind."

"Then here is a fine opportunity to do so. It may prove better than stock in bank. As for myself I have concluded that if you will advance one thousand dollars I will contribute an equal sum."

"Not a single farthing would I advance for such a purpose; and if you make an investment of that kind I will consider you very foolish."

Barton observed a silence for several moments, and then rose to depart.

"If you do not feel disposed to share with me in the enterprise, I shall advance the whole myself," saying which he left the store.

Ten years have passed away since the occurrence of the conversation recorded in the preceding dialogue, and Mr. Barton, pale and agitated, is standing at the same desk as when first introduced to the reader's attention. As page after page of a wondrous ledger was examined his despair became deeper, till at last he exclaimed:

"I am ruined—utterly ruined!"

"How so?" inquired Hiram Strosser, who entered the counting room just in time to hear Barton's remark.

"The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Perrin, Johnson & Co., who are indebted to me the sum of nearly \$200,000. News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic stricken, are passing in my paper to be cashed. The banks refuse me credit, and I have not the means to meet my liabilities. If I could pass the crisis, perhaps I could rally again; but it is impossible; my creditors are importunate, and I cannot much longer keep above the tide," replied Barton.

"What is the extent of your liabilities?"

"Seventy-five thousand dollars."

"Would that sum be sufficient to relieve you?"

"It would."

"Then, sir, you shall have it," said Strosser, and he stepped to the desk and drew a check for seventy-five thousand dollars.

"Here take this, and when you need more do not hesitate to call upon me. Remember it was from you that I re-

ceived money to establish myself in business."

"But that debt was cancelled several years ago," replied Barton, as a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.

"True," replied Strosser, "but the debt of gratitude I owe has never been cancelled, and now the scale is turned, I deem it my duty to come up to the rescue."

At this singular turn in the tide of fortune Barton fairly wept for joy.

His paper was taken up as fast as it was sent in, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure; his credit increased, and his business improved, while several other firms sank under the blow, and could not rally; among whom was Hawley, alluded to in the commencement of this article.

"How do you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Hawley of Mr. Barton, one morning, several months after the event recorded, as he met the latter on the street, on his way to his place of business.

"Very easily indeed," replied Barton. "Well, do tell me how," said Hawley. I claim a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wits did not save me; and yet you, whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock and have come off even bettered by the storm."

"The truth is," replied Barton, "I cashed my paper as soon as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," replied Hawley, regarding Barton with a look of surprise, but how did you obtain the funds? As for my part, I could not obtain a dollar's credit; the banks refused to take my paper, and my friends even deserted me."

"A little investment that I made several years ago," replied Barton smiling, profitable.

"Investment!" echoed Hawley, "what investment?"

"Why, do you not remember how I established young Strosser in business ten years ago?"

"Oh, yes," said Hawley, as a ray of suspicion lit up his countenance but what of that?"

"He is one of the heaviest dry-goods dealers in the city; and when this calamity came on, he came forward and very generously advanced me seventy-five thousand dollars. You know I told you on the morning I called to offer you an equal share in the stock, that it might prove better than an investment in bank."

During this announcement Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently on the ground, and drawing a deep sigh he moved on dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his place of business with his mind clear and animated by thoughts of his singular investment.

Anecdote of Von Weber.

The following anecdote of the illustrious composer, says the London Musical World, presents him in a new and unexpected light, and will be read with interest:—

It was in London, and in eighteen hundred and eleven. Weber was in a boat on the river with some ladies, and began to perform on the flute, which he played to great perfection. But seeing that his boat was very closely followed by another in which there were some young officers, he put his flute in his pocket.

"Why do you stop playing?" said one of the officers to Weber. "For the same reason that I began," replied the composer. "And that is?" "Because it pleases me." "Well, then," said the officers, "take up your flute again, or it pleases me to throw you into the water."

The composer seeing that the dialogue was unpleasant to the ladies he was with, gave way, and began playing again. When leaving his boat, however, he accosted the bold son of Mars, and said:—

"The fear of annoying the people who were with me made me brook your insolence; but to-morrow I will have entire satisfaction. We can meet in Hyde Park at 10 o'clock. If you have no objection, we will fight with swords; we need no seconds; the quarrel is only between you and me, and it is useless to bring in strangers."

The officer accepted the challenge.—He was at the rendezvous at the appointed hour, and met Weber as agreed on. He drew his sword and put himself on guard, when Weber presented a pistol at his throat. "Do you mean to murder me, in cold blood?" said the officer. "No," said Weber, "but be kind enough to put up that sword, and dance a minuet or you are a dead man."

The officer made some objections, but the authoritative and determined tone of Weber seemed to influence him, and notwithstanding the arrival of some people on the scene of action, he went through what he was asked, or rather told to do.

"Sir," said the musician, "you compelled me to play yesterday against my will—I have now compelled you to dance against yours. Our bond is over. However should you be dissatisfied still, I am quite ready to give you any satisfaction you may wish for."

The officer held out his hand and begged his adversary to honor him with his friendship. From that moment an attachment sprang up between them, which lasted to the day the illustrious composer died.

RATHER MIXED.

A QUESTION ANSWERED

"DISCARDED LOVER."—"I loved, and still love, the beautiful Edwilda Howard, and intended to marry her. Yet, during my temporary absence at Benicia, last week, alas! she married Jones. Is my happiness to be thus blasted for life? Have I no redress?"

OF COURSE you have. All the law written and unwritten, is on your side. The intention and not the act constitutes crime—in other words, constitutes the deed. If you call your bosom friend a fool, and intended it for an insult, it is an insult; but if you do it playfully, and meaning no insult, it is not an insult. If you discharge a pistol accidentally, and kill a man, you can go free, for you have done no murder; but if you try to kill a man, and manifestly intend to kill him, but fail utterly to do it, the law still holds that the intention constituted the crime, and you are guilty of murder. Ergo, if you had married Edwilda accidentally, and without really intending to do it, you would not actually be married to her at all, because the act of marriage, could not be complete without the intention. And ergo, in the strict spirit of the law, since you deliberately intended to marry Edwilda, and didn't do it, you are married to her all the same—because, as I said before, the intention constitutes the crime. It is as clear as day that Edwilda is your wife, and your redress lies in taking a club and mutilating Jones with it as much as you can. Any man has a right to protect his own wife from the advances of other men. But you have another alternative—you were married to Edwilda first, because of your deliberate intention and now you can prosecute her for bigamy in subsequently marrying Jones. But there is another phase in this complicated case: You intended to marry Edwilda, and consequently, according to law, she is your wife—there is no getting around that; but she didn't marry you, and if she never intended to marry you, you are not her husband, of course. Ergo, in marrying Jones, she was guilty of bigamy, because she was the wife of another man at the time; which is all very well as far as it goes—but then don't you see, she had no other husband when she married Jones, and consequently she was not guilty of bigamy. Now according to this view of the case, Jones married a spinster who was a widow at the same time, and another man's wife at the same time, and yet who had no husband and never had one, and never had any intention of getting married; and therefore, of course, never had been married, and, by the same reasoning, you are a bachelor, because you have never been any one's husband; and a married man, because you have a wife living; and to all intents and purposes a widower, because you have been deprived of that wife; and a consummate ass for going off to Benicia in the first place, while things were so mixed. And by this time I have got myself so tangled up in the intricacies of the extraordinary case, that I shall have to give up any further attempt to advise you—I might get confused and fail to make myself understood. I think I could take up the argument where I left off, and by following it closely awhile, perhaps I could prove to your satisfaction, either that you never existed at all, or that you are dead now, and consequently don't need the faithless Edwilda—I think I could do that, if it would afford you any comfort.—MARK TWAIN.

A Singular Duel.

That infraction of the code did not necessarily involve social ostracism is evident from the fact that De Witt Clinton left the field with impunity, while Swortwout, his opponent, was protesting he was unsatisfied. After the first shot the latter demanded a second, and after a second a third. Neither was wounded.

"Is your principal satisfied?" asked Riker, Clinton's second.

"He is not," replied Smith, after consulting Swortwout.

The fourth shot was then exchanged, Clinton's ball entering the calf of Swortwout's leg.

"Is your principal satisfied now?" demanded Riker.

"He is not," replied Smith.

Shots were exchanged the fifth time, and again Clinton's ball entered Swortwout's leg.

Riker again asked the question, "Is your principal satisfied, Mr. Smith?"

After a moments consultation with Swortwout, who standing while the surgeon extracted the bullets from his legs, manifested great fortitude. Smith replied that he was not.

"Then he may go to thunder, for I will fight no more!" replied Clinton, and immediately left the field.

Mr. Quintin Dick, M. P., was once entertaining a party at dinner, when a loud knocking was suddenly heard at the door, and ere they could well conceive what it meant, Mr. D.'s footman entered, ushering in a rough-looking son of Neptune. Mr. Dick rose, imagining that he came with tidings from some friend in India. Jack then, with the coolest assurance in the world, stretched out his hand, and asked: "Is your name Quintin Dick?" "It is," replied Mr. D., at your service." "Good, I'm glad of it; give us your hand, my old boy—for my name is Dick Quintin, and by the mast we'll have a drop of grog together!" roared the tar! The effect on the company may be easily imagined.—Mr. Dick took it in good humor, gave the man half-a-crown, and told the servant to take him to the kitchen, and give him plenty to eat and drink.

A Fish Story.

WHILE living at Durham, I took a walk one evening in Lord Stamford's park. On reaching a pond, in which fish were kept ready for use, I observed a fine pike of some six pounds weight. At my approach he darted away like an arrow. In his hurry he knocked his head against an iron hook fixed in a post in the water, fracturing his skull and injuring the optic nerve on one side of his head. He appeared to suffer terrible pain; he plunged into the mud, floundered hither and thither, and at last, leaping out of the water, fell on the bank. On examination, a portion of the brain was seen protruding through the fractured skull. This I carefully restored to its place, making use of a small silver toothpick to raise the splinters of broken bone. The fish remained quiet during the operation: when it was over he plunged into the pond. At first his sufferings appeared to be relieved; but in the course of a few minutes he began rushing right and left until he again leaped out of the water. I called the keeper, and with his assistance applied a bandage to the fracture. That done, we restored him to the pond and left him to his fate. Next morning, as soon as I reached the water's edge, the pike swam to me quite close to the bank, and laid his head upon my feet. I thought this an extraordinary proceeding. Without further delay, I examined the wound, and found it was healing nicely. I then strolled for some time by the side of the pond. The fish swam after me, following my steps, and turning as I turned. The following day I brought a few young friends with me to see the fish. He swam towards me as before. Little by little he became so tame as to come to my whistle and eat out of my hand. With other persons, on the contrary, he continued as shy and as wild as ever.—Dr. Warwick.

The Big Trees of California.

ONE of the greatest curiosities in California, and indeed, of its kind in the world, consists of the Big Tree grove, situated on the divide between the middle fork of the Stanislaus and the Calaveras rivers, about twenty miles east of Mokelumme Hill, and at an elevation of four thousand, seven hundred and fifty nine feet above the level of the sea. The number of trees, a species of red-wood bearing the botanical name of *Sequoia Gigantea*, is ninety-two, ten of which are at least thirty feet in diameter; eighty-two having a diameter varying from fifteen to thirty feet. Their height as they now stand, ranges from one hundred and twenty-seven feet, the tops of many of the more aged having been broken off by the tempests of snow.

The original height of some is believed to have been over four hundred and fifty feet and their diameter at least forty feet. Through the prostrate trunk of one of these trees, which has been hollowed out by fire, a man can ride on horseback for a distance of seventy-five feet. Some years ago one of the largest of the number then standing was cut down, with a view to secure transverse sections of the trunk for exhibition. It was ninety-two feet in circumference and three hundred feet high, and it required the constant labor of five men for twenty-two days to fell it—the work being accomplished by means of boring with a long auger. At the same time another tree of nearly the same dimensions, was stripped of its bark for a distance of one hundred and six feet from the ground, a lofty staging having been erected about it for the purpose.

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?" "Didn't know he had any." "Does he live near you?" "So near that he hasn't bought a dollar's worth of fire-wood in eight years." "Did he ever come in contact with you in any manner?" "Only once; when he was drunk, and mistook me for a lamp post." "Well, sir, from what you know of him, would you believe him if under oath?" "That depends upon circumstances. If he was so drunk as not to know what he was saying, I might; if not, I would not."

The Dunkirk Journal says that a curious individual was greatly perplexed at the opening of the Masonic rooms, the other night, to understand the whys and wherefores of the three large candles, which had conspicuous positions. He viewed them on all sides, thoughtfully summing up in his mind their probable use. At last his patience was exhausted and turning suddenly about, he made bold to ask a Mason "What those candles were for?" The Mason, looking about him to see that no one was near, and exacting most solemn promises of secrecy, got close up to the ear of his friend, and with bated breath whispered: "The candles are to burn."