

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!**



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, 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.

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, 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.

**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.

**DOORS AND SASH,**  
Kept on hand and for sale by the undersigned. Send for List of Prices to  
SPROUT & EDDY,  
PICTURE ROCKS,  
Lycoming county, Pa.

Kept on hand and for sale by the undersigned. Send for List of Prices to  
SPROUT & EDDY,  
PICTURE ROCKS,  
Lycoming 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, 1865.

**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!

Sponting and Roofing put up in the most durable manner and at reasonable prices. Call and examine his stock. 31

Use the Red Horse Powders.

**HORSES CURED OF GLANDERS.**—Anron Snyder, U. S. Assistant Assessor, Mount Airy, 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 Tang Fever.—Hess & Brother, Lewisburg, Pa.  
Horse Cured of Colic.—Thomas Clingan, Union County, Pa. Hogs Cured of Cholera.—H. Barr, Jr. & A. Goshalder, Cows Cured.—Dr. J. M. McCleary, H. McCormick, Milton, Pa.  
Chickens Cured of Cholera and Gapes.—Dr. U. Q. Davis, Dr. D. T. Krebs, C. W. Stieker, 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,  
Milton, Pa., Northumberland Co., Pa.

**A Ticket Robbery.**

ONE of the pleasantest journeys I ever took was made a short time back, in company with a total stranger, but who proved to be the most chatty, most communicative person I ever met with, although his code of morals was undoubtedly rather lax. We got in at the London terminus, and as he almost at once asked me where I was going, we found we were each bound to the same large city.

I fancied he had been dining rather generously, from his face, which was a little flushed; he had plenty of excellent cigars, and was very liberal with them; and ere we had ridden half a dozen miles, he produced a pack of cards, and asked me to play. I declined; and he said with a smile: "Afraid of strangers with cards? Well, you are quite right; but we shall do no harm to each other."

I hastened to assure him that I was under no suspicion as regarded himself, but that I did not care for cards.

"There you are to blame," he returned; "you should always suspect strangers who want you to play at cards. Why should a man carry a pack with him, if he does not intend to profit by their use? Take my advice and always be on your guard."

"But then," I said with a smile, "by your own rule you would lead me to suspect you."

"You wouldn't be far wrong, if you did," he replied, with a very meaning nod; "I only wished to play for a cup of coffee at the refreshment station; but I have played in railway carriages for very different stakes and won them. However, I am all right to-night, and don't want to win anybody's money. I cleared eight hundred over the Leger, and that will last me some time."

I congratulated him on his good fortune, and said I wished I had been as lucky.

"If it should do you no more good than it will me, you needn't mind," he returned; "light come, light go; but still it is better to have a few hundreds in your pocket, than to be without a penny to pay your fare, as I have been on this very railway."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, as he made a pause here; "that must have been awkward."

"Awkward! I believe you," he said. "But there! a man with his head screwed on the right way, need never be at a loss, in a rich country like this. I hadn't a penny—at any rate, I hadn't a tenth part of the required fare—with me; I was bound to keep an engagement, a long way down the line, and had not a friend who would lend me sixpence; and here I found myself, one evening a quarter of an hour before the train started. Something like a fix, eh? What should you have done?"

"Well," I replied, "I hardly know. If I had a watch—"

"But I hadn't," he interrupted, "nor anything else that would fetch two pound seven, the price of a ticket. A first-class ticket, of course I mean; I had made up my mind to ride first class; I like it best, and, under the circumstances, it was just as feasible as any other."

"Then perhaps, I should have gone to the station-master or superintendent," I said, "and told him all about it; and if that wouldn't do, I must have stopped in London."

"Then it wouldn't have done, you may swear," he replied, "station-masters are not so soft as that. Well, now I'll tell you all about it; and it may be of use to you to know, some day, what is possible to be done in such a fix."

I nodded my thanks, and he began. I need not tell you how I came to be so placed—speculative men are often in such a position; we always get out of it somehow, however, and I did, this time. When I arrived at the station, there was the train with the engine waiting a little way off, blazing and hissing away; some of the passengers had taken their seats, but most of them were walking up and down, or having a parting glass with their friends, or looking at the bookstalls. How I envied the shabbiest of them all! for he, whoever he was, had got his ticket, and I could not get mine. If the train had gone right through, I would have taken my seat, and chanced dropping out just before they stopped; but I knew they examined tickets half-way, so that would not do. If the journey had been by the same engine, I would have lain at the back of the tender, on the coke, as I did once to a place nearly a hundred miles down the line; but I knew they change engines, so this, again, wouldn't do. I saw one person on the platform whom I recognized, but as he was a clergyman—a dean, in fact—who was always preaching against us racing men, and had once actually persuaded the town-people to put their race down, I knew he was of no use. Yet I couldn't keep away from him; he had a sort of fascination for me; I may call it a presentiment, that he was to get me out of my hobble. Well, the bustle increased; you know, of course, how busy the station gets just before an express starts. The engine came back and was hooked on; the porters ran about with their barrows of luggage; the passengers left the refreshment-rooms and bookstalls, and clustered round the doors of the carriages; the dean got into a compartment by himself, and I was walking up and

down in the darkest part of the platform, and only five minutes left.

I pause for a moment before a little room where I saw the guards go in and out and wondered whether one of them would let me ride with him if I told him of a thing I knew—I really did know of it—for the Cambridgeshire; when all at once, a splendid idea struck me. It was the very thing! the door of the little room was half open, so that I could see no one was in there, and several coats and caps, belonging to the guards, were hanging on the walls. I glanced down the platform; every railway official seemed up to his eye in business—no one was looking that way. I popped into the room in an instant—had put on a coat and cap, which fitted me beautifully—and was out again in a few seconds. There was no time for reflection, nor did I need any; my mind was already made up, so, pushing past the people with the air of a regular guard, born and bred, I put my head into the carriage where the dean sat, and said: "Tickets, if you please." The old gentleman was reading a book; pushed his spectacles a little higher on his nose, and exclaimed: "Dear me! I had quite forgotten," he handed out his ticket, which I very coolly pocketed, and was moving away, when the old gentleman said: "This is a new rule to take tickets at starting isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," I answered touching my cap; "only been in force this month, sir."

"Oh," he said, and began reading his book again.

At this instant the bell for starting rang, and the guards began to bawl out: "Any more going on?" but there was plenty of time for me! If their wasn't a guard in there, feeling among the great coats, and swearing horribly, as I could hear at some of his mates, for moving his particular coat out of its place. I stood behind the long double-ladder they wheel around to clean the lamps, took off the poor fellow's coat and cap, and hurried across the platform as though I had just come from the refreshment-room. The station doors were closed, but a guard catching sight of me, shouted: "Now, sir, this way, or you will be too late!" He opened a carriage door and pushed me in, just as the engine sounded its whistle, and the tug came which moved us on. I was in the carriage with the dean! There was nobody else there, as I well knew, and I really felt very uncomfortable. I didn't at all suppose he would recognize me, but yet there was a sort of feeling which made me wish that the guard had put me anywhere else. However, there was no help for it now and I made up my mind to see at once if there was any danger of recognition; so the first time he put down his book, although it was only to cut some leaves, I offered him a newspaper. He declined it; but I had obtained an opening, and I followed up my offer with a few remarks about the weather and so forth—quite enough to let me see that he did not at all remember my voice. I couldn't sleep but I pretended to do so; and on we went, scarcely another word having been spoken on either side, until the train slackened speed; and I knew we were near the station where they examined the tickets, and where, of course, the murder would be out. When the carriages drew up alongside the ticket-platform, and I could hear the familiar cry of "All tickets ready," I feigned to be reading my paper very intently, although, in reality, I was watching and listening with all my might. I saw the dean look up curiously when he first heard the shouts; he listened, too, with a puzzled air, and took off his spectacles and wiped them, as if that would help him to understand it; however, I have no doubt he thought the notice did not apply to him, so he calmly put his glasses on again. At that moment a guard—a regular one this time, I thought to myself—looked in, and of course said: "Tickets, if you please." I gave him mine, which he merely glanced at and returned, and then I screwed myself into a corner, as much out of the light as I could manage. The old clergyman, had, of course, done nothing.

"Now, sir, if you please," said the guard.

"Eh?" returned the dean, looking round, and pushing up his spectacles, which seemed to be a habit with him.

"Tickets, sir, tickets; look alive, if you please, sir," answered the man.

"Tickets! tickets!" echoed the dean: "mine is all right. I have given it up."

"Not to me, sir," said the guard; "and no one else has been near this carriage."

"Oh, but I gave it up before we started," explained the old gentleman; "it is a new rule—has only been in force this month."

Upon my word, I thought I should have burst with laughter here, the dean explained this so innocently.

"New rule, sir," said the guard. "No such thing. We examine the tickets here, and take them at your journey's end."

"Now, Popkins," shouted a superior of some kind; "haven't you finished with that carriage yet?"

"Come sir, look sharp with that ticket," urged the guard.

"What do you mean?" demanded the clergyman, who was clearly getting angry.

"What do you mean, sir? I have given my ticket to one of your men, and I am rather inclined to think it was yourself."

Popkins was now shouted at again very

angrily, and his answer brought two or three others round the carriage door.

"Now, what's all this delay about?" said a man in a very swaggering tone, (I suppose he was in some authority there) "what's all this about, Popkins?"

"Why," said the guard, "this party hasn't got a ticket. He says he gave it up at London; and, not satisfied with that, says he gave it up to me."

"Nay, nay; I am not certain about that," said the old gentleman. "I only say I gave it up to some guard, who told me it was a new rule and he was much such another man as yourself."

"Oh, that won't do," said the chief officer very harshly; "we must have your ticket, or your money, or else we will remove you from the carriage. We have these games tried on us very often."

"Do you indeed?" said the old gentleman. "Do you, indeed? There is my card, sir, and I shall leave you to take your course."

Well, when they saw who he was, they naturally cooled down a bit, and grew more civil; but by this time the other passengers had got anxious, and were putting their heads out of all the windows, and asking what was the matter.

"Perhaps this gentleman," says the guard, meaning of course myself, "who must have been in the carriage at the time, can tell us something about it. You didn't give up your tickets, sir, because I have just examined it."

"Unfortunately," said the dean, speaking before I could answer, "this gentleman was not in the carriage; he came in just as the train was starting, and after the collection of tickets."

The men looked at one another, and I could see they did not believe the story at all.

"I am afraid, sir, you are under a great mistake," said the chief one; "and we shall be compelled to write to you for this money, if you don't pay. We can't keep the train here all night; so you must do as you please, as, of course, we can have our remedy against you."

The old gentleman looked angrier than ever, and, pulling out his purse, exclaimed: "There, sir; there is your money; but, rely upon it, you will hear from Jessom and Jessom, my solicitors, sir, on the matter, it is an atrocious robbery!"

"You will have your ticket given you at the next station," said the other. "I will not delay the train by going to my office now; I will send word on by the guard. But depend upon it, sir, you are in error; you are indeed. All right forward!"

"Error, sir! error!" exclaimed the dean. "You shall see, sir; you shall see. I don't care for your ticket. You may make me pay again, if you please, when I get to my destination. I believe this company is capable of anything; but I will teach them a lesson. This gentleman shall be my witness of the transaction. I will take your card, sir." The men cleared from the window, for the engine whistle sounded and off we went.

"Oblige me your card, sir," continued the dean. "I need hardly ask you if you ever saw so nefarious a proceeding?"

"Never, sir; absolutely scandalous!" I replied. "But do you think it will be worth your while to take further notice of it? It will involve you in a great deal of trouble."

"Trouble, sir! What do I care for that?" demanded the dean, indignantly. "It is my duty to expose such conduct; and I will do it. I will thank you for your card, sir."

I felt it would be dangerous to refuse a card; so I expressed my sympathy with him, and gave him the card of a foreign gentleman of my acquaintance, which I luckily had in my pocket. Then the old gentleman seemed to be brooding over his injury, and scarcely spoke another word. When we came to the refreshment station, the guard brought him his ticket which he took without a syllable, and at our next station we both got out.

I saw his carriage was waiting for him; and I have no doubt Mrs. Dean had all particulars before an hour was over. As for my friend, whose card I gave, I never heard whether the dean had tried to find him out or not; in fact, although I called him my friend, we were by no means friendly—"You think the whole transaction rather fishy, eh?" ejaculated my companion, interrupting himself.

"I think it downright dishonest," I said, frankly, "unless you repaid the dean."

"Oh, I did that," responded he. "I sent the old gentleman a post-office order in the name of my foreign friend."

**SCIENTIFIC READING.**

**Gingseng.**

Gingseng is the root of a small plant found growing wild in the Northern part of Asia and America. Botany assigns it a place among plants belonging to the genus Panax. It has a fleshy, pointed taper-root, about as large as a man's finger, which, when dry, is of a yellowish-white color, and is possessed of mucilaginous sweetness, somewhat resembling Calamus root, but accompanied by a slight bitterness.

As an article of commerce gingseng is very extensively quoted; but few people, however, know what it is like, or what properties it contains.

Large quantities of this are annually exported to China, and the demand from that quarter is every year increasing. Previous to the present century, the Chinese obtained most of their supplies from the wilds of Tartary, and it was then sold at a very exorbitant price. For the last fifty years, however, this article has been principally obtained in America, and the trade has become very profitable. It was long a matter of wonder, even to commercial men, to what use the root was applied by the inhabitants of the "Flowery Kingdom;" but in course of time it became known that it was employed very extensively for medical purposes, and that the Chinese have long had a superstitious faith in its virtues.—Among this imaginative people, it is said to answer the purpose of inciting the partaker to noble deeds of bravery while at the same time it is a specific for most bodily ills to which human flesh is heir.

**"Haste Makes Waste."**

If we were asked for the best illustration of the above proverb, there is none we could think of more remarkable than the almost universal practice of running up stairs. Suppose your room to be on the first floor—from the sky—in a large hotel, four flights up, of twenty steps each, or eighty steps in all. One step per second is a deliberate rate of walking. Eighty seconds on the stairs, and the balance of two minutes for the landings, and the job is done, without perspiration or exhaustion. Almost any one who will take a deliberate walk up stairs, and time it, will be surprised to find how short it is. Then let the same person run up, and time that. He will be more surprised than before, in all probability, on comparing the two to perceive for what an inappreciable consideration in time he has been induced so often to hurry up stairs, panting and ready to drop at the summit. One minute is about the utmost that can be saved, in the longest of our customary ascents, by straining every nerve for it. One minute is seldom of any practical consequence in such cases, and never fails to offset many fold by the time required to repair the excessive animal waste that it costs.

**The Sherman Process of Making Steel.**

The cat is at last let out of the bag.—The tremendous secret of transformation by which such wonders have been accomplished in the manufacture of iron and steel by the Sherman process, is at last disclosed.

The whole mystery of the process lies in the addition to iron during the puddling process of a very small quantity of iodine. It is claimed as the rationale of this process that the iodine acts to decompose the phosphate of iron in the metal, and to change the phosphorus into a peculiar amorphous condition in which it is readily burned off, and thus eliminated. In some similar way it is supposed to act upon the sulphur. Now, whether there be any truth in this theory,—which we are bound to confess, has a show of plausibility—or not, we must be pardoned for entertaining grave doubts as to its revolutionary effect upon the manufacture of iron. So far as we can judge, the precise time and manner of the iodine is very indefinitely determined as yet, and though the public has been treated to very highly colored narratives of success achieved, there have been doubtless failures to which no publicity has been given.

**Seasoning Timber.**

A German technologist has been experimenting on the seasoning of timber. He finds that live wood contains fifty per cent. of sap in December, January, and February; forty-six per cent. in March and April; and forty-eight per cent. in the remaining months of the year, with very slight variations in quantity, depending upon the character of the season. If all the moisture be dried out of wood, it becomes harsh, inelastic, and brittle. There is therefore, such a thing as over-seasoning timber, though that fault is certainly not often met with in the woodwork of our buildings. To season wood properly, the drying must be commenced at a very moderate heat, and performed very gradually. He recommends a sand bath for drying small pieces of wood for cabinet and joiner work. The sand not only acts to diffuse the heat uniformly, but also its interstices enable it to absorb moisture, which a gentle heat expels. The wood should be buried in the sand while the latter is cold, and the heat should be graduated so as not to exceed 212 degrees Fah., by the use of thermometers placed in the sand.