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

Not a Parallel Case. On one of the marches of the Army of the Potomac through Virginia, the horse of a well-known chaplain of a New York regiment "played out," and was left at the side of the road, soon after which the dominie espied a fine-looking animal grazing in a field near the road. It required but a few minutes' time to transfer the saddle, etc., to his back, and mounting him, he was riding out on to the road, where he met a United States quartermaster, when the following colloquy ensued: "Where are you going with that horse?" "Going with him? Why, I'm going to ride him, of course," said the chaplain. "But you don't mean to say that you're going to steal him? do you?" "Certainly not; but my own horse has given out, and we are on the enemy's country, and—"

"Oh, that's very well, but my duty as an A. Q. M., compels me to take possession of him; besides, I don't think it looks very well for a chaplain to be stealing a horse, if his own has given out." "But, my dear sir," said the chaplain "don't you remember that on a certain occasion our Saviour commanded one of His disciples to saddle and bring him an ass, that he might ride into Jerusalem!" "Yes, I know all about that, but this isn't a parallel case, sir; you ain't our Saviour, we're not going to Jerusalem, and that animal ain't a jackass, so you can get right down off his back, just as quick as you please." The argument of the quartermaster was too powerful, and an unconditional surrender of the same was at once made, and the poor parson having to jog along on foot as best he might.

A Poor Currency. A correspondent of a New York paper, who has recently visited Hayti, writes as follows: As I stepped ashore at Port-au-Prince, I met an orange girl, and asked her the price of her fruit per dozen. She replied "forty dollars." I made up my mind that that unfortunate young woman had escaped from a lunatic asylum, and I noticed a wild look about her eyes as I passed on, without saying anything. But when a miserable, beggarly native took a message across the street for me, and demanded only \$400, I thought it time to remonstrate, and I refused to give the audacious swindler anything, expressing my opinion of him in English, which he didn't understand. But when I saw a straw hat marked \$2,000, a light began to dawn upon me. I held up a five dollar gold piece, and the shopkeeper took it, gave me the hat, and then shoveled out about a bushel of dirty little bits of paper, which he said was my "change." Then it was explained to me that the currency of the country is a paper money, so depreciated that 500 or 600 gourdes, or dollars, of it are equal only to one dollar in hard money. The Island was flooded with it, and it has been so nearly worthless, at one time, that \$10,000 in paper was equivalent to \$1 in gold. After I had stuffed all my pockets and my hat with the change, I immediately went back and paid the ill-used messenger his \$400, with a few hundred thrown in, for having called him names in a language which he didn't understand.

On Which Side. In looking over an old note-book of my father's, written many years ago, I came across an anecdote which, if it has never appeared in print before, is too good to be lost. While John Branch, of North Carolina, was General Jackson's Secretary of the Navy, he, Tazewell, and Daniel Webster were walking on the north bank of the Potomac, at Washington. Tazewell, willing to amuse himself with Branch's simplicity, said: "Branch, I'll bet you a ten-dollar hat that I can prove that you are on the other side of the river." "Done," said Branch. "Well," said Tazewell, pointing to the opposite shore, "isn't that one side of the river?" "Yes." "Well, isn't this the other side?" "Yes." "Then, as you are here are you not on the other side?" "Why I declare," said poor Branch, "so it is! But here comes Webster. I'll win back the hat from him." Webster had lagged behind, but now came up, and Branch accosted him: "Webster, I'll bet you a ten-dollar hat that I can prove that you are on the other side of the river." "Done!" "Well, isn't this one side?" "Yes." "Well, isn't that the other side?" "Yes, but I am not on that side!" Branch hung his head and submitted to the loss of the two hats as quietly as he could.

The ending syllable "ough," which is such a terror to foreigners, is shown in its several pronunciations in the following lines: Wife, make some dumplings of dough, They're better than meat, for my dough, Pray let them be boiled till hot through, But not till they're heavy or tough, Now, I must be off to my plough, And the boys (when they've had enough) Must keep the flies off with a bough, While the old mare drinks at the trough.

George and his Dog. A VERY good story is told of one of our sharp specimens of Young America, whose "fast" ways had necessitated his being cut off by the "governor" from any further expenditure of his means.—The young man finally became weary of leading a slow life without money, but he had invented so many stories to accomplish his designs, each of which succeeded, that he resolved to make one more attempt. He was in pressing need of \$25, and concluded, if possible, to draw it in installments, rather than excite the curiosity of his father and thus defeat his project. He put on a bold face, and visited the governor and gravely informed him that a certain dog fancier on Elizabeth street was actually teaching dogs to talk; his terms were \$10 down and \$15 when the canine was able to speak. The governor doubted the story, but finally determined to invest \$10 in the arrangement, but added: "Mind, George, if he don't learn Fido (their dog) to speak, I won't give you the additional \$15." "All right," said George, and away he went—for a spree, of course. After the lapse of several days, and when the \$10 had all been wasted, George returned home and told a straight story concerning the progress Fido was making under his tutor. The next day the governor requested that Fido should give an exhibition of his skill, and ordered George to bring him in, but was informed that the dog had been shot, and the sad event explained in this way by the truthful George: "You see, I went and got the dog, and on my way home he talked all sorts of nonsense, and when he reached the house and I sat down in the dining room he crept up on my lap and putting his mouth close to my ear, he whispered and told me very confidentially that the old man was in the habit of talking sweet to the servant girl in the kitchen. I concluded if the dog was going to lie so outrageously, that he had better be killed, and I shot him!" The governor remarked, "That's a good boy; here's your \$15, and whenever you want any more just let me know, but don't say anything to your mother."

Spontaneous Combustion. Spontaneous combustion occurs much more frequently than is generally supposed; and the Boston Journal of Chemistry is of the opinion that many fires ascribed to incendiarianism have owed their origin to that cause. Such combustion differs from ordinary burning only in that the of the combustible substance with the oxygen of the air is more gradual. When a log of wood rots in the forest, it is as really burned up as when it blazes in the fireplace, only the process is so slow that the heat is not perceptible. The rusting of metals is another form of slow combustion; and if the rusting is sufficiently rapid, the rise of temperature is readily detected. In inflammable substance, when slow combustion begins, the heat set free causes the oxidation to go on faster and faster, until the mass bursts into flame. Oily rags used by painters and cotton waste used for wiping machinery are common causes of spontaneous combustion. Oil spilt on dry saw-dust has been known to take fire in this way. Oils that oxidize readily, like cotton-seed oil, are especially liable to take fire without apparent cause. Hay, cotton, tow, flax, hemp, rags, leaves, spent tow, straw in manure heaps, all are liable to take fire spontaneously when stacked in quantities in a damp state. These are facts which every one should understand, as the knowledge of them may in many instances lead to precautions of the utmost importance.

A Dutchman's Joke. When the nickel cent first came into use a standing joke was to ask "Why the eagle was represented in a flying position," and the reply was, "Because he's on a new cent (seent)." A friend of ours propounded the question to a gentleman from Germany, and on giving the answer his friend seemed to think there might be a good joke in it, but he couldn't see it. "He's on a new (seent)," repeated our friend. He smells something, scent is something you can smell. "Oh-h! ya's, dat was a goot von, vere you got it? Foost rat, sin't it. Stop a leedle, I fools Yoppy mit dat, you shust wait. Yoppy, coom here!" Yoppy walks up. "You knows vot for dat eagle was flying?" Yoppy acknowledged his ignorance but was enlightened at once by the following: "Because he's on a new echtink."

The fences of the United States cost more than the houses, cities included; more than the ships, vessels and boats of every description which sail on the ocean lakes and rivers; more than our manufacturing, with all their machinery, and more than any one class of property, real estate excepted. Those of New York are put down at \$144,000,000; those of Ohio at \$115,000,000, and Pennsylvania at \$190,000,000. At this rate the money invested in fences alone is more than equal to the national debt. As fences require to be renewed, on an average, once in ten years, the annual cost to the country is not far short of \$200,000,000.

Shoost so Long as it Was. During a recent hearing before Alderman Dougherty, it was thought important by counsel to determine the length of time that certain "2 quarters of beef, 2 hogs and 1 sheep" remained in an express wagon in front of plaintiff's store before they were taken away by the defendant. The witness under examination was a German, whose knowledge of the English language was very limited; but he testified in a very plain, straightforward way to having afterward carried it out and put it into the aforesaid wagon. Then the following ensued: Counsel—"State to the jury how long it was after you took the meat from the store and put it into the wagon before it was taken away." Witness—"Now I shoost cant dell dat. I dinks 'bout dwelve feet. I not say nearer ash dat." Counsel—"You don't understand me. How long was it from the time the meat left the store and was put into the wagon, before it was taken away by the defendant?" Witness—"Now I know not what you ax dat for. Der vagon he vas pack up mit der sidewalk, and dat's shoost so long as it vas. You dell how long der sidewalk vas. Den feet? Dwelve feet? Den I tell how long it vas." Counsel—"I don't want to find out how wide the sidewalk was, but I want to know—speaking very slowly—how long—the—meat—was—in—the—wagon—before—it—was—taken—away?" Witness—"Oh! dat! Well, now, I not sold any meat so. I all time weigh him; never measured meat, not yet. But I dinks 'bout dree veet." Here the spectators and his honor smiled audibly. "I dell you all I can, so good as I know." Counsel—"Look here, I want to know how long it was before the meat was taken away after it was put into the wagon?" Witness (looking very knowingly at counsel)—"Now you try and get me in a schrape. Dat meat was shoost so long in der vagon as he vas in der shop. Dat's all I told you. Dat meat was dead meat. He don't get much longer in den dousan' year, not mooch."

Curious Effects of a Wasp Sting. A Missouri physician, writing to the Medical and Surgical Reporter, says: On the 31st of October last, as I was sitting in church during night services, the weather being rather cool, a red wasp which had been roused by the warmth fell from the ceiling, and becoming entangled in my whiskers stung me twice in the throat, beneath the angle of the lower jaw-bone, in or near the submaxillary gland of the right side. The pain for a minute or two was intense, followed by a peculiar taste, only to be described by saying that it was a singular combination of palatal and nasal sensation, such as is noticed when a nest of these wasps is disturbed and they dart about through the air. But the circumstance which most attracts attention, and which I consider the curious part, is the duration of the sensation; for weeks it was constant and very annoying; it then became intermittent, but very pungent whenever I was heated by exercise or approached a hot fire. It is impossible to explain how much discomfort resulted from it. It has gradually grown less observable, till at the present time I do not recognize it more than once a week, and then only in a hot room.

A Singular "Tail." Recently a love-sick swain was paying court to his dulcinea. She had smuggled him into the parlor, and the darkness only served to conceal her blushes while John told the story of his love. The muttered words reached the parental ear, and coming suddenly into the room he demanded to know of Mary, who it was she had with her. "It's the cat sir," was the mumbling reply. "Drive it on here," thundered paterfamilias. "Seat!" screamed Mary, and then sotto voce: ("John, meaw a little.") John set up a woful yowl. "That cat's got a cold," remarked the parent. John yowled louder than ever. "Confound it, bring a light and scare the thing out." This was too much, and John made a leap for the window, carrying glass and frame with him. "Thunder, what a cat!" said the parent, contemplating the ruin, after the light was brought; "I never saw anything like it, and confound it, its tail is made out of broadcloth," as he viewed a fluttering remnant from the window.—N. O. Pica-yune.

German rogues are not the dullest of rogues. Recently a youth, seemingly a baker's apprentice, presented at the counter of a bank in Vienna, a slip which was, to all appearances, the ticket which had drawn the first prize (\$87,500) in the Brunswick lottery. The officers of the bank had a consultation, and sent the ticket to the principal manager of the lottery, the presenter, all this time keeping up an appearance of the coolest unconcern, even inviting one of the bank clerks out to lunch with him while waiting for the return of the messenger. The ticket was certified by the manager, and the money was paid to the supposititious baker's boy. He departed forthwith, bearing his treasure; 48 hours later it was ascertained that the ticket was a counterfeit; an exact fac-simile of a genuine one which had been cashed only a few hours before at Darmstadt.

The Shipmaster's View. Several years ago a barque sailing through Vineland Sound at night ran down a small fishing boat containing three Indians. They were rescued with much difficulty, taken on board the barque, well cared for on the voyage to Philadelphia, and brought safely back on the return trip to Boston. On their arrival there they instituted a suit against the owners of the barque to recover the value of their boat and fishing tackle. The attorney for the owner of the barque wished to prove that the place where the boat was lying, without showing any light, either, was directly in the course followed by vessels sailing through the Sound, and sent one of his clerks to ask a well-known sea captain who was authority on such matters to come and testify. After hearing the whole story and a statement of the facts to be substantiated, the captain delivered himself as follows: "Tell Squire Russell I'll come. There mustn't no Injuns git no such case as this. You see, 'twont be good for the Injuns neither, 'cause nobody'll ever stop to pick'em up agin."

The Camphor Tree. One of the most interesting and important trees of Sumatra, is the camphor tree (Dryobalanops crmphora). This camphor attracted the attention of the earliest voyagers, and was then, as it is now, an important article of commerce with China and Japan, the people of those countries attributing to it extraordinary virtues, and paying a high price for it. The tree grows to a height of 100 to 150 feet and forms a trunk seven to ten feet in diameter. The quantity of camphor contained in the trunk is very unequal the young trees appear to contain little or none. It is said, that on an average, about nine trees are required to produce 100 pounds weight of crystallized camphor. It is obtained by cutting down the tree, and dividing the wood in small pieces, in the division of which the camphor is found. It differs in the form of its crystals from the camphor of commerce is harder, more brittle, and does not so readily condense. Great quantities are used by the Bataks for the preservation of the corpses of their chiefs. The trees are spread over a portion only of Sumatra and Borneo, and generally occur only in localities into which commerce and civilization have as yet but little penetrated. Notwithstanding the continued destruction of the trees for the sake of procuring the camphor, no means are taken for the future preservation of the species. This camphor is seldom seen in this country, except in museums. The Chinese eagerly buy it in preference to the ordinary camphor—their own produce—which they send in large quantities into the European Markets.

A Touching Obituary. THUS my wife died. No more will those loving hands pull of my boots and part my back hair, as only a true wife can. No more will those willing feet replenish the coal hod and water pail. No more will she arise amid the tempestuous storms of winter, and gaily hie herself away to build the fire without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doted on her so artlessly. Her memory is embalmed in my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but I found I could embalm her memory much cheaper.

I procured of Eli Mudget, a neighbor of mine, a very pretty gravestone. His wife was consumptive, and he had kept it on hand several years, in anticipation of her death. But she rallied this spring and his hopes were blasted. Never shall I forget the poor man's grief when I asked him to part with it. "Take it Skinner," said he, "and may you never know what it is to have your soul racked with disappointment, as mine has been!" and he burst into a flood of tears. His spirit was indeed utterly crushed. I have the following epistle engraved upon the gravestone: "To the memory of Tabitha wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the Trombone. Terms three dollars a year, invariably in advance."

Brought up on a Bottle. A reporter says: once we wrote a report of a public meeting in this city, and, in commenting upon the eloquence of one of the orators, we remarked that "it was evident that the speaker obtained his love of country and his patriotic inspiration with his mother's milk." That was such a new and surprising figure of speech that we read it over in the paper the next morning a dozen or two times, and parsed it, and translated it into French, and conjugated the verbs, and made the mother's milk agree with the speaker, and such things. About eleven o'clock the orator walked in and said: "Where is the reporter who attended the meeting last night?" The reporter presented himself. "Are you the young man who wrote out the account of my speech?" "Yes sir." A light twinkled in his dark gray eye for a moment, and then he said: "Well, I just thought I would call around to correct a slight error—a misapprehension of fact, indeed. There must be some little mistake about that matter of the mother's milk; for instance, you observe, because I was brought up on a bottle."

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