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A color and dressing that will not burn the hair or injure the head.

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It causes a luxuriant growth of soft, fine hair.

The best and safest article ever offered.

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NATURE'S

Hair Restorative!

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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 out, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headaches, cures all Humors, Cutaneous Eruptions, and unatural Heat. AS A DISPENSING 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 glass bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask for Dr. Procter's 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.

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CYRUS BROWN, Druggist, Chemist and Horseman,

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Marriage under Difficulty.

A FRIEND of mine, who once lived in Iowa, used to tell a story of a wedding that he witnessed, where the ceremony was performed on the same couple three times in one night. He was wandering through northern Iowa, and southern Minnesota, on a search for timber lands, and was accompanied by a back-woods adventurer named Preston. Near the line between Iowa and Minnesota, they stopped a few weeks at the house of a settler named Jenkins. The latter had a buxom daughter, and was well off for a backwoodsman, and the situation appeared decidedly favorable to Preston. So he courted the daughter, and was polite to the parents; the result was that a wedding was arranged and all the neighbors for ten miles around were invited.

Jenkins was a liberal provider, and weddings were not frequent in his family. He laid in half a barrel of whiskey, and his wife and daughter cooked enough for a small army, so that nobody should go away hungry. There was a preacher in the neighborhood, who had arrived there recently, and he was invited to unite the pair. He tied the knot, and was rewarded by Preston, who made a mess of the affair by dropping a couple of silver dollars into the punch-bowl while trying to hand them to the parson. The bride's arm was called into requisition to lift out the cash, which she did with all the skill of a native of long Island fishing for "Blue Points" with a pair of oyster tongs.

For the invited guests, the serious business of the evening began with the supper that followed the wedding ceremony. Preston took his fall share of punch and straight whiskey before retiring to the bridal chamber which was reached by a ladder through the floor of the garret. Mrs. Preston had been taken there by the bridesmaids half an hour earlier, and when the couple had disappeared there was a fresh assault upon the whiskey.

It leaked out in the course of the evening that the parson was not an ordained preacher, but only one of those ministerial fledglings who have been "licensed to exhort." When old Jenkins heard the rumor he went for the exhorter and extracted from him the horrible fact that he was not really authorized to unite couples in holy matrimony, but he had officiated on this occasion because he thought it was all right, and nobody would know the difference. Jenkins flew around like a boy with a bumble bee in his coat sleeve; he kicked the unhappy exhorter out of doors, and went up the ladder like a monkey climbing a window blind.

"Here you, git up, GIT UP!" he shouted; "you ain't married at all. Git up this minute. Get up and come down, quick!"

The voice of Preston was heard to draw out that he wouldn't get up, and that if his respected father-in-law did not clear out and mind his business he would get his nose busted.

Jenkins explained the situation, and the couple arose. In a few minutes they came down the ladder, looking very sheepish, and the bride blushing like a red wagon. There was a justice of the peace in the party, and he performed the ceremony, which, unfortunately for Preston, took his only remaining silver dollar. There were more drinks, and then the couple again ascended the ladder to their bridal apartments. Preston muttered, as he climbed the ladder, that if he ever found that parson he would hurt his face so that his friends could not identify him without a magnifying glass.

Of course the party down stairs, who were making a night of it, talked over the peculiarities of the wedding, and their talk developed the fact that the justice of the peace lived in Iowa, while the house of Jenkins was in Minnesota. Jenkins was informed of the situation, and away he went once more for the ladder. He was louder in his tones than before, and his first words met a prompt answer from Preston.

"Now, look here, old man," said Preston, as he bounded out of bed, "there has been fooling enough around this yere ladder to-night, and if you don't git I'll bust yer head."

He picked up a cow-hide boot, as he spoke, and advanced menacingly. A shrill voice from the bed, urged him not to hurt "pa."

"Don't shoot, don't," said Jenkins, as he retreated down the ladder, till his head was level with the garret floor.—There he paused and explained the new state of affairs to the enraged bridegroom, who stood over him with the boot uplifted, and ready for a blow.

Preston accepted the explanation and the result was that the couple rose and dressed and descended the ladder. Then with Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, and all of the guests who were sober enough to stand, they walked half a mile down the road to the Iowa line, and entered the Badger State. There the justice again united them. "And this time," said he, as he concluded the ceremony, "you are married, sartain, sure."

The first writer who used algebraic signs was a Nuremberger, named Stifelius, in 1544.

A Good Joke.

THE following story is old, but it is so good that it will bear reading again: I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness which I perpetrated toward my wise and ancient wife.

"My dear," said I to my wife on the day before my aunt's arrival, "you know Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow; well, I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She is very deaf; and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do everything in your power to make her stay agreeable."

Mrs. — announced her determination to make herself heard if in her power.

I then went to John N—, who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, and told him to be at the house at 6 p. m., the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad depot with a carriage next night and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said:

"Aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity that Annie (my wife) has, which I forgot to mention before. She is very deaf, and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard, I am very sorry for it."

Aunt Mary, in the goodness of her heart, protested that she rather liked to speak loud, and to do so would afford her great pleasure.

The carriage drove up—on the steps was my wife—in the window was John N—, with his face as solemn as if he had buried his relatives that afternoon.

"I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife—and the policeman on the opposite sidewalk started, and my aunt nearly fell down the steps.

"Kiss me, my dear, bawled my aunt, and the windows shook as with the fever and ague. I looked at the window, John had disappeared. Human nature could endure it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage and went into strong convulsions.

When I entered the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cap; and there sat John with his face buried in his handkerchief.

Suddenly—"Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife like a pistol, and John nearly jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response, in a war whoop, and the conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks around must have heard it; when I was in the third story of the building I heard every word.

In the course of the evening my aunt took occasion to say to me:

"How loud your wife talks!"

I told her deaf persons talked loudly, and that my wife, being used to it, was not affected by the exertion, and that she was getting along very nicely with her.

Presently my wife said softly:

"Alf, how very loud your aunt talks."

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do—You are getting along with her finely; she hears every word you say." And I rather think she did.

Elated at their success at being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs, till everything upon the mantelpiece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But my end was near. My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking was injurious to my wife. So—

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?" said she, in an unearthly whoop, for her voice was not so musical as it was when she was young.

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you can't hear if I don't," squealed my wife.

"What!" said my aunt, fairly rivaling a railroad whistle at the time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises; and looking around and seeing John gone, I stepped into the back parlor, and there he lay flat on his back, with his feet at right angles with his body, rolling from side to side, with his fist poked into his ribs, and a most agonizing expression of countenance, but not uttering a sound. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think from the relative position of feet and hands, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must inevitably have ensued, if a horrible groan which John gave vent to his endeavor to suppress his risibility had not betrayed our hiding-place.

In rushed my wife and aunt, who by this time comprehended the joke, and such a scolding as I then got I never got before, and I hope never to get again.

One Robert Cleneay was recently arrested near Albany City, N. Y., on charge of having married a widow while he had five other wives living. He confessed he had had the wives, but said he thought they had all died of broken hearts when he ran away from them.

Manufacture of Hair Cloth.

OUR readers have no doubt, often wondered where all the hair is obtained for the manufacture of hair cloth, and how the manufacture is conducted. There is a hair cloth factory in Central Falls, R. I. The hair used is that of horses' tails, and is imported from South America and Russia; mostly from the latter country. It is purchased at the great annual fairs of Isbilt and Nijni Novogood. That purchased in June, at the latter place, will be received in about sixty days; and that bought at Isbilt, in February, in about six months. As it comes of various colors, it is, for the purpose of this manufacture, all dyed black. A certain proportion, however, is purchased in England and France, already prepared for the loom. It is worth from fifty cents to four dollars per pound, according to length, the price increasing in rapid ratio after the length attains 24 inches.

The "rough hair," or that which is imported in its natural state, is hackled, and the shortest sold to the manufacturers of mattresses, it being first curled. After being hackled, the different lengths are combed out, assorted, tied in bunches, and made ready for coloring. After this process, the bunches are carefully inspected, measured, and put away for the loom. The cloth is made in widths of from fourteen to thirty-two inches.

Contrary to the popular idea, the hair is not, as a rule, round. A section under the microscope shows a form as though a third of a circle had been cut off, and the flat portion slightly indented. This conformation causes some difficulties in the manipulation, which require great skill and the most delicate machinery to overcome. A bunch of hair which has been soaked in water is placed a position, and the individual hairs are picked up, to be, by the shuttle, laid carefully in the web. If the machine fails to take a hair, which occasionally happens in practice, it continues its effort until it succeeds, the other portions of the machinery standing still in the mean time. The shuttle is an awkward looking, but most delicately operating implement. The hair must not be bruised, and it must not be stretched; the necessity for such gentle manipulation has led to the idea that no machinery could be constructed capable of performing the operation with sufficient exactitude and regularity; but this, as we have seen, is now shown to be a fallacy.

How's This for High.

One day I was out huntin' in the Rockies, an' gettin' a leetle out o' the regular course, I at last fetched up at the foot o' the tarest, highest mountain I ever seed. I thought I'd crawl to the top an' take a look to see whar I war. Well, I continued on fur about a week, an' I at last got to the top. But couldn't see nowhere an' nothin'; fur I war up too high. All on a sudden, a notion took me to fire off old Roarer—this gun—an' see if I couldn't skeer up somethin'. But not seein' anything arter the fire, I concluded to load up. Well it jest so happened it war about the time of the new moon, an' she war a sailin' majestically by me, an' having nowhere else to put the powder-flask—ye see there war no trees up so high,—I jes' flung the string o' the flask round the pint o' her horn, and perched with the rest o' the job. But by cracky! when I'd rammed the ball an' reached for the flask it warn't there—the moon had been goin' all the time, and war a good way off."

"Ha! ha!" laughed one of the listeners, thinking he had the old fellow in a tight place, "what did you do then without your powder?"

"Why," said Dick, "I jest waited till she kim round the next night, an' tuk it off," and then I concluded that was all right for high."

A Grammatical Decision.

The New York Tribune decides that the plural of titmouse is titmouses, an not titmice. "On the same principle," says another paper, "the plural of a tailor's goose is geoses," as, indeed, we hold that it is.

This reminds us of an anecdote in regard to a country merchant who wanted two of these tailors' irons, several years ago, and ordered them of Messrs. D. & S., hardware merchants, then doing business in Phila. He first wrote this order:

"Please send me two tailors' geoses."

Thinking that this was bad grammar, he destroyed it, and wrote this one:

"Please send me two tailors' geese."

Upon reflection, he destroyed this one also, for fear he would receive live geese. He thought over the matter till he was very much worried, and at last, in a moment of desperation, he seized his pen and wrote the following, which was duly mailed:

"Messrs. D & S.: Please send me one tailor's goose, and, d—n it, send me another."

This was the only way he knew of to order two of them; but of course he had not read the above wise decision then.

SUNDAY READING.

The Stolen Hides.

WILLIAM SAVERY, an eminent preacher among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade, and known by all as "one who walked humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome drunken neighbor, whom I shall call John Smith. The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the 5th of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole affair a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterward, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said, "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?" "Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied: "Then perhaps thou wilt come in and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee." He turned his back toward her, and did not speak. After leaning against the fireplace in silence a few moments, he said in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't ouce think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarreling. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving. You have sent them many a meal; God bless you; and yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth, when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret still remains between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. Thy little boy can pick up stones. But eat a bit and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will always give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a little child. After awhile he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night, with the friendly words, "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me." He entered into his employment the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story to show the power of that love for God and man which the gospel of Christ inspires. Would to God that all men were as wise, as patient, as eager to do good, as much like Christ, as he was.

God's Ways and Ours.

We are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but if things go awry, then we think, if there is a God, he is in heaven, and not on earth.

The cricket in the Spring builds his little house in the meadow, and chirps for joy, because all is going so well with him. But when he hears the sounds of the plough a few furrows off, and the thunder of the oxen's tread, then the skies began to look dark, and his heart fails him. The plough comes cranching along, and turns his dwelling bottom side up, and as he goes rolling over and over without a home he says, "Oh the foundations of the world are destroyed, and everything is going to ruin!"

But the farmer who walks behind the plough, singing and whistling as he goes, does he think the foundations of the world are breaking up? Why, he does not so much as know there was any house or cricket there. He thinks of the harvest which is to follow the track of the plough; and the cricket, too, if he will but wait, will find a thousand blades of grass where there was but one before.

We are like the crickets. If anything happens to overthrow our plans, we think all is going to ruin.—Beecher.