

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, Gwynn 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,
434 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.

January 1, 1869.

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 Aetna, 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 Lung Fever.—Hess & Brother, Lewisburg, Pa.

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

Chickens Cured of Cholera and Gapes.—Dr. U. Q. Davis, Dr. D. T. Krebs, C. 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.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

BY mutual consent, the Co-partnership existing between the undersigned, in the Mercantile business was dissolved on the 21st of February, 1871.

FICKES & SMITH,
Millford, May 9, 1871.

SUNDAY READING.

The Repentant Burglar.

The world of fiction hardly contains a more thrilling chapter than an incident which marked the life of the late Rev. Mr. Lee, Presbyterian minister, of the village of Worcester, New York.

Mr. Lee was sitting in his study about midnight, preparing a discourse to deliver to his congregation, when he heard a noise behind him, and became conscious that some one was in the room. Mr. Lee exclaimed: "What is the matter?" and turning around in his chair he beheld the grim face of a burglar, who was pointing a pistol at his breast. The ruffian had entered into the house by a side window, supposing all the occupants were locked in slumber.

"Give me your watch and money," said he, "and make no noise, or I will fire."

"You may put down your weapon, for I shall make no resistance, and you are at liberty to take all the valuables I possess," was Mr. Lee's calm reply.

The burglar withdrew his menacing pistol, and Mr. Lee said:

"I will conduct you to the place where my most precious treasures are placed." He opened the door and pointed to the cot where his two children lay slumbering in the sweet sleep of innocence and peace.

"These," said he, "are my choicest jewels. Will you take them?"

He proceeded to say that as a minister of the Gospel he had few earthly possessions, and that all his means were devoted to but one object—the education of the two motherless children. The burglar was deeply and visibly affected by these remarks. Tears filled his eyes, and he expressed the utmost sorrow at the act which he had been about to commit.

After a few remarks by Mr. Lee, the would-be criminal consented to kneel and join in prayer; and there in that lonely house, amid the silence of midnight, the offender poured forth his remorse and penitence, while the representative of religion, of peace and good will, told him to "go and sin no more." Such a scene has few parallels.

The Refiner of Silver.

A few months ago, a few ladies who met together in Dublin to read the Scriptures, and make them the subject of conversation, were reading the third chapter of Malachi. One of the ladies gave it as her opinion that the Fuller's Soap and Refiner of Silver was the same image, both intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ; while another observed, there is something remarkable in the expression of the third verse:

"He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

They agreed that possibly it might be so, and one of the ladies promised to call on a silversmith and report to them what he said on the subject. She went accordingly, and without telling the object of her errand, begged to know from him the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her.

"But, sir," said she, "do you sit while the work of refining is going on?"

"Oh, yes, madam," replied the silversmith, "I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver is sure to be injured. At once she saw the beauty, and the comfort, too, of the expression, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

Christ sees it needful to put his children into the furnace; and he is seated by the side of it; his eye steadily intent on the work of purifying, and his wisdom and love are both engaged in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random; the very hairs of their head are all numbered. As the lady was leaving the shop, the silversmith called her back, and he said he had still further to mention that he only knew when the process of purifying was complete by seeing his own image reflected in the silver. Beautiful figure! When Christ sees His own image in His people, His work of purifying is accomplished.

"Make Straight Paths."

Young men, when they first go away from home, and young women, at their first entrance upon society, are very apt to incur needless risks to character and reputation from sheer fool-hardiness. They do not intend to do wrong, but they wish to "use their freedom." They feel strong and wise in their own conceit.—They would like to do some daring deed and come out unscathed, just to falsify the predictions of older heads. We have known many youths to throw themselves into the way of wicked temptation and to walk purposely on the edge of some fatal precipice, for the mere purpose of showing their moral agility in escaping. For such and for all who have any influence with such, we have a message worth considering. "Make straight paths for your feet lest that which is lame be turned out of the way, but let it rather be healed. Not even the Son of God would make a needless leap from the pinnacle of the temple. Angels will bear us up in every danger, so that no person doing his

duty shall suffer bruising; but he who chooses the roughest and most dangerous paths without being called to tread them, is tempting God to leave them to the natural results of his own weakness.

How a Camel Goes Through the Eye of a Needle.

The passage from the New Testament: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle," etc., has perplexed many good men, who have read it literally. In oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures, called metaphorically "needles' eyes," just as we talk of windows on ship-board as "bulls' eyes." These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through them in the ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees. "Yesterday," writes Lady Duff Gordon from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through one eye of a needle, that is, the low arched door of an inclosure. He must kneel, and bow his head, to creep through; and thus the rich man must humble himself."

A Missing Will.

AN instance of the renewal in sleep of an impression of memory calling up on apparition to enforce it—it is the impression which causes the apparition, not the apparition which conveys the impression—occurred near Bath half a century ago. Sir John Miller, a very wealthy gentleman, died, leaving no children. His widow had always understood that she was to have the use of his house for her life, with a very large jointure, but no will making such provision could be found after his death. The heir-at-law, a distant connection, naturally claimed his rights, but kindly allowed Lady Miller to remain for six months in the house to complete her search for the missing papers. The six months drew at last to a close, and the poor widow had spent fruitless days and weeks in examining every possible place of deposit for the lost document, till at last she came to the conclusion that her memory must have deceived her, and that her husband could have made no such promise as she supposed, or had neglected to fulfill it had he made one. The very last day of her tenure of the house had just dawned, when, in the gray of the morning, Lady Miller drove up to the door of her man of business in Bath, and rushed excitedly to his bedroom door, calling out, "Come to me! I have seen Sir John! There is a will!" The lawyer hastened to accompany her back to her house. All she could tell was that her deceased husband had appeared to her in the night, standing by her bedside, and had said solemnly, "There is a will!" Where it was, remained as uncertain as before. Once more the house was searched in vain from cellar to loft, till finally, wearied and in despair, the lady and her friend found themselves in a garret at the top of the house. "It is all over," Lady Miller said; "I give it up; my husband deceived me, and I am ruined!" At that moment she looked at the table over which she was leaning weeping. "This table was in his study once; let us examine it." They looked, and the missing will, duly signed and sealed, was within it, and the widow was rich to the end of her days. It needs no conjurer to explain how her anxiety called up the myth of Sir John Miller's apparition, and made him say precisely what he had once before really said to her, but of which the memory had waxed faint.

"When I was a boy," said Uncle Morton, "things went on more economically than now." We all worked. My work was to take care of the hens and chickens, and I'll tell yer how I raised 'em. You know I'm a very thick-in' child, allus a thinkin' 'cept when I'm asleep. Well, it came to me one night to raise a big lot of chickens from one hen, and I'll tell you how I did it. I took an old whisky barrel and filled it up with fresh eggs, and then put it on the south side of the barn, with some horse manure around it, and then set the old hen on the bung-hole. The old critter kept her sittin' and in three weeks I heer a little 'peep.' Then I put my ear to the spigot, when the peeping growed like a swarm of bees. I didn't say anything to the folks about the hatchin', for they all told me I was a fool; but the next mornin' I knocked the head out of the barrel, and covered the barn floor two feet deep with little chickens. You may laugh as much as you please, but it's true.

His Head Was Level.

A New York wholesale grocer, who has become rich in his business, has lately made the following revelation. He says his rule always was when he sold a bill of goods on credit, to immediately subscribe for the local paper of his debtor. So long as his customer advertised liberally and vigorously, he rested easy, but as soon as he began to contract his advertising space, he took the fact as evidence that there was trouble a head, and he invariably went for his debt. "For," said he, "the man who feels too poor to make his business known, is too poor to do business." The withdrawing of an advertisement is an evidence of weakness, that business men are not slow to observe.

The Fool and the Highwayman.

NEVER heard of Redmond O'Hanlon, the Irish highway robber? Well, that's surprising. Your English Turpins and French Duvals couldn't hold a candle to our highwayman. But for all his shrewdness he met his match once, and I'll tell you how it was.

Redmond was a fine, strapping gentlemanly looking fellow, and a devoted admirer of the ladies—as where is the Irishman that is not? And what is more a friend to the poor; as you'll admit when I tell you that his demands for cash were only made on persons who could well afford to meet them, and that he delighted in forcing contributions from those who had the name of hard landlords to their tenants. There was one of this class whom Redmond never lost an opportunity of taxing—for that was the polite name he gave to his own robberies. Every quarterday, this gentleman, or one of his servants—sometimes more than one—used to take a journey of six or seven miles to collect his rents, and as regular as clockwork there was Redmond O'Hanlon, with some stout companions if necessary, to waylay the collector as he returned home. Every means was used to elude him, but to no purpose. He had spies everywhere, and contrived to get the exact information he needed in advance.

So one quarterday, when the gentleman's servants asked him about going for the rents, he swore at O'Hanlon, and said he didn't see the use of collecting money to hand it over to him.

Now this gentleman had on his estate a boy called "Jerry the Fool," who had the run of the house, and made fun for the family. He had a great conceit of himself, and when he heard what the master said, he immediately asked to be allowed to go after the rents for once, and declared he would know the way to bring them safe home. Of course he was only laughed at; but when he represented that no harm would come from trying, as he couldn't do worse than all who had gone before him, the master agreed to humor him. Upon that Jerry made such preparations as he thought suitable chose the worst horse in the stable—an old hack half blind and three-quarters lame—and started on his enterprise. Nothing occurred on the way. He collected a considerable amount of money carefully disposed it about his person, and started homeward. Toward evening, as he was quietly jogging along on the old hack, and was just entering a long lane with high hedges on each side, a tall, fine looking man rode up to him on a handsome roan mare.

"God save you, my man!" says the gentleman.

"God save your honor!" replies Jerry the Fool.

"What's your name, my man?" asked the gentleman.

"Jerry the fool and I ain't ashamed of it. What's yours?"

The gentleman took no notice of the question. After a while he says, "That's a fine animal you're riding, Jerry."

"Faith, I'm glad your honor likes it," says Jerry; "but it isn't meself that'd care to take a lease of his life. But he'd serve my turn anyway, for it's not in a hurry I'm traveling—I've only been to the village beyond to collect the master's rents for him."

"Surely he is not such a fool as to trust you with that job!"

"Arrah, why not?" asked Jerry, in great surprise.

"Why, don't you know that Redmond O'Hanlon's on this road?"

"Redmond O'Hanlon, is it," says Jerry. "Ugh! That for Redmond O'Hanlon!" says he, snapping his fingers. "Faix, Jerry the Fool is a match for a half a dozen of the like of him, any day in the week, and Sunday into the bargain!"

The stranger laughed, and they rode on in silence till they came to a very lonely part of the road, when he drew a brace of pistols, and told Jerry to hand over all the money he had about him, or he'd try if he had any brains by sending a couple of bullets through his head.

"Meala Murther," roars Jerry, in a tone of surprise and fright. "You don't mean to say your honor's Redmond O'Hanlon?"

"I do, indeed; so hand over, my man, and look sharp about it."

"But, faix, it's kilt entirely by the master I'll be if I go home without the rint."

"What's that to me?" said O'Hanlon.

"Anyhow," said Jerry the Fool, "I must show them that I had a murdering fight for it."

"Perhaps your honor wouldn't mind firing a shot through my old beaver," O'Hanlon did so, laughing at the trick.

"And now an other through the breast of my coat, and Heaven bless you." This was done. "Now, just one in the skirt of it, and good luck to your honor."

"But I've discharged both my pistols, and don't want the trouble of loading them again for you."

"Faix, I should dearly like a shot thro' the skirts; it would show I fought desperate. Are you sure you honor hasn't another pistol in your pocket that you wouldn't mind firing for a poor boy's sake?"

"Confound you! To be sure I haven't

Hand over the money, or I'll beat you to a jelly with my horsewhip."

"Well," says Jerry, after a good deal of fumbling. "I suppose considering the trouble I've had in collecting these rents, your honor won't mind the little bother of going over the hedge after them?"

And he threw over a sack apparently well filled with coin. Half laughing, half angry, the highwayman—first aiming at Jerry with his whip, which he avoided by ducking—dismounted, and climbed over the hedge. No sooner had he done so than Jerry slipped off the old hack and mounted O'Hanlon's horse.

"Bad scran to you, Redmond O'Hanlon!" he bawled. "Didn't I tell you Jerry the Fool was a match for a dozen of you? It's a sack of brass buttons you're going over the hedge after. Ye thief of the world!" And touching the fine mare with his spur, he galloped off, singing at the top of his voice the old melody, "Go to the mischief and shake yourself!"

O'Hanlon couldn't pursue him on the hack; the cute fool had made him discharge his pistols. There was nothing for it but to walk a way, cursing his own stupidity, and ever after if any one wanted to provoke him, they had only to ask him when he had last seen Jerry the Fool.

An Almshouse Romance.

A NOVEL incident has occurred at the Almshouse. A member of the Board of Guardians informs us that a young man abiding at the Almshouse, whose real name is George Reaney Campbell, a Scotchman, but who has been passing under the name of George Reaney, has within a few days become extremely rich.

While visiting on a recent Sunday evening at the house of Scotch family in West Philadelphia, he picked up a paper—the Scotch American—containing an advertisement for George Reaney Campbell, describing him, naming place of birth, etc., stating that an uncle a bachelor, had died in London and left him some property, and directing him to call upon the British Consul in New York.

He immediately went to New York and had himself identified as the George Reaney Campbell mentioned. He was then informed that his uncle had left him £18,000 in bank, and real estate yielding £300 a year clear, and he is now on his way on the ocean to claim his inheritance.

He was employed at the time of hearing of his good fortune as clerk in the manufacturing department of the Almshouse at \$12 a month. He ran off to this country when about 15 years of age, and here enlisted in the regular army, and was in the cavalry service, in Indian Territory, New Mexico, and through the West.

While stationed at Carlisle Barracks, in attempting to break a new horse he was thrown, and so badly injured that partial paralysis resulted; he then went to New York, put himself under treatment and spent all his money, then came on here to our city and was obliged to go to the Almshouse, not being able to support himself outside.

He was completely crippled up at this time, but through the treatment he received, he was at last enabled to get down to the manufacturing department, and fill the position he has occupied there for about two years.

Before leaving he devised all his effects at the Almshouse to another inmate; leaving a valuable clock to Mr. Malone, the superintendent of the manufacturing department.—Philadelphia Star.

WORDS.

SOME authorities state the number of words in our language at 114,000.—These figures embrace, without doubt, many words which others omit. The total number of words in use may be stated at 103,000. Nearly one third of this number commence with the letters C, P, and S, and more than a third begin with the six letters, A, B, D, I, M, and R; the initials of the remaining third of our words are very unequally distributed among the other seventeen letters of the alphabet.

The greatest number of words beginning with any one letter are those commencing with S, of which there are nearly 14,000; and the smallest number of those beginning with X, which are only about 50. A great disparity will also be seen between the two highest and two lowest; S and C begin 24,400 words, while X and Y are the initials of only 200 words.

Notwithstanding the great disparity in the number of words commencing with different letters, it is a fact worthy of notice that a very large number begin exactly alike. Among these, 500 words have ab- for the first syllable, while nearly 4,400 begin with co-, and 1,700 with con-.

It is also remarkable that nearly 2,000 commence with de-, and a large number with dis-, also, nearly 1,000 with ex-; 300 with out-, as outwit, &c.; 600 with over-, as overtake; and the large number of 2,000 with re-, as return, &c.

These facts show that while there is a singular dissimilarity in the spelling of a large number of words, a multitude have entire similarity in their beginning. While men are said to have idiosyncrasies, and women foibles, the words of our vernacular have certainly marked peculiarities.