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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.

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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. Cured of Founder.—Wolf & Wilhelm, Danville, Pa. A. Ellis, Merchant, Washingtonville, Pa. A. Slonaker, Jersey. Horse Cured of Lung Fever.—Hess & Brother, Lewisburg, Pa. Horse Cured of Colic.—Thomas Glinning, Union County, Pa. Hogs Cured of Cholera.—H. Barry, H. & A. Cadwallader, Coxs. Cured.—Dr. J. M. McCleary, H. McCordick, Milton, Pa. Chickens Cured of Cholera and Gapes.—Dr. U. G. Davis, Dr. D. T. Krebs, C. W. Slicker, John and James Finney. Hundreds more could be cited whose Stock was saved. German and English Directions. Prepared by CYRUS BROWN, 441, Druggist, Chemist and Horseman, 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. PICKER & SMITH, Milford, May 2, 1871.—

SUNDAY READING. FILIAL WORTH REWARDED.

"My tale is simple and of humble birth, A tribute of respect to real worth." "YOU are too parsimonious Harry," said Mr. D., to one of his clerks, as they were together in the counting house one morning: "give me leave to say that you don't dress sufficiently genteel to appear as a clerk in a fashionable store."

Henry's face was suffused with a deep blush, and a tear trembled on his manly cheek. "Did I not know that your salary was sufficient to provide more genteel habiliments," continued Mr. D., "I would increase it."

Mr. D. was a man of immense wealth and ample benevolence, he was a widower, and had but one child—a daughter—who was the pride of his declining years. She was not as beautiful as an angel, or as perfect as a Venus; but the goodness, the innocence, the intelligence of her mind shone in her countenance, and you had but to become acquainted with her to admire and love her.

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til we were reduced to poverty. My husband did not long survive his losses, and two of his children soon followed him. "Have you any remaining children?" "I have one and he is my only support. My health is so feeble that I cannot do much, and my father, being blind, needs great attention. My son conceals from me the amount of his salary, but I am sure he sends me nearly the whole of it."

"Then he is not at home with you?" "No sir; he is a clerk for a wealthy merchant in Philadelphia." "Pray, what is your son's name?" "Henry W.—"

"Henry W.—" exclaimed Mr. Delaney, "why, he is my clerk! I left him at my house not a fortnight since." Here followed a succession of inquiries which evinced an anxiety and a solicitude that a mother only could feel—to all of which Mr. Delaney replied to her perfect satisfaction.

"You know our Henry," said the old man, raising his head upon his staff, "well, sir, then you know as worthy a lad as ever lived, God bless him. He will bless him for his goodness to his poor old grandfather," he added in a tremulous voice, while the tears chased each other down his cheeks.

"He is a worthy fellow, to be sure," said Mr. D., rising and placing a well-filled purse in the hands of the old man. "He is a worthy young man, and shall not want friends, be assured."

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"I know it. I know it all, Henry," said Mr. C., interrupting him. "I know the reason of your parsimony, as I called it, and I honor you for it—it was that which first put it into my head to give you my Caroline—so she shall be yours, and may God bless you both."

They separated. Shortly after this conversation, Henry avowed his love to Caroline and solicited her hand, and it is needless to say that he did not solicit in vain. Caroline would have deferred their union until the ensuing spring; but her father was inexorable. He supposed he would have to own to a falsehood, he said, and they would willingly have him shoulder two; but it was too much—entirely too much—as he had told Henry that she was to be married in six weeks, and he could not forget his word.

"But perhaps," he added, apparently recollecting himself, and turning to Henry, "we shall have to defer it after all, for you have important business in the country about that time."

"Be merciful, sir," said Henry, smiling, "I did not wish to witness the sacrifice of my own happiness."

"I am merciful, sir, and for that reason would not wish to put you to the inconvenience of staying. You said you would willingly oblige me, but you could not, indeed you could not!"

"You were once young, sir," said Henry. "I know it, I know it," replied he, laughing heartily; "but I am afraid too many of us old folks forget it—however, if you can postpone your journey, I suppose we must have a wedding."

"We have only to add that the friends of Henry were sent for, and that the nuptials were solemnized at the appointed time, and that, blessed with the filial love of Henry and Caroline, the old people passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness."

Reminiscence of the War of 1812. AT the time when Wilkinson's army was at Fort Madison, at Sackett's Harbor, at the foot of Lake Ontario, a man by the name of Whittlesey, residing in the town of Watertown, in Jefferson county, was appointed Paymaster for the army. Our government credit was at a low ebb, but Whittlesey went to Albany, in the state of New York, and on Governor Daniel D. Tompkins becoming Government security, he got \$130,000 with a view of paying off the army debts. In returning, he stayed one night in Booneville, then came down to Watertown, and gave out word that he had been robbed of his Government money; that his portmanteau had been cut open at Booneville, and the money stolen.

Jason Fairbanks and Perry Keyes were Whittlesey's bail, both prominent citizens of Watertown. Fairbanks examined the saddlebags, without the least soil or sweat, or any mark that they had been used since the cut, and then they made up their minds to ferret it out. Accordingly, they agreed with a young man by the name of Coffin to secrete himself under the bed in which Whittlesey and his wife slept. This young man did so, and reported that they had the money, but where it was he did not find out. Fairbanks and Keyes contrived to have a hole dug on Keyes' land, where the water would rise near the surface, and deep enough to submerge a man. Fairbanks went and asked Whittlesey to take a walk with him and talk over the thing. He went, and was led to this hole; when they got there, Keyes made his appearance; then they accused Whittlesey of his theft, and related the conversation between him and his wife, overheard by young Coffin. Whittlesey persisted in denying it; and then they told him that they would drown him, and laid hold of him and put him in the hole. They told him that if he repented and would tell where the money was, to raise his hand and they would take him out; and they in with him. When he was nearly drowned, he raised his hand, and they took him out. But Whittlesey said it was an unconscious action, and he still persisted in denying it. Then they in with him again, and told him to make the sign again if he would confess, and he did so. They took him out the second time, but he still refused to confess, and they told him they would put him in for the last time and no terms; that they had a shovel there; that they would sink him and fill up the hole; and when they brought him up near the pit, he said he would confess, and told them his wife had it quilted in the legs of her drawers.

How Brushes are Made. BRUSH MAKING is largely carried on in Worcester, and furnishes an example of the value of bristles, an article apparently unimportant when seen upon the back of its producer, the much-abused pig. The best of these bristles, not pigs, are imported from Germany, Russia and other parts of the old country, and command a very high price. I was shown by a manufacturer here a case containing 250 pounds, which cost \$700 in gold. These, of course are used in the finer class of paint and whitewash brushes.

An inferior quality of bristle, grown in this country, principally in the West, is worked up into dusters and cheaper class of goods. The manufacture of a brush seems a simple operation, though it may have its difficulties to the green hand. To describe first the common long duster used so much by good housewives; the wooden portion is bought ready-made by the manufacturer at a cost of two cents apiece—cheaper than he could buy the wood and have them turned, though he puts the finishing touch to them by boring the small holes on the upper side of the broad end to hold the bristles.

The stock is then taken by the workmen, male or female, sitting before a small table covered with sheet-iron, to make a smooth surface, and fitted with a cement dish in the center and reels of thread at the side, one for each person. From a large bunch of bristles in the left hand the operator takes small portions, evens one end on the iron surface, dips the same end into the hot cement, winds a piece of thread around tightly, dips again into the cement, and then forces the little bunch into one of the holes, and in this way in a short time fills all the holes and turns the brush over to the cutter.

After trimming they are varnished, dried, and are then ready for the market. Certain kinds of long machine brushes are made in the same manner. Other brushes, of the scrubbing-brush class, are made by using wire instead of cement to fasten the bristles, by fastening the wire back and forth through the holes over the middle of a wisp of bristles, which is doubled up and forced into the holes when the wire is tightened. Whitewash brushes of the best class are made from foreign bristles carefully bleached, weighed and combed to get all short pieces out.

The wooden backs, made elsewhere, are laid on a bench before the workmen, at his right side is a cement dish, and near by a pair of scales. After combing and weighing, the upper ends of the bristles are dipped into the cement, then spread over the lower part of the wooden back and fastened into place by a strip of leather closely tacked around. When the cement is hardened by cold the brush is as a solid mass and will probably last as long as the bristles will wear. The ordinary brushes of this class are usually made of American bristles, unbleached, after the style of the first described dusters.

The fine quality paint brushes made at the manufactory I visited differ from any other I have ever noticed in this respect. Instead of being wound on the handle with twine, the ends are first dipped into the peculiar cement used there, then placed around the base of the stick and an iron ferule passed over them, which keeps them tightly in place. This ferule is made without a seam by a punching process invented within a few years, and can bear a great strain. The price of brushes, such as described above, runs from a friction of a dollar up to six dollars, and even more, according to the kind and quality of the bristles used. I should judge from appearances that business is good, and, probably, profitable.

Some years ago when one of the insurance companies of Hartford first established an agency in New York, it is said their policies contained so many of those cautious words, "whereas" and "and it is hereby understood," "and it is further provided," etc., etc., that it was somewhat difficult for one to know whether he were really insured or not. A Quaker man, doing business in Pine Street, took a five thousand dollar policy, and like a prudent merchant, proceeded carefully to read it over; but so perplexed did he become by the perusal that next morning he took it back, and said— "Friend Jones, I have read over thy policy, and don't see that in case of fire I am insured at all."

"Well, friend Waldo," was the agent's response, "if thou art, it is an entire inadvertence!" "Friend Waldo had that notion, and surrendered."

The Boston Gazette relates a laughable anecdote of Amblard, the Frenchman, in whose house the Duke of New Orleans was boarding while in Boston. Amblard was a tailor. Having made a pair of pantaloons for Dr. Lamb, but forgetting the name of his customer, he went into the market, and taking hold of a leg of mutton, inquired of the butcher, "Vat you call dis?" "That is mutton," "Ha, mutton, is it. Vell, vat you call mutton's baby?" "Lamb." "Qui?" said the Frenchman. "Dat is him. Monsieur Lamb is de vera man vat for I make de pantaloons."