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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 out, 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 patent 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.

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When a bottle of Rohrer's Lung Balsam will cure it. It is pleasant to take, and more effective than any other cough medicine. Try it. For sale by F. Mortimer & Co., New Bloomfield, and most other stores in the county. If.**

A Clarion County Love Story.

IN Clarion county, near the celebrated oil-producing district, known as Parker's Landing, and not a great distance from where the Clarion river mingles its pellucid waters with the swifter-rolling tide of the Alleghany, has lived for years a man named Howitt, who, coming to the country in its early history erected a cabin, and maintained a humble existence by following his profession of horse shoeing.

The years glided along, and nothing occurred to vary the monotony of his humble and happy life save an occasional fracas with an unruly horse, or now and then being confined to his bed for a few weeks from the effects of a mule-kick on the cranium, or a dig in the ribs from the hind foot of a rebellious ox; for Howitt used to pursue his trade in all its branches, and furnished shoes to everything that came along whereby an honest penny could be made. Meanwhile, a daughter was born to him, who grew up in her mountain home like the pines that surrounded his dwelling, and was as graceful and beautiful as the wild flowers amid which she played. Laura, for that was her name, obtained a fair education at the district school, aided by her mother, who was an accomplished graduate from an Eastern academy, and her natural beauty and brightness was increased by an occasional visit to Pittsburg and Eastern cities, where, amid higher social scenes than those which surrounded her birthplace, she rapidly acquired the numerous little graces and coquetries of fashion which go to make up the 'girl of the period.' It is no wonder, then, that to the old man she was as the apple of his eye—as a bushel of apples, in fact, of the old-fashioned, rosy-cheeked 'none such' kind—and that, as she attained woman's age and stature, the father looked with a jealous eye upon the native admirers who surrounded her, and sternly frowned upon the forward young cultivator of buckwheat, who, by the slightest action sought to win her young heart's affections and transplant his wild flower to another soil and home.

About this time the oil excitement, which for several years previously had raged upon Oil Creek and its tributaries, broke out in the vicinity of Parker's; an influx of strangers, operators, and speculators began, and shortly after a portion of Mr. Howitt's farm was discovered to be on the belt, and leased for a round sum to wealthy operators. Though now comparatively wealthy, Howitt still followed his original trade though with a light heart as he thought of the bank account which would enable him to bring up and educate his family in a superior style, and place his daughter in a position socially to which her attractions and attainments entitled her.

But at this juncture a cloud appeared upon the old blacksmith's horizon; at first it was about the size of a man's hand, but it speedily grew to the full size and shape of a man himself who proved to be a workman upon a well a short distance from the Howitt cottage, and who fell head over heels into that delicious pool of affection, in which most of mankind have paddled blindly during their young lives. At first Laura resisted her suitor's advances; but as weeks passed, and there was a lack of society, which at other times might have served as an antidote to the growing admiration, she began to feel for the young driller, who was comely, young and strong, and possessed the not unpleasant name of Henry Richardson. She gradually sought his society—her father had long since forbidden his coming to the house—and hardly a day passed but that she was seen in the derrick, watching the pulsations of the walking beam and her heart at the same time, and listening to his stories of adventure by flood and (oil) field.

She loved him for the danger he had passed, and he loved her because she believed his yarns, and no one else would; and finally one bright day, as he had just finished a terrible recital of escape from death by a falling sand pump pulley, she cried, and said she 'wished that heaven had made her such a man, when Henry abandoned the temper-screw rope and caught the fair Laura to his petroleum-stained bosom, wiped the benzine from his brow and lips, kissed her, and said, 'I am the man.'

While enjoying the few moments succeeding their betrothal—blissful moments that only come twice in a man's lifetime, once when he finds his mother's preserves, and the other as mentioned—the lovers were startled by the sudden entrance of the 'village blacksmith,' who seized his daughter, and without saying a word to the disconsolate, Henry, carried Laura home, and locked her up. Days passed without communication between the lovers, and while Laura grew thin, Henry also experienced bad luck; his tools got fast, the sand pump burst, and his heart promised soon to follow suit. But just here a happy thought struck him.—Outside of the derrick was several hundred feet of gas pipe; he could not lay a telegraph wire, but he might lay a pipe line to his Laura's house, through which perchance two hearts 'could beat as one,' and hold communion sweet in spite of the defeated free-pipe bill. No sooner suggested than acted upon; that night he laid six hundred and eighty-one feet of half-inch gas pipe under ground between

his derrick and the prison of his betrothed; a happy junction with the easp-sprout was effected during the next night, and shortly after messages were sent and received between the lovers—Laura having brought the end of the water pipe close to her window, and Henry had his end of the line directly beneath his pillow, where, after he was 'off tour,' he would whisper words of undying affection that only ended when he fell asleep and the pipe slipped out of his mouth.

But while 'love giggled at the lock-smiths,' the blacksmith was preparing to snort right out at love; for one day, while Laura was at dinner, her father had, while looking around her room, discovered the misplaced pipe, and while gazing with a critic's eye at the strange spectacle, was more startled by the soft words coming apparently from the cistern, 'Laura, dear, is the old man round?' Mr. Howitt smelt a mouse, he did more than that; he inhaled the odor of a genuine wharf rat; but saying nothing, he merely descended the stairs and returned with a pint of oily-looking liquid, which he handled with extreme care. Making a cartridge of paper that would hold near the whole of the mixture, he inserted it in the pipe several feet, and then placing a long bar of iron upon that, called out loudly enough to be heard through cartridge, pipe, and all, 'Henry, my dear, are you there?' Quickly came the faint reply, 'Yes, Laura.' 'Place your ear at the hole, Henry.' Here the parent raised a sledge hammer and struck the iron rod; an earthquake followed, before the echoes of which had rolled away, could be seen the disappearance of an engine house, in mid air, followed by the gable end of the Howitt mansion.

And now for the sequel. In his anxiety to see how it was himself, old Howitt remained too near the pipe, and when the glycerine went off he did also, and was picked up in Armstrong county a few days later. But where was Henry?—Instead of applying his ear to the hole, he had stepped to the derrick for a moment, during which time the explosion occurred. He was only stunned, and a few moments later met his betrothed running to see if he was hurt. They fled at once to a neighboring justice of the peace and were married. They have patched up the old house and are happy, though the mysterious disappearance of their father was a subject of conversation for months after. This is the story as told by an old man who lives near Henry and Laura, who heard the noise, and also saw where the ground had been torn up by the father's vengeful experiment. If any one doubts the story, the derrick is still to be seen.

Taken for a Horse Thief.

A young Maine man, who is engaged in the commercial traveling business for a Chicago house, was recently traveling out in the far West, when he was taken possession of on the train by two men who simply informed him that they were officers and wanted him. He expostulated, explained, demanded explanations, etc., but all in vain. No one on the train knew him, and there were those who did know the officers. All he could get out of them was that he was the man they wanted. In this way he was taken 90 miles into the interior. Upon his arrival he had no longer to remain in ignorance of his supposed offence, the whole village being out to welcome him with such cries as 'Here's the d—d horse thief caught at last,' and 'Let's string him up.'

The officers made some show of resistance, but the excited mob took possession of their victim and marched him into town, near the center of which a noose was already strung over the limb of a tree. Our friend thought it was all up with him sure. Expostulation was received with derision. Every body recognized him as a notorious horse-thief whose depredations in the vicinity had been long continued and extensive. A horse-thief in that section is looked upon as something worse than an average murderer. There was not a pitying eye in the crowd and the universal howl was to lynch him. He tried to pray, but the commercial traveling business had ruined him for praying! While waiting under the noose a happy thought struck him! His Masonry! He was a Royal Arch Mason.

In all that crowd there must be Masons. He gave the Grand Hailing Signal of Distress! We are not at liberty to explain how it is done for several reasons, the chief one of which is, we don't know it! But he gave it, and in an instant one of the foremost citizens of the town sprang to his side, and he gave some more Masonic signals, and the prisoner was quickly surrounded with twenty or thirty determined men, who held the crowd at bay with drawn pistols. Our friend explained to the leading man who he was; they organized a committee of investigation telegraphed to Chicago and verified all his statements; and the brutal mob slunk away heartily ashamed. Our friend was made as comfortable as possible by his Masonic friends, but he says he never experienced such intense anxiety as he did when he stood under that noose.

The above is strictly true in all essential points. We have the names of parties and places. The young man has one or two brothers living in Chicago. The man who rescued him proved to be an old friend of his father's.

THE MISER'S BEQUEST.

THE hour hand of Philip Acre's old-fashioned silver watch was pointing to the figure eight; the snug red curtains shut out the rain and darkness of the March night, and the fire snapped and cracked behind the red-hot bars of the little grate, in a most cosy and comfortable sort of way, casting a rosy shine into the thoughtful brown eyes that were tracing castles and coronets in the brightly burning coals.

For Philip Acre was, for once, indulging himself in the dangerous fascination of a day-dream.

'If I were only rich!' he pondered to himself. 'Ah, if. Then good-bye to all these musty old law-books; good-bye to mended boots, and turned coats, and all the ways and means that turn a man's life into wretched bondage. Wouldn't I revel in new books, and delicious paintings, and high-stepping horses? Wouldn't I buy a set of jewels for Edith—not pale pearls, or sickly emeralds, but diamonds to blaze like links of fire upon her royal throat? Wouldn't I—what nonsense I'm talking, though!' he cried suddenly, to himself. 'Phil Acre, hold your tongue. I did suppose you were a fellow of more sense. Here you are, neither rich nor distinguished, but a simple law student, while Edith Wyllis is as far above your moon-struck aspirations as the Queen of Night herself! She loves me though—she will wait—and the time may one day come. If only Dr. Wyllis was not so distrustful of a fellow! However, I must learn to prove myself worthy of the sweetest prize that ever—Halloo!' come in, there, whoever you are!'

It was only the serving-maid of the lodging-house, carrying a letter in the corner of her apron, between her finger and thumb.

'Please, sir, the postman has just left it.'

'All right, Katy. Now, then,' he added, as the door closed behind Katy's substantial back, 'let's see what my unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal, eh? Not having any relations to lose, I am not alarmed at the prognostic.'

He broke the seal, and glanced leisurely over the short, business-like communication contained within, with a face varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness.

'Am I dreaming?' he murmured, rubbing his eyes, and shaking himself, as if to insure complete possession of his senses. 'No, I'm wide awake, and in my right mind; it is no delusion—no part of my waking visions. But who would ever suppose that old Thomas Mortin whom I haven't seen since I was a boy of sixteen, and picked him out of the river half dead between cramp and fright would die and leave me all his money? Why, I'm never the shadow of relation; but then I never heard that the old man had kith or kin, so I can't imagine any harm in taking advantage of his odd freak? Rich—am I really to be rich? Is my Aladdin vision to be an actual fact? Oh, Edith, Edith!'

He clasped both his hands over his eyes, sick and giddy with the thought that the lovely far-off star of his adoration would be brought near to him at last by the magnet gold. All those years of patient waiting were to be bridged over by the strange old miser's bequest; he might claim Edith now.

How full of heart-sunshine were the weeks that fitted over the head of the accepted lover—brightened by Edith's smile—made beautiful by the soft radiance of Edith's love. There was only one alloying shadow—the almost imperceptible touch of distrust and suspicion with which stern old Dr. Wyllis regarded his future son-in-law. Ah! he feared to trust his only child to the keeping of any man who had not been proved in the fiery furnace of trial.

It was precisely a week before the day appointed for the wedding, and the soft lights, veiled by shades of ground glass, were just lighted in Dr. Wyllis's drawing-room where Edith sat among her white roses and heliotropes, working a bit of cambric ruffling, and singing to herself. She was a slender beautiful girl, with violet eyes, a blue-veined forehead, and glossy, abundant curls of that pale gold that old painters love to portray.

'I wonder if Mortin place is so lovely?' she said to a silver-haired lady who sat opposite. 'Philip is going to take me there, when we return from our wedding tour, aunt; he says it is the sweetest place a poet's fancy can devise, with fountains and shrubberies, and delicious copees. Oh, shall we not be happy there?'

She started up, with a bright, sudden blush; for even while the words were trembling on her lips, Philip Acre came into the room, his handsome face looking a little troubled, yet cheerful withal. Mrs. Wyllis, with an arch nod at her niece, disappeared into the perfumed perspective of the conservatory, leaving the lovers to themselves.

'You are looking grave, Philip,' said Edith, as he bent over and kissed her cheek.

'And I am feeling so, my darling. I have a very unpleasant disclosure to make to-night—our marriage must be postponed indefinitely.'

'Philip, for what reason?'

'To enable me, my diligent labor at my profession, to realize sufficient means to support you, dearest, in a manner satisfactory to your father's expectations and my wishes.'

'But, Philip, I thought—'

'You thought me the heir of Thomas Mortin's wealth? So I was, Edith, a few hours since, but I have relinquished all claims to it now. When I accepted the bequest I was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learned to-day that a distant cousin (a woman) is alive, although my lawyer tells me, in ignorance of her relationship to Thomas Mortin. Of course, I shall transfer the property to her immediately.'

'But, Philip, the will has made it legally yours.'

'Legally, it has; but, Edith, could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor or to avail myself of old Mortin's fanciful freak, at this woman's expense? I might take the hoarded wealth, but I should never respect myself again could I dream of legally defrauding the rightful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but I would rather die than suffer a single stain on my honor as a christian gentleman.'

'You have done right, Philip,' said Edith, with sparkling eyes. 'We will wait, and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? What is her name?'

'That's just what I didn't stop to inquire. I will write again to my lawyer to ask these questions, and direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out, and then, darling—'

His lips quivered a moment, yet he manfully completed the sentence, 'Then I will begin the battle of life over again.'

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self-abnegation—a sweet testimonial.

'Hem,' said Dr. Wyllis, polishing his eye-glasses magisterially, with a silk crimson pocket handkerchief, 'I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him—a very honorable thing to do. Edith, I have never felt exactly sure about Phil. Acre's being worthy of you before—'

'Papa!'

'But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?'

'This evening,' faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly drooping.

'Tell him, Edith, that he may have you next Wednesday, just the same as ever! And as for the law practicing, why there's time enough for that afterward. Child, don't strangle me with your kisses—keep 'em for Phil.'

He looked at his daughter with eyes strangely dim.

'Tried, and not found wanting!' he muttered, distinctly.

The perfume of the orange blossoms had died away, and the glimmer of the pearls and satin were hidden in velvet casquets and traveling trunks, and Mr. and Mrs. Acre, old married people of full a month's duration, were driven along a country road, in the amber of a glorious June sunset.

'Halloo! which way is Thomas going?'

said Philip, leaning from the window, as the carriage turned out of the main road.

'I told him the direction to take,' said Edith, with bright, sparkling eyes. 'Let me have my own way for once. We are going to our new home.'

'Are we?'

said Phil, with a comical grimace. 'It is to be love in a cottage, I suppose?'

'Wait until you see, sir,' said Mrs. Acre, pursing her little rosebud of a mouth; and Philip waited patiently.

'Where are we?'

he asked in astonishment, when the carriage drew up in front of a stately pillared portico, which seemed not to be unfamiliar to him.

'Surely, this must be Mortin's place!'

'Shouldn't be surprised if it was,' said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the doorway. 'Walk in, my boy; come, Edith. Well, how do you like your new home?'

'Our new home!' repeated Philip. 'I do not understand you, sir.'

'Why, I mean your wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Thomas Mortin, although she never knew it until this morning. Her mother was old Mortin's cousin, and some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. I was aware of the facts all along; but I wasn't sorry to avail myself of the opportunity to see what kind of stuff you were made of, Phil. Acre.'

And now as the deed of conveyance isn't made out yet, I don't suppose your lawyer need to trouble himself about it. The heiress won't quarrel with you, I'll be bound.'

Philip Acre's cheek flushed, and then grew pale with strong, hidden emotion, as he looked at his fair wife, standing beside him, when the sunset turned her bright hair to coins of shining gold, and thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny.

Out of darkness had come light.

Ever had some advantages that no other married woman ever enjoyed, chief among which was the fact that her husband could never lacerate her heart by telling 'how his mother used to cook.'