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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—rejuvenates—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 ARTICLES IN THE MARKET.

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Send a three cent stamp to Procter Bros. for a Treatise on the Human Hair. The information it contains is worth \$50.00 to any person.

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

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IN THE WRONG ROOM.

BY F. DELACY.

MR. GEORGE SMITH owned a nice little farm about twenty miles from Cincinnati, and devoted most of its products and his time to raising stock. Last spring he had a drove of a dozen young mules ready for market, and consequently one morning having made all necessary arrangements for his departure left home with his drove expecting to find sale for them in Cincinnati. The "good-bye" of Mrs. Smith was accompanied with the request "and now George don't forget to bring me a pretty carpet for the new room," this room being an addition which Mr. Smith had just made to his house.

Arriving at the Queen City George was tempted by an advertisement of "MULES WANTED" which he saw in a Wheeling paper to take his stock on to that city, where he duly arrived and found ready sale at prices far beyond his expectations.

His success put him in such good humor that he determined not only to get for his wife the new carpet, which she wanted, but a complete set of furniture for the room, and for fear she might not be suited with his selection, he determined to have her meet him at Cincinnati and help him in the purchase.

He accordingly wrote her a letter which closed with this paragraph.

"I have been so successful in selling my mules that I have concluded to entirely furnish that new room, and I want you to help to make the selection. I shall return by boat which will bring me to Cincinnati on Friday evening and you can be at the Spence House, by that time, when I will meet you. I will write to the landlord to have a room for you on your arrival."

Mrs. Smith was delighted with the contents of this letter and hastened to comply with her husband's request.

The train by which she reached Cincinnati, arrived at the city about 3 o'clock, and upon presenting herself at the Spence House, she was at once shown to the room which had been reserved in accordance with the instructions from Mr. Smith. This was room No. 30.

It would be several hours before Mrs. Smith could expect her husband and therefore after a few minutes rest, she decided to take a walk. She accordingly left the key of her room at the office and started out to see the fashions on Fourth street.

The train from Columbus arrived in the city at about this time, and shortly after her departure a fine looking country gentleman walked up to the office of the Spence House and entered his name on the register.

The clerk turned the book around, looked at the name and said: "am pleased to see you sir, got here sooner than you expected didn't you?"

"No, I think not" replied the gentleman. "The train is due at 4 o'clock."

O, you came by the cars instead of the boat, that accounts for your being here so early said the clerk, "here John" continued he calling a porter "show Mr. Smith to No. 30. Here is the key."

A few moments later the gentleman stood in No. 30 looking around with considerable astonishment, for Mrs. Smith had made some changes in her apparel before leaving for her walk, and consequently there were several articles lying around, that he felt sure did not belong to the masculine toilette unless there had been some radical changes made in the fashions. Why he should be put in a room apparently belonging to some lady he could not imagine, and yet that such was the fact seemed beyond dispute.

The gentleman who was looking around this room, was Mr. Geo. Smith, a middle aged person of decidedly bachelor proclivities who resided in the interior of the State and was now in the city on his first visit.

He had arrived so near the time when the other George Smith was expected, that the clerk at once supposed him to be the husband of the lady who had previously arrived, and consequently sent him to the same room.

As it was evidently intended he should occupy this room the gentleman proceeded to take a good wash and change his clothing as the long ride had been rather a dusty one.

While he was engaged in this agreeable occupation, Mrs. Smith returned from her walk, and upon asking at the office for the key was informed that her husband had arrived and had the key, he having gone up to her room.

She hastened eagerly up stairs anxious to welcome her husband who she had not seen since Monday. When she tried to open the door she found it locked and in answer to her knock, came the inquiry "who's there?"

"Only me" was the reply "let me in George."

"Who's me?" was now asked from inside, and continued the voice "I am not in condition to receive calls."

"What a cold he has taken and how hoarse he is," thought Mrs. Smith, as she replied, "now George you know who I am, and you can let your wife in if you ain't dressed just so nice."

"My wife!" ejaculated the astonished man, "what do you mean madam, I have no wife."

"Deuced strange though, thought he, she evidently knows my name, and who can she be."

"Oh! you are at one of your jokes again are you? well I will go to the parlor, and you can find me there when you wish to see me, but it is mean of you to play me such a trick when I wanted to see you so bad; you might let me in" said Mrs. Smith as she reluctantly turned away from the door.

"This is all-fired queer" soliloquised Smith, "blame me if I understand it. I would think she was mistaken, only she called me by name. I have heard that a fellow has all sorts of games practiced on him in the city, but darn my buttons if any one can marry me, or claim to be my wife in that sudden manner. I'll not go near the parlor that's certain, and there can't any woman come it over me in that fashion."

In accordance with that resolution, Smith staid in his room until tea was ready, when he went direct to the dining room, and after tea took a short walk as was his custom at home, when he returned and retired early.

In the mean while, Mrs. Smith sat for some time in the parlor in momentary expectation of seeing her husband, but after an hour or more had dragged along and she did not put in an appearance, she finally got angry and inwardly vowed that she would never go near that room again until Smith asked her. As the evening advanced she began to get very tired and finally as all but her had left the room she reclined on the sofa and ere she knew it was asleep.

The boat from Wheeling arrived about 9 o'clock and as soon as it touched the Levee, Mr. Smith sprang ashore and hastened to the "Spencer" anxious to clasp his wife to his bosom. As he registered his name, he said:

"Has Mrs. George Smith arrived? if so please show me to her room."

The clerk was so astonished that he could for a moment only stare at the gentleman in amazement, and ere he could reply, Mr. Smith again said:

"I expected to meet my wife here as I wrote you I should, hasn't she arrived?"

"Y—es" stammered out the clerk with much hesitation, Mrs. Smith came on the 3 o'clock train."

"Well then show me to her room, what are you stammering about," said Smith.

"There is some mistake" replied the clerk, "about an hour after Mrs. Smith arrived a gentleman came and registered his name as George Smith and I sent him to her room, as I supposed him to be her husband, I haven't seen him since."

"Well, where is my wife? haven't you seen her either?"

"No sir," said the clerk.

"Show me to that room," exclaimed the now thoroughly excited Smith, "I will see to this business. A pretty blunder you have made."

The clerk hastened to comply with this demand, and accompanied by the angry husband, was soon at the door of No. 30.

"What's wanted" was the reply to the vigorous knocks of Smith.

"Now look my wife?" was the answer.

"Where's here stranger, I have been bothered enough about wives since I came to this house, and you had better quit bothering me, or some one will get hurt."

The only reply to this speech was a still more positive demand for admission, to which the inside Smith returned an equally positive refusal.

The clerk now spoke up and said "if you will let us in Mr. Smith we can explain," and in answer to this request the door was opened and the parties entered.

Before the clerk could begin his explanation his companion who had pressed hastily in and had been anxiously looking around the room, discovered some articles which he recognized as his wife's property, and his demands to know her whereabouts, so exasperated Mr. Smith number one, that only the interposition of the clerk saved the parties from damaging each others countenances.

When the clerk had finally got a chance to explain matters to the occupant of the room, our bachelor friend at once saw why a woman had insisted upon coming in, claiming to be his wife, and when in return he had told his story winding up by saying "perhaps the woman is still in the parlor," there was a hasty departure for that locality, by the married Smith.

With the meeting and explanations of the married couple we have nothing to do, but will just mention that the husband shortly returned to No. 30 for the articles belonging to his wife, they having been assigned to some other room.

About that time the single Smith might have been heard to mutter something about married men expecting to be troubled, but that matters had come to a pretty pass if bachelors had to be so bothered with other men's wives; while the clerk most emphatically affirmed, that in the future, when a Mrs. Smith came to the house followed by a Mr. Smith, he would hear testimony in the case, before deciding that the masculine Smith was the husband of that or any other woman.

Two clerks are offered an addition to their salaries; one has a rise of five pounds every year, and the other ten pounds every two years; which of them has the better bargain, and by how much?

SUNDAY READING.

A Lesson on the Value of Kindness.

A THICK carpet had lately been put down in the dining-room at the squire's residence, which was found to prevent the door from opening and shutting easily, so Wedge, the village carpenter, was sent for to ease it. At six o'clock, whilst he was still at work, carriage wheels were distinctly heard, and the squire's lady with her children, came down into the hall, ready to welcome home Mr. Cary, who had been that day to town. Wedge, who was working inside the dining-room, listened with astonishment as he heard the shout the children gave when their father stepped out of the carriage. He saw, also, through the door crack, that the two eldest had caught hold of his hands, whilst the younger ones were clinging like little barnacles to his coat-tails; all dragging him along, as if, once having got him into their net, they meant spider-like, to bind him hand and foot, and devour him, as that interesting insect would a great blue bottle-fly, at their leisure.

That the squire's return should cause such delight was a puzzler for our worthy friend; for had he not, with his own eyes seen this man go off at half-past nine in the morning, no one could have persuaded him other wise than that he must have been away a month, to put it at the lowest figure. He saw, moreover, that the squire was holding tightly in his hand a little parcel, which shaking off the children, by a number of little dodges of which loving father only know the secret, he quickly untied, for all the world as if he were a boy of five years old (and not a great man of fourteen stone weight) who could not wait a moment for anything. In a shorter time than we take to write, he pulled out the contents and gave them to his wife, with three distinct kisses. Wedge could swear there were three, for he counted them, and wondered how many more there were to come!

Soon the merry party went up stairs—the echo of their voices died away, and Wedge was left to finish his job on the door, whilst his heart and conscience began their work on him. He, too, had a home and wife and children; he, too, had been away; but the thought struck him uncomfortably that his welcome home that is if he got one at all, would seem poor and cold after that which he had just witnessed. This reflection was not so sweet as to make his work go smoothly; his saw seemed as blunt as a double-bladed sixpenny penknife, and the wood of the chair, whose legs he was cutting down, as hard as bog oak. In fact he was feeling jealous of the squire and discontented with his own wife and children. Why were not they eager to rush out and welcome him, after the fashion of the squire's family? He frowned as he thought how badly he was used, and his saw grated away as though very dull.

But conscience had a word to say to him, and said it loud enough too for him to hear, although he was making noise enough to prevent any one from trying to gain his attention. It told him the fault was chiefly in himself, for if his wife and children were not like the squire's, neither was his likeness to that worthy gentleman particularly striking. He couldn't blame his wife for not making enough of his present, for he well knew he never gave her any; nor did he greet her with those kind words which would not have failed to draw the same from her.

Wedge was a good husband without being a kind one, spending his money for the most part on his family in a hard business-like kind of way, but howing no affection towards his children, who consequently did not love him.

As Wedge walked home, his tools on his back, he came across an old friend, carrying carefully a dainty bunch of snow-drops in his big, round hand.

"Here, Will," he said walking along by the carpenter's side. "I've just given a trifle for these flowers—pretty bits of things, ain't they?—for my wife makes so much of any little present I take her home; she never minds what I bring her, so long as I bring it to her myself, for to be sure I always tack on a little something in the shape of a few kind words, which makes the thing seem valuable in her eyes. I don't know how I should get on sometimes, if it weren't for having flowers pretty handy; you can get them for a little or nothing at any time, and yet they are more beautiful than anything we could make."

Wedge's road now lay in a different direction from his friend's, so they parted company, Joe Sparks, putting a couple of snowdrops into Will's hand, supposing he would know well enough what to do with them.

Wedge turned the snowdrops over in his hand, and looked after Joe, who had nearly turned the corner; what could the man mean by giving him the snowdrops and never saying a word? He couldn't have known what had just happened at the hall; yet it seemed strange that he should come up and say all this about presents just when Wedge was thinking about that very subject, and enjoying the excuse too, "that he couldn't afford to buy his wife anything." But now having the snowdrops, and having heard so much about them, it seemed as

if nothing else would do but that he must give them to his wife, and this proceeding would be such a new and extraordinary one that the very thought made him feel sheepish.

Wedge's wife was a nice woman, but family cares were weighing her down, so that the light was fast dying out of her eyes, and the color fading from her cheeks. She would not have minded them half nor even a quarter as much if, when Wedge came home, she could have told him all about them—for ten to one he could have set things right. But he always pooh-poohed when she ventured to begin the subject, so that she left off looking for help where there was none to be got. It seemed to Wedge that if he paid down in hard cash for clothing, feeding and schooling the family, he had done his share towards their bringing up. Such being the state of things, you may well imagine how surprised was Mrs. Wedge when she heard a cheerful voice call out, "where are you, Mary?" But greater still was her astonishment, when on going to the door, her husband presented her with the snowdrops, declaring as he put them in her hands, that "beautiful as they were he thought the rosebud on her arm beat them out and out."

Wedge had done many a handy bit of work with the tools on his back, but he did a neater job now with those snowdrops than he had ever done with all of them put together, for he so to speak, saw Mary's heart right in two, and got to the very inside and planed down no end of knots and rough places, and French-polished her off, as if she had been some choice piece of cabinet to be sold for nobody knows what.

That day was the beginning of brighter times; Mary's heart having been, as we before said, sawed right open, never closed up again, by reason of her husband's continually putting in one little thing and another on purpose to keep it open; and warm streams of affection came gushing out that nobody knew were ever there at all, they were hidden down so deep. And as to Wedge, he never knew before how many pretty little speeches he could make. Without any notice beforehand whatever, they seemed to come from somewhere inside already made, packed up and directed, ready to be delivered "with care this side up," to his wife, while the contents of these said parcels or sentences, generally brought a smile on Mrs. Wedge's face and made her as lively as a cricket for some time to come.

A Story of a Kiss.

WE find in the American Newspaper Reporter, the following "story of a kiss," in which the names of various newspapers throughout the country are ingeniously introduced:

Having a Leisure Hour in which to make my Morning Call, I went to the *Hearth and Home* of Matilda Jane.—There being no *Spy*, *Watchman*, or *Examiner* around, and her *Guardian* gone out, no one was likely to come to the *Rescue*. So this was my *Signal* for an *Appeal* to her for such a *Free Press* upon her lips as would make the *Valley Echo*. "It can never *Bee*," she said, and the *New Idea* seemed to greatly *Agitate*. I always use *Dispatch* in these matters; so after waiting a moment to *Pacify* her, I again attempted the *Exchange*. I felt a *Little Sower* to find her so *Independent*, though she admitted that she liked my *Society*. I told her I would never *Lever*—that I would *Defender* and her *Rural Home*, and that above all, I would never make my *Headlight* with the *Grape Vine*. I even agreed not to *dissu Ranger* in any way, or *Advertiser*, without she got lost. I call her my *Guardian Angel*, etc., and yet she told me I might *Scion*—that I had no business to make an *Advance* to a girl of her *Good Taste*; that I couldn't *Comet* over her, and that I had better *Lookout* and get some *Common Sense*.—But I did *Elevator* head at last, and did *Post a Capital Press* on her lips, and we both had *Capital Times* by the *Evening Lamp* and *Every Day*. Of course I asked her to be mine, but she said she never could marry a *Western Farmer*, although she did believe in a *Christian Union*. I continued to *Cultivate*, however, but I had a first-class heart-ache, that the whole *Medical World* could not have cured; so one day I went boldly forth and told her that I was a *Woman's Friend*, and bound to become a *Lady's Companion*. The *Crisis* was certainly at hand. "Are you a *Temperance Advocate*?" said she. "I am said I. "You are mine." "No; *Miser*," said she. So I am glad I tried the *Experiment*, for we are married now, and the *Union* is a happy one. We are doing well in the *Living Way*. Our *Venture* is in all respects successful. We are both in *Good Health*, and are looking for *Young Folks*. I am sure that for that first kiss I shall never *Reporter*. To which we might add, had the young couple only settled in Bloomfield, they might continue to enjoy good *Times*.

Teacher—"Mary, dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it and kill three, how many would be left?" Mary—"four, your yard." "Three, ma'am." Teacher—"No, two would be left." Mary—"No, there wouldn't, though, the three shot would be left, and the other two would be fled away."