#### The Doctor's Prescription.

66 TF I COULD only find a four-leaved clover! Now I wonder who would come under it; nobody, probably-there's nobody to come; but then, if I were in town, I shouldn't be likely to find the clover, so it's about even. There's a pretty view of the interval; I mean to sketch it." And then she sat down on the grassy knoll, opened her sketch book, and attempted to earry her threat into execution. She worked away diligently for half an hour, when some one said over her shoulder,

"You need somewhat heavier touches just there, if I may interfere. Don't you see how black the shadows fall?"

"Dr. Gray!" cried Felicia. "How you startled me! How dare you look over my shoulder, sir? Don't you know how rude it is?'

" How rude is it?"

"So rude that if I weren't so glad to see you I should send you away. did you come from? Did you rain down

with the sunbeams?"
"Just now," he answered, "I came from Shell Beach, where my mother and sister and a few friends are wasting the summer hours; and there T heard that you were here.

"How nice it is to see you! it seems like old times. I was just on the point of getting homesick, and you have cured Shan't we go up to the house, so that I may introduce you to Aunt Sophy?'

" Unless you vote against it, I should rather stay here the little time I have to stay; I should have to divide you among so many up there.

" And I being so insignificant, I think there wouldn't be enough to go round? By-the-way, where do you mean to settle, doctor? When I last had the pleasure aunt; and, moreover, she was afraid of of talking with you, your mind was perplexed by the query.

"Yes. What would you advise? How would it do to settle hereabouts?"

"In this wilderness? Waste your sweetness on this desert air, and practice patience instead of medicine? Besides, I

heard aunty say that there was a new doctor here already."
"Indeed! Did she mention his name?" "Yes; it's Dr. Arnold, morning, noon,

and night. If I don't take his doses, I have a chronic dose of himself. She sings his praises loud enough to make his fortune. I dare say he has given up advertising. He cured aunty of a fever when the old doctor over at Shell Beach had given her up.' "Then you haven't seen him?"

" No; the truth is, I am afraid to face such a paragon. He was here the first night I came, and aunty begged me to go down and see him, but I had a headache. you know; travelers always have headaches; it's one of their perquisites.

"And he might have cured it. So he was here the first day you came, ch?" "Yes; and he was coming to-day, so I

took my sketch-book and trudged out I don't care to see their old country doctors; they must be stupid enough. " Oh ! is he an old fellow?

"I don't know; wears a scratch, perhaps, and green goggles, and takes snuff. He's a bachelor, at least; for aunty-dear old goose!—suggested that it would be ever so nice if he were to take a fancy to me, in order that we might live near her. It never occurred to her that I might have a word to say in the bargain. I Sophy was quite put out, do you know, and told me at least there was no danger of my doing half so well as to marry a country doctor. I hope I shan't. See, I've found a four-leaved clover !"

"Which means good luck."
"Which means that I shall put it over the front door, and trust to Fate.

"Ah, what prejudices you women cherish! According to your own acknowledgment you have not seen this worthy. Well"-taking out his watch-"it's time I was off; five o'clock. Young Bugbear must be gone before this, unless he stays to tea. By the way, send me word, will you? how you like him, and who comes in under the four-leaf clover." Then he mounted his horse which he had tethered to the fence and rode away.

"Where have you been, child?" asked Miss Sophy Saxon. "You always do contrive to hide yourself when the doctor is here. He wanted to see you and asked if you were well; and I told him you were well enough to be galivanting over the neighborhood all the afternoon.

"He wanted to give me a dose of calo-mel, I suppose. I hate doctors' stuffs and doctors—at least," remembering an exception—" at least most of them. I've been sketching the interval; I haven't been galivanting, and I don't know what it means.

"What do you call sketching? Those little daubs of led-pencil marks? Looks as if the crows had walked over the pa-Dear me! is that the nonsense folks call sketching! You'd better been at home

churning; it's a sight more profitable."
"I leave that for country doctor's wives. By-the-way, Aun't Sophy, your Dr. Arnold wears a wig, doesn't he?"

"My Dr. Arnold! when you see him

you will wish he was yours. What if he does wear a wig, miss? Is there anything disgraceful in that?" Miss Sophy wore a false front herself.

"Oh, no; only it shows that he is no chicken, as they say; and for my part, I such intention.

would rather be a young man's slave than

an old man's darling."

" Which only shows your bad taste and inexperience. But you needn't worrry; young or old, Dr. Arnold wouldn't waste a thought on such a chit as you-though you might thank your stars if he should —in spite of forty wigs." And Miss Sophy chucked softly behind her tea-urn.

"If he wouldn't waste a thought on why in the world do you try to make my month water? I'm sure I don't want to lead him into any such extrava-

Felicia placed her four-leaved clover over the front door that very night, and sat down to await the movements of Fate which we know are always stealthy and unexpected. Just now, certainly, Fate seemed in no hurry. A week passed without bringing any one in under the spell of the clover-leaf. Felicia had be-

gun to despair, when a perfumed note from Dr. Gray arrived saying: "DEAR MISS FELICIA: Have you made the acquaintance of Dr. Arnold yet?—poor man. And how fares it with the four-leaved clover? I am delegated to present you with my sister's love—to which may I add my own?—and to request the pleasure of your company at Shell Beach any fine day this week. I should be most happy to call for you, but duty beckens in another direction. Yet I shall try to give myself a half-holiday should you consent to make it one. "Hopefully yours, "A. L. Gray

"Oh, I should so like to go!" cried Felicia "But how to get there? I can't walk that distance, and all the farm horses are at work, I suppose. Dear me! where's my godmother that she can't make me a coach-and six out of the squash vines and the squash bugs?"

Where do you want to go?" asked her godmother in the shape of Aunt Sophy. For Felicia had not read the note to her Aunt Sophy's opinion of the young man of the period. She would be sure to say, "In my day young men didn't write to their sister's friends unless they had something particular to say for them-selves; and the young men didn't send their love in that off-hand manner, as if it wasn't of the slightest consequence." So Felicia answered:

"Mrs. Ames, a friend of mine and mamma's wishes me to spend the first fine day with her at Shell Beach."

"Perhaps Dr. Arnold will happen along and take you in. He drives from Dan to Beersbeba on his visits and wouldn't think anything of doing a per-son a good turn," said her aunt.

"I'd rather stay at home," sulked Fe-

"You're a very silly girl."

Perhaps so; but silly girls are just the ones who like to have their own way. Can't you send me to Shell Beach?" she

" Well, perhaps old Jones will harness old Jolly and drive you over,if you're set upon it, and are up early enough. And there's the stage-go over in the stage, and I'll send Jones and Jolly to fetch you home. That'll be handiest.'

"Oh, thank you; you are the best of aunts, after all, if you have gone wild over that old Dr. Arnold. I dare say you can't help it; he's bewitched you."

" Just wait till he bewitches you." So the next fine day found Felicia on the road to Shell Beach, where Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Ames were waiting to welcome her, and where, toward noon, some one opened the door and Aunt I they were joined by Dr. Gray. They sat phy flew in from the kitchen crying laughed so heartily at the idea that Aunt on the veranda, and watched the bathers, and rode on the beach. Felicia mounted on Dr. Gray's roan, of which, to tell the truth, she was mightily afraid, was only comforted by the delight of being cared for by the doctor, who made her forget

danger by the glance of his eye.

"And have you not met Dr. Arnold yet? And has the fated fairy prince not entered beneath the four-leaved clover?" he laughed. "How do you know what will happen while you're away?"

When the fairy prince comes, may I be there to see! No, I haven't met the tiresome old doctor yet, though aunty suggested that if he happened along might ride over here with him."

But he didn't happen along?" "No, thank goodness. I took the stage over. Mr. Jones is coming to take me home."

"Mr. Jones ? Ah! I don't remember hearing you mention him before. A particular friend of yours? Lawyer, doctor merchant, thief? He's a thief, if he comes with intent to steal my little friend, Felicia," said Dr. Gray, with ill-concealed

"He is one of the farm hands, if you

"Cruel girl ! I shan't forgive you in a hurry. Jones is a great burden off my mind. What possessed you?"

"One likes to make believe to have a lover once in a while you know." "What's the use of making believe when the reality's staring you in the

"Oh! make-believe lovers are not so troublesome as real ones.' " I suppose not," he said, with a sigh.

"They don't ask you to live in the backwoods with them." "I hope not." Why was he always

harping upon living in the country? "I suppose, now, that no one could persuade you to such a sacrifice?"

"I hope no one will try," she answered, loftily, greatly wondering if he had any

"Well," he said, after a pause, "when marry I hope my wife will love nature."

" I should rather she would love me if I were you," she said, archly. "But wasn't it a joke? My drawing-master used to say to me, " You are de most great big lover of de nature, Miss Felicite she do have; you do show of it in de every touch !"

"He was a flatterer," said Dr. Gray.
"I thank you. Nobedy can bring such an accusation against you?" No one spoke for a full minute.

"I think we had better go back to your mother," said Felicia then, somewhat crestfallen. " It must be almost time for Mr. Jones to come for me." "Oh, not so bad as that, I hope

should give myself the pleasure of taking you home, but I have an engagement." "What a pity!" said Felicia, quite forgetting herself. "Where are you going?"

"To see Miss Atherton?" "Oh!" cried Felicia, sharply, involuntarily, as if some one had struck her a blow, and biting her lips hard to keep the pain in. Miss Atherton had been a college flame of Dr. Gray's which his mother had succeeded in quenching; and here she was at Shell Beach, and here he was making engagements with her,

"Is she—is she as beautiful as ever? Felicia managed to ask

Quite as beautiful."

Oh, how horrible it was! How she wished that she had not come to Shell Beach to spend the day, and to be made miserable! She would have been happier at home with her dream, though it were nothing but the dream of a dream.

"I am quite anxious about her," Dr

Was he going to make her the confident of his love? It was more than flesh and blood could bear. "I thought," she faltered-" I thought that was all over." referring to his youthful fancy.

the doctor, gravely, " and that, you know often proves fatal.

What was the matter with Felicia? She could not see the way before her. Dr. Gray's face was far off in mist; he was preaching but his voice was inaudi-ble to her. Presently the mist cleared away; the setting sun was illuminating the sails of a pleasure boat, till they look-ed like the two pink wings of the spoonbill; a wave was idly breaking about the horses' feet; a little beach bird skipped along the sand; some gulls were screaming and flying low. A little while ago it had been so beautiful. Now she cared for nothing but to go away and hide herself from the man who loved another.

She went home broken-hearted. Aunt Sophy declared it didn't do her any good to go junketing over to the beaches. She left her books unread, her sketching untouched, Aunt Sophy's dainties untasted; she even forgot the four-leaved clover. She began to wonder if she could be an old maid, like Aunt Sophy, and find her happiness looking after the parish poor, and sending butter and eggs to market.

"The child's sick," thought her aunt. Like as not her liver's out of order; folks' livers is the peskiest things to keep a-running. I don't like to have nobody's life on my mind; so I'll just send round for Dr. Arnold, and he'll do the right thing with her.'

ache, and was lying on the lounge, when years ago: some one opened the door and Aunt So-

"There! Dr. Arnold, I'm right glad to see your face and eyes. I've been wor-ried out of my night's sleep along of this child, and her, and her folks a hundred miles away. I've given her herb tea and peppermint, and they didn't do her no more good than so much water. Law bless you, if she was love-sick she couldn't be worse off, with no relish for her victuals. Ever since she went over to the beach to see them Ameses, whoever they may be-" And Aunt Sophy might have run on for ever but that Felicia. thinking to escape Dr. Arnold by bolting through a side-door while her aunt detained him in the hall, was skimming across the room like a piece of thistledown, when she felt herself suddenly detained by a firm grasp on her shoulder and turning about, she found herself confronting Dr. Gray.

"Whither away, Miss Felicia," said he, "before I've so much as felt your pulse? Come, how do you like Dr. Arnold, at your service? What do you think of green goggles? How does his wig fit, think you

"Dr. Gray!" cried the amazed Felicia, "Dr. Arnold! Which! How! I don't understand, I thought-

"Dr. Arnold Gray, you little goose," Aunt Sophy said, "I thought everybody knew that. You see, there's an old Dr. Gray over to Shell Beach, and he isn't no sort of a favorite, and so we've got into the way of calling this one Dr. Arnold to distinguish, so when we send for the doctor they shan't get the wrong one. There, I believe to my heart I smell my sass a burning; just like Mary Jane to be talking to the men folks out of the window and letting everything go to ruin! You'll prescribe all right for her without me, doctor?"

Yes, if she'll take my prescription."
What is it?" asked Pelicia, coloring under his eye, and wondering if he

convinced I'm your Fate. I came in un-

der the four-leaved clover." "So you did," laughed Felicia. "Has Miss Atherton-" remembering herself, and drawing away from the doctor's

"Yes, she has quite recovered; she rode out to-day for the first time.' "Then she had been ill?"

" After geting over a fever she had a relapse. I believe I told you before,' he said, impatiently,

"I believe you did ; but I thoughtthat it was you who had a relapse. Thank you, Dr. Arnold, I will take your prescription."

### The Blacksmith's Trick.

SOME time ago a gawky-looking indi-by vidual entered a blacksmith's shop in a country town in Connecticut, and applied for a job in a voice in keeping with the stupidity of his physiognomy. His awkwark, ungainly and uncouth personal appearance impressed the smiths with the idea that they saw before them an object of prospective merriment. So they quizzingly asked him if he could do all sorts of forging. Upon his answering affirmatively, the "boss," winking to the workmen, handed him a bar of east-iron. and told him to try his hand at forging some horseshoes. The greeny, in his persevering efforts to make the treacherous metal stick afforded much amusement to the other smiths.

When dinner-time came the greenhorn had not made much headway towards constructing a shoe, but he kept at work until the last man had gone to dinner; then suddenly dropping the bar of cast-iron, he made directly for one of the forges, and selected the best pair of tongs he could find, and in an incredibly short space of time, he had converted the jaws ferring to his youthful fancy.

"No, there has been a relapse." said Then he slipped along the next forge, and repeated the trick, and thus he left his compliments to the three forges. When the blacksmith and his three jours, returned from dinner, they found the verdant-looking fellow astride of an anvil with a mournful, disconsolate, woe begone countenance comical to behold. He was greeted with a boisterous shout of laughter, coupled with the inquiry " How do you get along making horseshoes? Ain't you sorry you learned the trade?'

The object of their jest replied, "I've knocked out three shoes, all 'cept cutting off the spurs... Then he held the tongs or rather what were once before their tongs, before their astonished gaze. As the idea that they had been victimized gradually dawned on the minds of these disciples of Vulcan, their lenghthened and ludicrous visages were interesting to behold. Like the profine man, when the hind board of his cart came out as he was driving up hill with a load of apples, and scattered his cargo along the oad, so with them-swearing couldn't do justice to their feelings. It turned out that the verdant-looking chap was "boss' blacksmith in a New Haven shop, and was considered one of the best workmen

## How a Clerk Got Promoted.

The Troy Times tells this story of Col James H. Hooker, an eccentric charac-Felicia had a headache, alias heart- ter, who died in that city some twenty 454.

"A remarkable man was Col. Hooker, and very eccentric withal. At times he would fairly boil over with passion, and was very violent in his speech and action. Yet he was a just man, and directed his fury against what he believed to be wrong and rascally. It is related of him that having a dispute with one of his clerks, the latter would not yield the point in issue to him, whereupon the Colonel under took to put his stubborn employee out of his office. But the clerk was too much for the irate Colonel, and in the melee the old man was laid upon his back, and his countenance rather unpleasantly tapped. Rising from his position, he proceeded to wash his battered countenance. brushed his clothes carefully, and, seating himself, asked the victorious clerk to come to him and report. Said he: "A pretty thing you've done, sir; got your self into a bad scrape; committed assault and battery; licked your employer. This shows that there's some stuff in you, miserable sinuer, and now, you infernal scamp, I am going to pay you for it. You are discharged from the desk you now hold, and to-morrow morning I want you to take a place next to me, and hereafter act as my confidential clerk, with your salary increased \$250. That's all: now go about your business." The clerk thus promoted held the confidential position assigned him many years during the remainder of the Colonel's lifetime. and never had to whip his employer again to get an advance of salary,

Ber A genial friend, who always has his sharp wits about him, hands in the following:

CUR-10US AFFAIR .- Jim Scroggens, of doubtful honesty, attempted to call upon a neighbor late one night last week and was received at the gate with due cur-tesy by a large dog kept on the premises. After some cur-s-ory remarks by the dog, cur-tailed by Jim's impatience to be gone, both withdrew, Jim cur-sing. guessed her trouble.

"It is myself. You see, I shouldn't Jim said of his pants next day that they dare to prescribe so boldly, but that I am were a "darned old pair!"



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