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THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER, OR A CURE FOR EXTRAVAGANCE.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

"So, Charley, you are matrimonially inclined, I perceive," remarked Henry Sprayce, as he seated himself in the comfortable bachelor apartment of his friend.
"None what makes you think so?" replied Charley Walker, smiling over the more serious feelings that the question excited.
"Why, you call upon the Youngs' quite often enough to mean something."

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, PUBLISHER. HUNTINGDON, PA., JUNE 24, 1857. Editor and Proprietor. VOL. XIII. NO. 1.

sire; and thousands would have considered a structure far less spacious and elegant, far less luxuriously appointed, all that they could require.
It was a cold day in January—a very cold day. Even the fierce blasts of hot air, which the great furnace poured into the apartment, produced no effect upon the thick coating of frost that clung to the plate-glass of the windows.
The grate, too, was piled high with coals, and before it were seated the two daughters of the merchant.

eyes of the gentle, tender-hearted Lavinia. It was such a sight as she had never seen before.
It was an Irish mother, and those were Irish children; but they were none the less susceptible to cold and hunger because they were Irish.
"Oh, father!" gasped Lavinia, "let us do something for them."
"With all my heart, my child. I can spend my money in relieving such sufferings as these, when I do not feel like buying silks and satins," replied Mr. Young.

THE OUTPOST. A Tale of Frontier Life.
Towards the latter part of the year 1751, the French, aided by vast bodies of the Huron and Iroquois Indians, had begun to make themselves very disagreeable neighbors to the British and American colonists in northern Virginia, Ohio, and the northwest portions of New York State—the French by their encroachment on the frontier, and the Indians by their numerous forays, and savage barbarity to all who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.
To put a stop to these aggressive proceedings, numerous bodies, both of the "regulars" and the colonial militia, were dispatched to the several points assailed; and among the rest, Col. Henry Innes, with a company of thirty men, among whom were a party of some dozen Virginia riflemen, was ordered to occupy a small outpost, or log fort, which at this period stood within a few miles from the north fork of the Allegheny river.

"Well, colonel, it is simply this—if you will put the 'rifles' under my orders, to-night, and let me occupy the deserted post, I will not only clear up the mystery of the disappearance of the four sentries, but make the post tenable for the future.
"But how?" said the colonel, in intense surprise.
"I guess, colonel," answered Death, "you had better let me have the men, and order us off, and I'll tell you the whole affair after. I promise you that not one shall receive even a scratch, that is if they will follow my directions implicitly."
"Very well," said the colonel, "but I think I will let you have your own way this time. When do you intend to start?"
"About an hour's time," answered Death.

mentioning,) now sent up such a shout of triumph for their victory, that the echoes of the old wood rung with it for minutes after.
As Col. Innes had promised, Death was promoted to the vacant post of lieutenant; and now, dear reader, we beg to inform you that our hero and uncomprohizing veteran, General Morgan, of revolutionary notoriety, were one and the same individual.
About a fortnight after this eventful night, Standhope Farm became the scene of as much mirth, good eating, and dancing, as could be possibly disposed of during the twenty-four hours; and though we think it will be almost superfluous to do so, we will add, that the cause of this "merry-making" was the marriage of the beautiful Hester Standhope with Lieutenant Henry Morgan.
A Chapter on Matrimony.
A young lady, out west, in a communication to the Sandusky Register upon the subject of matrimony, says:—
It is a mournful fact that this world is full of young men who want to marry but dare not. Deny this, as some will, it is nevertheless true, as we can easily show. In this town, for instance, there are some thirty or forty young men, well-to-do in the way of salaries and business, yet they refuse to take the step which they all want to take, but do not—why? The large majority of them have salaries ranging from five hundred to seven hundred dollars per year. Now the first question to be asked by any sane man is, can I properly support a wife, if I take one? Then he counts the cost of living, as the woman of his preference would wish, and lo! he finds to his amazement that his income is vastly too small to support even a modest modern establishment; and somewhat maddened by the reflection, he plunges into labor and courts business with an assiduity that takes away his health eventually, in hope of attaining an income that shall enable him to marry and have a home of his own.
And this is the secret of all the hard, unending toil of the young men of to-day who are fast approaching thirty years of age—this is the reason of so many disappointed men and waiting women, deny or hide it as you may.
But, says some good woman, you do us injustice; for any woman who truly loves a man will adapt herself to his circumstances with the greatest pleasure. But what man of any sensitiveness, or high sense of honor, would take a woman from easy circumstances and a pleasant and well furnished home, to adorn his four little rooms and to do his housework, as the first principles of economy would demand of him? Few will do it; for, though the woman signifies her willingness to take up with such experience, we are all such creatures of circumstances that there would be complainings on her part, eventually, and sickness from over-exertion, and unhappiness from many cares—all of which would render marriage any thing else than pleasant.
And so the young men very wisely think—preferring a few more years of single loneliness, in order to obtain money enough to support a modest house of between twelve and fifteen hundred dollars a year expense, rather than to place a moderately educated woman into the house of six hundred dollars a year, where she must do her own housework.
Now, what is the remedy? Plainly, that woman must fit herself to be such a wife as the young men must have. Else the young men must fit themselves to be such husbands as the women want, and spend the very choicest years of their life in the dismal drudgery of a ceaseless toil, breaking down health, happiness, energy, only to give themselves up to marriage when the best of their manhood is gone. The women must choose for themselves which it shall be, for the matter is solely in their hands. Let mothers say to their daughters, put on that calico gown, go into the kitchen and prepare dinner, take charge of this household, and fit yourself to become a wife and a mother—let the young women cheerfully consent to such service; and instead of lavishing all thought, and time, and money, upon the adornment of the body, seek to accustom the hands to proper industry, and to school the mind to proper tastes—then there will be no longer complaint that the young men "cannot afford to marry," and we shall have beautiful modest houses all around us, and women will have loving husbands, and all life shall once more have something of the truthfulness and virtue which it had in the days of fathers and mothers, when it was the woman's ambition to become the head of the house and the mother of noble children.
Bathing.
Once a week is often enough for a decent white man to wash himself all over; and whether in summer or winter that ought to be done with soap, warm water, and a hog's hair brush in a room showing at least seventy degrees Fahrenheit.
Baths should be taken early in the morning, for it is then that the system possesses the power of reaction in the highest degree. Any kind of bath is dangerous soon after a meal or fatiguing exercise. No man or woman should take a bath at the close of the day, except by the advice of a family physician. Many a man, in attempting to cheat his doctor out of a fee, has cheated himself out of his life—aye, it is done every day.
The best, safest, cheapest and most universally acceptable mode of keeping the surface of the body clean, besides the once a week washing with soap, and warm water, and hog's hair brush is as follows:—
As soon as you get out of bed in the morning wash your face, hands, neck and breast, then, in the same basin of water, put your feet at once for about a minute, rubbing them briskly all the time; then with the towel, which has been dampened by wiping the face and feet, wipe the whole body well, fast and hard, mouth shut, breast projecting. Let the whole thing be done within five minutes.
At night when you go to bed, and whenever you get out of bed during the night, or when you find yourself wakeful or restless, spend from two to five minutes in rubbing your whole body with your hands so far as you can reach in every direction. This has a tendency to preserve that softness and mobility of the skin which too frequent washings of it always destroy.
That precautions are necessary in connection with the bath room, is impressively signified in the death of an American lady of refinement and position, lately, after taking a bath soon after dinner; of Sergeant Illume, while alone in a warm bath; and of an eminent New Yorker, under similar circumstances, all within a year.—Hall's Journal of Health.
The Baltimore American has received reports which represent the grain and fruit crops, in nearly every portion of the State of Maryland, to be in a promising condition.
COMET POSTHON.—It is announced, that, by an error in figuring, the expected Comet in June need not be expected until June or so of next year.