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Select Poetry.

WHAT MAKES THE WOMAN?

Not costly dress, nor queenly air;
Not jeweled hand, complexion fair;
Not graceful form, nor lofty tread;
Not paint, nor curls, nor splendid head;
Not pearly teeth, nor sparkling eyes;
Nor voice that nightingale outvies;
Nor breath as sweet as eucalyptus;
Not gauzy gems, nor fabrics fine;
Not all the stores of fashion's mart;
Nor yet the blandishments of art;
Not one, nor all of these combined,
Can make one woman true refined.

Select Story.

TWO WAYS TO SAVE MONEY. A LIFE SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
The following sketch of real life so plainly exhibits a lesson which might be profitably followed by many of our people, that we give it to the reader simply as it occurred, only concealing the real names of the parties concerned. And as the story bears its own moral, we will not tire you with any reflections.
John Poland and Anson Lyman bought farms adjoining each other. The land had formerly been owned by one man who had carried on the whole, employing a heavy force in the work. When the two friends bought the land, it was as equally divided as possible; and after the line of separation had been run, those who had worked much on the land declared that they would not give the "toss of a copper" for a choice between the two farms. The old buildings were almost useless, so new ones were erected, and at the same time both men commenced farming in earnest. They were poor, having paid their last pennies for the farms, and being obliged to run some in debt to get stock and tools.
In all respects the two men commenced evenly. They were both married, and while Poland had one son and two daughters, Lyman had one daughter and two sons.
"Look ye," said Lyman, as the two sat together after their farming operations were commenced. "I have set my mark to aim at. I'm determined, if I have my health, to lay up a thousand dollars, clear of everything, in five years."

The Globe

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vasser for an agricultural newspaper stopped at Lyman's house; but the host couldn't afford to take it.
"Yea, and there it will lie. I don't believe you can raise fifty dollars now in cash."
"Then you won't take it?" said the agent.
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"Yea, and there it will lie. I don't believe you can raise fifty dollars now in cash."
"Then you won't take it?" said the agent.

"I will help you with pleasure, Anson; and you can begin far more easily than I did, for you have money."
And Lyman commenced. The thousand dollars was nearly expended in the work, and his dollars came back to him with interest twice-fold. He had learned a lesson which many might follow with profit.
Interesting Miscellany.
Doctrine of the Resurrection.
This was the subject of a discourse preached, by special request, in the Coates Street Presbyterian church, lately, by the pastor, Rev. Mr. DUFFIELD.

read to illustrate the existence of this hope in the minds of other sacred writers. Some critics had affirmed that Isaiah was the first sacred writer to whom the doctrine could be traced. The remarks of Ezekiel respecting the "shaking of the dry bones in the valley," that were again brought together and clothed with flesh, was also regarded by the speaker as pointing to the general resurrection of the body at the last day. The same might also be said of the declaration of DANIEL, that, "those that sleep in the dust shall awake; some to everlasting life, and some to everlasting shame." In Christ's time, this doctrine was held by the Pharisees, and indeed by the Jews generally—the Sadducees alone disputing it.

Printer's Language.
In the following illustration of a printing office dialogue, there is decidedly more truth than poetry:
Foreman—You fellow with the big mouth, what are you at now?
Composer—I'm setting 'a house on fire!' nearly done.
Foreman—What's Kirkbride about?
Composer—He's engaged on a 'Horrible Murder.'
Foreman—Finish it as quick as you can, and help Morse through with his telegraph.—Crosby what are you trying to get up?
Crosby—'A panic in the Money Market.'
Foreman—Miller, what are you distributing?
Miller—Prizes in Perham's Gift Enterprise.
Foreman—Stop that, and take hold of this 'Runaway Horse.'
Foreman—Riley, what are you at?
Riley—'Trying to climb a grassed pole.'
Foreman—Too late to finish that. You'd better commence 'Jumping off the Court House.' You chop on the stool, what are you on?
Composer—On the 'Table' you gave me.
Foreman—Lay it on the table for the present—have no room for it.
Ward—Shall I lead these 'Men of Delaware county?'
Foreman—No. They're solid, of course.—Wilson, what are you doing with the 'Principles of Democracy?'
Wilson—Trying to justify them.
Foreman—You can't do that; so correct the errors in the 'Course of the Straightouts.'—Jack, what in the thunder have you been about the last half hour?
Jack—Justifying the 'Compromise Measures;' which my sub set.
Reynolds—Do you want a bold-faced head to 'Jonny Lind's Family?'
Foreman—No; such things go in small caps. Devil Pete, have you got up that 'Capital Joke?'
Pete—No, sir—I'm out of sorts.
Foreman—Well, throw in this 'Million of California gold,' and when you get through with it, I'll give you some more. Tobin, have you finished the 'Coalition?'
Tobin—Yes, sir, the 'Coalition' was up, but it is now knocked into pi.
Foreman—Justify it if you can. Dunn, what have you got?
Dunn—Nothing to Wear?
Foreman—Well, the never mind that—take this 'Clothing for the Poor.'
Foreman to the Editor—Sir, we want more copy.
Editor—Go to the 'devil!'
And he went, but found the 'devil' had gone over to Hughie's after a cent's worth of molasses candy to treat the office, and ponder he is—(looks out of the window)—confound his ugly picture—playing marbles in the street—sixty the foreman down stairs, talking to himself.
A printer is necessarily a punster.
A DREAMER OLD SILVER AS GOOD AS NEW.—A desideratum long sought for has now been achieved—that is, a means of perfectly cleaning articles of silver without injury to the metal. It is the discovery of Professor Botger, a German. Take a glass or glazed vessel sufficiently large for the purpose; fill it with a strong solution of borax or of caustic potash; drop into it an inner vessel made of zinc, and pierced with holes as a sieve. Then take your silver, and plunge it into the liquid, moving it up and down, being careful that at each plunge it comes in contact with the zinc. The effect is magical; for under the combined action of the solution and of the electricity evolved by the contact of the two metals, the silver loses all its dirt and discolorations, and becomes as bright as when first manufactured. Should it not be convenient to use the inner vessel of zinc, the cleansing may be accomplished by sinking the silver in the solution and stirring it about with a small rod of zinc. It is essential to success that the two metals touch each other frequently.
A TOUGH STONY.—The year we published some two weeks ago, in relation to a plant growing from a diseased limb of a boy near Ithaca, N. Y., is confirmed by a Dr. Hawley, of Geneva College, who further adds, that "two plants grew out of the limb, one of which, after growing seven inches in height, bore a flower resembling the China Aster, and the other, after reaching the height of three inches, was crowned with pure white buds resembling the buds of the orange, and on being exposed to the light expanded into a flower of a beautiful grayish purple." We are inclined to believe all this a stupendous hoax. Yet it may be so—man is a species of vegetable, in one sense—but it will be hard to find people who will believe without seeing it, especially since the York Yankees are famous for indulging in Silver Lake stunts, and such like. If the story is true, the case is one of deep interest to the physiologist, and affords a field for a diagnosis of a new character, both botanical and physiological.—Eric Dispatch.
Pepper is an almost universal condiment. Black pepper irritates and inflames the coatings of the stomach, red pepper does not, it excites, but does not irritate, consequently it should be used instead of black pepper. It was known to the Romans, and has been used from time immemorial, as it corrects that flatulence which attends the large use of vegetable food. Persons in health do not need any pepper in their food. But to those of weak and languid stomachs, it is manifoldly healthful to use cayenne pepper at meals than any form of wine, brandy, or beer that can be named, because it stimulates without the reaction of sleepiness or debility.—Hall's Journal of Health.
A NEW FOR ABOLITIONISTS.—A petition was presented to Judge Hudson of Greenbrier county, on Tuesday, signed by old Willis, a free negro, formerly belonging to James Frazier, deceased, requesting permission of the court to suffer him to become a slave again. It seems that Willis has tried to live among the Abolitionists, and having become convinced that negro freedom is a grand humbug, he desires to choose another master in the State of Virginia. He selected Mr. Thomas as his master.—Richmond Enquirer.
A Western correspondent says: I attended a wedding a few days since. Wishing to say something becoming the occasion, I approached the fair young bride in the course of the evening, and after congratulating her departure from the state of single blessedness, I wished her a pleasant voyage down the river of life. She said she hoped so, but she heard there was a great deal of feror on the river now, she hoped she would not catch it on the way down.
Insults, says a modern philosopher, are like counterfeit money; we can't hinder them from being offered, but we are not compelled to take them.