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Would respectfully announce to their numerous friends and the public, that they have just received from the East a most beautiful assortment of FALL and WINTER GOODS.

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WHALEBONE, REED & BRASS HOOPS.

The largest stock ever brought to town, are selling very cheap at FISHER & McMURTRIE'S.

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND CAPS.

The largest stock ever brought to town, are selling very cheap at FISHER & McMURTRIE'S.

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A large stock on hand, at the cheap store of BENJ. JACOBS. Call and examine goods and prices.

DREY GOODS!

A fine assortment on hand for the accommodation of customers, at BENJ. JACOBS' "Cheep Corner," Market Square.

BAR IRON.

At 75 per 100 lbs., at JAS. A. BROWN & CO.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIII.

HUNTINGDON, PA., MARCH 3, 1858.

NO. 37.

A Select Story.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE; OR, THE ROBBER OF THE WABASH.

In the summer of 1832, I was engaged with a young man named Lyman Kemp, in locating land lots along the Wabash, in Indiana.

As good fortune would have it, I found a party of six men bound on the very route that I was going, and I waited one day for the sake of their company.

On the third day from Logansport we reached Walton's Settlement, on Little River—having left the Wabash on the morning of that day.

About ten o'clock, just after I had retired, and just as I was falling in a grateful drowse, I was startled by the shouts of men and barking of dogs, directly under my window.

"Ah! don't you know, stranger?" said the host, returning. "You've heard of Gustus Karl, perhaps?"

"Well," he resumed, "the infernal villain was here only this afternoon, and murdered and robbed a man just up the river. We've been out after him; but he's got us the slip.

"And you've come back horseless," I said. "Yes," the landlord growled. "But," he added, with a knowing shake of his head, "he can't run clear much longer.

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked. "The very last man in the world you would take for Gus Karl. He is small—not a bit over five feet six, with light curly hair, a smooth white face, and not very stout.

After the tub full of whiskey and water which the host had provided, was all drunk, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up again to bed; and this time I slept on uninterrupted till morning.

I had just eaten my breakfast, and had gone out to the front door, when a horseman came dashing up the place, himself and animal all covered with mud.

"The doctor says he must die," said the messenger, "and the poor fellow now only asks for life long enough to see you."

"Poor Lyman!" I murmured to myself. "So young—so hopeful—with so many friends and relatives in his far-off home—and taken down to die in a strange land!"

I settled my bill, and then sent for my horse; but a bitter disappointment awaited me. I found the animal's foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so he could hardly step upon it.

"Yes—very well," I told him. "Then that's your best way. The current is strong this morning, and without a stroke of the paddle, 'twould take you along as fast as a horse could wade through the mud."

I caught the proposition instantly, for I saw it was a good one.

"If you don't shoot the rapids," added the landlord, "ye can easily shoulder the canoe, and pack it around. Tisn't far."

I found the boat to be a well fashioned "dugout," large enough to bear four men with ease, and at once paid the owner the price—ten dollars—and then had my luggage brought down.

It was shortly after noon, and I had eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and a little further on I came to an abrupt basin where the current formed a perfect whirlpool.

I had been in this position some ten minutes when I was startled by hearing a foot-fall close by me, and on looking up I saw a man at that side of my boat.

"Down the river to Logansport," I replied. "That's fortunate. I wish to go there myself," the stranger resumed.

"I should like it," I told him frankly; "I've been wanting company."

"Come on," I said; and as I spoke, he leaped into the canoe, and having deposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the paddles and told me he was ready when I was.

For an hour we conversed freely. The stranger told me his name was Adams, and that his father lived at Columbus.

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked. "The very last man in the world you would take for Gus Karl. He is small—not a bit over five feet six, with light curly hair, a smooth white face, and not very stout.

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could not have failed to detect the villain at once. During the rest of the afternoon we conversed some, but not so freely as before.

Fortunately for me the moon was up, and though the forest threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell upon Karl, and I could see his every movement.

"You will call at midnight," I said drowsily. "Yes," he returned. "Good night."

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doctor came in. He held up his hands in horror, and told me it would kill the sick man. But I forced him back and Kemp drank the grateful beverage.

"Please to help me a minute, sister," "O, don't disturb me, I'm reading," was the answer.

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I, emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

"Which way are you bound, stranger?" he asked in a pleasing tone.

"Down the river to Logansport," I replied. "That's fortunate. I wish to go there myself," the stranger resumed.

"I should like it," I told him frankly; "I've been wanting company."

"Come on," I said; and as I spoke, he leaped into the canoe, and having deposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the paddles and told me he was ready when I was.

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Saved him Right. Some years ago, before Pittsburg, the dingy city of Western Pennsylvania was reached by railroads from the East, the wagon was a great institution.

"I want you to do me a favor," "Certainly," said the gentleman. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you to climb up on that, and dance while I whistle!" "I shall do no such thing, and I trust you do not intend to take advantage of old man in such a place as this."

Dave stepped forward with his heavy horse-whip in his hand, and, raising it, threatened to lay it on him if he did not mount the rock and do as he was told.

"What else could I do?" The old fellow was in earnest; up I had to climb, and there I had to dance while the old fellow whistled, and laughed, and threatened to shoot if I stopped a minute; and he kept me a going, full jump, two hours and more, till I was in a lather worse than my horse in July.

"I was just ready to fall off he let me come down, made me back out of the pass, and as he drove by, advised me never to ask any unnecessary favors of strangers again. And I don't mean to."

The Apple Tree Borer. This destructive insect is one of the greatest drawbacks on the fruit culture of Pennsylvania. Its stealthy habits are such, that it requires the greatest care to enable one to change its progress, which could nevertheless be accomplished, if a simultaneous effort were made by all the fruit growers in a large district.

The eggs are deposited by the perfect insect close to the ground, about the latter part of June or beginning of July, during the night, and the grass around the trees protects the eggs from being found by the birds.

In the second year, the insect assumes its perfect form, leaving the trunk during the night, about the latter part of May or beginning of June, when it goes forth to lay eggs for a new generation.

The nocturnal habits of this insect, make it the more difficult for the common farmer or orchardist to secure that full acquaintance with it, which is necessary to be able to stop its ravages.

To guard orchards from further depredations, procure thick hardware paper and cover the trunk to the height of one foot above the ground, and one or two inches below it.

Young orchards protected in this way, can be kept clear of this troublesome and destructive pest. The paper covers must be renewed annually, and no later than the beginning of May.

This can be best accomplished by removing the earth from the trunk with a garden trowel, and winding the paper and tying it close to the trunk to prevent the borer from getting behind it.

If the paper is thus applied, the ground ought to be leveled around the trunk. If the perfect insect deposits its eggs on this paper they will dry upon it hatched, for want of nourishment since the larvae live on the soft bark of the tree first, while young, and on the soft wood when older.

Should they be capable of locomotion at this stage, they must go above the paper to enter the tree—which I have not found to be the case in three years' close observation—or starve; and should any enter above the paper unprotected by the grass, the birds would soon devour them.

In case any escaped from them, the eyes of the careful fruit-grower would detect them at a glance in passing the trees, when with a knife the mischief could soon be remedied, and the trifling wound would soon heal over again.

With these paper covers, I protected a young orchard for the last three years.—With a single exception only, not a borer gained foothold, and he secreted himself under the straw band by which the tree was secured to a stake three or four feet from the ground, where the fruit-grower should frequently look during Summer.

If any one considers all this too much trouble, he ought to make up his mind not to eat fruit of his own growing in a comparatively short time.—Cor. of American Agriculturist.

A BEAUTIFUL TRUTH.—Benjamin F. Taylor, the author of "January and June," once said that "she who has been a good daughter, a loving wife and an old-fashioned mother, is pretty near ready for an entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven. A home without a girl in it is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a Spring without Song.

A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside, are like the roses in Sharon."

A Mormon Elder in the Calaboose.

The Kookuk Journal says a man named Maylet was picked up in the street lately, while laboring under a heavy pressure of liquor, and confined in the calaboose.

ELDER'S CERTIFICATE.

To all Persons to whom this Letter shall come: This certifies that the bearer, Elder Wm. F. Maylet, is in full faith and fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; and by the general authorities of said Church, has been duly appointed a messenger to the Eastern States, to preach the Gospel and administer in all the ordinances thereof pertaining to his office; and we invite all men to give heed to his teaching and counsel as a man of God, sent to open to them the door of life and salvation, and assist him in his travels in whatsoever things he may need, and we pray God, the Eternal Father, to bless Elder Maylet, and all who receive him and minister to his comforts, with blessings of Heaven and Earth for time and for all eternity, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Signed at Great Salt Lake, in the Territory of Utah, in behalf of said Church. BRIGHAM YOUNG, HENRY C. KIMBALL, 1st Presidency, DANIEL H. WELLS, Secretary. April 22, 1857.