The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, —PERSEVERE.— Editor and Proprietor.

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TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....$1 50
Six months..... 75
Three months..... 50
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less,	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One square, (12 lines,)	50	75	1 00
Two squares,	1 00	1 50	2 00
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	3 months.	6 months.	12 months.
Six lines or less,	$1 50	$3 00	$5 00
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Half a column,	12 00	16 00	24 00
One column,	20 00	30 00	50 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines, one year,.....$3 00
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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS!—
EMERSON'S MAGAZINE
AND PUTNAM'S MONTHLY,
TWO GREAT MAGAZINES IN ONE!!
NINETY THOUSAND COPIES THE FIRST MONTH!!!
MAGNIFICENT PROGRAMME FOR 1858.
TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN SPLENDID WORKS OF ART.
FIVE-DOLLAR ENGRAVING TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.
THE GREAT LIBRARY OFFER—AGENTS GETTING RICH!!!!

The union of Emerson's Magazine and Putnam's Monthly has given to the consolidated work a circulation second to but one similar publication in the country, and has secured for it a combination of literary and artistic talent probably unrivaled by any other Magazine in the world. During the first month, the sale in the trade and demand from subscribers exceeded 90,000 copies, and the numbers already issued of the consolidated work are universally conceded to have surpassed, in the richness of their literary contents, and the beauty and profuseness of their pictorial illustrations, any magazine ever before issued from the American press. Encouraged by these evidences of favor, the publishers have determined to commence the new volume in January with still additional attractions, and to offer such inducements to subscribers as cannot fail to place it, in circulation, at the head of American magazines. With this view they now announce the following splendid programme. They have purchased that superb and costly steel-plate engraving,

"THE LAST SUPPER,"

and will present it to every three-dollar subscribor for the year 1858. It was engraved at a cost of over $5,000, by the celebrated A. L. Dick, from the original of Raphael Morghen, after Leonardo Da Vinci, and is the largest steel-plate engraving ever executed in this country, being three times the size of the ordinary three-dollar engravings.

The first impressions of this engraving are held at ten dollars, and it was the intention of the artist that none of the engravings should ever be offered for a less sum than five dollars, being richly worth that amount. Thus every three-dollar subscriber will receive the Magazine one year—cheap at three dollars—and this splendid engraving, richly worth $5; thus getting for $3 the value of $8.

We shall commence striking off the engravings immediately, yet it can hardly be expected that impressions of so large a plate can be taken as fast as they will be called for by subscribers. We shall, therefore, furnish them in the order in which subscriptions are received. Those who desire to obtain their engravings early, and from the first impressions, should send in their subscriptions without delay. The engraving can be sent on rollers, by mail, or in any other manner, as subscribers shall order.

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN WORKS OF ART.

In addition to the superb engraving of "The Last Supper," which will be presented to every three-dollar subscriber for 1858, the publishers have completed arrangements for the distribution, on the 25th of December, 1858, of a series of splendid works of art, consisting of one hundred rich and rare Oil Paintings, valued at from $100 to $1,000 each. Also 2,000 magnificent Steel-Plate Engravings, worth from three to five dollars each, and 1,000 choice Holiday Books, worth from one to five dollars each, making, in all, over *three thousand gifts, worth twenty thousand dollars.*

Inclose $3 to the publishers and you will commence receiving the Magazine by return mail. You will also receive with the first copy a numbered subscription receipt entitling you to the engraving of

"THE LAST SUPPER,"

and a chance to draw one of these "three thousand prizes."

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR EMERSON'S MAGAZINE FOR 1858.

1st. Because its literary contents will, during the year, embrace contributions from over one hundred different writers and thinkers, numbering among them the most distinguished of American authors.

2d. Because its editorial departments, "Our Studio," "Our Window," and "Our Olio," will each be conducted by an able editor—and it will surpass, in the variety and richness of its editorial contents any other magazine.

3d. Because it will contain, during the year, nearly six hundred original pictorial illustrations from designs by the first American artists.

4th. Because for the sum of $3 you will receive this splendid monthly, more richly worth that sum than any other magazine, and the superb engraving of "The Last Supper," worth $5.

5th. Because you will be very likely to draw one of the three thousand prizes to be distributed on the 25th day of December, 1858—perhaps one that is worth $1,000.

Notwithstanding that these extraordinary inducements can hardly fail to accomplish the object of the publishers without further efforts, yet they have determined to continue through the year,

THE GREAT LIBRARY OFFER.

To any person who will get up a club of twenty-four subscribers, either at one or more post offices, we will present a splendid Library, consisting of over Forty Large Bound Volumes, embracing the most popular works in the market. The club may be formed at the club price, $2 a year, without the engraving, or at the full price, $3, with the Last Supper to each subscriber. List and description of the Library, and specimen copy of the Magazine, will be forwarded on receipt of 25 cents. Over 200 Libraries, or 8,000 volumes, have already been distributed in accordance with this offer, and we should be glad of an opportunity to furnish a Library to every school teacher, or to some one of every post office in the country.

AGENTS GETTING RICH.

The success which our agents are meeting with is almost astonishing. Among the many evidences of this fact, we are permitted to publish the following:

GENTLEMEN: The following facts in relation to what your Agents are doing in this section, may be of use to some enterprising young man in want of employment.—The Rev. John E. Jardon, of this place, has made, since last Christmas, over $4,000 in his agency. Mr. David M. Heath, of Ridgly, Mo., your general agent for Platt county, is making $8 per day on each sub-agent employed by him, and Messrs. Wimer & Evans, of Oregon, Mo., your agents for Holt county, are making from $8 to 25 per day, and your humble servant has made, since the 7th day of last January, over $1,700, besides paying for 300 acres of land out of the business worth over $1,000. You are at liberty to publish this statement, if you like, and to refer to any of the parties named. DANIEL GREGG, Carrolton, Mo.

With such inducements as we offer, anybody can obtain subscribers. We invite every gentleman out of employment, and every lady who desires a pleasant money-making occupation to apply at once for an agency. Applicants should inclose 25 cents for a specimen copy of the Magazine, which will always be forwarded with answer to application by return mail.

SPECIMEN ENGRAVING.

As we desire to place in the hands of every person who proposes to get up a club, and also of every agent, a copy of the engraving of "The Last Supper," as a specimen, each applicant inclosing us $3, will receive the engraving, post-paid, by return mail, also specimens of our publication and one of the numbered subscription receipts, entitling the holder to the Magazine one year and to a chance in the distribution. This offer is made only to those who desire to act as agents or to form clubs. Address

OAKSMITH & CO.,
Jan. 13, 1858. No. 371 Broadway, New York.

THE CAMPAIGN OPENED!—
FIRST ARRIVAL OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS
FISHER & McMURTRIE

Would respectfully announce to their numerous friends, and public, that they have just received from the East a most beautiful assortment of FALL and WINTER Goods; embracing every variety of new styles, such as Valencia Plaids, Plaid Ducals, Oriental Lustres, Gala Plaids, Tamese Cloth, Poplins striped, and plaid, ombre striped DeLaines, French Merino, Printed DeLaines, Bayadere Stripes, Argentine, Coburg, Mohair and Madonna Cloths, Shepherd's Plaids, French Blanket, Bay State, Long and Square Broche Shawls, Gents' Travelling ditto, French Cloths, plain and fancy Cassimeres, Satinettes, Jeans, Tweeds, &c.

Ribbons, Mitts, Gloves, Gauntlets, Talmas, Cloaks, Chenille Scarfs, Dress Trimmings, Ladies' Collars, Brilliants, plain and spriged Swiss, Victoria Lawn, Nainsooks, and every variety of white Goods. Hats, Caps, and Bonnets of every variety and style.

We have a full stock of Hardware, Queensware, Boots & Shoes, Wood and Willow ware, which will be sold on such terms as will make it the interest of all to call and examine.

Groceries can be had lower than the high prices which have been maintained heretofore.

We also deal in Plaster, Fish, Salt and all kinds of Grain and possess facilities in this branch of trade unequaled by any.

We deliver all packages or parcels of merchandise *Free of Charge* at the Depots of the Broad Top and Penn'a Rail Roads.

Huntingdon, Sept. 30, 1857.

COUNTRY DEALERS can buy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at WHOLESALE as cheap as they can in the cities, as I have a wholesale store in Philadelphia.
Huntingdon, Oct. 14, 1857. H. ROMAN.

WHALEBONE, Reed & Brass Hoops, and Reed Skirts, for sale at the Cheap Store of D. P. GWIN.

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and CAPS, the largest stock ever brought to town, are selling very cheap at FISHER & McMURTRIE'S.

CLOTHING!—A large stock on hand, at the cheap store of BENJ. JACOBS. Call and examine goods and prices. (oct25.)

Select Poetry.

GOD!

O, Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide:
Unchanged through time's all-devasting flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside;
Being above all beings; Mighty One;
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone:
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight, nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence. LORD, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation:—all
Sprang forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin: all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be; glorious, great,
Life-giving, life-sustaining POTENTATE!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath:
Thou the beginning with end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death;
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born; so worlds spring forth from Thee.
And, as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light,
A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright—
Suns, lighting systems with their joyous beams;
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes, as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost!
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And whatam I, then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weigh'd
Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against infinity! What am I, then? Nought:

Nought: But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes; in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought; but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence: for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell: aspiring high,
E'en to the throne of thy divinity.

I am, O God! and surely thou must be:
Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee:
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart.
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something fashion'd by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me,—
In me is matter's last gradation lost:
And the next step is spirit—deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust;
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god.
Whence came I here? And how so marvelously
Constructed, and conceived?—Unknown. This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For, from itself alone it could not be.

Creator, yes; [illegible] wisdom and Thy word
Created me: [illegible] source of life and good:
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my LORD;
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plentitude,
Fill'd me with an immortal soul to bring
O'er the abyss of death and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
E'en to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadow'd image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
GOD, thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek Thy presence, BEING wise and good;
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

[*Derzhavia.*

Sunday.

The first day of the week derived its name from the Saxons, who, in heathen times, consecrated it to the Sun, which they worshipped. The solemnization of the day began during the early history of the Christain Church, in commemoration of the Resurrection of Christ and the decent of the Holy Ghost, both of which events took place upon it. The Sunday was at first distinguished only by prayers and the reading of passages of the Scriptures. Before the reign of Constantine, it was not strictly observed as a day of cessation from labor; but, by a decree of that Emperor, public business and military exercises were suspended. The Council of Laodicea which sat A. D. 360, forbade labor of all kinds on that day, and the laws of Theodosius sanctioned the interdiction, and imposed penalties to secure its observance.

Early Rising.

There is no time spent so stupidly as that which inconsiderate people pass in a morning, between sleeping and waking. He who is awake, may be at work or at play; he who is asleep is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing and slumbering are wasted, without either pleasure or profit. The sooner you leave your bed the seldomer you will be confined to it. When old people have been examined in order to ascertain the cause of their longevity. they have uniformly agreed in one thing only, that they "all went to bed, and all rose early."

A Select Story.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT;
OR,
HARRY RICHMOND AND HIS BRIDE.

Love, passionate young Love, how sweet it is
To have the bosom made a paradise
By thee, life-lighted with thy rainbow smile!
I. E. L.

Harry Richmond, a young man of twenty-five, and partner, newly-made, in an extensive jobbing firm in New York, found himself one winter evening in a spacious up-town church. The immense building was thronged by an audience of beauty and fashion, and of more than ordinary intelligence. Countenances that were languid amid the excitements of fashionable life, because the hungry soul found no food in the husks upon which it fed in such scenes, here lighted up with animation and shone with a new and lofty beauty. Young and old, alike, sat entranced by the eloquence of the reverend orator, as he presented to them a theme of surpassing interest, clothed in language the most appropriate, and uttered in a voice which perfectly harmonized with the emotions called forth by his words.

It was the first of a course of lectures by Dr. ——, and Harry, who had often listened with the highest pleasure to the preaching of this celebrated divine, was among the first to secure a seat on the occasion of his lectures. For Harry, though young, and handsome, and wealthy, and the favorite of a large circle of fashionable relatives, was devoted to intellectual pursuits, in which he spent nearly the whole of his leisure hours.

Wedded to books, and a votary of science, and conscientiously scrupulous in the fulfilment of his business duties, his time had been so fully occupied as never to leave him leisure for juvenile flirtations, or more mature love-affairs. At twenty-five his heart had never acknowledged another mistress than knowledge, and it was only for her sweet sake that he made one of Dr. ——'s brilliant audience on that winter night.

But he was not destined to return to his home that night so heart-free. The lecture was but half concluded when a slight bustle near one of the entrances attracted Henry's attention. He turned, suddenly and involuntarily, to see what occasioned it. But his eyes, which had hitherto been riveted on the speaker, were not so suddenly turned toward him again, and his attention, which had until that time been undivided, could not be restored. A sentiment, an emotion had entered his soul that was to change the whole current of his existence, a change commenced then and there, startling, suddenly, but which was to end only with life.

Near him, and within the direct range of his vision as he turned his eyes toward the door, sat a young lady. Many ladies, some younger and more beautiful, his glance might at that moment have rested upon, but he saw only one.

It was a serene, fair countenance upon which his glance rested. Deep violet eyes, half shaded by the longest brown lashes, a broad, unclouded brow, fair hair in long bright ringlets, falling adown the pure oval of her face, and partly confined by the brim of her pretty blue hat, with its shadowy lace, and delicate flowers, and floating plumes.

On the serene face, which one felt instinctively was always beautiful through every varying emotion, an unwonted enthusiasm now shone. There was a deeper lustre in the violet eyes, and a flush, slight and rosy though it was, on the fair cheek which did not always tinge its delicate outline. Her lips were slightly parted, and her glance never wavered from the speaker's face. She sat there in her maiden innocence all unconscious of the spell which her gentle beauty had wrought, and the soft, slow pulsation of her heart unquickened by the tumultuous bounding of another so near her. And while she listened with deepening enthusiasm to the brilliant sentences of the lecturer, another read from her face, as from a fair unruffled page, the records of a pure life, of innocent yet lofty thoughts, and of a serene faith and goodness.

Once, only, her gaze wavered, and influenced by that strange magnetic instinct, which all have felt, but few have sought to analyze or comprehend, that conveys to the knowledge of the fact that eyes and thoughts are fixed upon us, she turned her glance for an instant in the direction of her unknown worshipper. Glance met glance, and over her face a deep rosy blush rose up, flushing the pure brow as the crimson tints of sunset flush the snowy clouds that float above the horizon. Then her gaze was again fixed upon the speaker, and, as she listened, Harry watched the color receding, and saw the serene expression which had for a moment been disturbed settle again upon the exquisite face.

So absorbed was he in his contemplation, that he did not hear the concluding remarks of the lecturer, and was only made aware that he had finished by the rising of the audience.

The young lady, whom he watched, was much nearer the door than himself, and fearful lest he should lose sight of her in the departing crowd, he elbowed his way almost fiercely, heedless of many ungentle remarks that saluted him, until he stood almost by her side—so near that the soft folds of her garments touched him as he walked, and the tip of her snowy plume fanned his cheek. He listened to her voice, clear, low, and sweet, as she conversed with her companions—an elderly gentleman and a girl of fifteen evidently a younger sister; and when they reached the pavement he still stood beside them.

It was a night of extreme cold, and Harry saw the fair girl as she kindly wrapped her sister's cloak more closely about her, and heard her admonish "papa" of a slight cold with a tone and manner that told of a loving thoughtfulness for others.

They walked on for a short distance, and Harry followed, for in whatever direction their homeward course lay, he determined that his should be the same. They reached an avenue and stood waiting for an omnibus, and Harry waited too. He waited patiently in spite of the piercing wind that swept down the broad street, and whirled about the corner, for his eyes were fixed upon the fair face before him upturned, with a wrapt and reverent expression, toward the sky that overhung them like a dome of steel studded with myriads of stars gleaming in a cold silvery light.

He was aroused, at length, by the thundering roar of the omnibus, as it rolled toward them over the frozen street, and, almost mechanically, he followed the party into the huge machine.

The young girl glanced inquiringly at him, as he entered, and he thought that he saw, by the dim light of the lamp, another flickering blush pass over her face. But she turned away and conversed with his companions, and Harry fell into a reverie as he gazed upon her beautiful profile, half shaded by the bonnet's brim. On and on they went, until they came to a quarter, once fashionable and even aristocratic, but now almost deserted except by the middle or poorer classes of humanity; and Harry had almost arrived at the conclusion that the party were about to cross one of the numerous ferries that led to the Long Island or New Jersey shores, when the gentleman suddenly pulled the strap, and the stage stopped.

The young girl, had perhaps, forgotten his presence, for she did not turn her head as he followed them from the stage, but walked away leaning on her father's arm. He stole after them, timing his foot-fall with their own, though keeping at a short distance behind, until he saw them ascend the steps of one of the finest of the old mansions with which the street was lined. And no sooner was the door closed behind them, than he rushed forward and, ascending the stoop, endeavored, by the dim light of a far-off lamp, to decipher the name upon the plate, and the number above the entrance. The first he made out, after much trouble, and the latter was beyond his ken. But he had learned enough, and resolved to visit the spot by daylight, and if possible, to catch another glimpse of those violet eyes and that exquisite face.

Noting well the surroundings, and casting a lingering glance up at the darkened front of the tall building, he at length departed.—Distance, and cold, and fatigue were alike forgotten as he hurried homeward in a strange tumultuous waking dream, that lasted through the long night as he tossed sleeplessly upon his pillow.

The next morning his mother and sisters wondered at his strange absence of mind, and when they chided him merrilly for putting his egg into his coffee instead of the egg-cup, and turning the contents of the vinegar cruet upon his breakfast cake, he only blushed and muttered, confusedly, something about "violet eyes" and a "Grecian profile." They were still more astonished when they saw him, a few moments after, go down the steps with bare head and the servant running after him with his hat. One of the sisters flew to the door to beg him to remain at home if he felt ill, and they all discussed the matter in family conclave amid gloomy forebodings of barred windows, and straight-jackets, and lunatic asylums.

Meanwhile Harry pursued his way down town, but not in the direction of his business. Instinctively his footsteps turned toward that dim and ancient street which he had visited the preceeding evening, and soon he stood before the tall dark house into which had vanished that vision of youth and beauty. Again he read the name upon the door which he was sure was hers. Again he gazed up at the time-discolored front, now made cheery by the sunlight that poured through the open shutters, and, as he felt, ligted up pleasantly the large lofty rooms wherein his soul's darling dwelt.

There were flowers and cages of singing birds in one window, and he fancied that slender figure, and fair bright face bending over them, and he tried to picture her at her sweet household avocations, and sighed to see her once again. But that thick, dark door shut him out into the dirty, noisy street, and away from the gentle influences of that home; and yet there were stronger barriers between himself and that being who had thus suddenly become the light of his eyes, and the desire of his heart. There were barriers intangible but strong—the bolts and bars of worldly conventionalities.

Dissatisfied with himself and all around him, he was about turning disconsolately away, when the door suddenly opened, and she, oh, so fresh and fair, in a tasteful though simple street-toilet, stood within. Her small foot was poised above the threshold, and she was about to shut the door after her, when Harry heard a voice within call "Constance, Constance," and she turned to meet the young sister who had accompanied her on the preceding evening. A few words were exchanged, and then she tripped down the steps, while the dark door clanged behind her, and soon turned in the direction of Broadway.

He had heard her name—a beautiful name he thought, and he repeated it as he followed her along the street, and watched her graceful undulating walk—Constance Snowdon.

He watched her until he saw her disappear in a crowded Broadway shop, and then, for the first time that day the thought of business flashed across his mind, and he hurried on to his store, where partners and clerks were already in a state of astonishment at his unwonted absence.

A search under letter S, in the Directory, soon put him in possession of the business of James Snowdon, and then he saw clearly his way to an acquaintance with the fair daughter of the said James. You should have seen the energy of the sly fellow that day. He no longer dreamed, he went to work in the most wide-awake manner.

He soon bethought himself of a profitable investment in Mr. Snowdon's line of business, which he fortunately had it in his power to put in his way, and that in such a manner as to seem to be seeking, somewhat, his own advantage. Then he made a tour of the stores and offices of all his Broad street acquaintances, bursting in and out like a whirlwind, until he found somebody who knew Mr. Snowdon; and then he hurried that unfortunate individual, forthwith, to the office of his papa-in-law elect, and compelled him, then and there, to perform such a ceremony of introduction, between himself and that venerable gentleman, as caused a vigorous hand-shaking, after the overpowering American fashion, for the space of about five minutes. And then, when the two had recovered from their paroxysm of delight, and had exchanged the results of their meteorological observations for that morning, they looked at each other with the eyes of merchants, and forthwith proceeded to business.

Within two days this interview resulted in two desirable consummations. Mr. Snowdon pocketed five thousand dollars, and Harry Richmond received a pressing invitation to pass an evening in the Snowdon mansion.

The story might as well end here, I suppose, for not one of its readers is so stupid as to doubt the denouement. Unless, indeed, it may be some of those trouble-borrowing and unfortunate individuals, who are firmly persuaded that "the course of true love never does run smooth." In this instance there was not even a ripple in the stream. Harry's fine person and distinguished manners at once made an impression on the gentle heart of Constance Snowdon. And when, after a suitable time, he asked her to become his wife, she said yes, modestly but firmly, and placed her hand in his without hesitation, because with perfect confidence.

Mr. and Mrs. Snowdon gave their consent gladly, for they, too, admired and loved Harry, and thought him worthy even of their cherished daughter. And, though Harry's mother and sisters at first made some disparaging remarks about "G—— street belles" and "low connections," for G—— street seemed very far from their aristocratic region, both socially and geographically, yet they no sooner saw Constance than they were almost as much charmed with her beauty and grace as Harry had been; and at once admitted her into their hearts as a cherished daughter and sister. With Mr. Snowdon, a polished gentleman of the old school, who chose to live in the fine, roomy and thoroughly comfortable mansion that had been the home of his parents before him, and with his still lovely wife they were equally pleased.

Harry's sister's, then, stood beside Constance as her bridesmaids, when, one morning in early spring, she and Harry were married by Rev. Dr. ——, in the very church where they had first met but three months previous. And the most splendid parties of the season were those with which Harry's mother and the whole circle of his fashionable relatives welcomed the newly-married couple on their return from their bridal tour.

Harry and Constance, youthful, handsome, and loving, blessed with a similarity of tastes and feelings, with wealth and station, and all worldly gifts, and a desire to spread happiness all about them, and comfort to the poor and suffering, have commenced life under the happiest of auspices. And so, loving and beloved, we leave them to walk through the world together, through its storms and its sunshine, protected by their perfect trust in each other, and a serene faith in the great All-Father.

A Big Story and a Big Man.

A correspondent of a Cairo (Ill.,) paper gets off the following genuine specimen of big talking. It beats Davy Crocket:

John Waterbury, a brakesman on Tom Fay's train, is an original genius and a remarkable man; his weight is two hundred and eighty, raw-boned, with a dangerous spread in his stifle, broad shouldered, strong jawed, with a fist that has half horse-power. When they whistle down breakes, he brings up the train so sudden that it often breaks the coupling chains. When he cuts he takes enough for six men, and he drink whiskey out of a quart cup, then knocks the landlorb through a board fence or inside of a house if he wants any pay. He is under a five hundred dollar bond not to strike a man at Sandoval for fear of injuring the buildings, they being slightly built. His hair is as coarse as hay, and sticks up like the quills of a "fretful porcupine." It takes two table cloths to wipe his nose, and he generally feeds himself with a "scoop-shovel and pitchfork.—

When he exerts himself in a trip, he accumulates 14 pounds and 6 ounces of dirt and lamp oil, and is not allowed to wash himself in any stream smaller than the Wabash, for fear of the cholera.

Once, when old Jenks cursed him, he turned in and whipped nineteen men out of revenge. He has to ride with his back to the car and let his toes stick out over the platform, it being too narrow for the length of his feet. His great toe looks like a sea-turtle's head, and his nose like a young robin held by the head with the big end down, brilliant and pitted like a strawberry; his eyes have a twinkle of good humor and a fascination for the fair. The skin of his face lies in folds, like the skin of a rhinoceros; his teeth look like cogs to a mill wheel; he has to have his hat made to order, and when he loses it he wears a water bucket, with the bail under the chain. He will travel this summer, but can be seen for a few days at Sandoval, free of charge.

He thinks he "dead heads" his living, but the company secretly pays Mr. Merrit a dollar a meal.

The Queens of France.

The Dublin University, Magazine, commenting upon the lives of the royal and imperial wives of France, states that there are but thirteen out of sixty-seven on whose memory there is no dark stain of sorrow or of sin. A contemporary, in summing up the statement, says:—"Of the others, seven were divorced; two died by the executioner; nine died very young; seven were soon widowed; three were cruelly traduced; three were exiles; three were bad in different degrees of evil; the prisoners and the heart-broken made up the remainder. Twenty, who were burried at St. Denis since the time of Charlemagne, were denied the rest of the grave.—Their remains were dragged from the tomb, exposed to the insults of the revolutionary populace, and then flung into a trench and covered with quick lime."

Bachelors---Be Cautious!

There is nothing so dangerous as a young man staying in a country house with pretty girls. He is sure to fall in love with one or the other of them imperceptibly, or one or the other is sure to fall in love with him; and then, when at length he leaves, there is sure to be a little scene arranged. Miss, with her red eye-lids and lace-fringed kerchief, mamma with her smirks and smiles, and hopes he'll "soon return," and so on.—There are more matches made up in country houses than in all the west-end London ones put together. Indeed London is always allowed to be the only cover for finding the game, and the country the place for running it down on the open plain. Be careful, therefore, what you are about. It is much easier to get entangled with a girl than to get free again, for though they will always offer to set a young man free, they know better.

Above all never consult a male friend on these matters. The stupidest woman that ever was born, is better than the cleverest man in love affairs. In fact, no man is a match for a woman until he is married—not all even then. The worst of young men, is, they know their worth until it is too late.—They think the girls are difficult to catch, whereas there is nothing so easy, unless, as I said before, the girls are better engaged.—Indeed, a young man should always have his mamma at his elbow to guard him against the machinations of the fair. As, however, that cannot be, let me urge you to be careful what you are about, and as you seem to have plenty of choice, don't be more attentive to one sister than to another, by which you will escape the red eye-lids, and also escape having mamma declare you have trifled with Maria's or Sophia's feelings, and all the old women of the neighborhood denouncing your conduct, and making up to you themselves for one of their own girls. Some women ask a man's intentions before he is well aware that he has any himself; but these are the spoil sport sort of women.—Most of them are prudent enoough to get a man well hooked before they hand him over to papa. Beware of brothers! I have known undoubted heiresses crumpled up to nothing by the appearance (after the catch) of two or three great heavy dragooners.

School Children.

Many a child, the light of the house to-day will have been laid in the grave before the winter is ended, by inattention as to heat and cold, inducing pleurisies, inflamation of the lungs, colds, croups, and other dangerous maladies.

Teachers should be spoken to about allowing the children to sit with their back near the stove, or register, or window, or in any position where the child is exposed to a draft of air, or to overheat.

The children should not be allowed to come directly to a fire, or stove, on entering the school-room.

In addition, they should be detained in an outer room fifteen or twenty degrees colder, for a few minutes after the school is dismissed, and then have their gloves put on, and a veil put over the face and fastened, so as not to be blown aside. The colder the weather, and the higher the wind, the more necessary are these precautions, not only in leaving the school-room, bnt on leaving home.

The grateful relief which is experienced when facing a fierce cold wind, on putting a silk handkerchief over the face, will surprise any one who tries it.

All india-rubber shoes or garments should be removed the moment on coming in-doors.

Children should be instructed to run with the mouth shut for the first block or two after getting out of doors in cold weather.

Co-operation of the Wife.

There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author, that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandize or his farm, fly over lands, sail over seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger; if he knows he is not spending his time in vain, but that his labors will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he has not half provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prebared.

The "Sister."

There is something lovely in the name, and its utterance rarely fails to call up the warm affections of the gentle heart. The thoughts that circle round it are all quiet, beautiful and pure. Passion has no place with its associations. The hopes and fears of love, those strong emotions, powerful enough to shatter and extinguish life itself, find no home there. The bride is the star, the talisman of the heart, the diamond above all price, bright and blazing in the noon-day sun; a sister, the gem of milder light, calm as the mellow moon, and set in a coronet of pearls.

Labor A Consoler.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is their perpetual despair. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself—all these like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled—all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves.—*Carlyle.*

☞The natural alone is permanent. Fantastic idols may be worshiped for a while; but at length they are overturned by the continual and silent progress of Truth, as the grim statues of Copan have been pushed from their pedestals by the growth of forest-trees whose seeds were sown by the wind in the ruined walls.

HER PRESENCE.—"There is something to me," says an eminent statesman, "very softening in the presence of woman; some strange influence even if one is not in love with them. I always feel in better humor with myself and everything else, if there is a woman within ken."

☞*No family is perfect without a daugter or a sister in it.* A round dozen of 'great big' brothers will not compensate for one soft-eyed-sunny-hearted girl. Such a treasure, numbered in the household, has a humanizing and civilizing tendency—better to a rough, ungainly fellow in boots and whiskers, than two seasons at a dancing school, or a year at college.

Accomplishments and ornamental learning are sometimes acquired at the expense of usefulness. The tree which grows the tallest, and is most thickly clothed with leaves, is not the bearer, but rather the contrary.