

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

For annum in advance... \$1 50
Six months... \$1 00
Three months... \$ 75
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

D. P. GWIN'S CHEAP STORE.
D. P. GWIN has just returned from Philadelphia with the largest and most beautiful variety of goods...

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

FISHES & MEAT.
The Metropolitan, formerly known as "Saxton," take pleasure in announcing to their many friends that they have received a new and well selected stock of goods...

FOR EVERYBODY.

THE NEW STORE.
On Hill Street opposite Miles & Dorris' Office.
THE BEST SUGAR AND MOLASSES, COFFEE, TEA AND CHOCOLATE, FLOUR, FISH, SALT AND VINEGAR, CONFECTIONERY, CANNED FRUITS, SPICES OF THE BEST, AND ALL KINDS, and every other article usually found in a Grocery Store.

HUNTINGDON HOTEL.

The subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally that he has leased that old and well established TRAVELERS STAND, known as the Huntingdon House, on the corner of Hill and Cherry Streets, Huntingdon, Pa. He has fitted up the House in such a style as to render it very comfortable for lodging Strangers and Travellers.

ATTENTION ALL!

A JUST ARRIVED.
A SPLENDID STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES, FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MISS'S, BOYS AND CHILDREN. WESTBROOK'S Boot and Shoe Store.

ALEXANDRIA FOUNDRY!

The Alexandria Foundry has been bought by R. C. MCGILL, and is in blast, and have all kinds of Castings, Stoves, MACHINERY, etc. at the lowest prices.

COUNTRY DEALERS can

WHOLESALE and RETAIL, at the lowest prices. HUNTINGDON, APRIL 11, 1858. H. ROMAN.

YARNISH! YARNISH!

ALL KINDS, warranted good, for sale at BROWN'S Hardware Store, Huntingdon, Pa. April 28, 1858.

LADIES, ATTENTION!

My assortment of beautiful dresses is now open, and ready for inspection. Every article of dress you may desire, can be found at my store. D. P. GWIN.

HARDWARE!

A Large Stock, just received, and for sale at BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE.

THE MAMMOTH STORE

Is the place for Latest Styles of Ladies' Dress Goods, J. BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE is the place to get the worth of your money in Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c., &c.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, PERSEVERE. Editor and Proprietor. VOL. XIV. HUNTINGDON, PA., AUGUST 25, 1858. NO. 9.

Select Poetry.

TREAD SOFTLY. BY J. HAL. ELLIOTT. Life is a rough and weary journey all the way, On which, sometimes, the brilliant sunbeams gaily play, And make it bright—alas! how short-lived is their stay; Clouds come before their light, Concealing them from sight, And all their glory bright, So quickly gone.

A Select Story.

THE JOURNEYMAN GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Joe Conway was an oddity. He especially delighted in mysteries, disguises, unexpected denouements, intrigues, and romances generally. Consequently he was always getting into bad scrapes, and—superfluous assertion—there was always a "lady in the case."

Joe had a wonderful talent for doing everything tolerably well. He played upon a half a dozen instruments, could survey, and dabbled in the fine arts, understood shorthand, a little surgery and medicine, was a finished jockey, a fair gardener, had built a stone bridge, written an epic, and half-soled a pair of boots!

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Parlor Daughters.

BY A BACHELOR.

Girls, young ladies, and, if you please, mothers, too, just listen a moment, for I have a short story to tell you; and, perhaps, at the close of it, we will find a "moral," and, perhaps, a sermon.

A few days since, I called upon a young lady. I may as well say that having been considerably "impressed" by her beauty and brilliant conversation at several evening social parties, I had resolved to prosecute the acquaintance. I will not affirm that there had not floated vaguely about in my brain, certain pleasing rose colored "Bachelor's reveries," in which figured conspicuously the beaming face and elegant figure of Miss B.

As I slowly walked away, amusing, "a change came o'er the spirits of my dreams." A daughter who "hath housework" to such a degree, as to allow her mother to get "all tired out," and ill, from being "overtasked," could such a daughter become that most inestimable boon this side of Heaven, a good wife?

What if her husband had wealth, and filled his house with troops of servants, could he have a quiet, neat, well-ordered home? Would his children have a true mother? No. A parlor daughter will make a parlor wife. Brilliant, fascinating—a rare and costly ornament—challenging the admiration of the world, it may be, but never the holy source and centre of the comfort and peace of her family.

And thus rudely my rose-colored reveries were changed to sombre-hued realities. I queried, was Miss B. an exception to this rule? How many young ladies of my acquaintance were really "helps to their mothers" in domestic affairs? How many would not blush with shame at being seen making bread—not cake, but bread? How many could cook and get on the table a good dinner, or superintend and direct such an undertaking? How many to whom the old-fashioned "dish-cloth" is not a "horrid thing"? How many could starch and iron a shirt-bosom or collar, so it would look respectably?

Alas! how few could I recall who would not properly be numbered in the long list of those to whom these things were not only mysteries, but absolutely disagreeable and undesirable.

bequeath to her children? Is not a cheerful disposition needed? But how can this be acquired or kept by those whose lives are but one constant round of selfish frivolity? How can one gain habits of care and application, without ever having even the care of her own room? How can one superintend the details of housekeeping, so as to minister to the comfort of the household, to whom every item of that housekeeping is not only unknown, but positively 'hateful'? No, I tell you, Fred, although I may be able to support an animated parlor ornament, yet my taste does not run that way; and so I choose to remain a bachelor, until I find an intelligent girl, with domestic accomplishments.

MORAL.—Young lady, if you wish your mother's life prolonged, help her about the house. If you wish health and lasting beauty, do housework. If you wish a good husband, and wish to make him happy, don't "hate housework."

Can Cancers be Cured? We occasionally meet a person afflicted with that terrible disease, a cancer, and few things to which flesh is heir excite our sympathies more. Cancers have been cured, we believe, without the use of the knife, and perhaps some of those who assume the title of cancer doctors have succeeded in assuaging the pains of the disease, and in some cases, perhaps, effecting a permanent cure.

Not long since an article appeared in the Milwaukee Free Democrat, which the Providence Post thinks of sufficient importance to receive general notice. We agree with the Post, and therefore place on record the remedy, advising each reader to cut out the article and preserve it, as by so doing he may be able to minister to some suffering brother, and perhaps save life itself.

The statement of the Democrat is, that some eight months ago, Mr. T. B. Mason—who keeps a music store on Wisconsin street, and is a brother of the well-known Lowell Mason—ascertained that he had a cancer on his face the size of a pea. It was cut out by Dr. Walcott, and the wound partially healed. Subsequently, it grew again, and while he was in Cincinnati on business, it attained the size of a hickory nut. He remained there since Christmas, under treatment, and now returns perfectly cured. The process is this: "A piece of sticking plaster was put over the cancer, with a circular piece cut out of the center a little larger than the cancer, so that the cancer and a small circular rim of healthy skin next to it were exposed. Then a plaster made of chloride of zinc, blood-root and wheat flour, was spread on a piece of muslin of the size of this circular opening, and applied to the cancer for twenty-four hours.—On removing it the cancer will be found to be burnt into, and appear of the color and hardness of an old shoe-sole, and the circular rim outside of it will appear white and parboiled, as if scalded by hot steam. The wound is now dressed, and the outside rim soon suppurates, and the cancer comes out in a hard lump, and the place heals up. The plaster kills the cancer, so that it sloughs out like dead flesh, and never grows again. The remedy was discovered by Dr. Fell, of London, and has been used by him for six or eight years, with unflinching success, and not a case has been known of the re-appearance of the cancer, where this remedy has been applied."

THORNS IN LIFE'S PATHWAY.—Every rose has a thorn. The honey-bee has a sting.—The path of life usually bordered with flowers, especially to those of true hearts, is beset with ills. The very hedgerows which make the path so beautiful to the eye, afford shelter and concealment to the poisonous adder. The individuals whom you sometimes labor to benefit, and to accommodate whom, you willingly suffer deprivation, turn and sting you, and become your most deadly foes. The venomous tongue is employed against you by those who should use it in returning you thanks or in pronouncing blessings upon your head. The half suppressed lie, the poisonous insinuation, the malignant insinuation, are adroitly arranged to injure your reputation, or to embitter your friends against you, by those who, were they not dead to all sense of gratitude, would pronounce your name only to invoke blessings upon your pathway.

Such is sometimes life. But there is another side to the picture. It is better to suffer than to do wrong. The coals of fire on the head of an enemy will not fail, sooner or later, to melt the ice surrounding, and soften and purify the heart. Then the enemy is slain; a friend is created.