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COUNTRY MERCHANTS and all others, will take Notice! that they can supply themselves in any quantities, with JONES' FAIR-FAIRED PATENT NON-EXPLOSIVE ROSENBERG COAL OIL LAMPS.

FANCY FURS. JOHN FAIRBANK & CO., No. 818, Market Street, Philadelphia.
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.
JOHN FAIRBANK & CO., No. 818, Market Street, Philadelphia.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT THE MAMMOTH STORE!!
J. BRICKER has returned from the East with a tremendous stock of Goods. They are upon the shelves in his new Rooms, on Hill Street, near M. Acker's Hotel, ready for customers.

FOR EVERYBODY. TRY THE NEW STORE.
On Hill Street opposite Miles & Davis' Office.
THE BEST SUGAR AND MOLASSES. COFFEE, TEA AND CHOCOLATE. FLOUR, RICE, SALES AND VINEGAR.

STOVES! STOVES! STOVES! INDUSTRIAL STOVE WORKS, No. 33 North Second Street, opposite Christ Church, Philadelphia.
The subscribers respectfully announce to their friends and the public generally, that he has leased that old and well established... J. BRICKER'S MAMMOTH 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, Pumps, Kettles, &c., &c., which they will sell at the lowest prices. All kinds of Country Produce and Old Metal taken in exchange for Castings, at market prices. R. C. McGILL, April 1, 1858.

COUNTRY DEALERS BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE. BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE is the place to get the worth of your money, in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. &c. BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE. WHEAT! For sale at D. P. GWIN'S.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, PERSEVERE, Editor and Proprietor. VOL. XIV. HUNTINGDON, PA., NOVEMBER 24, 1858. NO. 22.

Select Poetry.

JESUS WEPT. Why fell those tears from Him that stood Beside that love-watched grave? Whose call should summon back a life, Whose very voice should save.

Select Story.

THE STOLEN RING. CHAPTER I. The cold January winds whistled and roared dolefully in the crevices of the Widow Everett's humble dwelling; and the snow which had been falling since early morning, filled the wintry air with fine cloud-like particles, and beat relentlessly against the miserable abode.

poor shelter!—there are others more destitute than we." Fainter and fainter burned the fire, the storm darkness grew deeper, Mrs. Everett and Letty crept shivering into their scanty bed, and sleep, which comes to both rich and poor, spread its rosy wings over them.

Letty passed once more into the thronged streets. No fire! no bread! no morsel of food! She had twice been refused credit by the chandler with whom they dealt; but food they must have. For her mother she would even beg. She bent her steps to the chandler's. Mr. Hardsoul was there behind the counter as usual, ready to attend to his monied customers.

the one stolen from Miss Howard, but the very initials of her uncle's name, Richard Elmington, were engraved on the inside! The prosecution opened the case. The attorney was an old experienced lawyer, and arbitrary withal. Miss Howard's dressing maid, a brazen faced girl, of some twenty-five years, swore positively that she had seen the prisoner take some small article from the table, where the ring had been laid, but a few moments before, and hide it about her person; and also that she appeared in a hurry to get away from the house.

Howard, contain upon the inside anything more than the initials 'R. E.' began the counsel. "I did not," said the girl. "Did you have access to the room of your mistress at your own option?" he asked. "Yes," was the reply, hesitatingly given. A visible murmur in favor of the prisoner ran round the court.

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A Hard Customer.

A green looking customer observed a sign hanging over a grocery store, reading thus: "Wholesale and Retail Store." He worked his way through the crowd of ladies and gentlemen, until he got facing one of the clerks, who was exhibiting some fine sugar to a young lady, when he broke out with: "Say, Mister, who's boss here?"

"The proprietor has just stepped out, sir." "Well, be this a retailing shop?" "The young man hardly comprehending greeny's thoughts, simply answered: 'Yes sir, a wholesale and retail store.'" "Guess you understand your trade?" "O, yes," replied the clerk, wrapping up a bundle for his lady customer, "what can I do for you?"

MONEY IN DEAD LETTERS.—The dead letter branch of the General Post Office has just closed another quarter's work. During the three months which terminated on the 30th ult., there were found two thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine letters which contained money amounting in the aggregate to \$12,921.82. For the quarter which closed 30th June last there were received four thousand five hundred and forty-nine letters and \$21,498.85 in money.