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The Globe

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"I AM NOT OLD." BY TARK BISHAM. I am not old—though years have cast Their shadows on my day;

Select Story.

A TALE FOR TRUANT HUSBANDS. "Where are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband rose from the tea table...

"Just remember, husband, that, previous to our marriage, I had pleased society all the time. Of course, I remained at home much of my time; but I had a father and mother there, and I had brothers and sisters there—and our evenings were happily spent—"

"Why—I should like it well enough," "Ah—but you would not be willing to try it."

"Yes, I would," said George, at a venture. "Will you remain here every evening, next week, and let me spend my time among my female friends?"

"Certainly I will," he replied; "and I assure you I shall not be so lonesome as you imagine."

"With this the husband went out, and was soon among his friends. He was a steady, industrious man, and loved his wife truly; but, like thousands of others, he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought it no harm. His only practical idea of home seemed to be, that it was a place which his wife took care of, and where he could eat, drink and sleep, as long as he could pay for it."

"Capitally!" returned the husband. "I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have enjoyed yourself."

"Oh, splendidly!" said his wife. "I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away from home. Home is a dull place after all."

"Why—no—I can't say that it is, returned George, carelessly. "In fact," he added, "I rather like it."

"I am glad of that," retorted Emma, "for we shall both enjoy ourselves now. You shall have a nice comfortable week of it."

alone? It must be so," he pursued thoughtfully. "It is just as she says. Before we were married she was very happy in her childhood's home. Her parents loved her, and her brothers and sisters loved her, and they did all they could to make her comfortable."

"After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped again and commended himself. "I can't stand this!" said he. "I should die in a week. If Emma were only here, I think I could amuse myself very well. How lonesome and dreary 'tis! And only eight o'clock! I declare—I've a mind to walk down as far as Uncle John's and see if she is there. It would be a relief if I only saw her. I won't go in. She shan't know yet that I hold out so faintly."

George Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and took his hat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps towards Uncle John's, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along, with his eyes bent upon the pavement, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up, and—he could not be mistaken—saw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognized him.

"George," she said, in surprise, "is this you?" "It is," was the response. "And you do not pass your evenings at home?"

"This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word; and even now I have not been absent from the house ten minutes. I merely came out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?"

"I am going home, George. Will you go with me?" "Certainly," returned the husband. She took his arm, and they walked home in silence.

When Emma had taken off her things, she sat down in her chair, and looked at the clock. "You have come home early to night," remarked George.

"The next evening was spent at home by both husband and wife, and it was a season of much enjoyment. In a short time George began to realize how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home; and the longer he enjoyed this comfort, the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth, that it takes two to make a happy home, and that if the wife is one party, and the husband must be the other."

The book of Job is generally regarded as the most perfect specimen of the poetry of the Hebrews. It is alike picturesque and artistically skillful in the didactic arrangements of the whole work. In all the modern languages in which the book of Job has been translated, its images, drawn from the natural scenery of the East, leave a deep impression on the mind.

The Lowly and the Loving.

"The Alms most precious man can give to man, Are kind and lowly words. Not some amiss Warm sympathizing tears to eyes that wean The world aright. The only error is Neglect to do the little good we can."

Love has often more influence than talent. The last appeals to the reason, the first to the affections—the last speaks to the intellect, but the first goes straight to the heart. "It is beautiful," exclaims a Swedish author, "to believe ourselves loved, especially by those whom we love and value."

The pious Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the ring of the snow; low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory, rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rupture, diffusing around a sweet fragrance, standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers. The world may think nothing of the little flower—they may not even notice it, but, nevertheless, it will be diffusing around a sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lovely sphere."

"In the heraldy of heaven," writes Bishop Horne, "goodness precedes greatness; so on earth it is far more powerful. The lowly and the loving may frequently do more in their own limited sphere than the gifted. To yield constantly in little things, begets the same yielding spirit in others, and renders life happier. We must never forget that we are all appointed to some station in the world, and that it is our duty to perform it with various capacities and talents much better than we do ourselves, and who would not have placed us there if He had not something for us to do. How few there are who live up to their own power of being useful. Earth is our dwelling place, where each has his or her appointed sphere of usefulness, their mission of love and duty, as they pass homeward to heaven."

The Book of Ruth.

It is said that Dr. Samuel Johnson, on one occasion had gathered around him that select circle of literary friends who often met to hear the recitations of each other's productions of genius, or to listen to such results of literary discovery as anyone might find among the unknown relics stored away in the corners of great libraries or among restored fragments of ancient learning, which were now and then brought to light. At this interview, the celebrated critic and essayist read to his friends what he said was a pastoral in prose, or what they might call a Bucolic or a Georgic, if they could call it a name, and locate its authorship and characters. After reading from some manuscripts or scattered leaves, the entire book of Ruth, his literary associates were enraptured with admiration. They inquired where such an original and matchless production had originated; how it came to be known; and they declared that in all their classical readings they had never seen it, nor the like of it, and that such a relic of literature was now destined to immortality. The reader at length told them that this literary gem could be found in their printed bibles, far back among the unread records of the Jewish judges and kings; and that in neglecting the ancient chronicles for the heathen epics, they had overlooked that in their classical readings they had never seen it, nor the like of it, and that such a relic of literature was now destined to immortality.

The Good Wife.—A farmer was once blessed with a good natured, contented wife; but it not being in the nature of man to be satisfied, he one day said to a neighbor, he really wished he could hear his wife scold once, for the novelty of the thing. Whereupon his sympathizing neighbor advised him to go to the woods and get a load of crooked sticks, which would certainly make her as cross as he could desire. Accordingly, the farmer collected a load of the most ill-shaped, crooked, crotchety materials that were ever known under the name of fuel. This he deposited in the place taking care that his spouse should have access to no other wood.—Day after day passed without a complaint.—At length the pile was consumed.

"Well, wife," said the farmer, "I am going after more wood, I'll get another load just such as I got last time." "Oh, yes, Jacob," she replied, "it will be nice if you will; for such crooked, crotchety wood as you brought before does lie around the pot so nicely."

A Dutchman thinks that "oneshy ish de pesht poetry, but it keeps a man tan poor!"—Mynteer should mix it.

Speeches.—A Good Hint for Preachers and Politicians.—Mr. Jefferson said he had been in deliberative bodies with Gen. Washington and Dr. Franklin, and that he had never heard either of them make a speech more than fifteen minutes long, and then always to the point. He adds that no members possessed more influence, or who were listened to with more profound attention. Mr. Jefferson himself, he believes, was never noted for much speaking, although every speech he made took among the members. One secret of Patrick Henry's almost superhuman eloquence was that he never spoke without he had something to say, and always stopped when he had gotten through. Mr. Madison and Chief Justice Marshall were famous for the strength and compression of their speeches. In general, it may be set down as an uncontested fact, that when a man makes a long speech, he has not digested his subject properly, either from indolence, from want of time or from lack of capacity. Compression requires study, and is the most difficult of all the arts connected with either writing or speaking. Mr. Webster, in his famous speech in the India Rubber case, apologized to the Court for its length, on the plea of want of time to condense his ideas.

Seeing Fair Play.—Strolling leisurely about Uncle Sam's big-ship-yard, in Washington, the other day, we observed a regular hard-weather, sailor-looking chap, from a man-o'-war, who, in turn, was watching two men dragging a large cross-cut saw through a huge live oak log. The saw was dull, the log terribly hard, and there they went—saw, saw—pull, push, push, pull. Jack studied the matter over awhile, until he saw that the conclusion was, were pulling to see who would get the most out of the saw, a monstrous big chap, while the other was a little fellow, Jack decided to see fair play; so giving the big one a clip under the ear that capsized him end over end, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, sung out: "Now run, you beggar."

Sydney Smith on Enjoyment.—The great wit and reviewer never panned wiser and truer words than these: "Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure, and in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however considerable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having once made an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure; which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is past and to scenes never to be renewed again."

What are you looking for?—A man was angry with his wife, either because she talked too much, or for some reason or other, and resolved not to speak to her for a long long time. He kept his resolution for a few days very strictly. One evening he is lying in bed and wishes to sleep; he draws his night-cap over his ears, and his wife may say what she will, he hears nothing of it. The wife then takes a candle, and carries it to every nook and corner in the room; she removed stools, chairs, and tables, and looks very carefully behind them. The husband sits up in bed, and gazes inquiringly at her movements; he thinks that the din must have an end at last; but he is mistaken, his wife keeps on looking and searching. The husband loses all patience, and cries, "What are you looking for?" "For your tongue," she answers; "and now that I have found it, tell me why you are angry." Hereupon they became good friends again.

The Bells of Moscow.—Bayard Taylor, in an exceedingly interesting letter from Moscow, gives an account of the great bells of that city—the largest and most costly ever cast. The Russians have a peculiar penchant for large bells. The largest among them, which is on the Tower of the Kremlin, was cast by order of the Empress Anne, in 1730, and weighs one hundred and twenty tons. It is twenty-two feet high, and twenty-one in diameter at the bottom. It cost one million and a half of dollars. There is another bell near it which weighs sixty-four tons. It takes three men to ring its tongue. It is only rung three times a year, then all the bells are silent. It is said the vibration of the air is like the simultaneous discharge of a hundred cannons.

A French woman slides, a Spanish woman glides, an American lady trots, an English woman tramps with the strong determination of a forlorn hope grenadier—we mean after a certain age—because up to that certain uncertainty, English girls, at least the unreal ones, consider it their duty to put on with other attributes of the angel—such as living on air, doting on moonlight, kissing babies in an aggravating way—an angel walk, which is a sort of dancing gambol, significative of tripping over clouds, and of a gushing, redundant, laughing innocence and heedlessness, very destructive to a bachelor's peace of mind.

Yankee All Over.—Bayard Taylor says that a Yankee in walking in St. Petersburg, one muddy day, met the Grand Duke Constantine. The sidewalk was not wide enough for two to pass, and the street was very deep in filth, whereupon the American took a silver rouble from his pocket, shook it in his closed hand and cried out "Crow or tail?" "Crow," guessed the Grand Duke. "Your Highness has won," said the American, looking at the rouble, and stepping into the mud. The next day the Yankee was invited by the Grand Duke to dinner.

A Connecticut schoolmaster asked a lad from Newberryport— "How many Gods are there?" "The boy, after scratching his head for some time replied— "I don't know how many you have in Connecticut, but we have none in Rhode Island."

"Scatter the germs of the beautiful," as the poet said when he kicked his wife and children out of doors.

Bribery.—Offering you a pair of lips—for a kiss. Justifiable Corruption.—Taking the bribe.

Keep your temper in disputes. The cool hammer fashions the red-hot iron into any shape needed.

There is iron enough in the blood of 42 men to make a ploughshare of the weight of 24 pounds.