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FISHER & M'MURTRIE ARE NOW OPENING

The largest and best selected Stock of Goods ever offered in this community. It comprises a full line of Fashionable Dress Goods...

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AT BEN JACOBS' CHEAP CORNER. BENJ. JACOBS has now upon his shelves a large and full assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS...

\$10,000 REWARD!!

MOSES STROUS. Will risk the above sum that he can sell Goods to every body, at prices to suit the times. His stock has been re-arranged for FALL and WINTER...

ROBT. KING, MERCHANT TAILOR,

Hill Street, one door west of Carmon's Store. Has just returned from the City with a splendid assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, and PLAIN and FANCY VESTINGS...

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LEVI WESTBROOK. Has just opened his new stock of BOOTS and SHOES for men, women, boys, misses and children. All kinds of styles for Ladies can be found at his store...

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H. ROMAN! H. ROMAN! H. ROMAN! H. ROMAN! NEW CLOTHING JUST RECEIVED. JUST RECEIVED. NEW CLOTHING JUST RECEIVED.

BELL, GARRETTSON & CO., BANKERS,

HUNTINGDON, PA. A general Banking business done. Drafts on Philadelphia, Pittsburg, etc., constantly for sale.

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LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE. OF VARIOUS SIZES, for sale at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

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A good article for sale at LEWIS' BOOK STORE. DON'T FAIL to see "SIXTH ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT," and brilliant offers in another column.

It is a fact that Fisher & McMurtrie have the largest and cheapest stock of Goods in town.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

PERSEVERE

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., DECEMBER 21, 1859.

NO. 26.

Select Poetry.

WHEN I DIE.

Will the friends I love be near me When I die? Will they shrink to touch the pallor Of the lips that turn to meet them...

Select Story.

A DUEL BY CANDLE-LIGHT.

[From the California Golden Eagle]

It was in the winter of 1851—the 17th of November. Well do I remember the day—not alone from the circumstances I am about to relate, but—no matter. The experience of every early adventurer here is dotted with enduring landmarks...

Well, it was the 17th of November. The day had been a dreary, drizzly one, and as night approached, the wind lulled, and a heavy fog rolled like a mighty avalanche of snow over the hills west of San Francisco...

The "El Dorado" was the great centre of attraction. It was not only one of the largest and most substantial structures in the city, but its proprietors were men whose wealth was counted by tens of thousands...

As we said before, the "El Dorado" was crowded. Many were betting and venturing their last dollar with an unconcerned characteristic of the time...

"Right! right!" shouted the crowd, beginning to understand the nature of the broil, "give him a chance!" and a dozen more pistols suddenly found the light.

"Let me at him!" yelled the gambler, who had been knocked down, attempting to reach the offender through the throng.

"You are right," said the miner; "but I will meet the scoundrel where he will, when he will, and with what he will."

"I am completely at your service," said the stranger; "but I have no friend here, unless I may call you one, from the friendly part you have already assumed in this difficulty."

"I will not desert you now," said the old man, extending his hand, "for you are a brave man, and a Kentuckian knows how to appreciate courage."

The miner smiled, and stepping to the table where the woman was sitting, pale and trembling, said to her in a low voice: "Fear nothing—if you are sent for, do not fail to come."

less as a wayside moonbeam. Her companion, who "called" and cashed the games as she turned the cards, was what any lady, without a too careful scrutiny of the face, would have pronounced a fine looking man.

"Make your bets, gentlemen," sang out the gambler, while he jingled a pile of silver before him; "a jack and a ten—make your bets."

"Let your husband deal," said the loser, addressing the woman, "perhaps it may change my luck!"

"There is no limit to your rascality!" thundered the stranger, "nor should there be to your game!" and he replaced the purse in his pocket.

"Shoot him down!" cried one of the gamblers, brandishing a pistol over his head, and evincing little inclination to undertake the job himself.

"The first man pulls a trigger dies!" said an elderly gentleman, breaking through the crowd, and placing himself beside the lion-hearted miner.

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The Kentuckian bowed. Both parties passed down Washington street for some distance, and halted in front of a small two-story brick building.

The door was opened by a Chinaman, and taking a lighted candle, the gambler led the way up a flight of stairs to a small back room.

"I am fortunately provided with both," was the resolute reply.

"Then, d—n you, take the consequences!" returned the gambler, determined to fire before the word, and finding courage in the dishonorable resolution.

The arrangements for the desperate encounter were soon made. The principals each armed with a knife and revolver, were to be placed on opposite sides of the room; the door was to be locked on the outside, and at a word from the seconds, the fight was to commence.

"All right—give the word?" said the miner, as the seconds were about to enter, to ascertain the reason of the report.

"Fire!—one—two—three!" No report followed, and the seconds looked at each other in silence.

"Now tell me, Mark Brigham, why I should not slay you, who attempted to assassinate me," said the miner.

"The shot was accidental indeed it was," returned the trembling gambler.

"I me a Union man. I live this Union from the Bottom of my Hart. I live every hoop pole in Maine, and every sheep ranche in Texas."

"On one condition," replied Farley. "Name it."

"That you marry the woman you have dishonored, and abandon your thieving vocation."

"I consent—but when?" "This very hour."

"I promise," said the gambler. "But your promise is not sufficient," replied Farley.

Brigham sent for his child, which had been left in New Orleans, purchased a tract of land in Los Angeles county and is now a wealthy and respected resident of that region.

Extravagance of the Age.

A shrewd writer, who is in the habit of telling home-truths which go direct to the heart of the popular follies of the day, has the following in relation to the pernicious system of domestic education, so prevalent at the present time:

"In the town of Somewhere lives M. Many-girls. He is a toilsome merchant, his wife a hard-working housekeeper. Once they were poor, but now they are ruinously rich.

"On the other side of the way, the Hon. Mr. Manysons has seven sons, who are the exact match for the merchant's daughters; rich, idle, some of them dissolute; debauchery coming before their beard; all useless, earn nothing, spending much, wasting more.

"Besides, there is an enormous waste of food, fuel, clothing of everything. We are the least economical, civilized people on earth.

"Orashun!" by Artemus Ward. I me a Union man. I live this Union from the Bottom of my Hart.

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A rich affair took place on a train of cars running from Cleveland to Columbus, Ohio, not long ago.

"Goin' ter Klumbus?" "Yes." "Goin' any further?" "No."

It is not worth your while to hate. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill will or hard thoughts towards any one.

Country Meetin' Talk.

An Illinois editor, who sometimes has an attack of Phonography, attended a country meetin', where he took down the following different topics of conversation at one time:

"Vote for Lovejoy!" exclaimed a political aspirant indignantly, "I'd as soon vote for Lloyd Garrison himself, loaded down as he is with"

"Two of the fattest beef critters you ever sot your eyes on," interrupted a dealer in cattle, "that I sold for"

"Teeth and nails to get the office," broke in another politician; besides he is?"

"Such a handsome young man, and he dances so beautifully. Did you ever see a handsomer pair of whiskers, or more insinuating?"

"The scariest fever and whooping cough, and I don't know what he hadn't had, poor little darling. This is the first time I've taken him out all since"

"The Mexican War, which I consider perfectly unjustifiable, unless it be on the ground that"

"The preacher has come," exclaimed a boy, and depositing my report in my pocket, I proceeded into the school-house to muse on the utility of phonography.

Joe Stetson was a wild, rollicking fellow, who spent most of his time in drinking and apereing, while his wife, Polly, was left at home to do the chores.

"Polly," said Joe, "do you remember long Jim Andrews? Well, him and me had an awful fight."

"Polly," replied Joe, "I tell you, you never did see such a fight as me and him had.—When he clinched me I jerked loose from him, and then gin three or four of the most sufficient licks you ever heard of.

"Polly," said Joe, "you don't know nothing 'bout fightin'." I tell you we fought like tigers; we rolled and we tumbled—first him on top, then me on top—then the boys would pat me on the shoulder, and hollow, 'Oh, my! Stetson!' We gougged, and bit and tore up the dirt in Seth Runnell's grocery yard.

"A TOUCHING ANECDOTE.—Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and free schools of that city, related the following anecdote:

A poor little boy, in a cold night in June, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no maternal or parental guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached, at nightfall, the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged and sent him on his way with his blessing.

It is not worth your while to hate. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill will or hard thoughts towards any one.

What if that man has cheated you, or that woman has played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one having won your utmost confidence and warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger?