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The largest and best selected Stock of Goods ever offered in this community.
It comprises a full line of Fashionable Dress Goods, suitable for FALL & WINTER, such as Black and Navy Blue, French and English Merinos, All Wool De Laines, (plain and colored), Navau Plaid, Tanjore Laine, Figured Cashmere, Flairs, Mousline De Laines, Colours, Traces, De Barbes, Anglaises, Prints, &c.

NEWS! NEWS! NEWS!!!

AT BEN JACOBS' AT BEN JACOBS' CHEAP CORNER, CHEAP CORNER.
BENJ. JACOBS has now upon his shelves a large and full assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, comprising a very extensive assortment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GROCERIES, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, &c., &c., &c.

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MOSES STROUS,
Will risk the above sum that he can sell Goods, to everybody, at the public sale, his stock has been re-negotiated for FALL and WINTER, and he invites all to call and examine for themselves.
His stock consists of every variety of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GROCERIES, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, &c., &c., &c.

ROBT. KING, MERCHANT TAILOR,

Will risk the above sum that he can sell Goods, to everybody, at the public sale, his stock has been re-negotiated for FALL and WINTER, and he invites all to call and examine for themselves.
His stock consists of every variety of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GROCERIES, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, &c., &c., &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

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, and the men will not find fault with his stock at their wear.

H. ROMAN!

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

BELL, GARRETTSON & CO., BANKERS,

A general Banking business done. Drafts on Philadelphia, Pittsburg, &c., constantly for sale. Money received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.
August 17, 1859.

BLANK BOOKS,

LEWIS BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.
ENVELOPES—
By the box, pack, or less quantity, for sale at LEWIS BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

WRAPPING PAPER!

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, Editor and Proprietor.
VOL. XV. HUNTINGDON, PA., DECEMBER 28, 1859. NO. 27.

Original Poetry.

"The Dying Boy to his Playmates." BY PETER DEWALT.

The dews of death were falling fast On a fair and youthful brow; His playmates gay, had gathered round— These words came and and low:
" Farewell companions, I must die, A God above has willed it so; Yet 'Til not add one bitter sigh, For death is not an evil foe.
' 'Tis not the future that I fear, But on the past my heart doth dwell; Those happy hours that we've spent here— My dear companions, all farewell.
Now oft we've joined in noisy play, Our hearts so wildly beat together, Dreaming not of a parting day— Such joys I thought too pure to sever.
How many gay and brightened dreams of life, Our light and boyish fancies fed; But, 'tis blest to be of the early dead.
Soon will I miss me from your band— This form shall moulder 'neath the sod; My spirit waits but death's cold hand, To be wafted to its God.
When I am dead you'll join in gloe, You'll play those games I loved so well; Yet 'Til not ask one thought for me— To all a long, a last farewell!"

A Select Story.

THE BEGGAR—A TRUE STORY.

One cold, windy morning, the last day of December, 1847, a half-naked man knocked timidly at the basement door of a fine substantial mansion in the city of Brooklyn.
Though the weather was bitter even for the season, the young man had no clothing except a pair of ragged cloth pants, and the remains of a flannel shirt, which exposed his muscular chest in many large rents. But in spite of his tattered apparel and evident fatigue, as he leaned heavily upon the railing of the basement stair, a critical observer could not fail to notice a conscious air of dignity, and the marked traces of cultivation and refinement in his pale, haggard countenance.

"Come in to the fire," cried the young wife, impulsively, "before you perish."
The mendicant without exhibiting any surprise at such unusual treatment of a street beggar, slowly entered the room, manifested a painful weakness at every step. On his entrance Mr. Maywood, with a displeased air, gathered up his papers and left the apartment. The compassionate lady unwisely placed the half-frozen man near the fire, while she prepared a bowl of fragrant coffee—which with abundant food, was placed before him. But noticing the abrupt departure of her husband, Mrs. Maywood, with a clouded countenance, left the room, whispering to the servant to remain until the stranger should leave.

"She then ran hastily up the richly mounted staircase, and paused before the entrance of a small laboratory and medical library, and occupied solely by her husband, who was a physician and practical chemist. She opened the door and entered the room. Mr. Maywood was sitting at a small table, with his head resting on his hands, apparently in deep thought.
"Edward," said the young wife, gently touching his arm, "I fear I have displeased you; but the man looked wretched, I could not bear to drive him away," and her sweet voice trembled as she added—"You know I take sacrament to-day."
"Dear Mary," replied the really fond husband, "I appreciate your motives. I know it is pure goodness of heart which leads you to disobey me, but still I must insist upon my former commands—that no beggar shall ever be permitted to enter the house. It is for your safety that I insist upon it. How deeply you might be imposed upon in my frequent absences from home I shudder to think.—The man that is now below may be but a burglar in disguise, and already in your absence taking impressions in wax of the different key-holes in the room so as to enter some night at his leisure. Your limited experience of city life, makes it difficult for you to credit so much depravity. It is no charity to give to street beggars, it only encourages vice, dearest."

At this moment the servant rapped violently at the door, crying out that the beggar was dying.
"Come, Edward, your skill can save him, I know," said his wife, hastening from the room.
The doctor did not refuse this appeal to his professional vanity, for he immediately followed her flying footsteps as they descended to the basement. They found the mendicant lying pale and unconscious upon the carpet,

where he had slipped in his weakness from the chair where Mrs. Maywood had seated him.

"He is a handsome fellow," muttered the doctor as he bent over him to ascertain the state of his pulse.
And he might well say so. The glossy locks of raven hair had fallen away from a broad white forehead; his closed eyelids were bordered by long raven lashes which lay like a silken fringe upon his pale bronzed cheeks, while a delicate aquiline nose, and a square massive chin displayed a model of manly beauty.
"Is he dead?" asked the young wife seriously.
"Oh, no, 'tis only a fainting fit, induced by the sudden change of the temperature, and perhaps the first stage of starvation," replied the doctor sympathizing. He had forgotten for the moment his cold maxims of prudential, and added, "he must be carried to a room without fire, and placed in a comfortable bed."

The coachman was called in to assist in lifting the athletic stranger, who was soon carried to a room, where the doctor administered with his own hands, strong doses of port wine with sngaree. The young man soon became partially conscious, but all conversation was forbade him, and he sank quietly to sleep.
"He is doing well; let him rest as long as he can; should he awake in our absence, give him beef and tea and toast ad libitum," said the doctor professional, as he left the room.
In less than an hour afterwards, Dr. Maywood and his wife entered the gorgeous church of the most Holy Trinity.

Amid the hundreds of fair dames that enter their fair portals, dressed with all the taste and magnificence that abundant wealth could procure, not one rivalled in grace and beauty the orphan bride of the rich physician. Her tall graceful figure was robed in violet silk, that only heightened by contrast her large azure eyes, bright with the lustre of youth and happiness; yet there was a touch of tender piety in their drooping lids that won the confidence of every beholder.

The snowy ermine mantle, which protected her from the piercing wind, rivalled, but could not surpass, the delicate purity of her complexion. Many admiring eyes followed the faultless figure of Mrs. Maywood, as she moved with unconscious grace up the central aisle of the church, but none with more heartfelt devotion than the young, wayward but generous man, who had recently wed her in spite of her poverty and the sneers of his aristocratic acquaintances.

The stately organ had pealed its last rich notes, which were faintly echoing in the distant arches, when a stranger of venerable aspect, who had previously taken part in the services of the altar, rose and announced his text, the oft quoted, but seldom applied words of the apostle, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Dr. Maywood felt his forehead flushed painfully; it appeared to him for the moment that the preacher must have known his want of charity towards the stranger, and wished to give him a public lesson; but he soon saw from the tenor of his remarks, that his own guilty conscience made the application in his particular case. I have no space nor power to give any synopsis of the sermon; but that it, combined with the incident of the morning, effected a happy resolution in the mind of at least one of its hearers; so much so, that on the return of Dr. Maywood from church, he repaired at once to the room of the mendicant to offer such medicines as he might stand in need of. But the young man seemed to be much refreshed by rest and nutritious food, and commenced gratefully thanking his host for the kind attention he had received, which, without a doubt, had saved his life. But I will recompense you well, for, thank God, I am not the beggar that I seem. I was shipwrecked on Friday night, on the Ocean Wave, on my return from India. My name was doubtless among the list of the lost—for I escaped from the waves by a miracle. I attempted to make my way to New York, where I have ample funds in bank awaiting my orders, but I must have perished from cold and hunger had it not been for you and your wife's provident charity. I was repulsed from every door as an impostor, and could get neither food nor rest. To be an exile from ones native land for ten years, and then, after escaping from the perils of the ocean, to die of hunger in the streets of a christian city, I felt was truly a bitter fate.

"My name is Arthur Willett," added the stranger.
" Why that is my wife's family name.—She will be pleased at her agency in your recovery."
"Of what State is she a native?" asked Arthur Willett, eagerly.
"I married her in the town of B—, where she was born."
At this moment, Mrs. Maywood entered the room, surprised at the long absence of her husband.
Arthur Willett gazed on her with a look of wild surprise, murmuring:
" It cannot be—it cannot be. I am delirious in thinking so."
Mrs. Maywood gazed with little less astonishment.

"What painful mystery is this?" cried Dr. Maywood excitedly, addressing his wife, who had then become conscious of the singularity of her conduct.
" Oh, no mystery," she replied sighing deeply, "only this stranger is the image of my long lost brother, Arthur." And Mrs. Maywood, overcome with emotion, turned to leave the room.
" Stay one moment," pleaded the stranger, drawing a small mourning ring from his finger, and holding it up, asked her if she recognized that relic.
" It is my father's grey hair, and you are—"

"His son, Arthur Willett, and your brother."
Mary Willett Maywood fell upon the mendicant's breast, weeping tears of sweetest joy and thanksgiving.
Dr. Maywood retired from the room, and

left sister and brother alone in that sacred hour of re-union, saying to himself:
"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Do You Want a Boy, Sir?
" Do you want a boy, sir?" said George, a little urchin scarcely eight years old, to a spruce looking clerk in a large store.

"Want a boy! Who who wants to be hired?" asked the clerk, looking with a puzzled glance at the little applicant.
" I do, sir," replied George.
" Look here, gentlemen," cried the young man, speaking to his fellow clerks, "here is a regular Goliath seeking work! Wants to be a porter, I s'pose. Look at him! Aint he a strapper?"

The clerks gathered in great glee about poor George, who stood full of earnest purpose before them, and was, therefore, unconscious of any reason why he should be made an object of sport.
" What can you do?" asked one.
" What can you post books, of course?" said another.

" Carry a bale of goods on your shoulder, eh?" cried a third.
" Hush, young gentlemen," said the elderly book-keeper at the desk, after viewing George through his spectacles. "Hush! Don't make sport of the child. Let me talk to him."— Then, speaking to George in kindly tones, he said, "You are too young to be hired, my child. Who sent you here?"

" I came myself, sir. My father and mother are gone to Heaven. My aunt is poor, and I want to earn something to help her. I am very strong, sir, and will work very hard.— Won't you please to hire me?"

" This simple story, told in a way that showed how earnestly the boy was not only checked the sport of the spruce clerks, but brought tears to their eyes. They looked on the delicate child before them with admiration and respect, and one of them placing a quarter dollar on the desk, asked the rest to follow his example. They did so. He took the money and offered it to George, saying:
" You are too small to be of any use here, my good boy. But take the money, and when you have grown a bit, perhaps we may find something for you to do."

George looked at the money without offering to touch it.
" Why don't you take the money?" asked the clerk.
" If you please, sir," I am not a beggar," said George; "I only want to earn something to pay my aunt for keeping me."

" You are a noble little fellow," said the senior clerk. "We give you the money not because we think you a beggar, but because we like your spirit. Such a boy as you will never be a beggar. Take the change, my boy, and may God give you and your aunt better days."

George now took the money, put it carefully into his little pocket, and left the store. His aunt, needy as she was, could not help laughing when he told his story, and the chiding she gave him for going in search of work without her council, was not very severe, you may feel assured.

Like George's spirit in this affair. It was the spirit that makes poor boys grow into useful and successful men. It made George do this, for in after years that little boy became a noted artist, whose praise was spoken by many tongues. All children should cherish a desire to do all they can for themselves, and to support themselves by their own labor as early as possible. Those who lean on father and mother for everything will find it hard work to get along by-and-by, as they may have to do when their parents die.— While those who early learn to rely upon themselves will have little difficulty in earning their own living. Learn, therefore, my children to help yourselves—always minding to do so under the advice and with the consent of your parents or guardians.

How Sut Lovengood Dosed His Dog.

When I were a boy, my legs not longer than John Wentworth's, had fished home a worthless, wampy, flec-bitten, gray old fox hound, good for nothing but to swallow whoop over lined the bowels of us brats. Well, I naturall took a distaste, and had a sort o' hankerin' after hurtin' his feeling an' discomfortin' or him every time dad's back were turned. This sorter kept a big skeer before his eyes, and a orful yell ready to pour out, the first motion he seed me make. So he learned to swallow things as he run, and alers kept his legs well under him, fur he didn't never know how soon he mought want to use em' in totin' his carcass beyond the reach of a flyin' rock. He knowed the whiz o' a rock in moshun well, an' he never stopped to see who flung it, but jist left his head fly open to gin a howl round to cum, and set his legs gwine the way his nose was pintin'. He'd shy round every rock he seen in the road, for he looked upon it as a calamity to cum arter him some day. I tell you, Gregory, that runnin' an' the greatest invenshun on earth when used keerfully. Whar'd I a been by this time, if I hadn't relied on these legs?— D'y'e see 'em! Don't they remind you of compasses made on purpose to divide a mile into quarters? They'll do.

Well, one day I took a pig's bladder, nigh unto the size of a duck's aig, and filled it full o' powder, and corked with a piece of punk, rolled it up in a thin skulp of meat, and set the punk afire and flung it at him.— He swallowed it in a jerk, and then set to getting away for doing it. I heard a noise like bustin' somethin', and his tail lit top o' my hat. His head were away down the hill, and had tnook dead hold onto a root. His fore legs were fifty feet up the road makin' moshuns, and his hind ones a straddlin' o' the fence. As to the dog himself, as a dog I never seed him again.

Well, dad flung five or six hundred under my shirt with the dried skin o' a bull's tail, and gin me the remainder next day with a waggin whip what he borrowed from a feller while he was watterin, his horses; and the waggin got sorry for me, and hollowed to me to turn my beggin' and squallin' into frustrate running, which I immediatly did, and the last lick missed me about ten feet.

Love of Occupation.

The great difference which we perceive in the success of people depends almost entirely upon the earnestness with which they pursue their industrial callings. And that earnestness depends again upon the love for and the engrossment by the pursuit in which they are engaged. It is a bad sign when a man is forever lamenting the difficulties of his avocation, and wishing he were in any other business than that which, for the time being, demands his attention.

Those who expect to find any pursuit which is free from difficulties, are grossly mistaken. Every occupation, prosecuted to success, involves the overcoming of many obstacles, and the surmounting of many impediments.— When we fancy that our particular business possesses all the discouragements, and that the avocations of others are all pleasant and easy, we only exhibit the narrowness of our minds and the feebleness of our observation.

We observe the mechanic working with great ease in his department of handicraft, and most rapidly producing the most beautiful forms from the rudest material. His work looks easy. But who does not know that year after year of severe application and practise were requisite to prepare for such speedy and beautiful execution? The lawyer addresses a jury upon a vast collection of facts, and, with surpassing eloquence, strips the sophistries away which have been artfully woven by the opposite counsel. Everybody admires the skill with which this is done, and those who have not made the attempt, think it easy to imitate it. But, let them try, and they would discover that years of close study and much logical culture were necessary in order that the effect might be produced.

So it is in every occupation. Ease, skill, and grace in labor come only from repeated struggles, and after many failures. We feel the difficulties in our own pursuits, but, in the pursuits of others, we only witness the dexterity which the operator manifests.

Hence we misjudge and magnify the vexations and difficulties of our own avocations. But, whenever we get into this state of mind, we may be sure that we are leaving the path which leads to the goal of success. It shows that we do not love our occupation, that we are not sufficiently engrossed by it to deserve or command success.

To the young, a love of the pursuit in which you are engaged is invaluable. The moment they possess this, every obstacle diminishes in magnitude and power, until it becomes a pleasure to attack and overcome them. But, when young men go through their daily tasks simply because they feel they must execute them, their avocation becomes dull and tedious, and they do not properly perform their tasks. A boy in a store, who does just as much as he is told to do, and not even that when he can shirk part of it, will never make a good business man.— He never satisfies his employers, never gets half the wages that he might, and, by his dilatory and shiftless method of doing his work, makes his task twice as arduous as it would otherwise be.

So it is with the man who is prosecuting business on his own account. If he defers it to his pleasures or recreations, his business becomes annoying and tiresome. He loses customers and grows careless. As his business decreases he becomes more and more disaffected, and finally, retires a bankrupt and in disgust with his avocation. There is no remedy for this state of things but the cultivation of a taste, amounting to a passion, for the occupation which we pursue for a livelihood.

An Historical Retrospect.

Organization of Congress.—Within the last twenty years there have been three instances of a long delay in the organization of the House of Representatives at Washington.— The Cincinnati Inquirer recalls the facts in the following sketch:
In 1839 and '40, toward the close of Mr. Van Buren's administration, the House, which met early in December, did not succeed in choosing a Speaker until about the first of January. The choice then fell on Mr. R. M. T. Hunter, now a United States Senator from Virginia, but then serving in the House of Representatives. It was his first session, and he was entirely unknown to the country.— He was a Southern State-rights whig, and was elected by the whigs and democratic friends of Mr. Calhoun. Before the session was over Mr. Hunter joined the democratic party, and supported Mr. Van Buren for President in the memorable 'hard cider' contest of 1840.

Again, in 1849 and '50 there was a long delay in the organization. The candidates for Speaker were R. C. Winthrop, whig, of Massachusetts, and Howell Cobb, dem. of Ga., now Secretary of the Treasury. After balloting for three weeks it was found impossible to elect by a majority, so a rule was adopted declaring that the person who had the highest number of votes should be elected whether it was a majority of the whole number of votes cast or not. Under this rule Mr. Cobb, democrat, of Georgia, was elected.— But the most remarkable instance of delay was in 1855-1856. The House of Representatives which convened in December, 1855, did not succeed in electing a Speaker until February, 1856, a period of eleven or twelve weeks. Mr. Banks, republican, of Massachusetts, was then elected under the plurality rule, similar to that adopted in 1850. He received one hundred and three votes to one hundred cast for Wm. Aiken, democrat, of South Carolina. With these exceptions, we believe, that there is no instance in our congressional history where the house failed to organize the first week of the session.

The Speaker is a very important political officer, is worth contending for. He has the appointment of all the committees of the House, and, under the rules of Parliamentary law in regard to the dispatch of business, can, by his decisions, make a most potent influence in determining the character of the legislation of the country.

Some men are so covetous as if they were to live forever, and others as profuse as if they were to die the next moment.

A Bull on the Track.

Not long ago an eye-witness of the circumstances related a fight, or rather a conflict between a Central Engine and a short-tailed, stiff-necked little bull belonging to a farmer living near the line. One very fine morning as the locomotive was traveling down the country at a speed considerably faster than a snail or a six ox team, the engineer "looked up the road and saw the dust arising."— Nearing the point, he discovered a live animal in the midst of it, pawing and snorting in a manner which showed that his bump of combativeness was largely developed. The whistle instantly admonished him, in anything but a whispering tone, that he was trespassing upon private rights, and that his presence was demanded away from there.— But the bovine specimen of flesh answered the admonition with a blast which, if uttered at the same time, would have drowned the scream of the locomotive, and which announced that the ventor considered himself master of the position, or MacGregor on his native heath. To go round was not in the nature of the engine, and to get out of the way not in the nature of the bull. This made up a distinct issue between the parties. As the engine rapidly neared, and the short-tailed party squared himself, a mutual lunge was made, which resulted in a little more "har," side and blood being distributed around there—and in quicker time—than you ever saw on market morning in a butcher's lot.— It is needless to say that the engine, like the French at Solferino, remained master of the ground. An Irish brakeman closed the serio-comedy by remarking to the defunct bovine carcass, "y've pluck, but d—n yer judgment."

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF IRVING.—The character of Mr. Irving was cherished with such admiration and delight in the hearts of his countrymen, that a cold analysis of its qualities, almost upon his departure, would be no less impertinent than superfluous.— The language of fond eulogium has been lavished in his praise. Our most eminent writers have loved to make his virtues the theme of cordial panegyric. In truth, the sympathy which he called forth by the sweetness and kindness of his heart was not surpassed by the homage which was freely paid to the splendid endowments of his intellect.

It was the man, more than the author, in Washington Irving, which commanded such reverence and love, from neighbor and friend. With his innate turn for humor, he combined a tender appreciation of every form of loveliness and worth. His inimitable satire was never malignant, but evinced most agreeable manifestations, always preserved a genial element. His lambent sarcasms won admiration, not by their bitterness, but by their brilliancy. He had such a genuine love of nature as to make affectation with him impossible. It is as a sincere, generous, large-hearted, and healthy-minded man that he will be remembered with lingering affection, even if the lovers of literature could ever forget the debt which they owe to the productions of his rare and beautiful genius.

We never knew until we read the sermon of Elder Middletons, one of the saints of Mormondom, delivered recently to his disciples at Salt Lake City, that they had a printing office, editors and reporters, in Heaven. He concludes his sermon thus:
" They eat and drink and sleep in Heaven. Earth is emphatically a miniature of Heaven. I believe they have a printing office in Heaven, and electric telegraphs, and short hand reporters. Why not? Are they not greater than we are on earth? I believe there is a channel of communication extending from my mouth to the home of the angels, and probably an angel at the telegraph office in Heaven is now waiting for the news from here, and as soon as he gets it he will take it right to the hand of the printers and they will set it up in type and print it in newspapers, and then boys or men will jump on horses and ride around, giving the inhabitants of Heaven the latest news concerning the kingdom of God on earth. There are more than two reporters here, more than brother Long and brother Watt; I believe there is a reporter here from Heaven to find out who is speaking, what he is speaking about, and everything else of interest. He sends the items as fast as he gets them, right up to Heaven, and there they are printed."

A HAY FIELD ANECDOTE.—An old gentleman who was always bragging how folks used to work in his young days, one time challenged his two sons to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it.

The challenge was accepted and the hay wagon driven round, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditable, calling out, tauntingly, "More hay! more hay!"

Thicker and faster it came. The old man was nearly covered, still he kept crying, "More hay! more hay!" until struggling to keep on the top of the disordered and ill-arranged heap, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the wagon, and the old man with it.

"What are you down here for?" cried the boys.
" I came down after hay!" answered the old man, stoutly.

Which was the fact. He had come down after the wagon load, which had to be pitched on again rather more deliberately.

A drunken man entered a Sunday school when the superintendent was questioning the scholars, and quietly watched the proceedings. At first the teacher paid no attention to the "intruder." But presently, being disturbed by frequent repetition of "hic-cough," in which cabalistic expression the stranger frequently indulged, the good parson demanded in a severe tone: "Sir, do you know where you are?" "Yes, sir, was the prompt answer. "I am in a state of sin and depravity. Ask me another (hic) hard question!"

An Arkansas candidate for Congress sets forth his qualifications for office in the following language:
" Gentlemen, if I am elected so this office, I will represent my constituents as the sea represents the earth, or as night contrasts with day. I will unrivet all human society, clean all its parts, and scatter it together again. I will correct all abuses, purge out all corruption, and go through the machinery of our party like a rat through a new cheese." He was elected.

" My son, haven't I told you three times to go and shut that gate?" said a father to a three year old. " Yes," said Young America, " and haven't I told you three times that I wouldn't do it. You must be stupid."

Wherever there is authority, there is a natural inclination to disobedience. It was so with our first parents, and it has ever been so with all their descendants.