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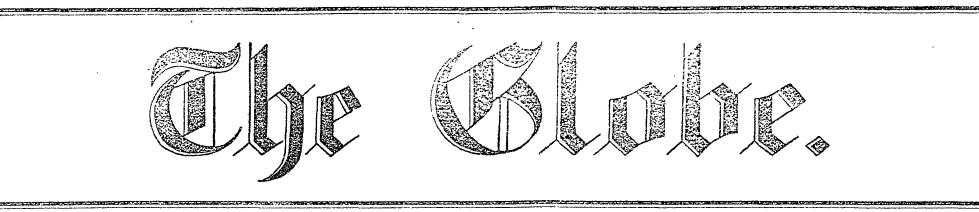
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IST OF GRAND JURORS FOR A Court of Quarter Sessions to be held at Huntingdon in and for the county of Huntingdon, the second Monday and 9th day of April, A. D. 1860.

William Addleman, farmer, Warriorsmark. John A. Campbell. farmer, Brady. Henry Cramer, laborer, Brady. John Cummings, farmer, Juckson. James Carothers, farmer, Gromwell. Robert Cunningham, merchant, West. Frederick Crum, farmer, Tod. Robert Cunningham, merchant, West. Frederick Crum, farmer, Tod. Martin Flenner, wagonmaker, Walker. Matthew Gill, wagonmaker, Brady. James K. Hampson, gentleman, Brady. Christian Long, gentleman, Huntingdon. George Leas, merchant, Shirlcysburg. Samuel Love, carpenter, Tell. Hugh Miller, farmer, Brady. Robert McPherren, farmer, Franklin. James McClure, farmer, Porter. Joseph McCrackon, farmer, Brady. William A. McCarthy, farmer, Brady. Robert McNeal, farmer, Clay. John Stevens, farmer, Warriormark. Samuel Sprankle, farmer, Porter. Henry Summers, merchant. Penn. James Wilson, farmer, Henderson.

TRAVERSE JURORS-FIRST WEEK. TRAVERSE JURORS-FIRST WEEK. James Baker, inn keeper, Cronwell. George Branstetter, farmer, Warriormark. George Bell, farmer, Barree. Thomas Carmon, tinner, Huntingdon. Christian Colestock, farmer, Huntingdon. Nicholas Cruni, farmer, Tod. John Clabaugh, laborer, Walker, Hugh Cook, farmer, Cromwell. Andrew Donaldson, farmer, Carbon. Jacob H. Dell, farmer, Cromwell. John A. Doyle, gentleman, Shirley. David Freidley, butcher, Walker. John Griffith, farmer, Tod. Thomas Green, farmer, Cass. Abraham Harnish, farmer, Morris. John Haulin, laborer, Jackson. Thomas Green, farmer, Cass. Abraham Harnish, farmer, Morris. John Hamlin, laborer, Jackson. Adam Heeter, farmer, Clay. Geo. D. Hudson, inn keeper, Clay. Robert F. Hazlet, inn keeper, Morris. Samuel Hackedom, farmer, Tell. Thomas Irvin, farmer, Union. William Johns, farmer, Cromwell. Daniel Kuode, farmer, Corter. Joseph Kinch, laborer, Franklin. Asher Kelley, farmer, Union. Christian Miller, farmer, Cass. John Myerly, farmer, Springfield. William Morgan, farmer, Shirley. John Myerly, farmer, Springfield. William Morgan, farmer, Shirley. John Myerly, farmer, Springfield. William Morgan, farmer, Walker. Isaac Peightal, farmer, Walker. Isaac Peightal, farmer, Walker. Jacob Rider, carpenter, Warliormark. William Stone, farmer, Hopewell. William Stone, farmer, Hopewell. William Stone, constable, Wartiormark. Benedict Stevens, farmer, Clay. Laba Shirley farmer, Clay. John Simpson, constable, Warnormark, Benedict Stevens, farmer. Clay. John A. Shirley, farmer. Hopewell. William Shellenberger, drover, Franklin. Isaac Taylor, farmer, Tod. John Vandevander, J. P., Walker. Samuel Wilson, farmer, Cromwell. William Williams, inn keeper, Huntingdon, Isaac Zimmerman, merchant, Vaisa.

TRAVERSE JURONS-SECOND WEEK. Thomas Ashton, farmer, Springfield. John Anderson, farmer, Penn. Alexander C. Blair, farmer, Pell. Owen Boat, coachunkker, Huntingdon. Daniel Courad, farmer, Franklin.



WILLIAM LEWIS,

VOL. XV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., MARCH 28, 1860.

-PERSEVERE.-

Select Poetry.

SPRING IS COMING. BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Sweet, gentle Spring is coming, Winter's reign will soon be o'er; The soft South wind is sighing, It tells us Winter's dying; On the ground his staff is lying, 'Tis his no more.

Sweet, gentle Spring is coming, With jewels in her hand: She will bring us April showers, She will clothe with green our bowers, She will scatter lovely flowers, O'er our pleasant land.

With songs the birds will greet her In every wood and dell; Winter old, and bent and weary, Your path was bare and dreary, Yet your grasp though cold was cheery; Old friend, farewell.

Select Story.

A VOICE FROM THE WAVES.

It is midnight, and I am alone! Yet my solitude is peopled with many busy memories; for, beyond the precincts of this silent little room, is the sound of rushing waters, dashing on impetuously, filling all the air with hoarse, fitful murmurs. Above the tumult rises one voice, speaking to my soul in the eloquence of woe. Thus it spoke to me once before in the years that are past.

My cousin Ruth and I shared this little room together. From its deep window we mirrored their graceful forms in its cool shad-

Another, too, knew well its windings; and from that window we had watched him moor his little boat and spring upon the mossy beach with a boyish halloo! as he caught give myself." the flutter of Ruth's waving handkerchiefher free cousinly signal of welcome. My noble brother Horace! What wonder

that Ruth's loving heart bounded at the sight came. of him so manly and so brave ! His presence made sunshine for the rainiest day that ever befel; and even old Growler, octogenarian as he was, according to the reckoning of the canine calender, gamboled in quite a juvenile way at the sound of the familiar voice ; and the sleck little greyhound, Flora, thrust her masses of floating timber hurried along by cold nose forward, in a privileged way, to offer a salute after the most approved "pug" fashion. The summer with its wealth of roon the cheeks of my beautiful cousin were growing deeper day by day. How royally beautiful she was as she stood in that east window, in the bright glory of the morning sunshine ! So Horace thought, as he stood looking down upon her so fondly. Her soft brown hair was drawn smoothly back from her broad, white brow, and her small, beautiful head encircled with ivy leaves. When she raised her deep, lustrous eyes to his face, he compared her to Dante's "Beatrice." But Ruth was sportive as a fawn, and that beseeching look, failing in its object, the white lids drooped over the tender eyes, and the red lip pouted omniously. Horace held his gloves and riding whip in one hand, while he extended the other to Ruth for a parting clasp. The little shoe, with its shining buckle, happed impatiently against the white oaken floor, while the rosy fingers busied them-selves with an embroidered slipper. Perverse girl that she was! not to be daunted by the half depresatory glance of those expressive cycs ; but she kept silence. " Come Ruth, cousin mine, have pity, and don't dismiss me without one cousinly salute. How can I bear up under a whole week's exile from my little wife that is to be, without even one kiss at parting ?" Playfully bending down to look into her averted eyes, he continued : "Why, you are as silent as the sphinx .-By your leave, I will present you as a rara avis at the next convention of "Naturalists" -a woman that has lost the use of her tongue !" Jas. Saxton, Committee, &c "I am dumb with surprise!" nantly. " At what ?"

Ruth came forward as the sound of rattling for you both. Now you saucy rogues," he wheels struck her ear. Peering through the continued as we both fell into extacles of adblinds she saw the carriage pass over the lit- miration over the exquisite pearl ornaments tle bridge and lose itself among the trees.-Then with a sigh, she sat down to finish the velvet slippers she was embroidering for Horace, with a resolution, no doubt to banish him from her mind. Entering the room a half-hour later, I found her leaning idly upon the embrause of the window, with the minia-ture of Horace lying before her, which she was regarding very attentively. Horacs had gone to a neighboring town to

attend to some court business, which required his personal supervision, and which he could not possibly neglect or entrust to other hands. But Ruth had set her heart upon having him at "Clovermead" that evening, to a company given to a bride, for whom she had officiated as bridesmaid.

The position was embarrassing, and she particularly wished Horace to be present, to particularly wished Hotace to be present, to spare her the annoyance of the too pointed attentions of the groomsman—a matter which she had not altogether explained to Horace, and which, consequently, he did not quite understand. She felt piqued at his seeming indifference, for they had loged each other from childhood, and for the first time in their lives had parted coldly—he vexed that she lives had parted coldly-he vexed that she by a sudden ring at the office bell. My cous- Another long blank period passed, and should insist on controlling him, and she half in Henry slept in the adjoining room, and in then, when all was still, I took the hand of lives had parted coldly-he vexed that she by a sudden ring at the office bell. My cousdisposed to question his love.

terrific storm. The tall populars shading the strong listening. avenue were tossed like reeds in the strong listening. wind, and occasionally in the lull of the tem-best we heard the roar of the swollen stream, up quickly, for God's sake! Horaceis drownas it overflowed its banks, and tore up by the roots the knotted beeches that had east their shadows upon its bosom for half a century. Ruth, startled from her light slumber clung watched the windings of the beautiful stream rippling in the sunlight, or leaving the droop-ing branches of the spreading beeches that glare through the sullen gloom. Again and again she called Horace by name, and ejacu-

lated prayers for his safety. "Oh, cousin Annie," she would say, "should

by strange forebodings, I sought to soothe her. So the night passed, and the morning

The soft haze floated like a veil of gossamer over the yellow maples, till their bright leaves deepened to a crimson glow. Through masses of snow white clouds were rifts of smiling blue-no trace of the fearful storm, except the roar of the turbid stream and the

There was sunshine, too, in the trusting heart of cousin Ruth ; for the good doctor, ses, was on the wane. But as the roses of her father, had brought from the post office a the garden were shedding their glowing leaves in the chill of the autumn winds, those sideration of her displeasure, if she would grant him upon his return, the oon she had denied him at parting, he would brave all the my poor darling, how can we break the dread-adverse fates extant, and be with her that ful tidings to her? You must tell her, Annie evening. All day the name of Horace was upon her tongue. Busily she plied her needle, weaving in the bright blue "forget-me-nots" upon the purple ground of the velvet slipperspeace-offerings for Horace upon his return. "It was so wrong of me, Annie," she would say, " to behave so imperiously to Horace. He has so often told me that my unwavering confidence in him endeared me to him more than all the rest. Oh, the laggard moments! how slowly they pass-I am so impatient to acknowledge my fault, and convince him that I appreciate his noble worth. Let us go down to the old ash tree, Annie, and perhaps we may hear the sound of 'Harry's' hoofs as he crosses the little bridge !" I humored my cousin's wish, for there was a something oppressing my heart of which I dared not speak—a half recognized forboding of ill. The sun was setting gloriously as we neared the stately ash, under whose broad shadow we three had so often sat, chatting in the very recklessness of joy. Alas! its days of pride was passed. It was riven to the Horace had lost his life in trying to save, heart by the lightning's unerring bolt! One were swept down by the current. Horace half standing creet waved its blighted branches was seen no more. Many had followed down menacingly; theother lay prone upon the earth. A faint shudder ran through Ruth's limbs | might be found; but as yet were unsuccessful. as she stood by the wreck of her old favorite. Glancing towards the stream the color forsook her chceks, her large eyes dilated; and, cold and rigid as marble, she raised her finger and pointed to a huge tangled mass of interlacing "Such a favor would scarce compensate branches that were rising and falling in the as long as you can. My poor child, your own for the loss of your wit," she replied, indig- rushing whirlpool of water. I followed the heart is breaking, but sympathy for another direction of her eyes, my blood congealed | will make your own grief less hard to bear !" with an indefinite horror; but I could dis- Kissing me tenderly, he sent me back to my cern nothing to excite alarm. "What? what, Ruth?" I engerly exclaimed, clasping her quivering forms in my arms. "Oh, Annie," she said, as the color came 'Guillaume Tell!' And, since you are as fairly back to her writhing lips, "I thought lay in wavy masses over the fair temples, and defiant as the Swiss liberator, I must be as I saw—but it is too horrible—help me to dis-cvery flexible, delicate feature, indicated a haughty as the tyrant Gessler. But I won't pel the dreadful illusion! Let us return; I sweet painless rest. Without, was the sullen plead for a privilege that I have a right to | cannot remain here. Let us hasten home !" annot remain here. Let us hasten home!" roar of the remorseless waters, filling my I did not urge her to tell me the cause of larm Hurrying through the orthonized ears with wild requiems for the loved and humor when we meet a week hence !" And alarm. Hurrying through the gathering lost. I nestled closely to my cousin's side and with a polite bow, he was about to withdraw. shadows, we spoke no word until we reached Ruth made a step forward, and said, in a the house. It needed all the cheerful aspect strength from her peaceful unconsciousness. of the comfortable little tea-room, with its genial inmates, to restore composure both to Ruth and myself. As the evening wore on, my uncle noticed Ruth's restlessness, and asked, in his abrupt way: "Whom are you expecting, Ruth? Not claimed: Horace, my daughter. He surely would not be such a madcap as to attempt crossing the you must emulate the tenderness of your bridge with the stream rushing at such a fearscriptural namesake, if you would gain your | ful rate! The waters are subsiding, and toplea. But Hamilton is waiting, let us part morrow, perhaps, he will find the undertaking a little less dangerous. Keep up a brave heart and don't take trouble or interest .---Such a sunny face as yours was never meant to be clouded by sadness. Come into my self quickly, as I had something important office, you and Annie, and let me see if I to tell her. We followed the dear old man. He unlocked his private desk, and took therefrom two handsome jewel cases. "See here!" he said, as he pushed back adjoining room, leaving Horace, half-amused the spring, "what a simpleton my two spoiled and half-pained, to bid me a hasty adieu, and pets make of me. Hartman insisted upon find his friend who was waiting for him in a my purchasing these while I was in New her, as composedly as I could, of the dread-York, three months ago, as bridal presents ful catastrophe.

For a little while she sat gazing abstractedly in my face; then realizing the purport

-necklaces, braces and brooches-"I verily believe you would sell me, if you were offered such gimeracksin exchange. Now if you don't promise to value my present before all others, I will pull the ear off you. You see me just once more, and let me clasp the hand Annie, since you are not to have a husband, but are to stay and tyrannize over me, after this ungrateful girl leaves me, I am going to bind you by a chain of pearls; and if that ace dead! No, no—I will not believe it!" won't keep you in check, why, I will sell you to the first bidder, and think it a happy rid-

dance!" thanks, and betook ourselves to our room to and consolation.

a thunderbolt! Through an explicable whirl of confused thought, I heard Henry's bewil-

our door and descending the stairs. Then, silently as I could I passed through the outer door and stood at the landing of the stair till they all had gone, and 1 heard my uncle the lamp in his hand, the light falling upon

his white hair, and face strongly compressed. At sight of the he startled, then set down the lamp and took me in his arms.

of my words, in a sudden revulsion of feeling she sprang to her feet exclaiming : "Oh, Horace ! Horace ! let me die, too ! I cannot-I will not live without you! Ob, Horace, my cousin, come back and speak to

Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 40.

Thus at intervals, she moaned and laughed incredulously, looking with an eager, ques-tioning look into the faces of each one who We half smothered him with kisses and entered our room with words of sympathy

try the effect of our beautiful gifts. Very Then, as the day wore on, there was the lovely the white pearls looked on Ruth's sound of wheels without, and then followed scarcely less snowy throat; but she laid them the hurried retreat of shuffling feet in the aside and curned to the window, looking lin- hall below. I knew too well the import of of horrible departure, the awful thunder of geringly at the clear, cloudless moon and that sound. Ruth raised her bloodless face final doom. All this trembling, betrayed geringly at the clear, cloudless moon and that sound. Ruth raised her bloodless face

a few minutes I heard my uncle's voice cal- Ruth, and we descended the stairs, and pas-Three nights after Horace left there was a ling to him in a low, suppressed tone. I sed through the hall, where groups of anxterrific storm. The tall poplars shading the sprang from my bed and stood at the door ious faces were silently waiting for a look at that? The drooping victim is worse used the beloved dead.

We entered the room so dark and chill, and together we two, whom he had loved best in life, stood, pale and tearless, beside him-

I laid my hand upon my heart-my wild dead! The noble features were no trace of mangled corpse they stand to put the laurels beating heart-for even then came a thought the death struggle. A benign peace rested on her murderer's brow! When I see such of the silent sleeper, breathing so calmly un- upon his brow and lips. The knife was still things as these. I thank God that there is a of the silent sleeper, breathing so calmly un-der the very sound of the appalling words clasped in the right hand, with a grasp no that would fall upon her car like the crash of power could unloose.

Ruth lifted the wet hair from the temples, until the holy repose of the dead face passed dered exclamations, as his father said softly, into her own young stricken soul. I left her "Get up quietly, my son, and do not disturb there alone with him to whom, in life, her

had been garnered up in my soul, found relief in blessed tears.

Our dead was borne from our sight, and in the agony of her grief, Ruth told me how closing the door as he re-entered the house. she had seen, as she thought, the face of he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to below, on the day following. Time came to both, with healing in its

The Seducer and his Victim. From the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Sermons.]

The seducer! Playing upon the most sa-cred affection, he betrays innocence. How? By its noblest faculties; by its trust; by its unsuspecting faith, and by its honor. The victim, often and often, is not the accomplice so much as the sufferer, betrayed by an exorcism which bewitch her noblest affections to become the the suicide of her virtues! The betrayer, for the most intense selfishness, without one motive, without one pretense of honor-by lies; by a devilish jugglery of fraud; by blinding_the eyes, confusing the conscience; misleading the judgment, and instilling the dew of sorcery upon every flower of sweet affection—deliberately, heartless-ly damns the confiding victim! Is there one shade of good intention, one glinimering trace of light? Not one. There was not the most shadowy, tremulous intention of honor. It was a sheer, premeditated, wholesale ruin, from beginning to end. The accursed sor-cerer opens the door of the world to push her forth. She looks out all shuddering; for there is shame and sharp-toothed hatred, and chattered slander, and malignant envy, and triumphing jealously, and old revenge-these are born but will not kill. And there is for her want, and poverty, and guant famine. There is the world spead out; she sees father and mother heartlessly abandoning her, a brother's shame, a sister's anguish.---It is a vision of desolation ; a plundered home, an altar where honor and purity and peace have been insidiously sacrificed to the foul Moloch. All is cheerless to the eye, and her ear catches the sounds of sighing and mourning, wails and laments; and far down, at the horizon of the vision, the murky cloud for a moment lifts, and she sees the very bottom of infamy, the ghastliness of death, the spasm her to abandon her, and walks the street to boast his hellish decd! It becomes him thus, as the wolf, to seek out the bleeding lamb.-Oh, my soul; believe it not! What sight is than the informal destroyer. He is fondled, courted, passed from honor to honor! and she is crushed and mangled under the infuriated tramp of public indignation! On her

Washington's Mother.

What a meeting was there of mother and son after the glorious ending of the strife for independence!

those unhappy children !" I heard the sound of voices below; then my cousin Henry's cautious step passing by my cousing the first time of Washington was permitted again to see and embrace her illustrious son, the first time in almost seven years. As soon as he had dismounted, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suite, after reaching Fredericksburg Like a spirit I had glided down, and awaited Horace looking out at her from the eddying know when it would be her pleasure to re-him in the hall. He came forward holding waves. His body had been found some miles ceive him. And now, reader, mark the force ary signt of the startled, then set down the wings, but the brightness had passed from its interview of the great Washington amp and took me in his arms. I could not weep—only look at him with beseeching eagerness in my cyes, which throng, many are the faces that look interview of war proclaimed his coming the faces that look interview of war proclaimed his coming the faces that look interview of the great washington. of early education and habits, and the supehe readily understood. "My child," he said, "I will not repeat what I see you know too well. They have gone in search of the body. There is no pos-sibility of his being found alive. But, Ruth, my poor darling how can we break the detail. founder of his fortunes and his fame; for full well he knew that the matron was made of sterner stuff than to be moved by all the pride that glory ever gave, and all "the pomp and eircumstances" of power. She was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced, and it was further told, that the victor chief was in waiting at the threshold. She bid him welcome by a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endcaring name of George-the familiar name of his childhood; she inquired as to his health, remarked that the lines which mighty cares and many toils had made in his countenance, spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory not one word. THE PERILS OF BALLOONING .--- Professor Wells, says the Wetumka, Ala., Spectator. attempted to ascend in his balloon on the 3d inst., which came near proving disastrous to him. The balloon having been inflated, he stepped into the basket, and gave the word to "let go," and was not obeyed, but immediately afterwards, when he was not ready, they did "let go," and the wind blowing from the west, the balloon, with lightning speed, was borne upwards, he swaying forward and back, with but one foot in the basket. It first struck a wood pile, then a fence, then the side of Coosa Hall kitchen, then the eaves of the kitchen, knocking off the shingles, and afterwards the caves of the Coosa Hall, when it threw him some feet from the basket, and he dangled in the air holding mainly by his hands to the ropes. With great presence of mind, on arriving just over Coosa Hall, while some eight feet from the roof, he swung loose from the balloon, and dropped on the roof.--Had he not done this, he would have been borne into the air, and a horrid death would have awaited him, as he was holding by his hands, whose strength must soon have given out. A large crowd was present, anxious to see the ascension, and all were greatly relieved when he alighted safely. GIVE BOYS A CHANCE .- One of the surest methods of attaching a boy to the farm, is to let him have something upon it for his own. Give him a small plot of ground to cultivate, allow him the proceeds for his own use. Let him have his own steer to break, or his sheep to care for. The ownership of even a fruit tree, planted, pruned and brought to bear by his own hands, will inspire him with an interest that no mere reward or wages can give. In addition to the cultivation of a taste for farm life, which such a course will cultivate, the practical knowledge gained by the boy will be of the highest value. Being interested, he will be more observant, and will thoroughly learn what is necessary for his success. Another and equally important advantage will be the accustoming him early to feel responsibility. Many young men though well acquainted with all the manuel operations of the farm, when entrusted with the management of an estate, fail for want of experience in planning for themselves. It is much better that responsibility should be assumed, than that a young man should be first thrown upon himself on attaining his majority.—American Agriculturist.

Wen Boar, Gaerman, Franklin,
Baniel Courad, farmer, Franklin,
George Culp, mason, Barree.
William Chiloote, farmer, Cromwell.
Robert Cummings, farmer, Jackson.
Thomas Dorland, tarmer, Henderson.
Jacob Drake, miller, Clay.
John Dysart, farmer, Porter.
Willium Dysart, farmer, Porter.
Willium Dysart, farmer, Franklin.
Jacob David. farmer, Union.
Daniel Fetterhoof. farmer. Morris.
Barton Green, merchant, Oneida.
Stephen Gorsuch. farmer, Henderson.
Samuel Grove, farmer, Penn.
Fréderick Grass, farmer, Clay.
Samuel Hall, farmer, West.
Jacob Hoover, farmer, Penn. Samuel Hill, farmer, West. Jacob Hoover, farmer, Penn. John Jackson, farmer, Jackson. Jonathan K. Metz, farmer, Brady. Janes McKinstrey, farmer, Shirley. Daniel Neff, jr., farmer, Norter. Henry Neff, farmer, West. William Painter, farmer, Brady. John Ross. Jaborer, Brady. John Ridenour, farmer, Junita. Wicheel Savder, carnenter. Hunting Michael Snyder, carpenter, Huntingdon. Robert Tussey, farmer, Morris. William Thompson. farmer, Clay. Abraham Weight, farmer, Franklin. Jonathan Wilson, farmer, West. John Wilson, farmer, Jackson. Adam Warefield, blacksmith, Brady.

March 21, 1860. TRIAL LIST FOR APRIL TERM, FIRST WEEK. er. rs Stewart & McClelland. rs Daniel J. Logan. rs Asaph Price, et al. rs Brice N. Blair. rs Jona. Wall. rs Michael Funk. et al. rs Mary McCauley, et al. 1860 John II. Stonebraker. N. Kelly's Exrs. Elizabeth Keith D. Logan James Wall John Hutchison Miller Wallaco SECOND WEEK. Morrison's Cove T'np'k co. vs Hacker & Co. Lyon, Shorb & Co. Wm. H. Briggs Thomas & Huston Ewing. Washington Vaughu. 28 C. H. Schrine A. Lewis. Jacob Cresswell. Ľ3 H. & B. T. M. R. R. & C. Co. vs A. A. Jacobs Millikin, for use James Bricker. John McComb. Mary Ann Shearer. A. S. Harrison, for use John A. Wright & Co. James Wall James Bricker vsrs Samuel Shalle.
rs Joseph & Isaac Wall.
rs Joseph & Isaac Wall.
rs J. H. Dell & Co.
rs G. W. Patterson.
rs Jas. Saxton, Committee Hortman Bro. & Co.

County of Huntingdon rs Huntingdon, March 21, 1860. OLD WATCHES!

John Watson

The undersigned gives notice that he has two su-perior Gold Watches, which he will offer at private sale. They are both New Hunting Case Johnston Watches. Also, a new Silver Lever Watch. HORÀTIO G. FISHER. Huntingdon, Jan. 18, 1860.* J. H. O. CORBIN. JOHN SCOTT. SAMUEL T. DROWN.

AW PARTNERSHIP.-J. H. O. CORBIN has, from this date, become a mem-ber of the firm of SCOTT & BROWN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON,

in which name the business will still be conducted. Huntingdon. Jan. 2, 1860.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, HUNTINGDON, PA.,

NEAR PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD DEPOT.

T. K. SIMONTON, Proprietor.

Dec. 28, 1859. TEETHEXTRACTED without PAIN, by Dr. J. LOCKE & J.G. CAMP, DENTISTS. Office one door east of the BANK, (up stairs.) Give them a call. Dec. 28, 1859.

DUTCHER-KNIVES and Carvers, in great variety, for sale at the Hardware Store of JAMES A. BROWN.

DENEWING HIS STOCK. Call at S. S. SMITH'S GROCERY for everything fresh and good.

BOOTS & SHOES, Hats & Caps, the Inrgest assortment and cheapest to be found at D. P. GWIN'S.

MEAT CUTTERS and STUFFERS. and half-prined The best in the country, and cheaper than ever, BROWN'S HARDWARE STORE. arriage below.

" That you are so unlike a man !"

"What then am I like?"

"A monster!" "Brave, Ruth ! You have been studying Guillaume Tell !' And, since you are as demand. So, cousin mine, here's to a better

spirited way: "Horace Wilmer, are my wishes really of so little importance to you that you can pass them by so lightly? Two weeks before our marriage, and you are already playing the tyrant! Once more, Horace, will you forego this engagement for my sake, and sustain me by your presence this evening?"

"A little too austere, my rustic maiden ; friends; you are too exacting, dear Ruth. I am sure I have given reasons enough to satisfy any generous person. So say good-by, and I will return as quickly as I can !" "Since my wishes are of so little conse-

quence, my favor must be lightly esteemed. | can't cheer you up a little !" You need not write; you are under the ban of my displeasure, sir ! Good morning, Mr. Wilmer !'

And with a stately step she passed into an

-I never can. It would be like thrusting a dissecting knife through her gentle heart !' Then he told me all.

My brother and his friend had left Othat afternoon, in a one horse carriage .---Upon reaching the stream they found it very much swollen, but anticipated no difficulty in crossing the bridges, which stood some few fect above the water, with a gradual ascent from the bank on either side. On urging the horse through the stream towards this ascent, his fect became entangled in some drifting branches, and in striving to extricate himself he was fast proceeding beyond his depths. Several persons standing on the banks called to the two young men to save themselves and let the horse go. But Horace sprang out upon the wheel, and in reaching over to cut the traces was dragged from his footing, and was lost to sight beneath the

foaming waters. Mr. Hamilton, his friend, caught by the pier and clambered to the top of the bridge. while the vehicle and the noble animal that the stream, thinking, perhaps, the body A deputation of young men had called for Henry, and they were now on their way to seek the beloved dead. "And now, my child," he said, "go to

Ruth, but keep the painful tidings from her own room.

The light was gleaming faintly from the east, and in its soft glow I could see the flushed face of the sleeper. The loosened hair clasped my arms tightly around her, gathered Oh! the intensity of that silent suffering! the crushing back of the strong sob that pained my throat to sufficiation !

The morning sun broke radiently through the folds of the closed curtain, when Ruth, clasping my hands closely in hers, ex-

"Dear Annie, how cold you are !" Then suddenly raising her head, she looked into my face with an expression of tender sympathy. Nothing! my paleness, she con-tinued, "Oh! Annie you are very ill! Let me call pa instantly."

But as she was in the act of rising, I mastered my emotion, and bade her dress her-

Half-bewildered, she passively allowed me to assist her; and then I held her head closely to my breast, and asked her, "If Heaven had demanded of her a sacrifice of that which she valued most on earth, what would it be?" With an indescribable terror in her face

she only clung to me the closer, and I told

Fun for the Juveniles.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS .- We were much amused a few evenings since, by the following games of questions and answers, which, when played upon one as yet unitiated, is sure to afford endless laughter. A lady may be supposed to request a gentleman to write down this list:

Set down a lady's name. Set down some time past. Write down the name of a place. Write either yes or no. Yes or no again. A lady's name. Some time to come. Yes or no. Yes or no again. Name of a city. Some color. Any number not exceeding six. Name of a color. Tes or no. A lady's name. A genleman's name. Any name at all. A gentleman's name. Name of a clergyman. A sum of money. Name of a place. Any number at all. When these conditions have been complied with, the gentleman is requested to read on the list thus prepared answers to the following series of questions : To whom did you make your first offer? When? In what place? Does she love you? Do you love her? Whom will you marry? How soon? Does she love you? Do vou love her? Where does she reside? What is the color of her hair? What is her height? What is the color of her eyes? Is she pretty? Who is to be the bridesmaid? Who is to be groomsman?

Who is your confident? Who is your rival? What clergyman is to marry you? How much is she worth?

Where will you reside? How many servants will you keep?

A MODEL WOMAN .- "Did you not say, Ellen, that Mr. B—— is poor? "Yes, he has only his profession." "Will your uncle favor his suit?" "No; I can expect nothing from him." "Then, Ellen you will have to resign fashonable society." " No matter-I shall see more of Fred." "You must give up expensive dress." " Oh, Fred admires simplicity."

"You cannot keep a carriage."

"But we can have delightful walks."

"You must take a small house, and furaish it plainly."

"Yes; for elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floors with thin, cheap carpets." "Then I shall hear his steps the sooner."

Never say "I can't."

Morro for indolent housewives-"Never too late to mend."