

Table with 2 columns: Term (Per annum in advance, Six months, Three months, etc.) and Price (\$1 50, 75, 50, etc.).

1860. SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

FISHER & SON 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, suitable for SPRING & SUMMER, such as Black and Fancy Silks, French Pointures, (Chintz, Figureds, Fancy Organzies, Duenda, Chiallo's Lawns, English Chintz, Ginghams, Lustras, Prints, &c.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

D. P. GWIN has just received the largest and most fashionable and selected stock of Goods in the market, consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, Plain and Fancy, Satinets, Kentucky Jeans, Tweeds, Beaverettes, Velvet Coats, Cotton Drills, Linen Shirts, Blue Drills, and other fashionable Goods for Men and Boys' wear.

EUREKA!! EUREKA!!!

LADIES' CHOICE!!! PATENT SELF-SEALING, AIR-TIGHT FRUIT CANS. Just what was wanted—a CONVENIENT air-tight cover, to show at all times, the exact condition of the fruit within the jar.

1,000 CUSTOMERS WANTED!

NEW GOODS FOR SPRING & SUMMER. BENJ. JACOBS has received a fine assortment of DRY GOODS for the Spring and Summer season, comprising a very extensive assortment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, DRY GOODS in general, READY-MADE CLOTHING, For Men and Boys, GROCERIES, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, &c. &c.

COME TO THE NEW STORE FOR CHEAP BARGAINS.

WALLACE & CLEMENT Respectfully inform the public that they have opened a beautiful assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, &c., in the store room at the southeast corner of the Diamond in the borough of Huntingdon, lately occupied as a Jewelry Store.

H. ROMAN. NEW CLOTHING FOR SPRING AND SUMMER, JUST RECEIVED.

H. ROMAN'S CHEAP CLOTHING STORE. For Gentlemen's Clothing of the best material, and made in the best workmanlike manner, call at H. ROMAN'S, opposite the Franklin House in Market Square, Huntingdon.

THE best Tobacco in town, at D. P. GWIN'S.

D. P. GWIN keeps the largest, best assortment and cheapest shoes in town. Call and examine them.

A beautiful lot of Shaker Bonnets for sale cheap, at D. P. GWIN'S.

CALL at D. P. GWIN'S if you want GOOD GOODS.

A splendid variety of Carpets, only 25 cts. per yard. FISHER & SON.

If you want handsome Lawns, Delains, and other Dress Goods, go to D. P. GWIN'S.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, HUNTINGDON, PA., AUGUST 22, 1860.

—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 9.

A Select Story.

UNFORGOTTEN WORDS.

A STORY DRAWN FROM REAL LIFE.

"Have you examined that bill, James?" "Yes, sir."

"Anything wrong?" "I find two errors."

"Ah! let me see." The lad handed his employer a long bill that had been placed on his desk for examination.

"Here is an error in the calculation of ten dollars, which they have made against themselves; and another error of ten dollars in the footing."

"Also against themselves?" "Yes, sir."

The merchant smiled in a way that struck the lad as peculiar.

"Twenty dollars against themselves!" he remarked, in a kind of pleasant surprise.

"Trusty clerks they must have!" "Shall I correct the figures?" asked the lad.

"No; let them correct their own mistakes. We don't examine bills for other people's benefit," replied the merchant.

"It will be time enough for us to rectify these errors when they find them out. All so much gain, as it now stands."

The boy's delicate moral sense was shocked at so unexpected a remark. He was the son of a poor widow, who had given him good instruction and taught him that to be just was the duty of all men.

Mr. Carman, the merchant in whose employment he had been for only a few months, was an old friend of his father's and a person in whom his mother reposed the highest confidence.

In fact, James had always looked upon him as a kind of model man; and when Mr. Carman agreed to take him into his store, he felt that great good fortune was in his way.

"Let them correct their own mistakes!"—The words made a strong impression on the mind of James Lewis.

When first spoken to by Mr. Carman, and with the meaning then involved, he felt, as we have said, shocked; but as he turned them over and over again in his thoughts, and connected their utterance with a person who stood so high in his mother's estimation, he began to think that perhaps the thing was fair enough in business.

Mr. Carman was hardly the man to do wrong. In a few days after James examined the bill, a clerk from the house by which it had been rendered called for a settlement.

The lad, who was present, waited with considerable interest to see whether Mr. Carman would speak of the error. But he made no remarks on that subject. A check for the amount of the bill as rendered was filled up, and a receipt taken.

"Is that right?" James asked himself this question. His moral sense said no; but the fact that Mr. Carman had so acted bewildered his mind.

"It may be the way of business,"—so he thought with himself,—but it don't look honest. I wouldn't have believed it of him!"

Mr. Carman had a kind way with him that won upon the boy's heart, and naturally tended to make him judge whatever he might do in the most favorable manner.

"I wish he had corrected that error," he said to himself a great many times when thinking, in a pleased way, of Mr. Carman and his own good fortune in having been received into his employment.

"It don't look right; but may be it's the way in business." One day he went to the bank and drew the money for a check. In counting it over he found that the teller had paid him fifty dollars too much.

So he went back to the counter and told him of the mistake. The teller thanked him, and he returned to the store with the pleasant consciousness in his mind of having done right.

"The teller overpaid me by fifty dollars," he said to Mr. Carman, as he handed him the money.

"Indeed!" replied the latter, a light breaking over his countenance. And he hastily counted the bank bills.

The light faded as the last bill left his fingers.

"There's no mistake, James." A tone of disappointment was in his voice.

"Oh! I have back the fifty dollars. Wasn't that right?"

"You simpleton!" exclaimed Mr. Carman, "don't you know that bank mistakes are never corrected? If the teller had paid you fifty dollars too short he would not have made it right."

The warm blood stained the cheeks of James under this reproof. It is often the case that more shame is felt for a blunder than a crime. In this instance the lad felt a sense of mortification at having done what Mr. Carman was pleased to call a silly thing; and he made up his mind that if they should overpay him a thousand dollars at the bank he would bring the amount to his employer, and let him do as he pleased with the money.

"Let people look after their own mistakes." James Lewis pondered those things in his heart. The impression they made was too strong ever to be forgotten. "It may be right," he said to himself, but he did not feel altogether satisfied.

A month or two after the occurrence of that bank mistake, as James counted over his weekly wages, just received from Mr. Carman, he discovered that he had been paid half a dollar too much. The first impulse of his mind was to return the amount to his employer, and it was on his lip to say, "You have given me too much, sir," when the un-forgotten words, "Let people look after their own mistakes," flashed upon his thoughts, and made him hesitate. To hold a parley with evil, in most cases, to be overcome.

"I must think about this," said James, as he put the money into his pocket. "If it is true in one case, it is true in another. Mr. Carman don't correct mistakes that people make in his favor; he can't complain when the rule works against himself."

But the boy was very far from being in a comfortable state. He felt that to keep that half dollar would be a dishonest act. Still he

could not make up his mind to return it; at least not then. He would retain it for the present, and think the matter over more carefully. He could, if the case did not prove clear on further reflection, make all right with himself and Mr. Carman.

To hold a parley with evil is, as we have just said, in most cases to be overcome; and it was unhappily so in the present case.—James did not return the half dollar, but spent it for his own gratification. After he had done this he suddenly into his thought that Mr. Carman might only be trying him, and he was filled with anxiety and alarm.

How bitterly did he regret having spent that half dollar! For two or three days it was as much as he could do to keep from starting when Mr. Carman spoke to him; or to look steadily into his face when receiving from him any thing.

It was his first sad experience in wrong doing. But as no lack of confidence was exhibited, James felt reassured in a few days.

Not long afterwards Mr. Carman repeated the same mistake. This time James kept the half dollar with less hesitation.

"Let him correct his own mistakes," said he resolutely; "that's the doctrine he acts on with other people, and he can't complain if he gets paid in the coin he puts in circulation. I just wanted half a dollar."

From this time the fine moral sense of James Lewis was blunted. He had taken an evil counselor into his heart, who not only darkened his clear perceptions of right, but stimulated a spirit of covetousness—later in almost every mind—and caused him to desire the possession of things beyond his ability to obtain.

James had business qualities, and so pleased Mr. Carman by his intelligence, industry, and tact with customers, that he advanced him rapidly, and gave him before he was eighteen years of age, the most responsible position in his store. But James had learned something more from his employer than how to do business well. He had learned to be dishonest—that is the word. He had never forgotten the first lesson he received in this bad science; and he had acted upon it not only in two instances, but in a hundred, and almost always to the injury of Mr. Carman.

He had long since given up waiting for mistakes to be made in his favor, but originated them in the varied and complicated transactions of a large business in which he was trusted implicitly; for, strangely enough, it had never for an instant occurred to Mr. Carman that his failure to be just to the letter in dealing might prove a snare to this young man.

James grew sharp, cunning and skillful; always on the alert; always bright; always prompt to meet any approaches toward a discovery, of his wrong-dealing toward his employer, who held him in the very highest regard.

Thus it went on until James Lewis was in his twentieth year, when the merchant had his suspicions aroused by a letter that spoke of the young man as not keeping the most respectable company, and as spending money too freely for a clerk on a moderate salary.—Before this time James had removed his mother into a pleasant home, for which he paid a rent of four hundred dollars. His salary was eight hundred dollars; but he deceived his mother by telling her that he received fifteen hundred. Every comfort that she needed was fully supplied, and she was beginning to feel that after a long and often painful struggle with the world her happier days had come.

James was at his desk when the letter just referred to was received by Mr. Carman.—Guilt is always on the alert, and suspicious of every movement that may involve betrayal or exposure. He looked stealthily at his employer as he opened the letter, and observed him change countenance suddenly. He read it over twice, and James saw that the contents, whatever they were, produced disturbance. While he was yet observing him Mr. Carman glanced toward his desk, and their eyes met; it was only for a moment, but the look James received made his heart stop beating.

There was something about the movements of Mr. Carman for the rest of this day that troubled the young man. It was plain to him that suspicion had been aroused by that letter. Oh, how bitterly now did he repent, in dread of discovery and punishment, the evil of which he had been guilty! Exposure would disgrace and ruin him, and bow the head of his mother, it might be, even to the grave.

"You are not well this evening," said Mrs. Lewis, as she looked at her son's changed face across the tea-table, and noticed that he did not eat.

"My head aches," he replied, as he turned partly away from his mother's direct gaze.

"Perhaps the tea will make you feel better."

"I'll lie down on the sofa in the parlor for a short time," said the young man, rising from the table. "A little quiet may give relief." And he went from the dining room.

Mrs. Lewis followed him into the parlor in a little while, and sitting down by the sofa on which he was lying, placed her hand on his head. Ah, it would take more than the loving pressure of a mother's hand to ease the pain from which he was suffering. The touch of that pure hand increased the pain to agony.

"Do you feel better?" asked Mrs. Lewis after she had remained for some time with her hand on his forehead.

"Not much," he replied; and rising as he spoke, he added, "I think a walk in the open air will do me good."

"Don't go out, James," said Mrs. Lewis, a troubled feeling coming into her heart.

"I'll only walk a few squares." And James went from the parlor, and, taking up his hat, passed into the street without another word.

"There's something more than the headache the matter with him," was the thought of Mrs. Lewis, and the slight feeling of trouble she had experienced began deepening into a strange concern that involved a dread of coming evil.

For half an hour James walked without any purpose in his mind beyond escape from

the presence of his mother. Every phase of Mr. Carman's manner toward him after the receipt of that letter was reviewed and dwelt on, in order if possible to determine whether suspicion of wrong dealing was entertained. At last his aimless walk brought him into the neighborhood of Mr. Carman's store, and in passing he was surprised at seeing a light within.

"What can this mean?" he asked himself, a new fear creeping, with its shuddering impulses, into his heart.

He went near and listened by the door and window, but could hear no sound within.

"There's something wrong," he said.—"What can it be? If this thing is discovered, what will be the end of it? Ruin! ruin! My poor mother!"

The wretched young man passed on, and walked the streets for two hours, when he returned home. His mother met him as he entered, and inquired, with unexpressed anxiety, if he was better. He said yes, but with a manner that only increased the trouble she felt, and passed up hastily to his own room.

In the morning the strangely altered face of James, as he met his mother at the breakfast table, struck alarm into her heart. He was silent, and evaded all her questions.—While they sat at the table the door bell rung loudly. The sound startled James, and he turned his ear to listen in a nervous way which did not escape the observation of his mother.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Lewis, as the servant came back from the door.

"A gentleman wishes to see Mr. James," replied the girl.

James arose instantly, and went out into the hall, shutting the dining-room door as he did so. Mrs. Lewis sat, in almost breathless expectation, awaiting her son's return.—She heard him coming back in a few moments, but he did not enter the dining-room. Then he returned along the hall to the street door, and she heard it shut. All was now silent. Starting up, she ran out into the passage, but James was not there. He had gone away with the person who had called, and without a word.

Alas that was a sad going away! Mr. Carman had spent half the night in examining the accounts of James, and discovered frauds to the amount of over six thousand dollars. Blindly indignant, he had sent an officer to arrest him early in the morning; and it was with this officer that the unhappy boy went away from the home of his mother, never again to return.

"The young villain shall lie in the bed he has made for himself!" exclaimed Mr. Carman, in his bitter indignation. And he did not hold back in anything, but made the exposure of the young man's crime complete.—On the trial, he showed an eager desire to have him convicted, and presented such an array of evidence, that the jury could not give any other verdict than "Guilty."

The poor mother was in court, and audible in the silence that followed, came her convulsed sobs upon the air. The presiding judge then addressed the culprit, and asked if he had anything to say why sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon him. All eyes were turned upon the pale, agitated young man, who arose with an effort, and leaned against the railing by which he stood, as if needing the support.

"Will it please your honor," he said, "to direct Mr. Carman, my prosecutor, to come a little nearer, so that I can look at him and your honors at the same time?"

Mr. Carman was directed to come forward to where the boy stood. There was a breathless silence in the court-room as the prosecutor obeyed the order, and came forward so as to be in the eyes of all. James looked at him steadily for a few moments, and then turned to the judges.

"What I have to say, your honors, is this"—he spoke calmly and distinctly—"and it may, in a manner, extenuate, though it cannot excuse my crime. I went into that man's store an innocent boy; and if he had been an honest man I would not have stood before you to-day as a criminal."

Mr. Carman interrupted the young man, and appealed to the court for protection against allegations of such an outrageous character; but he was peremptorily ordered to be silent. James went on in a firm voice.

"Only a few weeks after I went into his employment, I examined a bill by his direction, and discovered an error of twenty dollars."

The face of Mr. Carman crimsoned instantly.

"You remember it, I see," remarked James, "and I shall have cause to remember it while I live. The error was in favor of Mr. Carman, and I asked if I should correct the figures, and he answered, 'No; let them correct their own mistakes. We don't examine bills for other people's benefit.' It was my first lesson in dishonesty, and I never forgot the words. I saw the bill settled, and Mr. Carman take the twenty dollars that were not his own. I felt shocked at first; it seemed such a wrong thing. But soon after, he called me a simpleton for handing back to the teller of a bank fifty dollars overpaid on a check; and then—"

"May I ask the protection of the court," said Mr. Carman, appealing to the judges.

"Is it true what the lad says?" asked the presiding judge.

Mr. Carman hesitated and looked confused. All eyes were on his face; and judges, jury, lawyers and spectators felt certain that he was guilty of leading the unhappy young man astray.

"Not long afterwards," resumed young Lewis, "in receiving my wages, I found that Mr. Carman had paid me fifty cents too much. I was about giving it back to him when I remembered his remark about letting people correct their own mistakes, and said to myself, let him correct his own errors, and dishonestly kept the money. Again the same thing happened, and I kept the money that did not, of right, belong to me. This was the beginning of evil, and here I am!—Mr. Carman has shown an eagerness to convict and have me punished, as the court has seen. If he had shown me any mercy I might have kept silent. But now I interpose

the truth, and may it incline you to show some consideration for the unhappiest being that is alive to-day."

The young man covered his face with his hands, and sat down overpowered by his feelings. His mother, who was near him, sobbed out aloud, and bending over, laid her hands on his, saying—

"My poor boy! My poor boy!" There were few eyes in the court room un-dimmed. In the silence that followed, Mr. Carman spoke out:

"Is my character to be thus blasted on the word of a criminal, your honor? Is this just? Is this the protection a citizen finds in the court room?"

"Your solemn oath that this charge is untrue," said the Judge, "will place you all right. It was the unhappy boy's only opportunity, and the court felt bound, in humanity, to hear what he wished to say."

James Lewis stood up again instantly, and turned his white face and dark piercing eyes upon Mr. Carman:

"Let him take that oath, if he dare!" he exclaimed.

The counsel for the prosecution now inter-fered, and called the proceedings an outrage on all justice, unheard of before in a court room. But the judge commanded order, and then said to Mr. Carman:

"The court offers you the only way of reparation in its power. Your oath will scatter the allegation of a criminal to the winds.—Will you swear?"

Mr. Carman turned with a distressed look toward his counsel, while James kept his eyes fixed upon him. There was a brief conference, and the lawyer said:

"The proceeding is irregular, and I have advised my client to make no response. At the same time he protests against all this as an outrage upon the rights of a citizen."

The judges bowed, and Mr. Carman withdrew. After a brief conference with his associates, the presiding judge said, addressing the criminal:

"In consideration of your youth, and the temptation to which, in tender years, you were unhappily subjected, the court gives you its lightest sentence, one year's imprisonment. At the same time, in pronouncing this sentence, let me solemnly warn you against any further steps in the way you have taken.—Crime can have no valid excuse. It is evil in the sight of God and man, and leads only to suffering. When you come forth again, after your brief incarceration, may it be with the resolution to die rather than commit a crime."

And the curtain fell on that sad scene in the boy's life. When it lifted again, and he came forth from prison a year afterward, his mother was dead. From the day her pale face faded from his vision as he passed from the court room, he never looked upon her again.

Ten years afterward a man sat reading a newspaper in a far western town. He had a calm, serious face, and looked like one who had known suffering and trial.

"Brought to justice at last," he said to himself, as the blood came into his face. "Convicted on the charge of fraudulent insolvency, and sent to the State's Prison! So much for the man who gave me in tender years the first lesson in wrong doing! Too well, alas! did I remember his words. But, thank God, other words have since been remembered.—'When you come forth again,' said the judge, 'may it be with the resolution to die rather than commit a crime!' and I have kept this injunction in my heart when there seemed no way of escape except through crime; and God helping me, I will keep it to the end."

WELL QUALIFIED FOR A LAWYER.—An old lady walked into a lawyer's office lately with her boy of seven summers old.

"Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and endeavor to make a lawyer of him."

"Decidedly too young, Madam. Have you no older boys?"

"Oh, yes, sir, but we mean to make farmers of them. My husband and I thought, however, that this would make a first-rate lawyer, and so I brought him to you."

"Much to young, Madam, to commence the study of a profession. But why do you suppose this boy better calculated to make a lawyer than your older sons? What are his peculiar qualifications?"

"Oh, well you see, sir, he is just seven years old to-day; when he was only five he would lie terribly; when he got six he was sassy and impudent as any critter could be; and now he will steal everything he can lay his hands upon. Now, if he ain't fit to be a lawyer, I would like to know what he will have to learn."

"Pretty well educated, I should think. He is too young. Good morning, madam."

A GOOD STORY.—An anecdote worth laughing over, is told of a man who had an "infirmary," as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while enjoying his favorite meal, and while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned the honest buyer slipped a codfish up under his coat tail. But the garments were too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant perceived it.

"Now," said the customer anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a good deal, and have paid you up promptly, haven't I?"

"Oh, yes," said the merchant, "I make no complaint."

"Well," said the customer, I always insisted that honesty is the best policy, and the best rule to live by, and die by."

"That's so," replied the merchant, and the customer turned to depart.

"Hold on, friend; speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give. Whenever you come to trade again you had better wear a longer coat, or steal a shorter codfish."

Baron Smyth spent two whole days and nights in considering an answer to the conundrum "Why is an egg undone like an egg overdone?" He would suffer none to tell him, and at last hit upon the solution, "Because they are both hardly done."

Our Chip Basket.

A CANDIDATE for Congress, out West, sums up his education as follows: "A never went to school but three times in my life, and that was to a night school. Two nights the teacher didn't come, and 'tother night I had no candle."

NEAT REPORT.—An Israelite lady, sitting in the same box at an opera, with a French physician, and was much troubled with ennui, happened to gaze.

"Excuse me, madam," said the doctor, "I am glad you did not swallow me."

"Give yourself no uneasiness," replied the lady, "I am a Jewess, and never eat pork!"

AN INDIGNANT FRENCHMAN.—"Mine fren, have you seen von loette trunk, vat I left to-morrow as I will come from ze steamboat by ze hotel?"

"I did not, Monsieur, and expect to do so the balance of the day."

"By gar! if he gets stole, I will kill ze raskale vat will take him till he choke! Sacre! vat a country."

"I presume," said Jem Horn, on entering a hardware store, "you deal in all kinds of nails?"

"Certainly," replied the clerk in attendance.

"Then I will trouble you for a pound of toe nails."

Jem got a pound over his head for his pains.

A young lady who believes in "Bible Law of Love," when smitten by her lover's lips on one cheek, always presents the other.

LAONIC.—"What ails your eye, Jo?" "I told a man he lied."

"Hello! I say, what did you say your medicine would cure?"

"Oh, it will cure anything—heat everything."

"Well, I'll take a bottle; maybe it'll heel my boots—they need it bad enough."

Go down upon only one knee to a young lady. If you go down upon both, you may not be able to escape quick enough in case of the sudden appearance of an enraged father.

A STOREKEEPER, a few days since, purchased of an Irish woman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

"Sure, it's yer own fault it they are light," said Biddy in reply to the complaint of the buyer, "for wasn't it a pound of soap that I bought here myself, that I had in the other end of the scales when I weighed 'em."

Why did Job always sleep cold? Because he had poor comforters.

The foreman of a grand jury in Missouri, after administering an oath to a beautiful woman, instead of handing the Bible, presented his face, and said, "Now kiss the book, madam." He didn't discover his mistake until the whole jury burst into a roar of laughter.

NEWS FROM MASSACHUSETTS.—"Wherever I go," said a gentleman, remarkable for his State pride, "I am sure to find sensible men from Massachusetts."

"No wonder," said the person addressed, for every man of that State who has any sense, leaves as soon as he can."

A young lady in town is so refined in her language, that she never uses the word "black-guard," but substitutes "African sentinel."

"This is somewhat upon a par with what Capt. Marryatt made a Yankee young lady substitute 'rooster-swain' for cockswain."

She that marries a man because he is a "good match," must not be surprised if he turns out a "Lucifer."

A MAN was charged with stealing a piece of cloth, when the lawyer put in the plea that the individual charged with stealing could not see it, for it was an invisible green.

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a fine young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed you are not, John; you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."

"How is your husband, dear?" asked one lady of another.

"Oh, he's in a very bad state," was the reply.

"And pray, what kind of a state is he in?" persisted the other.