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The undersigned offers for sale, that fine and profitable stand, in the borough of Huntingdon, fronting on Allegheny street, opposite the Broad Top Coal Depot, and known as "The Brown Top House."

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Celebrated for superior quality of tone and elegance and length of finish. These Pianos have always taken the FIRST PREMIUM when placed in competition with other makers. CHALLENGE ALL COMPETITION.

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G. A. & E. A. LANDELL,

No. 110 North Wharves, Philadelphia, MANUFACTURE AND HAVE FOR SALE CANDLES, Spermaceti, Patent Sperm, Hydraulic, Adamantine, Hotel, and Tallow Candles.

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HANCOCK CAMP & CO. Produce and General Commission Merchants, No. 47, North Water St., below Arch St., Philadelphia.

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James A. Brown sells the genuine "PORTLAND KEROSENE" and "COAL OIL" at his water.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, IN THE DISTRICT OF HUNTINGDON, PA.

VALENTINE CROUSE, Proprietor. The citizens of the county, and strangers and travelers generally, will find comfortable accommodations at this house. Give us a trial. (April 4, 1860.)

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

DARK Colored Palm Hoods, best quality, only 50 cts. each. FISHER & SON.

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

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

CARPET Sacks and Fancy Baskets at D. P. GWIN'S.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, PERSEVERE. Editor and Proprietor. VOL. XVI. HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 17, 1860. NO. 17.

Select Poetry.

MY SISTER. BY CLARA RICE.
From a little sister bright, With her face so full of light, Dimpled arms, and snowy white; Sweet as the rose.

Select Story.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Charles Gray was a master mechanic in the receipt of an excellent income—sufficient to lay aside a handsome sum every year, besides supporting his wife and child in comfort.

One night at the request of a friend he stepped into a gaming house, "just from curiosity." It was a brilliant scene. A large hall resplendent with light, softly carpeted and luxuriously furnished, it looked to Charles Gray, who was used to much humbler appointments, like the great hall in Aladdin's palace.

From this evening dated Charles Gray's fall. The curiosity which he had at first felt gave place to a strong feeling of interest, and at last he was induced to play for a small stake.

Mrs. Gray felt that a change was coming over her husband. He absented himself, nearly every evening, and when questioned as to the cause, he vaguely mentioned that he had joined a "club." His manner too became restless and his temper uncertain.

One day he inquired for the book of deposits upon the Savings Bank, which his wife had always kept. His wife handed it to him without suspicion, supposing that he intended to make a deposit. How far this was from being true we shall best learn by accompanying him to the gaming-house in the evening.

Beside a table in one corner of the room was seated a dark complexioned man, with abundance of hair on his face, and expression far from prepossessing. Charles Gray joined him.

"I have been waiting for you," he said. "So you have concluded to try your luck again. That's right. Never be disheartened by an occasional loss."

Charles had lost two hundred dollars by him the night before. "I was careless last night," replied Gray. "I will try to play better to-night."

"I was a careless last night," replied Gray. "I will try to play better to-night." The gambler smiled scornfully perceptibly. In that smile, though Charles knew it not, his discomfiture was foreshadowed.

"What shall be the stake?" he inquired. "We will begin with the amount of my loss last night," said Charles, throwing down two hundred dollars.

"Good." Gamblers are keen observers. From the expression, "we will begin," Gray's opponent judged that he had a considerably larger sum in reserve.

Accordingly, feeling entirely certain of his prey, whenever he choose to stoop for it, he intentionally played a poor game, and Charles with exultation which he could with difficulty repress, found himself victor.

"I thought I was on the point of defeat," he said, breathing a sigh of apparent relief. "That was a close game. You are a pretty even match for me. Shall we play again?"

Miscellaneous.

A Touching Story.

The following affecting narrative purports to have been given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his own bitter experience of the sin of grieving and resisting a mother's love and counsel.

What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered failed to move me! She rose to go home and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till she reached her own door.

"It is school time now," said she. "Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I. She looked astonished at my boldness but replied firmly. "Certainly you will go, Alfred I command you."

"I will not," said I, in a tone of defiance. "One of the two you must do, Alfred—either go to school this morning, or I will lock you in your room and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in the future."

"I dare you to do it, you can't get me up stairs." "Alfred choose now," said my mother who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me I will kick you," said I in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said. "Will you go, Alfred?"

"No," I replied, but quailed beneath her eye. "Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot and kicked—her, my sainted mother! How my head reels as the torment of memory rushes over me!

"I will try again," said Barton, "if I lose every cent of the six thousand dollars I brought with me." At the mention of this sum, the sharper's eyes sparkled.

"Charles," said Captain Barton, on the way home, "to-morrow night I shall win back all you have lost." "How can you be so confident, uncle? I own that I tremble for you."

"Tush, Charles; I know a thing or two.—I read that fellow's play as easily as I can A B C." "How was that?"

"I will tell you. As I supposed he doesn't trust to fortune, but is willing to help her a little. On each one of the court cards there is a little mark, too minute to attract the attention of one who is not initiated, which being varied in position for each tells him unerringly what high cards his opponent has."

"But how did you have a chance to find that out?" "You noticed how long it took me to shuffle and how awkwardly I did it. Well all that time I was studying those cards, and this with the attention I could give when playing was sufficient."

"I had no idea how sharp you were, uncle." "It's well you are beginning to appreciate me," said the captain, good-humoredly.—"But it's time we were at home."

"One question more. How can you avail yourself of your knowledge?" "I shall purchase a pack of cards precisely like those this fellow uses, and mark them with his own marks, only the marks shall be on the low cards. Before we play for a heavy stake I will take the opportunity to exchange them."

"But won't he discover it?" "Of course he will smell a rat, but do you think he will dare to say anything? As sure as he does I shall exhibit his own cards."

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Artemus Ward's Interview with the Prince.

* Artemus Ward, the showman—the man of many experiences and unlimited humor—has seen the Prince. The interview between these distinguished persons is supposed to have taken place at Sarnia, and A. Ward, Esq., tells his story as follows: He handed me a segar & we sat down on the Piazarro & cumment smokin' rite cheer-ful.

"Wall," sez I, "Albert Edward, how's the old fokes?" "Her Majesty & the Prince are awl well," he sed. "Duz the old man taik his logger reglar?" I inquired.

The Prince larfed and intimated that the old man didn't let menny keggs or that be-verage spile in the sellar in the course of a yere. We sot & tawked there sum thyme about matters & things & bimbeby I axed him how he liked bein a Prince as fur as heed got.

"Tu speke plaine, Mr. Ward," he sed. "I don't much like it. I'm sike or awl the bow-in & serapin & krawlin & hurrain over a boy like me. I wud rather go thru the kuntry quietly & enjoy myself in mi own wa, with the other boys, & not be made a sho or to be gaped at by evrybody. When the peple cheer me I feel pved, fur I no they men it, but if these 1-horse offshuls cood no how I sees thru thare moves & understand axkly wot tha ar after, & node how I larfed at em in privet, thayd stop kissin mi hands and fawn-in over me as tha now du. But u no, Mister Ward, I kant help bein a Prince, & I must du awl I kin to phit myself for the perzishion I must sumtime okupi."

"That's troo," sez I, "sickness and the dok-ters will karr the Queens orf I or these daiz, sure's yer born." The thyme hevin arose for me to taik my deaparter, I roze up & sed: "Albert Edward I must go, but previs to duin so, I will ob-sarve that you soot me. Yure a gud feller, Albert Edward, and the I me axin Princes as a general thing, I must say I like the cut of your Gib. When you git to be King try and be as gud a man as yer mother has bin. Be just and be generous, especially to shoman who have allers bin abused since the daze of Noa, who wuz the let man to go in the Man-garry business, & if the dalie papers or his tyne are to be bleved, Noa's kollekshun or livin wild beasts thet anything ever seen sins, the I maik bold to dout of his snakz was abed of mine. Albert Edward, adoo!" I trtk his have which he shuk warmly, and givin him a perpetoal free pars to my sho, & also pars to taik boam two the Queens and Old Albert, I put on my hat and walkt awa.

"Mrs. Ward," I solilerquized as I walkt along, "Mrs. Ward, of you cood see yur husband now, just as he providly emerjis from the presents of the futur King or England, youd be sorry you kald him a Beest jest becawz he cum hom tired I nite, and wud go to bed without takin orf his butes. You'd be sorry to deprive yur husband of the priseliss Boon ov liberty, my dear Betsy Jane!"

The Man who Don't Pay the Printer. May he be shod with lightning, and compelled to walk over plains of gunpowder. May every day of his life be more despotie than the Day of Algiers. May he have sore eyes, and a chestnut burr for an eye-stone.

May he never be permitted to kiss a pretty woman. May his sheets be sprinkled with cowage and with bed bugs, and fleas be the sharers of his couch. May 240 nightmares trod quarter races over his stomach every night.

May his wife be always cross, and his baby ever on the squall. May his demjion always be full of blue devil rot gut. May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his fishing lines break.

May his coffee be sweetened with flies, and his soup seasoned with spiders. May a troop of printer's "devils," lean, lank, gaunt and grim, and a regiment of cats, catterwaul under his chamber window each night.

In short, may his business go to ruin, and he go to—the Legislature.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.—"Morgan spare that dog, touch not a single hair; he worries many a hog from out his muddy lair. Oh, when he was a pup, so frisky and so plump, he lapped his milk from a cup, when hungry—at a jump. And then his funny tricks, so funny in their place, so full of canine licks upon hands and face. You will surely let him live! Oh, do not kill him—dead; he wags his narrative and prays for life—not lead."

Go get the muzzel now, and put upon his mob, and stop that howl, bow, howl! and tendency to droogh. He is your children's nat. companion of their joy; you will not kill him yet, and thus their joy you destroy. No, Morgan, spare that pup, and go away from there!"

A STORY is told of Sully the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners as well as success in art. At a party one evening, Sully was speaking of a certain belle who was a great favorite.

"Ah," says Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant." "Oh, oh! Mr. Sully, how could you be so rude?" "Rude, ladies, rude! What do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant, because it's full of ivory."

A Quaker lately popped the question to a fair Quakeress thus: "I'm—yea, verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wonderfully to beseech thee to cleave unto me, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone."

"I'm—truly, Obadiah, thou hast wisely said, and inasmuch as it is not good for man to be alone, I will sojourn with thee."

An Irishman was once indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking eggs raw and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirruped as it went down his throat, and he very politely observed: "Be the powers, me friend ye spoke too late!"

A Missouri editor announces that the publication of his paper will be suspended for six weeks in order that he may visit St. Louis with a load of bear-skins, hoop-poles, shingles, pork, pickled cat-fish, &c., which he has taken for subscriptions.

A man's good fortune often turns his head; his bad fortunes as often averts the heads of his friends.

"Let me Kiss him mother," is the song of the ladies where the Prince of Wales is traveling.

Fame is like an eel—rather hard to catch and a good deal harder to hold.