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The Globe

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. -PERSEVERE- TERMS, \$2.00 a year in advance. VOL. XXI. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1865. NO. 20.

THE GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE. THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is the most complete in the country, and has the most ample facilities for promptly executing the best style, every variety of Job Printing, such as HAND BILLS, PROGRAMMES, AND BLANKS, POSTERS, BILL HEADS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BAIL TICKETS, LABELS, &c. &c.

COURT AFFAIRS. NOVEMBER TERM, 1865. TRIAL LIST. NOVEMBER TERM, 1865. FIRST WEEK. Jno H. Stonebraker's ex'rs vs David Stewart, et al.

The Globe. HUNTINGDON, PA. GO, FORGET ME. Go, forget me; forget that thou Ever loved me as thy life, Or that thou ever vowed to be My faithful, loving wife.

I stood for more than an hour gazing out of the opening which served for a window. Before me was an immense prairie, the limits of which I could not see.

dead men tell no tales." I was silent. "We will give you ten minutes to say your prayers, and also allow you the privilege of being shot or hung."

Philosophy of Exercise. We take this instructive article from a late number of Hall's Journal of Health: All know that the less we exercise the less health we have, and the more certain we are to die before our time.

A National Thanksgiving. By the President of the United States of America: A PROCLAMATION. Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God during the year which is now coming to an end, to relieve our beloved country from the fearful scourge of civil war, and to permit us to secure the blessings of peace, unity, and harmony with a great enlargement of civil liberty:

Edmund Book, farmer, Tell Sterret Cummins, farmer, Jackson David G. Corbin, farmer, Juniata John Davis, farmer, Morris Reuben Duff, farmer, Barree Barlet Eby, blacksmith, Brady Samuel Front, farmer, Henderson Joseph Front, clerk, Brady T. B. Hykill, farmer, Warriorsmark Isaac Hopkins, farmer, Warriorsmark Tobias Harris, M. D. Alexandria John M. Leech, millwright, Franklin S. B. Lynn, farmer, Springfield J. McCahan, gentleman, Huntingdon J. McWilliams, farmer, Franklin Edwin Neff, farmer, Warriorsmark Samuel Pleasant, carpenter, Carbon J. P. Read, farmer, Carbon John Read, druggist, Huntingdon John Shaik, farmer, Warriorsmark Valentine Smith, farmer, Tell G. M. Spanogle, clerk, Shirley Jonathan Teague, farmer, Cromwell Solomon Troutwine, farmer, Barree

THE COINERS. FROM THE DEATH OF A DETECTIVE. During the year of 1847 the West was flooded with a counterfeit coin. It was so well manufactured that it passed readily. The evil at last became so great that the United States authorities requested that a skillful detective might be sent to ferret out the nest of coiners. I was fixed upon to perform that duty.

Now I am naturally of an inquiring mind, and this sound, occurring as it did in the middle of the night piqued my curiosity, and I felt an irresistible desire to go out and discover the cause of it. This desire, as the sound continued, grew upon me with such intensity, that I resolved to gratify it at any price.

Fortune favored me. None of the men present had ever seen Ned Willett, although his reputation was well known to them, and my swaggering, insolent manner had somewhat thrown them off their guard, yet I could plainly see that their doubts were not all removed.

Exercise is health-producing, because it works off and out of the system its waste dead and effete matters; these are all converted into a liquid form, called by some "humors," which have exit from the body through the "pores" of the skin in the shape of perspiration, which all have seen, and which all know is the result of exercise, when the body is in a state of health: Thus it is, that persons who do not perspire, who have a dry skin, are always either feverish or chilly, and are never well, and never can be as long as that condition exists.

The following item in regard to elections is taken from the New York Herald and has in it more truth than poetry: "In a close canvass the slightest circumstance decides an election. We remember one Congressman who used to get ahead of the opposition candidate by kissing all the babies in his district, clean or dirty, fat or lean, sour or sweet, ugly or handsome, imps or cherubs. Henry Clay owed his election to a lucky rifle shot at a Kentucky shooting match. The use of hard cider as a beverage made Harrison President. Fremont made a splendid run because he had a charming wife, whom the people called 'Our Josie.' Buchanan owed his success to the fact that he was a bachelor, and all the women wanted him elected so that they might have a chance to marry into the White House. A hasty plate of soup destroyed General Scott. The phrase 'Honest Old Abe' elected Mr. Lincoln. But it is useless to multiply instances. Everybody knows that many a man has attained high honors, wealth, and position on the strength of a clean collar, a new pair of kids, or a benevolent smile, and that many a politician has been killed by a nickname suggested by some of his personal habits or peculiarities, and applied at the right time. The people take likes and dislikes easily, and their prejudices for or against certain characteristics often seriously affect the result of an election."

Traverse Jurors—FIRST WEEK. Daniel Brumbaugh, farmer, Hopewell Jonathan Barnett, farmer, Tod C. Barneck, carpenter, Shirleyburg David Barneck, farmer, West John Booher, farmer, Cromwell S. Brumbaugh, farmer, Penn Thomas Green, farmer, Porter Wm. Christy, J. P. Alexandria Hans Campbell, farmer, Cromwell Thomas Cloyd, grocer, Cromwell Elijah Curfman, farmer, Cass John Duff, farmer, Jackson James Devor, farmer, Clay Adin B. Dean, farmer, Juniata John Fosse, farmer, Hopewell Charles Green, farmer, Juniata David Green, farmer, Porter Joseph Giboney, farmer, Barree B. Graffus, gentleman, Huntingdon John Gosnell, farmer, Cass Daniel Grazier, farmer, Warriorsmark P. Harris, inn-keeper, Shirleyburg John Heffner, farmer, Walker T. Henderson, farmer, Warriorsmark Solomon Hamer, farmer, West Wm. Hildebrand, farmer, Shirley Peter Harris, farmer, Porter Asahel Hight, laborer, Huntingdon John Hawn of Jacob, farmer, Juniata Wm. Harper, J. P., Dublin S. Isenberg, carpenter, Alexandria Joseph Krider, farmer, Warriorsmark John Kitterman, clerk, Tod M. Myers, farmer, Cromwell Jec. Nerahoof, farmer, Warriorsmark Eli Plummer, farmer, Tod Wm. Quinn, shoemaker, West John A. Reed, butcher, Carbon George Rudy, farmer, Jackson Jacob Stouffer, farmer, Warriorsmark Jesse Shore, farmer, Cass George Stever, farmer, Cass Henry Swoopes, farmer, Porter David Stewart, farmer, Morris John Smith, farmer, Barree S. P. Snouppen, farmer, Franklin Edward J. Little, inn-keeper, Jackson

I had nothing to guide me. The fact, however, that Chicago was the city where the counterfeit coin was most abundant, led me to suspect that the manufactory was somewhere within its limits. It was, therefore, to the capital of the West that I proceeded. I spent five weeks in the city without gaining the slightest clue to the counterfeiters.

Not a soul was visible, but the sound I have mentioned grew much more distinct as I approached the place from whence it proceeded. At last I found myself before a long, low building, through which I could perceive a lurid glare issuing. I stooped down and peeped through the key-hole, and to my extreme surprise I saw half a dozen men, with their coats off and sleeves up, performing a variety of strange occupations. Some were working at a forge, others were superintending the casting of moulds, and some were engaged in the process of mining coin.

"Can you show us any better?" asked one of the men. "I rather think I can. If I couldn't I'd hang myself." "Let's see it," they all cried. This was my last coup, and one on which my life depended.

Exercise is healthful, because the more we exercise the faster we breathe. If we breathe faster, we take that much more air into the lungs; but it is the air we breathe which purifies the blood, and the more air we take in, the more perfectly is that process performed; the purer the blood is, and as everybody knows, the better health must be. Hence, when a person's lungs are impaired he does not take in enough air for the wants of the system; that being the case air he does breathe should be the purest possible, which is our door air. Hence, the more a consumptive stays in the house, the more certain and more speedy is his death.

A "MUN IMEN" WANTED.—A Parisian writer tells this droll story of an American at Rome: A celebrated pork contractor for the federal army presented himself a short time back at a sculptor's atelier in Rome, and stated his intention of sending a durable memento of himself to adorn his native place in America. With an amiable candor he explained to the artist that he had begun life as a poor boy selling matches, and by lucky speculations had attained his present gigantic greatness. "Now," he continued, "I've seen a monument in this city as suits my views to a nicety—a kinder column with little figure's running up all around it, and a chap at the top." "Trajan's column," suggested the artist. "P'raps it may be, and I wish you to sculpt me jos such another workin' out the whole of my biography, beginning at the bottom with a boy sellin' matches, and then keep on winding it up till it ends with me in an easy attitude at the top."

Traverse Jurors—SECOND WEEK. Adan Arman, farmer, Hopewell David Beyer, farmer, Shirley I. Bumgardner, blacksmith, Walker Simon Bayles, farmer, Henderson Joseph Cornelius, farmer, Cromwell Wm. Cornelius, farmer, Clay Jos. Carmon, merchant, Huntingdon Henry Cornpross, farmer, Barree Jesse Cook, farmer, Carbon Saml. Coothers, merchant, Shirley Wm. Dysart, farmer, Franklin Levi Dell, jr., butcher, Union Andrew Donaldson, farmer, Carbon Jonathan Evans, farmer, Tod M. Flenner, wagon maker, Walker Wm. Fraker, merchant, Shirleyburg Alexander Gettis, farmer, Barree Wm. Geisinger, farmer, Juniata John Geisinger, teacher, Penn Daniel Harris, farmer, Hopewell Franklin Harrison, farmer, Shirley Henry Henderson, farmer, Clay Samuel McCord, farmer, Jackson Samuel Mosser, farmer, West Peter Myers, P. M. Shirleyburg David Mong, farmer, Warriorsmark Benjamin Neff, farmer, Porter James Oaks, farmer, Jackson Elliott Tobley, farmer, Brady Andrew Smith, farmer, Oneida Amos Smith, farmer, Cass James Shivoley, farmer, West John A. Shultz, farmer, Henderson Daniel Troutwine, farmer, Jackson Jonathan R. Wilson, farmer, West John Baker of Israel, carpenter, Tod

And he placed one of them in the balance against a genuine half dollar, and the latter brought up the former. "This is the best counterfeit coin I ever saw in my life," I exclaimed, examining them closely. "Is all the counterfeit money in circulation here of the same character as this?" "O dear, no," the clerk replied, "it is not nearly so well done. These are the work of the famous New York counterfeiter, Ned Willett. I know them well, for I have handled a great many in my time. Here is some of the money that is circulating here," he added, taking half dollars from a drawer. "You see that the milling is not so well done as Ned Willett's although this is pretty good too."

"What are you doing here, my good fellow?" he exclaimed giving me a shake. "Taking a stroll by moonlight," I replied, endeavoring to retain my composure. "Well, perhaps you will just take a stroll inside, will you?" returned the ruffian, pushing open the door, and dragging me in after him.

"Perhaps he got this by accident," I heard a man whisper to another. "Try these," I said, taking the other two out of my pocket. "All their doubts now vanished. 'Beautiful,' exclaimed some. 'Very splendid!' said others. When they had examined them to their satisfaction they all cordially took me by the hand, every particle of doubt having vanished from their minds. I carried on my part well. Some questions were occasionally asked me involving some technicalities of the business; these, however, I avoided; by stating that I was on a journey, and would rather take a glass of whiskey than answer questions. The whiskey was produced, and it made a night of it. It was not until morning dawned that we separated.

A COURT SCENE.—"William, look tell us, William, who made you. Do you know?" William, who was considered a fool, screwed up his face, and looking thoughtful, and some bewildered, slowly answered—"Moses, I s'poses." "That will do," said counsellor Gray, addressing the court; "the witness says he supposes that Moses made him. That certainly is an intelligent answer, more than I supposed him capable of giving; for it shows that he had some faint idea of Scripture; but I must submit that it is not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn as a witness capable of giving evidence." "Mr. Judge," said the fool, "may I ax the lawyer a question?" "Certainly," said Judge. "Wal, then, Mr. Lawyer, who do yes' s'pos made you?" "Aaron I s'pos said Counsellor Gray, imitating the witness. After the mirth had somewhat subsided the witness drawled out—"Wal, now, we road in the good book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd a thought the darned critter got in here?" The Judge ordered the witness to be sworn.

SOFTENING HARD WATER.—Some twenty years ago, a well was dug twenty feet deep, on the Cottage Hill Farm, near Ravenna, Ohio. It contained eight feet of water—after being stoned—the earth about which was blue clay, and the water was very hard. This serious defect was cured entirely, and the water softened permanently, by putting into the well about four feet of gravel of the size of beans and upwards.

Great Remedies. Prof. McEntyre's Great Remedies—the Indian Compound, the Dandelion Pills, and the Indian Vegetable Worm Destroyer—for sale at Lewis' Book Store, Huntingdon.

I have frequently in the course of my life been obliged to put up with wretched accommodations, so I did not allow my acquiescence of temper to be destroyed by the miserable apartments into which I was ushered after I had finished my repast.

The man keeping guard over me said nothing, but scowled fiercely. I had not said a single word during all the time I had been in the barn. I was aware that whatever I might say would in all probability do more harm than good, and it has always been a maxim of mine, to hold my tongue when in doubt. At last the discussion seem to be ended, for the blackcoat of the whole came forward, and without any introduction, exclaimed,— "I say stranger, look here, you must die!" I did not move a muscle or utter a word. "You have found out our secret, and

What is a Pure Breed?—All that can be asserted of the so-called purest bred variety is that it has been reared for a number of generations without a cross with any other variety. But it should be remembered that every variety has been reared careful and artificial selection from the original stock or from other varieties. In fact, every variety may be called pure bred that reproduces its own likeness true to form and color.

A man who had brutally assaulted his wife was brought before Justice Cole of Albany, lately, and had a good deal to say about "getting justice." "Justice!" replied Cole, "you can't get it here, this court has no power to hang you."

Did you Ever lit a board from the ground in warm weather? If so, you have noticed that the ground was moist, no matter how severe the drought. This is mulching. But keeping the ground moist is not the only benefit of mulching. The moisture deposited beneath the mulch is the warm air coming in contact with the cool ground. This air always contains more of those fertilizers in the form of vapor, and this vapor is arrested by cold air coming in contact with warmer. Every body can see, if they will, that a piece of land kept covered instead of bare will increase in fertility; while a piece left naked will continually grow poorer. If a farmer leave a covering of grass upon the ground during the winter, he will find it will pay him well in the increase of the crop, while the naked ground is liable to lose not only what grass there is by winter killing, but less and less grass will grow where it is all off close in the fall. An apple tree can be made to grow and bear fruit simply by covering the ground with stones around the roots. We have seen grape vines loaded with fruit growing out of a pile of stones, the stone heap acting as a mulch, and keeping the ground at an even temperature, which is so essential to growing grapes, and never permitting the ground to bake. Keep your ground under the plow, worked well, and do not let your pasture become naked, either in summer or winter.

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The chamber was of small size, and certainly well ventilated, for I could see the stars through the roof. The bed was simply a bag of straw thrown into one corner of the room, without sheet or covering of any kind. This last fact, however, was not of much consequence, as it was summer and oppressively hot.

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Justice's and Constables' Fee Bills for sale at Lewis' Book Store.

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