The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. —PERSEVERE.— TERMS, $2,00 a year in advance.

VOL. XXII. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1867. NO. 35.

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance $2 00
Six months 1 00
Three months ....

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
One square, (10 lines,) or less	$ 75	$1 25	$[illegible]
Two squares,	1 50	2 00	3 [illegible]
Three squares,	2 25	3 00	4 50
	3 months.	6 months.	12 months.
One square, or less	$4 00	$6 00	[illegible]
Two squares,	6 00	9 00	[illegible]
Three squares,	8 00	12 [illegible]	2[illegible]
Four squares,	10 00	1[illegible] 00	25 00
Half a column,	15 00	20 00	30 00
One column,	20 00	35 00	60 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding six lines, One year, ... $5 00
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, ... $2 50
Auditors' Notices, ... 2 00
Estray, or other short Notices 1 50

☞Ten lines of nonpareil make a square. About eight words constitute a line, so that any person can easily calculate a square in manuscript.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

Our prices for the printing of Blanks, Handbills, etc. are reasonably low.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne, used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headache, &c. It is manufactured from the rich southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1,00 in large bottles, and by Demas Barnes & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

Saratoga Spring Water, sold by all Druggists.

S. T.---1860---X.

Persons of sedentary habits troubled with weakness, lassitude, palpitation of the heart, lack of appetite, distress after eating, torpid fever, constipation, &c., deserve to suffer if they will not try the celebrated PLANTATION BITTERS, which are now recommended by the highest medical authorities, and are warranted to produce an *immediate* beneficial effect. They are exceedingly agreeable, perfectly pure, and must supersede all other tonics where a healthy, gentle stimulant is required.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They make the weak strong, the languid brilliant, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are composed of the celebrated Calisaya Bark, wintergreen, sassafras, roots and herbs, all preserved in perfectly pure St. Croix rum. For particulars, see circulars and testimonials around each bottle.

Beware of impostors. Examine every bottle. See that it has our private U. S. stamp unmutilated over the cork with plantation scene, and our signature on a fine steel plate side label. ☞ See that our bottle is not refilled with spurious and deleterious stuff. ☞Any person pretending to sell Plantation Bitters by the gallon or in bulk, is an impostor. Any person imitating this bottle, or selling any other material therein, whether called Plantation Bitters or not, is a criminal under the U. S. Law, and will be so prosecuted by us. The demand for Drake's Plantation Bitters, from ladies, clergymen, merchants, &c., is incredible. The simple trial of a bottle is the evidence we present of their worth and superiority. They are sold by all respectable druggists, grocers, physicians, hotels, saloons, steamboats and country stores.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.

Saratoga Spring Water, sold by all Druggists.

Have you a hurt child or a lame horse? Use the Mexican Mustang Liniment.

For cuts, sprains, burns, swellings and caked breasts, the Mexican Mustang Liniment is a certain cure.

For rheumatism, neuralgia, stiff joints, stings and bites, there is nothing like the Mexican Mustang Liniment.

For spavined horses, the poll evil, ringbone and sweeny, the Mexican Mustang Liniment never fails.

For wind-galls, scratches, big-head and splint, the Mexican Mustang Liniment is worth its weight in gold.

Cuts, bruises, sprains and swellings are so common and certain to occur in every family, that a bottle of this Liniment is the best investment that can be made.

It is more certain than the doctor—it saves time in sending for the doctor—it is cheaper than the doctor, and should never be dispensed with.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire, it tipped over and scalded my hands terribly. * * * The Mustang Liniment extracted the pain, caused the sore to heal rapidly, and left very little scar.

CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada.

Mr. S. Litch, of Hyde Park, Vt., writes: "My horse was considered worthless, (spavin,) but since the use of the Mustang Liniment, I have sold him for $150. Your Liniment is doing wonders up here."

All genuine is wrapped in steel plate engravings, signed, G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and also has the private U. S. stamp of Demas Barnes & Co., over the top.

Look closely, and be not deceived by counterfeits.

Sold by all Druggists at 25, 50 cts, and $1,00.

Saratoga Spring Water, sold by all Druggists.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
It keeps the head cool and clean.
It makes the hair rich, soft and glossy.
It prevents the hair turning gray and falling off.
It restores hair upon prematurely bald heads.

This is just what Lyon's Kathairon will do. It is pretty—it is cheap—durable. It is literally sold by the car-load, and yet its almost incredible demand is daily increasing, until there is hardly a country store that does not keep it, or a family that does not use it.

E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

Saratoga Spring Water, sold by all Druggists.

Who would not be beautiful? Who would not add to their beauty? What gives that marble purity and *distingue* appearance we observe upon the stage and in the city belle? It is no longer a secret. They use Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Its continued use removes tan, freckles, pimples, and roughness, from the face and hands, and leaves the complexion smooth, transparent, blooming and ravishing. Unlike many cosmetics, it contains no material injurious to the skin. Any Druggist will order it for you, if not on hand, at 50 cents per bottle.

W. E. HAGAN, Troy, N. Y. Chemist.

Demas Barnes & Co., Wholesale Agents, N. Y.

Saratoga Spring Water, sold by all Druggists.

Heimstreet's inimitable Hair Coloring is not a dye. All instantaneous dyes are composed of *lunar caustic* and more or less destroy the vitality and beauty of the hair. This is the original Hair Coloring, and has been growing in favor over twenty years. It restores gray hair to its original color by gradual absorption, in a most remarkable manner. It is also a beautiful hair dressing. Sold in two sizes—50 cents and $1—by all dealers.

C. HEIMSTREET, Chemist.

Saratoga Spring Water, sold by all Druggists.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, &c., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other.

Saratoga Spring Water, sold by all Druggists.

July11, 1866-eowly

☞All the above articles for sale by S. S. SMITH, Huntingdon, Penna.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, Having permanently located at Huntingdon, offers his professional services to the community.

Office, the same as that lately occupied by Dr. Luden on Hill street. ap10,1866

DR. JOHN McCULLOCH, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office on Hill street, one door east of Reed's Drug Store. Aug. 28, '55.

R. ALLISON MILLER, *DENTIST*, Has removed to the Brick Row opposite the Court House. April 13, 1859.

J. E. GREENE, DENTIST. Office removed to opposite the Franklin House in the old bank building, Hill street, Huntingdon. April 10, 1866.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

THE subscribers having leased this Hotel, lately occupied by Mr. McNulty, are prepared to accommodate strangers, travelers, and citizens in good style. Every effort shall be made on our part to make all who stop with us feel at home. AULTZ & FEE, may2,1866 Proprietors.

MORRISON HOUSE, Huntingdon, Pa.

I HAVE purchased and entirely renovated the large stone and brick building opposite the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, and have now opened it for the accommodation of the traveling public. The Carpets, Furniture, Beds and Bedding are all entirely new and first class, and I am safe in saying that I can offer accommodations not excelled in Central Pennsylvania.

☞I refer to my patrons who have formerly known me while in charge of the Broad Top City Hotel and Jackson House. JOSEPH MORRISON. May 16, 1865-tf.

E. W. THOMAS, Teacher of Cornet Bands, HUNTINGDON, PA.

Having had considerable experience in teaching music he promises to give entire satisfaction to Bands or individuals in town or country, desiring his services. Any band desiring music, or music arranged, will please address him. ja9-2m

K. ALLEN LOVELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA.

Prompt attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to his care. Military and other claims of soldiers and their heirs against the State or Government collected without delay. OFFICE in the Brick Row, opposite the Court House. jan.1.1867

MILTON S. LYTLE, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, HUNTINGDON, PA.

Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to his care. Claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government collected without delay. se12'66

R. McMURTRIE, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Office on Hill street. HUNTINGDON, PA.

Prompt attention will be given to the prosecution of the claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs, against the Government. au22,1866

J. W. MATTERN. WILLIAM A. SIPE.

MATTERN & SIPE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, AND *LICENSED CLAIM AGENTS*, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office on Hill street.

Soldiers Claims against the Government for Back Pay Bounty, Widows' and Invalids' Pensions attended to with great care and promptness. my29-1y

JOHN SCOTT, SAMUEL T. BROWN, JOHN M. BAILEY

The name of this firm has been changed from SCOTT & BROWN, to SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, under which name they will hereafter conduct their practice as *ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA.*

PENSIONS, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government, will be promptly prosecuted. May 17, 1865-tf.

A. W. BENEDICT. J. SEWELL STEWART. P. M. LYTLE.

THE firm of Benedict & Stewart has been changed to BENEDICT, STEWART & LYTLE, under which name they will hereafter practice as ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA.

They will also give careful attention to the collection of military and other Claims against the State or Government.

Office formerly occupied by J. Sewell Stewart, adjoining the Court House. feb6,1866

AGENCY, FOR COLLECTING SOLDIERS CLAIMS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND PENSIONS.

ALL who may have any claims against the Government for Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions, can have their claims promptly collected by applying either in person or by letter to

W. H. WOODS, Attorney at Law, Huntingdon, Pa.

August 12, 1863.

JOHN BARE, W. H. WOODS, P. M. BARE, W. P. M'LAUGHLIN

JOHN BARE, & CO., Bankers, Huntingdon, Pa.

Solicit accounts from Banks, Bankers & others. Interest allowed on Deposits. All kinds of Securities, bought and sold for the usual commission. Special attention given to Government Securities. Collections made on all points.

Persons depositing Gold and Silver will receive the same in return with interest. Oct. 17, 1866-tf.

ROBLEY & MARSH, MERCHANT TAILORS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a partnership in the above business and will constantly keep on hand the best and most fashionable Goods in the market, comprising all kinds of

Fancy Silk, Mixed Goods & Cassimers. Also, the best quality of BLACK CLOTHS AND DOESKINS.

Both having had large experience in the business will try to please all.

Their room is on Smith street, two doors below Main. H. ROBLEY, GEO. F. MARSH. ja18-3m

IF YOU WANT A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH LIKENESS, CALL AT DONNELL & KLINE'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

On Hill Street, two doors west of Lewis' Book Store.

CALL AND SEE SPECIMENS. Huntingdon, Oct 4, '66-tf.

ALL KINDS OF CRACKERS constantly on hand at CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

SOUR PICKLES ready for the table by the doz., ½ doz., or ¼ doz., for sale at LEWIS & Co's Family Grocery.

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE IN HUNTINGDON.

NEW GOODS *FOR FALL AND WINTER.*

WM. MARCH & BRO.

Respectfully inform the public generally that they have just received a large and splendid stock of goods at their store in Huntingdon, consisting in part of

SILKS, DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS, CAPS, TINWARE, LADIES' FANCY TRIMMINGS, HOOP SKIRTS, BONNETS, BUTTONS, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE, PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, CRACKERS, NOTIONS, TOBACCO, SEGARS, GLASS, NAILS, FISH, SALT, &c., &c.

Also, CARPETS and OIL-CLOTH,

And in fact everything that is usually kept in a first class store, all which were bought low for cash and will sold at correspondingly low prices for cash, or country produce, and request the public to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, feeling satisfied we can offer superior inducements to cash buyers.

We respectfully solicit the patronage of all, and the public are cordially invited to examine our goods.

Everything taken in exchange for goods except promises.

WM. MARCH & BRO. Huntingdon, oct. 31, 1866.

WHAT WAS WANTED! OPEN and READY FOR BUSINESS

H. GREENBERG, MERCHANT TAILOR,

Respectfully informs the public that he has opened a new store in Fisher & Son's New Building, in the Diamond in Huntingdon, where all kinds of

READY-MADE CLOTHING, PIECE GOODS, Hats, Umbrellas, Traveling Bags, etc.,

Can be found to suit all who may favor him with their patronage.

His Piece Goods are of the best quality and will be MADE UP TO ORDER in the most fashionable and best make and style. All goods can be bought at this establishment from 10 to 20 per cent. cheaper than at any other place. All desiring a good suit of clothing at a fair price should call and examine goods and prices. All goods leaving his establishment will be warranted to be what may be represented.

H. GREENBERG, Merchant Tailor. Huntingdon, Nov. 21, 1866.

CHEAP GROCERY STORE. Z. YENTER, HILL ST., HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE undersigned offers for the inspection and purchase of customers a large and assorted stock of Groceries, Provisions, &c. He feels satisfied they can be accomodated with anything in his line. His prices are low, and his stock fresh and good. He keeps the best of

SUGAR, COFFEE, TEAS, SPICES, SALT, TOBACCO & SEGARS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS & CAPS, &c.

ALSO—HAMS, SHOULDERS, SIDES, MOLASSES, OILS, VINEGAR, FISH, CHEESE, FLOUR RICE, And NOTIONS of every kind.

A select stock of DRY GOODS, together with QUEENSWARE, and all other articles kept in a well regulated establishment for sale at reasonable prices.

☞His store is on Hill street, nearly opposite the Bank, and in the room formerly occupied by D. Grove.

Call and examine. Z. YENTER. Huntingdon, oc. 31, 1866

LUMBER. LUMBER. LUMBER.

THE undersigned has just received and is now ready to supply the public with ALL KINDS OF LUMBER, COMPRISING ALL THE DIFFERENT GRADES, From cullings up to the clear stuff, *From 9 months to 2 years dry!*

Also, PLASTERING LATH, JOINT AND LAP SHINGLES, BUILDING STUFF AND PLANK. WORKED FLOORING, WEATHER-BOARDING, DOORS, WINDOW-FRAMES, SASHES, &c at reasonable prices.

Now is the time to buy, before the Spring rush, as Lumber is already advancing, and dry lumber is a scarce article. CHAS. H. ANDERSON. Huntingdon, Feb. 27, 1866

JUNIATA STEAM PEARL MILL, HUNTINGDON, PA., IS NOW IN COMPLETE RUNNING ORDER FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF FLOUR.

The patronage of the town and country is respectfully solicited.

GRAIN, of every description, Bought at this mill.

McCAHAN & SON. Huntingdon, May 2, 1866

NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE. WM. AFRICA

Informs the public that he has just opened at his old stand in the Diamond, Huntingdon,

A Fine Assortment of all kinds of BOOTS AND SHOES, For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

All of which he will sell at fair prices. *Quick sales and small profits.* Call and examine my stock.

Manufacturing and Repairing done to order as usual. Huntingdon, April 10, 1866.

NEW LEATHER STORE.

THE undersigned would respectfully announce that, in connection with their TANNERY, they have just opened a splendid assortment of

Fine Leather, Consisting in part of FRENCH CALF-SKIN, KIP, MORROCOO, LININGS, BINDINGS, SOLE, UPPER, HARNESS, SKIRTING, &c., Together with a general assortment of FINDINGS.

The trade is invited to call and examine our stock. Store on HILL street, two doors west of the Presbyterian church.

The highest price paid for hide and bark. C. H. MILLER & SON. Huntingdon, Dec. 12-3m

CARPETING OF ALL KINDS at CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

IF YOU WANT the BEST SYRUP, go to CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

The Globe.

[For the Globe.]

LIFE'S MARINER.

BY WILDE.

Once when a buoyant, happy youth,
I wandered all alone;
There came to my ear a strange monody,
Breathed in a low, sweet tone;
I turned, and lo! half hid in a bower,
Was a youth both fair and young,
With a pensive shade on his manly brow,
And this was the song he sung.

"I stood on a chain of pearly reef,
That fringed a golden sea,
And playfully stooped to gather the shells
That lined the silvery lea;
Then I heard a voice from over the waves,
A voice of liquid tone;
A hand had touched the Harp of Life,
And that hand was still unknown.

I stopped to list to the voice of the waves
That came in clouds of perfume;
A thrilling voice entranced my soul—
Strange whisperings of—Come!
Then I launched me out in a pearl canoe—
'Twas a tiny, fragile thing,
And it fluttered and whirled on the silver surf,
Like a delicate bird on wing.

'Twas borne by myriads of airy sprites,
Who laughed as they plied the oar;
And brighter the hue of their golden wings,
The farther we got from the shore.
The mirror was calm, and swift was our sail;
Home had faded from sight—
Day had fled and the moon had gone down,
And still there lingered a light.

Then I saw as if rising from the foam,
A form all draped in black,
Who was sadly traveling the homeward way,
Saying, "Come, and I'll pilot you back!"
My eyes were blinded, but I know it not,
And I gazed on the glittering sea;
The sight was dazzling—I turned, and cried
"Not yet can I go with thee."

Then the angel wept, and I heard a wail
That came from the homeward shore;
The lights were pallid when the sad one left,
And my heart was faint and sore.
I turned to watch the silver oars,
But the fairy helmsmen were gone;
They had left me to battle the coming tide,
Blind and reeling, alone.

But, e'er while I struggled, far over the sea,
I saw a vision so bright
All was forgot, save a longing desire
To be near that creature of light—
That beauteous being with starry eyes,
Who stood on a golden throne;
Who breathed Æolian melody
In a low, impassioned tone.

The coral curves of the dewy lip,
Wreathed in an ineffable smile;
'Mid the meshes of her golden hair
Wee fairies toyed the while.
And the snowy arms were beckoning me on—
Ah, me! 'twas a beautiful snare!
But I only saw her and was wild to embrace
The dazzling creature there.

Soon I reached the shores of Fairy Isle,
And felt the Syren's power;
Then rare perfume of voluptuous,
Came down in a golden [illegible].
A chalice was held to my burning lips,
I paused, and wild whirled my brain;
"Touch not, taste not," came in calm, clear tones,
And a fierce sciomachy began.

Ah, me! it was terrible; I would fain have gone home,
But dark and dense it had grown;
And the barge was so frail, and the water so high,
And the beautiful lights were all gone;
Then I saw by the lurid rays of the moon
Scenes that iced the life blood;
The form that sparkled so bright before,
Had turned to a crimson flood.

Then I knew the thrilling notes I had heard,
Were the wails of the doomed below;
Wild and fierce were the shrieks that came
From the endless vault of woe:
Cold, white faces speckled the waves,
White with pitiful agony;
They cried for aid, but Sin's dark dower
Was their miserable legacy.

Hollow eyes looked to Heaven for help,
But there is no God for the lost;
And white and shriveled grew the wrecked forms,
By the waves so pitilessly tost.
Then I gazed at my delicate pearl canoe,
And shuddered and shrieked from pain
That I, too, should wail on Acheron's shore,
'Mid scores of Cotytto's slain.

The iron-ribbed gates of Inferno were reached,
I saw, and sank gasping with fright;
But, e'en through the murky curtains of woe,
There came a scintilla of light;
'Twas Hope, who softly grasped my hand,
And bade me look above,
Nor linger not, in my onward march,
Till I reach that Land of Love.

Then I saw the gleam of the tall, pearl spire,
As it flashed from the Temple white,
And the windows blazing in chrysoprazo
Were bathed in a golden light;
Lines of seraphs with spirits pure,
Seemed floating in dreamy space;
And the Aureola of the Immaculate
Illumined every face.

Now I haste me on with eager steps,
Till I reach the dazzling Fane.
But I sometimes shudder, at thoughts of the past,
And from fear that I err again;
But when I attain the vestibulo,
I cannot think, so late,
I'll be left to shriek unheard for aye,
At the barred and Golden Gate.

No, I hope to tread the diamond shore,
And quaff from amber streams;
To rest for aye, with those spirits pure,
That come to me in dreams.

"You've Gone Over It."

One Sunday morning an old gentleman was going to church. He was a happy, cheerful Christian, who had a very great respect for the Sabbath.—He was, however, somewhat singular in his manner of giving reproof. As he was going along, he met a man driving a heavily loaded cart through the town.

When the old gentleman came opposite the cart he suddenly stopped, and lifting up both hands, as if in alarm, he exclaimed, as he gazed under the cart:

"There, there, you are going over it; you have gone right over it."

The driver was frightened, and instantly cried out "Whoa, whoa," and brought his horse to a stand.

He then looked under the wheels, expecting to see the mangled remains of some innocent child, or at least some poor dog or pig, that had been crushed to death.

But, after gazing all about, and seeing nothing under the wheels, he looked at the gentleman, who had so strangely arrested his attention, and anxiously asked, "What have I gone over, sir?"

"Over the fourth commandment, my friend," was the reply; "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

To Let--Inquire Within.

Two young damsels and a spinster aunt came in, and after a lengthy inspection of the premises, came to a state council in the parlor.

"I like the house very much," said the spinster aunt solemnly, "and with a few alterations I will engage it for my brother's family."

"Very good, madam," said Nahum, rubbing his hands, and scenting a speedy termination to his trials. "Name 'em."

"The door handles must all be guilded, and I should like the house newly papered in velvet and gold, and repainted, and the partition between the parlors taken down and replaced by an arch, and an extension dining room built on behind, and a bay style of range in the kitchen and a dumb waiter put in, and new bronzed chandaliers throughout, and another furnace in the sub-cellar, and—"

"Hold on, ma'am—just hold on one minute," said Nahum, feebly gasping for breath. "Wouldn't you like the old house carried away; and a new one put in its place? I think it would be rather less trouble than to make the trifling alterations you suggest."

"Sir!" said the spinster loftily.

"I don't think we can agree ma'am."

"Very well—Very well—come girls."

With prim dignity the lady marshaled her two charges out, muttering something about "the extortionate ideas of landlords now-a-days."

Nahum wildly rumpling his iron grey hair with both hands, soliloquized: "Well, if Job had been alive and had a house to let, there never would have been any book of Job written. There goes that everlasting bell again; I'll haul it out by the roots if this thing goes on much longer. I'll tear down the bell and put the place up at auction."

Another lady; but quite different from the other—a slender, little, cast down lady with a head that drooped like a lilly of the valley, and a dress of brown silk that had been mended, and darned and turned and retrimmed, and even Nahum Briggs, man and bachelor as he was, could see how very shabby it was. Yet she was pretty, with big blue eyes and shining brown hair and cheeks tinged with a fair, fleeting color, bloomed in vivid carmine. And a golden haired little lassie clung to her dress, as like her tiny lilly buds to a bloom chime of flower bells.

As Nahum Briggs stood looking at her, there came back to him the sunshiny days of youth—a field of blooming clover crimsoned the June like waves of blood, and a blue-eyed girl leaning over the fence, with her bright hair barred with level sunset gold, and he knew he was standing face to face with Barbara Wylie, the girl he had quarreled with years and years ago, and whose blue eyes had kept him an old bachelor all his life long.

"This house is to be let, I believe?" she asked timidly, with a little quiver in her lips.

"I believe it is Barbara Wylie."

She looked up startled with a sudden flush of recognition. And then Barbara turned very pale, and began to cry, with the little golden haired girl clinging to her skirts and wailing—

"Mamma—mamma, what's the matter, mamma?"

"Nothing, now," said Barbara, resolutely brushing away the tears. "If you please Mr. Briggs, I will look at the house. I am a poor widow now, and very poor, and—and I think of keeping a boarding house to earn my daily bread. I hope the rent is not very high?"

We'll talk about the rent afterward," said Nahum, fiercely swallowing down a big lump in his throat that threatened to choke him. "Come here little girl and kiss me. I used to know your mamma when she wasn't much bigger than you are."

Barbara, with her blue eyes still drooping, went all over the house without finding a word of fault, and Nahum Briggs walked at her side, wondering if it was really fifteen years since the June sunshine lay so brightly on the clover fields.

"I think the house is beautiful," said meek Barbara, "will you rent it to me, Nahum?"

"Well, yes," said Nahum thoughtfully; "I'll let you have my house, if you want it Barbara."

"With the privilege of keeping a few boarders?"

"No ma'am!"

Barbara stopped and looked wistfully at him.

"But I don't think you understand how very poor I am, Mr. Briggs."

"Yes, I do."

"And that I cannot afford to take the house without the privilege of taking boarders."

"I'll tell you what, Barbara," said Mr. Briggs, dictatorially, "I'll give you the privilege of keeping just one boarder, and him you will have to keep all your life long, if you once take him."

"I don't think I quite understand you, Nahum Briggs," but she blushed very becomingly, and we are rather inclined to think she told a naughty little fib.

"What do you say to me for a boarder, Barbara?" said the old bachelor, taking both the widow's hands in his. "Barbara, we were young folks once, but there is no reason why we should be old fools now. I like you as well as I ever did, and I'll do my best to be a good husband to you, and a good father to your little girl, if you'll be my wife."

Barbara blushed again, and hesitated. Nahum was not to be eluded thus.

"Shall I take down the 'To Let,' Barbara?"

"Yes," she murmured, almost under her breath.

So Nahum went deliberately out and coolly tore down the bill to the great astonishment and disappointment of a party of rabid house-hunters who were just ascending the steps.

"And when shall we be married, Barbara," he demanded.

"In the summer, perhaps," said Mrs. Barbara shily.

"To-morrow," said Nahum decisively—and to-morrow it was.

"Upon my word, Barbara," said Nahum, on the first day of May, as he watched his wife's blooming face behind the coffee urn, "you can't think how much jollier it is with you for a housekeeper, than that hag, Mrs. Parley."

Barbara only laughed and said "he was a dear, good old stupid."

So the probabilities are that neither Mr. Nahum Briggs nor his brown stone house will be in market again as—"To Let—Inquire Within."

[From The New York Tribune.]

Aspirations to be Rich.

A youth writes us as follows--and his case is like that of so many others that we treat it thus publicly, suppressing his name:—

"Dear Sir:—I am a poor boy. I would like to get rich. Now what shall I do? I would like to quit this section. I don't want to remain on my father's farm. Please give me the best advice you can, and oblige, Yours, G. G. S."

Answer.—The aspiration to be rich—though by no means the highest that can impel a career—is, in our view, wholesome and laudable. The youth who says, "Let me be rich *any how*, and before all other considerations," is very likely to bring up in some State Prison; but he who consistently says, "Let me first be just, honest, moral, diligent, useful; *then* rich," is on the right road. Every boy *ought* to aspire to be rich, provided he can be without unfaithfulness to social obligation or to moral principle.

But how shall he set about getting rich? We would concisely say:—

I. *Firmly resolve never to owe a debt.* It is the fundamental mistake of most boys to suppose that they can get rich faster on money earned by others than on that earned respectively by themselves. If every youth of eighteen to twenty five years were to-day offered $10,000 for ten years at seven per cent interest, two-thirds of them would eagerly accept it; when the probable consequence is that three fourths of them would die bankrupts and paupers. Boys do not need money half so much as they need to know how to earn and save it. The boy who, at the close of his first year of independence, has earned and saved $100, and invested or loaned it where it will pay him six or seven per cent. will almost surely become rich if he lives; while he who closes his first year of responsibility in debt, will probably live and die in debt. There is no greater mistake made by our American youth than that of choosing to pay interest rather than receive it. Interest devours us while we sleep; it absorbs our profits and aggravates our losses. Let a young man at twenty-five have $1000 loaned on bond and mortgage or in public securities, and he will surely want money thereafter; in fact, that $1000, invested at seven per cent. will of itself make him rich before he is sixty. There is no rule more important or wholesome for our boys than that which teaches them to go through life receiving interest rather than paying it. Of the torments which afflict this mortal sphere, the first rank is held by crime; the second by debt.

II. *Acquire promptly and thoroughly some useful calling.*—Some pursuits are more lucrative, some more respectable, some more agreeable, than others; but a chimney-sweep's is far better than none at all. No matter how rich his parents may be, a boy should learn a trade; no matter how poor he may be, a boy may learn some trade if he will. This city is full to day of young (and old) men who have been clerks, book-keepers, porters, etc., etc., yet can find nothing to do, and are starving because their foolish parents did not give them trades. A trade is an estate, and almost always a productive one. A good, efficient farm laborer can generally find playing work if he does not insist in looking for it in a city where it cannot well be; while many a college graduate famishes because nobody wants the only work he knows how to do. Let nothing prevent your acquiring skill in some branch of productive industry.

III. *Resolve not to be a rover.*—"A rolling stone gathers no moss," but is constantly thumped and knocked, and often shivered to pieces. If you are honest and industrious you must be constantly making reputation, which, if you remain in one place, helps you along the road to fortune. Even a hod-carrier, or street sweeper, who has proved that his promise to appear on a given day and hour, and go to work, may be trusted, has a property in the confidence thus created. If you cannot find your work where you now are, migrate; but do it once for all. When you have stuck your stake, stand by it!

IV. *Comprehend that there is work almost everywhere for him who can do it.*—An Italian named Bianconi settled in Ireland some sixty years ago, and got very rich there by gradually establishing lines of passenger conveyances all over that island. Almost any man would have said that he who went to Ireland to make his fortune must be mad. He who knows how, and will work, can get rich growing potatoes in New England, though he hasn't a five cent stamp to begin with. There is work that will pay for a million more people on the soil of Connecticut alone. There are millions of unproductive acres within a day's ride of this city that might be bought and rendered largely fruitful at a clear profit one hundred dollars per acre. A man in Niles, Michigan, declined to go gold hunting in the Rocky Mountains because there was more gold in Niles than he could get hold of. The reason was a good one, and it applies almost everywhere. If you can find nothing to do where you are, it is generally because you can do nothing.

V. *Realize that he who earns sixpence per day more than he spends must get rich, while he who spends sixpence more than he earns must become poor.*—This is a very hackneyed truth; but we shall never be done needing its repetition. Hundreds of thousands are not only poor but wretched to day, simply because they fail to comprehend or will not heed it. We Americans are not only an extravagant but an ostentatious people. We habitually spend too much on our stomachs and our neighbor's eyes. We are continually in hot-water, not because we cannot live in comfort on our means, but because we persist in spending more than we need or can afford. Our youth squander in extra food and drinks, in frolic and dissipation, which does them harm instead of good, the means which should be the nest-egg of their future competence. When cares and children cluster about them, they grumble at their hard fortune; forgetful that they wasted the years and means which might and should have saved them from present and future poverty.

All these are trite, homely truths. All our boys have heard them again and again; but how many have laid them to heart? We assure G. G. S., and every other youth, that each may become rich if he will—that "to be or not to be" rests entirely with himself; and that his very first lesson is to distrust and shun by-paths and short cuts, and keep straight along the broad, obvious, beaten highway.

A Queer Old Lady.

How different people appear at different times, as, when we are sick or well, rejoicing or mourning, laughing or weeping. A few days since, I met an old lady, who nodded very familiarly to me and yet I hesitated to call her by name, lest I should miscall it. She looked old, and yet young; soft and smiling, and yet wore stern frowns. She was fair in face, yet her hands were iron. It seemed as if the wind would blow her away, and yet she moved with the strength of an elephant.

"Why, sir," said she, "you seem to stare at me, though you have seen me a thousand times before."

"That may be, madam; but I never saw you so loaded down with all sorts of things. I am curious to know about them. Would it be rude if I should ask you a few questions?"

"Not at all. Ask away."

"Well, what are you going to do with those small, ladies' shoes?"

"Why, make the ladies wear them, to be sure."

"Not in this cold wet season? Why, I can hardly keep my feet warm in these thick, double-souled boots. I must have over-shoes. How can they wear such thin cold-catching shoes?"

"O, sir, I have only to bring them to them and they never hesitate a moment. They know me!"

"And those little half dresses, hanging on your arm?"

"They are to be put on little children in cold weather, or to walk out in—naked at the knees, naked at the neck, and hardly covering half the body. You can't think how eager parents are for these dresses."

"What have you in this little tin box?"

"Lozenges, sir; troches, hoar-hound candy—things that always go with thin shoes and thin dresses. And this bright red box, contains what is called conscience salve, which I always keep on hand to rub on the conscience when any one feels that he has done wrong in obeying me. It's in great demand, sir, and a certain cure."

"Pray, madam, what are those screws for?"

"Why, to pinch the feet, and make them look small without regard to corns and bunions. They can't wear those little, dear little shoes, except they have these pinchers to go with them."

"And that great heap of books in your arms?"

"Those! They are the latest, most exciting, and the weakest, most silly novels. But I hand them out, and shake my head with a smile, and crowds read them."

"Madam, I am very inquisitive, I know, but I do want to know what you have in that bag thrown over your shoulders."

"A great variety of valuables—such things as 'late suppers'—in great demand, and which send people to the grave early, and make room for more. Then there are 'late hours,' and 'late rising,' and all manner of hair dressing—things that ladies must have, even if their husbands fail. Here are diamond pins and rings—just the things to stir up envy and create extravagance—here are gold watches, cigars, merschaum pipes, gold-headed canes, eye glasses, and all manner of things to suit all manner of people. And I laugh and coax, and frown and command, till I get them to wear and use them, and do just what I please. Now, I have stopped to talk with you a few minutes; don't you see what a crowd have gathered round me—low necks, thin shoes, muslin dresses, tight boots; some on crutches, some coughing, some breathing short, all crowding to get near me, and when I move you will see how they all run, and rush, and crowd after me. O, sir, I am the great power of the world. I rule kings and queens, beggars and philosophers. Don't you see?"

"Truly, Madam, truly. And now may I ask your name?"

"Name! Fashion, sir; my name is Mrs. Prevailing Fashion! I thought everybody knew me!"—*Rev. John Todd, D. D.*

A PUZZLE.

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