TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....$2 00
Six months.....1 00
Three months.....50

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
One square, (10 lines,)or less	$ 75	$1 25	$1 50
Two squares	1 50	2 00	3 00
Three squares	2 25	3 00	4 50

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Three squares	8 00	12 00	20 00
Four squares	10 00	15 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.....$9 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.

Gratuitous Advertisements.

[The following Cards are published gratuitously. Merchants and business men generally who advertise liberally in the columns of THE GLOBE *for six months or longer, will have their Cards inserted here during the continuance of their advertisement. Otherwise, special Business Cards inserted at the usual rates.]*

JOHNSTON & WATTSON, Merchants, Main st., east of Washington Hotel, Huntingdon

GLAZIER & BRO., Retail Merchants, Washington st., near the Jail, Huntingdon.

DR. WM. BREWSTER, Huntingdon. [Cures by Electropathy.]

B. M. GREENE, Dealer in Music, musical Instruments, SewingM achines, Huntingdon.

DONNELL & KLINE, PHOTOGRAPHERS, Huntingdon, Pa.

WM. LEWIS, Dealer in Books, Stationery and Musical Instruments, Huntingdon, Pa.

H. GREENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Huntingdon, Pa.

JAMES SIMPSON, Iron Founder, Huntingdon, Pa.

M'CAHAN & SON, proprietors of Juniata Steam Pearl Mill, Huntingdon.

J. M. GREENE & F. O. BEAVER, Plain and Ornamental Marble Manufacturers.

WM. WILLIAMS, Plain and Ornamental Marble Manufacturer.

JAMES HIGGENS, Manufacturer of Furniture and Cabinet Ware, Huntingdon, Pa.

J. M. WISE, Manufacturer of Furniture, &c., Huntingdon. Undertaking attended to

WHARTON & MAGUIRE, Wholesale and retail dealers in foreign and domestic Hardware, Cutlery, &c., Railroad street, Huntingdon.

JAMES A. BROWN, Dealer in Hardware, Cutlery, Paints, Oils, &c., Huntingdon, Pa.

WM. AFRICA, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, in the Diamond, Huntingdon, Pa.

JOHN H. WESTBROOK, Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Hosiery, Confectionery, Huntingdon.

GEO. SHAEFFER, dealer in Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c., Huntingdon.

Z. YENTER, Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, Huntingdon, Pa.

ROHM & MILLER, Dealers in Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Huntingdon.

WM. MARCH & BRO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Queensware, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, &c.

CUNNINGHAM & CARMON, Merchants, Huntingdon, Pa.

H. ROMAN, Dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Hats and Caps,

D. P. GWIN, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, &c. Huntingdon

S. E. HENRY & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, and Provisions of all kinds, Huntingdon.

ENVELOPES—By the box, pack, or less quantity, for sale at *LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.*

☞For neat JOB PRINTING, call at the "GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE," at Huntingdon, Pa

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS

DR. R. R. WIESTLING most respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity.
Office that of the late Dr. Snare. mch13-1y*

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. Linden 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. 23, '65.

R. ALLISON MILLER, *DENTIST,*

Has removed to the Brick Row opposite the Court House. April 15, 1859.

J. E. GREENE, DENTIST.
Office removed to Leister's New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon.
July 31, 1867.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon county and the traveling public generally that he has leased the Washington House on the corner of Hill and Charles street, in the borough of Huntingdon, and he is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with a call. Will be pleased to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
AUGUSTUS LETTERMAN.
July 31, '67-tf.

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, 1866-tf.

WM. B. ZIEGLER, AGENT OF THE
Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company.
Huntingdon, May 8, 1867-3m

A. C. CLARKE, AGENT, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of
SEGARS & TOBACCO,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
Next door to the Franklin House, in the Diamond. *Country trade supplied.* apl7'67

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

AARON STEWARD, WATCHMAKER, Successor to Geo. W. Swartz, has opened at his old stand on Hill street, opposite Brown's hardware store, a stock of all kinds of goods belonging to the trade.
Watch and Clock Repairing promptly attended to by practical workmen.
Huntingdon, April 10-6m

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. ap17'66

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

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.

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, 1868.

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.

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, May 1, 1867.

GEO. SHAEFFER
Has just returned from the east with a
SPLENDID STOCK
OF
BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &C.,
Which he offers to the inspection of his customers and the public generally. He will sell his stock at the most
REASONABLE PRICES,
and those who purchase once will surely call again.
BOOTS & SHOES MADE TO ORDER,
and REPAIRING done in the neatest and most expeditious manner.
Call upon Mr. Schaeffer at his shop on Hill street, a few doors west of the Diamond. my2

FOR THE HARVEST OF 1867
BUY THE GENUINE PRIZE MACHINE,
BUCKEYE
Mower and Reaper,
With Double-jointed Folding Bar.
THOS. BURCHINELL,
General Agent for Huntingdon Co.
Huntingdon, April 24-3m

MONEY!

ECONOMY IS MONEY SAVED!

The subscriber is permanently located in Huntingdon, and is prepared to purchase, or repair in the best style, and expeditiously, broken
UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS.
All articles intrusted to him will be returned to the residence of the owner as soon as repaired. Umbrellas and parasols for repair can be left at his residence on St. Clair street near Beuedict's.
may2,1866tf WM. PENTIMAN.

HAMS. HAMS.

Plain and canvas sugar cured Hams—the best in market—whole or sliced, for sale at
Lewis' Family Grocery.

BUSINESS MEN, TAKE NOTICE! If you want your card neatly printed on envelopes, call at *LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.*

CASSIMERES.—A choice lot of black and fancy Cassimeres at
CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

ALL KINDS OF TOBACCO wholesale and retail, at
CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

CUNNINGHAM & CARMON ARE selling off at greatly reduced prices.

A LARGE VARIETY of articles too numerous to mention, for sale at LEWIS family Grocery. Call and see.

PURE SPICES at
CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

GROUND ALUM AND SALINA SALT at *CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.*

PAPER! PAPER!! Note, Post, Commercial, Foolscap and Flatcap—a good assortment for sale by the ream, half ream, quire of sheet, at
LEWIS' NEW BOOK & STATIONERY STORE.

CHOICE CANDIES

Of all kinds, for sale wholesale and retail at Lewis & Co's Family Grocery.

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

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

The Globe.

WM. LEWIS, HUGH LINDSAY, Publishers. —PERSEVERE.— TERMS, $2,00 a year in advance.

VOL. XXIII. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1867. NO. 4.

COURT AFFAIRS.

AUGUST TERM, 1867.

GRAND JURORS.

Anthony Beaver, farmer, Penn
Isaac Curfman, farmer, Tod
John M. Clarke, tailor, Shirleysburg
Jacob Devor, farmer, Shirley
Ash. Fraker, merchant, Shirleysburg
Samuel B. Garner, merchant, Penn
Samuel Grove, farmer, Brady
Benj. Grafius, tinner, Huntingdon
Peter Gutshall, farmer, Springfield
Emanuel Herncane, farmer, Shirley
Moses Hamor, Sr., farmer, Walker
George Henton, merchant, Coalmont.
Adam Houpt, farmer, Tod
William Hight, laborer, Jackson
Philips Locke, farmer, Springfield
James Mitchell, farmer, Jackson
Michael Miller, farmer, Springfield
George Porter, gentleman, Franklin
John Peightal, farmer, Walker
E. L. Rorer, farmer, Clay
S. Silknitter, lumberman, Henderson.
Moses Swoope, farmer, Union
Robert Speer, clerk, Porter
Hugh Seeds, farmer, Franklin

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

John Becher, farmer, Cromwell
Wm. Brown, lumberman, Henderson
H. Brewster, merchant, Shirleysburg
Allen H. Bauman, tanner, Union
Robert Bingham, farmer, Shirley
David Black, carpenter, Huntingdon
J. Peightal, gentleman, Warriorsmark
William Benford, carpenter, Coalmont
Josiah Curfman, farmer, Cass
Storret Cummins, farmer, Jackson
Benj. Cross, carpenter, Alexaddria
William Cisney, farmer, Shirley.
Richard Colegato, farmer, Shirley
Samuel Decker, farmer, Union
Joseph Diggins, farmer, Carbon
Jacob Fouse, farmer, Walker
Stephen Gorsuch, farmer, Oneida
John Gutshall, farmer, Springfield
Henry Glazier, potter, Huntingdon
William Gehratt, saddler, Cassville
John Hewitt, farmer, Porter
David Hileman, farmer, Morris
Samuel Hess, farmer, Oneida
Joseph Heaton, merchant, Cassville
David Isenberg, farmer, Henderson
Joseph Johnston, J. P., West
John Lutz, Sr., gentleman, Shirleysbug
William McClure, farmer, West
James McKinn, laborer, Union
N. G. McDivitt, farmer, Oneida
Henry Myers, merchant, Shirleysburg
William P. Mehaffey, teacher, Brady
James McCall, farmer, Henderson
William V. Miller, laborer, Oneida
Jackson Norris, farmer, Penn
David Owen, merchant, Morris
David Pollock, farmer, Tell
Wash. Reynolds, farmer, Franklin
Levi Ridinour, farmer, Juniata
William Smith, farmer, Cromwell
R. F. Scott, plasterer, Dublin
Mahlon Stryker, gentleman, West
David Thompson, farmer, Henderson
William Weaver, farmer, Hopewell
George Warfel, farmer, West
James Wright, farmer, Union
M. Weston, carpenter, Warriorsmark
Adolphus P. White, farmer, Oneida

SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO THE LADIES.—Do you really intend to cease wearing the beautiful styles now so prevalent, or dress less elegantly, because the rebel Jeff. Davis, was captured in Fashionable Female attire? One moment's calm reflection will surely serve to change your rash resolve. The angels had too much good sense to lay aside their pure chaste robes of white, because they had for a time served to hide the deformities of that Prince of Rebels, the Devil. Can you err in following the example of Angels? Then having made up your minds that you will continue to dress tastefully regardless of rebel acts, *do not forget to call at the store of the subscribers, who will be happy at all times to furnish you with such articles of dress as you may desire.* Urge your father, husbands, brothers, neighbors and children to visit the same store. They can here be suited in good articles of Boots, Shoes, Clothing Material, Hats, Caps, Queensware and a general assortment of Groceries, on as reasonable terms as at any House in town. Store on Southeast corner of the Diamond, Huntingdon, Pa.
may 31, 1865. FRANCIS B. WALLACE.

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, '65-tf.

TO THE LADIES.

The best assortment of
ELLIPTIC SKIRTS,
Just received this day from New York and for sale at the cheap cash store of WM. MARCH & BRO.

A splendid assortment of
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
FANCY TRIMMINGS AND BUTTONS
Just received this day from New York and for sale cheap at [may1] WM. MARCH & BRO.

ALEXANDRIA BREWERY.
THOMAS N. COLDER.
The undersigned having now entered into the Alexandria Brewery, the public are informed that he will be prepared at all times to fill orders on the shortest notice.
THOS. N. COLDER.
Alexandria, Oct. 23, 1866-tf.

LUMBER SOLD ON COMMISSION.
S. E. HENRY & CO.,
Are receiving all kinds of LUMBER, comprising all the different grades of
BOARDS,
FRAME STUFF,
JOINT AND LAP SHINGLES,
PLASTERING LATH,
PLANK,
WORKED FLOORING,
WEATHER BOARDING,
FENCING,
RAILING, &c., &c., &c.
Which will be sold at prices at the mill, with freight loaded. no7

EVERYBODY MUST LIVE!
CALL AT
LEWIS' FAMILY GROCERY.
The best of everything will be constantly kept on hand and sold at the lowest prices possible. Quick sales and small profits.

The Globe.

THE CROOKED FOOT-PATH.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Ah! here it is, the sliding rail
That marks the old remembered spot—
The gap that struck our school-boy trail,
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,
A penciled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch,
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass placed its plan;
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, the woodbine green,
The broken millstone at the mill,
Though many a road may stretch between,
The truant child can see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown,
And yet it winds; we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way,
With shaking knee or leaping heart—
And so, it often runs astray
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain,
From some unholy banquet reeled,
And since, our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus—no earth born will
Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still,
To walk unswerving were divine!

Truants from love, we dream of wrath;
Oh, rather let us trust the more!
Through all the wanderings of the path,
We still can see our Father's door.

How Prairie Women go to Bed.

Some time since we published a graphic description, from a new popular work, of how young a woman goes to bed, which dainty sketch was matched soon after by some ungracious scribe depicting the manner in which a young man "all of the latest style" performs a similar act. The Fort Harker correspondent of the St. Louis "Democrat" now supplies a companion picture, as faithful and homely as an "interior" by Teniers, how a newly married young woman on the Kansas prairie went to bed, and how an old woman and the "men folks" followed her example.

We were an unwilling spectator of the scene herein narrated. Far from home, or from any civilized "diggings," were compelled to seek shelter at a ranche. In this rancho, built of adobes with a mud roof, lived an old gray headed man and his "ole 'oman." It must not be supposed that this couple were infirm, unable to move about far from it; they were no less active and ten times more laborious than the young man and the young woman who lived under the same roof. The rancho itself consisted of a single room, eight by twelve. One large stove stood in the centre of the room, and occupying precisely one-half of the rancho were two beds, one for each couple. The old woman, who was undoubtedly the mistress of the rancho, gladly consented to give us lodging. On taking a weeping look around this humble abode, we doubted her ability to make good her word. Now, the house appeared well supplied with furniture suitable for a ranche. There was a large table; there were large tin pans brimful of milk (for the ranchman had nine cows,) piled one upon another; there was a cupboard plentifully supplied with huge loaves of bread, delicious yellow butter and pitchers of genuine cream, loads of dishes and crockery, knives and forks; there was a chest of drawers, or bureau, well supplied with family linen, and household apparel. Under the table already mentioned were three tame fawns; under the stove was a cat; under the old lady's bed was a huge mastiff; under everybody's feet were about a dozen chickens, chirping, incessantly, while around them moved the mother hen, cackling continually, and before the door, strutting with a lordly mein, was a magnificent Shanghai cock. We have thus far been careful to give a correct idea of the families that lived in the rancho in which the old woman said we should find a lodging. Ten o'clock at night had arrived, and we began to observe symptoms of uneasiness in the old lady. We had been chatting continually from the hour the chickens went to roost overhead among the branches that supported the mud roof—from the time the dog and cat, and the fawns had laid to rest for the night, and it was now time for the family to retire. The young woman had been sitting in a corner, listening attentively to our entertaining stories, but on observing the weariness of her mother-in-law, she rose and retreated towards her bed. After a preliminary haw, and a slight hem, she turned her back to us, and first loosed the apron, the dingy strings of which encircled a form inclined to *embonpoint*. This young lady then took off her dress, which was made of calico, and perfectly innocent of the wash tub, and dropped it on the top of the apron lying at her feet. Then sitting down on an empty soap box, which stood at the head of the bed, she commenced to take off her shoes. She first lifted one lusty leg over the other, and a short space of time the shoe fell with a thump on the floor. She then rolled the black woolen stocking off, and exhibited to our view a foot white as snow, though flat and thick. In the same manner she undressed the other leg, and after rubbing her fingers between the toes, she stood up and prepared to take off her surplus clothing, which she performed in a jiffy. At her feet encircling her was a heap of clothing; rolling down the coverlet, after putting a frilled night cap on, she stepped in the bed, laid her full length, covered herself, took two or three uneasy turns to get a comfortable position, finally turned her back to us and went gracefully and calmly to sleep. It must not be supposed for one instant that we looked at her, oh no! we conversed with the old lady and the two men, but in the meantime we were helplessly compelled to watch the interesting proceedings from a corner of our eye in order to be able to give this accurate account. We now rose and left the room, followed by the two men, with whom we kept up a lively conversation while the old lady, who had closed the door, disrobed herself. On hearing a a voice from the inside asking a question about some cows, we entered again the precincts of the rancho; that was a signal which the old man, perfectly understood; the old lady lay night capped in bed, with her face turned to the brown adobe wall. On the floor near the stove our bed had been made. A solitary lamp lit the apartment. In a short time we were in bed—the old lady asked, "How do you find yourself Mister Man?" We replied, "Perfectly easy, ma'am." We now watched the men undressing.—Standing at their respective beds, they first took off their boots—then coats and vests; at this stage of the proceedings the young man blew the lamp out; and in a second we heard the pantaloons thrown off, a creaking of the beds followed, and the household were at rest. Three men, two women, one dog, one cat, three young antelopes and a dozen chickens in a house 8x10, lighted and ventilated by two small loop-holes. Such, reader, is a Western ranche. Next day, before departing East, the old lady commissioned us to bring her a pair of shoes for herself (No. 8,) seven yards of domestic and a novel called the "Prairie Flower," which commission we executed to her entire satisfaction.

MORMONISM.

A Party of New York Ladies Call on Mrs. Brigham Young, jr., at the St. Nicholas Hotel—The Conversation.

To the Editor of the World: As American woman, and as students of the social problem of woman's mission, it was with much pleasure that we learned of the arrival in this city of Brigham Young, jr., and one of his wives.

"Now," we said among ourselves, "now we may hear the phenomenon of Mormonism by people who, at least, know what they are talking about." "But how get acquainted?" asked one of the party who was young and timorous and pretty, and needed not to have troubled herself about woman's mission, for it was evident that her's would be what her mother's was before her—namely, to be early courted and happily married, and then to take housekeeping, and so on to the end of the chapter. But the rest of us—who, having failed in that early instilled ambition after a trial of several years' standing—were not to be daunted in ascertaining beforehand our probable or possible fate by such a bagatelle as the difficulty of getting acquainted. Indeed, we saw no difficulty in the matter. Conventionalities were made for common place people. People who had attained the intellectual altitude implied in taking an interest in a social problem were not going to submit to rules that did not include them nor apply them. And, besides, in visiting, we would be paying them a compliment, for which any of the numerous Petroleum family on the avenue would give us in net cash twenty-five per cent. on all the available product of their Pennsylvania estates for the current year, and consider it but a trifle for the immense favor of social recognition.

The party was stopping at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Taking seats in the drawing-rooms we sent up our cards to "Mr. and Mrs. Young," fearing if we gave the lady any recognition which her lord did not share that we would not be recived. The party was out, but was expected to return before long; indeed, was overdue already, and we were invited up stairs to one of the private parlors to await their return. After waiting half an hour little whispers began to circulate between us as to the possibility of Mrs. Young never returning. We had heard so much of the desire of Mormon wives to escape we just suspected she might avail herself of the sweet security of city streets to slip off from her share of a husband. One lady suggested that we might as well go, and then mentioned that we would know as much if we stayed, for if she really did disappear that would be proof that to be one of a number of one man's wives was not the true destiny of woman.

While we awaited with scientific disinterestedness for the decisive turn in the wheel of time, a lady entered the room, and was announced by her servant as Mrs. Young, at which we exchanged greetings. The conversation commenced by Mrs. Young saying that when she received the cards she tried to recall Miss X., Miss Y., and Miss Z., but they remained stubbornly unknown, and then she wondered who among her young lady friends of long ago had concealed their identity beneath the pseudonyme of Mrs. D., and Mrs. L., but then, she added, it is often as pleasant to make new friends as to meet old ones.

One of the ladies remarked that she supposed in her part of the country a lady's maiden name was never lost sight of in marriage. To which Mrs. Young replied, never—if it was we would have to resort to numerals to make conversation possible. There! we were actually on delicate ground, and that in the easiest and most graceful way possible. We watched the lady closely while she spoke, but could detect no soreness, no shrinking from the contemplation of numerals of plurality. Indeed, she was laughing gaily as she drew a little sketchy picture of what it would be in Utah if each lady followed the gentile custom of taking her husband's name to the ignoring of her own. We watched her with the most scrutinizing air possible with politeness, and had to admit to ourselves, again and again, that her gaiety was genuine. It could not be levity that inclined her to gaiety; her face, manner and conversation precluded any thought of that. She looked about thirty years old, but possibly was not over twenty-five—her life as a pioneer, as a fugitive, as a wife, and the mother of seven children, giving her an experience which might have her look fifty years old, but which succeeded, owing to her natural buoyancy of heart, in making her look only thirty. She was dressed in a striped gray and white travelling suit, and looked fresh and cool as a dew drop, which was a revelation in itself, for the day was the sultriest of the season, and it almost made one faint to look at the hot, fixy, overdressed women—we cannot call them ladies, for ladies know instinctively how to dress—who were promenading Broadway. Her figure was lithe and elegant-looking; her face very strong in repose, and very mobile in conversation; her manner a union of timidity and equipoise that was very pleasing. Altogether she looked lady-like and motherly and pre-eminently wifely.

Now this wife question being the one we are particularly interested in, in fact the one object of our visit, we made the best of our opportunity of putting questions, "Now, Mrs. Young, did you ever see a wife really, truly, unmistakably happy who had to share her husband's affections with another woman or other women?" we asked, in a tone of great eagerness. She playfully said something about real, true, unalloyed, unmitigated happiness being a rare and exceptional thing.

Was she a diplomatist? was that the way of turning our attention from the subject in hand? Further conversation proved not. She asked, Are all the married gentlemen of your acquaintance blind to all the beauty lying about them, or are they proof against it, and do they all live beautiful, exclusive lives?" Of course we admitted the little polygamic tendencies of gentlemen in society—how could we do otherwise, when it is so well known? She asked. "Do their wives know it?" "Yes, sometimes it comes to light; often they suspect it when it is not proven; but then what they don't know don't hurt them." "Do you think that?" We think that everything that hurts the husband hurts a true wife, and none of you will surely maintain that it does not injure a man morally to be guilty of deceit—of systematic and sustained falsehood. We think that it would affect even his children's children, and his farthest neighbors, for not only has every act its rays of influence, but his moral attitude is affecting others for good or evil, whether he sleeps or whether he plows. Now, inasmuch as man is not exclusive in his tastes—and it is for wise reasons that he is not so—we must not try to make him conform to our idea of his needs or his destiny at the risk of making him so weak as to give in to us, or so mean as to deceive us." "But man mustn't make us conform to his ideas of our needs and our destiny," said the pretty little miss whom we referred to before. "Man does not do it, my dear," replied Mrs. Young. "Woman's sphere is destined by nature. The civilizations of the world are unanimous on that point, no matter on what else they may differ; her sphere is power; her destiny to replenish the earth: This, if women would only realize it, is a high and noble destiny. It is the one ambition of the Mormon wife to be a mother in Israel. Our children are all pledges of love to our husbands, and jewels in our crowns of honor as wives."

"But, are not the wives of one man often jealous of each other?" asks the irrepressible young miss. "Sometimes; but it is not a feature of our domestic life," madame replies. "The wives of each household are as sisters—sisters in family and in faith. They sometimes indulge in little playful rivalries as to who will get the first kiss, or who can pull him or coax him away from the others; but as a rule they always give precedence to the first wife. The ladies of every gentleman's household are not only affectionate one to another, but they are courteous to a point of etiquette not often witnessed among the ladies of our best society here."

One of the ladies asked if their politeness was not the result of despair—if they were not so "subdued" that acquiescence to everything or anything was natural. She replied that they all entered the state of matrimony knowingly; that no force or persuasion, beyond what lovers were wont to employ all the world over, was ever brought to bear on any one; that the demeanor of women was about the same after that it was before marriage; if it was subdued first, it, as a rule, continued so, if the woman remained without children; if she became a mother, she was very likely to assert herself. That life in a community of industry like theirs was not just the one calculated for sentimental moodiness and saint-like, subdued airs. They were too particular for that; and besides the only women who might at all feel themselves injured were the first wives of converts, to whom the thing was strange, and who, preparatory to leaving their own country, made their husbands promise that they would never take unto themselves any other wives. These men, under increased light, and sustained by public sentiment, and led on by public example, often insisted on their rights, and so convinced their wives as to make them willing; but it was but natural to suppose that among such diversity of people and of nations, some of them, not so well grounded in the faith, would afterwards regret having given their consent—but even their regret wore off in time. On the whole, take the Mormon settlements through and through, they presented a greater amount of happiness than did gentile settlements of equal or greater advantages. The cause of this was doubtless three fold—first, that the people were united religiously; secondly, the households were individually so united; thirdly, the public opportunities for amusement, recreation, and exercise are so great, and are made so prominent. The theatre is a place of nightly resort. The school occupy a good deal of the time and attention of the people, for children are a "feature" of the place. The bathing, horse racing, and social visiting comes in, and attending lectures, going to church, boating, and hunting buffalo and deer—all consume much time, and leave their moral and physical influence. All the ladies in Utah ride; the wealthiest ones sport on the avenue with four in hand; some even manage a tandem team. Every man of means keeps a horse and carriage, or a carriage and pair, and a saddle-horse for the benefit of his wives, who own it day about."

Concerning herself, the lady said—and she was so modest we could not get her to speak of herself half enough—but she did say that she was just on her way home after a five years stay in Europe, during which time her two youngest children were born, and where she had her husband all to herself—but she counted the days that must elapse before she could get to her beautiful home beyond the mountains. Yet on her very arrival other wives would run to her husband for love, would clamor playfully but pertinaciously and eagerly for attention, and that he could not be a bit more glad to seem them than she will be.

Then we went to see the babies—one two years and a half old, the other but a few months; there they lay like twin lilies sleeping, the happy mother bent above them blessing them. Promising to call again before she left the city we departed. She left to-day with a company five hundred strong to cross the plains to her ultra-montane home. We did not see her again, but send her this tribute of our appreciation.

A Young Minister Hugged Against His Will.

A most ludicrous scene transpired in a place not a thousand miles from the city of Louisville, one night recently, which, though a little annoying to the parties immediately concerned, was yet so innocent and funny that we cannot refrain from giving the general outlines, suppressing names of course.

Two sprightly and beautiful young ladies were visiting their cousin, another sprightly and beautiful young lady, who, like her guests, was of that happy age which turns everything into fun and merriment. If the truth were told we fear that we would have to record the fact that these three young misses were just a little bit fast. They were fond of practical jokes, and were continually playing all sorts of mad pranks with each other. All three occupied a room on the ground floor, and cuddled up together in one bed.

Two of the young ladies attended a party on the night in question, and did not get home till half past twelve o'clock at night. As it was late they concluded not to disturb the household, so they quietly stepped into their room through the low open window.

In about half an hour after they had left for the party a young Methodist minister called at the house where they were staying and craved a night's lodging, which of course was cheerfully granted. As ministers always have the best of everything, the old lady put him to sleep in the best room, and the young lady (Fannie) who had not gone to the party, was entrusted to the duty of sitting up for the absent ones and of informing them of the change of rooms. She took up her post in the parlor, and as the night was sultry, sleep overcame her, and she departed on an excursion to the land of dreams.

We will now return to the young ladies who had gone into their room through the window. By the dim light of the moon-beams as they struggled through the curtains, the young ladies were enabled to descry the outline of Fannie (as they supposed) ensconced in the middle of the bed. They saw more, to-wit—*a pair of boots.* The truth flashed upon them both at once. They saw it all. Fannie had set them in the room to give them a good scare. They put their heads together and determined to turn the tables on her. Presently they disrobed, and stealthily as cats they took their position at each side of the bed. At the given sign both jumped into bed, one on each side of the unconscious parson, screaming, "Oh, what a man!" They gave the bewildered minister such a promiscuous hugging and tousling as few persons are able to brag of in the course of a lifetime.

The noise of this proceeding awoke the old lady, who was sleeping in an adjoining room. She comprehended the situation at once, and rushing to the room she opened the door and exclaimed! "My God, gals, it is a man; it is a man sure enough!"

There was one prolonged, consolidated scream; a flash of muslin through the door, and all was over.

The best thing of the joke is the minister took the whole thing in earnest. He would listen to no apologies the old lady could make for the girls. He would hear no excuse, but he solemnly folded his clerical robes around him and silently stole away.

Query—was he mad at the girls, or—at the old woman?