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Gratuitous Advertisements.

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The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE MYSTERY OF NATURE.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

The works of God are fair for naught,
Unless our eyes, in seeing,
See hidden in the thing the thought
That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole,
But every part is moulded
To image forth an inward soul,
That dimly is unfolded.

The shadow, pictured in the lake
By every tree that trembles,
Is cast for more than just the sake
Of that which it resembles.

The dew falls nightly, not alone
Because the meadows need it,
But on an errand of its own
To human souls that heed it.

The stars are lighted in the skies
Not merely for their shining,
But, like the looks of loving eyes,
Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore,
The winds that sigh in blowing,
Are sent to teach a mystic lore
Which men are wise in knowing.

The clouds around the mountain-peak,
The rivers in their winding,
Have secrets which, to all who seek,
Are precious in the finding.

Thus Nature dwells within our reach,
But, though we stand so near her,
We still interpret half her speech
With ears too dull to hear her.

Whoever, at the coarsest sound,
Still listens for the finest,
Shall hear the noisy world go round
To music the divinest.

Whoever yearns to see aright,
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
In every earthly splendor.

So, since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of Nature, soul of Man,
And soul of God are blended!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A Chapter of Humor.

BY JOHN QUILL.

I met my friend Mr. Wilkins down in the front parlor of the hotel at Old Castle one evening last week. He was engaged in reading a batch of letters from his two boys, one of whom is at boarding-school, and the other visiting an aunt in the country in company with his mother. *Wilkins is anxious* to see his offspring in print, so I send them to you. They are modest of style.

Letter from Holofergnes Montgomery Wilkins.

BIRCHTOWN ACADEMY, Sept. 20.

DEAR POP:—I am getting along firstrate at the school, and I like it very much, all except Whacks, the assistant. "Old Beeswax," we call him, and we are down on him like a pile-driver, all us boys, for he's ignorant. Why he's so ignorant he don't know a black board from a dark night, no, he don't; and Bill Ferguson he put a torpedor under each leg of Old Beesey's chair yesterday, and when he sat down (you see, he sets down like he had ballast in him), why the torpedors they exploded, and liked to blowed him through the roof. Golly, but wasn't he scared! He looked at the almanac to make sure it wasn't the 4th of July, and then he came down, looking mad, and licked Bill like blazes. But Bill said he didn't care a cent, and the next time he would sprinkle gunpowder in his hair, and bust his old *frontispiece* off of him.

Dr. Groggles, he's a nice enough old feller, only he will sit and chew gum drops right before us boys, and never say "take some" once.

He wears green specs, and Bill Furguson, he called him "old four eyes" one day, which the doctor, he heard Bill say it, and he nailed him and dragged him up to the desk, and then he gave us a lecture, and said there was once a boy he knew, and he was about Bill's size, who insulted a gray headed old man, and called him wicked names, and the next day—the very next morning—the boy's mother died of inflammatory rheumatism, and his sister broke out with bunions.

Bill, he cried while the doctor held him by the shirt collar, but he winked at the boys as he came away, and wrote on a piece of paper, and threw it over to me, that he thought the doctor was "a blower," and he daresent hit a boy of his size.

I want some new books very much, about ten of them, and they will cost eight dollars. Please send the money for them. Don't send the books, for the doctor likes us to buy them here.

I don't want any money for taffy or marbles for I don't care about them; but be sure not to send anything but the money for the books.

I am in good health. I was taken sick last week, and had a sore eye for a few days, but it is now well.

We was playing mumbley-peg out on the grass, and Bill Furguson, he grabbed my knife. I told him he better give that knife up or I would tell you, and get you to lick him when you came down, and he said he could lick you and a dozen like you, and then he dared me to knock a chip off his shoulder.

And Jake McGinnis, he pushed me against him, and that knocked the chip off, and Bill he struck me over the nose three or four times, and said he'd "bust my snoot" if I didn't dry up, for I couldn't help crying, and I was taken sick, and couln't go to school all that day.

And the doctor, he locked Bill up in the garret, but he didn't care, for he clumb out on the roof, and was chasing around after tom cats, up and down, almost all the morning, and pulling plaster out of the chimney to throw at people in the street.

Give my love to all at home, and don't forget the money for books.

Bill is about fourteen; do you think he can lick you?

Please send the money, and believe me.

Your affectionate son,
H. M. WILKINS,

P. S.—Don't forgot to send the money for those books.

Letter from Bucephalus Alexander Wilkins.

IN THE COUNTRY, Sept. 20.

My Dear Father:—Me and William Henry are having a first-rate time, and I write to you these few lines that we are well, and so is mother. She and Aunt Samantha, they will spat, you know, and yesterday mother told aunt Samantha that she had fished for you when she was a girl, but couldn't get you. Aunt Samantha, she said would not marry such a bald-headed bushwacker as you are, if you were worth a million.

Then mother, she said she "couldn't" and Aunt Samantha said she "could," and mother went at her with the rollingpin, and for a few minutes the fur flew, I tell you.

William Henry and I thought that would be a good chance to go for the preserves in the pantry, and so we did, but mother came in and caught us, and whipped us like the nation.

She's getting rather rough on us, I think. Can't you come down and help us over the stony places?

Uncle John, he took us to the circus last night, where there was a boy about my size, who throw summersets on a horse. Say, pop, may I quit going to school and join a circus?

And William Henry he came home, and went out and tried to skin the cat in the barn, but he got over and could not get back, and he fell down and scared one of the horses so that he kicked his leg through a partition and broke it, and scared a hen off of thirteen eggs she was setting on, so that she wouldn't come back, besides knocking down a scythe blade that fell on a cow, and cut her so that she bled to death.

Didn't Uncle John got up and howl over that? Well he did.

But William Henry said you'd pay for the damage, and we went a fishing to get out of the way, but we didn't ketch much excepting a few catties, and while I was looking over the side of that boat William Henry kept a rocking it, and it upset, and we both got wet, but a man hauled us out, and we went home, but mother she like to flogged the hide off of us.

I wish you would come down here as soon as ever you can. Don't mind Aunt Samantha, she's nothing but a wall-eyed old teapot, anyhow, and William Henry says he bets her teeth are false.

So we are enjoying ourselves very much, and we spend our time hunting for birds, and so on, and last week I got a fair crack at one and I shied a stone and it slipped and hit six bottles of new ketchup that were standing on a table outside of the kitchen door, and glanced over and struck the servant girl on the jaw, which swelled up like she had a half a brick in her mouth.

You never see such a face; but I couldn't help it, and mother she spanked me like mad.

If you can come down as soon as convenient I will be very glad.

We are all very well *excepting* Wm. Henry, and he has a slight attack of dog bite—rush of dog to the leg, the doctor called it. You see Mulloney's over on the next farm, they have an orchard, and William Henry he went for his apples, but Mulley, you know, was a watching him behind a tree, and he set a yellow-nosed bull-terrier on William Henry, and William Henry just did his all fired best to get over that fence, so he broke for it, and just as he got one leg over, the bull-terrier it clinched its teeth into his leg, and hung on just like as if he growed there and had never been used to anything else. William Henry had his pants torn, and mother she made him go to bed with out any supper but he let a string out of the window and I tied a basket full of ginger-bread I found in the cellar on to it, and then I told mother I wanted to go to bed, too, and William Henry and I had a bully old time off of them gingerbread, you just bet.

But mother comes it too severe on us, so can't you come down?

I am Your affectionate son,
B. A. WILKINS.

Mr. Wilkins stated that he sympathized deeply with the boys, but wouln't go down. "For," said he, "what's the use of my going down along with that woman just to make myself miserable, and lose the only chance I've got to have a little peace and quiet? What's the use, I say? and by George, I won't go, not if I know myself, and I think I do."—*Philadelphia Sunday Transcript.*

A PLAIN TRUTH.—No man has a right to marry till, in every human probability, assured that he can support a family in his own station. Mere love or improvident matches seldom turn out well: poverty comes, and there is so much self reproach on either side, that gall is added to its bitterness; their tempers are soured, and they soon wish themselves unmarried. But when trials assail an attached, a reasonable pair, sorrow unites them closer; the man, feeling how much depends on him, never flags in his exertion, and often recovers the lost step; if not, there is still consolation in his wife's unvarying love—in her sweet, noiseless sacrifices. In these uncertain times, there are few commercial men but have met with reverses; and they will often say, "Had it not been for those at home, I should have blown my brains out; I could not have stood it." Wife and children! they are a beacon to us in our troubled sea: we renew the struggle when ready to sink beneath the wave, and at last are saved. At the worst, when all is black—when friends are cooled or reproachful—when the most cruel doubts assail us—there is still one who respects and loves us; at home we are still dear.

ARTLESS SIMPLICITY.—One of the sweetest incidents that we have noticed for many a day—and one which shows the effect of early training, assisted by a pure and undefiled imagination—has just fallen under our observation. It is thus related:

A lady visited New York City, and saw on the sidewalk a ragged, cold and hungry little girl, gazing wistfully at some of the cakes in the shop window. She stopped, and taking the little one by the hand, led her into the store. Though she was aware that bread might be better for the cold child than cake, yet desiring to gratify the shivering and forlorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place where she procured her a shawl and other articles of comfort. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent lady fully in the face, and with artless simplicity said, "Are you God's wife?" Did the most eloquent speaker employ words to better advantage.

MODESTY.—Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false: the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposed to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable; the latter is only a general, undetermined instinct—the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

EYES OPEN.—Keep your eyes open, boys and girls. There is not a leaf on the trees, a linchin on the bark, a face in the street, but that can teach you something, if you will only keep your eyes open.

☞The humble man requests a favor as though he were unworthy to receive it; but the proud man asks for a favor in the same tone as he were granting one.

☞Relatives are not necessarily our best friends; but they cannot do us an injury, without being enemies to themselves.

In prosperity we need moderation; in adversity, patience.

Idleness is the mother of vice, industry the stepmother of all virtues.

Idleness buries a man alive.

The Spider's Web.

How wonderful is the tenuity of the fairy-like lines, yet strong enough to enable the aerial voyager to run thro' the air, and catch his prey which ventures within his domain. It is so fine that, in the web of the gossamer spider, the smallest of the tribe, are twenty tubes, through which is drawn teh viscid globules, the gummy matter it employs in spinning each of the thicknesses of about one-tenth of an inch.—It takes 140 of these globules to form a single spiral line; it has twenty-four circumlocutions to go through, which gives the number of 3,360. We have thus got the average total number of times between two radii of the circle; multiplying that number by 26, the number of radii which the untiring insect spins, gives the total amount of 87,360 viscid globules before the net is complete.

The dimensions of the net, of course, varies with the species. Some will be composed of as many as 150,000 lines; yet even to form this net, the spider will only take five minutes! Wonderful, indeed, is the process by which the spider draws the thread from its body, more wonderful than any rope or silk spinning. Each of these spinnerets is covered with rows of bristle-like points, so very fine that a space about the size of a pin's head, will cover a thousand of them. From each of these points or tubes issues a small but slender thread which unites with the other thread, so that from each spinneret proceeds a series of threads forming one compound whole; these are situated about one-third of an inch from the apex of the spinnerets; they also unite and form one thread, 624 of which are used by the spider in forming his net. With the instrument which Nature has given him, the claws of his feet, the spider guides and arranges the glutinous thread as this seemingly inexhaustible fibre is drawn from his body and interweaves them with each other until the web is complete. In this way spiders are weavers of a supple line, whose touch, for quickness and fineness surpasses that of any spinning jenny.

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—An exchange says: "What a noisy creature would a man be were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as loud as that of a locust! A locust can be heard at the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce; so that a middling sized man would weigh down not short of four thousand of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common man weighs as much as sixteen thousand of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard one-sixteenth of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound of wind and limb, ought to be able to make himself heard at the distance of one thousand six hundred miles; and when he sneezes, his house ought to fall about his ears! Suppose a flea to weigh one grain, which is more than its actual weight, and jump one and a half yard, a common man of one hundred and fifty pounds, with jumping powers in proportion, could jump twelve thousand eight hundred miles, or about the distance from New York to Cochin China."

GIRLS.—Somebody says, and it is true, that there are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, treats, visits, &c., and whose chief delight is in such things.—The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, sick room, and all the precincts at home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home, the other a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. The right education will modify both a little, and thus unite the good qualities of both in one.

☞Debt is Satan in disguise. People who are skeptical on the point will not be troubled that way after getting into the slough a little way. To be followed by dunners is to lead off a bad company; a set of men no man should ever get acquainted with. There is no quiet in debt. Is is a world to which torturing spectres jump up and jump down, and jump all around in attitudes and shapes that are more than diabolical. It is easy enough to keep out of debt; once in it it is a struggle no giant is equal to. Young men—and also young women—will make a note of this.

Proud looks lose hearts, but courteous words win them.

A Look at the Stars.

A scientific writer says that "the study of the calm, eternal stars, aided by the multifarious appliances of science, advances with the civilization of the centuries and the growth of human intellect. The constant recurrence of astronomical phenomena has rendered scientific study of the planets a permanent necessity, and students of the stars are now almost as plenteous as "leaves in Vallambrosa." The mellow Autumn nights, when the sky is not obscured by rainy clouds, are very favorable for a contemplation of the firmament and its teeming mysteries and marvels. If the night be cloudless there will be spread out before the observer the most magnificent spectacle that the mind can conceive of, the greater and more conspicuous planets gleaming with marvelous brilliancy in the midst of constellations that have clustered since the morning stars sang together, and the lesser satellites glinting the broad expanse of the heavens, like a tremulous swarm of beautiful fireflies. Piercing the meridian of these splendid Autumn nights may be seen the most brilliant star of the northern hemisphere, Vega—or as it is more commonly called, Lyra, from the name of the constellation of which it is the crowning gem. Distant from the earth about eighteen thousand times further than our planet is from the sun, yet it seems to be one of our nearest celestial neighbors. Its primary brilliancy is about three and a half times greater than that of the sun, and its light is twenty-one years reaching us. The constellation to which this star belongs contains only twenty-one stars. Lyra or Vega, Episilon and Zeta, the two small stars of it, Delta in the middle, and Beta and Gamma in the garland of the harp, are all that to the ordinary observer are large enough to attract attention, standing where a full sweep of the sky can be obtained and facing the south. At the left will be seen the mighty planet Jupiter, now distant from the earth four hundred millions of miles, which is two hundred millions of miles less than the greatest distance to which it ever recedes from us. The large yellow star on the right, not far from the horizon, is the planet Saturn; and not quite so far to the west, and nearer the horizon, is the fiery-red star Ansares, the heart of the constellation, known as the Scorpion. There are other first magnitude stars, visible upon any clear night, all of rare brilliancy and beauty. The stars of Autumn, full of the sublime and subtle mysteries of the universe, and all perfect and harmonious parts of that problem of the Infinite which surpasses human solution, are indeed a study of the grandest and most instructive character." Take a look at the stars.

SELF IMPROVEMENT.—While it is pleasant and desirable to know something of everything, it is absolutely necessary to get along well in the world, that we know everything of something. Every man should know all that he is capable of knowing of his calling. What so soon destroys your confidence in a man as to receive in answer to some plain question, "I don't know," or "I can't tell!" On the other hand, let a carpenter state that a joist ought to sustain such a weight, or a machinist that such a piece of work ought to carry a given burden, and you at once have confidence both in the article and the mechanic. To that one end every man should bend his every effort, viz: to know his own business. After that the learning a little of everything is quite easy. There is no business so simple, but that there is something special to know concerning it, even to the day laborer upon the street; and he who knows all of his occupation is sure to succeed in it. If young mechanics should make it a study of the hours they too often waste, to post themselves in their trades, we should have less dissatisfied and ill-paid men in our workshops; but they have just learned enough to bear the yoke of society under the gad of a director or foreman, and not enough to run alone or drive.

FALL OF THE LEAF.—The season of the fall of the leaf has come again, with all its sad and salutary teachings. Who can shut his heart against its lessons? Who as he sees the frost withered leaf driven by the fitful winds, is not reminded that such is human life? Even as a leaf when the frost has dried up its sap, and its stem clings no more to the parent tree, so is our life. It be green to day and float gaily upon the summer breeze, but the frosts of death are gnawing at its stem, and we know not if it shall wave there to-morrow, or be driven away by the wintry blasts to eternity. Happy are we, if Nature preaches not to us in vain, in this her solemn day.