TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....$2 00
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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	1 time.	2 ds	3 do	1 month
One inch, or less.....	$ 75	$1 25	$1 50	$1 75
Two inches,	1 50	2 25	2 75	3 25
Three inches,	2 25	3 25	4 00	4 75

	3 months.	6 months.	1 Year
One inch, or less.....	$4 00	$6 00	$10 00
Two inches,	6 25	9 00	15 00
Three inches,	8 50	12 00	20 00
Four inches,	10 75	16 00	25 00
Quarter column,	18 00	18 00	30 00
Half column,	30 00	30 00	45 00
One column,	80 00	45 00	80 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding six lines,
One year,.....$5 00
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, 6 times, $2 50
Auditors' Notices, 4 times, 2 00
Estray, or other short Notices, 1 50
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

Local or Special Notices, 10 cents a line for single insertion. By the year at a reduced rate.

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

The Globe.

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

VOL. XXV. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1869. NO. 2.

Professional & Business Cards.

J. DE BURKHART, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, has located in Huntingdon, and tenders his services to this and neighboring community. Office on Railroad street, near the Depot. fe24-3m*

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. ap10,1566

DR. JOHN McCULLOCH, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office on Hill street, one door east of Reel's Drug Store. Aug. 28, '65.

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

E. J. GREENE, DENTIST. Office removed to Leister's New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon. July 21, 1867.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, SURVEYOR & INSURANCE AGENT, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office on Smith street. my12'69

J. A. POLLOCK, SURVEYOR & REAL ESTATE AGENT, HUNTINGDON, PA. Will attend to Surveying in all its branches, and will buy and sell Real Estate in any part of the United States. Send for circular. dec29-tf

A. C. CLARKE, AGENT, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of SEGARS & TOBACCO, HUNTINGDON, PA. Opposite the Franklin House, in the Diamond. Country trade supplied. ap17'68

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA, Office on Hill street, three doors west of Smith. my5'69

J. HALL MUSSER. S. F. FLEMING. MUSSER & FLEMING, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office second door east of Court House. Pensions and other claims promptly collected. may26-6m*

J. R. SIMPSON, G. B. ARMITAGE. SIMPSON & ARMITAGE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PENNA. OFFICE IN BRICK ROW OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE. Jan. 27, 1868-6m.

AGEENCY 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, aug12,1863 HUNTINGDON, PA.

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.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE OF K. ALLEN LOVELL, District Attorney of Huntingdon County, HUNTINGDON, PA. OFFICE—In the room lately occupied by R. M. Speer. Jan.1.1867

P. M. Lytle & Milton S. Lytle, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA., Have formed a partnership under the name and firm of P. M. & M. S. LYTLE, And have removed to the office on the south side of Hill street, fourth door west of Smith. They will attend promptly to all kinds of legal business entrusted to their care. apr-tf.

THE GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE. THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" the most complete of any in the country, and possesses the most ample facilities for promptly executing in the best style, every variety of Job Printing, such as HAND BILLS, CIRCULARS, BILL HEADS, POSTERS, BALL TICKETS, CARDS, PROGRAMMES, BLANKS, LABELS, &C., &C., &C. CALL AND EXAMINE SPECIMENS OF WORK, LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY & MUSIC STORE.

JOHN BARE, JAMES NORTH, W. H. WOODS, W. R. LEAS, R. MILTON SPEER, JOHN BARE & CO., Bankers, HUNTINGDON, PA. CAPITAL - - - $50,000. Solicit accounts from Banks, Bankers and others. A liberal interest allowed on time Deposits. All kinds of Securities, bought and sold for the usual commission.—Collections made on all points. Drafts on all parts of Europe supplied at the usual rates. Persons depositing Gold and Silver will receive the same return with interest. The partners are individually liable for all Deposits. jy22,1868-tf

Spring Arrival of Gent's Goods. H. ROBLEY MERCHANT TAILOR, Has removed to the room over John Bare & Co's Bank, (Old Brad Top Corner) where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line of business. He has just received a full line of CLOTHS, VESTINGS, CASSIMERS, CORDUROYS, &c. Thankful for past patronage he solicits a continuance of the same. The attention of the public is called to his stock of cloths, &c., which he is prepared to make up to order in a fashionable, durable and workmanlike manner. Please give me a call. H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor. Huntingdon, Pa., April 7th, 1869.

WHY don't you go to Henry & Co. and by your goods of every description at the very lowest prices, and save the trouble of going from store to store to get what you want. mch24-tf

BOURDON'S & JOUVIN'S KID GLOVES, Ladies and Gentlemen's Sizes, ALSO, The Tourist or Grant Hat AT McNeil's TEMPLE OF FASHION CORNER OF THE DIAMOND, HUNTINGDON, PA.

FASHIONABLE GOODS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR. GEO. F. MARSH, MERCHANT TAILOR, Has removed to the second floor in Read's New Building, where he intends to keep constantly on hand the latest styles of PIECE GOODS, comprising AMERICAN, ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS. CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS. CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS. Being a practical workman of many years experience he is prepared to make to order Clothing for men and boys, and guarantee neat, durable and fashionable workmanship. He is determined to please every body. All are invited to call and examine my new stock of beautiful patterns before purchasing elsewhere GEO. F MARSH. Huntingdon, Mch. 9

WM. B. ZEIGLER, DEALER IN Furnishing, Fancy, —AND— DRESS GOODS. Alpacas, Poplins, Plaids, DeLaines, Lawns, Ginghams, Prints, fine Cambrics, Muslins, Denims, fine Linen, Marsellles, Pequas, India Twills, &c. A large assortment of Ladies' ashionable Dress Trimmings. Silk Fringes, Buttons, Bugles, Velvet Ribbons, etc. Furnishing Goods, Stockings, Moreno, Cotton, Wool, &c Gloves, Kid of all colors, Silk, Thread, Cotton, &c., of all sizes, and latest styles, Under garments of all kinds, for Ladies, Gents and Children. Table Linen, Muslins, Napkins, Doylies, &c. Sheeting and Shirting, Brown and Bleached, from 8 cents up. STRAW GOODS, A large stock of the latest styles. A large stock of Notions, Zephyrs, Yarns, &c. All cheaper than the cheapest. Room, opposite the First National Bank, Huntingdon, Pa.

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, MOROCCO, 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 HIDES and BARK. C. H. MILLER & SON. Huntingdon, Oct. 28, 1868

NEW LEATHER HOUSE. THE FIRM OF LEAS & McVITTY, have leased the large five story Leather House, from James Nanlty. NO. 422, NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, And intend doing a Hide and Leather Commission Business. Their sons D. P. LEAS, and T. R. McVITTY, are there, and authorized to carry on the business for them—as they are young men of good moral character, and fine business qualifications. They solicit the patronage of their brother Tanners in this county and elsewhere They still will continue to keep a good assortment of Spanish and Slaughter Sole Leather on hands, at their Tannery, near Three Springs, Huntingdon County, Pa. march1. LEAS & McVITTY.

W. H. ROSENSTEEL & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF A SUPERIOR Oak Slaughter Sole and Belting LEATHER. 500 Bushels Plasterer's Hair, for Sale. CASH PAID FOR HIDES AND BARK. W. H. ROSENSTEEL & SON, Mapleton Depot, Huntingdon County, Penna. Dec. 9, 1868-6m.

CARPETS. NEW STORE IN HUNTINGDON. JAMES A. BROWN has just opened a large CARPET STORE on the second floor of his brick building, where buyers will find one of the largest and best assortments of BRUSSELS, INGRAIN, DUTCH WOOL, COTTON, RAG, LIST, VENITIAN and SCOTCH HEMP Carpets, Also, COCOA and CANTON MATTINGS, and FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, Ever offered in central Pennsylvania. It is well known that a merchant who deals *entirely in one line of goods* buying largely from manufacturers is enabled to give his customers advantages in prices and assortment (in that line of goods) that are not to be found in stores professing to do *all kinds* of business. I shall aim therefore to make it the *interest* of all in want of the above goods, to buy at the regular Carpet and Oil Cloth Store. Dealers can buy of me by the roll at wholesale prices. ap13'69 JAMES A. BROWN.

West Huntingdon Foundry. JAMES SIMPSON MANUFACTURER PLOWS, THRESHING MACHINES, FARM BELLS, SLED AND SLEIGH SOLES, WAGON BOXES, IRON KETTLES, Castings For Furnaces, Forges, Grist and Saw Mills, Tanneries and Brickyards, AND JOB WORK IN GENERAL. ARCHITECTURAL & ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT. Iron Porticos and Verandahs, Balconies, Columns and Drop Ornament for wooden porticos and verandahs, Window Lintels and Sills, Cast Ornaments for wooden lintels, Cellar Window Guards, all sizes, Chimney Tops and Flues, Sash Weights, Carpet Strips, Registers, Heaters, Coal Grates, Vault Castings for cast and wood cellars, Arbors, Tree-boxes, lamp-posts, Hitching-posts, Iron Railing for porticos, verandahs, balconies, flowerbeds, Yard and Cemetery Fences, etc. *Particular attention paid to fencing Cemetery Lots.* Address JAMES SIMPSON, Huntingdon, Pa. se22,68

HUNTINGDON FOUNDRY. EASTON BLAKE. M. MARION McNEIL. BLAKE & McNEIL, [Successors to J. M. CUNNINGHAM & SON.] Iron and Brass Founders, HUNTINGDON, PA. IRON and BRASS CASTINGS made in a first class Foundry. We have always on hand all kinds of Plow and Stove Castings, Wash Kettles, Collar-windows, Grates, Coal hole Castings for pavements, Window weights of all sizes and weights, Pipe joints, Sled and sleigh soles, Wagon boxes, Machine Castings, for steam and water, grist, saw, sumac and plaster mills of all descriptions. HEATERS AND IRON FENCES, of the most improved style, oven doors and frames, door sills, and in fact every thing made in this line. We have a large stock of patterns, and can furnish castings at short notice, and cheaper than they can be had in the country. Having a good drill, we are prepared to do drilling and fitting up of all kinds. Office in Leister's New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. Mch. 17, 1869. BLAKE & McNEIL.

JUNIATA STEAM PEARL MILL, HUNTINGDON, PA. THIS MILL is a complete success in the manufacture of FLOUR, &c. It has lately been thoroughly repaired and is now in good running order and in full operation. The burrs and cleppers are now and of superior quality—cannot be excelled. And we are gratified to know that our work has given entire satisfaction to our customers, to whom we tender our thanks. We have in our employ one of the best millers in the county, and a faithful and capable engineer. Thus equipped and encouraged, we are determined to persevere in our efforts to accommodate and please the public, hoping thereby to merit and receive a liberal share of patronage to sustain us in our enterprise for the public interest. Market price paid for the different kinds of grain on delivery. Flour and Chop, on hand, for sale. JOHN K. McCAHAN & SON. Huntingdon, Nov. 20, 1867

NOTICE TO ALL. HILL STREET MARKET, Opposite Leister's Building. R. G. MORRISON respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity that he continues the meat market business in all its various branches, and will keep constantly on hand Fresh Beef, Pork, Pudding and Sausage, salt Beef and Pork, Canned Fruit and Vegetables, Spices of all kinds, Catsup and Sauces, Teas, Soups, Cheese, Salt Lard, &c., &c., All of which he will continue to sell at reasonable prices The highest prices paid for hides and tallow. Thomas Colder, at Alexandria, and Marsh & Bro., at Coffee Run, are my agents to purchase at their places. Thankful for past patronage, I solicit a continuance of the same. R. G. MORRISON. Huntingdon, Ap. 14, 1869.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID. HUNTINGDON INSURANCE AGENCY. G. B. ARMITAGE, HUNTINGDON, PA. Represent the most reliable Companies in the Country. Rates as low as is consistent with reliable indemnity. sep 2, '68. No Assessments!! Fire & Life Insurance. Capital Represented over $14,000,000.

OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADES GILT GOLD SHADES, MUSLIN SHADES, *BAILEY'S FIXTURES, TAPE, CORD AND TASSALS* LL ASSORTMENT AT LEWIS' BOOK STORE

JOSEPH ABT, MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN WILLOW AND SLEIGH BASKETS, Of all sizes and descriptions, ALEXANDRIA, HUNTINGDON CO., PA. June 9, 1869-tf

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

The Globe.

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE."

Up this world, and down this world,
And over this world, and through,
Though drifted about,
And tossed without,
Why, "paddle your own canoe."

What though the sky is heavy with clouds,
Or shining a field of blue,
If the bleak wind blows,
Or the sunshine glows,
Still, "paddle your own canoe."

What if breakers rise up ahead,
With dark waves rushing through,
More steadily try,
With steadfast eye,
To "paddle your own canoe."

If a hurricane rise in the midnight skies,
And the stars are lost to view,
Guide safely along,
With smile and song,
And "paddle your own canoe."

Up this world, and down this world,
Over this world, and through,
Though weary and worn,
Bareft, forlorn,
Still "paddle your own canoe."

Never give up when trials come—
Never grow sad and blue;
Never sit down
With a tear or frown,
But "paddle your own canoe."

There are daisies springing along the shores,
Blooming and sweet for you;
There are rose-hued dyes
In the autumn skies—
Then "paddle your own canoe."

The Richest Boy in America."

The papers are telling about a boy in New England now fourteen years of age, who is supposed to be the richest boy in the United States, because he has a great deal of money. To our mind the richest boy in America is the one who is good hearted, honest, intelligent, ambitious, willing to do right. He is the one who loves his mother, and always has a kind word for her; who loves his sister or sisters, and tries to help them, and regards them with true affection. He is the boy who does not call his father the "old man," but who loves him, speaks kindly to and of him, and tries to help him as the hairs of old age gather fast upon his brow.

The richest boy is the one who has pluck to fight his destiny and future. He is the one who has the manhood to do right and be honest, and is striving to be somebody; who is above doing a mean action—who would not tell a lie to screen himself or betray a friend. He is the boy who has a heart for others; whose young mind is full of noble thoughts for the future, and is determined to win a name by good deeds. This is the richest boy in America. Which one of our readers is it?

This boy we like; we would be glad to see; would like to take by the hand and tell him to go on earnestly, that success might crown his efforts. And if he is a poor boy, we should meet at the threshold, bid him enter, and give him good advice, well and kindly meant. The other rich boy, in New England, we don't care anything about, for there are fools and snobs enough to worship, flatter, and spoil him.—*New York Paper.*

HOME POLITENESS.—Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your best, your very best, and by accident tear it, how profane you are with your "never minds—don't think of it —I don't think of it—I don't care at all." If a husband does it he gets a frown, if a child he is chastised.

Ah! these are little things, say you! They tell mightily on the heart, let us assure you, little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. "He don't see anything to apologize for—never think of such matters—everything is all right—cold supper, cold room, crying children—perfectly comfortable."

He goes home, his wife had been taking care of the sick ones, and worked her life almost out. "Don't see why things can't be kept in better order—there never was such cross children before:" No apologies except away from home.

Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely the golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, "thank you," or "you are very kind." Doubly, yes, trebly sweet from the lips we love, when heart-smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare, to grow glad of your approach, to bound away to your pleasure before your request is half spoken? Then, with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness. Give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have the true secret of sending out into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies.

Again we say unto all—be polite.

☞A woman living in Milwaukee has a sailor husband whom she has not seen for nineteen years, but receives letters from him regularly. He is a hand on a Liverpool packet, making regular trips from New York and back. Every time that he sails from the former port, he writes his wife that upon his arrival in New York next time he will certainly go home. The ship arrives, but no husband. Soon comes the inevitable letter with the same intelligence. He did intend to come, but was paid off, got intoxicated, spent his money, and came to his senses not only penniless, but shipped on board the packet again, and goes to work with the idea of gaining means to return home, and the next trip is a repetition of the old story. Meanwhile the wife toils on, and lives in hope that some day the truant husband will come back.

Reminiscences of the White House.

The New York *Ledger* contains the following mournful yet tender reminiscences of the White House and its inmates during a few years past. They embody lessons which we may all profitably read:

The telegraph announced, a few days ago, that while Andrew Johnson, late President of the United States, was at Athens, Alabama, on his way to Pulaski, where he was to make a speech, he received intelligence of the death of his son, Col. Robert Johnson.

Andrew Johnson always exhibited the tenderest affection for his son, on whom he had bestowed an excellent education. He was a young man of superior abilities and remarkably pleasant manners. He had been a member of the Legislature of Tennessee, and the upward path to usefulness and distinction lay open and easy before him. Only one besetting sin forever blighted all his bright prospects; he had an uncontrollable thirst for strong drink. The last we heard of him previous to the news of his death, he was somewhere in an inebriate asylum.

The announcement of Col. Robert Johnson's decease carries us back to the White House in the first days of Andrew Johnson's Administration. Robert was then one of his father's private secretaries. Col. W. A. Browning was another. Browning was one of the handsomest men in the world—tall, muscular, finely formed, with an open, pleasing countenance, and a complexion as clear, and a skin as fine as Ireland or Nantucket gives to the fairest of women. He graduated at Yale College, and was a fine *belles lettres* scholar, and a man of many accomplishments. He had been with Mr. Johnson in Tennessee for several years, and went with him to the White House. But his stay was of short duration. He received the appointment of Secretary of Legation to Mexico. He never left the country however. The same habit which has now carried off young Johnson did his fatal work with him more speedily. He was extremely popular, and the idol of women. Yet we have seen him turn from the loveliest of smiles, and from the gayest scenes of festivity, and quietly remark: "My heart is broken—I have no wish to live."

Mr. Browning was married when quite young to a beautiful girl, who lived but a short time after her marriage. He never seemed to recover, in any degree, from the shock of her death. On the contrary, the pain of the separation seemed constantly to deepen and grow more poignant in his heart. The last time we met him was in Washington, only a short period before his death. In the course of a brief conversation he said: "I have just parted with the most beautiful woman in America; but my heart is buried in my wife's grave, and I want to die." Soon afterward he shut himself up in a room, and deliberately drank whisky until it killed him.

At the beginning of the time of which we speak, another inmate of the White house was Preston King. How jolly he looked and felt—and how his hearty laugh shook his great, heavy sides! King, though a mild-mannered man, and a lawyer by education, had been an athlete and a fighter in his youthful days, and was always a bit of a dandy, weighing, we should say, upward of an eighth of a ton. He used to receive at the White House arrayed in white pants and vest, and wearing something like the old pump shoes, highly polished. As we have said, Mr. King felt very jolly now. He was the President's other self, and had things his own way. He considered that he had been snubbed and badly treated by the Seward men, in the election of Morgan to supersede him, when he had served only one term in the Senate; but now he was greater than Seward; for was he not almost as good as President, while Seward was only Secretary of State? Alas! that very elevation to power was the cause of Mr. King's awful and untimely death. His influence, his ascendancy, at the White House was felt to be altogther too great by the jealous and envious politicians with whose purposes it interfered. They cunningly contrived to banish him to honorable exile, by making him Collector of the Port of New York, an office for which he had neither taste nor adaptation. Its perplexing, complicated, and harassing duties—and, we have always thought the discovery of the trick practiced upon him—preyed upon his mind, until his reason tottered and yielded. With the cunning of a determined madman, he stole away from the friendly people who undertook to watch him, and having purchased a large bag of shot, he tied it securely to his neck, then took passage on a ferry-boat, and sprang from its deck into the North river. Several months afterward, his body rose to the surface, and floated ashore, where it was discovered and recognized; and it was taken to his home at Ogdensburg, and buried.

The good old man who was steward at the White House then, and whose face was familiar to so many—he too is dead. He was followed to his grave by sincere mourners; among whom were the President and his family.

When we recall all these, and we think of Old Abe, and of his darling little son Willie, who yielded up his young spirit in that house—and we see the great crowd surging in and out of the grand receptions of the new powers that be—we pause for a moment *to wonder whether the living* who are there to-day ever think of those who were there in all the power and pride of state so short a time ago, and who may now be flitting as unsubstantial shadows among them!

☞The "grate" tribulation—A smoky chimney.

Progress of the Nation.

The approach of the Ninth National Census may well excite solicitude concerning the extent to which its results will be affected by the extraordinary causes that have distracted the country during one-half of the current decade. The effects of such a war as we have encountered, including the premature loss of nearly a million of men, may well be expected to affect the ratio of comparison with the enumerations of other decades, past and prospective. Yet, such is the steady effect of emigration and other recuperating causes, that the drawbacks, however mighty they seem in comparison with any former difficulties, will probably leave much fainter effects on the Census than many of us have at times anticipated.

It is not very wonderful that Americans should become believers in "Manifest Destiny," when thinking of the progress of their country during the brief period of our national existence. How can it be otherwise, when recollecting that the four-score years since the original rickety Confederacy of ill-jointed States was merged in a National Government under the present Constitution, have been signalized by increase of States from thirteen to thirty-seven, with territory enough to make out fifty noble commonwealths ere this century ends; with a population, forty millions now, that will probably be expanded to a round hundred millions before the year 1900; with possessions expanded from the original narrow strip along the Atlantic coast into a mighty empire, stretching three thousand miles across the continent to the Pacific Ocean, and upward from the Mexican Gulf to the Northern Lakes and the arctic regions of Alaska?

Nearly fifty thousand miles of railroad have brought all sections of the Union into quicker communion than existed between Boston and Washington when the present National Constitution was established—while more than a hundred and fifty thousand miles of telegraph enable widely separated States and people to interchange intelligence more rapidly than could have been done thirty years ago between the towns of a single county—the news from all parts of the nation now appearing as promptly in our daily papers as the "local items" from the different wards of the city.

The means thus effective in satisfying the wants and promoting the comforts of social and civil life are equally efficacious for national defence—the movements of armies across our vast regions being regulated and facilitated by the locomotive and the lightning—and all danger of invasion being averted by the fact that the telegraphs and the railroads enable us promptly to concentrate volunteers enough to overwhelm all the armies which the world could send against our National Union. What vistas of national greatness burst upon the mind when contemplating the future! By the usual rate of increase, the population of our country, estimated at forty-two millions in 1870, fifty-six millions in 1880, seventy-seven millions in 1890, and a hundred millions in 1900, will probably exceed three hundred millions in 1940—seventy years from the present time—a period that will be reached by many of the children now in our schools. And yet the National Union would not then contain, proportionately, more than half as much population as Massachusetts now possesses; since the whole Union, if peopled like that State in the ratio of acres, would contain over six hundred millions.—With the consciousness that we possess more than three and a half millions of square miles of land, or about twenty-two hundred millions of acres, or nearly an acre for every dollar of national debt; and with the probability that the lapse of twenty-five years will nearly treble the number of our present population, who can despair of the Republic, or of its means to repay, in reasonable time, every dollar of the debt incurred for preserving our National Union?

WHY PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH.—The motives which induce different people to go to church on Sunday, or any other day, are diverse, and in any particular case rather difficult to determine. In the words of a poetic correspondent, some go to spend an hour of idle time, some to hear a new organ, and some to criticise the preacher. Some go to show their bonnets, some to see their friends, some to flirt. Some go to gossip with their neighbors, and some for respite from their labors. Some go from an inward sense of duty, and some from an outward sense of beauty. Some go to church because they are afraid to do otherwise. Some go to sing, some to sleep, some to gaze, and some to weep. But of all this mixed and thronging crowd, joining in the responses loud, how many of them on Sabbath day go there to hear, to heed and pray?

AN INGENIOUS INVENTION.—A piece of mechanism for transferring railroad cars from one track to another without necessitating the running of the car several hundred feet back or forward, as the case may be, and without the use of switches, has been patented within the last few days. The practical advantages of it are a saving of depot room and of time, and railroad men say that it possesses some intrinsic merit. Propositions have been or will be made to the Union Pacific Railroad Company for its adoption.

☞Flattery is a safe coin which our own vanity has made current, and which will never be out of credit as long as there are knaves to offer it, and fools to receive it.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Those subscribing for three, six or twelve months with the understanding that the paper be discontinued unless subscription is renewed, receiving a paper marked with a † before the name will understand that the time for which they subscribed is up. If they wish the paper continued they will renew their subscription through the mail or otherwise. tf.

☞All kinds of plain, fancy and ornamental Job Printing neatly and expeditiously executed at the "GLOBE" office. Terms moderate.

A Remarkable Document.

A well known resident of this city is about issuing in tract form a most remarkable document. The idea is that a day shall be set apart by Christians of every denomination, when prayer shall be offered that at a certain day and hour the Lord shall set a sign in the heavens, whereby infidels may know that the Bible is the word of God. The tracts are to find their way all over the country, and will probably excite a considerable degree of public attention. They have not yet been issued, but the reporters of the Courier have been enabled to secure the manuscript of the document, and for the first time the matter is given to the reading public. The tract is as follows:

"And Elijah came unto all the people and said: How long halt ye between two opinions. If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him."

Again, we ask, who will be our Elijah? Who, among the thousands of God's professed ministers, will dare to stand forth and say to Infidelity:—Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther. Who will dare to throw himself into the stream and check the tide that is even now carrying thousands, aye, millions of the brightest and best of our fellow-beings down to eternal misery? Surely there must be some one who has sufficient faith in God's promises to ask for some sign whereby all shall know that He is the true God.—That a trial like that instituted by Elijah would convince the world to-day we do not for one moment believe.—But we do believe that if the clergy everywhere, of all denominations, were to pray to God that at a stated time (say on next Christmas eve) a sign might be set in the heavens above us, a sign intelligent to all, to continue forever, that God would grant the prayer we cannot doubt, for has He not said: "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." Wherefore, we have only to ask, and we shall receive. (Here is inserted the 18th chapter of 1st Kings, from the 21st to 39th verses.)

Now suppose that all Christian denominations were to instruct their churches to pray that a sign might be given as above—how swiftly the tidings would fly to the uttermost parts of the earth in this age of steam and electricity. Millions upon millions of human voices would join in petitioning the throne of grace.

Week after week rolls round; Christmas day draws near—a day dear to all believers—'tis the birthday of Christ! Day after day rolls on—'tis Christmas eve; slowly sinks the sun to rest. The stars peep forth one by one, and look down upon millions of upturned, silent, prayerful faces. Ah! what a solemn hour! yet what a beautiful sight; a world in prayer! Not a cloud can be seen, nothing but the vast blue expanse of heaven gemmed with myriads of wandering starry worlds—all is beautiful, silent, serene. The hour is at hand. Ah, what suspense—what a feeling of solemn awe steals o'er all.—Suddenly from the very zenith bursts forth a flood of golden light; soon the air is filled with angels shouting, "behold the hour has come, ye shall know that Christ is the Lord, serve ye Him; for He hath set his sign in the heavens." Behold, behold!" The sign appears. It is intelligible to all, and with one accord a feeling world shouts: "Glory! glory to God in the highest, this is Christ our Lord, we worship Him the only true God. Glory! Hallelujah!"

Where is our Elijah? Who is it that will show to the skeptical world that God's promises (in the written Word) are true? For hath He not said, "ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you?"—*Newark, N. J., Evening Courier.*

NEVER TRAVELED.—A story is told of an old lady who lived near Rochester, who had never seen or traveled on a railroad. Wanting to go on a visit to a small town a short distance from the city, she thought she would try one of the pesky things. She went to the ticket office, carrying her reticule on one arm and an old-fashioned rocking chair on the other. She bought her ticket, walked out on the platform, put down her rocking chair, sat down in it, took out her knitting, and went to work diligently. Steadily she rocked and worked, trains coming in or leaving as the car time came round.—The old lady made no attempt to get on the cars, but kept knitting.

The day drew to a close, and night came on. The last train was starting, when the depot master went up and asked her if she was going out.

"Yes, sir," replied the lady.

"Hadn't you better go on board and secure a seat?" said the depot master.

"Thank you, sir," I'm very comfortable," replied the elderly dame.

The train left. The master came round again.

"Madam, I shall have to disturb you; it is late; the trains have all left, and we must close the depot. Shall I send you to a hotel?"

"Well!" exclaimed the old lady, dropping her knitting and holding up her hands "ain't the thing going to move? Here I brought my chair from home so as to have a seat, on which some pesky man couldn't squeeze himself. I've set here all day waitin' for the thing to go, and here I've had all my trouble for nothing. I thought it was a long time moving. I declare that these here railroads is the biggest nuisance and humbug as ever was!" and the old lady, with a bag on one arm and rocking chair on the other, gave a toss of her head and walked off in high indignation.

☞The world in arms—the babies.