The Globe.

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

VOL. XXV. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1869. NO. 3.

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

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

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	1 time.	2 do	3 do	1 month
One inch, or less.....	$ 75	$1 25	$1 50	$1 75
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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.

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. fe24-1m*

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, Having permanently located at Huntingdon, offers his professional service to the community. Office, the same as that lately occupied by Dr. Luden on Hill street. ap10,1866

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

R. ALLISON MILLER, *DENTIST*, Has removed to the Brick Row opposite the Court House. April 15, 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. dec22-1f

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. P. 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*, HUNTINGDON, PA. aug12,1863

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, 1866-tf.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE OF K. ALLEN LOVELL, District Attorney for 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. ap7-tf.

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.

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 Nealy, NO. 422, NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, And intend doing a Hide and Leather Commission Business. Their sons D. P. LEAS, and T. E. 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 the 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. mar3-tf. LEAS & McVITTY.

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 everybody. ☞ 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, Marseilles, Picquas, 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.

Spring Arrival of Gent's Goods. H. ROBLEY MERCHANT TAILOR, Has removed to the room over John Bare & Co's Bank, (Old Broad 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.

THE GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE. THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is 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.

A GOOD THING! Important to Housekeepers, Hotels, Banks, Offices, &c. THE PATENT WIRE Adjustable Window Screen WILL FIT ANY WINDOW, Give ventilation and light, Screen from view and exclude FLIES, MOSQUITOS AND OTHER INSECTS. For sale by Dealers in House-Furnishing Goods. The Adjustable Window Screen Company, SOLE MANUFACTURERS, 623 Market Street, Philadelphia. June23-3p

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, River office 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 OF 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 Portices and Verandahs, Balconies, Columns and Drop Ornament for wooden porticos and verandahs, Window Lintels and Sills, Chat Ornaments for wooden lintels, Cellar Window Guards all sizes, Chimney Tops and Flues, Sash Weights, Carpet Strips, Registers, Heaters, Coal Grates, Vault Castings for coal and wood cellars, Arbors, Tree-boxes, Lamp-posts, Hitching-posts, Iron Railing for porticos, verandahs, balconies, flowerbeds, Yard and Cemetery Fences, etc. *Purchaser attention paid to fencing Cemetery Lots.* Address JAMES SIMPSON, sep23,68 Huntingdon, Pa.

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, Cellar-windows, Grates, Coal hole Castings for pavements, Window weights of all sizes and weights, Pipe joints, Sled shoes, Sleigh soles, Wagon boxes, Machine Castings, for steam and water, grist, saw, cumscrew plaster mills of all descriptions. HEATERS AND IRON FENCES, of the most improved style, oven doors and frames, door sills, and in fact everything made in this line. We have a larger stock of patterns, and can furnish castings at short notice, and cheaper than they can be had in this country. Having a good drill, we are prepared to do drilling and fitting up of all kinds. Office in Leisters' 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 choppers are new 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, Catsups and Sauces, Teas, Soaps, 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 March & 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

ESTABLISHED 1867. A. G. POSTLETHWAITE & CO., General Commission Merchants FOR THE SALE OF Wheat, Corn, Oats, Rye, Bark, Butter, Eggs, Lard, Poultry, &c., *No. 264 South Front Street*, A. G. Postlethwaite, J. C. McNaughton. Philadelphia. may26-1y

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

We journey to a better land,
A country out of sight;
A Father's hand supports our steps,
His presence gives us light.

The way is oft beset with snares,
And clouds loom overhead;
But clinging closer to our Guide,
No evil do we dread.

But when the skies are bright and fair,
And pleasures crown our days,
We wander from our Heavenly Friend
Into forbidden ways.

We gather pleasant fruits, that turn
To ashes in our grasp;
We pluck the blooming flowers, and find
A serpent in our clasp.

"Our Father, lead us back again
Into thy paths of peace;"
We cry, and lo! our Guide appears,
And bids our wanderings cease.

He takes us once more by the hand
And wipes away our tears,
Forgives our wayward wanderings,
And soothes our guilty fears.

His hand supports us all the way
Along the toilsome road,
Until, at last, our journey o'er,
We reach His blest abode.

WAS HE GUILTY?

I.

"Sheriff, remove this prisoner!" commanded the Judge.

"Five years, five long years in the penitentiary! Great God! I am not guilty! I am not!" cried Reginald Forrester, as he was led away.

He had been sentenced to five years' hard labor for the crime of breaking the dam of John Cluny's flouring mill. Two brothers, James and Charles Crocker, were the principal witnesses. They swore that late one night about six months before, as they were walking home, they saw Forrester walking rapidly along the path leading to the dam. Thinking that something had happened to the sluice-gates, they were about to follow in order to assist, when they saw that he began to cut away the props that upheld the timbers. Horror-struck, they stopped. It was too late. The dam gave away. Rushing down the road toward the mill they shouted—

"The flood! the flood!"

The miller heard the shouts, and had just time to save himself and his family; shortly afterward the flood reached the mill, and swept it away. A merchant of the village close by swore that Forrester bought an axe, a shovel and a pick on the evening previous to the breaking of the dam. The axe was found hidden among some bushes close to the path, and was identified by the merchant to be the same which Reginald bought of him. The miller swore that Forrester had several times been seen lurking around the mill. The miller further stated that at the time he discharged him, he (Forrester) swore he would be even with him.

"And he destroyed my property because I discharged him for daring, against my wishes, to make love to my daughter, Amy."

Only one person believed Forrester to be innocent—Amy Cluny, the miller's daughter.

II.

It was twelve at noon, just four years after the conviction of Forrester, when the door of the State's prison opened to him. A pale bowed-down man, whose eyes were constantly seeking the ground, walked down the road towards the ferry boat. The crowd that stood on the wharf quickly moved aside as the man tottered towards a bench.

"A pardoned convict!" ran from mouth to mouth.

Yes, Forrester, for it was he, had been pardoned by the Governor. Four long years he had toiled in the brickyard of the prison. Thoughts of self-destruction often flitted across his weary mind. Often, as he stood near the furnace of the brick kiln, he thought that only one bold leap into the roaring flames, and his misery would be at an end.

He had received only two letters during his imprisonment. One was from Amy.

The other letter came from New York. It was from a lawyer, and read: "This is to inform you that Allen Forrester, Esq., your uncle, has departed this life. He died intestate, and you are the sole heir to ——." The letter was received two days before he was pardoned.

"Fortune avails me nothing, the world thinks me guilty," cried he.

III.

"Forrester has come back. I wonder why in the world he wants to come to this place again. He's rich and has threatened to shoot Jim Crocker if he calls him 'convict' again." Such were the reports that spread over the village like wildfire.

At last the news came to the ears of the miller. With a muttered curse upon his enemy, as he called Forrester, he ascended the stairs leading to the second story of the new mill that he had erected in place of the one swept away. His steps were noiseless as he approached Amy's bedroom. He looked through the keyhole. A minute afterwards he wrenched open the door and rushed into the room—he had seen Amy signaling to somebody. As he rushed to the window he caught a glimpse of the figure of a man as he disappeared behind a projecting cliff—it was the form of Forrester. He caught hold of Amy's arm.

"Who was that man? Quick, tell me," came from between his clenched teeth.

Amy uttered a shriek of pain.

He dropped her arm and rushed from the room, but soon returned with a loaded gun in his hands, and dragged her to the open window. The head of a man could plainly be seen rising slowly from behind the cliff. Amy sank upon her knees. The miller released her arm and slowly raised his gun. He had recognized the features of Forrester.

"Signal!" shouted her father, "so that I can be sure of him. I want to shoot him through his black heart!"

"Mercy!" shrieked Amy, raising her hands.

Forrester, who only saw Amy, now crept slowly towards a projecting shelf of the cliff. He did no know what Amy meant by raising her hands. Soon he stood at the extreme edge of the cliff, not more than fifteen or sixteen feet in a horizontal line from her window. Thirty feet below him the water of the canon roared over huge boulders, and behind was a solid wall of granite, twelve feet high. The shelf was only two wide.

"Die, convict!" shouted John Cluny.

Forrester heard the word "convict," saw the old man, saw the bright barrel of the gun as it was pointed towards him, heard the report, then all was blank.

When his consciousness returned, he found himself lying on the top of the cliff. It was night. A form was bending over him. By the dim starlight he could distinguish the features, but a cold shudder passed through his body as he felt a hand upon his face, and heard the well-known tone of the miller.

"He's dead; and I ain't a bit sorry for it, either. But what am I going to do with the body? I can't throw it over the cliff. Well, I guess it's best to stick to my first plan."

The miller took a rope from his pocket, passed it beneath the arm pits of Forrester, and dragged the body to a cave only known to himself. This cave was situated close to where one end of the mill dam was fastened by means of heavy timbers to the cliffs; the opening was concealed by a clump of bushes.

"No one will ever find him there," muttered he.

When he entered the bedroom of his daughter he found her lying upon the floor insensible.

IV.

When Forrester awoke from his death-like swoon, darkness was around him. Painfully he lifted himself upon his elbow. Bending aside the boughs he saw the glimmer of a lantern which stood upon the dam close to the sluice-gates. When Forrester's eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, he perceived the forms of two men who were bending over the breastwork of the gates. Soon the sound of voices came to his ears—he heard his name mentioned. He was about to creep through the opening of the bushes when the men began to walk towards him. About four feet from where he was lying they stopped.

"What time is it, Jim?" said one of them.

"Time enough for our little job," replied the other.

"This time he'll be cooped up for life—you bet," said Jim.

"Or else he'll swing for it," remarked the other.

"He'll swing for it," echoed Jim.

"Look there, Jim," interrupted the other.

"What the devil's up, you fool?"

"I thought I saw a man's face peeping at me from the manzanita."

Forrester had protruded his head. He saw by the light of the burning match the bloated faces of James and Charles Crocker.

"Stuff and nonsense. Go to work. Have you fixed the plank so that you can shove it across the gulch to her window?"

"Yes," growled the brother, "but it was devilish hard work."

"Then we are sure of the gal. Now for the dam," said Charles, moving away.

Like a flash of lightning the plot of the villains was revealed to Forrester.

They first intended to cut the dam; then they would rescue the family of the miller by means of the plank. Of course this latter would insure the gratitude of the miller. The breaking of the dam would again be charged upon Forrester, who, as one of the brothers remarked, "would be sentenced to the penitentiary for life or else would swing for it."

A look toward the dam showed that the water was nearly level with the path. He heard the cracking of timbers and planks as the two men were prying with an iron bar at one of the beams. A rumbling sound was heard—it was the pent up water as it began to overflow the dam. He rose to his feet, and drawing aside the bushes he stepped upon a shelf-like path which ran alongside the cliff.

"Villains!" he shouted. The two brothers looked up, but saw no one, for the light of the lantern was illuminating the sluice gates. They resumed their work. Again Forrester shouted, and again they lifted their heads, when there came a terrible crash mingled with the roar of the water. Forrester heard a cry of despair, and saw James Crocker fall headlong over the dam into the seething water below.

With a prayer upon his lips for the safety of her he loved, he ran along the narrow path until he came opposite the mill.

"The flood! the flood! For God's sake, save your lives! The water is coming! They have cut the dam!" he cried.

The window of Amy's bedroom was thrown open and the miller with lighted candle in hand was standing before it. Too late. The rushing water had already encircled the mill, which was now swaying to and fro.

"Help! help!" shouted John Cluny, raising the light above his head. A cry of terror escaped his lips as the light shone upon the pale face of the man whom he thought he had killed. The candle dropped from his hand as he sank upon the floor. Meanwhile Forrester was searching for the plank. At last he found it. He tried to shove it across the gulf but his strength failed him.

"Oh God! is there no help here to assist me? Help, Help!" he cried, still tugging at the plank.

"Come on, boys," shouted a voice.

Soon a dozen men with lanterns were rushing towards Forrester.

"The convict!" cried the foremost, as he held the lantern to the face of the prostrate man.

"He has cut the dam again," cried a miner, "I am sure of it."

"Impossible; see, he has been wounded," cried the first speaker. Forrester pointed to the plank and then towards the mill.

The men understood his gestures. Soon one end of the plank found a resting place upon the window sill, and a man with lantern in hand walked across the swaying bridge and disappeared through the window. Another and another followed. A few minutes after, two men crawled back across the blank, bearing between them the insensible form of the miller, another followed carrying the brother of Amy. But where was the miller's daughter? The last man came across empty-handed. She could not be found.

"Amy, dearest Amy!" shouted Forrester. His shrill voice sounded above the awful roar of waters.

A white form was seen at the window. It lifted its hands as if to warn some one away. The light of half a dozen lanterns illuminated her ghastly face, which was partially concealed by her long black tresses.

Forrester saw her. With superhuman strength he rose to his feet and staggered toward the plank.

Amy stepped upon the window sill. She had heard the voice of him she loved. Slowly she walked across the plank until she was within a few feet of the men. She stopped. Again her lover pronounced her name. She recognized his voice. A cry of joy came from her lips as she gave a bound which brought her within the reach of the outstretched hands of the men.

Another cry answered from the gulf below—a cry for help. Immediately after, the mill sank with a fearful crash in the canon. But soon the rising water overcame that slight obstruction and carried it down the channel.

Toward morning, when the water had subsided somewhat, a party of men found the mangled body of James Crocker, which had lodged between two boulders. Close by they found his brother with both legs broken. He was yet alive. A cry of intense pain came from his swollen lips as the men lifted him upon a rude stretcher.

"Let me die here! Let me die here!" cried he. "I feel that I'm hurt inside. Put me down. I have only a short time to live, and want to confess. Reginald Forrester is innocent of the crime for which he suffered. It was I and my brother who cut—"

These were Charles Crocker's last words. A stream of blood welled from his mouth. Once more he tried to raise himself, then he breathed his last.

An entire week passed away before the village doctor pronounced Reginald out of danger. The ball fired from the rifle of the miller had glanced from his temple. It had made an ugly but not a mortal wound. His over-exertion on that terrible night had greatly increased his illness, but he gradually regained his former health and strength.

Three months after the breaking of the dam, Amy, her brother, father and Forrester, left California forever.

THE PEACE JUBILEE FIDDLE.—The editor of the Schenectady *Star* attended the Peace Jubilee in Boston, and thus speaks about the big fiddle:

Gilmore and I went through it.—We were let down into it through one of those S shaped holes on each side of the bridge. When I got down to the bottom I imagined myself inside the old Mohawk bridge at night. Gilmore lost me once, and after two hours frantic search I found him sitting complacently up against the big perpendicular stick that stands in the middle of the fiddle (poetry) to support the weight of the bridge. He was glad to see me. We then got out. Yes, this fiddle is a big thing. An accident occurred while a large party of workmen were engaged in raising the bridge. It slipped and fell and smashed fifteen men as flat as tin foil. Gilmore felt very sorry about this, because it mussed up the fiddle. You may wonder how this mammoth instrument is played and fingered—Well, two little locomotives work the bow, and it is fingered in this way:—Five heavy Dutchmen, dressed in doeskin tights, stand on the fingerboard between the strings. Each man has a string, you know, and when his string wants to be "fingered" he sits down on it as quick as a flash, and up and down again every time another note is wanted. The effect of this novel proceeding is rich. I saw them when the "Devil's Dream" was played, and if there wasn't some tall squatting and getting up again then I never was in Boston. The poor fellow who managed the E string, on account of having to slide along so much to produce slurs, has scorched his tights very badly in the seat.

☞ We are not worthy of loving truth when we can love anything more than that.

☞ The best head-quarters—brains.

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.

Perseverance.

Diligence and energy, directed by good sense must command success.—The last condition is often lacking, and failure is the almost inevitable consequence. A man commences business, gives his whole soul to it, applies himself steadily, early and late, is methodical in his arrangements, and prudent in his measures, and everybody prophesies a decided success. "Everybody" is promature in his conclusions. The man does not get rich so rapidly as he wishes, or some other pursuit seems more attractive and profitable, and he throws up everything, sells out at a ruinous sacrifice, and embarks with all his capital, all his heart in something else, which is abandoned in turn, after an equally brief and, of course, equally unsuccessful trial. So he goes on, verifying the old proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

The accomplished and eloquent Mr. William Wirt says:

"The man who is perpetually hesitating which of the two things he will do first, will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolutions to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend—who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan, and veers like a weather-cock to every point of the compass, with every breath of caprice that blows, can never accomplish anything great or useful. Instead of being progressive in anything, he will be at best stationary, and, more probably, retrograde in all. It is only the man who carries into his pursuits that great quality which Lucian ascribes to Cæsar *nescia virtus stare loco*—who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purposes with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit, that can advance to eminence in any line."

We have read of a man who, on first commencing business, opened and shut his shop day after day for several weeks without selling goods to the value of two cents, but persevering finally made his fortune in that very location. "Did you ever know anybody," asks Jos. C. Neal, "to stick to any kind of business, no matter how unpromising it might be in the beginning, for ten years at most, who did not prosper? Not one—if he stuck to it earnestly, and tried nothing else, no matter how hard he found it at times to keep his head above water, still, if he persevered, he always came out right in the long run—didn't he?—whatever it might have been at the beginning, at the end of ten years he had made a business for himself."

When, after mature consideration, you have marked out a course for yourself, you must resolve to adhere to it till success shall crown your efforts, or until you have ascertained beyond a doubt that you have mistaken the course.

SINKING VALLEY.—A correspondent in the Philadelphia *Press*, thus describes Sinking Valley, Blair county, Pa.: Its name, Sinking Valley, is indicative of its character. A large stream enters it from the upper end, and flows for no considerable distance until it sinks into openings in the earth many of which appear to be unfathomable. After a short distance it reappears, only to sink again in the same manner. But by far the most remarkable curiosity is a cave which is entered by this stream. The entrance is something like 15 feet high, by 40 wide. It is nearly a mile in extent, and may be penetrated for a long distance, in an upright posture. Curious stalactites and stalagmites may be obtained, formed by the dropping of water from the roof. Beautiful coruscations flash in the torchlight, like diamonds. Toward the further extremity of this underground passage of the stream, the cave terminates, and the water sinks into a large cleft in the rocks, only to rise again, boiling and surging in a very violent manner in a deep basin, the sides of which are perpendicular. From this basin it flows under the hill through an arch that is well worth the pencil of an artist. Its exit forms that curiosity—of which almost every one has heard—Arch Springs. This we regard as one among the greatest natural phenomena in the country. It is cut through a hill of solid limestone, in such a manner as to suggest the work of art. At its entrance it is 12 or 15 feet in hight, and one might easily pass through in a boat. How such a perfect work could have been effected in a natural manner, is wholly unaccountable. So large is the stream here that a very large grist mill and saw mill are driven by it; yet a great part of the water is not used. After flowing less than a quarter of a mile farther, it falls, with a loud roar, into a cleft in the rocks, after which its course is known to no mortal man. Perhaps it goes to swell the volume of some subterranean river, upon whose banks are built no cities, and the murmur of whose waters are heard by no human ear."

WELL SAID.—It would be no privilege to be the wife of the larger proportion of the men one meets on the street, and I not unfrequently find myself analyzing masculine faces, and guessing at the relationship existing between such a one and his wife. It is but rarely, I confess it, that I meet a face which tempts me to say, "Happy is the woman that calls thee husband."

☞ To enjoy a good night's repose, take a cold towel bath before retiring. A bowl of cold water and a hard crash towel, used vigorously over the body, are all that are necessary, (except a clear conscience) to secure a good night's rest.