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The Globe

WM. LEWIS, HUGH LINDSAY, Publishers. PERSEVERE. TERMS, \$2.00 a year in advance. VOL. XXV. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1869. NO. 20.

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

DR. JOHN McCULLOCH, offers his professional services to the community. R. ALLISON MILLER, DENTIST. Has relocated to the Brick Row opposite the Court House.

E. J. GREENE, DENTIST. Office removed to Lister's New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa., July 21, 1867. A. P. W. JOHNSTON, SURVEYOR & INSURANCE AGENT. Office on Smith street, Huntingdon, Pa. my12-69

J. A. POLLOCK, SURVEYOR & REAL ESTATE AGENT. Office on Smith street, Huntingdon, Pa. my12-69. T. W. MYTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with J. Sewell Stewart, Esq., no10-69. J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on Hill street, three doors west of South, 3709. J. HALL MESSER, S. S. FLEMING, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office second floor of Lister's building, on Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. my29-69

AGENCY FOR COLLECTING DELINQUENT CLAIMS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND PENSIONS. All who may have any claims against the Government for Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions, can have the same promptly collected by applying either in person or by letter to the undersigned. H. WOODS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Huntingdon, Pa. my12-69

THE name of this firm has been changed from ROY & BROWN, to SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, which name they will hereafter conduct their practice as. ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. PENSIONS, small claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs, against the Government, will be promptly processed. May 11, 1868-11.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE OF K. ALLEN LOVELL, HUNTINGDON, PA. OFFICE-In the room lately occupied by R. M. Egger, Jun. 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 South.

JOSEPH ABB, MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN WILLOW AND SLEIGH BASKETS. Of all sizes and descriptions, ALEXANDRIA, HUNTINGDON CO., PA. June 9, 1869-11. LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID. HUNTINGDON INSURANCE AGENCY. G. B. AERMITAGE, HUNTINGDON, PA. Represent the most reliable Companies in the Country. Rates as low as is consistent with reliable security. sep 2, '69. 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. MUSIC STORE. E. J. GREENE, Successor to R. M. GREENE, DEALER IN SEINWAY & SON'S PIANOS, AND OTHER MAKE. MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS, Melodions, Guitars, Violas, Flutes, Accordions, etc. etc. etc. Address: E. J. GREENE, Huntingdon, Pa. 3d door East of Lister's Building. For next JOB PRINTING, call at the "GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE," at Huntingdon, Pa. HENRY & CO. will do more to accommodate their customers than any other House in the neighborhood. Go to Red Front for Glassware, Queensware, Stoneware, Willow and Cedarware, etc., etc. AP and Joint Singles for sale by HENRY & CO.

CARPETS. NEW STORE IN HUNTINGDON. JAMES A. BROWN has just opened 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, VENETIAN and SCOTCH HEMP Carpets, Also, COCOA and CANTON MATTINGS, and FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.

West Huntingdon Foundry. JAMES SIMPSON MANUFACTURER. PLOWS, THRESHING MACHINES, FARM BELLS, SLED AND SNOW SHOES, WAGON BOXES, IRON KETTLES, Castings. For Furnaces, Forges, Grind and Saw Mills, Tanneries and Lard Kettles, AND JOB WORK IN GENERAL.

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 Iron and Brass Castings, Wood Turning, Mill Work, etc. etc. etc. We have a large stock of patterns, and can furnish castings of all sizes and weights. Pipe joints, Sled boxes, Wagon boxes, Machine Castings, etc. etc. etc. Office in Lister's New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. Dec. 17, 1869. BLAKE & MCNEIL.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! SELLING OFF AT COST. Bartol & Dale. Are now disposing of their entire stock of Goods AT COST. Persons wishing DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, ETC., ETC., ETC. Will save money by calling on us, as we are determined to close out our entire stock without reserve. REMEMBER THE PLACE: Smith's new building, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. oct12

UNION STEAM BAKERY AND CANDY MANUFACTORY. OUR CANDY MANUFACTORY. We manufacture all kinds of Fancy and Common Confectioneries, equal to any that comes from the city, and a prepared to fill large or small orders on short notice and at CITY PRICES. We also keep on hand a large and constant supply of FRUITS AND NUTS, which they will furnish at reasonable rates. The proprietors desire to announce that it needs but a few minutes to make a first class cake, and that the material is of the best quality, and that the price is as low as the public can expect. Address: E. J. GREENE, Huntingdon, Pa. 3d door East of Lister's Building. For next JOB PRINTING, call at the "GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE," at Huntingdon, Pa. HENRY & CO. will do more to accommodate their customers than any other House in the neighborhood. Go to Red Front for Glassware, Queensware, Stoneware, Willow and Cedarware, etc., etc. AP and Joint Singles for sale by HENRY & CO.

THE undersigned have fitted up a first class steam BAKERY at the Corbett Station of Church street, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of bread, rolls, biscuits, pies, plain and fancy cakes, etc. In large or small quantities, at reasonable prices. We would call special attention of country dealers to our CANDY MANUFACTORY. We manufacture all kinds of Fancy and Common Confectioneries, equal to any that comes from the city, and a prepared to fill large or small orders on short notice and at CITY PRICES. We also keep on hand a large and constant supply of FRUITS AND NUTS, which they will furnish at reasonable rates. The proprietors desire to announce that it needs but a few minutes to make a first class cake, and that the material is of the best quality, and that the price is as low as the public can expect. Address: E. J. GREENE, Huntingdon, Pa. 3d door East of Lister's Building. For next JOB PRINTING, call at the "GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE," at Huntingdon, Pa. HENRY & CO. will do more to accommodate their customers than any other House in the neighborhood. Go to Red Front for Glassware, Queensware, Stoneware, Willow and Cedarware, etc., etc. AP and Joint Singles for sale by HENRY & CO.

READY RECKONER. A complete Pocket Ready Reckoner, in dollars and cents, to which are added rules of Arithmetical, Algebra, Trigonometry, etc., together with a set of useful tables containing rates of interest from one dollar to one hundred dollars, by the single day, with a table of wages, and board by the week and day. For sale at LEWIS' BOOK STORE. COUNTRY DEALERS: can buy CLOTHING from this Establishment at WHOLESALE as cheap as they can in the city, as I have a wholesale store in PHILADELPHIA. H. BENTLEY, Huntingdon, Oct. 4, 1869.

GREAT BARGAINS AT CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S, Corner of Railroad and Montgomery Sts. HUNTINGDON, PA. WE would call special attention to the daily arrival of choice and beautiful goods, which are offered at Tempting Prices, Consisting of beautiful Silks of all shades, all new Poplins, Alpaca, Messagerie, Armoire, Chateau, a most beautiful line of fine Cambric, Broad Muslin, Nainsook, Gingham, and Shambray. ALSO, a full line of Domestic Goods, such as Heavy Bleached Muslins, Fine Brown Muslin, 40 inches wide, Bleached Muslin from 34 to 25 1/2 yards wide, Kentucky Jeans, Farmers' Casimere, etc., etc. Our stock of SHOES exceeds anything of the kind this side of Philadelphia. ALSO, a large and well selected stock BATS suitable for the season.

CARPETS. We make a specialty of this article, and have on hand a very fine assortment of DESIRABLE PATTERNS, which will be sold lower than CAN be sold by any other house outside of Philadelphia. We have also on hand a large stock of FISH AND SALT, which we are selling very low. In order to be convinced that ours is the place to buy, call and examine our goods and prices. We take pleasure in showing our goods, even if you do not wish to buy. So you will please call and get posted to our goods and prices. CUNNINGHAM & CARMON. Oct. 26, 1869-11.

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.

HEAD QUARTERS FOR NEW GOODS. D. P. CWIN INFORMS THE PUBLIC THAT HE HAS JUST OPENED A SPLENDID STOCK OF NEW GOODS THAT CAN'T BE BEAT IN CHEAPNESS AND QUALITY. COME AND SEE. D. P. CWIN, Huntingdon, Oct. 4, 1869.

THE BROKEN HOME. "TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION." In San Francisco, on the north side of Polson street, overlooking Mission Bay, stands a palatial residence. The interior of this house is even more beautiful than its exterior, every apartment being in its way a gem of magnificence and refinement. The library especially realizes the most perfect ideal of an elegant and cultured home. And yet, at the moment we look in upon him—some August afternoon, as he occupied his library—the proprietor of all this wealth appeared of all men the most miserable. It was Mr. Morton Preble, for many years a leading banker of San Francisco.

It was in vain that the broad bay windows at the south end of the room had been opened, giving ingress to the sunshine and the fragrance of rare flowers—in vain that the walls were lined with richly-carved book-cases and paintings—in vain that soft couches and luxuriant chairs had been gathered around him. He was wretched. He lay on a sofa, in the depths of the great bay-window, the wreck of a once powerful man; his figure was thin and gaunt; his face white as marble; his eyes having an expression of woe and apprehension, of harrowing anxiety, of dreadful expectancy. It was evident at a glance that no merely physical ailment had made him what he was.

By what without secret, by what destroying affliction, had he been thus agonized? This haunted the hunted? he so noble and good! he so wealthy and distinguished! As he moved restlessly upon his luxuriant cushions the pretty clock on the mantel-piece struck five, every stroke seeming to fall like a hammer upon the heart of the nervous invalid. He aroused himself, struggling feebly to a sitting posture. "Oh, will this fatal day never, never pass?" he murmured; "nor bring us relief?"

Nothing with a nervous start that he was alone, he touched a bell upon a table before him, and called: "Helen! Helen! where are you?" Before the echoes of his voice had died out a step was heard, and his wife entered his presence. "I left you only for a moment, Morton," she said, advancing to the banker's side. "You were dozing, I think. I wished to send for the doctor!" She was a beautiful woman, of some six and thirty years, graceful, with broad white brows, and loving eyes, in which the brightness and sweetness of a sunny nature were still perceptible, under a grief and anxiety no less poignant than that evinced by her husband.

"The doctor!" he echoed, half-recognizably. "Yes, dear," she said, in a calm and cheerful voice, as she drew a chair to the side of a sofa, stroking the corrugated forehead of the invalid with a magnetic touch. "He will be here immediately. Your last nervous crisis alarmed me. You may become seriously ill!" Mr. Preble bestowed an affectionate look upon his wife, but said despondently: "The doctor! He cannot minister to a mind diseased!" Oh, if these long hours would only pass! If I only knew what the day has yet in store for us!

"Look up, Morton!" enjoined Mrs. Preble, with a reverently trustful glance upward through the open window at the blue sky, and as if looking beyond the azure clouds therein. "Let us appeal from the injustice and wickedness of earth to the goodness and mercy of Heaven!" The banker gave a low, sobbing sigh. "I cannot look up, Helen," he answered, with a passionate tremor in his voice—"only down, down at the grave that is opening before me!" Mrs. Preble continued to stroke his forehead softly, while she lifted her pale face to the sunlight streaming into the apartment. "Look up, Morton—always look up!" she again enjoined upon the invalid. "During all these fourteen years of agony, I have not once doubted either the goodness or the justice of Heaven. 'Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.' I believe that we shall yet rejoice more keenly than we have mourned, and that we shall come to a glorious day of joy beyond all this long night of sorrow!"

The face of the invalid lighted up with an answering glow, and he murmured: "Glorious faith! My wife, you are indeed a blessed comforter! Perhaps, after all, you are right!" A knock resounded on a side door at this juncture, and the next moment Dr. Hutton, the family physician, for whom Mrs. Preble had sent, entered the room. He was an old man, portly in figure, with white hair and beard, but with a fresh and ruddy complexion, a pair of shrewd blue eyes, and with an exuberant boyishness of manner that set well upon him. He approached the sofa, after greeting the husband and wife, and lifted the thin, restless hand of the invalid, feeling his pulse. "Quite a high fever," he said, after a brief pause. "Worrying again, eh, Mr. Preble? You are wearing yourself out. Medicine will do you no good so long as your mind is in its present condition. I must give you an opiate!"

"Not now, doctor," interposed the banker. "I cannot—must not—sleep to-day! I need to be broad awake now, for I cannot tell at any moment what the next may bring forth. I am looking for the culmination of all my years of anguish—for the crowning agony of the whole. Perhaps even now—Ah, what was that?" He started up wildly, and then, as the sound that had disturbed him was not repeated, he sank back again on his cushions, pallid and panting. The doctor looked at Mrs. Preble with an anxious questioning glance. "It is the anniversary," she replied to his unspoken inquiry—"the anniversary of our loss."

"Ah! this is something definite—something decisive," he muttered. "It convinced you that your daughter was still living?" "Yes, doctor," said Mr. Preble, and every anniversary of that day has brought us some message. The disappearance of the child, mysterious as it is, does not seem to me half so strange as that the villain who took her away could contrive to communicate with us every year since, and always on a particular day—the anniversary of that on which she was stolen—without our being able to discover who he is. And a still greater wonder to me is what can be his motive. It seems incredible. If it was stated in a novel many people would not believe it. But truth is stranger than fiction!"

Mrs. Preble drew from her husband's breast-pocket his note-book, opened it to the proper page, and presented it to the physician. Dr. Hutton adjusted his spectacles, glanced over the page, and then slowly read the group of entries aloud. The entries for the first year is as follows: "August 9, 1855. Jessie, ha, ha! Jessie." And the next year it is— "August 9, 1856. Your Jean still lives!" And the next— "August 9, 1857. She is in good hands!" And the next— "August 9, 1858. She is well as ever!" And the next— "August 9, 1859. I love her growing rapidly!" And the next— "August 9, 1860. She continues to do well!" And the next— "August 1862. She has her spin!" And the next— "August 9, 1863. She's becoming a woman!" And the next— "August 1864. Your child is thirteen!" And the next— "August 9, 1865. She's taller than ever!" And the next— "August 9, 1866. She's really charming!" And last year it was— "August 9, 1867. My reward is at hand!" And what shall we get to-day!

The physician looked up and fixed his thoughtful gaze upon the bereaved husband and wife. "How did these messages come to you?" he demanded. "Invariably by post," replied Mr. Preble. "Usually to the house, but sometimes to the office!" "And you have never seen their author?" "Never!" "The last of them is dated, I see a year ago to-day!" "Yes, yes," faltered the banker, "and the time has come for another message. This is the 9th of August, 1868!"

"I see," said Dr. Hutton. "And this is the secret of your terrible excitement! You are expecting to receive to-day another of these strange messages!" There was a brief silence. Mrs. Preble's hand fluttered in its task, and her face grew very pale. The banker breathed gaspingly. The physician regarded them both in friendly sympathy. "We shall hear of her again to-day," said Mr. Preble; "and what will the message be?" The mother averted her face. Her brave heart fluttered at that question echoed in her soul. "The writer of these letters is unquestionably the abductor of your child," said Dr. Hutton. "Have you any suspicion as to his identity?"

"Not the slightest," said Mrs. Preble. "We have puzzled over the problem for many years, but we cannot guess who he is." "Have you no enemy, doctor?" "Have you no enemy? I do not mean people with whom you are not friendly—every stirring man has plenty of these—but a downright enemy! Is there no man whom you know in the East who hated you? No one against whom you were called upon to testify—no one whom you possibly injured?"

The banker shook his head. He had asked himself all of these questions repeatedly. "I have no such enemy, doctor," he answered with sincerity of voice and manner. "And Mrs. Preble?" suggested the doctor, turning to her. "Have you no rejected suitor who might be revengeful enough to desolate your home?" "No," said the lady. "I was married early. Morton was my first lover."

"This is strange—very strange!" muttered the doctor. "You are not conscious of having an enemy—a hidden foe—a fiend in human form—who is working out against you a fearful hatred? And you have not the slightest suspicion as to whom he is?" "Not the slightest," declared the banker.

"Our child is seventeen years old now," at length murmured Mrs. Preble, her voice trembling. "She is on the threshold of womanhood. No, doubt, during all these years, she has yearned for us, wherever she may be, as we have yearned for her!" "But where is she?" asked the physician—and now his voice was broken by his deep sympathy with the agonized parents. "Where can she be?" "Heaven only knows," answered the mother. "Perhaps in San Francisco—perhaps in some rude hut in the interior with some obscure farmer, and under a name that is not hers! I think her abductor would have carried her to some lonely region of the interior, among the valleys and mountains. Yet I never see a young girl in the streets without turning to look at her. I never hear a girlish voice without listening eagerly, half fancying that it may prove the voice of my lost Jessie!"

"Oh, pitying heaven!" sighed Dr. Hutton, dashing a flood of tears from his eyes. "Will this long agony never be over?" "We hope so, and even believe so," answered Mrs. Preble, with the firmness of an unflinching trust in God's mercy. "The last message we received from our enemy seems to point to some kind of a change."

"True," assented Dr. Hutton, looking at the message in question. "It is unlike the others. It says that his 'reward is at hand.' He means either that he intends to marry your daughter, or that he intends to demand money of you for bringing back—or both."

"We shall soon know," said Mrs. Preble, with forced calmness. "To-day we shall have another message, no doubt. What will it be?" The banker turned restlessly on his sofa, and his face grew paler. "Whatever it is let it come!" he murmured. Anything can be borne better than this awful suspense. Let it come!

As if his impatient words had precipitated a crisis, a step was heard on the walk at this moment, and a ring at the front door followed. "Another message!" breathed the banker. A servant soon entered, bearing a letter, which he extended to Mr. Preble, saying: "The bearer is in the hall!" With an eager gaze the banker glanced at the superscription of the missive. "It is from HIM!" he faltered. He tore the envelope open. It contained a slip of paper, of well-known shape and appearance, upon which was scrawled a single line, in an equally well-known hand-writing which the banker exhibited to the physician.

This line was as follows: "August 9, 1868. At six I will call!" A shock of wonder and horror shook the three simultaneously. "Will call!" cried Mr. Preble, starting to his feet, and glaring wildly around. "Is coming here?" cried Mrs. Preble, also arising. "It seems so," said Dr. Hutton; his eyes again reverting to the message. "He will be here at six o'clock, and see! it is six already!"

Even as he spoke, the clock on the mantelpiece commenced striking the appointed hour, and at that instant heavy foot steps resounded in the hall approaching the library. "It is he!" cried the doctor, also rising. As the last stroke of the hour resounded, the door leading from the hall again opened. One long and horrified glance cast the banker and his wife in that direction, and then she fell heavily to the floor. Her senses had left her.

The above we publish as a special man chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found only in the New York Ledger. Ask for the number dated December 4th, which can be had at any news office or book store. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to ROBERT BONZAR, publisher, 182 William Street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It will publish nothing but the very best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Everybody who takes it is happier for having it. Leon Lewis, Mrs. Harriet Lewis, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Cobb, Professor Park, Mary E. Kild, Dallas, Fanny Fern and Miss Dupuy will write only for the Ledger hereafter.

Mr. Bonner, like other leading publishers, might issue three or five papers and magazines; but he prefers to concentrate all his energies upon one end in that way to make it the best. One Dexter is worth more than three or five ordinary horses. One science only can one genius fit. So vast is art, so narrow human life.

"Not the slightest!" echoed Mrs. Preble. "My husband had a step-brother who might have been capable of this infamy—but he is dead!" "The handwriting is not familiar?" "No. It is merely a rude scrawl; as you see," said the banker. "It suggests nothing—except that is, evidently, disguised!"

Again there was a profound silence. "Our child is seventeen years old now," at length murmured Mrs. Preble, her voice trembling. "She is on the threshold of womanhood. No, doubt, during all these years, she has yearned for us, wherever she may be, as we have yearned for her!"

"But where is she?" asked the physician—and now his voice was broken by his deep sympathy with the agonized parents. "Where can she be?" "Heaven only knows," answered the mother. "Perhaps in San Francisco—perhaps in some rude hut in the interior with some obscure farmer, and under a name that is not hers! I think her abductor would have carried her to some lonely region of the interior, among the valleys and mountains. Yet I never see a young girl in the streets without turning to look at her. I never hear a girlish voice without listening eagerly, half fancying that it may prove the voice of my lost Jessie!"

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