# The Globe.

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

VOL. XXV. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1869. NO. 24.



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 |
| Two inches, | 1 50 | 2 25 | 2 75 | 3 25 |
| Three inches, | 2 25 | 3 25 | 4 00 | 4 75 |

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| One inch, or less | $4 00 | $6 00 | $10 00 |
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| Three inches, | 8 50 | 12 00 | 20 00 |
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| Quarter column, | 15 00 | 18 00 | 30 00 |
| Half column, | 20 00 | 30 00 | 45 00 |
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Professional and Business Cards not exceeding six lines, One year,.....$5 00
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, 5 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.

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. Liden 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, '55.

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 31, 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-tf

T. W. MYTON, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, HUNTINGDON, PA. ☞ Office with J. SEWELL STEWART, Esq. no10-6m*

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office on Hill street, three doors west of Smith. y5'69

J. HALL MUSSER. S. E. FLEMING. MUSSER & FLEMING, *ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW*, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office second floor of Leister's building, on Hill street. Pensions and other claims promptly collected. my26'69

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, 1865-tf.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE OF K. ALLEN LOVELL, 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. apl-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

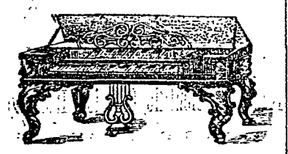
LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

No Assessments!! 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. 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* ALL ASSORTMENT AT LEWIS' BOOK STORE

MUSIC STORE.



E. J. GREENE, Successor to B. M. GREENE, DEALER IN STEINWAY & SON'S PIANOS, And other makes, MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS, Melodeons, Guitars, Violins, Fifes, Flutes, Accordeons, &c., &c. ☞ Pianos, Organs, and Melodeons warranted for five years. Circulars sent on application. Address E. J. GREENE, Huntingdon, Pa., jan27,69 2d floor Leister's New Building.

NEW LEATHER HOUSE. THE FIRM OF LEAS & McVITTY, have leased the large five story Leather House, from James Neilly, NO. 432, 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,

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 MANUFACTURES 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 coal and wood cellars, Arbors, Tree-boxes, Lamp-posts, Hitching-posts, Iron Railing for porticos, verandahs, balconies, flower-beds, Yard and Cemetery Fences, etc. *Particular attention paid to fencing Cemetery Lots.* Address JAMES SIMPSON, se23,68 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 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 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 the country. Having a good drill, we are prepared to do drilling and fitting up of all kinds. Office in Liestors' New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. Mch17, 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

McGUIRE'S SPANISH HAIR DRESSER For Promoting the Growth, Beautifying the Hair, And rendering it dark and glossy. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair. The use of this oil as a hair dresser has been universal in every section of the country in the Spanish Main for centuries.—No preparation of art could give that elegant luxuriance and abundance of hair which have so often been the admiration of travelers in Spain. This oil is tightly and delicately perfumed, forming an article unrivaled in excellence and upon which the Spanish people for many years have set its seal of enduring approval.

McGUIRE'S Mexican Wild Flowers Shampoo Lotion For removing dandruff and scurf from the head, whitening and pertuming the skin. This article is entirely different from any thing of the kind ever offered in this country and is warranted free from all poisonous substances This valuable lotion was used by the Emperor Maximilian, and Empress Carlotta of Mexico, and universally used by Mexicans for three hundred years. As a wash for the head—it is cooling, cleansing and refreshing.—When thus used it at once relieves headach.

McGUIRE'S WILD FLOWERS FOR THE TEETH. All those who are in favor of white teeth and a pleasant and perfumed breath, should at once use McGuire's Wild Flowers for the Teeth. All these preparations are put up in the most elegant and ornamental manner. We make no exception in saying that they are an ornament to a lady's toilet table, and none complete without them. Warranted satisfactory or money refunded. Dealers will bear this in mind. Sold by all respectable Druggists in the United States and Canadas. Address orders to RICHARD McGUIRE, Depot and Manufactory, se9-y 263 North Second Street, Philadelphia For sale at Lewis' Book Store, Huntingdon.

U. S. REVENUE STAMPS FOR SALE AT LEWIS' BOOK STORE. HUNTINGDON, PENNA.

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 woo Poplins, Alpacas, Melanges, Armurs, Chintzes, a most beautiful line of fine Cambrics, Barred Muslins, Nainsooks, Ginghams, and Chambrays. ALSO, a full line of Domestic Goods, such as HEAVY BLEACHED MUSLINS, Fine Brown Muslin, 40 inches wide, Bleached Muslin from 4/4 to 2 1/4 yards wide, Kentucky Jeans, Farmers Cassimere, &c., &c. Our stock of SHOES excels anything of the kind this side of Philadelphia. ALSO, a large and well selected stock HATS 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 CUNNINGHAM & CARMON. Oct. 28, 1868-tf.

E. C. SUMMERS. LUKE REILEY. UNION STEAM BAKERY AND Candy Manufactory, HUNTINGDON, PA. THE undersigned have fitted up a first-class steam BAKERY at the Castilian Garden on Church street, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of BREAD, ROLLS, BISCUITS, PIES, Plain and Fancy CAKES, &c., In large or small quantities, at reasonable prices. We would call especial 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 are 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 flatter themselves that it needs but a trial to convince the most sceptical, and please the most fastidious. We respectfully solicit a liberal share of public patronage, and shall endeavor to merit its continuance. se1,1869 SUMMERS & REILEY.

HEAD QUARTERS FOR NEW GOODS. D. P. GWIN 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. GWIN. Huntingdon, Oct. 4, 1869.

WANTED, 10,000 bushels of Wheat, Rye, Oats, and Corn, at the Huntingdon Steam Mill. JOSEPH R. CARMON. Huntingdon, Nov. 17, 1869-tf

LAP and Joint Shingles for sale by mch24-tf HENRY & CO.


## THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

The Omaha *Republican* gives the following history of this production, which the London *Spectator* pronounced to be the finest poem ever written in America:

"The early part of the war, one dark Saturday night, in the dead of the winter, there died in the Commercial Hospital, in Cincinnati, a young woman, over whose head only two and twenty Summers had passed. She had once been possessed with an enviable share of beauty, and had been, as she herself says, 'flattered and sought for the charms of her face;' but alas! upon the fair brow was written that terrible word—prostitute! Once the pride of respectable parentage, her first wrong step was the small beginning of the 'same old story over again,' which has been only the life history of thousands. Highly educated, and with accomplished manners, she might have shone in the best society.—But the evil hour that proved her ruin was the door from which went out the innocence of childhood, and having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor friendless outcast. Among her personal effects, was was found in manuscript, 'The Beautiful Snow,' which was immediately carried to Enos B. Reed, a gentleman of culture and literary taste, who was at that time editor of the *National Union*. In the columns of that paper, on the morning of the day following the girl's death, the poem appeared in print for the first time.

When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the victim had not received burial. The attention of Thomas Buchanan Read, one of the first American poets, was so taken with their stirring pathos, that he immediately followed the corpse to its final resting place.

Such are the plain facts concerning her whose 'Beautiful Snow' shall long be remembered as one of the beautiful gems of American literature."

### THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and the earth below,
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skipping along;
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go
Whirling about in their maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one—
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights on the face and sparkles the eye,
And the playing dogs with a bark and a bound
Snap at the crystals that eddy aroun!
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wildly the crowd swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors pass by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye!
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow—
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
As to make one regret to see it lie
To be tramped and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—
Fell like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell;
Fell to be tramped as filth in the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and be beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die;
Selling my soul to *whoever would buy;*
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread;
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! Have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sister, all,
God and myself have I lost by my fall!
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide swoop lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or above me, I know
There's nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be when night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To be and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not! Christ stooped low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.
Groaning,
Bleeding,
Dying for thee,
The crucified hung on the accursed tree,
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear.
Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my prayer?
O God! In the stream that for sinners did flow
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

☞ "I think I have seen you before, sir," said one gentleman to another. "Are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes," said the other, "I'm owin' Smith and owin' Brown and owin' Jones and owin' everybody."

☞ It is true to many men that their memory is nothing but a row of books to hang up grudges on.

## THE RICH UNCLE:

—OR—

## JOSHUA BARRETT'S WILL.

Some two or three miles from the town of Aylesbury, England, there once lived three cousins of the family name of Barrett. They were all married and settled on farms within a few miles of each other, and each of them had grown up children around them. They were not rich but in fair circumstances—each had expectations. An eccentric uncle had gone to India when quite a young man, and rumor told them that he had become very wealthy and probably would die an old bachelor. Who, then, but themselves would be heirs to his property, they being at the time his nearest relatives?

One day the three families were thrown into a great commotion by each of them receiving a letter which contained, beside the date and signature, only the following words:

"I am rich. Fools here call me a nabob. I wouldn't give a title to a cat. No matter; I shall not live always and when I die my property must go to somebody. I am coming to find an heir. I shall come and see you and hope you will please me. I hope you are not troubled with beggars. I do not like to see them about."

One dark rainy night, about three weeks after the reception of these letters by the cousins, the family of Moses Barrett was thrown into a state of excitement by the appearance at the door of two men in livery who announced themselves as the *avant couriers* of Joshua Barrett, of India, who would claim their hospitality for the night.

Saying which, the messengers put spurs to their horses and dashed away without giving the astonished listeners time to ask a single question.

Now, Moses Barrett was a hunks, his wife a shrew and the three children chips of the two blocks, but all undertook to change their natures for a time, or rather to be ready to change them on the appearance of the rich uncle—for what was the use of acting with the curtain down.

"Now Moses, you stingy old brute," said his wife, "if you know on which side your bread is buttered, it's to be hoped you will have some chickens killed for his excellency's supper, which is more'n you did for Christmas, and some of that wine you fetched up which you have had in the cellar since the year one, and a fire made in the best room that hasn't been there these ten years and all our nice clothes put on—that is not much, for you'll never allow us anything decent to wear."

"And it is to be hoped, old woman," retorted the angry husband, "that you will soften down that screeching voice of yours, and twist your wrinkles into smiles, and that will be something I've not seen since the first week of our marriage."

Great activity was displayed by all in getting ready to give the rich uncle the best reception possible, and all rejoiced, as much as a hopeful family could rejoice that they would be the first to receive a visit from him, hoping, of course, that they might forestall the other relations in his good graces.

It would have been a strange way for a person to have made a visit, but they knew the uncle was very eccentric, and his being so very wealthy made it all right in their eyes. He might have come and stood on his head provided he paid for his antics.

In the midst of their hurried prepations there appeared at the door an old, feeble looking, white-haired man thinly clad, and his soiled garments clinging to his shrivoled form.

"Will you be so kind, good people," he said, "as to give me something to eat, and a place to sleep to-night?"

"We have nothing to eat, and if we had, we don't harbor beggars," replied the master of the house in a coarse brutal tone.

"But I am old and feeble, and very hungry and tired" said the aged applicant in a pleading tone, "and if you drive me away I may perish."

"Well that's what you ought to have done long ago," put in the cross old dame. When people get too lazy to work and start out begging, it's my opinion they're better dead nor alive. Besides we expect company soon—a rich gentleman from India—and aint got no room for the like of you."

"Well then," said the old man, with a sorrowful look, "Since you cannot keep me over night will you please to give me something to eat, and I'll go farther.

The dame brought up a piece of brown bread, and, with an angry look was about to hand it to the mendicant, more for the purpose as it seemed, of getting rid of him than for any feeling or compassion; but her miserly husband interrupted, and said sharply—

"I told you we had nothing for you, so travel on."

"I'll set the dog on you if you don't, you old beggar!" cried a lad of ten. "My rich uncle is coming here to-night and he can't bear beggars, so you had better be going while your bones are whole."

"May heaven be more merciful than you," sighed the old man as he turned and disappeared in the darkness."

Some half an hour after he knocked at the door of Stephen Barrett, another of the nephews and asked for food and lodging.

"It isn't convenient for me to keep you to-night," said the master of the house in a mild dignified tone. "Besides we don't like to encourage beggars. If you are poor and not able to work, the parish where you belong is bound to support you. No one need starve in this country which the Lord, praise His name, has so bountifully blest. I trust I am not wanting for charity—as an humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ,—I hope I am not, but what with taxes to support the government and the poor, donations to the benevolent societies and the heathen missions, it is as much as I can do to live and give my family a respectable maintenance." Now, my friend, if you are poor and unable to work, (though I do not see why you may not as well work as travel,) you had better throw yourself on the parish where you belong."

"But I am tired, wet, and hungry," said the man, "and all the parishes in the world can't do me any good to-night."

"But you should have thought of that before you left home," now chimed in the good housewife with a sanctified air. "It is sinful to tempt Providence as it is called, and whoever sins must expect judgment. I never leave home without providing for the journey, and of course I don't expect any one to feed and shelter me for nothing. It is a sin too, to be idle when one is able to work, and it is against my principles, as a true Christian, to encourage any one in sinning."

"Then I suppose I am to understand that you refuse me both food and lodging?" said the old man."

"As to food," said the pious dame, glancing at her husband, "if you are very hungry, I suppose we can do something that way, but lodging is out of the question, for mounted couriers have been here to say that a very rich uncle of ours, from India, will be here very soon, and he wrote some time ago that he did not like to have beggars about where he was, and we should not like to offend him. True, we hardly expect him to-night, but then he might come, you know, and we wouldn't like to run any risk."

"Well, then," said the old man with a sigh, "I will take the food, if you please, and go on even if I perish."

"Put your trust in the Lord, my friend; put your trust in the Lord!" said Stephen Barrett, solemnly.

"Yes," echoed his wife, "put your trust in the Lord! that's what we do when in trouble. Sarah, go down in the cellar and bring up a couple of those cold potatoes for this old man—they are very good eating when one is hungry—I like them myself. Yes, put your trust in the Lord and do not leave home again without means. By the bye, when I think of it," added the good woman, laying down a cap frill, on which she had been busily at work while talking, and looking up with a bright twinkle in her eye, "I do believe you can get a good night's lodging at Harry Barrett's, who lives only a half mile from here on the road south. He's a great hand for taking in strangers."

She looked at her husband, and both smiled knowingly, for they were thinking that if the rich uncle were to find the beggar there, it might increase Stephen Barrett's chances of becoming the favorite heir.

Sarah Jane now returned and handed the old man two little cold potatoes. He took them, turned them slowly over, examined them on all sides and murmured—

"They have eyes—but can they see? I think not, for if they could, they'd blush red, instead of keeping such a dark color." Then glancing slowly around the neat, tidy, cheerful room, taking in three prim girls, and their pious parents, he quickly tossed the potatoes into the lap of the astonished mistress, saying as he did so, "I beg your pardon, madam, but I did not intend to rob you."

"O, you sinful, wicked old creature," exclaimed the good dame in holy horror, as the disgusted old man turned and want out and shut the door with a slam.

In less than half an hour the unfortunate wayfarer was trying his chances at the house of Harry Barrett.

"Come in," said a strong, hearty and cheerful voice in answer to his knock.

He entered a large, plainly furnished apartment, and beheld a groupe of six persons—father, mother, two sons, and two daughters—seated around the pleasant fire, with a bright light on the table near them, and all looking contented and happy.

On seeing his visitor was an old man and a stranger, the master of the house arose, and invited him to come forward and take a seat, and all the others drew back respectfully, to enlarge the circle, and give him the best place at the fire.

"I have called," said the old man stopping and removing his hat from his white head, "to ask if you would give me some food and lodging for the night."

"Of course we will, my friend, and glad of the chance to help a fellow in need;" said Henry Barrett, in a frank, cordial tone. "Sit down, and make yourself at home. Here, give me your hat. Come, girls, hurry up something warm for the old gentleman who is chilled through as I can readily see.—You ought not to have been out so late in this storm, father."

"No, I know," returned the old gentleman, holding his trembling hands to the fire, "but the persons to whom I applied wouldn't keep me."

"What! refuse loding to an old man like you, on such a night as this!" exclaimed the indignant host. "Who were the most inhospitable wretches?"

The man described the house and people where he had called.

"I see," said the host, with a grim smile. "I understand! the first family kicked you out?"

"Almost."

"The second prayed you out?"

"Almost."

"They are both relatives of mine, but I am ashamed to own them."

"They said, by way of excuse," pursued the old man, "that they were expecting a rich uncle from India, who would not like to see a beggar about."

"Aye, my friend, and we are expecting the same rich uncle, too—an eccentric, old bachelor, who says he wants to make one of us an heir to his vast possessions. Two gaily-mounted messengers arrived here this evening to say that he would be here to-night or to-morrow, probably the latter.—But whenever he does come, he will find us as we are, and if he don't like our looks, or the company we keep, he can take himself off again."

"Nay, my friend," said the aged stranger, rising in some trepidation, "do not for the world let my presence jeopardize your interests with your rich kinsman! I will merely get something to eat, and travel on till I find another lodging."

"No you wont," said Harry Barrett, bluntly. "You wont leave this house to-night for all the uncles the Indies can turn out. Sit down again, sir, sit down and make yourself at home. I know the duty of a man who has faith in God, and I'm going to do it. What is his money to me? I can't eat it or drink it, nor wear it, nor carry it into the other world; and I'm sure it wont bring me any happiness that I don't now enjoy, and I also know that it would not compensate me for one mean action. No! let Joshua Barrett settle his money as he choses—I'll arrange my conscience to suit myself."

"God bless you!" murmured the old man, in a trembling voice, and, bowing his head upon his hands, he wept in silence.

He remained at that hospitable house during the night, and was entertained like an honored guest.

The next day being fair, he took his leave. As he was about leaving the house, Harry Barrett, putting a crown in his hand, said—

"Take it, my friend, and not a word. I don't know who you are, and I have not felt it my duty to inquire; but this I know, from your appearance, manner and language, that you're not a common beggar, and that you have seen better days, which I sincerely hope you may see again. It's as much as my circumstances will justify, and may, perhaps, serve to keep you from starving some night, or sleeping by the wayside."

"God will repay you," said the old man solemnly, and he walked slowly away, wiping the tears from his eyes.

"He has already," mused Harry Barrett, placing his hand upon his heart. "I have it here, principal and interest."

Long and in vain did the selfish families of Moses and Stephen Barrett look for the appearance of their rich uncle from India in a carriage and four, and great was their disappointment thereat.

Then came the intelligence that he was sick in London. Next came the news that he was dead, and had left a will.

What an intense desire to know the contents of the will! What a wild, furious excitement when the contents became known!

To Moses Barrett he devised one pound to buy a coffin for the dog his precious boy threatened to set on a beggar.

To Stephen Barrett he bequeathed one pound three pence—the pound to be devoted to the parish poor—the three pence to buy cold potatoes for beggars, with the hope that he and his pious family would put their trust in the Lord.

To Harry Barrett and his heirs forever, he had willed all the remainder of his vast wealth, some half a million pounds sterling, with a hope that they would sometimes recall with pleasure the visit of the old, white-haired man they once so kindly entertained.

The old beggar of that dark, stormy night was no other than Joshua Barrett himself!

☞ With a wife, her husband's fault should be sacred. A woman forgets what is due to herself when she condescends to that refuge of weakness—a female confidante. A wife's heart should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable, in her estimation, than his life. The same advice should be treasured by the husband with regard to the failings of his wife. None should know each other better, and each should strive to bury that which they see is faulty in the other.

☞ An honest rustic went into the shop of a Quaker to buy a hat, for which fifteen shillings was demanded. He offered twelve shillings. "As I live," said the Quaker, "I cannot afford to give it thee at that price." "As you live!" exclaimed the countryman, "then live more moderately, and be hanged to you." "Friend," said the Quaker, "thou shalt have the hat for nothing. I have sold hats for twenty years, and my trick was never found out till now."

☞ Two Irishmen were in prison, the one for stealing a cow, the other for stealing a watch.

"Hollo, Mike, what o'clock is it?" said the cow thief to the other.

"And sure, Pat, I haven't any time-piece handy, but I think it is most milking-time."

☞ "Bridget, what have you done with the cream? Those children can not eat skim-milk for breakfast."

"Sure, ma'am, and it isn't myself that would be afther givin' the scum to yez. I tuk that off and gave it to the cats."

☞ Someone savagely says, "Times was when you saw a plump woman, you knew what you was looking at—but them times is gone by."

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