The Globe.

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

VOL. XXV. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY ~~12,~~ 1870. NO. 25.

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

	3 months.	6 months.	1 Year
One inch, or less.....	$4 00	$6 00	$10 00
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Three inches,	8 50	12 00	20 00
Four inches,	10 75	16 00	25 00
Quarter column,	13 00	18 00	30 00
Half column,	20 00	30 00	45 00
One column,	30 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.

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. Luden on Hill street. apl0,1866

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 13, 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. dec29-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. y3'69

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 partner-ship 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.

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.

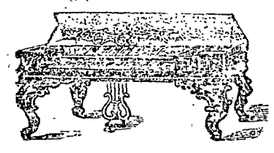
HUNTINGDON INSURANCE AGENCY. G. B. ARMITAGE, HUNTINGDON, PA. Represent the most reliable Companies in the Country. Rates as low as is consistent with reliable indemnity. sep 2, '68.

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 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 Nealy, 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.

ONE GLASS MORE.

Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal;
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink shall feel.

Disease and death, forever nigh,
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry
Of "Give me one glass more."

Go view the prisoners' gloomy cells;
There sin and misery scan;
Gaze, gaze upon these earthly hells,
In drink their woes began.

Of yonder children, bathed in tears,
Ask, why is mother poor?
They'll whisper in thy startled ears,
'Twas father's "One glass more."

Stay, mortal, stay! repent, return,
Reflect upon thy fate;
The poisonous draught forever spurn;
Spurn, spurn it, ere too late!

Oh, fly the horrid grog-shop, then
Nor linger at the door,
Lest thou, perchance, should'st sip again
The treacherous "One glass more."

Trust not to thy deceitful heart;
The Saviour's grace implore;
Through Him from every sin depart,
And touch that glass no more.

THE AGE.

[The following essay, composed by Miss Linnie Sangree, of McConnellstown, this county, was read at the Teacher's Institute, on Thursday evening, Dec. 23d, 1869.]

How the people cry it down; yet the people make the age. There is something wrong. Where? What? Woman's Rights! Now don't shrug your shoulders impatiently, at the prospect of a tedious lecture; that is not my subject, and I don't propose to say much about it; but it belongs to the age. There are two ultraists in opposition to this question. One who knows very little, the other who is supposed to know a great deal. The former would have the world at a standstill; the old time customs and prejudices cling to them like a sort of incubus. The believe the days when the girls wore linsey-woolsey dresses, and sat behind the spinning-wheels; who had no ambition, beyond marrying one of the sturdy youths—no matter whether his education consisted only of Dillworth's Spelling-Book and English Reader—they believe that to have been the golden age; the era of peace and contentment. They are terrified, sink into positive nothing, in contemplating the onward march of those pioneer women. They read little and give no reason for their antipathy, save, "It is not as it used to be"! Again, there are those—so-called great men, those learned men; men who are the first to propose a "toast to fair women," men who are loudest in their praise of the angel woman; but who are silent, when it comes to the practical use of dollars and cents—that is, rewarding her financially, the same as man for the same service. Men who are clamorous in their appeals to keep the tender feet of woman from off the highway of public life; but who forget that in the by-ways, the deserted corners, are women to be found, whom these men with all their theory could not well call the angel woman, and yet they are women, just such as it possible for any woman to become, weighed down by change, and a series of disastrous circumstances. Woman, who, had their education not been so superficial, who, had they been trained to be active workers, instead of mere adorning appendages, would never have fallen to such depths. These men are prolific of reasons who Woman's Rights should not be tolerated. "Woman is apotheosized, she is a star, a flower, a thing of beauty, and men lift their weary eyes, and bless God that the vision is real and can be theirs. But take them from this eminence, allow them to tread the jagged and jutted path that men do, and the glory of the Ideal woman, is palled in the grey mist of the sordid." This sort of reasoning sounds very beautiful; a budget of magnificent nothings. These men are the last to recognize the fact, that the only way to rescue the helpless, desolate, poverty-stricken woman from the thousand perils that beset her, or to prevent her from becoming an object of pity—is to educate her mentally, morally and physically, to think, reason and act for herself; should she be thrown on her own resources, I am afraid too, that these men make their high tribute to woman a cloak to hide their real feelings. I may err in this; I trust I do. Yet I cannot help wondering whether there be not neath all, a little selfishness? They have held the field of intellect so long, they doubt whether they can grant more than a corner to their sisters. They have so long thought woman a dear, little plastic creature, they cannot bear the idea of stepping off the hight of supremacy.—They are willing she should stand on the border-line of the world of Profession and Literature, but not on the arena, not as peers, not as aspirants, not as workers with them; they have their apprehensions too, that the princely domination of man's intellect may lose some of its exceeding brightness. There are enough of household loving woman; there will always be enough. If there are energetic, enterprising, self-dependent girls who do not see fit to lose their individuality, who don't think marriage the "one thing needful," why, let them alone; they are girls who defy misfortune.—Again, there are few women having happy homes, or anticipating a happy wedded life—who are extremists in this question. But after all, it's the the novelty of the thing Those who denounce it may be more bitter still in their denouncements; the moderate woman, may oppose it to the last, but she will move on with the movement, and if the day is won, what woman will withhold her vote? "This is an age of inconstancy; no honor, no truth," etc. Now, I don't exactly credit this; I believe the age acquiring just that philanthropic perfection it should. That is, loving a great many a greate deal. I believe in this; I don't believe in the love that holds itself in solitude, when the first object dies, or is lost. There are jewels all over the earth, if taken to us, would brighten our lives. I have my distinctions. There is a difference in temperaments. I am only excusing those whom the world brands as inconstant; beings who cannot exist without some one to love and caress; who in the absence of one loved object, find another; whose hearts o'erflow with genuine affection; who feel like taking all humanity in their great arms, and whom I believe to be truer, more loyal to every one they profess to love, than those grim, reticent, storical models of propriety, are to their one; who love once, an ideal—but marry the actual, and live without love at all. I have sympathy, but no patience with broken hearted people,—that is, who are dead as far as love and happiness are concerned. It was never intended that man or woman should die of unrequited love. The world is full of loving hearts, ready to respond. There is beauty and sunshine enough to flood every life with happiness. For every good, every joy, every love taken from us, some other good, and joy and love is given us in return; surer, deeper, more abiding, if we would only think so. What if our ideals do fail, our idols fall, our dreams fade! What if the ashes of the old do lie before us? Can we not have higher ideals, rear more symmetrical fabrics, dream sweeter, more exquisite dreams? There are flowers all around, if we would but part the weeds; there are stars ever above us, if we would but look through the mist.

"This is a fast age; that is, there are more avenues to sin. Granted; but there are also more paths to goodness. The distinction between right and wrong is so broad that if we sin, we we sin deliberately. The road to error is visible in so many different ways that we must be blindly perverse, not to see it. True, there is a valley of sin unseen, where thousands daily, hourly, throng; and the voyage to those purple-stained fields is deeper, darker, more terrible in its blackness, because made in the light of knowledge; because sophistry must be employed to combat the convictions of truth; because the angel flashes the flaming sword of light all around us. Sin perhaps is not more universal, but more glaring Yet is not this consciousness of the reign of sin, this recognition of error,—a single gleam from the better future? Is it not a veil, through which with our imperfect vision, we see the coming period, perfected by the changes and evolutions of progress?

Then there is Fashion, ever on the rack of censure. "The styles are ridiculous." Just as though the dress of the present age were not that of a century ago, reproduced in a more or less moderate mode. Yet our great,-great grand-fathers and mothers, were all sensible people. The human must have change. Monotony in anything becomes insipid. I notice that those who are loudest in denouncing the fashions are generally careless in their habits, careless of their person, and who have little taste for the delicate and beautiful. I notice too, that those wise men—who pay much attention to the head, little to the wardrobe; who are eternally deploring the shallowness of woman as displayed in her love of dress, who condemn it to the world as profoundly weak, & superficial—if they see a woman they love, clothed in ordinary, with little taste, little regard to outward adornment, the ideal woman fades, and with it generally, the ardor and enthusiasm of their love; like a beautiful work of art—they may weep over the cost, but adore the effect. Women love beautiful things, and men, spite of their much taking, love them too.—What the world calls frivolities, after all, fall over our lives, like ripples of sunshine, causing much of its brightness.

There are a host of other things, condemned as belonging to the age. But it is not the actions in themselves that should be censured it is discrimination and moderation we need. Is it not the fault of home education? Are not the parents in part responsible for the errors of the present day? Are there not young men and women who should be children still? Again, some who will ever remain children as far as actual discipline is concerned?—Knowledge is a great thing, a glorious thing; knowledge of the right kind, is everything. But there is too much advice given to the world, not enough of example at home. Are children taught to discriminate between the highest sense of right and wrong? Is the highway of life shown to them as it is,—jagged, jutted and tortuous, with patches of sunlight, here and there a paradise? Are they taught to believe that neither their will, strength and honor, nor the love and care of their parents, can save them from the evils, the perils, the temptations that lie all along the path of existence? Naught but a trust in the Infinite. That there is no tower of safety, save the Omnipotent? Are they taught to reverence the holy, the good, and true? Are they taught to hate sin in all its forms that can alone bring real sorrow? To love the light, which though crossed by black lines, can alone lead to true happiness? Do parents see that their children have proper books and amusements? That the imagination has not impure food? That they are not given to a series of peccadillos, that so often form the border land to the farstretching plain of indiscriminate vice and sin? Parents so often in observing the speedy ruin of their children, deplore the necessity that sent them from home so early in life, when, if they but knew it, the cornerstone to their career was laid at home, the heart prepared by silent, unseen sin, for the subsequent depravity—Hence, the powerful reasons that home influence should be of the present character. Teachers are some what responsible for the morals of the age. I have often thought, a teacher should devote half an hour at least, every day, in preparing the hearts, as well as the heads of the pupils for future usefulness. The words and counsel of a teacher, kindly, earnestly, prayerfully given, are never forgotten. They will be, at least to those who have had no home culture—a star towards which impelled by an irresistible power, they ever turn.

There is danger too, in misguided Ambition. It is not a rare thing now-a-days. Every school boy has his ambition, and it is not an ignoble one; every youth has his aspirations, and they are not mediocral. This is well, this belongs to a progressive age. But there is danger in wrong-directed ambition, ambition that renders the heart callous and selfish, that has for its axis—self; that leads man to say, "I am ready to help a brother, so long as it takes nothing from the purple of my robe." Ambition that leads to false opinions; that causes the greatest minds to adopt theories as visionary as dreams, to build their eternal future on fabrics as unstable as temples of sand; to seek mystery that ends in night; that leads them to form a God and religion of their own, that will not conflict with the earth—earthy. Ambition that in spite of sense and knowledge, ever holds the bat-wing of error before them. Ambition that leads them into a host of isms, and ologies, anything, anyway to happiness and Heaven but the truest, surest and shortest way—the Gospel.

There is another evil, Practicalism, that has seized the minds of individuals like gory night-mare. As a great, black current, it sweeps all in its onward flow; none rise above it. We have ideals enough, but all in our day-dreams. We have poetry enough, but always written and sung about; always in the unreal. The world might be a succession of paradises; we might see life, and in rain-bow hues; but ever looking through the brown mist of the practical, even the beautiful becomes frightful in its reality.

Again I say, there is something wrong, but that wrong is not in the energy, the enterprise, the changes, the events, the progress that characterize the age. It is not that the times do not suit the people, but that the heads and hearts of the people, are not trained to suit the times.

A PEABODY ROMANCE.

The fact that the late George Peabody died, as he had lived, unmarried, has given rise to innumerable speculations and anecdotes concerning the cause of his remaining single. It is generally believed that at one time he was on the point of marrying Miss Burdett Coutts, an alliance that, in a financial point of view, would have been a very natural one. But hers is not the only name with which that of the millionaire philanthropist has been associated, and now we have still another suggested. For the following romantic story a Providence paper is responsible:

More than thirty years ago, in the far-famed school of the prince of teachers, John Kingsbury, was one of the fairest of all the fair daughters of Providence, celebrated far and nigh, as that city has ever been for its lovely girls. Her school education finished, she went with friends to Europe, not, however, before having given her youthful affections to a young man whom she had met in a sister city.—But before marriage had consummated their happiness adversity came upon him, and he found himself in no situation to marry. He was not willing she should waste her youth and glorious beauty in waiting through long years for the day to come when he could call her his own, so he released her from her vows, and they parted, she going, as I said before, to Europe. There she met George Peabody, then, comparatively speaking, a young man, but one who was already making his mark, and whose wealth was beginning to pour in on every side. He saw her and was struck (as who that ever saw her was not?) with her grace, her winning ways, her exceeding loveliness, and, after a while, he proposed. Her heart still clung to her loved one across the wide Atlantic, but after some time she yielded, perhaps to the wishes of her friends, perhaps to the promptings of worldly ambition, who can tell? Who can fathom the heart of a young and beautiful maiden? She became the young and affianced wife of Mr. Peabody. After a little interval she came back to this country, and soon after her arrival, met her first love, and after events justify me in saying, her "only love." At sight of him, all her former affection came back, if, indeed, it had ever left her, and Mr. Peabody, with his wealth and brilliant prospects, faded away, and she clung with fond affection to her American lover, and was willing to share a moderate income with the chosen of her heart. All was told to Mr. Peabody, and he, with that manliness that characterized his every action, gave her up, and in due time she was married and settled in a city not more than three hundred miles from Providence. What she suffered in coming to a final conclusion was known to but few. Her fair cheeks lost their roundness, and grew wan and pale, her lovely eyes had a mournful wistfulness that touched every heart. Some blamed her, others praised her. Those who were ambitious of worldly honors pronounced her "mad," "foolish," to throw over a man like George Peabody, whose ever increasing wealth would bestow every luxury upon her, and place her in a position in London that would make her lot an envied one, to marry a man who might never have more than a limited income to live upon. Others, and shall I say the nobler part? justified her in thinking that love, true love, was more to be desired than wealth or earthly fame. The painful conflict was at length ended. Her true womanhood vindicated itself, and she wavered no more. I well remember, when in London, twenty eight years ago, hearing all this talked over in a chosen circle by American friends, and also at a brilliant dinner party given by General Cass, in Versailles, it was thoroughly discussed in all its length and breadth. Whether, in his visit to this country, Mr. Peabody ever met his once affianced bride, I can not say; neither do I know whether, when she heard of his more princely wealth, her heart ever gave a sigh at the thought, "all this might have been mine." After several years of wedded bliss, death took her husband from her side, when the glorious loveliness of her youth had ripened into the full luxuriance of perfect matronhood.

ANOTHER MINING HORROR.

HAZLETON, Dec. 18.—A terrible mining accident occurred this morning at 5 o'clock, at the village of Stockton, near this place. At the hour named the community was startled from slumber by a loud noise, caused by the caving in of slope No. 1, of Linderman & Skeer's coal mine. Upon parties hurrying to the scene it was discovered that two double dwelling houses, Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6 had been carried down with the enormous masses of earth that filled the shaft and tunnel.

Stockton is a small village, situated on the Hazelton branch of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, two miles distant from Hazelton. It contains many neatly built houses and other buildings, the company's stores and the hotel being the principal structures The company employs about twelve hundred miners, who make this their home. The mine runs parallel with the railroad track through the middle of the village. About fifty feet above the place of this morning's accident the mine caved in some years ago; but no danger of its happening again has since been apprehended. About ten years ago a small hole was made by the falling of the earth directly in front of the two ill-fated houses.

The residents of houses Nos. 3 and 4, Mr. Philip Wetheran, his family and boarders, and the family of Mr. Wm. Morrist and boarders, were saved from a terrible death by a singular circumstance. A dog belonging to Mr. Morrist awoke the family by its persistent howling and barking. One of the men rose for the purpose of ascertaining what ailed the animal, when he discovered that the house was sinking.—He immediately gave the alarm, and the two families had barely time to escape. Miss Mary Wetheran, running in the wrong direction, fell into the abyss, but was subsequently rescued by some courageous young men. She is somewhat bruised and prostrated from excitement, but will recover.

All of the residents of houses Nos. 5 and 6 lie hopelessly buried in the ruins. They comprise Mr. Schwenck, his wife, a son of nineteen years, a daughter of eighteen years, a son of eight years and an infant. This comprised one family. The other consisted of Mr. Isaac Ranch, his mother, wife and infant. This makes a total of ten persons. It is reported that some men were in the mine at the time of the accident, and if so all are undoubtedly dead. But the report is very doubtful and cannot be traced to any reliable authority. So far it has been found impossible to reach the dead bodies of the victims. The cave is seventy five feet wide and sixty feet deep, and as the stoves in the houses set fire to the wood work the entire cavity is now a burning and smoking mass. The Pioneer No. 1, fire engine of Hazelton was soon on the ground, and made every exertion to extinguish the fire, in the hope that some of the persons in the cave might be saved. There was not, however, the faintest probability of any being alive one hour after the accident took place, as all were buried by the fallen earth with frightful effect

Trains are running from Hazelton every hour to the scene of the disaster, and will continue to do so until all the bodies are recovered, which will be some time yet, as it is still dangerous to enter on the work of rescue because of the earth still continuing to fall in and thus enlarge the cavity continually

The excitement is very great and is increasing. Families in the vicinity are moving out of their houses, fearing that theirs will fall in next. It is the general opinion other houses will fall in. There is also danger of the mines taking fire. Messrs. Linderman and Skeer arrived at the scene of the disaster this afternoon. They are sparing no pains to secure the bodies as speedily as possible.

HAZELTON, Dec. 21.—Last night the bodies of Mr. Eaton, Mr. Baker, Mrs. Swink and her daughter were recovered and brought from the mine. The head of Mrs. Swink was crushed and burned to a crisp. Her body and the remains of the other victims were literally crushed to a jelly. It is supposed Mr. Swink and his two sons had started to leave the house when the alarm was felt, and were caught between the first and second floors when the house went down.

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 wool 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 any thing 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.

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 highly 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 perfuming the skin. This article is entirely different from anything 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 headache.

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, 203 North Second Street, Philadelphia. For sale at Lewis' Book Store, Huntingdon. aug-y

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.

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.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

SELLING OFF AT COST

Bartol & Dale

Are now disposing of their entire stock of Goods AT COST. Persons wishing

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REMEMBER THE PLACE: Smith's new building, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. oct12

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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-window 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, shingle 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 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 Leisters' New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. Mch. 17, 1869. BLAKE & McNEIL.

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