The Globe.

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

VOL. XXV. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1870. NO. 26.

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	
Two inches.....	6 25	9 00	15 00	
Three inches.....	8 50	12 00	20 00	
Four inches.....	10 75	16 00	25 00	
Quarter column.....	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
Estrays, or other short Notices.....1 00

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. Leden on Hill street. apl0,1868

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 21, 1867.

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

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

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

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA, Office on Hill street, the 2 doors west of Smith. y5'69

SHAW, 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

AGENCY 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. aug12,1868

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. jan1,1867

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

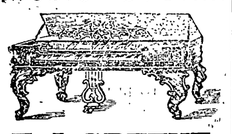
LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

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 Neally, NO. 422, NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, And intend doing a Hide and Leather Commission Business. Their sons D. P. LEAS, and T. H. 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. mp5-tf. LEAS & McVITTY.

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

Is there Room in the Angel Land?

A short tims since the author of the following lines listened to an interesting discourse by a Methodist preacher, in which he related the following touching incident: A mother who was preparing some flour to bake into bread, left it for a few minutes, when little Mary—with childish curiosity to see what it was—took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor, spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying with anger, that she was always in the way! Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be room among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother—you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels way? Will they have no room for me?" The broken-hearted mother then felt that no sacrifice would be too great, could she have saved her child:

Is there room among the angels
For the spirit of your child?
Will they take your little Mary
In their loving arms so mild?
Will they ever love me fondly,
As my story books have said?
Will they find a home for Mary—
Mary numbered with the dead?
Tell me truly, darling mother!
Is there room for such as me?
Will I gain the home of spirits,
And the shining angels see?

I have sorely tried you, mother—
Been to you a constant care!
And you will not miss me, mother,
When I dwelt among the fair!
For you have no room for Mary—
She was ever in your way,
And she fears the good will shun her
Will they, darling mother, say?
Tell me—tell me truly, mother,
Ere life's closing hour doth come!
Do you think that they will keep me,
In the shining angels' home?

I was not so wayward, mother!
Not so very—very bad,
But that tender love would nourish,
And make Mary's heart so glad!
Oh! I yearned for pure affection,
In this world of bitter woe!
And I long for bliss immortal,
In that land where I must go!
Tell me, once again, dear mother,
Are you take the parting kiss!
Will the angels in fold me welcome
To that land of perfect bliss?

BOOTS UNDER THE BED.

Miss Lydia White had two lovers. Tom Green and Willie Jones.

Both were good-looking, well-to-do young mechanics, and both loved her devotedly, if their own vehement assertions could be credited. Lydia was in something of a dilemma concerning them.

She had no particular preference for either of them, but she wanted to be married sometime, and Mr. White was opposed to long courtships, and Aunt Jane kept assuring her that her bed and table linen would get yellow with being packed away in the bureau so long; and she also took frequent opportunities of remarking that "none of her girls ever was single after they had reached the age of eighteen; no not a minit!"

And as Lydia counted her years four more than eighteen, of course this latter insinuation of Jane's cut deeply.

Lydia turned the matter over seriously in her mind, and argued it with herself, *pro* and *con*. Which she should take, Green or Jones?

She was in some degree romantic, and she had indulged in gorgeous dreams of marrying a second Napoleon as to courage; in fact if there was any quality that she especially admired in a man, it was bravery.

When she said anything about this in the hearing of Tom or Willie, they begged to put them to the test—they would joyfully die for her if she stood in need of such a sacrifice, they assured her over and over again.

One Sunday evening, as indeed was frequently the case, Jones and Green both happened to call at Lydia's at about the same time.

Lydia went out of the room about nine o'clock on the pretence of bringing a book of engravings, but she shortly returned in great perturbation.

"What is it? What is the matter?" cried the two lovers in eager chorus.

"Oh dear me!" sighed Lydia, "such a dreadful, dreadful thing! Who would have thought in our peaceful community! Oh, Mr. Jones, Mr. Green! You can not think how glad, how relieved I am that you are here. I should be frightened to death were it otherwise!" and she clung first to one and then to the other with a confidence perfectly infuriating.

"Tell us what it is!" cried Green.

"Enlighten us to the cause of this emotion!" said Jones, who had been to the Chicken Valley Academy two "quarters," and used some large words.

"Oh, you are both so brave!" cried Lydia admiringly—"I feel as if I were protected by an army!"

Green drew himself up to his full height, which was just five feet, and it must be confessed that beside the Herculean Jones, he looked like a Bantam rooster beside a Shanghae.

"Command me!" said Green, "only let me do your bidding!"

"Ask my existence," said Jones, "and it shall be given free as the streams give to the sounding ocean."

"Hush!" cried Lydia, "don't speak so loud! He may hear you, and take the alarm and kill us all before you have a chance to capture him."

"He? who? what? demanded Jones in a tragic whisper.

"Hush! for pity's sake," said Lydia, "he's up stairs in the spare room!—Under the bed! Father had a hundred dollars paid him yesterday for a cow, and this is a plan to rob the house. I saw his boots stick out from under the counterpane."

"Good heavens!" cried Green, getting behind Jones.

"And such big boots too," said Lydia—"twelves I am sure!"

"Jupiter! what a giant he must be!" said Jones.

"Tom! oh Willie! protect me!" cried Lydia pathetically, and they both protested that they would shield her with the last drop of their blood.

"Then go up stairs and seize the villain," said Lydia.

"You had better go first," said Jones "I—don't know the way."

"Nor I," said Green, "and you're the biggest; it belongs to you to lead on."

"I will show you the way," said Lydia.

And the two gallant young men reluctantly followed her up stairs. She opened the door of the spare chamber softly, and they saw the boots very distinctly; a most extremely dirty pair of cowhides, which looked as tho' their owner had tramped through 20 miles of swamp, and made no acquaintance with rugs or scrapers afterward.

"A—a mighty big man he must be, with such a pair of feet," said Jones. "Hadn't we better call your father and Mr. Berry, the hired man?"

"I think we had," said Green timidly.

"I don't," said Lydia, decidedly.—"See! I believe the boots are moving. Oh, goodness me!"

And, as she screamed, Jones and Green simultaneously made a rush for the chamber door. Jones stumbled over a wash-stand and went head long to the foot of the stairs, wash-stand and all. And Lydia, by clinging to the skirts of Mr. Green's coat, kept him from following his rival.

"What in the deuce is to pay here?" asked Jack Berry, appearing on the scene in his shirt and trowsers, and his curly light hair standing out all over his head, like the bristles on a lamp chimney brush.

Lydia points to the boots.

"Don't touch him," whined Green. "He may have a pistol or something about him, and hurt somebody."

"You chicken-livered, whelp! cried Berry, "you're afraid to see what's behind the boots, are ye? Wall, I'll show you."

And Berry seized the frightful objects and gave a pull so strong that he went over backwards on the floor, with a boot in either hand.

"Jupiter!" he cried, "I never saw any boots come off so easy as that are. Let's see the feet." And diving under the bed he lifted the counterpane and displayed—nothing"

"But where is the owner of the boots?" cried he, scrutching his nose and looking infinitely puzzled.

"Here!" said Pa White, appearing at the door, "I'm the owner, and heto I've been hearing this drafted noise for the last ten minutes, and thinking there was a fire over to the corner.—But a sign of my boots could I find.—Who put 'em there, Lyddy?"

But Lydia was bathing Berry's nose Green and Jones had sense enough to see that they were *de trop*.

And they took their departure without any very elaborate farewells.

"By jinks," said Green to Jones, on their way home, "I've got an idea; it's my opinion that jade of a girl put them boots there herself, on purpose to try us."

"Of course she did," said Jones, sullily; "women are as deceitful as the devil."

The District Schoolmaster.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

There is one man in this basement world, that I alwuz look upon with mixt *feelins ov pity and respect*.

Pity and respect, as a general mixtur, don't mix well.

You will find them both traveling round among folks, but not often growing on the same bush.

Why do they hug each other, they mean sumthing.

Pity, without respect, haint got much more oats in it than disgust haz.

I would rather a man would hit me on the side of the head, than tew pity me.

But there is one man in this world to whom I alwuz take oph my hat, and remain uncovered until he gets safely by, and that is the distrikt schoolmaster.

When I meet him I look upon him az a martyr just returned from the stake, or on hiz way there tew be cooked.

He leads a more lonesum and single life than an old bachelor, and a more anxious one than an old maid.

He is remarked just about as long and as affectionately as a gide board is by a traveling pack pedlar.

If he undertakes to make his scholars luv him, the chances are he will neglect their larning; and if he don't lick them now and then pretty often, they will soon lick him.

The distrikt schoolmaster hain't got a friend on the flat side of the earth. The boys snowball him during recess; the girls put water in hiz hair die; and the school committee makes him work for half the money a bartender gets and board him round naberhood, where they give him rhy coffee, sweetened with molasses, tew drink, and kodfish bawls three times a day for vittles.

And with all this abuse, I never heard ov a distrikt schoolmaster swearing anything louder than—condem it.

Don't talk to me about the pashunce ov anshunt Job. Job had pretty plenty ov biles all over him, no doubt, but they were all ov one breed.

Every yung one in a distrikt skool is a bile ov a different breed, and each one needs a different kind ov poultiss to get a good head on them.

A distrik school master, who does a square job, and takes his codfish bawls reverently, iz a better man today, to have lieing around loose, than Solomon would be, arrayed in all hiz glory.

Solomon wuz better at writing proverbs and managing a large family than he would be tew navigate a distrikt skoolhouse.

Eeny man who has kept a distrikt skool for ten years, and borded around the naberhood, ought to be made a mager general, and have a ponshun for the rest of his natral days, and a hoss and waggin tew do his going around in.

But as a general consequence, a distrikt schoolmaster hain't got any mor warm friends than old blind ox haz.

He iz just about az welkum as a tax collector iz.

He iz respectid a good deal az a man to whom we owe a debt uv over fifty dollars to, and we don't want to pay.

He goes through life on a back road az a wood sled, and finally iz missed, but whatever becums uv hiz remains I kant tell.

Fortunately he iz not often a sensitive man; if he wuz he coodn't any more keep a distrikt skool than he could file a kross-cut saw.

Whi iz it that men and wimmim who pashuntly and with crazed brain teach our remorseless brats the tejus meaning uv the alphabet, who take the fust wedin heat uv their destinys, who have to lay the stepping-stones and enkurrage them to mount upward who hev done more hard and mean work than enny klass uv men on the footstool, who hev prayed over the reprobate, strengthened the timid, restrained the outrageous, and flattered the imbecile, who hev lived on kodfish and coffee, and hain't been heard to swear—whi iz it that they are treated like a vagrant fiddler danced to for a night, paid oph in the morning, and engerly forgotten?

I had rather burn a koal-pit, or keep the flys out uv a butcher's shop in the month of August, than meddle with the skool business.

A Talk with Five of Brigham Young's Daughters.

Our conversation was interrupted by a ring of the door-bell, and shortly afterward several young ladies entered, who were introduced as the Misses Louisa, Dora and Nabby Young, Mrs. Emily Clawson and Mrs. Fanny Thatcher. Mrs. Benson and her daughters now wished us good-day and withdrew. These ladies are all daughters of Brigham Young. Mrs. Emily Clawson had been married to Hiram Clawson, Brigham's confidential clerk and superintendent of the Co-operative Society, about two years and is a fourth wife. Alice, another of Brigham's daughters, and Emily's half sister, is Clawson's third wife. He maintains his wives in comforts, ease and even elegance, from which it is fair to presume he would not have much difficulty in procuring *Young* wives. Emily is a tall, slim young lady, with fine, regular features, and apparently about twenty-two or three years of age. Mrs. Fanny Thatcher also married her half-sister's husband. George Thatcher had, several years ago, married Luna, the oldest daughter of Brigham's first wife.

Miss Lousia is quite young, apparently about seventeen, short and stout. Miss Nabby is much the same in figure, but taller than her sisters. Miss Dora is the prettiest looking, and has the best figure of either of the others. Mr. James Hardy, an actor in Brigham's theatre, is trying to persuade her that matrimony is a very pleasant institution, but so far without success. Miss Dora is about seventeen years of age. Louisa and Nabb are said to be partial to flirtations with Gentiles, and may be seen most any fine day, fashionably attired, promenading Main street, casting sly glances at the clerks, Jew, Gentile or Saint, who make their appearance in the store doors to look at them. During last winter young Gentiles and young saintesses mingled together promiscuously upon the ice, which, as it often levels all distinctions, placed them upon a common footing After the affair of M'Govern and Miss Zina Pratt, Brigham became alarmed, and prohibited any of his family from appearing upon the skating pond. Notwithstanding this prohibition, however, when Brigham left town skates were donned and Brigham's daughters flew swiftly over the ice in company with their masculine friends. I asked Louisa if she intended to skate this winter. "I am going to if I can," she replied, "though pa thinks it is perfectly awful for us girls to go on the ice and skate. I don't see what makes him think so; for my part, I like it first-rate although I got bumped pretty hard while learning." Nabby is considered the best skater in the city.—*Salt Lake City Cor. N. Y. World.*

☞ A Dutchman in one of the middle counties of Pennsylvania, wanted a minister to preach at his child's funeral, and wasn't unreasonably particular as to who came. "Chon," said he, "go and tell the circus preacher to come, and if he can't come, den get the locust preacher, and if the locust preacher can't come, why den get the extortionger." (exhorter.)

☞ The best bank ever yet known is a bank of earth; it never refuses to discount to honest labor; and the best share is the plough share, on which dividends are always liberal.

☞ Never tell secrets in a cornfield—just think of the ears!

☞ Waiter's epitaph.—He couldn't wait any longer—so he went.

A True Incident.

On a bright summer morning, a young teacher might have been seen wending her way toward a small but neat and pleasant school-house, situated in one of the interior districts of this State. Any one would have been struck with her childish appearance; for scarce sixteen years had passed over her head, yet was she impressed with a deep sense of the responsibility of her calling. Bright young faces at the school-house windows grew brighter at her approach, and as she entered the school-room, the hushed silence plainly showed that she possessed there an authority such as neither age nor stature can attain unaccompanied by an even, firm, and moderate disposition. She opened the Book of books, read a few verses, and after a short, appropriate prayer, commenced her day's labor.

After the day exercises are closed, school is dismissed. The "good nights" are repeated, and the children may be seen leaving the school-house—all save one, a little boy of about ten summers. He has tolda lie! The teacher's usual happy smile has vanished, and as the boy boldly returns her searching gaze and questions, with repeated denials of his guilt, her heart becomes painfully oppressed, and she raises an inward prayer to Heaven for guidance.—But as she tries to awaken in his heart some compunction of conscience, she feels that hers is almost a hopeless task, for the boy has been taught to utter untruths by a mother! She leaves nothing unsaid which she thinks can awaken penitence, but all is in vain. The boy will not confess, but by repeated denials adds falsehood to falsehood. She goes to her Bible, and while she is speaking kind and tender words to the erring boy, searches out all those texts of Scripture that refer to lying, holds the holy book before him, and bids him read.

As the boy reads the threatening against the liar, his lips quiver and his voice grows tremulous with emotion. But an evil impulse triumphs, and tho' he dares not now raise his eyes, as he did before, he says, with a faltering voice, "I did not tell that lie." The teacher, feeling that she has done all she can, tells him he may go. But she says, "I know the great struggle in your heart, Charley; I know how wretched you feel, and how you will wish, even before you get home, that you had told the truth. Listen, now, Charley, while you are going home, I will be praying that God will give you strength even to turn back and come to me with a confession. Then we can ask His forgiveness.

The boy was gone. With a sorrowful heart the teacher prays earnestly that the young child may not be left to perish; for she feels that he is already almost beyond hope. But suddenly, as she remembers that He to whom she is praying, is perfect in justice, as well as in mercy, she grows calm, and says, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." Then, almost involuntarily, she looks in the direction in which the boy had gone, when lo! he is coming back. With inexpressible joy she meets him at the door, and with breathless interest listens. Pale and trembling with his big effort, he says, "I told that lie," and burst into tears. *The Bible had conquered.* Such is the power of the Word of God.

MATERNAL JOYS.—An exchange perpetrates the following scandal:

"Ba-a-a-a, ba-a-a-a!" shrieked a half naked infant, of about eighteen months o'd.

"What's the matter with mamma's thweet little duckey?" says the affectionate mother, while she presses it to her bosom, and the young serpent, in return, digs its talons into her face.

"Da', den, Missus, I know what little Master Sim wants," exclaimed the cherub's negro nurse.

"You black hazzy, why didn't you tell me, then?" and the infuriated mother gives Dinah a punch in the chops with her shoe.

"Why, he wants to put his foot into dat pan ob graby," whimpered the unfortunate darkey.

"Well, why don't you bring it here, you aggravating nigger?" replied the mother of the bawling little one.

Dinah brings the pan with the gravy, and little Sim put his bare feet into it, and dashes the milk-warm grease about his sweet little shanks, to the infinite gratification of his mamma, who tenderly exclaimed, "Did mamma's little Simmy want to put his teeny weeny tooties in the gravy? It shall paddle in the pan as it soysey vooseys, and then it shall have its poozey red frock on, and go and see its pappy pappy."

A CAUTION TO MOTHERS.—A distinguished physician of Paris declared just before his death, "I believe that during the twenty-six years that I have practiced my profession in this city, 20,000 children have been borne to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of naked arms."

"Boston," adds Dr. Warren, "sacrifices 500 babies every year by not clothing their arms." What these little arms need is thick, knit, woolen sleeves, extending from the hand to the shoulder. The extremities require as much clothing as the body. Women should dress their arms and legs in woolen of some kind. The absurdity of loose flowing sleeves and widespread skirts worn in our climate hardly needs to be discussed.

☞ "Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little boy whom he caught pilfering his paper from his door-steps. "Cos he sends me to take it," answered the urchin.

☞ The young lady who never played at home, played out.

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, Molanges, Armures, 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 7/4 to 2 1/2 yards wide, Kentucky Jeans, Farmers Cassimers, &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.

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, 263 North Second Street, Philadelphia. For sale at Lewis' Book Store, Huntingdon. se0-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.

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☞ 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 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.

West Huntingdon Foundry.

JAMES SIMPSON MANUFACTURER OF PLOWS, THRESHING MACHINES, FARM BELLS, SLED AND SLEIGH SOLES, AND WAGON BOXES, IRON KETTLES, Castings For Furnaces, Forges, Grist and Saw Mills, Tuyeres 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, Coat Ornaments for wooden lintels, Cellar Window Guards, all sizes, Chimney Tops and Finns, 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., etc. *Particular attention paid to fencing Cemetery Lots.* Address JAMES SIMPSON, Huntingdon, Pa. se23,68

HUNTINGDON FOUNDRY. EASTON BLAKE. M. MARION McNEIL. BLAKE & McNEIL, (Successors to J. M. CUNNINGHAM & SON,) Iron and Brass Founders, HUNTINGDON, PA. IRON and BRASS CASTINGS made to a first-class Foundry. We have always on hand, all kinds of Plow and Stove Castings, Wash Kettles, Cellar-windows, Grates, Coal holes, 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, dock 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 Leisters' New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. Mch. 17, 1869. BLAKE & McNEIL.

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. ap1,1869. 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.

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

HUNTINGDON LIVERY STABLE. The undersigned, having purchased the Livery Stable recently owned by Mr. Simon Weston, are now prepared to accommodate the public with Horses and Carriages on reasonable terms. Stable at the rear of the Jackson House, near the B. T. Railroad. aug25'69 LAMBERTSON & MABON.