The Globe.

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

VOL. XXV. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1870. NO. 29.

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. 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, '56.

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. 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. my26'6.

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, aug12,1868 HUNTINGDON, PA.

K. ALLEN LOVELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Special attention given to Collections of all kinds; to the settlement of Estates, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. jan.1,1867

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 at ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. PENSIONS, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government, will be promptly prosecuted. May 15, 1868-tf.

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. 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.

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

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 R. R. Railroad. aug26'69 LAMBERTON & MABON.

READY RECKONER. A complete Pocket Ready Reckoner, in dollars and cents, to which are added forms of Notes, Bills, Receipts, Petitions, &c., together with a set of useful tables containing rate of interest from one dollar to twelve thousand, by the single day, with a table of wages, and board by the week and day. For sale at LEWIS' BOOK STORE.

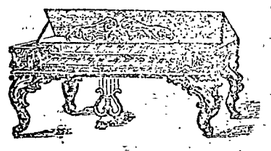
COUNTRY DEALERS can buy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at WHOLESALE as cheap as they can in the cities, as I have a wholesale store in Philadelphia. H. ROMAN.

E. U. 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 Confectionerics, 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. sel,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.

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.

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, Sleigh and sleigh soles, Wagon boxes, Anchime 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 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.

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, se28,68 Huntingdon, Pa.

1869. CLOTHING. 1869. H. ROMAN. NEW MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING FOR FALL AND WINTER, JUST RECEIVED AT H. ROMAN'S CHEAP CLOTHING STORE. For Gentlemen's Clothing of the best material, and made in the best workmanlike manner, call at H. ROMAN'S, opposite the Franklin House in Market Square, Huntingdon, Pa.

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

We are growing old! how the thought will rise,
When a glance is backward cast
On some long-remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past!

It may be the shrine of our early vows,
On the tomb of our early tears;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us
In the stormy sea of years.

Oh! wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart
And the light of many a brow;

For deep o'er many a stately barque
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark:
O friends! we are growing old.

Old in the dimness of the dust
Of our daily toils and cares;
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burdened memory bears.

Each form may wear, to the passing gaze,
The bloom of life's freshness yet;
And beams may brighten our latter days
Which the morning never met:

But, oh the changes we have seen
In the far and winding way;
The graves in our paths that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!

The winters still on our way may spare
The sable or the gold;
But we see their snows upon brighter hair,
And friends, we are growing old.

We've gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to praise and fear;
But where are the living founts whose flow
Was a joy of hearts to hear?

We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page;
But where is the hope that saw in time
But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes
Where the bloom is deep and blue.

And our souls might joy in the spring-time then;
But the joy was faint and cold,
For it never could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

[For the Globe.]

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

BY TRAVE.

"I will learn you, you dirty scoundrel;" thus remarked Mr. Bell as he withdrew a No. 10 from the extremity of Bill Jones' coat-tail.

Mr. B. was a good citizen, and was highly favored by the Creator in many respects, yet he lacked one great object, the government of temper.

Bill Jones was a young man of sixteen years—one of Nature's beautiful. He possessed a reputable character as well as ability unexhibited and unequaled by any other young man in the community.

The town in which they resided had a Literary Association. One of its principal requirements was the reading of a manuscript paper, weekly.—Ed Preston was appointed editor for the approaching week, and called on many of his fellow members, among whom was Bill Jones, for communications. Bill was the first to comply.—He prepared the following:

"DIED.

"Sometime between the commencement of time and the closing of last week, a young bawling quadruped of D. Bell's, aged about as many months again as half and about the same number of days, more or less. This animal came into existence and bore prospects of long life as well as any other animal of the same kind, but finally came to its destination by the stoppage of breathing. The cows and other domestics of the farm-yard are requested to attend the hauling out which will take place somewhere between the rising and setting of the sun.

"Poor calfy lived and died again,
Before it reached the age of ten;
It kicked and bawled and bawled its last,
And now its living days are past."

Of course it was read at the next assembling of the Association. Mr. Bell, being present, was terribly offended, and determined to chastise the young urchin, as he termed Jones.—What course to pursue was the query with Bell. At last he decided that Abraham, his eldest son, should retaliate by replying in the next issue.—Now, Abraham was a tall, robust figure, face covered with beard, of inferior ability to Jones, and possessed some influence among the ladies, which he exercised largely in the company of Josephine Dudley, which was oftener than occasionally.

Josephine lived in the same town Jones and Bell did, which was known by the "Station."

The next evening for the meeting of the Association arrived. Abraham, with paternal assistance, considered himself ready for the occasion. It being generally understood that sport was brewing between Jones and Bell the attendance was larger than usual.

His communication was poetically composed and entitled "Magnificent." Several insulting insinuations were adhered to. Jones was mentioned personally and a great effort was made to raise a laugh on the epitaph of calfy.

After the reading, remarks were called for. Many ideas having been advanced, Jones occupied the floor, and poured forth the following effusion:

"I would inform the Association
Of a genius at the Station,
A long-legged, hairy gent,
That wrote a piece 'Magnificent,'
And tried his best to raise a laugh
On little calfy's epitaph.
I have no doubt he sprained his brain
To get his thoughts in such a train;
To have them on the paper wrote;
To show that he was born a shoat;
To show to this Association
That he was troubled with irritation.
How strange, that such a solid mass
Would try to imitate an ass.
But, Abraham, I'd tell you here
You need the ass's lengthy ear,
And I would have you bear in mind
You need the ass's tail behind.
Now, let me tell you, as a friend,
Never to such things attend;
Always try, to others do
As you would have them do to you;
Never try two things at once—
Never imitate a dunce.
Then, the best advice of mine
Is, go and see your Josephine."

We will let the reader imagine the sensation of the Association.

It was after the Society adjourned and on the way homeward that the difficulty occurred which I mentioned in the beginning of my narrative.

The result was, Bells and Joneses at enmity with each other. Week after week passed, but the Bells did not speak to the Joneses, neither did the Jones speak to the Bells. Inconvenience frequently ensued. If a tea party was given by any of the *elite* of the country, the company of the one was solicited as well as the other. If any of the family of the one would attend, the other would learn it and remain away. Indeed, so great was the enmity towards each other, that neither would attend nor contribute to the Society of the Poor, to which they had always attended regularly and contributed liberally. What the one would be connected with the other would oppose. If one dealt at the store on the corner the other would go to the store up town, or if one employed Dr. B the other would call in Dr. G. So extensively did enmity exist between them that it became the general gossip, and numerous were the ways and means devised to procure peace and friendly feeling, but all failed.

Now, respecting the financial affairs and position in the community, Bell, Sr., could not boast over Jones, Sr.—Both were wealthy and equally situated. Even the families numbered the same—four of each.

Miss Emma Bell was about entering her teens. She possessed a very refined and elegant appearance for so young a madamoiselle; had attended the village school until her eleventh year, since then at the seminary of H., where she purposed *remaining* until that institution would confer the honor of graduation. Her intellectual ability was superior to Abraham's, consequently, more expense and greater care were exercised in her moral and intellectual training.

Clara Jones was a young lady of very amiable ability, refined manners and polished education. She was an expert in all she undertook, from the maid in the kitchen to the lady in the parlor. She was accomplished. Her suitors were numerous and report was already current that she was engaged. Nobody knew the appointed day.

During the oil excitement in western Pennsylvania, Bell became so deeply involved in stock that his presence was necessary; consequently, he removed thither.

Two years later, Jones moved his family to D—— county, Wis., where he had invested extensively in lands, which of late years, had increased considerably in value.

Ten years later, I took a trip to the "Land of Lakes" for the purpose of prospecting and while there called on my old friend Jones. Of course, I was anxious to hear of Bill and was glad to learn that he lived in the same town and on the same street Jones, Sr., did.

"After dinner we will go up and see William," said Jones, Sr.

The hour at hand we were at Bill's—the old familiar name sounds the best—and imagine my surprise when receiving an introduction to Mrs. Jones—Bill's wife—formerly Miss Emma Bell. It was with difficulty that I could realize it.

"That is not the cream of the joke, Trave," remarked Bill. "This evening we will cross to the other side of the lake and see Abraham."

"Abraham Bell?" asked I.

"Yes," answered Bill.

"Is he married?" I asked.

"Why, are you that far behind the times?" responded Bill. "He has been married nearly four years, and they have three babies."

"Three babies! why, who did he marry?" I exclaimed.

"Sister Clara," he answered.

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed again, with astonishment.

"Yes, to-morrow, when at leisure, I will relate the circumstances, particularly, to you."

I awaited anxiously the arrival of the time. It came, and Bill, according to promise, proceeded:

"Trave, take my telescope and look down the country about three miles."

I looked.

"Do you see that reddish-looking house?" he asked.

I answered affirmatively.

"That's where Samuel Bell resides," continued Bill. He is the brother of our enemy at the Station, and owns all the land within five miles square, extending one mile on this side of that house and four miles on the other.—That is one mile east and four miles west, and about two and three-quarters north and one and one-quarter south. That white house you observe is where our "oil speculator" lives. He fizzled when he was boring for the oleaginous matter. When we moved here we owned all that land of Samuel Bell's, in addition to what we have now. Two years after we came here Samuel purchased and built immediately. The third year he brought his family, and we have been on most intimate terms.

"During the fourth year the white house was built. And just five years from the time we left the Station, my father-in-law occupied the white mansion. I presume my astonishment at that time was equal to yours yesterday.

"During the greater part of the summer before they moved, Emma was at her uncle's and I formed a new acquaintance."

"Did she graduate at H.? I asked.

"O, yes, just one year before her father became insolvent," he answered.

"Well it seems strange, but how does it come that Abe married Clara? It was rumored she was engaged, when at the Station."

"So she was. Poor Ed! he died with a singular disease."

"Ed Preston you have reference to, I presume?"

"Yes. The physicians couldn't do anything for him. Poor Clara! I pitied her, but "All's well that ends well."

"Is Abe in business?" I inquired.

"Yes, indeed, very extensively.—Didn't you notice that large brick store-room on the corner below father's?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, he is in the mercantile business there. That stone-building store and a tract of one hundred acres of land north of town, are in his name, but more than the half of it belongs to the old gentleman. That's their own business, you know."

MARRIAGE SHORN OF POETRY.—The Rev. D., a Methodist minister, stationed at Meadville, Pa, some years ago, one evening received a note informing him that a couple living in the suburbs of the city desired to be united in the bonds of matrimony, and requested his services at nine o'clock in the morning. At the proper time he went to the house designated. He inquired of a young lady, who was busy washing dishes if there was a couple there who wished to be married.

"I am the lady," said she, blushing. "John will be in in a moment."

The minister was surprised to see no preparations, and so stepped to the door to view the surroundings. Two men were hard at work grinding scythes in the yard, and another, who proved to be the "John," was tending a cow and calf. The young lady came to the door pretty soon and shouted:

"John, John, hurry; the preacher's here!"

John leaped the fence and rushed to the house, the girl wiped her hands on her apron, and after joining hands, said they were ready. The minister proceeded and had just got through questioning the young man when the old lady rushed into the room, shouting:

"John, John, you didn't turn the cow away from the calf!

He let go his sweetheart's hand instantly, and rushed into the barnyard, put the old cow through the bars, and then returned to the house, again took his position, when the remainder of the ceremony was performed. The minister went on his way, John went to the hay fields, and the lady resumed her dish-washing.—*Forest (Pa) Republican.*

Teaching from House to House.

"Let me make you acquainted" is the American formula for which Europeans substitute "Allow me to introduce." Each has its advantages; each is characteristic. Introduction in America implies acquaintance, at least, possible; but it does not in Europe.

We ministers need to go to the houses of our people, that they may be assured we are in earnest about them. They do not wonder if we talk earnestly when a congregation is before us. Most men feel the stimulus of a crowd. But, if they find us in their houses as much in earnest about a family or an individual as in the pulpit, they will begin to believe in us and in the religion we represent. It is thus that the old law realizes itself:—"A house-going minister makes a church-going people."

We ministers must go to the people in their houses, that they may know us. What an idea a man who works very hard all the week has of the minister whom he never sees but in the pulpit and never hears but in the declaration of divine truth! He comes to think him a sublimated, ethereal person, who walks without touching earth, without passions, feelings, except official, or sympathies. So, also, in some way of her own, thinks his wife. And both consider that it is all very nice for him to talk so at the height of his pulpit; but if he were like them, and had to come down to their life, he would find it another affair entirely. And as for the children, they are apt to regard a minister as a being between whom and them there there is a great gulf fixed, which could only be bridged over by their going to college and seminary, when they grow to be men, and then getting ordained—whatever that may mean.—But, if we go as kindly, plain, sensible men, "without any nonsense," and see the family in their own house, talk to them, enter into their life, and bring our Sabbath message to them in their own tongue wherein they were born, they come into sympathy with us, learn to feel that after all religion had to work in us on much the same material as in them.—*Rev. John Hall.*

An editor of a paper informed his readers that the ladies always pull off the left stocking last. This, as may be supposed, created some stir among the fair readers, and while in positive terms they denied the statement, they insisted that he had no business to know it, even if such were the fact, and pronounced him no gentleman. He proves it, however, by a short argument: "When one stocking is pulled off there is another left on; pulling off this is taking the left stocking off last."

☞ Subscribe for THE GLOBE.

Cut Behind.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Scene: A crisp morning. Carriage with spinning wheels, whose spokes glisten like splinters of the sun. Roan horse, flecked with foam, bending into the bit, his polished feet drumming the pavement in challenge of any horse that thinks he can go as fast. Two boys running to get on the back of the carriage. One of them with quick spring succeeds. The other leaps, but falls and falls on the part of the body where it is most appropriate to fall.—No sooner had he struck the ground than he shouts to the driver of the carriage, "Cut behind!"

Human nature the same in boy as man. All running to gain the vehicle of success. Some are spry, and gain that for which they strive. Others are slow, and tumble down; they who fall crying out against those who mount, "Cut behind!"

A political officer rolls past. A multitude spring to their feet, and the race is in. Only one of all the number reaches that for which he runs. No sooner does he gain the prize, and begin to wipe the sweat from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to *ride in popular preferment*, than the disappointed candidates cry out; "Incompetency! Stupidity! Fraud! Now let the newspapers and platforms of the country, "Cut behind!"

There is a golden chariot of wealth rolling down the street. A thousand people are trying to catch it. They run. They jostle. They tread on each other. Push and pull, and tug! Those talk most against riches who cannot get them. Clear the track for the racers! One of the thousand reaches the golden prize and mounts. Forthwith the air is full of cries: "Got it by fraud! Shoddy! Petroleum aristocracy! His father was a ragpicker! His mother was a washerwoman! I knew him when he blackened his own shoes! Pitch him off the back part of the golden chariot! *Cut behind! Cut behind!*"

It is strange there should be any rivalries among the ministers of religion, when there is so much room for all to work. But in some things they are much like others. Like all other classes of men, they have one liver apiece, and here and there of them a spleen. In all cases the epigastric region is higher up than the hypogastric, save in the act of turning somerset. Like others, they eat three times a day when they can get anything to eat.—Besides this, it sometimes happens that we find them racing for some profession, chair or pulpit. They run well—neck and neck—while churches look on and wonder whether it will be "Dexter" or the "American Girl."—Rowels plunge deep and fierce is the cry. "Go 'long! Go 'long!" The privilege of preaching the Gospel to the poor on five thousand dollars a year is enough to make a tight race anywhere. But only one mounts the coveted place; and forthwith the cry goes up in the associations and synods: "Unfit for the place! Can't preach! Unsound in faith! Now is your chance, oh, conferences and presbyteries, to Cut Behind!"

A fair woman passes. We all admire beauty. He that says he don't *lies*. A cantling man, who told me he had no admiration for anything earthly, used instead of listening the sermon to keep squinting overboard the pew where sat Squire Brown's daughter.—Whether God plants a rose in parterre or human cheek, we must admire it, whether we will or not.—While we are deciding whether we had better take that dahlia, the dahlia takes us. A star does not ask the astronomer to admire it; but just winks at him, and he surrenders, with all his telescopes. This fair woman in society has many satellites. The boys all run for the prize. One of them, not having read enough novels to learn that ugliness is more desirable than beauty, wins her. The cry is up:—"She paints! Looks well; but she knows it. Good shape; but I wonder what is the price of cotton! Won't she make him stand around! Practicability worth more than black eyes! Fool to marry, a virago!"

In many eyes success is a crime. "I do not like you," said the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why?" said the snowbird. "Because," said the snowflake, "you are going up, and I am going *down!*"

We have to state that the man in the carriage on the crisp morning, though he had a long whip-lash with which he could have made the climbing boy yell most lustily, did not *cut behind*. He was an old man; in the corner of his mouth a smile, which was always as ready to play as a kitten that watches for some one with a string to offer the slightest inducement. He heard the shout in the rear, and said "Good morning, my son. That is right; climb over and sit by me. Here are the reins; take hold and drive. Was a boy myself once, and I know what tickles youngsters."

Thank God there are so many in the world that never "cut behind," but are ready to give a fellow a ride whenever he wants it. Here is a young man, clerk in a store. He has small wages, and a mother to take care of. For ten years he struggles to get in a higher place. The first of January comes, and the head of the commercial house looks round and says, "Trying to get up, are you?" And by the time three more years have passed, the boy sits right beside the old man who hands over the reins, "Drive!" for the old merchant knew what would tickle the youngster. Jonathan Goodhue was a boy behind the counter; but his employer gave him a ride, and London, Canton and Calcutta heard the scratch of his pen.—Lenox, Grinnell, and the Aspinwalls carried many young men a mile on the high road of prosperity. There are hundreds of people whose chief joy is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now a dollars. Many such a kind man always have a carriage to ride in and a horse not too skittish.—As he goes down the hill of life, may the breeching strap be strong enough to hold back the load. When he has ridden to the end of the earthly road, he will have plenty of friends to help him unhitch and assist him out of the carriage. On that cool night it will be pleasant to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprises of a lifetime, and feel that with it he never "cut behind" at those who were struggling.

Where the Wages Go—Sober Thoughts for Workingmen.

Why is it that so many of the families of the laboring men in our towns and cities live in such a poor beggarly way, and in so many damp, dark basements, and up-in-such close, confined, ricketty old attics? Many of the heads of these families receive good wages, and get their pay every week or month regularly. But where in too many cases, do their wages go to? Not to the baker, the grocer, the butcher, the merchant; they go for strong drink, ale and beer, which do not strengthen the physical man.—Franklin taught the printers of London that cold water was better than ale; and cold water has lost none of its virtues in 140 years.

The cost of tippling is in the aggregate enormous. The inquiry is often made, how are so many drinking houses sustained? Let us see. Twenty men, at 30 cents a day, will pay one of the "tippling shops" $2,190 a year. A man who pays thirty cents a day for "drinks," pays $109 50 a year. This is the interest on $1,564 at 7 per cent. at simple interest. This sum, 30 cents a day, amounts in ten years to $1,171 95. All this is wasted, paid out for "an enemy that steals away a man's brains," and robs him and his family of every comfort. Intoxicating liquors give neither strength to the body, vigor to the mind, resolution to the will, elevation to the morals nor dignity to the character. Strong drink drags a man down from his high estate, depraves all his appetites, and leaves him in want and misery, the mere wreck and semblance of a man.

The constant use of intoxicating liquors makes hard times for many a man; thus, a family of five persons will consume four barrels of flour a year, or 1,056 pounds of bread. This is nearly three pounds a day. Good flour can be bought now at $7 a barrel; four times seven makes $28; and thirty cents a day for drinks is $109 50, or $82,50 more per year than the bread for a family of five persons costs. "But," says A., "I only take two drinks a day." Very well, you pay then for your drinks $73 a year *only* $45 more than you pay for the bread consumed by your whole family if it contains five persons. This sum would provide tea and coffee for them.

Here, then, we see that the man who pays even twenty cents a day for liquor spends a sum sufficient to supply his family with bread, tea and coffee for the year. Is it strange that times are hard—that men complain of the Government, and charge that it oppresses them with onerous taxes? The above figures show how men tax themselves; and how they *tax property* too.

In 1868 the Inebriate Asylum cost the tax payers of this city $144,472,40. While the amount of money paid by the city for flour for all its hospitals, asylums, and for the relief of the poor, was only $102,573 38.

The outdoor poor cost the city, in 1868, $122,228 64. How much of this could be charged to intemperance?

The number of persons committed to the workhouse in this city, in 1868, was 15,738. The Commissioners say, "a considerable proportion of the committals is for intoxication." The police stations, the prisons, the almshouses, the penitentiary, the miserable homes, all tell of the work of intemperance. It is the great curse of the land—it feeds upon the wages of labor, and like the horseleech's daughter, "it cries give, give," until all is gone, of health, character, life.—*N. Y. Post.*

THE SECRET.—"Mother," said a child ten years of age, "I want to know the secret of your going away alone every night and morning?"

"Why, my child?"

"Because it must be to see some one you love very much."

"And what leads you to think so?"

"Because I always notice that when you come back you appear to be more happy than usual."

"Well, suppose I do go and see a Friend I love *very much*, and that after seeing Him and conversing with Him, I am more happy than before, why should you wish to know anything about it?"

"Because I wish to do as you do, that I may be happy too."

"Well, my child, when I leave you in the morning and evening it is to commune with my Saviour; I go to ask him for his grace to make me holy and happy. I ask him to assist me in all the duties of the day, and especially to keep me from committing any sin against him, and above all I ask him to have mercy on you, and save you from the miseries of those who sin against him."

"O, that is the secret!" said the child; then I must go *with* you."

—The tow-boat Star, of Pittsburgh, collided with a bridge on the Ohio river, on Sunday evening, and sunk with seven coal barges. As she was sinking, her boiler exploded and a woman was killed.

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