The Globe.

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

VOL. XXV. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1870. NO. 37.

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.....	15 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. Loden on Hill street. apl0,1266

DR. JOHN McCULLOCH, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office on Hill street, one door east of Reed's Drug Store. Aug. 28, '55.

R. ALLISON MILLER, DENTIST, Has removed to the Brick Row opposite the Court House. April 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. SAM. MUSSER. S. E. FLEMING. MUSSER & FLEMING, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office second door of Leister's building, on Hill street. Pensions and other claims promptly collected. my4'69

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. my12,1868

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. jan1,'68

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, 1866—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. apl-tf.

JOSEPH ABT, MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN WILLOW AND SLEIGH BASKETS, Of all sizes and descriptions, ALEXANDRIA, HUNTINGDON CO., PA. June 9, 1869—tf

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

Fire & Life Insurance. No Assessments!

HUNTINGDON INSURANCE AGENCY.

G. B. ARMITAGE, HUNTINGDON, PA.

Represent the most reliable Companies in the Country. Rates as low as is consistent with reliable indemnity. sep 2, '68.

Capital Represented over $14,000,000.

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.

1870. CLOTHING. 1870.

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.

MUSIC STORE.

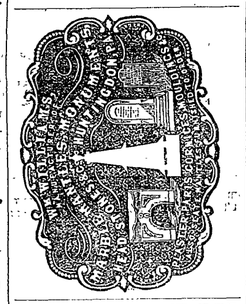
E. J. GREENE, Successor to B. M. GREENE, DEALER IN STEINWAY & SON'S PIANOS, And other makes, MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS; Melodeons, Guitars, Violins, Fifes, Flutes, Accordeons, &c. &c. Pianos, Organs, and Melodeons Warranted for five years. Circulars sent on application. Address E. J. GREENE, Huntingdon, 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 to 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 Iron fronts of all sizes and weights, Pipe joints, Sled and sleigh shoes, Wagon boxes, Machine Castings, for steam and water, grist, saw, stamp and plaster mills of all descriptions.

HEATERS AND IRON FENCES, of the most improved style, oven doors and frames, door sills, and in fact everything made in this line. We have a large stock of patterns, and can furnish castings at short notice, and cheaper than they can be had in the country. Having a good mill, we are prepared to do drilling and fitting up of all kinds. Office in Lloyd's 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 SHOES, WAGON BOXES, IRON KETTLES, Castings For Furnaces, Forges, Grist and Saw Mills, Tanneries and Blacksmiths, 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, Door Ornaments for wooden lintels, Gothic Window Guards all sizes, Chimney Tops and Flues, Sash Weights, Carpet Strips, Registers, Heaters, Coal Grates, Vault Castings for coal and wood cellars, Urns, 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, Huntingdon, Pa. se23,68



J. M. GREEN & F. O. BEAVER Having entered into partnership, intform the public that they are prepared to execute all styles of Plain and ornamental Marble Work Such as MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, also Building Work, at as low prices as any shop in this county Orders from a distance promptly attended to. Shop on MIFFLIN street, a few doors east of the Lutheran church mch6,'68

FURS From $4,00 to $150,00 a set. LADIES' and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, Notions, Ladies' Hoods, best Kid Gloves, Zephyrs and Yarns of all kinds, Heavy Fine Black Beaver Cloth for Ladies' Sacques, Shawls, double and single, Corsets, Boulevard Skirts, Dress Goods, Domestic Goods, Hats and Caps, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, QUEENSWARE, TOBACCO AND SEGARS, GUM OVER SHOES, and a thousand and one other things, all cheaper than any other house in town At ZEIGLER'S, HUNTINGDON, PA. no24

TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED CONDENSED LYE, FOR SOAP MAKING, For sale wholesale and retail at Lewis' *Red Front Grocery.* This Lye is said to be the best and cheapest in the market.

[For the Globe.]

THOUGHTS.

They come when the sunset
Is bright on the mountain;
They come when the moonlight
Is clear on the fountain.
At noon and at even,
By minutes and hours,
They come from the forest,
From birds and from flowers.

They come when some token
Of events past will arise
As a link to the present
And then they bring sighs;
They come when some vision
Of hope and of fears,
Rushes on to the future
And then they bring tears.

They come when the sea mist
O'er ocean is rife,
And tell of the shadows
That hang o'er our life;
They come when the tempest
Its thunder and gloom
Spread around, and they speak
Of the earth and the tomb.

They come when the ripple
Is low on the lake,
And the plover is nestling
By fountain and brake;
And the twilight looks out
With gems on its breast,
And they whisper that all
Save themselves are at rest.

They come when the light wind
Is fanning the leaves,
They come when the flower-cup
The dew-drop receives.
By night's noontide silence,
By day's noontide hum,
At all times, oh, deeply
And darkly they come. J. H——s.

House-top, Wednesday, March 9, Huntingdon, Pa.

THE FLOWER GIRL of FLORENCE

"Adieu, paniers, vendages sont faites," is the pretty mournful refrain of a Provincial song. It might be sung now in the City of Flowers, which has new streets and squares, and public promenades and fountains, and banks and shops, but alas! there are no more flower-girls! In the Cascine and cafes are now rarely, if ever, seen those dainty figures, so jauntily dressed, all possessed of the beauty of youth, and some rejoicing in a loveliness of a nobler and rarer type, carrying baskets-full of the choicest flowers which they used to proffer with the artless yet graceful courtesy of their country to passers-by. At the end of the season a sum of money was given for these flowers, so that all the ugly part of the transaction, the buying and selling, was hidden from view. The bouquets were given and received with smiles, and cordial words and merry farewells "until to-morrow" were exchanged and that was all.

About ten years ago one of these flower-girls was a great favorite, and especially admired by the foreigners, English, American, and German, who stopped to hear the band in Piazzone Cascine.

"Oh, auntie, look! what a pretty girl!" said Maud Halifax, herself a very girl, to the lady who was with her. They had stopped to hear the music on one warm April afternoon. Maud had been leaning back, tired and exhausted for she was in very bad health when this lovely vision of a girl of her own age stood beside the carriage and roused her.

"She is very pretty," said Miss Halifax; "but, what is very strange, she is very much like you."

"Oh, aunt! how you flatter:"

It was the fact, however; the English young lady and the Italian girl were as like as sisters. Both had dark eyes, slightly aquiline noses, broad, low foreheads, and beautiful mouths; but the Italian was as blooming as her own flowers. Maud was thin, pale, and languid.

"Do you think I am right?" said Miss Halifax, in French, to a young Hungarian officer who now came up.

He assented hastily, but not before both the faces he had glanced at blushed to the roots of the hair, worn by both in the same way, drawn back in simple waves from the forehead.

The flower-girl hastily threw some roses into the carriage and vanished.

"I am tired; let me go home," said Maud.

"Shall we see you this evening?" said Miss Halifax to the officer.

"I do not know. Yes, yes; I will come."

The Halifaxes went home.

The young officer followed the flower-girl. She held out her basket to him.

"I told you," said he, with an air of authority, "that you were never to go near that carriage."

"Why?"

"Never mind; I have my reasons, Drodata."

"Shall I never know them?"

"No, perhaps not."

He turned on his heel, and was gone. The girl looked after him thoughtfully.

"I wish I knew," she murmured.

"What do you wish to know?" said a young Italian artist who came up—"I can tell you a great many things. Count Lindau, for instance, that young man who has just been buying your flowers, is engaged to be married to the rich English girl at the Hotel de la Ville, who is so ill. If she lives to be married he will be a rich man; for it is said her father has settled fifty thousand francs a year on her husband. What is the matter, Drodata?"

"I must go home." The poor girl's very lips were white.

"Come, I will take you," he said; for he saw she was trembling too much to be able to walk.

They stepped aside from the busy crowd. The music was pouring forth its sweet peals of gay melody, the sky was bright, and the flowers Drodata carried seemed laughing up in elfish mockery in her face; but she thought of nothing, heard nothing, but the dreadful words Carlo Malaspina had spoken: "Count Lindau is going to be married."

Why, then, had he for the last six months told her he loved her, and loved her only? Why had he said that he was a German, for that, as soon as she had married him, he would take her from Florence; and at Prague no one would look down upon her for they would not know whether she had been a flower-girl or a countess? Why? why? Alas! there was no reply. Carlo was well known to her.—He had always been most kind to her mother and herself. She called it kindness; but, in truth, it was sincere and devoted love which he felt for her. But there is often this terrible disparity and unequality in love—on one side fire, and on the other frost. The one loves and the other is loved; and between the active and passive of that verb what a world of difference!

Drodata had no father. She had heard he had died when she was an infant at Venice; and Ida Benelli, her mother, had come to Florence, poor and heart-broken, to learn now to support herself and her child. No one knew more than that fact about the pale, beautiful woman. She was alone with her child, and worked hard at her needle to support both. She was, however, evidently of gentle birth, though she never alluded to the past; and was as simple and unpretending as if she had always lived by the labor of her own hands. But evidently there had been a great sorrow in her life, and it was one she never got over. She was always sad, and somewhat stern.

They lived on the ground-floor of a little villa near Florence, and the flowers they cultivated were sold by Drodata. Sometimes her mother accompanied her; sometimes one of the older flower-girls took charge of Drodata.

Count Lindau had been staying at a neighboring villa, and it was during his walks he had met Drodata. He used to go sometimes to see the lady at whose villa he was staying, and, after a few meetings, he told Ida he loved her. Drodata brought him to her mother, and Ida Benelli gave her consent to their marriage. She told him there was no disparity in birth between them, and that the secret of her life should be made known to him on the day of the marriage; till then she wished the engagement to be secret. Not even Carlo Malaspina, tho' he was so good a friend, knew of it.

Now, as he took poor Drodata home he first became aware of it. It was fortunate for Lindau that Carlo could not leave the poor girl, or the Cascine of Florence would have been disturbed by a summary act of vengeance.—When they arrived at the villa poor Drodata dragged herself up to her room.

"Tell mamma," she said, as the tears streamed down her face.

Ida Benelli listened with set lips and kindling eyes. "He shall not marry this English girl," she said; "her father shall know what a traitor he is."

She went up stairs, kissed the poor, tear-stained cheek of her girl, and went down again. "Come with me Carlo," she said.

Mr. Halifax was at dinner when he was told he was wanted.

"Who is it?"

"A lady. She says she will wait."

"Who is in the drawing room?"

"Maud is there," said Miss Halifax "She said she would have some tea there instead of dining with us."

When Mr. Halifax had finished he went to the drawing-room. The lights had not been lit.

He heard his daughter's voice conversing with some one; and as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he saw a tall, slight form leaning over the couch where she lay.

"I hear you wanted me," he said, politely. "How can I serve you madame?"

At that moment the waiter came in, and the light fell on Ida's face.

"Good Heavens!" said Mr. Halifax. "Ida! Have the waves given up the dead?"

"Is it you—you—you?" as the poor woman fell at his feet.

"What is the matter, papa?" said Maud, sobbing. There was a good deal of confusion at first, but finally Ida was restored to her senses, and then Mr. Halifax explained, and Ida explained.

He had married Ida Contarina at Venice twenty years before. A year after their marriage, just before the birth of her child, Ida's confessor so filled her with fears for her own soul and that of her child about to be born that the poor woman almost lost her senses. She determined to fly, and leave no trace by which she could be recalled. She threw her veil and mantle out of her gondola, and disguised in an ecclesiastical costume left Venice. There was a rumor that she had committed suicide. This was industriously circulated by the priest; and poor Mr. Halifax left Venice, miserable and convinced that he was a widower. Two years afterward, to please his sister, he married a young English girl, who died in giving birth to Maud. He thought there was a curse upon him, that all he loved should thus be taken. He consigned Maud to his sister, and spent years in traveling in Egypt, India, China, Greece, Syria—everywhere but Italy until he had been summoned home on account of Maud's health. On growing up Maud had shown signs of great delicacy. For the last two years—she was now seventeen (Drodata was 19, but, from her health and bloom, looked as young, if not younger, than her sister)—she had been in Italy. She had regained a little strength at Florence, had gone out a little into society, and had met Count Lindau. It was well known that she was a rich heiress; he had proposed, and been accepted.

Mr. Halifax, from the moment he had returned to Italy, had become more melancholy and gloomy than ever; he seemed haunted by bitter and undying memories. He felt that his daughter also would be taken from him, and shuddered as he looked at her. It was a sad home, and Maud had been naturally pleased at the cheerful, genial manners of the young Hungarian, and looked upon her marriage as an escape from the overdeepening gloom of her home. But, once the marriage was settled, Lindau became cold and somewhat inattentive. The quick instincts of womanhood told Maud that she was not loved; she had heard whispers of Lindau's admiration for some beautiful flower-girl.—When she saw Drodata she had an intuitive knowledge that it was she.

She was thinking of these things that night when the waiter ushered in a lady. Ida had come up to her, and had also been struck apparently by Maud's likeness to Drodata.

In her beautiful, pathetic voice Ida had told Maud the purpose of her visit.

"I have come to you to save you from a mercenary man, as I would wish any one to come to save my child, had she been thus betrayed and deceived. He must lose you, as he has lost her." It was at this point of the conversation that Mr. Halifax had entered.

Need I describe the happiness, tardy as it was, of these two re-united hearts? Need I dwell upon the warmth with which the two sisters accepted their new relationship? Need I say that Lindau was dismissed?

About a month afterward a carriage on the Cascine was the centre of attraction to all present. In it was Mr. Halifax, and by his side was a lady of faded but exquisite beauty. Opposite were two girls, so alike that but the paler complexion and slighter form, they could scarcely have been known apart. They were Mr. Halifax's two daughters.

"Was not Count Lindau to have married the pale one once?" asked a young Italian of his friend.

"Yes; and he was in love with both, I believe; but he has left Florence now. At present I should say the only man who has a chance with them is Carlo Malaspina."

"But Malaspina was in love, I tho't with the beautiful Drodata, who was as good as she was beautiful."

"That beautiful Drodata is the eldest Miss Halifax. There was some family quarrel, and Mrs. Halifax lived away from her husband 19 years. He thought she was dead, and married again. He only knew the truth a month ago."

"What a romance?"

"Yes; and who could be a prettier heroine than our pretty flower-girl?"

THE CONJUGATING DUTCHMAN.—We know not where the following story came from, but as it gives a droll picture of a methodical and persevering Dutchman, it may not prove unentertaining. Two English gentlemen stepped into a coffee-house in Paris, where they observed a tall, old-looking man, who appeared to be a native, sitting at one of the tables, and looking around with the greatest stone like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the two Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived in Paris. At this the grave looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth and spake:

"I arrive,' said he, 'thou arrivest, he arrives, we arrive, you arrive, they arrive.

The Englishman, whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked—

"Did you speak to me, sir?"

"I speak," replied the stranger, "thou speakest, he speaks, we speak, you speak, they speak."

"How is this," said the Englishman "do you mean to insult me?"

"The other replied," "I insult, thou insultest, he insults, we insult, you insult, they insult."

"This is too much," said the Englishman; "I will have satisfaction; if you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me."

To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied—

"I come, thou comest, he comes, we come, you come, they come;" and thereupon he arose with great coolness, and followed his challenger. In those days, when every gentleman wore a sword, duels were speedily dispatched. They went into a neighboring alley, and the Englishman, unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist—

"Now, sir, you must fight me."

"I fight," replied the other, drawing his sword, "thou fightest, he fights, we fight"—and here he disarmed his adversary.

A father, who has passed innumerable sleepless nights, has immortalized himself by discovering a method of keeping babies quiet. The modus operandi is as follows: As soon as "pet" awakes, sit it up propped by a pillow if it cannot sit alone, and smear its finger with molasses; then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes again, repeat the operation; and in place of the fret and worry of former nights, there will be silence and quiet repose.

The Freeburg *Courier* reports the destruction by fire of the tavern stand known as Lyon's Hotel, at Shamokin dam.

STEEL MADE BY LIGHTNING.—The York *True Democrat* says: Some months ago Dr. Charles Nes, of this borough, called to visit a poor old lady, four or five miles in the country, who stood in need of a physician. The day was a dark and gloomy one, the rain falling in torrents, and the sky at times disturbed by fierce flashes of lightning and loud bursts of thunder. The doctor knew that he would get nothing for his visit and services, yet prompted by that spirit of benevolence for which he is characterized, he nevertheless started out in the storm to look after this patient. When he arrived at the house he found that the lightning had struck into a corner of it and had melted up a gun barrel which had been left standing there. The house was uninjured. A careful inspection of solved metal suggested a thought, and that in return begat another, until the final result was the discovery of the manufacture of steel by means of electricity, for which the doctor now holds letters patent from the government of the United States, and which, we are satisfied, will be among the most important discoveries of the age.

The storm, the sick lady, her impoverished condition, the doctor's well known kindness of heart, the old gun barrel and lightning stroke that led to it, and it it had not been for this singular coincidence of things the discovery might never have been made. Dr. Nes never received pay from the old lady for his visit or services, nor would he have received it, probably, under the circumstances, had it been tendered, but he now holds in his hands letters patent for an invention suggested by the circumstances of that visit, which may realize for him millions of dollars. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

CONFIRMED IN HER HABITS.—A gentleman of excellent habits, and very amiable disposition, was so unfortunate as to have a wife of a very different character; in short, one that would get beastly drunk. Being in company with a few inmates, one of them remarked to him, that if she was his wife—since all other things had failed he would frighten her some way so that she would quit her evil habits; and proposed the following method: that sometime when drunk, she should be laid in a box shaped like a coffin, and be left in that situation until her fit should be over and consciousness restored.

A few evenings after, the dame being in proper state, the plan was put into execution; and after the box lid was properly secured, the party before alluded to watched, each in turn, to witness the result. About daylight next morning, the watch heard a movement, laid himself down by the box, when her lady ship, after bumping her head a few times, was heard to say; "Bless me! why where am I?" The outside replied, in a sepulchal tone: 'Madame, you are dead and in another world.

A pause ensued, after which the lady again inquired:

"Where are you?"

"Oh, I am dead, too," said he.

"Can you tell me how long I've been dead?"

"About three weeks."

"How long have you been dead?"

"Four months."

"Well, you have been here so much longer than I have, *can't you tell me where I can get a little gin?*"

ROBINS.—It is generally supposed that the robins emigrate to the south during the winter months. From the following account it would appear that such is not always the case: Two gentlemen crossing the Sandwich Mountains in New Hampshire discovered a deep valley, and approaching it found it clothed with hemlock, spruce, fir and tamarack, growing so close together that it was with difficulty they made headway between them. Before they came to this growth the snow was over a foot in depth; after entering it was only six inches, the residue lying on the tops of the trees, making quite a roof, and excluding much of the light of day. After making their way a few rods, they were surprised to find the place an extensive robin "roost," occupied by thousands, and so thickly were they congregated that they might have killed numbers with their walking-sticks in crossing the premises from south to north—about thirty rods.

A Philadelphia editor carries the editorial "we" so far as to say "our gracious," for "my gracious." The above brings to mind an incident which happened a short time since respecting a pretty girl of eight summers, who, although not editorially connected, showed a marked preference for the plural. Her father was a partner in the firm of Young & Parker, which collocation had become so familiar, that on being asked in Sunday School "whose little girl are you?" she promptly responded, "Young & Parker's."

A lady in Rochester wants second marriages prohibited by law—on account of the otherwise confusion in the spirit world.

Slander kills three-fold—him that utters it, him that is attacked, and him that hearkens.

Maxim for the lazy—no farmer can plow a field by turning it over in his mind.

Strawberries grow in the open air, are selling in Mobile at a dollar a pint.

A blushing Buffalo girl of seventeen has been called on to explain why she had two husbands.

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.

Commerce of the World.

France exports wine, brandies, silks, fancy articles, furniture, jewelry, clocks, watches, paper, perfumery, and fancy goods generally.

Italy exports corn, oil, flax, winds, essences, dye stuffs, drugs, fine marble, soap, paintings, engravings, mosaics, and salt.

Prussia exports linens, woolens, zinc, articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo, wax, hams, musical instruments, tobacco, wine, and porcelain.

Germany exports wool, woolen goods, linens, rags, corn, timber, iron, lead, tin, flax, hemp, wine, wax, tallow, and cattle.

Austria exports mineral, raw and manufactured silk thread, glass, wax, tar, nut gall, wine, honey, mathematical instruments.

England exports cottons, woollens, glass, hardware, earthenware, cutlery, iron, metalic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silks and linens.

Russia exports tallow, flax, hemp, flour, iron, copper, linseed, lard, hide, wax, duck, cordage, bristles, furs, potash and tar.

Spain exports wine, brandy, oil, fresh and dried fruits, quick silver, sulphur, salt, cork, saffron, anchovies, silks, and woollens.

China exports tea, rhubarb, musk, ginger, borax, zinc, silks, cassia, filigree work, ivory ware, lacquered ware and porcelain.

Turkey exports coffee, opium, silks, drugs, gums, dried fruits, tobacco, wines, camel's hair, carpets, shawls, camlets and morocco.

Hindoostan exports gold and silver, cochineal, indigo, sarsaparilla, vanilla, jalap, fustic, Campeachy wood, pimento, drugs and dye stuffs.

Brazil exports coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold, diamonds and other precious stones, gums, mahogany and india rubber.

West Indies export sugar, molasses, rum, tobacco, cigars, mahogany, dye wood, coffee, pimento, fresh fruits and preserves, wax, ginger and other spices.

Switzerland exports cattle, cheese, butter, tallow, dried fruit, linen, silks, velvets, lace, jewelry, paper and gunpowder.

East India exports cloves, nutmegs, mace, pepper, rice, indigo, gold dust, camphor, benzine, sulphur, rattans, sandal wood, ivory, zinc and nuts.

United States exports principally agricultural produce, cotton, tobacco, flour, provisions of all kinds, lumber, turpentine and wearing apparel.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The Boston Commercial Bulletin thinks it does not follow that the gamblers in gold have a "soft" thing because its "down."

Fifty-six leading Republican newspapers have declared for an immediate reduction of taxation, and especially the removal of the income tax.

A daughter of Chief Justice Chase has nearly ready for publication a collection of nursery rhymes in several languages, illustrated by herself.

Barnum, in a public lecture, has told the Bostonians, how to be happy, by temperate living, and how to get rich, by unlimited advertising.

Half a million dollars worth of cotton is said to be lying in the fields of the region tributary to Memphis, which cannot be picked for want of labor.

It was Dr. Holmes, we believe, who said that easy-crying widows take new husbands soonest. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

The bridegroom of an approaching nobby wedding in New York has found the money to pay for $125,000 worth of diamonds and pearls as his gift to his bride.

Mrs. Thurston, the insane woman, who claims to own the State of Maine, advertised recently her permission for the people of Portland to hold the election for municipal officers that came off last Monday.

A woman in Vineland, N. J., is manufacturing three thousand straw hats a week for Philadelphia firms. She employs four hundred women, and has work enough for two hundred more.

New York claims to have the fastest compositor living. There is one in Detroit that squandered $500 in one week, and we have all along calculated that he was about as fast as they made 'em.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Two stories come to us of the present condition of General Sam Houston's family in Texas. One is that they are in poverty, the other that they have an income of $100,000 a year. The reader can take his choice.

A Washington dispatch says that there is a quiet though energetic movement going on here looking to the organization of influential persons into a party which shall insist upon an amendment to the Constitution, recognizing the Christian religion and Jesus Christ as the source of law and government. It was discovered upon an interchange of views, that there is a division of sentiment among the members of this embryo organization. Some of them only desire the amendment to recognize religious obligation and God as the author and source of law and government. This will probably prevail, and the claim that the Christian religion be recognized will be abandoned. Thus, it is urged, all persons who acknowledge the existence of the Divine Being, of whatever sect or religious denomination, can co-operate to secure the adoption of the new amendment to the Constitution. The new party claims to have in its organization a number of Congressmen, two of the Supreme Judges and other high officials.

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