The Globe.

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

VOL. XXV. HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1870. NO. 39.

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
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. 25, '65.

R. ALLISON MILLER, *DENTIST*, Has removed to the Brick Row opposite the Court House. April 13, 1859.

E. J. GREENE, DENTIST. Office removed to Leister's New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon. July 31, 1867.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, *HUNTINGDON, PENN'A.* JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor. April 6, 1870.

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. HALE 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. my26'69

AGEENCY FOR COLLECTING SOLDIERS' CLAIMS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND PENSIONS. All who may have any claims against the Government of Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions, can have their claims promptly collected by applying either in person or by letter to W. H. WOODS, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, HUNTINGDON, PA. aug12,1863

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 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. 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.)

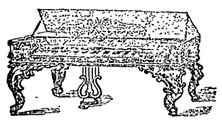
Capital Represented over $14,000,000.

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.

NEW LEATHER HOUSE. THE FIRM OF LEAS & McVITTY, have leased the large five story Leather House, from James Nealy, NO. 452, NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, And intend doing a Hide and Leather Commission Business. Their sons D. P. LEAS, and T. E. McVITTY, are there, and authorized to carry on the business for them—as they are young men of good moral character, and fine business qualifications. They solicit the patronage of their brother Tanners in the county and elsewhere. They shall will continue to keep a good assortment of Spanish and Slaughter Sole Leather on hands, at their Tannery, near Three Springs, Huntingdon County, Pa. mar3-tf. LEAS & McVITTY.

WM. LEWIS, Dealer in Books, Stationery and Musical Instruments, corner of the diamond.

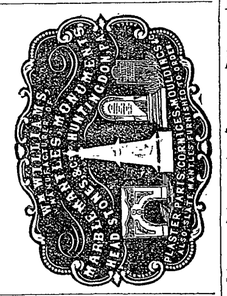
MUSIC STORE.



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, Sled and sleigh soles, Wagon boxes, Machine Castings, for steam and water, grist, saw, sumac and plaster mills of all descriptions. HEATERS AND IRON FENCES, of the most improved style, oven doors and frames, door sills, and in fact everything made in this line. We have a larger stock of patterns, and can furnish castings at short notice, and cheaper than they can be had in the country. Having a good drill, we are prepared to do drilling and fitting up of all kinds. Office in Leisters' New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. Mch. 17, 1869. BLAKE & McNEIL.

West Huntingdon Foundry. JAMES SIMPSON MANUFACTURER OF PLOWS, THRESHING MACHINES, FARM BELLS, SLED AND SLEIGH SOLES, WAGON BOXES, IRON KETTLES, Castings For Furnaces, Forges, Grist and Saw Mills, Tanneries and Blacksmiths, AND JOB WORK IN GENERAL. ARCHITECTURAL & ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT. Iron Portices and Verandahs, *Balconies, Columns and Drop Ornament for wooden* portices 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 wool cellars, Axlers, 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, no23,68 Huntingdon, Pa.



J. M. GREEN & F. O. BEAVER Having entered into partnership, inform 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 the county. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. Shop on MIFFLIN street, a few doors east of the Lutheran church msh6,186

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.

LIST OF JURORS

APRIL TERM—1870.

GRAND JURORS.

James A. Appleby, laborer, Dublin
Wm. H. Brewster merchant, Shirleysburg
Thomas Bell carpenter, Barree
Samuel Bowman farmer, Shirley
John H. Bunford carpenter, Coalmont
William S. Carey manufacturer, Franklin
Sterrit Commons farmer, Jackson
William Davis farmer, Jackson
S. D. Evans farmer, Tell
Reuben Dittsworth farmer, Jackson
James French carpenter, Springfield
G. Dorsey Green iron master, Porter
Samuel Heston teacher, Cassville
John Hagey merchant, Huntingdon
Adam Lightner farmer, West
Samuel B. Linn farmer, Springfield
Leuben Norris farmer, Walker
Charles Overdur farmer, Shirley
Daniel Feightal farmer, Penn
Elisha Shoemaker farmer, Oneida
James Smith farmer, Cromwell
W. S. States blacksmith, Walker
Thomas Wilson farmer, Warriorsmark
J. H. Wintrode, M. D., Penn

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

David Ashton farmer, Springfield
William Africa shoemaker, Huntingdon
J. H. Boring, foreman, Huntingdon
S. D. Bollinger farmer, Cromwell
Ephraim Chilcote, P. M., Mt. Union
Ann Corbin farmer, Union
L. D. Civils shoemaker, Brady
Andrew Carbury farmer, Hopewell
Asher Drake farmer, Clay
Jacob Flasher blacksmith, Mt Union
Samuel Foust farmer, Lincoln
Joseph Fogle farmer, Dublin
Benj. Fleming farmer, Jackson
Jacob Garner farmer, Juniata
Calvin Green farmer, Clay
Joseph A. Green iron master, Porter
William Gehret saddler, Cassville
Thos. Hallmson, Lincoln
Peter Heffner farmer, Juniata
John Houck farmer, Barree
John Hewitt farmer, Porter
John Hess, Railroad boss, Lincoln
Thos. K. Henderson farmer, Warriorsmark
William Hildebrand farmer, Shirley
Robert Jones clerk, Franklin
R. B Jones farmer, Tell
John K. Metz, farmer, Brady
Robert Morrow gent, Dublin
Samuel McBarron mason, Alexandria
William McCartney farmer, West
Henry Neff farmer, West
John Oamalt farmer, Juniata
John Piper carpenter, Alexandria
Robert Parsons farmer, Tell
Jacob Porter farmer, Oneida
Thos. Riley mill wright, Franklin
Anthony Shultz farmer, Lincoln
John F. Spangler laborer, Warriorsmark
Abram Shimelzit farmer, Juniata
Harrison Speck farmer, Juniata
Geo. G. Smith laborer, Barree
Harry J. Shaver teamster, Mt. Union
John G. Stewart inn keeper, "
D. F. Tussey farmer, Porter
Isaac Taylor farmer, Tod
Lazarus Yeator farmer, Dublin
Porter Robb farmer, Walker

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

William Burchinell machinist Huntingdon
Jacob Baker carpenter, Alexandria
Henry Brumbaugh farmer, Penn
Joseph Baughslough engineer, Jackson
Allison Crum teacher, Todd
David Cree cabinet maker, Warriorsmark
John Crotsley farmer, Jackson
John H. Donaldson farmer, Lincoln
A. R. Dean farmer, Juniata
James Davis farmer, Jackson
David Elsemode carpenter, Coalmont
Augustus Huberman saddler, Mt. Union
E. A. Green gentleman, Brady
A. K. Green gentleman, Springfield
Daniel Hertzler shoemaker, Huntingdon
W. M. Thompson farmer, Brady
Frederick Harmony farmer, Shirley
Thomas Keith forgeman, Franklin
Nathaniel Lytle saddler, Morris
Joseph Logan farmer, Barree
John McNeal farmer, Clay
Robert R. Myton, farmer, Barree
Wm. Mondorf farmer, Henderson
Jacob Musser Jr., farmer, Brady
Newton Madden farmer, Springfield
Asaph Price farmer, Cromwell
Wm. E. Fider saddler, Warriorsmark
David Speck farmer, Juniata
M. C. State farmer, Dublin
Geo. Taylor farmer, Cass
Frank Woltkill farmer, Brady
Geo. F. Wakefield farmer, West
Simon White farmer, Henderson
John W. Yocum farmer, Juniata
James Speer farmer, Tell

NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE. WM. AFRICA Informs the public that he has just opened at his old stand in the Diamond, Huntingdon, A Fine Assortment of all kinds of BOOTS AND SHOES, For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. All of which he will sell at fair prices. *Quick sales and small profits.* Call and examine my stock. Manufacturing and Repairing done to order as usual. Huntingdon, Ap. 14, 1869.

REMOVED TO THE N. E. CORNER OF DIAMOND. Boot and Shoe Emporium. JOHN H. WESTBROOK Respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity that he has just received from the city a New and splendid stock of BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, *Hosiery, Shoe Findings, Carpet Sack Trunks, &c., &c., &c., &c.* all of which he is prepared to sell at greatly reduced prices Don't forget the new stand in the Diamond. Old customers and the public generally are invited to call. Huntingdon, ap. 7, 1869.

GEO. SHAEFFER Has just returned from the east with a SPLENDID STOCK OF *BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &C.,* Which he offers to the inspection of his customers and the public generally. He will sell his stock at the most REASONABLE PRICES, and those who purchase once will surely call again. BOOTS & SHOES MADE TO ORDER, and REPAIRING done in the neatest and most expeditious manner. Call upon Mr. Schaeffer at his shop on Hill street, a few doors west of the Diamond. ap. 14, 1869

PAPER! PAPER!! PAPER!!! Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Drawing Paper, Deed Paper, Tissue Paper, Silk Paper for Flowers, Perforated Paper, Pistol Board, Flat Cap Paper, Foolscap Paper, Letter Paper, Commercial Note Paper, Ladies' Gilt Edged Letter and Note Paper, Ladies' Plain and Fancy Note Paper, White and Colored Card Paper, in Packs and Sheets, for sale at LEWIS' Book, Stationery and Music Store.

WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS *A LARGE STOCK* AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF Window Curtain Papers, JUST RECEIVED AT LEWIS' BOOK STORE.

JOB PRINTING NEATLY EXECUTED AT The "Globe" Job Office.

COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow;
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed,
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine.
Grateful I take his slightest gift, no fears,
Nor any doubts, are mine.

Dark skies must clear; and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year.
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be,
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness—me
The powers of light befriend.

[Atlantic Monthly.

KISSED BY MISTAKE.

A quiet, uneventful life was mine until I left the shelter of my father's roof in Graham, and accepted the desk of book-keeper in the wholesale clothing establishment of Sheafs & Prescott, in the busy little city of Weston.

Out there, one fine afternoon in October, just in the midst of the Indian summer, I invited Lillie Prescott, with whom I was very nearly in love, to walk in the park with me.

Her little hand in its delicate primrose-colored glove rested on my arm, her black eyes were lifted to my face. I felt particularly tender and confidential, and at peace with all the world. We were speaking of the gorgeousness of the distant hills, clothed, as they were, in their mantle of crimson foliage, when I was brought to a stop by hearing my name pronounced in a tone neither sweet or agreeable:

"Mr. Smith, I'll just trouble you for a mint!"

I looked up. A woman of fifty, or thereabout, effectually blocked the sidewalk before us; indeed her proportions were colossal. If ever I have seen the personification of indignation, I saw it in her countenance.

"Madame?" I exclaimed, retreating a little from the battery of flashing grey eyes which she had brought to bear upon me.

"You needn't 'madam' me!" cried she, waxing redder. "I'll jest trouble you to settle this little bill!" And she thrust an ominous piece of paper before my eyes, which read, substantially—

Richard Smith, to Julianna Diggins, Dr.
To six months' board, $95 00
To " washing, 12 00
$107 00

I returned the bill to her.

"I owe you nothing, madam. I never saw you before in my life!"

"You needn't lie to me!" she cried, setting her arms akimbo. "I hain't kept a genteel boarding house fifteen years for nothing, sir! You'll either fork over on the spot or I'll take the law!"

"Take it," remarked I; "you're welcome to it."

"You think to sarse me, young man; remember what you promise! I'll have you took up for it as sure as my name's Diggin's! I'll learn you better than to deceive a trusting widder woman in that way! You deceitful hypocrite!"

"Madam, you insult me! I——"

"Oh, it looks well for such as you to stand on your dignity! Mighty lofty, all at once! You've forgot the cream flipjacks I used to make you, and the kisses you used to give me every evening after the rest of 'em was gone to bed! You've forgot the half dozen shirts I made you, and never charged you a cent! You've forgot that you solemnly promised to marry me last Tuesday morning! You've forgot that, have you?"

"Yes—yes—th-that is—I never!—no!" stammered I, dropping Miss Lillie's arm, in consternation.

"Do you dare to deny it?" cried she in a rage.

"Yes, forever, and a day afterward!" I roared out. "Do you think I would marry an old termagant like you? I'd rather marry my grandmother!"

I saw the fire flash up in her eyes. The widow was waxing dangerous. I dodged the reticule she aimed at my head and fell over backwards as she charged upon me with her half mourning parasol. Miss Lillie turned and fled. I thought discretion the better part of valor, so I leaped over a garden fence near at hand, and was immediately attacked by a large watch dog, that sprung out of a kennel near by. I seized a dahlia pole, and hurling it at the belligerent, made good my escape by fording a duck pond and reaching the next street, from which I hurried home at the best time I could command.

I was resolved that I would not remain in Weston a day longer. Evidently there was in the city some other Richard Smith—for whose notorious self I was mistaken. I penned a hasty note to my employers, giving my reasons for leaving them, packed my trunk, paid my board, and marking my trunk and baggage, "R'd Smith, New Hampton," I took the cars for the locality specified.

In selecting New Hampton as my destination, I had no very definite purpose in view; but in a place of its size I had no doubts of being able to secure some lucrative situation; and the office of boots was better, if I could be left unmolested—than the station of President; if I must lose my identity, and be attacked by viragoes in the streets.

It was near noon of the next day, when the train whirled up to the depot at New Hampton. I alighted, and was hastening down the platform to look after my baggage, when I saw a young lady, in a brown silk walking dress, earnestly regarding me. As she caught my eyes, she threw up her veil and sprang toward me. As the veil swept back, it revealed the loveliest face that I ever looked upon. I had never dreamed of anything half so beautiful. In involuntary admiration I stood still. She threw herself into my arms—her arms fell around my neck—her velvet cheeks touched mine—and such a kiss as she planted *full on my lips! My face was in a* blaze. I felt as if I had been stewed in honey, with lavender for flavoring.

She repeated the kiss—the munificent little angel!—exclaiming:

"Dear Richard! How delighted I am that you have come at last!"

I was dumb. My mouth was sealed up with the sweetness of her kisses. I dared not speak lest I should dissolve the spell.

"We have been expecting you for four whole days! Only think what a period of suspense!"—went on the soft voice of the lady, as, clasping my hand, she drew me unresistingly to a phaeton in waiting. "There; make yourself easy. I'm going to drive.—Isn't it pleasant to be waited on, Richard?"

The arch brown eyes sought mine, as, drawing up the fur lined robes, my companion shook the reins over the white horses, and we were whirled rapidly away.

"Papa is so anxious to see you once more, Richard; but his rhoumatism is worse to-day, and he could not drive down. William is absent on an errand for the bride. But I would come! I wanted so much to be the first one to greet you, Richard! Alice is so beautifully happy!—indeed, you ought to be the most grateful man alive."

"I—I—believe I am!" exclaimed I, as, reaching up her sweet face, the little enchantress favored me another kiss, which I this time repaid with compound interest, and then blushed to think of it.

At this moment the phaeton stopped at the door of a fine mansion on an aristocratic street, and mechanically, I alighted and lifted out my companion. The hall door was opened. The clasping hand of the young lady drew me within the vestibule—her musical voice called softly at the door of a boudoir: "Alice! Richard has come!"

Instantly the door flew open, and a dark-haired, beautiful woman came forth. She gazed at me an instant with a mingling fervor and shyness, *absolutely bewildering. Verily, I was* a favored individual.

An elderly gentleman now came forward and saluted me—calling me his dear son, and cutting short everything I intended to say, by his joyful volubility.

The folding doors separating the sitting-room and parlors, were thrown open. I heard the subdued hum of voices, and rustling of heavy silks; and, waiting in the clovered arch of an east window, I saw a clergyman in gown and bands.

The elderly gentleman took the hand of the dark-haired Alice, and placed it in mine.

"Take her," he said, "and may God prosper you! We will have the most important thing first, and dinner afterward. The guests are already impatient."

I glanced at Alice's dress; it was a bridal white; and her beautiful hair was crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms. The sight gave me a tremor. I felt weak and faint. My pallor must have alarmed Alice; for she clutched my arm wildly, and gazed in my face with painful anxiety.

"What is it, Richard? Are you ill? Merciful heaven! Helen, look at him! He is ill!"

"It is nothing—nothing!" I gasped; "only I cannot—cannot marry you!—I——"

"Oh, heaven!" cried Alice, in horrified dismay; and seeing she was about to fall, I clasped my arm around her for support.

At this moment the hall door was opened, and turning at the sound, I saw, with my own eyes, my second self enter the room! My exact counterpart, Richard Smith, No. 2.

His fierce eyes took in the scene at one swooping glance. He rushed to me with a wild ejaculation, and tearing the half-fainting Alice from my arms, he planted his firm grasp on my throat. I put my hand on the same locality of his body.

"What are you doing?" he thundered in my ear.

"What are *you* doing?" I thundered in response.

"Your life shall pay the forfeit!" he exclaimed with mad vehemence. "The man who has dared to win Alice Hereford's love, shall die!"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the sweet voice of her whom they had called Helen, "be patient; there is some mistake. Which of you is named Richard Smith?"

"I am!" replied I.

"I am!" replied my counterpart.

"But which of you is Richard Smith, the son of Archibald Smith?"

"I am," said my second self.

"And I am not," said I; my father was named Robert."

Helen looked at me a moment, half in doubt, evidently, now to treat me, after what had occurred. Finally, she held out her hand.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith; it was all a careless mistake of my own, can you forgive me?"

I thought of the kisses she had given me, and wished the same mistake might be made over again, though I was wise enough not to make that thought known.

"Let me explain," she continued, frankly: "We were expecting my brother Richard home from the South; where he has been some four or five months past; and were quite sure that he would arrive on the train which brought you; he has for some years been engaged to Miss Hereford, and the marriage ceremony was to take place immediately on his arrival. I went down to the depot to welcome him, and because of the striking similitude in your personal appearances, I mistook a stranger for my brother.—That is all. Brother Richard, Mr. *Smith is entirely blameless of any* wrong. We gave him no time for explanation. Let me present you to each other as friends.

My counterpart shook hands with me, and begged my pardon for dislocating my necktie. I granted it, and begged his pardon for committing a like depradation on his necktie.

And then at a sign from the elderly gentleman, we all walked into the drawing room, where, in a brief space of time, my counterpart was made the husband of his blushing Alice.

The acquaintance so singularly begun with the Smith family, soon ripened into friendship, and became one of the most precious of life's blessings to me.

Helen Smith had kissed me and she could not forget it. If a man can get a woman to think of him—it hardly matters in what way—he has claim on her; and so it was in my case. I believe that I never met Helen but she blushed at the memory which stole over her.

Three months after our first meeting, she kissed me again, and called me "Dear Richard." And this time she was well aware that she was not addressing her brother.

Is it a fortunate or unfortunate thing to have a counterpart? When I think of the genteel boarding house keeper, I say, "No;" but when I look at Helen, and remember the circumstance of our introduction, I am accustomed to answer "Yes."

"As the Twig is Bent the Tree is Inclined."—We often hear mothers wondering why their daughters are so indolent, or careless in their habits. They complain, and scold, and fret over it, but they make no attempt to teach them any better. The fault lies with the mothers themselves; instead of training their girls to habits of industry and neatness, instead of instructing them in household ways, they have allowed them to grow up without any training at all.

Girls are not going to learn these things of their own accord; they must be taught from the time they are old enough to learn, how to be neat and industrious. The teaching of them must be systematic, beginning in their early years; it will not do to train them a month, then leave them three months to do as they please. Education is, after all, the mighty magician that turns everything into gold. Mothers, educate your girls to be neat and industrious, and you will never have to complain that they are not neat and industrious women. Train them carefully *in household ways; teach how to* make puddings, and cakes and pickles and preserves, show them how to be about a house, how to do every thing in the neatest manner. Teach them both by precept and example; it is worth the trouble; for, instead of having drones and slatterns about you, you will have well-trained and useful helps.—Mrs. Leigh, *in The Southerner*

A poor young man once fell in love with an heiress, and the passion being returned, it only wanted the parents' consent to make them happy. At length, meeting the father, he asked for the daughter's hand. "How much can you command?" asked the millionaire gruffly. "I cannot command much," was the reply. "What are your expectations?" "Well, to tell the truth, I expect to run away with your daughter, and marry her, if you don't give your consent."

Boggs has a bottle of schnapps in his office, and being a careless chap, (sometimes neglects to lock it up,) he labeled the bottle "zinc." A friend of his "smoked the little game" and in the same style of letter prefixed "DR" during his absence, and as everybody that came in complied with the invitation, Boggs was out of "lush" when he came back.

Since the story has been told of Judge Breckinridge marrying a girl whom he saw jump over a rail fence with a pail on her head, the girls in Orange county, New York, are said to spend their time in watching the road; and whenever they see a carriage approaching with a man in it, they seize their pails and go for a fence.

A housemaid, the other evening slipped from a chair, on which she was temporarily standing, and fell headforemost into a barrel of flour. To show the effect of mental agony, we will relate that her hair became white in an instant.

There is a post-office in Cass county, Indiana, called Hen Peck. *That's a good* place for certain husbands to take up their lonely habitation.

Talking.—The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.—*Sir W. Temple*

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Good Health.

What an absorbing subject is health! What numbers are in pursuit of it? What multitudes are reckless in regard to it! Of what vast importance is it? What is life worth without it? What earthly possession compares in value to it! Good health! what a bliss to possess it!

Friends meet each other in the street. "Good morning. How are you? How's your health?" Or, "You are looking finely. Your health is good, I see." Another says: "I met our old friend Traddles yesterday. Jolly dog! He looks as healthy as a buck!" Still another: "I see Sweedlepipes is going fast! he is looking quite used up. His health is very poor. He complains bitterly, and says he would give all he's worth if he could only feel well once more. His days are full of misery and his nights are full of pain!"

How people fuss about their health! How they fidget! How they dose themselves! What an array of empty bottles (once full) are upon their shelves and in their closets! Cough Syrups, Bitters, Elixirs, Pectorals, Bourbon, Rye, Sarsaparilla, Medical Discovery, Plantation, Hostetter, Schnapps, Sonoma, and a thousand and one others. "Take me and I'll do you good."

How wretched is the feeling—neither sick nor well. Nothing in particular, and yet everything in general.—How I pity such!

Many devour medical works (illustrated), published for general circulation. "Every man his own doctor." What nonsense! Just as well every man his own cobbler, minister, butcher, tailor, anything and everything; including milk and ice man, coal, switch and swill-man. "Oh! what a pain that was!" cries out a morbid sufferer. To his book he flies—studies the symptoms of his case—expects death before morning—and wonders, when he awakes, that he is still alive. He dreamed that he had crossed the river Styx, and supposed himself a dweller in the land of spirits. He looks about his room before he rises from the bed. His eyes wander from floor to ceiling. Again his gaze rests upon his books and bottle. He knows not where he is. With a groan he plants his feet upon the floor, totters to his glass, and runs out his tongue.

Throw away your nostrums, and give your money to some poor family sadly in need, perhaps of bread. Such an act will be sensible, and a very safe "remedy" to take. Try it. It promotes healthful and quiet rest and sleep.

Many persons are low in health and spirits, and they conclude they are never to feel well again. "I shall never be myself again! never—no, never!" O yes, you will. Remember, for your encouragement, that the natural tendency of the body is to health, just as it is the nature of a seed to grow when planted in the ground, or a tree to strike its roots deep into the earth and flourish, causing the sap to flow, reaching every fibre. Don't despond, thus wasting the sap of life.

Laughter is good physic. If you cannot laugh "right out," why, then, smile. By degrees you may be able to smile aloud. You will soon feel better, depend upon it. I am not an M. D. That honor is not mine. I respect the profession. They are a noble class of men. Still, I have the impression that sick people can help themselves as much and more than doctors and their physics. Help yourself, man! All this is "Advice Gratis."

Do some little thing. If you cannot remove a mountain, lift a pebble.

I have suffered much in my day. I know what suffering is. I am now in perfect health.

This is my prescription, viz.:

Be careful (but not overmuch); live regular; sleep as much as possible; keep quiet; avoid injurious excitement; cultivate kind feelings; be moderate in all things; avoid unnecessary business cares; be content with little; think how well off you are, after all. "Know thyself." The meaning of this last expression is, avoid everything which consciously affects your health.

To the reader in health I would say: Be thankful for this inestimable boon bestowed upon you by the great Benefactor, and hold it fast.

To the sick I would say, cheer up!

Don't Mind the Patch.—Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It speaks well of your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket, than to hear one profane or vulgar word escape your lips! No good boys will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions; and if bad boys sometimes laugh at your appearance, say nothing, my lad, but walk on. We know many a rich man who was once as poor as you. There is our next door neighbor in particular—now one of our wealthiest men—he told us, a short time since, that when a child he was glad to receive the cold potatoes from his neighbor's table. Be good, my boy, and if you are poor you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and were addicted to bad habits.—*Olive Branch.*

Honesty and Justice.—He is only worthy of esteem that knows what is just and honest and dares do it—that is master of his own passions, and scorns to be a slave of another's. Such a one, in the lowest poverty, is a far better man, and merits more respect, than those gay things who owe all their greatness and reputation to their rentals and revenues.—*Dr. Fuller.*

Charity.—Nothing can atone for the want of Modesty and innocence; without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.—*Spectator.*