The Globe.

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

VOL. XXV. HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1870. NO. 45.

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....$2 00
Six month.....1 00
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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	1 time.	2 do	3 do	1 month
One inch, or less.....	$ 75	$1 25	$1 50	$1 75
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Quarter column.....	15 00	18 00	30 00	
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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
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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. Linden on Hill street. sp10,1866

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.

MORRISON HOUSE, HUNTINGDON, PENN'A. JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor. April 6, 1870.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, SURVEYOR & INSURANCE AGENT, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office on Smith street. my1'69

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. SAMUEL STEWART, Esq. no10-6m

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

J. BALL MUSSER. S. R. FLEMING. MUSSER & FLEMING, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office second floor of Leister's building, on Hill street. Pensions and other claims promptly collected. my26'69

AGENCY FOR COLLECTING SOLDIERS' CLAIMS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND PENSIONS. All who may have any claims against the Government for bounty, back Pay and Pension, 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. - jan1,1867

JOHN SCOTT, SAMUEL P. 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, 1869—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

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Represents 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.

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LEASES FOR HOUSES,	NATURALIZATION B'KS.
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NOTES, with a waiver of the $300 Law.
JUDGMENT NOTES, with a waiver of the $300 Law.
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MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES, for Justices of and Ministers of the Gospel.
COMPLAINT, WARRANT, and COMMITMENT, in case of Assault and Battery, and Affray.
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Printed on superior paper, and for sale at the Office of the HUNTINGDON GLOBE.
BLANKS, of every description, printed to order, neatly at short notice, and on good Paper.

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The Union Bank of Huntingdon (Late John Bare & Co.,) HUNTINGDON, PA.

CAPITAL, paid up, $50,000

Solicit accounts from Banks, Bankers and others. Liberal Interest allowed on time Deposits. All kinds of Securities, bought and sold for the usual commission.—Collections made on all points. Drafts on all parts of Europe supplied at the usual rates.

Persons depositing Gold and Silver will receive the same return with interest. The partners are individually liable to the extent of their whole property for all Deposits.

The unfinished business of the late firm of John Bare & Co. will be completed by The Union Bank of Huntingdon 23'.....tf C. C. NORTH, Cashier.

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

HOW TO CURE CONSUMPTION.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DR. SCHENCK'S GREAT MEDICINES.—*Will people never learn to know that a diseased liver and stomach necessarily disease the entire system?* The plainest principles of common sense teach this and yet there are hundreds who ridicule the idea, and continue in the course which almost inevitably brings them prematurely to the grave. Living as the majority of the people do, at complete variance with the laws of nature, it must be apparent to all that, sooner or later, nature will avenge herself. Hence we find that persons who indulge to excess in the use of very rich or indigestible food or intoxicating drinks, invariably pay a heavy penalty in the end. The stomach becomes disordered and refuses to act: the liver fails to perform its functions, dyspepsia and its attendant evils follow, and still the suffering individuals persist in clinging to the thoroughly exploded idea of the past. Dr. SCHENCK'S *medicines are recommended to all such. They bring sure* and certain relief wherever they are used as directed, and all that is necessary to establish their reputation with every ailing man or woman in the landis a fair and impartial trial of them. Let those who are skeptical on this point, and who have permitted interested persons to prejudice them against these now celebrated remedies for consumption, discard their prejudices, and be governed by the principles of reason and common sense. If the system is disordered depend upon it, in nine cases out of ten the seat of the disorder will be found in the stomach and liver. To cleanse and invigorate the stomach and to stimulate the liver to healthy action, use

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.—The daily increasing demand for these pills in the best evidence of their value. Thousands upon thousands of boxes are sold daily. Why? *Simply* because they act promptly and efficiently. Invalids who may not find it convenient to call on Dr. SCHENCK in person are informed that full and complete directions for use accompany each package of the

MANDRAKE PILLS, PULMONIC SYRUP AND SEAWEED TONIC.—These medicines will cure consumption unless the lungs are so far gone that the patient is spitting freely from the effects of medical relief.

It may be asked by those who are not familiar with the virtues of these great remedies, "How do Dr. Schenck's medicines effect their wonderful cures of consumption?"

The answer is a simple one. They begin their work of restoration by bringing the stomach, liver and bowels into an active healthy condition. It is food that cures this formidable disease. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS act on the liver and stomach, promoting healthy secretion, and removing the foul and slime which have resulted from the inactive or torpid condition of those organs, and of the system generally. This sluggish state of the body, and the consequent accumulation of the unhealthy substances named prevent the proper digestion of food, and as a natural consequence creates disease, which results in prostration and finally in death.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP and SEAWEED TONIC, when taken regularly, mingle with the food, and the digestive organs, make good and rich blood, and as a natural consequence, give flesh and strength to the patient. Let the faculty say what it may, this is the only true cure for consumption. Experience has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, and thousands are to-day alive and well who a few years since were regarded as hopeless cases, but who were induced to try Dr. SCHENCK'S remedies, and were restored to permanent health by their use.

One of the first steps the physician should take with a consumptive patient is to invigorate the system. Now how is this to be done? Certainly not by giving medicines that exhaust and excite—medicines that impair instead of improve the functions of the digestive organs. Dr. SCHENCK'S medicines cleanse the stomach and bowels of all substances which are calculated to irritate or weaken them. They create an appetite—promote healthful digestion—make good blood, and, as a consequence, they invigorate and strengthen the entire system and more especially those parts which are diseased. If this cannot be done, then the case must be regarded as a hopeless one.

If the physician finds it impossible to make a patient *feel hungry*, if the deceased person cannot partake of good nourishing food and properly digest it, it is impossible that he can gain in flesh and strength; and it is equally impossible to bring a patient to this condition so long as the liver is burdened with diseased bile, and the stomach laden with unhealthy slime.

Almost the first test made to the physician by a consumptive patient is that he will prescribe medicines that will allay the cough, night sweats and chills, which are the sure attendants on consumption. But this should not be done, as the cough is only an effort of nature to relieve itself, and the night sweats and chills are caused by the diseased lungs. The remedies ordinarily prescribed do more harm than good. They impair the functions of the stomach, impede healthy digestion, and aggravate rather than cure the disease.

There is, after all, nothing like facts which is to substantiate a position, and it is upon facts that Dr. Schenck's relies. Nearly all who have taken his medicines in accordance with his directions have not only been cured of consumption, but, from the fact that these medicines act with wonderful power upon the digestive organs, patients thus cured speedily gain flesh. Cleansing the system of all impurities, they lay the foundation for a solid, substantial structure. Restoring these organs to health, they create an appetite. The food is properly assimilated, the quantity of blood is not only increased, but is made rich and strong and in the face of such a condition of the system all disease must be banished.

Full directions accompany each of the medicines, so that it is not absolutely necessary that patients should see Dr. SCHENCK personally, unless they desire to have *their lungs examined. For this purpose he is at his office*, No. 15 North Sixth St., corner of Commerce, Phila., every Saturday, from 9 A. M. until 1 P. M.

Advice is given without charge, but for a thorough examination with the Respirometer the charge is $5.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic each, $1.50 per bottle, or $7.50 a half dozen. Mandrake Pills 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists. Ap. 12 1y.

"GOOD BOOKS FOR ALL."

"BOOKS WHICH ARE BOOKS."

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Inclose the amount in a registered letter, or in a P. O. Order, for one or for all the above, and address S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York. Agents Wanted. Mch30

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Tracing Paper,
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Silk Paper for Flowers,
Perforated Paper,
Pasteboard,
Flat Cap Paper,
Foolscap Paper,
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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, or sale at LEWIS' Book, Stationery and Music Store.

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

THE IRISH EDITOR.

Me father was recruit as a clerk in Hoboken,
The merchant he clerked for was named Mlether Dod;
Of all his young men, there was none like me father
For he was the clerk, sir, that carried the hod.

Wan day he was climbin' upon a steep ladder,
With bricks in his hod and a brick in his hat;
And joost as he shifted his foot for a second,
A rung it gave way, and the ould fool fell flat.

They sint for a coroner and then for a doctor,
The last was too late, and the former was not;
The inquest was held, and a verdict was given
'Twas "death from his drinkin' his whiskey too hot."

And thus I was left, sir, a swate little orphan,
Just twenty years old, and with niver a cent;
Surrounded be those whose intention was only
To trate me with grace till me fortune was spent.

'Twas lucky I had such a good education,
By raising of makin' the fires for a school;
I wrote with mooch taste, and spoke Greek like a Hebrew—
At least I was told so by Teddy O'Toole.

So, what does I doobt, I starts a newspaper,
And called it the "Irishman's Morning Gazette."
Got paper, and printing and "items" on credit,
And talked of the sheet to whoever I met.

Ah, sure, but a mighty nice thing I made of it—
I told of gre at doings before they occurred;
I got up fresh murders for each of me issues,
And blackguarded all that I counted absurd.

I went into politics up to the handle,
And proved that the country was ruined Indade;
I called the postmaster a tief and a scoundrel,
And spoke well of free-love, free drinks and free trade.

I treated of things that were doing in Europe,
And wrote editorials all about kings;
I got up an illegant fanny news item
About a strange pig that was threabled wid wings.

I axed advertisements of patent quack doctors,
I criticised actors and pictures and books,
And while a subscriber had paid a subscription,
I spake of the affable Mr.——'s good looks."

Och, murther, but didn't I slather the spalpeen
That vainly pretended to edit the "News;"
I called him a mane, egotistical twaddler,
Not worth the tobacco a gintleman chews.

Ah, sure, but an illigant paper I made it,
That illigant paper, the "Morning Gazette;"
And all that was wantin' to finish me fortune,
Was all the subscribers I hadn't got yet.

Wan morning, Lawyer, me whole vast edition
Was taken as quick as it came from the press;
The person who took thim was known as the sheriff,
And what was the raisin I leave you to guess.

I hinceforth I retired from the footstool of ganius
And took a clerkship with old Mlether Dod;
And now, like me father, I'm known to my friends as,
The clerk that makes mortar and carries the hod.

MISS WINTERGREEN'S LUCK.

"Wanted—A Wife."

"And I want a husband!" thought Miss Laurella Wintergreen.

Involuntarily she glanced toward the little mirror which hung between the windows opposite, as if mutely questioning herself as to the remains of her girlhood's beauty. Alas! the convex, too truthful, returned no encouraging verdict. For Miss Laurella Wintergreen was not so young as she had been, some four or five summers ago.

Forty years old, and lean and spare, with hair grown thin on the parting, and little crow's feet forming a lattice-work around her faded blue eyes. A plump old maid, with cheeks like a fall apple, and laughing, hazel eyes, is not such a disagreeable object to look upon; but a lean, shadowy, so to speak, "dessicated" old maid! Miss Laurella shuddered slightly as she turned away from the uncompromising reflection in the mirror

"Yes," added Miss Laurella Wintergreen to herself, "I do need a husband. I wonder how that particular paragraph in the paper happened to meet my eye just then. I don't believe in being bold or unfeminine; but what is a poor girl to do when fate has made no provision for the future? I'm sure I should make a good wife. I can cook; I'm handy with my needle; and I have a positive talent for housekeeping; and yet—"

Miss Laurella's sentence ended in a dejected sigh. Surely there was something essentially wrong in the planetary combinations which had glittered over the inauspicious hour of her birth.

"Wanted—A Wife!"

Miss Laurella Wintergreen looked around the scantily furnished little room, and eyed the one tea-cup on the tray, and the solitary pair of well-worn slippers that turned out their toes on the hearth-rug, with a distasteful glance. And then she drew out her memorandum book, jotted down the address, upon which her eyes had been longingly lingering, and put it into her pocket.

"At all events there can be no harm in trying," thought Miss Laurella.—"There are periods in a woman's life in which she must boldly take the helm of fate into her own hands."

Her toilette, this morning, was prolonged and fastidious; the wintry little curls were studiously and carefully brushed repeatedly round the stick, and the blue-ribbon bow was adjusted jauntily at her throat; while the powder puff, dabbed again and again over her brow and cheeks, vainly strove to stimulate the lily-bloom of youth. A black silk dress, and a round hat of black plush, with a knot of red and brown autumn leaves upon it, completed her preparations for the hand-to-hand conflict with Destiny, in which she was about to engage. For Miss Laurella Wintergreen had had enough of half measures. It was high time, she told herself, to be up and doing.

Nevertheless her heart throbbed with strangulating rapidity when she stood at the door of No. — Birch st., the address written down in her memorandum book.

"It's such a very embarrassing thing to do," she thought. "But then, if the gentleman has advertised, he can't be surprised if his appeal is answered."

A tall, well-looking servant man answered the bell. Miss Wintergreen congratulated herself that her future fate was rich, at any event, and in reply to the man's inquiring look, answered;

"I have come in reference to the—the advertisement in this morning's paper."

"Oh, the advertisement—yes'm," answered the man, as coolly as if advertisements were an every day affair in that household. "Please to walk in, mem."

And Miss Wintergreen, passing through an elegantly carpeted hall, found herself in a good-sized room beyond, where four or five other women were seated.

And such a motley crew! Laurella, glancing up through her vail, took a sort of mental stock of them at one look. A starched female in the corner, in rusty bombazine and a widow's cap, with the corners of her mouth drawn down in a half circle, sat contemplating her folded hands; a plump Irish woman in a gay delaine dress and very dirty gloves, was warming her substantial feet at the fender; two young women, who looked as if they might be "out on leave" from a factory, giggled at the window; and a hard faced woman in black sat on the sofa, with two red-headed little boys on either side of her.

And these, thought Miss Laurella, with a contemptuous elevation of her nose, are my rivals.

"Take a cheer, Miss," said the man. "My master'll see you d'rectly."

"There is no hurry, my good man," said Miss Wintergreen, majestically.

Almost in the same breath the door beyond opened, and a fat old lady in a false front and spectacles, waddled out, breathing very hard, and wearing a flushed, indignant expression.

"He thinks I'm too old!" quoth this matron, looking round upon the assembled group. "I'd just like to know how old he is hisself, that I would! I never see nothin' like the airs some people puts on!"

And she went puffing out, like the Great Eastern, in a state of discomfiture.

"Now, then, mum," said the young man, beckoning to the lady of the bombazine and widow's cap, "if you'll please to walk in—"

The next minute the starched female had disappeared behind the panels of the door, which she opened and closed as cautiously as if it were the valve of some powerful steam engine. Miss Laurella pondered on the deliberate system which seemed to characterize the movements of the Great Unknown.

"It is very queer," she thought, "and yet there's something grand about it, too."

Meanwhile the factory girls giggled on, the Irishwoman warmed her feet, and the mother of the red-headed urchins administered tweaked ears and peppermint drops with laudable impartiality.

There was a general stir among them when the widow came mincing out from her audience in the presence-chamber.

"Well, an' what luck did yez have?" inquired the Celtic female, speaking boldly the question the others longed to ask, but dared not.

"This world is not governed by luck," sourly answered the widow, compressing her lips; "and I am thankful that my lot is not to be cast in with one who objects to daily services and a cold dinner on Sunday. Ah, me! I don't know what our wicked nation is coming to. My umbrella, please, young man."

So departed the widow in the odor of sanctity, and the mother of the red-headed boys was next ushered into the presence of the mysterious advertiser.

She had, however, been absent but a moment before she came bolting out, her flounces rustling stiffly, and her eyes blazing with wrath.

"A man who objects to two dear little boys as is like lambs about the house, an't no better than Herod!" she exclaimed. "Come, Adolphus and Algernon—come, my poor little angels, we'll go where we can be made welcome."

"An't we goin' to live here, mar?" demanded the elder one, whiningly.

"No, my poppet; we wouldn't demean ourselves to them as an't worthy of our notice. Come, darlings!" And away went the boys at a dog-trot, with their mother bristling after, and scolding all the way to the street door.

Miss Laurella's heart began to beat with renewed apprehensions.

"He's very hard to suit," she thought "I wonder if I shall please him?"

"May be, Miss, you'd better go in next," said the young man looking rather dubiously at the two factory girls and the red-faced daughter of Erin.

Miss Wintergreen rose up, giving her dress a shake, and instinctively feeling to see if the scanty curls hung right, and followed her guide into a handsome apartment, where a Liverpool coal fire burned on the marble hearth, and an array of books proclaimed a literary taste on the part of its occupant. Glancing timidly up, she saw a fine looking gentleman of about forty standing by the mantlepiece.

"Sit down, ma'am," he said, motioning her to a chair; and then, turning to his servant, he asked in a whisper:

"How many more of them are there, Patrick?"

"Only three of them, sir, barrin' this one."

"Three more!" he ejaculated, as if unconsciously. "I shall go crazy!—I'll have to get married in self-defence.

"I could yer honor that was the best way, all along," said Patrick, giving the fire an energetic poke, as he withdrew.

"Well, ma'am," said the gentleman, turning abruptly to Miss Wintergreen, "I suppose you want just what the rest do—an easy place, and nothing to do?"

Miss Laurella, rather taken by surprise at this unexpected speech, knew not what to say, so very sensibly said nothing.

"Are you a good cook?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," faltered our heroine.

"Understand the care of a house?"

"Yes, sir,"

"References."

"The very best, sir." Miss Wintergreen bridled here.

"How much do you expect a month. "How much do I expect, sir?"

"Yes; what have you been having?"

"My means, sir, heretofore, have been limited, but—"

"But that's not the question," he interrupted sharply. "What do you expect from me?"

"As—as pin-money, sir?"

"No—as wages!"

Miss Wintergreen drooped her eyelashes.

"Pray, sir, do not deem me so mercenary!"

"Then what the deuce are you here for?" abruptly demanded her interlocutor. "I want a housekeeper, and I'm willing to pay her good wages, but I don't like all this boating about the bush."

"Yes, sir; but a wife—"

"Who's talking about a wife?" he shouted.

"Are not you? Did not you advertise for a wife?" breathlessly questioned Miss Laurella.

"No, I didn't! Do I look like a candidate for Bedlam?"

Miss Wintergreen fumbled faintly for the memorandum-book in her pocket.

"Isn't this No. — Birch street?—Didn't you—"

The gentleman snatched a newspaper from the table, and pointed to a paragraph in its columns.

"There is my advertisement. For a housekeeper."

And Miss Wintergreen saw, to her dismay, that she had penciled down the wrong address.

"I'm sorry for your disappointment" said the gentleman, with a grim smile, "but you may stay and keep house for me at sixteen dollars a month, if you like. You look neat and tidy, and—"

But, with a look of ineffable disdain, Miss Wintergreen swept out of the room. A housekeeper, at sixteen dollars a month! Was she the time to her, who had dreamed of orange blossoms and bridal white.

Miss Wintergreen never answered another advertisement, and she is still Miss Wintergreen.

A Story of Fifty-two Prayer Meetings

"To be sure," said I to myself, one year ago the last week in December, "to be sure, this is the evening of our Church prayer meeting, but as I have not been there much this year, it is scarcely worth while to begin now.—I'll just wait until next week, and then begin the year right, and go all the time.

Well, it so happened that the first evening of the year fell upon the evening of the regular prayer-meeting, and there *was* none. Of course, although I wanted to go, I couldn't. The next week my neighbor and particular friend, Mrs. Lamb, gave a party. Now Mrs. Lamb is a member of our church, and most undeniably did wrong; but then she is a very dear friend of mine, and I can go to prayer-meeting every week of the year, but it is not every week I can accept an invitation from Mrs. Lamb: therefore, sorry as I was, I felt that I must go to the party. The next week Miss Kellogg was here.—Now, I work pretty hard, and love of music, and I need some entertainment, and I really felt it my duty to go there, for Miss Kellogg does not sing every week. You see I was at least excusable. The next week it snowed; the next it rained; the next it was terribly cold, and the next it was warm and thawing, and so wet under foot. The next week Gough lectured, and as I can go to prayer-meeting every week, I thought I might just for once go to hear Mr. Gough.—The next week I had a headache; the next a dress-maker; and the next, which was the twelfth, a very hard cold. So you see I could not go any the first quarter. The following week it was very dark, and I had no company. The fourteenth I *was* going, but just as I was about to start I heard that our "beloved pastor" was away, and that Deacon Quickcest would lead the meeting. Now I don't like Deacon Quickcest. He was so unkind as to say, upon one occasion, that he believed that if I would make an effort I might get out to prayer-meeting; as if I were not constantly making an effort; and he ought to know that I always go when it is at all consistent.—He had better remember that "charity covereth a multitude of sins." I am sometimes *obliged* to be absent from prayer meeting, but I do *not* talk about my neighbors. As Deacon Q. was going to lead the meeting, I don't feel it my *duty* to go. The next week, I will confess, I forgot it until it was too late. The next week I started, but was so vexed to find that my time was too slow, and I was again late. The sixteenth I did not feel at all well, and the next I went to visit a sick friend. You know it is as much our duty to visit the sick as it is to attend meetings. The next week, unfortunately, there was a wedding in one of the other churches, to which I received an admission card, and I could go to prayer-meeting every week, and particularly as the bride's dress was to be *very* elegant,—the trail at least four yards long,—I just thought I would go to the wedding.—The next week I was very tired; it was our house-cleaning, and Bridget took it into her head to take this time of all others to get the *ague*; and then the week after that it was to warm to wear my hood and my new hat was not trimmed. For the next two months I was out of town, and I never *enjoy* going to social meetings where I am a stranger, and so I did not think it best to go. The first two weeks after I returned from my summer tour I was altogether too tired.—One's health is of the first importance. The next Wednesday, which was the thirty-fourth of the year, was a happy day for me. Nothing interfered with my regular established plans, and I went to the prayer meeting. How pleasant it was! I really think Mrs. Lamb ought to make an effort to go. I mean to speak to her about it. The thirty-fifth week my poor cousin wished me to stay at home with her; she was disappointed about going out herself, and she said as I went out last week she really thought I might. As I did not wish to seem ill natured, of course I could not refuse; do you think I could? The next week there was a heavy thunder storm, and I am afraid to go out when it lightens. The thirty-seventh, thunder again. I often wonder that Providence should interfere in this way with what really seems to be our duty. The thirty-eighth it was excessively warm, and the thirty-ninth was the only evening in the week when my regular dressmaker could fit my dress. The fortieth week there was to be a Bible agent, or something of that sort, and I hate agents. The forty-first there was a festival in another church, and as I am not a sectarian at all, and think it our duty to help one another, I thought I ought to be there. The next week I staid at home to write to my dear mother, I went riding the night before, and had an invitation to the theatre the next night, and so was obliged to take this night for my letter, though I was sorry. The following week I was obliged to stay at home to finish a tatting tidy I was making for the orphan fair. Surely the orphans must not be neglected; and the next week I was at the fair.—I should have gone to meeting, but they had put me upon a committee, quite against my wish; and the next week I was suffering from a severe cold, which I had contracted while working for the orphan fair. The forty-sixth I was rather obliged to go to another party, though I am principled against such things generally.—But if people will give parties on such nights, what can a person do? The forty-seventh, most unluckily, occurred upon the evening of my birthday. I could not help that, of course, and a person's birthday only comes once a year, and you can go to a prayer-meeting any time. So we thought it only right to be social, and we invited a few particular friends. One gets dropped out of society very soon if their invitations are not returned, and I have often heard ministers say that our social duties are quite as binding as our religious ones, or at least something to that effect. The next week I started, but at the gate I met my *dear young friend*, who was getting ready to be married, and she was so anxious I should go with her, to give some orders respecting her wedding hat, that I could not refuse, particularly when she said she would trust no one's taste and judgment but mine. Besides, as she will only be married once, (at least not unless John should die), and I suppose it was my duty to go with her. The two following weeks I was just as busy as I could be, for we had decided to have a Christmas tree, and I was getting ready for it. I fully resolved to go after Christmas.—Well, the last week of the year had gone. I was tired and blue, and did not feel like going out, and it did seem to me that I had better wait for the New Year again, and then go all the time. But you see I really intended to do so this year; and Mrs. Lamb says she heard our minister say that God would give us credit for our really good intentions, and that is a great comfort, I am sure, and much more charitable and sensible than that other really profane remark, which I have heard vulgar people quote from some old-fashioned fellow, that "the way to hell is paved with good intentions."—*Packard's Monthly.*

SLATE PENCILS.— Twenty years ago, all the slate pencils used were manufactured in Germany. She then supplied America with this commodity. In 1850, there was a young man living in West Rutland, Vt., eighteen years of age, who fortunately discovered a supply of stone for making a first-class article of slate pencils. He began by whittling out the pencils and selling them to school children. Being a better article than for sale in the stores, he found a ready sale for all he could whittle out. He become possessed of the idea that there was a fortune in the business, and his dream has been realized. This quarry of slate pencil stone was situated in a large ravine, four miles north of Castleton, Vt., near Bemoseen Lake. The land on which it is situated was for sale at $100. He purchased it and began operations by sawing out the pencils and whittling them round. The business of making them grew immensely on his hands so that it was impossible to keep a clean order book. Machinery was invented to facilitate the process, which reached something like perfection, and enormously increased the production of pencils. At present the quarry and mills are owned by a joint stock company. They are valued at $300,000. From fifty to one hundred thousand pencils are turned out daily, and upwards of a hundred hands are employed in the quarry and in the mill.

A six weeks' bridegroom is missing from Indianapolis. He left a note for his papa-in-law authorizing him to draw on him for the necessary expenses of his bride, but neglected to state his future address hence the authority is not specially valuable.

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Recipes.

FURNITURE POLISH.—Take two ounces of beeswax, cut fine; spirits of turpentine, one ounce: one drachm of powdered rosin; melt at a gentle heat, and add two drachms of Indian red to give it a mahogany color.

REPOLISHING FURNITURE.—Oiled furniture that has been scratched or marred may be restored to its original beauty simply by rubbing boiled linseed oil, used by painters, on the surface, with a wad of woolen rags. Varnished furniture, dulled, may be similarly restored by the use of a varnish composed of shellac dissolved in alcohol, applied in a similar manner. Common beeswax rubbed over furniture and heated by the friction of a woolen wad briskly used, is also an excellent furniture polish.

NAIL IN THE FOOT.—To relieve from the terrible effects of running a nail in the foot of man or horse, take peach leaves, bruise them, apply to the wound, and confine with a bandage.—They cure as if by magic. Renew the application twice a day, if necessary, but one application usually does the work. I have cured both man and horse in a few hours, when they were apparently on the point of having the lock-jaw. This recipe, remembered and practiced, will save many valuable lives.

BUGS ON VINES.—At this time of year there are many inquiries for the best method of keeping bugs from melon and other vines. The safest and surest remedy found is fresh charcoal, pulverized. Dust it on the hill when you put the seed in, and as soon as the plants are up, dust them plentifully.—If washed off by rains, repeat the operation. Thus treated, the plants are perfectly safe. We have seen, says the writer, all bugs disappear at once on the application, when the plants are almost covered with them. There is no fear of injuring vegetation by the use of charcoal.

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.— The chief place of the manufacture of "marbles," those little pieces of stone which contribute so largely to the enjoyment of "young America," is at Oberstein, on the Nahe, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse of which is carfully turned to good paying account by being made into the small balls employed by experts to knuckle with, which are mostly sent to the American market. The substance used in Saxony is a hard calcarious stone, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with a hammer. These are thrown by the one hundred or two hundred in a sort of mill, which is formed of a flat, stationary slab of stone, with a number of concentric furrows upon his face, a block of oak, or other hard wood, of the same diametrice size, is placed over the stones and partly resting upon them. The small block of wood is kept revolving while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned to spheres, and then, being fit for sale, are henceforth called "marbles." One establishment, containing only three of these mills, will turn out fully sixty thousand "marbles" at Oberstein by first clipping the pieces neatly round with a hammer, handled by a skillful workman, and then wearing down the edges on a grindstone.

STOOP A LITTLE.—The following story related by Dr. Franklin, in a letter to Dr. Mather, has been often told, and is well worth telling again:

"The last time I saw your father," says Dr. Franklin, "was in 1724. In taking my leave, he showed me a short way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and as I turned toward him, he said, 'Stoop! stoop!' I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction, and upon this, he said to me, 'you are young and have the world before you; stoop a little, as you go through it, and you will avoid many hard thumps!' This advice thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me, and I *often think of it* when I see pride mortified and misfortune brought upon people by carrying their head too high."

On the day following the receipt of the news of the Richmond disaster, a sharp thief at Lexington, Ky., while on his trial, gave word that the court-house was falling, and, during the confusion, made good his escape.

Miss Sallie Joy appeared as a reporter at the recent suffrage meeting at Dayton, Ohio, and a jealous brother