| TRRM or THE GLOBE |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  | I. LEUTS, HUGH LINDSAY, Publisher |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | VOL XXVI. |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | HOW TO CURE CONSUMPTION. <br>  |  | towlere plosura |  | Happy Nanioy's Seoret. Therooonoo lived in an old brown |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | of infaut mortality, says there js no fover, no prevailing epidemic to carry, |
|  |  |  | the stones of the wall of the HouvenlyCity. Ob, why did they put such |  |  |  |
| $\substack{\text { duvg } \\ \text { maxg }}$ |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | But the aged fathor did not mind;And his long gown foated on behind,And down his gtraaut his way he took,Ilis pale hand clasping the gilt-dged boots |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| , |  |  | Such things bad happened! Joys |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | even a six-pence in ones caso. But wo never beeded biat. Had a quarter |  |  |  |
|  |  | Itam | boen soarobed as with a lighted ean-de, and no boy would have been leftthe luek of finding it. Still the story |  |  |  |
|  |  | Then down to the river a Qunker atrayed;His dress of a bober hmo was made; |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  bian Nightest tale. Mut ouer anging | cher in Christian Union. | looking upward. 'You see, rich folks like you depends upon thoir houses, |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Then he buttoned his cost atraight up to his chin,And staidly, solemnly, waded in,And his broad-hrimmed hat he pullod down tightOver his forehead, so cold and whito. |  | - |  |  |
| J A. POLLOCK, |  |  |  |  | Lick |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | sbining night afternight, and make mygarden things come up the season after |  |
|  |  | A, moment lio silantly sighed ovor that; And then, as lie gazed to tho further hore, The coat sliuped off and was seon no moro. |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | We like to have done ourselres a |  |  |  |
|  |  | And nons of thainge els questioned him About the widh of his berver's brim. Noxt camo Dr. Whtts, with a bunille of Psalms Tied nicely up in his aged arms, |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | It was a lady's sohool. We went thereunder tho care of o'der sisters. Wo | dom leavos hie josant men and wo. |  | Nature first gives her children animal food. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | urn, being ony fond in the hut of |  |  |
|  |  | Aud thore on the river fur ind wide,Away they went, do mn the awollon thde;And the saint, astonished, passed throngh aloue. | unless dropped out of place, or turned <br> upside Cown. Mr. Brace, the father | cup and saucor, or a glass tumbler, are among tho articlos which the peasant | or | obild cannot bo nursed, the only avail-able substitute that will fulfil tho pur-- |
|  |  |  | of C. L. B, wsed io pase by and look |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | all our worlaly wisdom, will have to stay ont.' | pose of a nourishing diet is oow emila, pure and fresh. For an infant, under three months of age it should be dilu. |
|  |  |  | a word. But that mysterious snnp was good for ten minutes propriety, |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Oneot for lasyling out load at somo, |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| ,ssluses |  |  | gongue in his cheek, or to point as, to set off that laturh that al- wass lay pont up, wating for dulivor- |  |  |  |
|  |  | Yu're bound, I know, to the renims of bliss <br> Then stralghtway plunging with all his might | Wags lay pont up, wating for dolivor- ance-we were tied to the leg of the |  | mon of care of distrast, of milinatoty |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | atind ficed girl, ono or tho older |  |  | The milk must not be boiled but sim- ply warmed. The bottlo that is used |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | And now, when the river was rol ing on, A Presbyterian church wont down; Of women there seoned ra funumerable throng, | scarlet blushing misery, took pity on us, put a soft hand on our head and stooped and kissed us. If a cup of cold | mestic fowls and animals, and burn wood laths instead of tallow candles or |  |  |
|  |  | But the men I could count as they passed nloug. | viuer ton thirsty clild shall bring ain <br>  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Noreven a moment paused to think That both would lead to the sivor's brink. <br> And sonnd of nurmuring, long and luad, |  |  |  |  |
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| P. M. Lytle \& Emilton S. L. Lytle, HUNTLNGDON, PA |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| The Union Bank of Hmmtingdor |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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