

Table with subscription rates: For annum in advance, Six months, Three months, etc. Also includes terms of advertising.

The Globe

WILLIAM LEWIS,

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIII.

HUNTINGDON, PA., JUNE 9, 1858.

NO. 51.

UNRIVALED ATTRACTIONS

EMERSON'S MAGAZINE AND PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, TWO GREAT MAGAZINES IN ONE! NINETY THOUSAND COPIES MONTHLY!

A Select Poem

THE LITTLE ONES IN BED.

A row of little faces by the bed— A row of little heads upon the spread—

A Select Story

HOW HE ESCAPED.

BY MERITABLE HOLYOKE.

Yes, my dear Miss Mehitable, I was a married man once, and now am a happy bachelor.

I talk enigmas, do I? You shall hear my story then, if you have patience.

And why were these not sufficient? Why wasn't the first man satisfied with all the roses and grapes of Eden, but he must go meddling with the one tree of forbidden fruit?

Meantime, I must make ready for the change of lot. My indiscretions and misfortunes began.

I died from the fever? No, thank fortune! Lester did not die from the fever; but his business suffered from lazy inattention;

Then I went to live with them? Yes, at their request. And I never saw such touching devotion and such perfect happiness as seemed to exist between those two.

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

In six days creation was perfected, and the 7th was set apart for rest.

Yes, her husband! His letters had miscarried, so had ours. He had been very ill and poor; had been piqued by our silence and ceased to write.

On the other side of the water, I could realize my new-gained privilege. Here was I, a gay bachelor? My will was law again; and mine was mine!

Keep in a good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour.

The company of a good humored man is a perpetual feast; he is welcomed everywhere—eyes glisten at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his presence.

What a strange thing is the tongue! A little member; yet what a noise it will make! Every child has in its mouth a thing to talk with called the tongue.

When she was not quarrelsome? Bless you, she was always mild as a dove; she didn't threaten, she didn't tease—but had the most provoking way of carrying out her designs, inveigling one into assisting her.

Three times my house was torn apart from attic to basement—once to admit speaking tubes—could have hired a dozen pages for the sum it cost; once for a telegraph to announce the entrance of thieves.

She had her fancies, too, concerning ventilation—would prate about the proper combination of gases; and then in the coldest day open came a door to admit oxygen and the rheumatism—

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LOSTING ALL—A Family Scene.

[There is something exceedingly tender as well as instructive in the following, which we take from the Child's paper.]

A few years ago, a merchant failed in business. He went home one evening. "What is the matter?" asked his wife. "I am beggared—I have lost my all!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead, as if his brain was in a whirl.

"All!" said his wife, "I am left." "All, papa," said his eldest boy, "here am I." "And I too papa," said his little girl, running up and putting her arms around his neck.

"What are the few thousands which I called my all, to these precious things which God has left me?" and he clasped his family to his bosom and kissed his wife and children with a thankful heart.

"Why, my friend," said the President, "I think if you can pass over with your sled-load of wood without breaking through, I have no reason to be afraid."

The farmer moved on without delay, being, no doubt, well pleased to serve Washington as a guide, and to watch for the preservation of a life he valued so highly.

When you take your hat.—An exchange says: "Young man, do not take your hat and bow. And mind what we offer." It is—

When you feel like getting trusted for a suit of clothes when you haven't money to pay for them.

When you don't perform your duty, your whole duty, and nothing but your duty.

Beat Him at His Own Game.—"Dad," said a young hopeful the other day, "how many fowls are there on this table?" "Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of nicely roasted chickens that were smoking on the table, "there are two."

Use of Trouble.—Many of the brightest virtues are like stars—there must be night, or they cannot shine. Without suffering, there can be no fortitude, no patience, no compassion, no sympathy. To enjoy life, you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but gives great zest to other things.

If we are willing, God will help us; if sincere, God will accept us.

Nonsense—sense that happens to differ from your own.