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The Globe

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. VOL. XIV. HUNTINGDON, PA., MAY 11, 1859. NO. 46.

Select Poetry. THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY. There is beauty in the forest, Where the trees are green and fair; There is beauty in the meadow, Where the wild flowers scent the air;

Select Story. THE BRIDE'S APPEAL. BY ANNIE E. LERAND.

Brightly burned the blazing fire, and merrily ticked the exquisite little mantle clock, within the comfortable and neatly arranged sitting-room of Mrs. Small, whose genial face lit up with a smile as she thought how comfortably she was situated.

"Feeling as you do, Ada, I think it would be better for you to speak plainly and directly to Dr. Ward upon the subject which troubles you so very much, although I think your fears and anxiety are without any just cause," said Mrs. Small.

And well might he be proud of his lovely wife; for, although in that vast assembly there were many faces fair to look upon, and many forms of exquisite grace and elegance, yet Ada Ward—the gentle, and the beautiful—stood pre-eminently the queen of them all.

but lay insensible to all things around her; yet still pleading wildly, passionately with her husband, to forsake the drunkard's cup.

A Hatter in Search of Russia Fur. On one occasion a hatter named Walter Dibble, called to buy some furs of us.

The Pursuit of Happiness. Every human being is in the pursuit of happiness. And every human being pursues happiness not only in every purpose but in every event of his life, as far as they can control it.

The Incorruptible Inheritance. No poverty there? Millions of good men have left the earth poor; but has one entered heaven poor.

A Sermon Upon Man. Who preached that men were only monkeys, who had rubbed off their tails? I wish I had his bust—I would give it the place of honor in my house.

There is no Such Word as Fail.

This sentence should be deeply impressed upon the hearts of the young. He who will not strike boldly in the battle of life, and conquer the opposing foe, must sink sooner or later into the slough of despond, and be forgotten by the onmarching army, whose lips are singing the psalm of victory.

How to Silence a Fool.

A Galway gentleman once entered a coffee house in London, and called for tea. His brogue attracted the attention of a scented civilian in the opposite box, who, relying upon his superior accent, resolved to have a zest at the expense of the stranger.

The Philosophy of Poverty.

Some writer says, "A happy man, surrounded by the blessings of poverty, thus sums up the uses of adversity: You wear out your old clothes. You are not troubled with many visitors. You are excused from making calls. Boredom is not yours. Spungers cannot haunt your table. Itinerant hands do not play opposite your windows. You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates you by asking, 'Is there any other little article to-day, sir?' Begging letters leave you alone. Impostors know it is useless to bleed you. You practice temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. You are saved many a deception, many a headache. And lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure, in a very short space of time, to learn it."