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Select Poetry.

DON'T SHUT THE BIBLE.
Mother, the key hand of death,
Doth chill my limbs, and stop my breath;
Read me those sacred words again,
They soothe my spirit, ease my pain.

Select Story.

HUGH MORAN.
AN OLD TUTOR'S STORY.
BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
Of course there is a vast difference in the mental capacities of different individuals, but this difference is not always so real as many seem to imagine.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.
VOL. XIV. HUNTINGDON, PA. MAY 18, 1859. NO. 47.

About seven o'clock, Hugh made his appearance at my door, and this time he entered and took a seat. He was a fine looking boy, with a keen, full eye. I very soon made him feel that I would be his friend, and ere he had been with me many minutes, he had so far overcome his diffidence, that he could speak without trouble.

during his leisure hours. Sometimes he did burn his candle rather later than people in that section were wont to burn theirs; but he lost none of his freshness and vigor, his high hopes keeping him in health and spirits.

And Hugh marched on up the hill—never winking—never faltering. He became a bright light in his profession—he went to Congress—he became Governor of the State and gave him birth—at this present moment he occupies one of the most honorable positions in the nation.

think my name is Jones. In spite of all, I insist that my name is Brown.
"Where shall I drive?" asked the whip.
"Home, of course," murmured Mrs. Jones.

have fired my last shot and tramped my last tramp. But as you seem to be about the only friend I've got around here, I may as well ease my mind and tell you why I shot St. Vrain. Two years ago, I would have shot myself sooner than raise a hand to harm a hair on his head. He was young, handsome, brave; as good a trapper as ever drew head on a grizzly's eye. I loved him.