

Per annum in advance.....\$1 50
Six months.....\$1 00
Three months.....\$ 75
A failure to notify of discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
I insertion. 2 do. 3 do.
Four lines or less.....\$ 25.....\$ 37.....\$ 50
One square, (12 lines)..... 50..... 75..... 1 00

MUSIC.
At Lewis' Book, Stationery and Music Store.
HUNTINGDON, PA.

The most pleasing and popular compositions of the day, together with those of the ancient composers, will be furnished at the shortest notice.

CATALOGUE OF MUSIC ON HAND.
Songs.
Alone on Earth I Wander, as sung by Mlle. Parodi, 25
Annie the Bride of my Heart, by Winner, 25

Waltzes.
Bird Waltz, by Panormo, 25
Brightest Waltz, by G. Schott, 25
Delicate Waltz, by Marsh, 12 1/2

Airs from the most celebrated Operas, arranged for the Piano, with and without Variations.
Amazilia Mazurka, by De Bubna, 25
Anvil Chorus, (from Il Trovatore), 25

SCHOOL BOOKS, FOR SALE.
AT LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY & MUSIC STORE, HUNTINGDON, PA.
OSGOOD'S Speller, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th Readers.

ENVELOPES.
By the box, pack, or less quantity, for sale at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

HYMN AND PRAYER BOOKS.
Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, Lutheran, Methodist and German Reformed, for sale at LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY AND MUSIC STORE.

POCKET MAPS.
OF THE WESTERN STATES, for sale at Lewis' Book, Stationery & Music Store.

FOR THE LADIES.
A superior article of Note Paper and Envelopes, suitable for confidential correspondence, for sale at LEWIS' BOOK & STATIONERY STORE.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, HUNTINGDON, PA., JUNE 15, 1859. VOL. XIV. NO. 51. Editor and Proprietor.

Select Poetry.

REMEMBERED BLISS. BY GEO. D. FRETCHER.
Alas! alas! I did not think, Amid past hours of deep delight, That thought could break the golden link

Select Story.

THE CRUSADER'S TEMPTATION.

OR, THE ENCHANTRESS OF THE OLD TOWER. BY F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

Arthur Templeton, a young and noble knight, was proceeding on a special mission from the camp of the returning Crusaders to the Count Fontenay's castle, some twelve miles distant.

The young crusader had already proceeded several miles in advance of the crusaders, and two-thirds of the distance he had to traverse.

"I wonder," he soliloquized, as he rode along, "how dear Edith will receive me, when she knows that I am the same poor knight I was two years ago?"

He reined in his horse, looking behind him, and waited till his follower rode in view, then he beckoned him to hasten.

Suddenly, upon passing an old tower, a short distance in advance of his squire, the crusader was startled at seeing three beautiful young girls, who were seated on the green sward near the foot of the ruined edifice.

"Sir knight," cried one of the gay beauties, in the sweetest of tones, "will you not come and join us in our pleasant repast?"

"Do not turn a deaf ear to our appeals, for, as a true knight, thou shouldst be ready to hear the wrongs we have to narrate to thee."

Remembered Bliss.

The young knight, on arising and passing to the window, saw he was within a room in the red tower, whither he had gone to find Edith.

A Miracle of Art.

In almost every parlor the object that first attracts the eye is the soft fabric, enwrought with beautiful colors, that covers the centre table and the piano.

The mass of old, greasy woolen rags submitted to a process which is one of the miracles of modern art, is prepared for respining.

The imagination of those radiant with health and beauty, and proud of the gifts of nature and providence, may find a profitable field for exercise as the eye rests upon the rich ornament that covers the piano or the table.

Envy.—Envy is a mean passion. It neither consults reason nor waits until the judgment is exercised. It uses all the appliances that can be brought to bear upon its subject.

"We'll marry this fall."—I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, insensible thing, and said she had no notion of men.

"My lad," said a traveler to a little boy whom he met, clothed in pants and a small jacket, but without a very necessary article of apparel, "my lad, where is your shirt?"

"From the small hollow of the dice-box arise, fear, rage, convulsion, tears, blasphemies—as many as ever fell from the box of Pandora; and not even hope remains behind."

Wouldn't Get Mad.

Old Harry Brewer, or "Hot-Corn Harry," as he was more familiarly known about the east side of town, was for many years a shining light in one of our African churches.

The nearest approach that Harry was ever known to make towards losing his temper, was about ten years ago. He had a plan whereby he preserved his corn perfectly fresh and green till December or January.

In the early part of December, Harry's voice was heard in the Bowery singing his well known song; and in one of the bar-rooms a bet was made that Harry could be thrown off his guard.

"Hush! hush!" said Harry, "don't talk dat way, for you make me feel bad! for if you fry my corn in de street now, you must ruin de old darkey. Ain't had no wood to saw hardly dis fall, and no white-washing."

Harry looked very sadly after his property; and, as he picked up his empty bucket, he said: "De Lord's will be done!"

"De Lord's will be done!" and then started on a brisk trot from the scene of his temptation, as he resolved not to give way to the wrath he felt rising within him.

His prayer ended, Harry came forth, looking as good-natured as ever; and the young men, who were in waiting for him, took him back into the bar-room, and the proceeds of the bet, five dollars, was handed over to him.

A PRINTING OFFICE ANECDOTE.—A young English lad, just "come over," became an apprentice in a printing office, to "learn the trade."

"We'll marry this fall."—I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, insensible thing, and said she had no notion of men.

"My lad," said a traveler to a little boy whom he met, clothed in pants and a small jacket, but without a very necessary article of apparel, "my lad, where is your shirt?"

"From the small hollow of the dice-box arise, fear, rage, convulsion, tears, blasphemies—as many as ever fell from the box of Pandora; and not even hope remains behind."

Envy.—Envy is a mean passion. It neither consults reason nor waits until the judgment is exercised. It uses all the appliances that can be brought to bear upon its subject.

"We'll marry this fall."—I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, insensible thing, and said she had no notion of men.

"My lad," said a traveler to a little boy whom he met, clothed in pants and a small jacket, but without a very necessary article of apparel, "my lad, where is your shirt?"

"From the small hollow of the dice-box arise, fear, rage, convulsion, tears, blasphemies—as many as ever fell from the box of Pandora; and not even hope remains behind."

Envy.—Envy is a mean passion. It neither consults reason nor waits until the judgment is exercised. It uses all the appliances that can be brought to bear upon its subject.

"We'll marry this fall."—I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, insensible thing, and said she had no notion of men.

"My lad," said a traveler to a little boy whom he met, clothed in pants and a small jacket, but without a very necessary article of apparel, "my lad, where is your shirt?"

"From the small hollow of the dice-box arise, fear, rage, convulsion, tears, blasphemies—as many as ever fell from the box of Pandora; and not even hope remains behind."

Envy.—Envy is a mean passion. It neither consults reason nor waits until the judgment is exercised. It uses all the appliances that can be brought to bear upon its subject.

"We'll marry this fall."—I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, insensible thing, and said she had no notion of men.

"My lad," said a traveler to a little boy whom he met, clothed in pants and a small jacket, but without a very necessary article of apparel, "my lad, where is your shirt?"