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The Globe

WILLIAM LEWIS,

PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., APRIL 18, 1860.

NO. 43.

Select Poetry.

"ONLY WAITING."

[A very aged man in an almshouse, was asked what he was doing now? He replied, "Only Waiting."]
Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is down;

Select Story.

TOM'S WIFE; OR—MARRYING THE GIRL OF HIS CHOICE.

BY ANNIE RAYMOND.

"Tom, what are you thinking about, standing there and drumming on the window pane, and gazing up at the stars—are you moon-struck or love sick?" said Thomas Hubert, Sr., to his only son; but Thomas, Jr., did not reply, and added; "I say, Tom, it is high time you were thinking about marrying—Why don't you answer me—do you see Clara Carleton peeping out from among the stars?"

would her friends say? but Tom was inexorable, suggesting that she should send for Timothy Tubbs, who doubtless would be happy to be with them. The guests arrived, and a week later, Lucy received a letter from Tom, post-marked Boston, in which he stated that it would be many weeks before he returned, but he hoped his friends were happy, assuring them he thought often of them. Mary's regrets were uttered by the disappointed ladies, and meantime Tom was spending the time happily in a quiet New England village. But let us turn back four years.

It was a calm starlight evening, and Tom Hubert was walking listlessly along a quiet street upon the outskirts of the town, when he heard a sweetly modulated voice caroling a touching melody, and pausing before a vine embowered cottage, he saw a woman, pale and emaciated, reclining in an easy chair, while upon a low ottoman at her feet, sat a young girl of not more than sixteen years. The thin transparent hands of the invalid clasped the fair hand of the girl, while the large lustrous eyes, in which crystal tears were trembling, were resting lovingly upon the beautiful features of the girl, whose varying expressions told the emotions of the pure heart as the lips uttered the beautiful sentiment of the poet. Tom Hubert felt guilty of rudeness in remaining so long, but he seemed chained to the spot and gazed through the open shrubbery like one entranced. The face of the invalid reminded him of the fond mother whose loss he yet mourned, and there was something so winning, so angelic in the expression of the girl's countenance that she made a deep impression upon his heart. The low window opened to the ground, and when the song had ceased, the mother said:

Wimin's Rites. BY ANTHEMISUS WARD. I pitch my tent in a small town in Injanny one day last season, and while I was standing at the door taking munny, a deppytastun of ladies came up and sed they was members of the Runcemville Female Moral Reform & Wimin's Rites Association, and they axed me if they cood go in without payin.

that it forms the best possible hand-book for the tourist, and no candid man in traversing that portion of the East with the Bible in his hand, can escape the conviction that its writers lived among and were perfectly familiar with the scenes which they describe. Every great feature of the scene remains and presents itself to the eye of the modern traveler, precisely as they were described by Moses and David the Prophets, and with the exceptions of the cities and towns, one knows he is looking upon the very scenes which their eyes beheld, and which they described so faithfully, that they are recognized at once.

Half an Hour in Bad Company. A youth was once unintentionally thrown into the company of some half dozen young men of very immoral character. Their language, their jests, were of the lowest order. Indecent expressions, vulgar anecdotes, heart-defiling oaths, characterized their conversation. It was evident there was no thought of God in all their hearts. He left them and went to his room. It was time for retiring to rest. He opened his Bible and attempted to read its sacred pages; but he could not confine his thoughts. The low, vulgar anecdotes of that godless party were continually flitting across his mind. Their hollow mockery of God still rung in his ear; the thought that perhaps there was no God, no heaven, no hell, disturbed his hitherto pleasant evening meditations; but that kind, friendly voice within, the lives and death-beds of parents whom he had loved only to lose, told him too plainly there was a God above, of tender and forgiving mercy, there was a heaven of bliss and joy, there was a lake whose waves of fire and brimstone were never quiet. He knelt down to pray, and the profane jests of that God-rejecting company intruded themselves upon his thoughts; he retired to rest, they haunted his slumbers; he awoke in the morning, they lingered in his mind. Year after year has passed away, but that half an hour in the company of the profane, the wicked, still exerts its injurious influence upon the heart of that young man. It will never leave him. Wherever he goes, whatever he does, it will remain in his mind to the last day of his life. It may be forgotten for a time, but like the serpent concealed in a bed of violets, it will again and again come up to pollute his best and purest thoughts, to poison his sweetest affections.