

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

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Select Poetry.

WHO IS DEAD? VILLAGE AND CITY: BY JOHN A. WILLIS. TOLLING SOLEMNLY, and slow, Swings the little village bell, White doth pass the passers-by, Saddened by the knell!

Select Story.

THE GIPSEY'S REVENGE; OR, THE STOLEN CHILD. "Welcome, welcome, Aunt Ella," cried a group of pretty, merry girls, as a sweet benevolent-looking woman entered the drawing-room where they were conversing.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

PERSEVERE.

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and I seek to repair the only injury done to me I once loved? "Emanuel Vallerio, my child, my child!" cried my father, bending over his new found daughter. "My darling Mary, for whom I have mourned for long years; is it thus I behold you; my God, spare, oh, spare my child," he said with frantic emotion, kissing her.

The Rat-Tail Cactus. The N. Y. Leader, in giving a sketch of the late Mike Walsh, relates of him when a member of Congress, the following story, which, though old, is worth repeating, as no one can by any possibility read it without laughing: At the foot of the capitol gardens at Pennsylvania avenue, (on the right hand side as you are fronting that building,) is an enclosed space—national property—containing roses and hot-houses. Here for some years past, and until his death, enjoying Uncle Sam's patronage, sojourned a Frenchman, learned in botany and many other sciences.

The Lamb Asleep. Are there those who believe that the Good Shepherd has not many lambs to feed? Certain it is that they are often overlooked—by all but Him—and that He is often carrying them unheeded through our midst. Tenderly has he drawn little Anna S— to His side; and very trustfully she treasured His words and watched for His coming, so that though no sickness paled her cheek, her soft blue eyes seemed ever looking into heaven.

ENCOURAGING A NEWSPAPER.—The following incident illustrates pretty forcibly the idea that some people appear to have of encouraging newspapers. The editor and publisher of a paper of one of our inland cities, had a few years ago, among his subscribers quite a prominent individual of the place, who had been a constant reader of the paper since the commencement of the publication, but who had never paid a penny for subscription.

Miscellaneous News.

We Want Good Butter. The dairying season is now at full tide; the milk pails overflow with their foaming treasures, the pens are crowned with rich cream, and golden nuggets of butter are ready for transportation to the market, there to be minted into solid coin. The quantity of dairy products brought to this market would surprise a novice; the quality of much of it still more astounding. An average of 500,000 lbs. of butter per week is consumed in New York city and vicinity; 100,000 lbs. would be a full estimate of the prime article to be found in the whole quantity. The price paid for the best sorts; over the inferior, would seem to be inducement enough to furnish a good article in abundance, but, when passing family supplies, we have often sampled and tasted large lots—smelling was enough in many cases—without finding a single desirable firkin. Scarcely a country house-keeper would allow such trash to appear on her table; indeed, visitors from the country find the poor butter here one of the greatest drawbacks to their pleasures at the table.