

TERMS OF THE GLOBE. For annum in advance... 12 months... 6 months... 3 months... 1 month... 1 week... 1 day... 1 hour... 1 minute... 1 second...

THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE.

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ROCK ME TO SLEEP. There is a sentiment in the following lines which will find an echo in every breast...

A TALE OF COLT'S PISTOLS. It is well known to all in any degree familiar with the history of Mexico that a regular system of highway robbery exists in every section of that miserably governed country...

of resistance. For myself, I must consider it the most cowardly of proceedings for any respectable party to set out prepared to quietly gratify the cupidity of the ladrones, and unprepared to treat them to their just deserts.

"And you have really been robbed on your journey back and forth?" "I inquired. "I think I have paid my share to the ladrones for my transit through this country," she laughed.

"And this, you say, will shoot some half a dozen times?" "I think it is safe to calculate that five charges out of six will explode, Senorita."

"Well, Senor, what can I do? I am as you perceive, an unprotected lady, who, for certain reasons, am required to make the journey between Perote and the Capital some twice or thrice a year, and you certainly could not expect me to go prepared to resist an armed band?"

presenting it to a third? "I beg your pardon, Senores," I pursued, glancing at the Senorita Paula, who, with my pistols still in her possession, was quietly standing within the diligence, regarding the whole proceeding with one of her sweetest smiles.

"I have a beautiful invention!" she observed, reaching over and taking it from my hand. "I am extending my hands, one of the revolvers in each, she continued— "Armed like this, one might almost count himself against a host. You say this is fired in this manner?"

Artemus Ward's visit to "Old Abe." I live no politics. Nary a one. I'm not in the business. If I was, I spose I should holler verisimilously in street at a site, and go home to Betsy Jane smelting of coal and gin in the mornin'.

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"But I work hard for the ticket; I toiled night and day! The patriot should be rewarded!" The patriot should be rewarded!

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pie-maker, finding his delicacies disappear, determined to lie in wait in his bake-house one night, and so catch the delinquents. Unfortunately, they caught him, and devoured the unfortunate pie-maker in preference to his pies.

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