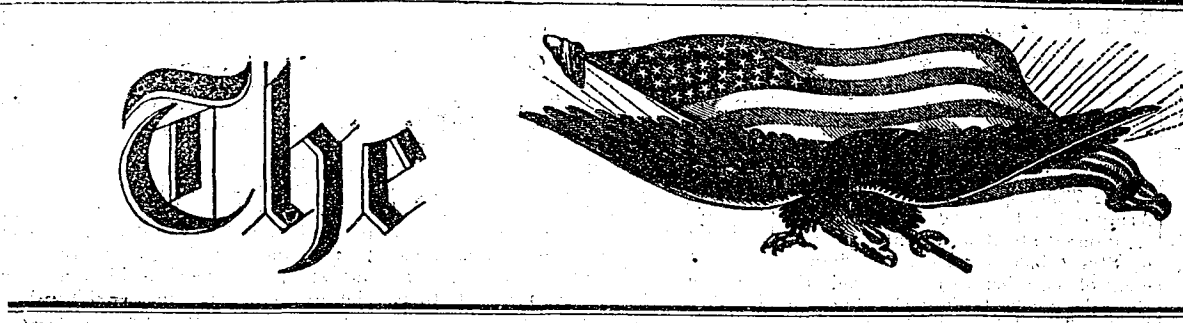


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WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. VOL. XIX. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1864. NO. 39.

The Globe. HUNTINGDON, PA. Entangling a Murderer.

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as plain as daylight. Say, what jail or penitentiary lost you last? "Never mind that!" said I, "probably neither of us have got our deserts."

THE STORY OF A LETTER. "Any letter for me to-day?" What a white face it was! yet beautiful, for all that.

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THE STORY OF A LETTER.

"Any letter for me to-day?" What a white face it was! yet beautiful, for all that. Beautiful, although the bright eyes had grown dim and lustreless, the cheek lost its carnation, the lips their crimson; beautiful, despite the lines care and sorrow.

then she'll forgive me for my long silence; I know she can't help it. "She ought not to forgive you," said his companion.