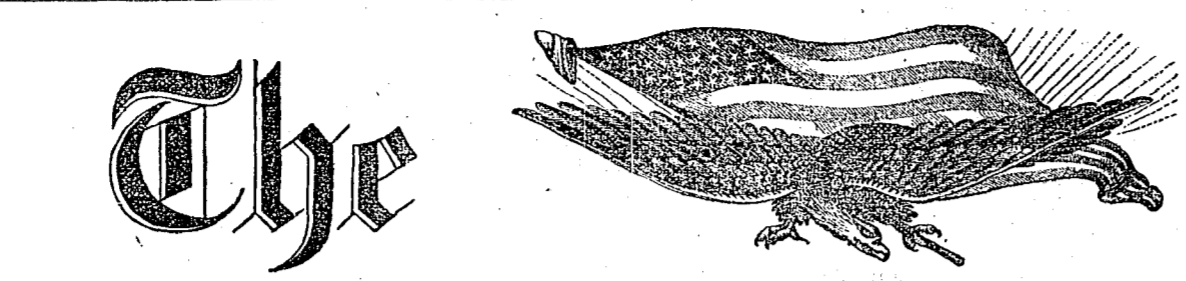


TERMS OF THE GLOBE. Per annum in advance \$2.00



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WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. PERSEVERE. TERMS, \$2.00 a year in advance. VOL. XXI. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1865. NO. 6.

The Globe. HUNTINGDON, PA. SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Labor with what zeal we will, Something still remains undone...

Emily's birthday, and we were expecting a party of young friends, (children of the neighboring gentry) to pass the evening at the Vicarage.

myself, and two of the servants, one of whom old Walter, who passionately loved Willie—were out in search of the missing one.

ing he would give them to her; and how he had missed his footing and fallen backwards into the pond.

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The Yankee and the Soup. "I say, waiter!" exclaimed a Yankee on one of our large hotels the other day, leaning back from over a plate of half-eaten soup...

An Old Man's Story. I am an old man; and yet it seems a very short time since I climbed the tall poplar tree that grew before the Vicarage, in search of the starling's nest.

Many inquiries were made for Willie, and for a moment or two a shadow seemed cast upon the pleasure of the children, when they were told that Willie, the presiding spirit of fun in every juvenile party, would not be with them; but all feeling of disappointment vanished as the time wore on, except from one gentle, loving spirit.

Willie died one morning, just as the old year was dying amidst frost and snow, repeating his Latin lesson, as my mother held his hand, with his splendid dark hair looking on her bosom, and his little hand lay on my father's trembling palm.

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"Anything the matter here, Thomas?" asked the superintendent, coming up just then. "Anything wrong, sir?" "He says the soup ain't clean, sir?"

Emily and my mother were in my mother's chamber all day. From that day Emily gradually drooped and faded. Her beautiful face grew more exquisitely beautiful—her dark, deep eyes became more full and lustrous, but they wandered restlessly, as though seeking some missing resting place; her golden hair (I have still a thick lock of it amongst an old man's memories of other days, "the days of auld lang syne") hung more carelessly about her shoulders, and her pale cheeks were suffused with a rosy tint that gradually deepened into a burning crimson, while her sweet voice sank almost into a whisper.

I had not stood more than a minute at the foot of the stairs, when I heard my mother cry—"Willie!" Then I heard a piercing scream, and she suddenly passed me, her face white as the snow that lay outside on the steps, rushing into the room where my father was playing with the children, and straight up to him, and crying, "Willie's gone! Oh, Willie, Willie, darling! fall fainting at his feet."

I never read David's thrilling lament, "O'! Absalom! my son, Absalom!" without thinking of my mother's great agony in Willie's chamber.

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Some Hideos Plays on Names. What lady is good to eat? Sal Ladd. What lady is good to eat with? Olive Oil. What lady is made to carry burdens? Ella Phant.

"Willie will not come down to-night," said he, "I have left him in the study with a lesson that will keep him all night."

In a few moments from the discovery of Willie's absence, we—that is, my mother and father, Harry and

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