VOP. WITII

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1872.

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NO. 10.

A Kiss at the Door.

I clomb to the highest window— Ah! there, with shadowed brow,

Stood one lonely, radiant Sorrow, And that, my love, was thou.

jump up and try to make his escape; but no, I was with him, and with a little as-

A Battle with Death. The Sons of Successful Men.

And the second control of the second control

The state of the s

At the Foot of the Grand Chiaun.

"Now don't be cross, Joe; you're the insanity, either among my own kindred, Good Qualities of American Horses, any friend I have in the world," and or that of my late wife."

The Americans have steadily encountered in the control of the control o

A tender-ered syiph of the May: Flinging garlands of blossoms around. In a child-like improvident way. To-day may be barren, a chill in the air,

To-morrow, you say, may be dult,
With the leaden-hued face of to-day.
Wait; its morrow with measure in full
Of a joy never spilled by delay.
If to-day born of yesterday battle our will,

To-morrow is mantled in white

As pure as the soft-falling snow
That rounds into waves of delight.

Yet to-morrow will sparkle in oggetalling

To-morrow with roses is excward,

To cover earth's pitiful woe.

The gale may be sighing, the frost-king astra-