The Buried Seed.

Two thousand years ago a flower Bloomed lightly in a far-off land, Two thousand years ago the seed Was placed within a dead man's hand. Before the Savior came to earth

That man had lived and loved and died, And even in that far-off land The flewer had spread its perfume wide. Subs rose and set; years came and went;

The dead hand kept its treasure well. Nations were born and turned to dust While life lay hidden in that shell, The shrivelled hand was robbed at last, The seed was buried in the earth,

When, lo! the life, long hidden there, Into a glorious flower burst forth. Just such a plant as that which grew From such a seed when buried low, Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed and died two thousand years ago.

And will not He who watched the seed

And kept the life within its shell hen those he loves are laid to rest, Watch o'er their buried dust as well? And will not He from neath the sod Cause something glorious to arise?

Aye! though it sleep two thousand years,

Yot all that buried dust shall rise Just such a face as greets you now, Just such a form as here we wear, Only more glorious far will rise

To meet the Savior in the air, Then will I lay me down in peace For in my flesh shall Pace God, E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

SUMMER SWEETINGS.

"You might take a basket of those su mer sweetings down to Widow Small's,

"Yes, mother mine, if you say so." "It won't take you ten minutes."
"No! Where does she live!"

"My mother, Mrs. Greaterex, sends her his hand for them.

said Bert, fibbing awkwardly, but feeling "Come into the that he owed an apology to this vision of you a fresh one.

"Oh, it is not poetry, it is poverty that moves me," she replied. "I make them into bouquets to sell. Let me give you these for your button hole."

Thanks; and I will order a bouquet she was going home, and the conference she.

Just Arrived THE CENTRE REPORTER

Magnificent Stock

TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

VOL. V.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1872.



So they sit and chatter, While the cinders fly, And the gentle maiden



Happy " student fellow. Feels a dainty touch ; Hears a gentle whisperlizz, ding, dong! a moment



The reaction of the company of the c

three years, and she had not heard from him. It was not until after her marriage, and her father's death, that she learned how the latter had deceived her by keeping Robert's letters, hoping she would forget her girlish love.

Her husband loved her just as he did his fine house, his paintings and his statuary. She was beautiful, she adorfied his bouse, and she was his. Her diamonds were the envy of all her friends. She lind everything wealth could procure, and what reasonable woman could fail to be happy under such circumstances!

In the marriage, and she had not heard from him. It was not until after her marriage, and her fine house his placed in terror away. Since the carriage of the virtuous, and his flower-beds are left intact. The discoverers of the cat-astrophe are supposed to have disseminated the news of the terrible scene among the other felines, and with the assistance of the guards, the margled as it was, no blood run from it. A common cart having blood run from it. A common cart

everything wealth could programs, and then moistredilly, but specially but programs and then moistredilly, but specially but programs are then then moistredilly, but specially but programs are then then moist and suppose he would survive until to the moist make suppose a seams, and seems, and he programs then form the programs are then the heart part of the programs are the programs are then the heart part of the programs are then the programs are the programs are then the heart part of the programs are then the programs are the programs are then the programs are then the programs are the programs are the programs are the programs are then the programs are the prog

The state of the control of the cont

The largest things about ladies' bon-nets at present is their price. With the majority of mankind forgive ness is but a form of forgetfulness. Troubles are like dogs, the smaller they are the more they amoy you.

Does it hust a joke to crack it?
Silk culture is attracting much interest
in Plorids.

A western poet calls the dew the "per-spiration of the meon." Sweet Vengeance is the classic name of a town in Yueba, Cal.

Whatever you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

Genius unexalted is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks. We should not retain the memory of faults we have once forgiven. Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence.

mind to give up ground once gained. She Miss Van Orme stood up and looked fancied that he wished to withdraw from beyond Miss Aberneth to Mr. Greaterex,

the half-conclusions of the day before—
that he desired to balance the past account, which made up a pretty sum total
of sugared speeches and half-uttered declarations, by crediting them all to triendship. There was an air of indifference
about him which she greatly mistrusted;
but she would not allow him to slip
through her fingers so easily. Publicity

"Lean every from tay enemies if you through her fingers so easily. Publicity "I ran away from my enemies, if you of private affairs was the bugbear of the Greaterex soul: had she not received "Do

of a breach of promise, but where was the harm of making him understand that he should like a few minutes alone with Miss was compromised? was compromised?

"I have been reading Madame Sevigne's correspondence," said she; "and it strikes me that you resemble each other in posme that you resemble each other in posme that you resemble each other in posme when the door had closed upon the company of the company of

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor,

"In order to convince you of its truth, perhaps I had better allow you to reperuse a few specimens that I have from one know that you are charming, and that I ruse a few specimens that I have from one Mr. Bertheld Greaterex. See! here they are;" unlocking a cabinet and showing a are;" unlocking a cabinet and showing a adiast I am neither Mrs. Small nor Miss

goodly parcel tied with ribbon. alias † I am r "Did I write you all those †" said Bert, Van Orme." eghast. "Let me see them."
"What are they?" asked Caroline, withdrawing her attention from the styles

for an instant, "Oh! love-letters?"
"Love-letters?" repeated Maria, "I don't know .- Were they, Mr. Greaterex?' "I don't remember," said Bert. "Let

that he owed an apology to this vision of loveliness for having thought of her as an old weman in a mob cap.

"Your mother is very kind. Won't you come in and see my flowers?"

"Yes,'I will. Are these your children?"

he saked.

"On a fresh one.

"Thanks."

He followed into the garden, where she made a selection, and throwing Mrs. Small's gift aside, put her own in its and liquid, hair a ripple of sunbeams—the semblance of an angel in flesh and blood!

In the faded flower and pressed it into

yan every day."

Oh, I shall grow as rich as Crosss.

So it was that Bert temporized, with front piece?"

Now don't be disagreeable; how could "Now don't be disagreeable; Oh. I shall grow as rich as Crossus.

a are too generous. One of my little colors shall take it to you."

No: if you please, I will come for it out for the diversion of the towns-folk hanging over his head. Had he been outle certain of their contents he might

"Now don't be disagreeable; how could I know? By-the way I have some news to tell you: I am engaged."

"Allow me to congratulate your lover. "No; if you please, I will come for it myssil."

"Certainly. It is time for me to ring my bell now: recess has been over these five minutes."

"Isuppose that is a hint for me to be gone. I wish I was a little chap in your primer class? Good-by, ypp will see me to inforce."

"May be seemed to make the might a your lover. I suppose you mean to entertain him with these precious old letters of mine?"

"Your letters? Oh, I haven't the ghost of one left; I curled my hair on them long ago; it was only the empty envelopes with which I teased you. But tell me about Mrs. Greaterex. I hear it is like a way to the way. The seemetimes carried to Maria Upton, a bout Mrs. Greaterex. I hear it is like a story." "Where have you been, Bert?" said Carolines "the carriage has been waiting this half hour."

"I carried some apples to the widow Small's," answered the guilty Bert. "Mother sent them."

"Oh, did you? Has she any children?"

"There were half a dozen or more from china and to taste ambrosis hours."

he sometimes carried to Maria Upton, a sacrifice to Ncinesis; and these daily story."

"Yes; perhaps you have heard of the Prudhomme heiress? I remember when the affair was much talked of, and think-ing it sad enough. You see, Pauline was hostess was fain to spread her little teatable and invite her guest to drink nectar table and invite her guest to drink nectar who inherited in case of her death. The common report was that her loneliness." There were half a dozen or more from china and to taste ambrosia home-common report was that her loneliness wing about the premises," answered made. Sometimes when the nights were and sorrow worked upon her mind till she

"Do you call me one ?" Bert to answer her purpose! Not that said poor Kare, tossing her head to conshe would descend to the vulgur necessity ceal her chragrin. "Come, children!"
"Thank you," Bert answered her;

Van Orme, if you please."
"Oh you had better go back to Miss. sessing the secret of fine letter writing, when most people run into twaddle."

"I don't know how to bear myself under such a burden of praise. I feel that "But I can't get along without you." Mrs. Aberneth; and, indeed, I can get on

"But I can't get along without you." "And yet you know nothing at all about me? "I am satisfied with my knowledge.

"I don't care a fig who you are. I will narry you to-morrow, if you consent, under whatever name you choose."
"Generosity is catching. I will tell you my story."
"I will not listen to it except from the

lips of Mrs. Berthold Greaterex. "I don't remember," said Bert.

"I don't dare trust you. People have
a way of burning up their old letters if
they can lay hands upon them. Now
perhaps I'm silly and sentimental, but
mine are worth something to me. By the
mine are worth something to me by the
Sex Mr. Greaterex, did you ever go into Please yourself.

court when there was a breach of promise case on? Jerome took us in once, when they were reading the love letters, and it was so funny? Everybody was convulsed.

Every body was taken abace at Oreter ex when Berthold wrote that he should bring his bride home the following week. 'You may have seen her,' he wrote, was so funny? Everybody was convulsed. "when she was Mrs. Small, and lived in "Follow the orehard wall, and turn down Lorer's Lane, and it's the first cottage on your left—so the servants tell me; I've never been there."

Bert turned a little pale. He vaguely membered that at different periods he had believed himself seriously "smitten" with Maria's charms, and had, no doubt, written in a strain becoming a lover, but how ardently or how explicitly he could not recall. He knew that there had been a breach-of-promise case away back in the experience of one of his ancestors; and it when she was Mrs. Small, and lived in the cottage in Lovers' Lane. You remembered that at different periods he had believed himself seriously "smitten" with Maria's charms, and had, no doubt, written in a strain becoming a lover, but how ardently or how explicitly he could not recall. He knew that there had been a breach-of-promise case away back in the experience of one of his ancestors; and it when she was Mrs. Small, and lived in the cottage in Lovers' Lane. You remembered that at different periods he had believed himself seriously "smitten" with Maria's charms, and had, no doubt, written in a strain becoming a lover, but how ardently or how explicitly he could not recall. He knew that there had been a breach-of-promise case away back in the experience of one of his ancestors; and it when she was Mrs. Small, and lived in the cottage in Lovers' Lane. You remembered that at different periods he had beit periods he had beit with Maria's charms, and had, no doubt, written in a strain becoming a lover, but to part with some of her wardrobe to the poor widow."

"Oh! oh!" cried Caroline, "he has married the widow Small and all her could he experience of one of his sensibilities, which had received such a shock.

"Give them to me," said Bert reaching in little pale. He vaguely ber, perhaps, that you once sent her some turned in the cottage in Lovers' Lane. You mementally ber, perhaps, that you once sent her some turned in the cottage in Lovers' Lane. You once the pale. He when the vaguely ber, perhaps, that you once t

"My mother, Mrs. Greaterex, sends her these satisper sweetings."
"Ob. hank you! Tell Mrs. Greaterex that there is nothing I like so well as summer sweetings."
"The sent them with her compliments," said Bert, fibbing awkwardly, but teeling that he owed an apple brought trouble into the world, and shut folks out of paradise! It keeps its reputation up finely! To think that the heir of Greaterex should marry a hideous old widow!"
Guess her surprise when Berthold opened the carriage door, and there descended a little person who three descended and pole brought trouble into the world. The world are person who there were any thing in return and shut folks out of paradise! It keeps to see the person who there were any thing in return and shut folks out of paradise! It keeps the person who there were any thing in return and shut folks out of paradise! It keeps the person who there were any thing in return and shut folks out of paradise! It keeps the person who there were any thing in return and shut folks out of paradise! It keeps the person who there were any thing in return and shut folks out of paradise! It keeps the person who there were any thing in return and shut folks out of paradise! It keeps the person who the paradise in the world.

he asked.

"They are my little scholars. You must batemistaken me for the old woman who lived in a shoe!"

"Do you take care of all these flowers yourself?" he asked, while she pointed out her fayorites. "What a poetical employment?"

"Oh, it is not poetry, it is poverty that."

"It is not poetry."

"Summer sweetings are not so sour after all, mamma," said Caroline, later."

"It grees Spades may specific the children?"

The next week Berthold overtook Ma-

playing about the premises," answered Bert, smiling.

"Foor folks always have such a lot. Does she have to take care of them herself?"

"It must be disagreeable to be o.d and poor too; to lose your color, and see your eyes fetreating into your head, your skin growing yellow and wrinkled, and your hair getting gray. Is she an awful old fright, Bert?"

"You had better go and see fer yourself, laughed her brother, "your taste is so different from mine. That new panier, for instance, which you wore yesterday, and thought so stylish, is simply hideous to many."

"Something startled me. I saw—I thenght I saw a face among the shrub-

Inconstant! O my God! Inconstant! When a single thought of thee Bends all my shivering thood Back on my heart in thrills of cestacy!



Through the Tunnel.

ILLUSTRATED BY D. SCATTERGOOD

Riding up from Banger.

On the "Eastern" train

From a six week's shooting,

In the woods of Maine;

Tall and fine and swell.

Now the train doth glide.

Quite extensive whiskers, Beard, moustache as well,

Sat a "student fellow,"

Empty seat behind him,

No one at his side;

To a pleasant station

Blushingly she falters, "Is this seat engaged?" (See the aged couple Properly enraged,) Student quite ecstatic,



Till that "student fellow" Quickly turns about-





Darts the "Eastern" train