Walling . Walling . W. Jool Bessie at the gardon gate, 3 Pulled the daisy leaves apart : . He comes, comes not, he comes,' " sings she "Patience now, my foolish heart ; For daisy leaves tell truth, you know ; My love and I will find it so.

"Birdie, in the tree above Keep watch and see if he be near : The shadows round me longer grow --Tis time my lover should be here. Oh, daisy leaves, tell yet once more That which you told to me before.'

Ah ! what is it Bessie hears, that her obecks are dimpling so, Standing at the garden gate, While the shadows longer grow? Daisy, you the truth did tell ; We have found it out so well."

Only Across the River.

conclusion." Grace turned away to avoid the gaze of Mrs. Manning, and a happy couplet recur-ring to her memory, she smiled pleasantly under the deepening blush, and gaily sang: He counter, drew her veil over her face, and with tears of mingled emotions brim-ming her eyes, she passed out of the store, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and with tears of mingled emotions brim-ming her eyes, she passed out of the store, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and with tears of mingled emotions brim-ming her eyes, she passed out of the store, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and with tears of mingled emotions brim-ming her eyes, she passed out of the store, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her veil over her face, and .hastened her steps to the house of He counter, drew her

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. V.

Across the River. Antiful land where the model red ones are garnered forever,' a of defiverance in full anthems inst get married; go to the Sandwich Island; do something—stop this lary It is only scress the river. It is only scress the river. It is only scress the river.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1872.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Mrs. Manning, and a happy couplet rearring to be memory, de mild joesanity. The second program of the 

South Sea Kidnappers New York on Foot.

Facts and Fancies.

TERMS : Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

NO. 47.

Serious Editor of the Washington Touch-stone,) is in the leature field this senson with "New-Inngled Notions,"

The dry goods starks in Cincinnati threaten to strike, and the Enquirer wishes that they would, and clear out, leaving their places and wages to women.

An easy way to get rid of cockroaches is to spread sprigs of tansy where they are troublesome, and they will leave. It is also effective in driving away black

A widewer, who had never quarelled with his wife, said the last day of his mar-riage was as happy as the first. Another widewer said the last day of his marriage

An exchange says that the correct an-

swer to the gentleman who wrote the song, "Why did I Marry?" would be,

"Because you met a woman who was a

Two men, who had just got through

hard examination, were overheard talking the other day, in one of the dead lan-guages. Their accent reminded the hearer of the voices of the past.

was the happiest.