And Yet.

I see him look at Linda's wavy hair ; I see him watch Cecelia's winning smile ; I see him notice Maud's complexion fair ; My heart is beating all the while ; And yet

I'm almost sure he loves me best of all.

I see him glance at Milly's fairy feet, And follow all their movements with a smile; I see him charmed by many maidens sweet, My heart with dread fast beating all the while

And yet I'm almost sure he loves me best of all.

For when he takes my hand in both of his, And looks at me with his confiding smile. My every doubt and fear are set at ease, Although my heart is beating all the while And-yet ! I'm sure, quite sure, he loves me best of all.

Inexorable.

David the Psalmist, the marvelous king, To his golden harp sang once and again ; Down through the ages I hear his voice ring, "The years of a man they are three-score-an

But what if the man or woman, we'll say, Has a heart of fire, and blood like new wine, Can find Heaven's own bliss in a Summer's day And in human eyes see a light divine?

The life that was given for seventy years, What if he squanders it all in a score ? If, in ardent joys and agonized tears, He consumes it all till he has no more !

Say, what shall become of the spendthrift, Who has lived his life, yet who is not old-

Such long years left before three-score-and

And the fire burned out, and the ashes cold ! Oh stately psalmist ! oh marvelous king !

Through the dim ages I hear thee again : Without change, without pity, I still hear thee

sing The yes

BISHOP POTTS OF UTAH.

His Trials at Christmas Time.

Bishop Potts of Salt Lake City was Bishop Potts of Salt Lake City was the husband of three wives and the hap-py father of filteen interesting children. Early in the winter the bishop deter-mined that his little ones should have a good time on Christmas, so he concluded to take a trip down to San Francisco to see what he could find in the shape of toys to gratify and amuse them. The good bishop packed his carpet-bag, em-braced Mrs. Potts one by one and kissed each of her affectionately, and started upon his journey.

when he came back with fifteen beauti-ful mouth-organs in his valise for his

"to learn that none of you have en a prey to disease. I am filled with "Yes; he died on Sunday, and that for you. The Archduke Constantine of Poland, is a ster been a prey to disease. I am filled with blissful serenity when I contemplate the fact; butreally I do not understain why you should rush into this railway station and hug me because your livers are active and yourdigestion good. The precedent is bad; it is dangerous?" "Oh, but we didn't! they exclaimed in chorns! "We came here to welcome you because you are our husband." "Pardon me, but there must be some little—that is to say, asit were, Ishould in chorns 1 "" "Pardon me, but there must be some little—that is to say, asit were, Ishould think not. Women, you must have mis-taken your man." "The bishop gave a wild, unearthly indicated on the floor as if he had hydrophobia. When he recovered, he leaped from the train and walked back "We were married to you while you were away !" "What !" exclaimed the bishop, "you "What !" exclaimed the bishop, "you don't mean to say that—" "Yee, love. Our husband William Brown, died on Monday, and on Tues-day Brigham had a vision in which he was directed to seal us to you; and so he performed the ceremony at once by proxy." "Th-th-th-th-th-under !" observed the bishop, in a general sort of a way.

them fell upon his neck and cried over his shirt and mussed him. The bishop was surprised and confus-ed. Struggling to disengage himself, he blushed and said: "Really, ladies, this kind of thing is well enough—it is interesting and all that, but there must be some kind of a-that is, an awkward sort of a —excase me, ladies, but there seems to be, as it were a slight misunderstanding about the—I am Bishop Potts." "We know it, we know it, dearest," "We know it, we know it, dearest," "We know ki, we know it, dearest," "Why, that Wedding : McGrath's waw, love." "It gratifies me," remarked the bishop op, "to learn that none of you have been a prey to disease. I am filled with

The bishop looked at the children as they flocked around him and clung to his legs and coat, and was astonished to perceive that they were neither his nor the late Brown's. He said, "You youngsters have made a mistake; I am not your father;" and he smiled good-naturedly. "O, ves, you are though!" screamed the little enes in chorus. "But I and Lemme 1 and the bickers naturedly.
"O, yees, you are though?" screamed the little ones in chorus.
"But I say I am not," said the bishop, severely, and frowning; "don't you know where little story-tellers go? It is scandalous to violate the truth in this manner. My name is Potts."
"Yes, we know it is," exclaimed the children—" we know it is, and so is ours; that is our name now too since the wedding?" At length the pleasant visit drew to the children—" we know it is, and so is ours; that is our name now too since the wedding?" demanded the bishop, turning pale.
"Why, ma's wedding ?" demanded the bishop, turning pale.
"Why, ma's wedding, of course. She was married yesterday to you by Mr. Young, and we are all living at your house now with our new little bothers and sisters."
The bishop sat down on the pavement and wiped away a tear. Then he asked: "Who was your father?"
"And how many of his infernal oki."

Swift Justice,

mother are there?" "Only twenty-seven," replied the children, "and there are only sixty-four of us and we are awful glad you have come." glad; somehow, he failed to enter into the enthusiasm of the occasion. There appeared to be in a certain as the source in a certa

eight of Mrs. Potts rushed up to him, and told him how the prophet had had another vision in which he was com-manded to seal Simpson's widow to Potts. kissed each of her affectionately, and started upon his journey. He was gone a little more than a week, her rushed up to the house, and forty-eight of Mrs. Potts rushed up to him, and told him how the prophet had had

mouth organs should be in operation upon different tunes at the same mo-ment. But just as he entered thedepot he saw a group of women standing in the ladies room apparently walting for him. As soon as he approached, the whole twenty of them rushed up, threw their arms about his neck and kissed him. ardisiming :

remember no box-do you, my dear she said, I have no recolled

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Facts and Fancies

band." Our country, it is said, has bad but one black-eyed President. That was General Harrison. Michigan never brags much about it, but she hassixty murderers in her prison under life sentences.

Inder life sentences. They propose to put the United States Senatorship up as public auction in the Kansas Legislature in the future. True liberty consists in the privilege of enjoying our own rights—not in the destruction of the rights of others.

The man who tried to sweeten his tea with one of his wife's smiles, has "fall-en back on sugar."

Terms: \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1873.

A merchant left St. Petersburg to

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

"And how many of his infernal old widows—I mean how many of your mother are there?" and how many of your "And how many of his infernal old widows—I mean how many of your mother are there?" and how many of your mother are there?"

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pa! Oh, pa, we're glad to see you! Hurrah for pa !" etc. The bishep looked at the children as

stared at him in well-acted amazement "What box?" asked he host. "

turning to his wife.

ful mouth organs in his value for his darlings. He got out of the train at Salt Lake, thinking how joyous and ex-hilarating it would be at home Christ-mas morning when the whole of those mouth organs should be in operation upon different tunes at the same mo-ment. But just as he entered thedepot

the ladies' room apparently wanted the ladies' room apparently wanted the ladies' room apparently wanted up, threw their arms about his neck and kissed him, exclaiming : "Oh, Theodore, we are so-so glad ''Oh, Theodore', Wel-welcome, dear, dear Theodore', Wel-welcome, dear, dear Theodore', Wel-the missing and then the entire score of them fell upon his neck and cried over himself, on the mass as surprised and confus-tion was surprised

you now-we and the dear children." "Children! children!" exclaimed Bishop Potts, turning pale, "you don't mean to say that there is a pack of children, too?"

"Whawhawha what d' you say?" of the number of his children by

cyphering with an impossible combina-tion of the multiplication table and al-gebra.—Max Adeler. gasped the bishop, in a cold prespira-tion : "one hundred and twenty-five! One hundred and twenty-five children and twenty more wives ! It is too much —it is awful !" and the bishop sat down

A Singular Idea.

A Singular idea. A Singular idea. A Singular idea. A Singular idea. A Singular idea. It is awful !" and the bishop sat down and groaned, while the late Mrs. Brown, the bride, stood round in a semi-circle and fanned him with her bonnets, all except the red-haired one, and she in her trepidation made a futile effort to fan him with the coal scuttle. After a while the bishop became rec-oncided to his new alliance, knowing well that his protests would be unavail-ing ; so he walked home, holding as many of the little hands of the bride, as

bishop, in a general sort of a way. "And, darling, we are all living with by that Brigham divorced the whole con-seat and wrote as he was desired. "My dear wife-all is found out. Send the box by the bearer."

Send the box by the bearer." Then he signed it with his name, by the archduke's order, and a messenger mean to say that there is a pack of children, too?" "Tes, love, but only one hundred and twenty-five, not counting the eight twins and the triplets." "Teason and would have butchered the and the oldest boy had not marched him off to a lunatic asylum, where he spent his time trying to arrive at an estimate of the number of pale, trembling violently. Then lean-ing forward, she drew the box from the recess in her toilet-table, and handed it to the bearer, who, swiftly returning, placed it in the hands of the archduke.

He immediately handed it to the mer-chant, desiring him to unlock it ; that

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