That I may never be forgotten.

## The City by the Sea.

Somewhere an ancient city stands, A beautiful city by the sea, And moss-grown gables seem to frown From the pointed roofs of the houses brown That line the streets of this quaint old town Of that city by the sea,

Never a sound of clamorous strife Disturbs this city by the sea; But calm and sweet is the tranquil day-The white sails ride on the the moonlit bay-Or slip their moorings and float away-From this city by the sea.

Sometimes at eye, when the tide goes out, A troop of children, glad and free, Gambol and shout—a merry band Or over the shining, sea-wet sand, Go two young lovers hand in hand From this city by the sea.

Often and often I sit and think Of this beautiful city by the sea, Till I see the flush of the crimson sky, And the youthful lovers, fond and shy, And the snow-white sails as the ships go by

Is it a picture-or a dream-Whose haunting memories come to me? Or did I somewhere, long age, Pace the shining sands when the tide was low Hear the murmurous sea-waves ebb and flow Did I see the crimson sunsets glow, And watch the white sails come and co. Past this city by the sea?

THE FLEA AND THE PROFESSOR, There was once an aeronaut with whom things went badly; the balloon burst, tumbled the man out, and broke into bits. His boy he had two minutes before sent down with a parachute,

and went about with knowledge enough to make him an aeronaut too, but he had no balloon and no means of acquiring one.

"I am not very willing to let him," said the Princess, but still she reached out and handed the flea to the Profesions one. But live he must, and so he applied

But live he must, and so he applied himself to the art of legerdemain and to talking in his stomach; in fact he became a ventrilequist, as they say. He was young, good-looking, and when he got a moustache and had his best clothes on, he could be taken for a nobleman's son. The ladies seemed to think well of him; one young lady even was so taken with his charms and his great dexterity that she went off with him to foreign ports. There he called himself Professor—he could scarcely do less.

His constant thought was how to get foreign ports. There he called himself Professor—he could scarcely do less.

sort of pleasure in winter time. She also helped him in the line of his art. He put his wife in a table-drawer, a large table-drawer; then she crawled nto the back part of the drawer, and so into the back part of the drawer, and so was not in the front part,—quite an optical illusion to the audience. But one evening when he draw the drawer. one evening when he drew the drawer

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Professor—he could scarcely do less.

His constant thought was how to get himself a balloon and go up into the air with his little wife, but as yet they had no means.

"They'll come yet," said he.

"He only they would," said she.

"We are young folks," said he, "and now I am Professor." She helped him faithfully, sat at the door and sold tickets to the exhibition, and it was a chilly sort of pleasure in winter time. She

one exting when he drew the drawer, not all the front dirace, not the weak out of the front dirace, not the war not in the front dirace, not the possible of the fine out of the fine of the fine out of t

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1873.

The Greatest of Hangings.

And the control of th

The Stevens Battery.

Four hundred and fifty million feet of logs have been cut in Maine this last