Thy Roses.

- The splendor of thy roses fills The silence of my lonely room; But something in their beauty thrills Tie this : thy dear hand cathered them. And grouped their loveliness for me. In every rose whose leaves I kiss.
- Two, rising fair above the rest, Together seem to breathe apart, And one of these, supremely blest, Oh, thus it is with thee and me : From ail the crowded world apart,

The wonder of thy love I see.

- My all of life-love's ecstasy-I only know it through thy heart. My rose of men, the lesser flower Cast not from out thy larger heart;
- Enough if in her waping hour, She may but perish where thou art.

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CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1873.

VOL. VI.

The standard of the standard o and mother and two of their children were brutally murdered in their beds, the weapon used being a pickaxe. The only person left alive in the house was Bernard Mano, a son of the postman, eight years of age. There were several lunatics roaming about the forests of the Landes, and at first it was supposed that one of these had committed the bloody deed. Some months after the murder the boy Bernard one day was

| No. 15. | Part | Part

Incidents of the Atlantic Disaster.

Pacts and Fancles. Moonlight is merely the beautiful old

Texas is supplying the northern ma Reports from the Newfoundland seal shery are satisfactory. A Utica girl of fourteen years is the mother of two children.

There were 760 steerage on the steamer Atlantic. Sassafras tea is becoming a fashi ble beverage in Pittsburgh.

In Boston they call foundling hospitals asylums for anonymous infants,

A Lawrence young lady wants to know why men never notice any but large feet.

A physician says mosquitoes have in their veins some of the best blood in

Another deposit of brown hematite iron ore has been found in South Shaftabury, Vermont, near an iron fur-