My April Love. An April maiden is my love! So full of moods is she, I hardly know, to tell the truth, Which mood most pleaseth me. Her smiles are as bewildering They ne'er may pass away. But if my love doth charm me so When she with mirth o'erflows, How can I tell the strange sweet spell Her sadness o'er me throws ? Like violets bathed in morning dew Her dear eyes seem to be ; And then I think she's dearer yet Than e'er before to me! All smiles and tears, my little love Is like an April day, Is like an April day, For sunshine giveth place to clouds, By sunbeams chased away. Ah me! which mood doth please me most I fear will ne'er be known: But what care I, since in them all Her heart is still my own?

The Ruin, The old house stands where the hill-top trees end to the breath of the upland breaze, Stands in the solitude alone, An unknown castle of unhewn stone, But crumbling Falling,

This once stronghold Burial heap of memories old. Stands in its silence-sad, forlorn, Its walls o'ergrown with the briery thorn, Mouldering brush and rank weed tall, Choking up portal, path, and hall, Thus checking, Fretting

The stranger, Would boldly wander the old pile through. Night owls ouild in the turnet gray, Fox and wolf through the great hall play, Or from the thickly tangled grass Start as the wandering footsteps pass, All snapping, Snarling,

Lonely, bold, Modern lord of the castle old,

The davlight peers with a curious eve Through the broken panes of the high; And the winter winds with a relish keen

Whistle 'mongst rafter, brick, and beam, And gaily. Madly, Wildly caro

Through the halls of the old deserted house. Til not wander there when the dewy eve Gives to the day a glad reprieve, Id fear to see through the twilight air (Some olden knight of his "ladye faire," Some ghostly,

Ghastly, Quaking sight

Of elfin dwarf, or goblin sprite.

HOW THE SPELL WAS BROKEN. It was long, long ago-longer than you or I can remember. Sweet spring, with its bright sunshine, its young ten-der green, had come again. Little Elsie had watched the transformation.

as it had crept gradually over the land, from the window of her turret chamber, all the winter. For poor little Elsie was not strong, and her parents had to be very careful of her, lest she should be exposed to cold winds and draughts. But to-day all was so bright and warm that Elsie begged to be allowed to go out into the air. Now her parents, the count and coun-tess, lived in a large old castle. The

Now her parents, the count and coun-tess, lived in a large old castle. The grounds around were full of trees, shrubs, and sweet-scented flowers. A paved path led from the porch to the white gate at the end ined a wood, part of which belonged to the count ; but another and larger part to the baron in the same country. Elsie was sometimes allowed to go with her nurse into the beginning of the wood, but never farther; for it was very dense beyond, and considered danger-On this particular day Elsie's nurse

was busy in the spinning-room, and could not go out with her. So the child was told she might play about by herself for a little while, but she must be careful and not get into mischief ;

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1873.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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