Ask why I love the roses fair, And whence they come, and whose they were They come from her, and not alone—

Or ask me why I love her so; I know not, this is all I know, These roses bud, and bloom, and twine As she round this fond heart of mine,

And this is why I love the flowers ; I love her, and they seen will die, And now you know the reason why.

The Rejected Lover. I heard that in this land were many poor, Therefore I sought them out from door to door

Methought I had a gift would comfort give, And make them wish on earth to longer live.

My gift I offered freely everywhere

To those who some deep want did seem to bear, Of gold they wished whereby to heap up more

My gift was love-which they must needs pass

Since it exacts the largest usury.

## A CURIOUS CASE.

In that quiet time of the year when none of the dangerous and treacherous little storms so frequent in the Mediter-ranean—known to sailors by the name of white squalls—disturb the tranquil serenity of its deep blue waters; when by day the warm and brilliant rays of the sun make the crest of every little ripple glitter and sparkle, till the surface of the sea resembles a dewy mead-ow at sunrise; and when at night the into a deep blue expanse of cloudless sky, studded with myriads of stars that shine with softer and purer radiance than they ever do when seen through the foggy, misty atmosphere of our be-lowed England.

night as this, somewhere between Beyrout and Malta, that the noble frigate Aster was cleaving her way through the dark waters—so quietly and smoothly that, but for the phosphorescent line of light that she left in her wake, and the ripples of brilliant foam which she the ripples of brilliant foan which she scornfully dashed, with a murmur as of protest at their unwonted disturbance from her shapely bow, could an observer have been near her, he might have thought that he gazed on some beaute-

the almost imperceptible motion of the ship, and the soft, cool breeze, which was just sufficient to fill the swelling sails. Lieutenant Jones, the officer of the watch, was pacing up and down on the quarter-deck, keeping a watchful eye on the sails and the helmsman, his hands buried deep in the pockets of his loose, easy-fitting monkey-jacket, and whistling softly, to himself, "Home, Sweet Home." For myself, I was list-lessly swinging my legs on the capstan, in a peaceful and contented frame of mind, drinking in the placid beauty of the star-spangled sky, and letting my thoughts idly roam away to my far-off English nome, in which direction they were jarobably carried by the soft, low whistling of the lieutenant.

A tinkling noise was suddenly heard from below, and Mr. Jones stopped in his walk and his whistling to listen.

"The captain's bell sir," said I, jumping off the capstan.

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CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1873.

Old Uncle Pete.

Her Spring Hat.

The Fernand Roseley

When Age the bound of the bound of the bound of the control Don Platt tells the following story of How the Average Woman Constructs
Findlish Colonel whom he met duan English Colonel whom he met du-ring the war: This Englishman had been fighting all sorts of wars in every

The state of the s

That Mysterious Safe.

VOL. VI.

The Wawasset Disaster.

The Story of the Captain.

uzzled brain, all equally wild and un- over it, the mighty sea took it to her reasonable. I had no clue to work on; but still I felt a burning desire to find out the meaning of it. So, briefly telling Lieutenant Jones that the captain had been talking about the rounds, and that I thought I had better go over the that I thought I had better go over the the where the mysterious box was engulfed; we say that I thought I had better go over the the mysterious box was engulfed; vessel again, I started off on my voyage of discovery, with a corporal and two lanterns, in quest of I knew not where the mysterious box was engulfed; but the ripples danced to and fro in the moonbeams, as they had done in the I felt as if on the eve of some wonderful discovery, as I began to go along the decks, peering with my lantern into the dark shade between the guns, through the men's messes, and into every dark hole or corner large enough to conceal a rat; but nothing rewarded my search. A large cat jumped out from under the muzzle of a gun, and son of his unusual excitement.

tartled me once; but that was all. Everything was quiet; only the heavy breathing of the watch below disturbed e stillness of the night between the Down I went into the lower depths of the ship, thinking to myself that now I should know what it was. Here or nowhere must be concealed—what? I didn't know, but I thought I must fine something; but no, nething rewarded my toil. I looked everywhere, I turned over everything, peered into the water tanks, tried the store-room doors, crept into before since the ship was built oved England.

It was at such a time, and such a time, and such a such a such a time, and such a such a time, and such a such a

thought that he gazed on some beauteous vision of a ship, with all her hellying sails gleaming white in the moonlight against a dark background of sky,
instead of a solid reality of oak and
canvas, freighted with living men.

Captain Richard Montague had left
his orders for the night, and had turned
in some hours before. The middle
watch had been mustered, and were
stretched about the decks, amongst the
ropes, and (between the guns, seeking
such regiose as the hard planks afforded
their weary limbs—liftled to sleep by
the almost imperceptible motion of the
ship, and the soft, cool breeze, which
was just sufficient to fill the swelling ward—a bright streak of mooningit, from which I was shaded by the sails, throwing a light as strong almost as day over and around him. His coat was open, as if thrown hurriedly on, his feet were slippered, his/cap was pushed back on his head, exposing to view a face on which the signs of horror were treatly marked eyes starting forward.

I was sorely disappointed. I thought of course, when the case was ordered to be brought on deck, that it would be

The old carpenter started aghast.
"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, "what
has come over him? Depend upon it, he's seen a ghost,"

And he wiped the perspiration from his brow, for he was a superstitious old

Ghost! What's a ghost got to do with a box of pickles? sneered old Tom Raffles, the boatswain's mate—a' privileged oddity. "It's my opinion he's or thirteen minutes after the alarm was of the save the passengers was to keep in the beach. The off. So the worst we can do is not to give him a seat."

Old Pete's wife Rose was with him ne stark, staring mad.

given.

"Them things in that 'ere box weren't hisn' to chuck overboard. He'll be a chuckin' my bag over next," grumbled another man—a discontented and insubordinate character. I moved away. The conversation was not meant for my ears, and I had no wish to play the eaves-dropper.
Full an hour did Captain Montague pace up and down the deck with the officer of the watch; and for that space of time I had to curb my impatience to hear the story which I knew he would

usual after giving his orders for the night to the officer of the first watch, and having nothing to disturb him, and being in good health, he was soon fast asleep. How long he sleet he did not know; but suddently he heard a loud cry of "Fire!" Only half awakened, and not sure whether the voice was in the cabin or oatside, he started try, and involuntarily said-

"Where?" To which question he distinctly heard a voice in his cabin answer—
"A case of inflammables in the foremost locker, starboard side of the carpenter's stare-room, marked 'Ward-room Officers,' has ignited." Just then the bell struck four times.

sprang out of bed, and searched for the owner of the voice; but no one was there. Then he rang his bell, and summoned the sentry outside, and ques-tioned him as to who had come into his cabin; but the sentry—a reliable man— was certain that nobody had passed hi post. The time, too, was close on eight bells. So, satisfied that he must have been dreaming, and rather ashamed of been dreaming, and rather ashamed of having agitated himself about nothing, he dismissed the sentry, and proceeded to turn in once more; but he could not succeed in quite dismissing the subject from his mind, and when he at last fell asleep again, he was visited with this

most awful catastrophe that can happen to a ship at sea—she was in flames. He was on deck, amidst a scene of confu-

How the Colonel Lost His Coffee-Pot.