'She was a baby!" But who has met The grown-up child who was satisfied yet, Till his grievances gave him the right to fret? Till we're able to show the mosquito's kiss

If We Would.

If we would but check the speaker When he spoils his neighbor's fame, If we would but help the erring Ere we utter words of blame If we would, how many might we Turn from paths of sin and shame

Ah, the wrong that might be righted If we would but see the way! Ah, the pains that might be lightened Every hour and every day If we would but hear the pleadings Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold Of our selfishness and pride; Let us lift our fainting brothers Let us strengthen ere we chide Let us, ere we blame the fallen. Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed-ah, how blessed Earth would be if we'd but try Thus to aid and right the weaker, Thus to check each brother's sigh, Thus to talk of duty's pathway To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly, There are seeds of mighty good; Still, we shrink from souls appealing But a God who judges all things Knows the truth is, "if we would."

THE OLD CIDER MILL.

Yesterday they tore down the old cider-mill at the Lynches'. Its place, or rather its office, is to be taken by a little cast-iron one set in the stable. Odd enough it will seem to go past the Lynch farm now, and miss the old mill, for it was a very conspicuous object where it stood, three or four rods

"Now, what's the use!" Hod was "Now, what's the use!" Hod was back from the house, with its great hopper and mash-wheel encircled by the deep-trodden path where old Sibnsed to plod endlessly through the brisk October days, grinding all the brisk October days, grinding to do to a feller?"

Then came a prolonged scrimmage.

Round they went, all over the back-yard. Hod was making a desperate effort to get away. No use; they held on to him and brought him under the high posts of the press again, all panting.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

Terms: \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VI.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1873.

road, yelled, and ran off in full view of spring, one of them (poor Jess), quite The Battle of Golden Hill.

his eager pursuers. We heard him go down the road a full pound, with a spiteful pit-pat of girls' shees hard behind.

The "Rattle of Golden Hill." in New

blueberry-bushes received him all in a beap. The next moment the pretty Philictines were upon him. A peal of

by an invariable "No you don't, sir !" "Now, don't hold a fellow so!" we could hear Hod remonstrating. Then the girls would laugh mockingly, and exhort him to come along, telling him overtake them. The engineer whistled the girls would laugh mockingly, and exhort him to come along, telling him how ungallant it was to run away from young ladies. "Now, don't tear your-self away! See us home, do! We've

wooden screws squeak. Secretly tick-led, and not a little curious, Tom and

sack from the bouse, with its great pleading. "I say, you girls, what are copper and mash-wheel encircled by ye going to do to a feller?"

hind.

Very possibly he might have escaped then; but, coming where the unfenced common skirted the road, he assayed to tack off across it. Here a treacherous stone-hole masked by high brakes and blueberry-bushes received him all in the state of the few remaining weeks of her life; the others are now part and parcel of that great, dreary factory-town,—an ever-hungry monster which has already devoured all the bloom and beauty of each rural neighborhood far around it. York City, was one of the first steps towards the revolutionary war. A flag-staff had been for years a bone of con-

Love's Young Drop. A pair of pienickers of San Francisco Philistines were upon him. A peal of triumphant laughter from the common told us the rest; for Tom and I, meanwhile, had hurried off back of the house, past the old cider-mill, and plunged into the thicket of balm-o-gilead sprouts which had sprung up about the trunk of the old tree. Threwing ourselves full length under this green coppice, we lay quiet. The twilight had not quite faded out in the northwest; in the east the rim of the late-rising moon was just peeping over; it brightened as Hod's captors came back with him. Every few steps there would be a tussel; the prisoner seemed a good deal inclined to resist. Then followed by an invariable "No you don't, sir!" comprehended it at once, and did not down brakes, but it was evidently impossible to stop the heavy train before it would be upon them. It was within a few yards, and the crowd of pienick ers stood but a hundred yards off petgot something pretty to show you—
something you'll like!" etc.
On they came past the house, and
made straight for the cider-mill; then
we heard the boards rattle and the old
we heard the boards rattle and the old evidently be dashed into the chasm. The lady called to her companion to drop, and suddenly dropped herself. Both dropped just in time, and they hung suspended to a sleeper under the bridge while the long train passed over Thus they clung with their hands until some gentlemen of the com-pany went on the bridge and rescued them from their perilous situation. They were unharmed, except torn clothing and a scratch or two, and they saved their lives by a scratch. It was the principal event of a very pleasant occasion, and was so thrilling that some of the ladies who saw the danger closed

tention between the Sons of Liberty and the soldiers, and had been four times de-stroyed by the latter. On the 13th of January, 1770, a party of soldiers again January, 1770, a party of soldiers a attacked it, and cutting off the woo attacked it, and cutting off the wooden braces, made fruitless attempts to blow it open with gunpowder. Failing in this, they assaulted a number of citizens standing by a public house, which was the headquarters of the Sons of Liberty, and forced them into the house at the point of the bayonet. Doors were barricaded, but the soldiers broke in and demolished windows and furniture, and were only prevented from further destruction by the timely arrival of their officers, who ordered them to their barracks. They subse-quently succeeded in their attempt, and leveled the pole to the ground, sawed it in pieces, and derisively piled it up before the Sons of Liberty's door. Three hundred citizens assembled that night at a public meeting upon the common. Resolutions were passed declaring unemployed soldiers to be dan-gerous to the peace of the city, while off duty was detrimental to the interests of the laboring classes, and should therefore be discontinued. They fur-ther resolved that all soldiers under the rank of orderly, except sentinels, who should appeararmed in the streets,

and all, armed or unarmed, who were out of their barracks after roll-call, should be regarded as enemies of the city and dealt with accordingly.
The next day three soldiers were detected by two citizens, Isaac Sears and Walter Quackenbos, in the act of posting a scurrilous placard abusive of the Sons of Liberty. Sears grasped one and Quackenbos the other, while the third soldier rushed upon Sears with his bayonet to free his comrade, but Quackenbos, seizing an old ram's horn which happened to be near by, hurled it into his face and placed him hors de combat. Twenty soldiers came to the rescue with drawn bayonets, while the

bers, eighteen inches square, that had a cartain Cyclopean look, fit to make a boy stare, and put large ideas into his head. There, too, were the big, steaming heaps of tan-colored "pummy' (gomace), and the great sour-smellung trough into which the ground apple fell and was thence conveyed to the hogs.

For several seasons, however, the lag standard Hod. But the wicked sprites only languaged the louder.

"The blamed," whispered Tom, "if they have the picked sprites only languaged the louder.

"Now.—now.—now, please don't!"

"The reame another struggle and clatter. "Now.—now.—now, please don't!"

ter. "Pruntered Tom. "if
they hain the potency of him into the hoopen."

By general observation spiders are considered by entomologists to have a considered by entomologists to have a considered by entomologists to have a considered by entomologists to have a

The state of the s

The "Battle of Golden Hill," in New

TRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1873.

"Designation of the American Air Indian Secretarial Air Indian Secretaria Ai

NO. 43.

Items of Interest.

The Crow Indians are reported to Berks county, Pa., has pledged its

tion-\$17,950. The piazza around the fall styles of hoes is a little breader than those

The British Admiral Yelverton has surrendezed the insurgent iron-clads to the Spanish Government.

when the field his State dress usists of a light tunic of crimson livet or damask, reaching from his ke hearly to his arms, of loose trousof some similar makers.