My Summer,

1. Gaggenheimer

VOL. VI.

Do you think the symmer will ever come. With white of lily and flush of ross-With her warm, bright days of joy and June, Bo long you dream they will never close ?

Will the birds, still on the beading bought Sing out their hearis in a mad delight, And the golden butterflies, sun suffused, Flutter and float from morn till night?

Do you think my summer will ever close, With brow of hilly and cheek of rose ? Shall I hold her fast-my joy, my June-And dream that my day will pover come ?

Will she mock the birds on the bending boughs. For her voice is music-my heart's delight-Or be content, like the butterflies, In the sun of my love, from morn till night

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1873.

The Smack in School.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

Hardware Slore

Poor Jack's Tribulations.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

A Frightful Plague. Hints About Dresses.

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The President of the Michigan State Pomological Society made \$10,000 this beson from his peach erchard. An Iows farmer committed suicide because his sheep failed to get the first promium at a fair.

Bad temper blue at both ends; it makes one's self nearly as miserable as it does other people.

Eighty-six horses were burned in a stable in Boston. They were valued at \$300 to \$1,000 each.

A Chicago paper thinks that every body that dies in Milwaukes is sure of going to a better lands

going to a better land: The Sacramento best-sugar factory this year will make 8,000 barrels of su-gar, valued at \$200,000. An Oshkosh suicide left a note in-forming the world that it was the result of marrying too young. Jones got trusted for that hat, and he now feels a conscionances of being in debt "over head and cars." A prudent gentleman, unwilling to accuse a neighbor of lying, said he used the truth with penurious frugal-ity.

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