

The Curse that Lives!
Lord! what a busy, restless thing
That he made that
Each day and hour he is on wing,
Resting not a span.
Them having lost the sun and light,
By cloud obscured,
He keeps a count down the night
With air disquieted.
Hadst thou given to this active rest
A state undisturbed,
The look had not left the hawk
Nor hence losted.
That was thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too.
For when all fails to bring to bliss
The soul that is true,
Ah! Lord! what a pain and a pleasure that
Will be
To take up sick, that would would not
take thee!

The Two Lovers.
Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;
They sat upon a bank of fern and moss,
And heard the wooing thrush sing.
O bidding time!
O love's best prime!
Two walked from the fern's step;
The breeze made happy soundings,
The air was soft as feathery wings,
White petals on the pathway strewn.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender girls!
Two faces o'er a candle bent;
Two hands above the head were looked,
Their eyes were in the young long eyes,
Those waiting a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power
Two parents by the evening fire,
The red light fell upon their knees
On looks that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the tree.
O patient life!
O tender strife!
The two still sat together,
The red light shone about their knees;
Just all the length by slow degrees
Had gone and left the sun and stars.
O rapt state!
O rapt state!
The red light shone upon the floor
And made the space between wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks grew and said "Come more!"
O rapt state!
O rapt state!

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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Looking Back.

I may live long, but some old days
Of dear, deep joy in pain
Some tears that were made in my
Will never rise for me again:
By shining sea, and glad, green shore
That trove waves ran home to love,
Some words I hear, and some that
Will thrill me with my native bliss.
O love! still thine your living heart—
You have not crossed the silent life—
A deeper love has passed,
We were more near in our old days—
If I had died and looked left the hawk
Nor hence losted.
When light was on the shining sea,
And all the fragrant woodland ways
Were paths of hope for you and me.
Dead leaves are in the woodland ways—
O'er the hills that are left to us;
There lies the life that is now dead,
O'er each leaf that is now dead.
Do you still wear your old-time grace,
And charm me with your ancient smiles?
Could I but watch your faceless face,
I'd know the meaning of your smiles.

CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE.

Old Johnson Mower was a surly, discontented fellow, who thirty years ago kept a little inn on one of the highways near the south coast of Long Island. It was a poor place about it run to dilapidation and decay; and a very scanty living did Johnson get by his wretched little tavern, with the poor entertainment that he furnished to man and beast, and that place the scene of his life. He was a miserly old fellow, and dreamed away with impracticable schemes for money getting, and who had come here in his last years, and he was the only chance that opened to him, but particularly to persecute the business of money digging. He had lately read several accounts of the strange doings of Captain Kidd, and he had been impressed with the fact that these narratives, while differing widely on other points, all agreed in one—that Kidd's treasure, or the bulk of it, was buried somewhere about the waters of New York, and that it had never been unearthed, and that it was his duty to dig for it. He was certain that his mind was directed to this subject, and he was a great enthusiast about it. He was a miserly old fellow, and dreamed away with impracticable schemes for money getting, and who had come here in his last years, and he was the only chance that opened to him, but particularly to persecute the business of money digging. He had lately read several accounts of the strange doings of Captain Kidd, and he had been impressed with the fact that these narratives, while differing widely on other points, all agreed in one—that Kidd's treasure, or the bulk of it, was buried somewhere about the waters of New York, and that it had never been unearthed, and that it was his duty to dig for it. He was certain that his mind was directed to this subject, and he was a great enthusiast about it.

with some noise and then tip-tooled away; but he did not know that the strangers were listening. Presently he heard a murmur of conversation, but he could not distinguish what it was. He put down his head and crowded his car as far as he could get it into the angle formed by the door and girding, and then he heard the word "jewels" was plainly spoken by one of them, and then he heard something about "money," and he was quite sure that the word "hidden" was also used. It was impossible to tell in what connection the words were spoken, but he had certainly heard them, and he was certain that the word "hidden" was also used. It was impossible to tell in what connection the words were spoken, but he had certainly heard them, and he was certain that the word "hidden" was also used. It was impossible to tell in what connection the words were spoken, but he had certainly heard them, and he was certain that the word "hidden" was also used.

They had taken it away, and he was quite sure that the word "hidden" was also used. It was impossible to tell in what connection the words were spoken, but he had certainly heard them, and he was certain that the word "hidden" was also used. It was impossible to tell in what connection the words were spoken, but he had certainly heard them, and he was certain that the word "hidden" was also used.

This judgment was a humane and conscientious man; and there were some who thought that the man was a little too kind in his judgment. The man was a little too kind in his judgment, and there were some who thought that the man was a little too kind in his judgment. The man was a little too kind in his judgment, and there were some who thought that the man was a little too kind in his judgment.

THE DEAR OLD HORSE.
I was looking one day at a print of a countryman seated in a small alder boat on a stream, and a young man in a long coat and a wide-brimmed hat, standing in the water, holding a long pole connected with it. The scene was a fair in this place a few years ago. I was looking one day at a print of a countryman seated in a small alder boat on a stream, and a young man in a long coat and a wide-brimmed hat, standing in the water, holding a long pole connected with it. The scene was a fair in this place a few years ago.

Belgian Farm Life.
The farm laborer in Belgium does not enjoy much comfort. Working much harder than most men, he is the worst fed. He has bread, potatoes, beans, turnip, without meat or bacon, is the usual fare. The secret of his hardy endurance is his regularity in his work, and his abstemious habits. He is not a day out of his work, and he is not a day out of his work.

The Currency Question.
The bill reported by the Conference Committee of Washington of the two houses, contains the following provisions: Sec. 7. That the entire amount of the National Bank notes outstanding and in circulation at any one time shall not exceed \$382,000,000, which shall be reduced in the following manner: To wit: Within thirty days after circulating notes to the amount of \$1,000,000 shall from time to time be issued to the National Bank Associations under their set in excess of the highest outstanding volume thereof at any time prior to such issue. It shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to retire an amount of United States notes equal to three-eighths of the circulating notes so issued, which shall be done by the Secretary of the Treasury to retire an amount of United States notes equal to three-eighths of the circulating notes so issued.

Items of Interest.
Forty-seven Kansas newspapers have died since the spring of 1873. The most common cause of their death has been, but make the best of what is. Sandal wood jewelry is new. The earrings are in the shape of a cross. Farmers gather what they grow, while some do not. The water works in the city of St. Louis, Mo. are under construction. The water works in the city of St. Louis, Mo. are under construction.

And then he sent him to five years in the State prison.

Chinese Marriages.
A Denver Justice last week performed the ceremony of marriage between the first and second Chinese couples ever united in Colorado territory. The Denver World gives great promise to the affair, and says that after long delay and a few months, the two Chinese were united in matrimony.

Call for Help.
Dr. Lehman of the Jewish Times has issued the following call for help: Fourteen thousand Jews are threatened by starvation in the East. The Jewish population of the East is about 10,000,000, and they are all suffering from want.

A Public Wash-house.
According to the New Orleans Times, a Mexican corporation has been organized to build a public wash-house in that city. The corporation has a capital of \$100,000, and it is expected to be completed within a few months.