

Good night! I have to say good night to such a host of pleasant things...

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. VII. CENTRE HALL CENTRE CO. PA. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1874. NO. 40.

Terms: \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

Summer's Done. Along the wayside and up the hills the golden rod flames in the sun...

ALL AN ACCIDENT.

It was at the opera. An opera-glass had fallen from one of the upper boxes on the seat of a gentleman sitting in the stalls...

the opera-house. "It would have pained me very much if I had lost it, I regard it as a precious relic. It belonged to Arabella, once. I could hardly disguise the truth from you—that this is formed out of one of Arabella's front teeth."

ed air. "It would be something to fall by the hand of such a woman as that; that would be my consolation; really, I feel that you know, although you do not, removed some distance now from the bloom of youth, but still grand and beautiful, and so kind. If she had loved me, she would have loved me."

THURMAN ON FARMING. The Senator's Address to the Maryland Agricultural and Mechanical Association. Senator Thurman, of Ohio, delivered an address at the State Fair before the Maryland Agricultural and Mechanical Association...

The "Bull Punchers" of California. The scene described is in the redwoods of Sonoma county, California. The driver or bull-puncher, as he is technically called, punches himself with a yard or two of hickory stick, tipped with a steel good inch long, and this petty instrument is as busy as a drummer's mallet...

Life on the Plains. The Denver, Col., News tells the story of the sufferings of a party of German emigrants which had lately arrived there from the old country. One of the party, a young man, named Tom, had a dramatic personality. The ox, with all his acknowledged virtues, is a most provoking beast. Years of goading give him an exasperatingly small store of wisdom...

DEAD LETTERS. A short space of two days and his vacation would commence. Two weeks! But two weeks were two years of fun, two centuries of rest enjoyment, two eternities of rest, compared to the constant drag, in that lonely business which took up all his day hours work, and all his night hours dreams. Two weeks away from the constant reading of letters which were written for other eyes than his own...

commencing these just half an hour after his day's work was over. "I am going to Providence day after tomorrow, Mrs. Wilkins," said Tom to evening to his landlady. "On business, Mr. Tom?" (Of course she didn't say "Mr. Tom," but it will do just as well.) "No, it's my vacation."

Dennett, and also that Tom had been corresponding for some time with Miss Benson going to Providence day after tomorrow, Mrs. Wilkins, said Tom to evening to his landlady. "On business, Mr. Tom?" (Of course she didn't say "Mr. Tom," but it will do just as well.) "No, it's my vacation."