ENCHANTMENT

BY CARLOTTA PERRY The sails we see on the ocean Are as white as white can be ; But never one in the harbor

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

As white as the sails at sea. And the clouds that crown the mountain

With purple and gold delight, Turn to cold, gray mist and vapor Ere ever we reach the height, The mountains wear crowns of glory Only when seen from afar ;

And the sails lose all their whitene Inside of the harbor bar.

Stately and fair is the vessel

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

expressly to do the job and thoroughly posted. They made his acquaintance at a down-town hotel where he is often to be found, and in due course procured the invitation to see his diamonds. They claimed to be sporting men, arden turfites, but connoisseurs in such things. They came to Jack's house one forenoon, in a coach, and he received them alone, opened his safe, displayed all his treas-ures, went into their history, etc. "This," he said, is my Golconda speci-men—not verv large, but remarkable

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1876. VOL. IX.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

but little smaller than the average tiger of Asia. The height at the shoulder is frequently nearly three feet. The skin is beautifully marked with black circles there is no one more ill-natured than the variably wait upon each other. As there is no one more ill-natured than the ariably wait upon here is no one more ill-natured than the confirmed dyspectic, so there is no one more jolly and genial than the habitual eupeptic. No man rises from a hearty eupeptic, incomeal to revile and injure the source of the rest of the source of the rest contribution of the source of the rest of the source of the rest to be beaten hered at the next his neighbor; this comes, if at all, be-fore dinner, or if after dinner, as a par-tial result of something partaken of that does not agree with him.

<text> ki kabadi kaba and white, instead of water-logged and soggy, that if her meats were delicately boiled or broiled or baked, instead of having all their juiciness and flavor drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned in use of boiling fat, that if drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned in a sea of boiling fat, that if drowned fat appears to have fastened upon dress that appears to have fastened upon

tempt and pity for Tom, Dick, and Harry (whom a short time ago she so bitterly envied) in that their utmost at A New Way to sleep,-Many of you, children, have your maids who go with you when nature tells you that you need a nap, while your little brother and sister have their nurses, or per-haps the kind mother sometimes, to "bash_abye" them to sleep. How do "hush a-bye" them to aleep. How do you suppose the little ones are put to sleep in the monntainons districts of India * Years ago I saw it and it is a most curious custom. Wherever there (only to be beaten herself at the next passage of arms) Mary will grow up one of that terrible class of women who

Terms: \$2 a Year, in Advance.

NO. 8.

TOUTHS COLUMN.

the girls and women of our day like a deadly disease, impossible to be shaken off or eradicaled. They could tell her that more pailid hard-worked fathers and husbands are killed by this same love of "clothes" than by any sickness or hurt of body, and that it makes them marvel as to what manner of men the future generation will be with such examples of levity and extravagance be

excessive mania for fine raiment.

please, illustrating this proverb."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Sit in your own place, and no man can make you rise Soft hearts often harden, but soft heads never change.

Talent and virtue are ss frelequently hereditary than the gout.

In deception, Faith dies; Mappiness is more credulous than misfortune. To confide too much is to put your emons into another man's squ No one can be happy without a friend and no one can know what friends he

has until he is unhappy. A good action is never thrown away, and that is why so few of them are een lying around loose.

We all see at sunset the beautiful colors streaming all over the western sky, but no one eye can behold the hand that overturns the urns, whence these cams are poured

The great bell of China, at Pekin, is thirteen feet in diameter. The daughter of its founder is said to have thrown herself into the molten mass in order to secure through human sacrifice, a per-fect casting.

more, dear papa c please show me more." Ludwig began to take regular les-sons in music when he was only five years old. At the age of thirteen, he published several compositions, which showed that he had been a dilgent scholar. He soon proved himself to be a musician of the highest order, and took rank with Haydn and Mozart. There is a fine bronze statue of Beet-hoven in the Boston Music Hall. He lived till the year 1855. The study of his music in this country, within the last few years, has greatly extended. *Illustrating Procerbs.*—One day, the to composition in literature'--- Bulue

Illustrating Proverbs.-One day, the little schoolma'am awked the children to select a proverb among themselves for illustration. They din't quite un-derstand this, but, nevertheless, they settled upon one and handed it in : "Bandarma it as Handarma Posa." The game of love is the same whether The game of love is the same whether the players be clad in velvet or in hod-den gray. Beneath the glided cellings of a palace, or the lowly rafters of a cabin, there are the same hopes and form, there are the same hopes and "Handsome is as Handsome Doss." "Good!" said she. "Now I should like to have you each bring on Friday a composition or a quotation, or an ob-jects of some kind, or whatever you lasse illustrature this novembril"

brought little stories; others brought a warm but faded shawl; and one home-ly, clever little girl brought a warm but faded shawl; and one home-ly, clever little chap andaciously brought his own photograph! One and all came off with honors, but the crowning illustration of all was Tom the crowning illustration of all was Tom the hostess invites her guests to sit wround it; it is set on fire, and the blue fames serve to light a piece of paper which in turn is applied to the logs, and soon the chimney takes the bright aspect it will retain for seven months.
It is Mary Murdoch Mason who divides her sex into three classes—the giddy butterflies, the busy bees and the bright aspect it will retain for seven months.
It is Mary Murdoch Mason who divides her sex into three classes—the giddy butterflies, the busy bees and the bright and silly, the second plain and useful, the wary. who risks it be a peer or a peasant

 miniferences, take-beroing, inhorpitals
 miniferences, take-beroing, inhorpitals
 miniferences, take-beroing, take-bero Calabash-tree.—One of my birds has just been telling me about a tree that, he said, "grew dishes." In his native islands—of the West Indies—be has seen a tree, in height und size recombling an apple-tree. tried on, fitted, sold; and a small bat-talion of men would be required for it. No blame to the British workman for qualling, single-handed, from the un-dertaking, and rejecting it?—All the Year Round. The love of self is the come. are inserted the nower of the form of an X. What happens then ? Ah, my chicks, that's just what your Jack wishes to know! Wonderful first time you have a flower to spare, just buy ten cents' worth of aqua am-monia at the nearest draggist's, try Professor Gobba's experiment, and re-St Nicholus. live forever, when this dream is over ! When we shall have existed ten thou-Longfellow was at one time a profes-sor in Bowdoin College, and the college paper, *The Orient*, recalls an amusing anecdote of him. During a French recintecode of nind. During a French rec-itation he called upon a student who had evidently made little or no prepara-tion and was prompted by his classmates very audibly. The professor gave no heed to the prompting, but let the stu-dent blunder through this paragraph, and when the round may was started and when the young man was seated quietly said : 'Your recitation reminds me of the Spanish theatre, where the prompter plays a more important part than the actor," than the actor," Sir Edmund Denison the designer of the Westminister clock, recently gave a sort of "clinical" lecture upon it at A correspondent writing from Berba,

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

nome of the retreat of a shorter, dark people—the remains, as some have con-jectured, of the pre-Aryan stock of Eu-rope. The same characteristics were observed in the Irish population by the

Cary, pologetically. "Only fifteen! Zounds! You were a handsome young fellow then; I thought you were a genius. And your wife was lovely." "Don't mention the past—she's a wreek—six children to care for; and I or, when to a be broke down, wreek to a see I want you to do

something for me, before the black dog more. So we set to work to console wours me." "Hombre, it's the drink that does it." her the best way we could, but didn't make much headway at it. 1 told her devours me

"Hombre, it's the drink that does it." "I want you to save me from the drink, general." "This man," (the general says, when he tells the story)—"this man, Mark Cary, was what you might truly call one of these here geniuses. When I knowed him—and loved him, too, as everybody had to do—he was editing a neat little paper in a Virginia town and happy as a June bug. One of your Apolloes—tall, square, a step like a spring-board, blue eyes full of fire, Hyperian curls like—a man, every inch. The things he couldn't do with spring-board, blue eyes full of fire, Hyperian curls like—a man, every inch. The things he couldn't do with the dumb-bells weren't worth trying— he could beat my best man at the square inch. The tuning weren't worth trying woman knowed him as soon as ne he could beat my best man at the square leap-sat on a horse like a Centaur or a Comanche—and put a pen in his hand, or call him for a speech and, by zounds, or call him tr mate him nowhere. I used sheet, 'Mark!' I thought she'd go over teeth, 'Mark!' I thought she'd go over teeth, 'Mark!' I thought she'd go over teeth, 'Mark to the teeth.'' leap--sat on a device of a device of the set tisements for ine-ne d been a treasure in that line if he'd only taken wages. As for poetry-well, I'm no judge, but if he couldn't pump all these here cen-tenniallers, I'm Dutch! His wife was inct the sweetest little lady ever yous see just the sweetest little lady ever you see, and could pour out tea like an angel. Jack, I've been a thief and a traitor, a And now here he was, gone to seed.

house. General Jack drummed on the table with his fat fingers a moment. "Not in want, I hope, Cary?" said he, at last." "Not quite, general; but the times are hard; I can't get away, and there's no telling how long it will be before that comes, too."

"Come, let's go and see her," said the beef tea and brandy, kisses and patting,

"Come, fet's go and see her," said the general, and Cary, without a word, led the way to his poor lodgings. The general does not say much about the interview that ensued, but I know from other sources that the wife and children had a good supper that night. "Come to my office-down town, here's the number-to-morrow, at 11, Mark, and I'll talk with you. Madame, I'll see you again," and the general withdrew.

One day General Jack had a visitor, a man of forty years, with grizzled hair and a stoop in his shoulders—a pallid face, somewhat bloated from long in-dulgeuce in liquors. "You don't know me, General Jack?" said the man. The general was puzzled a good deal. "Hombre, I have seen you somewhere. Stop—I have it! Good Lord, Cary, what have you done to yourself!" "H's fifteen years ago, general," said Carv, apologetically.

crowd of that capital. A firm, enlight-ened, and competent king would have united against these a majority of the responsible and the reflecting. Such a king would truly have been, as Mr. Thackeray observed, "an Ajax girded at by a Thersites." But Louns Phi-lippe was no Ajax. He was no hero at all. He had no splendid and no com-manding traits. He was merely overfond father and well-disposed citi-zen of average talents. He was merely the kind of man which free communi-of goods. A bid is made; he of the the kind of man which free communi-ties can ordinarily get to serve them, and who will serve them passably well f the task is not made needlessly difficult. Hence Philipon and his "half

a dozen poor artists" were very much the stronger party-a fact which the king, in the sight and hearing of all France, confessed and proclaimed by putting them in prison.

The Gentleman.

There can be no greater contrast to this hubbub than that which is pre-sented by the dull decorum of an auc-Every man may be a gentleman if he will—not by getting rich, or by gain-ing access to that self-appointed social grade that claims the exclusive right to give the badge of gentility—bat by the cultivation of those unselfish, kind and noble impulses that make the gentleman. It is too rarely we find among those who yote themselves the Every man may be a gentleman if he t thing to warrant their assumption. There is but little of the true metal about them. Personal contact reveals arrogance and pride, and too often a disgraces human nature. So far as our observation

So far as our observation goes-and it covers many years of contact with high and low, rich and poor-we are constrained to say that, while among the poorer classes there is, as a general thing, a sad lack of external culture; of attention to little personal habits

the mallet falls.

ad could pour our way, gone to seed. "How come it, Cary !" It was the war, poverty, sickness, pag struggles in adversity, long lassi-and now here he was, gone to seed. "How come it, Cary !" It was the war, poverty, sickness, pag struggles in adversity, long lassi-and heu ta bundle of rags as big as your two fists in my hand, and went "I think I'm gone, general, but Mar-"I think I'm gone, general, but Mar-"Where is the little woman, Mark?" He named a wretched tenement-house. General Jack drummed on the table with his fat fingers a moment. "Not in want, I hope, Cary?" said he. "Not in want, I hope, Cary?" said he. "I tast." Mare to come to see bodies to see bodies to see bodies to see bodies to see the see to see bodies to see the see to see to see the see to see to see to see to see the see to see the see to see to see the see to see the see to see to see the see to see the see to se Four and nine! Four and eight!" "I'll take 'em old woman, at four and eight," cries a buyer from the land-

ing place, and forthwith the boat-load is his. And so it goes on for an hour, amid

chaffing and scolding; screaming and swearing; the words "Mack'rell," "Aliboat," "Sole," "Salmon," "Cod," "Addock" shouted a hundred times all

"Addock" should a hundred times all together; the boats unloading; porters struggling; boys and girls counting the "hundreds" by themselves; fish-mongers from the West End selecting; toutors sciencing cole and changing code Age of Birds. describe¹⁷⁷ And at this point in his narrative the General always unlocks his safe and in Vienna died after a confinement of a touters skinning eels and cleaning cod; errand boys running; fish women flout-ing each other, and everybody blowing up everybody else, until the great belt

of goods. A bid is made; he of the hammer repeats it; silence follows another bid, another announcement of it, and another silence-all as serious and solemn as a prayer meeting, until he mallet fails. An auction-room in France, is on the ontrary, a perfect Babel. In all noisy

auders from Ireland, perhaps some dominant tribe or tribes there, are first heard of, ravaging the portion of Nor-thern Britain south of the Forth of Clyde, in the company of tattooed Picti and ferocious Attacots. A generation later Claudian, in well-known lines, makes Brittannia tell how "Stillecho came to her aid when the Scot moved all lerne, and his hostile galleys lashed ocean into foam." Porphyry, too, as quoted by St. Jerome, groups the Irish clans as "Scotice gentes." While it is thus possible to form an idea who the Scoti were, the people with whom they Paris there is nothing so noisy and boisterous as a St. Antoine vendue, where gamins and chiffoniers and "old clo" "Jews contend for cheap bargains. thus possible to form an fidea who the Scoti were, the people with whom they are found associated in the pages of Ammianus, the Picts, who have been the subject of such long and acrid con-troversy, are in some respects an obscure race enough vet. They seem to have

race enough yet. They seem to have been the old Celtic inhabitants of Nor-thern Britain, called Caledonians by the earlier Roman writers. It is cer-tain that in the fourth century they punctured the figures of animals on their holdes: but thair name though their bodies; but their name, though thought by the Romans to design the Painted People, is, probably, are going on at once. This "reduction" auction occurs in the early morning, sometimes before light. Men and wo-poiton.—Frazer's Margin

The Seven Wise Men.

wise men of Greece," but very few know who they were or how they came o be called so. Here is the story of them, and the moral of it is worth re membering if their names are not:

upposed to have lived in the fifth century before Christ. Their names are Pittacus, Bias, Solon, Thales, Chilon, Cleobulus, and Preiander. The reason of their being called "wise" is given differently by different authors, but the most approved accounts state that as some Coans were fishing, certain stran-gers from Miletus bought whatever should be in the nets without seeing it. When the nets were drawn in they we

posed to have thrown in there.

The love of self is the root and centre nd animating spirit of all evil. But ts forms and aspects are indefinitely

the formula, "What did you wear?" or the still more interesting one, "What will you wear?" may be looked upon as the only two certain forms of speech that can be safely reckoned on to pro-ceed out of the mouth of that most un-certain thing, woman; for, be she chaste as Lucreita, cold as Dian, or fickle as Aspasia, she is neither cold nor indiff-erent nor fickle to her clothes. Some one has said that dress forms the delight of one-half of a woman's life, and the torment of the other. There is a grain of truth in the remark, al-though the originator of it blinked the fact that dress is not outside her life; it is part and parcel of it as much as the air she breathes—no more to be put away from her than her own digity. From the very calle a woman childis impressed with the importance and re-spectability of her "clothes." "Yes, Miss Mary, you may go and play for a little while, but if you tumble your clothes you'll cath. it." This is chorta-tion, with variations, has probably been addressed to every well-brought-up lit-tie girl since the deluge, and will dough ar-ter we and our great grand-children addressed to every well-brought up lit-ter we and our great grand-children addressed to every well-brought up lit-ter we and our great grand-children addressed to every well-brought well dought less continue to be fashionable long af-ter we and our great grand-children well dought and has apparent virtues are the morn-ing and evening sacrifice npon the altar. The Enelish accident did, however, The Enelish accident did, however,

road Accidents. The English accident did, however The Telegraph in the African Deserts.

there we and our great grand-children have departed this life. The mention struggles of Miss Mary during the pro-cess of her early initiation into the sa-cred rites of the religion of dress are no less pitcous than indicross. A deep sense of depression weighs upon her childish spirit as she sees her brothers, fortunate in the possession of jackets and knickerbockers, jumping and rac-ing in an ecstacy of enjoyment, deterred by no such fears of "tumbling" them a little prig she will work this feeling of envy off in a fit of spleen, affecting games, pretending to prefer a talk with her doll—an idoic sham that attear spirit she will fling prudence to the winds, and damages, enjoying herself have departed this life. The mental struggles of Miss Mary during the pro-cess of her early initiation into the sa-of the system of investigation pursued

The set on again," and the general, "see on again, " and the general mass, and end the general mass, and end

addressed to every well-brought-up lit-tle girl since the deluge, and will doubt-less continue to be fashionable long af-ter we and our great grand-children

Most people have heard of the "seven The seven wise men of Greece ar

found to contain a golden tripod which Helen, as she sailed from Troy, is sup-

or exclusive right to these. Reader, no matter what your condition in life, resolve to be a gentleman or lady. Cultivate not only the external amenities and grace of true gentihty, but the inner graces that give

these outer signs of their glory and their strength.