Ah, dearest, if the friends who die, Alone were those who make us sigh ; Although life's current is so fleet, Sighs would not be so weary, sweet,

If oft man pain it did not give To know that our beloved live. Than learn their hearts have ceased to beat, Grief would not be se hopeless, sweet, As now! ah! no.

The Orchard Song.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1877.

NUMBER 22.

Winter orchards, piled with branches gaunt - 1 said she was complaining," replied A THRILLING WELSH STORY. THE FATE OF THE BENDERS. How Love Built a New School House.

| Column | C

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD,

Coins of the World.

Mrs. Partington remarks that few persons nowadays suffer from suggestions of the brain.

The United States navy at the present time consists of 146 vessels of 150,157

In Africa a breed of sober-minded dogs without tails has been discovered. There isn't a wag among them.

A cute man says he thinks that instead of giving credit to whom it is due, the cash had better be paid.

The war exceement has produced ome wonderful natural results. You can stand and actually see the wheat coming

up. "That portable stove saves half the

fuel," said an ironmonger. "Faix thin, I'll take two of thim, and save it all,"

The czar has put a stop to the pur-chase of American locomotives and rail-road coaches by decreeing that the Rus-sians must manufacture these things for

replied his customer.