Breaking the News. Oh, love, at fate never bicker more, For the stars o'er us shall flicker, more

Bright than when In the moonlit glen We sat 'neath the grand old sycamore, And murmured in the twilight's mellow chars Words that now start to fire my spirit calm. Naught, dear, but love, shall weary us;

Pray drown that look so serious, Let thy warm cheeks glow And thy bushes flow To those passionate eyes imperious ;

And eclipse the tender, envied flowers that rest mulous on that snowy, innocent breast Oh, chaste and fair Miss Mallory Neath heaven's bejeweled gallery

Pray let me tell That all is well, Your father's pleased with my sala, v. And I'm the happiest mortal, dear, on earth. A diamond ring? I wonder what one's worth

The Seasons. When spring comes laughing By vale and hill, By wind-flower walking

and daffodil-Sing, stars of morning Sing, morning skies, Sing blue of speedwell And my love's eyes.

When comes the summer Full-leaved and strong, And gay birds gossip The orchard long-Sing hid, sweet honey

That no bee sips : Sing red, red roses, And my love's lips. "When autumn scatters

The leaves again, And piled sheaves bury The broad-wheeled wain-Sing flutes of harvest Where men rejoice: Sing rounds of reapers,

And my love's voice "But when comes winter With hail and storm, And red fire roaring And ingle warm-Of friends that part Then sing glad meeting

And my love's heart." -Austin Dobson, OVER-REACHING.

It was a grand and stately-looking mansion, surrounded by extensive grounds. So much could be seen in the moonlight. But the entire front of the house was dark. At the back, only two made it up between you to wait until I windows in the upper part, beside the was dead, and then marry and enjoy my

windows in the upper part, beside the basement, showed a light.

The room within was large and luxurious. An ample grate at one side held a bed of glowing coals, and upon a low couch near it an old man lay. By the gray pallor of his still handsome face, his sunken eyes, his stillness, he was very ill, perhaps dying.

The roady James, her own tool, made was very ill, perhaps dying.

A woman was the only other occupant of the room, and she was young and very his appearance once more.

eautiful.

She was in full evening dress, a violet hands upon him.

"Take the fastest horse in the stables, She was in full evening dress, a view, velvet, made low and richly trimmed, and on her white neck and arms were and on her white neck and arms were lawyer you can find. If you get him here lawyer you can find. If you get him here lawyer you can find.

ewels.

The eyes of the sick man watched her in time you shall have a hundred pounds represent the sick man watched her in time you shall have a hundred pounds. as she slowly paced the room, her velvet yourself.

dress trailing the carpet, a look in her

James of face that he could not read.

It was a strange sight—the woman in her gala attire, brilliant with beauty, glittering with gems; the man with his pinched and sunken face, on which death's gray shadow seemed already set, "I will. I have him here in forty must be gardening seem enormous when one death's gray shadow seemed already set, "I will. I'll have him here in forty must be gardening seem enormous when one hears of the almost fabulous production with the gardens of the Santa Clara valley, for the trade of supplying the Santa Clara valley, for the trade of supplying the Santa Clara valley, will. Fig. "

"I will. I'll have him here in forty the supplying the Santa Clara valley, will. Fig. "

"I will. I'll have him here in forty the supplying the Santa Clara valley, for the trade of supplying the Santa Clara valley, will. Fig. "

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1877.

Virginia, darling, I've something to con-fess. You know that I made my will soon after we were married, and gave you most of my property?"
"Yes, dear; you told me. I thought it was not right then. I had much rather you had given it all to Blanche. Then their advice,

she could not think such dreadful things "You are an angel; but listen to me, my sweet. I was dreadfully jealous of you afterward. I was jealous of you

and Harry Gaines."
Virginia started slightly. 'You never had any reason," she said. "You loved him once "-

"Never!" cried Virginia.
"My darling, do you believe Mr. Judd will come to-night? Some one must go for him or Leeds again; my strength is failing. I am sure I shall not last till

The face of the young wife whitened again.
"Robert," she said, "what do you want with a lawyer? Do you wish to alter your will? Do you want to leave

is not coming," said the husband. Virginia shuddered.

The ready James, her own tool, made

James stared at her.

"Do you mean it this time?"

VOLUME X.

"I don't know but I did. And-and,

your property to your daughter Blanche instead of me?"

"Oh, no, no," he groaned.

"What then?" Is it anything you want altered in it? I will obey your

wishes, dear, as implicitly as if you had had a lawyer write them out for you." "Angel! angel!"
"Blanche never liked me, but I will ido her "nation, all the same," Virginia

said, "Send for Mr. Leeds, I know Judd

Mrs. Aubrey stepped out and put her of doing good.

inched and sunken face, on which eath's gray shadow seemed already set, eatching her.

She never looked at him, and, in spite won't die that soon," James said, as he dashed away.

Will, I'll have him here in forty minutes by the clock. The old man won't die that soon," James said, as he dashed away.

Uisoinia Aubrey masked her deceitful mile above Stockton, informs us that last mile above Stockton mile above Stockton, informs us that last mile above Stockton mile above Stockt She never looked at him, and, in spite of her youth and loveliness, there was something harsh and forbidding in her in sections. The sick man moved unessity of the sick period to the s

TERMS: \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

NUMBER 31.

The The Part In Country of the Count

The state of the control of the cont

Items of Interes

The oldest sort of fire-escape on record is the fond husband, who lies abed mornings.

"What would you do, madam, if you were a gentleman?" "Sir, what would you do if you were one?"

A woman is not fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it; and this is as true of a tongue as of a baby.

The average annual value of imports