

BT HARBY ALDEN. Up, when the larks to labor call, Just as the sun's first glances fai Lovingly on the breeding soil, arful the farmer goes to toil ; Sober and honest, hearty and hale, Thrift and industry never fail ; Working, still working, till set of sun, And rest at last when the toil is done. Contented he looks at the work of the day Then happily homeward takes his way ; A light in his window shines before-Brighter the light at his open door : The star of his home smiles welcome there "Thanks he to heaven the world's so fair Heart speaks to heart, and husband and wife Merit the joy of their humble life.

"Two's Company."

Miss Jenny B---- was born for me, And I was born for Jenny ;

For any other miss I see

I hardly care a penny.

Two turtle-doves you never saw

So fond of one another, And yet my rapture hath a flaw-My Jenny hath a brother A child of eight, or under that ; " Of manners inoffensive. You rarely find so young a brat With knowledge so extensive. For him two syllables are naught, He laughs at long division ; He says his lessons, as he ought, With laudable precision Due reverence for me he shows ; Pe greets me as a "mister."

I love his pretty sister. It may be chance-and yet I see

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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A young lad, whose tes with the rod, remarked t that " they had too many their school." arked the other da

A tall man having rallied a friend on the shortness of his legs, the friend re-plied : " My legs reach the ground--what more can yours do ?"

A convict was put into stocks in Willis, Texas. His gries for mercy, "Take me down," "I am dying," were not heeded, and he died under the torture.

And no check mader the corenre. When Tartar mests Turk, With their mutual ferocities, Then-borrible work !--Comes the ing of atrocities.--Punch. Nathan Minard. of Salem, Conn., a man ninety years old, and a rich miser, has had his coffin in his room for twenty years, and has dug his own grave to save save

this country during the last five years, is 1,706,426. Since 1846, the number of German immigrants is 2,345,486; of Irish, 2,009,447.

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CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1877.

o' ye don't even speak to me!' As I lit

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

secret with her daughter when the cap- dismay : "Don't you want the net over A MOUNTAINEER'S EXPLOIT.

secret with her daughter when the cap tain managed to transfer the prescher to the care of a wealthy and comely widow in the norghborhood. "He can poach all he pleases on that domain," said the captain; and shortly after, he was delighted to see the rown-end gentleman riding out with the fair widow, and gathering grasses and forms in the pretty woolland hannts about Granvill. "We can't keep a parson single," "the women won't let him alone, do wons her own house, and that will save rent for a parsonage." The morsel upon Miss Betty's fork re-mained untasted, and the captain; in the stage notice of the stage stopenber with daughter. An is the summer waned, and Sep-rent for a parsonage." The morsel upon Miss Betty's fork re-mained untasted, and the captain in this shine; and though the widow has abine; and though the widow has abine; and though the widow has a brilliant garden of her own, the twas morting for the right spin there are upon the foor; and hanning the read laws and the they can due to the right spin the read box: The morsel upon Miss Betty's fork re-mained untasted, and the captain in this shine; and though the widow has abine; and though the widow has a brilliant garden of her own, the twas four

The clever boy !- I know he knows That more than chance is in it ; He never leaves Miss B--- and me

VOLUME X.

Together for a minuta I can not heave the tender sigh With any satisfaction While such an incubus is by To mark my every action. I can not bend the supple knee. And "pop" the tender question The very thought of Number Three Forbids the soft suggestion

We never meet, we never talk But those two eyes espy us We never strive to steal a walk But Number Three is nigh us. In such a sad and sorry plight Perhaps it would be better To plead my suit in black and white, And register the letter.

A GOOD LITTLE SAMARITAN.

Miss Betty Van Dyke had curled her-Miss Betty Van Dyke had curled herself up in the corner of the capacious window-sill in her mo her's kitchen to watch Fifne flute the flounces of her India muslin. Miss Betty was as pretty have this netting if I can make it do; it to watch Finne flute the founces of her India muslin. Miss Betty was as pretty and fresh as a rose; her eyes were of heaven's own blue, her hair like threads of gold, her cheeks "like a Catherine Mrs. Benson," she added, with an air of pear, the side that's next the sup." Fi-fine was nothing more than a bundle of a slight sniff of reprosch—"I could not old bones wrapped in a piece of parch-ment; she was a native of Lorraine, know that poor Fifne was languishing and had lately married an Englishman familiarly known as "George," whom she had loved for many a year. If the widow had thereupon offered to drive to town with Miss Betty and buy

she had loved for many a year. Miss Betty was romantic, and it so de-lighted her when George at last yielded Betty would have put the old netting to the idolatry of poor Fifue, that she coaxed her father into leasing a bit of scrubby woodland with a tumble-down house upon it, to George, so that he multiple into the state of the state of the state of the state into the idolatry of the state of the state of the state of the state that the fine lady offered no such sacri-fice to charity, for she could not bear to find her altogether perfect.

could have a garden and potato patch. and raise some chickens, and take nice care of poor Fifine. Miss Betty even condescended to go to them during the borse fighing. care of poor Finne. Miss Betty even condescended to go to them during the house-finishing and the honey-moon, and assist Fifine in her little domestic furnishing and adorning, and advise George in relation to his garden, his potato patch, his chickens and wood-splitting.

But, truth to say, George had so stud-ied the character and attributes of the noble Indian that he modeled his life upon it, so far as resigning all domestic duties to poor Fifue. He gave over to his spouse the entire supervision of the reaction watch action control to the solution of the spouse the entire supervision of the spouse the entir

An iso the summer wanel, and Sept member was hand—September with her softble hase and rich warm sum her softble provide hase house with practicusters of Granville. The warm of a golden-rose house with practicusters of golden-rose withow was held in the the sitting-room where she found Mass Herty almost hidden by a mosquito acting which her softwarm hidden by a mosquito acting which here withow was held in the the sitting-room hidden by a mosquito acting which here withow was held in the the sitting-room hidden by a mosquito acting which here withow was held in the the sitting-room hidden by a mosquito acting which here withow was held in the the sitting-room hidden by a mosquito acting which here withow was held in the the sitting-room hidden by a mosquito acting which here withow was held in the sitting-room hidden by a mosquito acting which here withow was held in the sitting-room hidden by a mosquito acting which here withow was held in the sitting-room hidden by a mosquito acting which here withow was held in the the sitting-room hidden by a mosquito acting which here was how a not out here hidden by a mosquito acting which here was held in the here hidden by a mosquito acting which here was held in the here hidden by a mosquito acting which here hidden by a mosquito acting

for yon ill I am sick of the refrain." Betty turned a swift, melting glance behind her. In a twinkling the minister had lifted her to the widow's side, and forgot to take his arm away. It was quite dark, and the only star that shore in the sky was that of Venus. They drove rapidly on, Miss Betty's heart thumpic any is making the minister drove rapidly on, Miss Betty's heart thumpic any is making the minister the sky was that of Venus. They drove rapidly on, Miss Betty's heart thumpic is unions with the hoofs of the the sky was that of Venus. They drove rapidly on Miss Betty's heart thumpic is union with the hoofs of the the sky was that of Venus. They thumpic is union with the hoofs of the the sky was that of Venus. They thumpic is union with the hoofs of the the sky was that of Venus. They the sky was the

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

erstitions and Legends Concert ing the Moon--German and other Tra-ditions. Amongst the superstitions yet lingering

A WOMAN'S TERRIBLE AGONY. " Pedicures " and " Manicures."

NUMBER 40.

Olive Logan writes to Harper's Bazar as follows : At the bath house in Paris, near the church of La Madeleine, and which is called after that magnificent building, I told the female attendent that she might send the chiropodist, or, to use the French term, "pedicare," to

the bench under the trees. Fifne was very happy. She knew that George was superior to her in mind, but he had told her time and again that it was

he i al told her time and again that it was right he should be her superior, and he loved her all the better for it. But Miss Betty had her misgivings, and one day, when she was curled up like a lovely kitten upon the window-sill, she said to Fifine : "What does George do, Fifine, toward the support of the household? It seems to me that you are always slaving and toiling. What does

Then Fifne shrugged her shoulders, she care for any body? But her generwhich had become somewhat crooked and bulgy from the heavy burdens they had borne all these years, and ele-vated her eyebrows, which were rather scraggy and gray, and said, with a world scraggy and gray, and said, with a world of feeling in her voice: "What does he do, my angel? He gives to me the hap-piness which is my all : he gives to me the conversation which is beautiful ; he tells me of what is going on in the big basw world ; he pites, he consoles - ah, my little one, he loves me!" Miss Betty blashed and was silent, and thought, foolish child, that, after all, this was every thing. She left Fiftne to iron the tucks and furbelows with which Mrs. Van Dyke delighted to adorn her danget free from those of mosquitoes. At last through the trees she could see

her daughter Betty, and went out under the grapevine, and walked to and fro, and thought that if somebody—and here she trembled an i blushed at the thought she trembled an t blushed at the thought of his name--if he would read to her again, would talk to her again, would tell her of the big beantiful world once more, if he would love her-ah, what would abe not be glad to give in return! She would work for him-ay, she would work her slim fugers to the bone, only, of course, he wouldn't let her; he was too noble and generous and thoughtful. But if the necessity should arise, how glad she would be to do even like poor fifne, if only he would love her in re-turn! But, alas! the superiority of mankind was here also pre-eminent. He was the

But, alas I the superiority of mankind was here also pre-eminent. He was the new minister, the Rev. Reginald Roard around among the parisinoners, and thus save the rent of a parsonage. Cap-tain Van Dyke, Miss Betty's fither, had thought it best to economize in every way that they could, and had even taken thought it best to economize in every way that they could, and had even taken

his sponse the entire supervision of the garden, potato patch, chicken-raising and even the wood-splitting. He was of a dreamy nature, and would sit for hours on a rude bench he had placed near the wate, and there he would sit died up the house, and fed the chickens and hoed the potatoes, and washed a couple of dozen pieces for one of her patrons, and sp it some wood, and got

Since nobody cared for her, why should

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arely seen by any one, being able to letect your approach by the jar of the ground, if not otherwise, and hide them-elves.—Boston Herald.

Eccentric Wife-Murderer.

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Drowned in a Crock of Water, A School for Thieres

Drowned in a Crock of Mater. A most singular fatal accident occurred the town of Croton, near New Castle, Pennsylvania, the other day. Ann Eliza weisner, a young miss of eleven years, tarted to go to the spring-house at here mother's residence, for buitter and milit for supper. She did not return as soon as expected, and her mother followed to the spring-house. Mrs. Weisner was sur-prised to find her datghter lying flat on rock of water, and was terribly shocked when, on taising her up, the young giri of any kind, and the only manner in for any kind, and the only manner in to say kind, and the only manner in to say kind, and the only manner in to say kind, and the only manner in to any kind, and the only manner in to say kind, and the only manner in to any kind, and the orige baing burst to any kind, and the reface baing burst to any kind, and the reface baing burst to any kind, and the orige baing burst to any kind, and the orige baing burst to any kind, and the reface baing burst to any kind, and the reface baing burst to the nose, whic g girl a thief, at work for him. "And the said the prisoner, "isn't the worst of one officer, he offers me more ma than another to help in his thief-ca ing, and then, when I couldn't serve the ninsty-ninth turn, after bein' orce over London with him at night at thieves, he turns round on me, and says, says he: 'Now Til lag ye," The the same time the prisoner solemuly of nied that he had taken the jacket here question. The jury convicted him, at then the detective said theman had lon been a systematic trainer of thieven there being now several boys in crimina reformatories who had been brough out of prison, he had got into his power a lad of respectable parentage, but rather weak mind, whom he had nearly ruined. The assistant judge sentenced him to seven years' police surveillance to fol-low.

ogebai An Interesting Fact.

Eleven Files and One Wasp. The wasp is frequently a distarber of the peace, although a lover of sweetness and light. He lately acted in both roles within five minutes in Belgium. Two peasants, while in an inn, desiring to gamble, hit upon a novel method. Each melted a lump of sugar in water and poured the syrup on a table. A multi-inde of flies were upon the walls. Money was bet as to which pool of syrup the first dozen of flies would gather around one pool. and, while its owner was annually scanning the air, into the room buzzed a waep, and began feeding by the side of the eleven. The wasp was instantly claimed as a fly, the claim was declared blows—and then the police marched In Hildreth's "History of the United The Hindreds and History of the United States," it is stated that Manhattan Island-afterwards called New Amster-dam; now the city of New York-was bought by the Dutch from the Indians for sixty guilders, or twenty-four dollars, and this only about two hundred and at the rate of seven per cent., the accu-mulation would exceed the present mar-ket value of all the real estate in the city and county of New York.