The Man with an Appetite.

- A man I know's the hungriest one That ever saw the light; His gormandizing's never done, He's such an appetite.
- The story brought to me, you know,
- Then going home he from a shelf And there alone quite by himself He soon devoured the book.
- And yet he longed for more to eat, Yes, still he craved for more, Until, to make his meal complete, Quick bolted he the door.

TERMS: \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1879.

NUMBER 19.

| PRIOR | PRIO

The Morning Comes Before the San

Slow buds the pink dawn like a rose From out night's gay and cloudy sheath, Softly and still it grows and grows, Petal by petal, leaf by leaf,

Each sleep-imprisoned creature breaks

Its dreamy fetters one by one, And love awakes, and labor wakes The morning comes before the sua

What is this message from the light So fairer far than light can be?

Youth stands a tiptoe, eager, bright,

Ah! check thy longing, restless heart, Count the charmed moments as they rur

When once thy day shall burst to flower, When once the sun shall climb the sky

In haste the risen sun to see;

It is life's best and fairest part, This morning hour before the sun.

And busy hour by busy hour The urgent noontide draws anigh,

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XII.

By little list'ning birds, Was that a day or two ago He firstly ate his words.

Still pangs of hunger ne'er forsook This most voracious male, Not only he devoured the book, But swallowed, too, the tale.