Jugurtha. BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

How cold are thy baths. Apollo ' Cries the African monarch, the splendid As down to his death in the hollow Dark dungeons of Rome he descended Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended; How cold are thy baths, Apollo !

How cold are thy baths, Apollo ! Cried the Poet, unknown, unbefriende As the version, that lured him to follow. With the mist and the darkness blende And the dream of his life was ended; How cold are thy baths, Apollo ! -International Review

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THE REPORT FOR THE SAME OF PROPERTY OF THE PRO

The Model Girl

The sweetest

More precious than pearls

Not blustrous But modest and kind; She's spareful, She's careful,

The neatest,

" Industr'ous,

And all right in mind.

" She faints not

She pouts not,

She spouts not, Because her hair curls

Like some foolish girls;

" Not childish,

" Prettiest

Among all girls;

Wittiest,