Autumn Voices. Fading flowers whisper, "Little ones, farewell! Will you miss our faces From the hill and dell?" Will you doesn about our you dream about us In the wintry night, When the silent snowflakes Hide the earth from sight

Flying birdies warble. "We are going now; "Will you long to see us On the blooming bough? Though our airy journey Far awny]must be, Sweeter, brighter faces . We shall never see!"

Silver brooklets murn Silver brooklets murmur? "Little once, good-b-! Winds are growing chilly, Bitter days are nigh; We shall miss your bright eyes Peeping o'er the brim, When in ice, fotters. When in icy fetters We lie hushed and dim."

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XII.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

TERMS: \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

Under the wave the anemone grows; Fearless and trail in its innocence thriving-NUMBER 42. Under the rocking wave, Under the mocking wave Patiently striving.

Under the Wave.

Under the wave the pearl shines bright;

Under the wave the coral climbs trailly,

Under the crashing wave, Deep in the ocean. Under the wave the reeds grow tall, Dreamy the motion of sea-weed and willow

Under the toiling wave,

Under the billow.

'Neath the receding wave,

Sate from the rush of the raging commotion Under the dashing wave,

Hidden away.

Peerless and pure in the light of the day, Under the dreary wave, Under the weary wave

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1879.

<text>