At Night.

At night, when work is done, 'mid shadow gray that darken And cling about the window, where once th sun was bright, Sweet sounds come back again to which we

used to hearken, At night!

At night, tho' we are old, and the gray shadows clir Presage to us that shore where there is no

more light; Sometimes there come 'again" sweet airs of childhood's singing, At night!

At night we two may sit in shadow, open-

hearted: Long since the time has passed when hop was all in sight! Softly we sing the songs of happy days de-parted,

# At night!

At night the cricket's voice sounds through the shadows dreary; Our songs, alas! like his, have neither charm

We only rest and sing, hushed hopes and

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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In the Last Pew. She sits, bent o er, with wrinkiedfa Poor and forlorn'y old; no grace Smooths the sharp angles of her form, Long buffeted by lite's slow storm. All else around is fine and fair; The stained light falls, a golden glare, In seeming mockery on her loose, gray han

The preacher, faultlessly arrayed, Tells how our hearts aiar have strayed, And how all souls should be content With those good blessings God has sent. And one, of all that self-poised throng, Hangs on his words nor deems them long And humbly thinks only her heart is wrong

She meekly mumbles o'er the hymn, Her eyes with age and tear-drops dim; What can their gay world hold for her-This worn and weary worshiper? Now, rustling down the sisles in pride. They toss bright smiles on every sia. or does she know the hurts such fair

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