Trust.

A picture memory brings to me I look across the years, and see Myself beside my mother's knee

I feel her gentle hand restrain oods, and know agai A child's blind sense of wrong an

But wiser now, a man gray grown My childhood's needs are better known My mother's chastening love I own

Gray grown, but in our Father's sigh A child still grouping for the light To read His works and ways aright

I bow myseil beneath His hand; That pain itself for good was planne I trust, but cannot

I tondly dream it needs must be That, as my mother dealt with me, So with His children dealeth He.

I wait, and trust the end will prove That here and there, below, above,

The chastening heals, the pain is love

drawn breath, while a dark red hate smoldered in his usually soft eyes. "It shall be just as you say," she "It shall be just as you say," he re-plied, quickly. "Do you think you could learn to love me again, a little?" he asked, the anger all gone. She was to beantiful.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

Snow Two Hundred Feet Deep.

VOLUME XIII.

drawn breath, while a dark red hate

THIRTY YEARS IN DISGUISE. FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA. THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1880.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Choose for Me. In the throng of a bazahr Bewildered, sighing, Mid toys spread wild, Mid clash and madding jar, "What to be buying, Choose for me, father," said the child

In a labyrinth of flowers. Gold daisies flaring, Pink bells inlaid,

Round roses mined in showers, "Which to be wearing, Choose for me, true love," said the ma

In livelong, dazzling mi ze-Joy's flood, love's passion, Fame's star-arched goal-

Which mine of these vexed way. In thy compassion Choose for me, heaven!" prays the sou

-Laura Sa & rd.

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