Three Angels

say this life is barren, drear and cold; ver the same sad song was sung of old, Ever the same long weary tale is told. And to our lips is held the cup of strife, And yet—a little love can sweeten life. They say our hands may grasp but joys de-

Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void, Whose dead sea fruit long, long ago

cleyed, Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is

rife— And yet a little hope can brighten life. They say we fing ourselves in wild despair Amidst the broken treasures scattered there Where all is wrecked, where all once prom-

ised fair; And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged

knite— And yet a little patience strengthens life. Love, hope and patience cheer us on our way, Love, hope and patience torm our spirit's stay, Love, hope and patience watch us day by day, And bid the desert bioom with beauty vernal, Until the earthly fades in the eternal. —Temple Bar

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FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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Decreed. Into all lives some rain must fall. Into all eyes some tear drops start, Whether they fall as a gentle shower, Or fall like fire from an aching heart, nto all hearts some sorrow must creep, Into all souls some doubting come, Lashing the waves of life's great deep From dimpling waters to settling foam

Over all paths some clouds must lower, Under all test some sharp thorns spring, Tearing the flesh to bitter wounds, Or entering the heart with their bitter sting. Upon all brows rough winds must blow, Over all shoulders a cross be lain, Bowing the form in its lofty height Down to the dust in bitter pain.

nto all hands some duty thrust, Unto all arms some burdens given, Crushing the heart with its dreary weight, Or lifting the soul from earth to heav

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P. Porter, e showing ons of the best on so the Best of the more p, there to a wait the arrival of the milk man. As this custodian of tin cans drove up to the house in question yesterday morning he did not observe a solution of the mongrel breed which dogged 5,000,000 did the dog. He waiked up to the door 1,600,000 did the dog. He waiked up to the door 1,600,000 did the dog. He waiked up to the door 1,600,000 did the dog. He waiked up to the door 1,600,000 did the dog. He waiked up to the door 1,600,000 did the dog. He waiked up to the door 1,600,000 did the dog. He waiked up to the door 1,600,000 did the dog. He waiked up to the door 1,600,000 did the dog. He waiked up to the door 1,600,000 did the dog. He waiked up to the door 1,600,000 did the dog. He waiked up to the door 1,600,000 did the dog. He waiked up to the door 1,600,000 that there were nobody near to molest 0 or make him afraid, he commenced his nefarious operations. He bent his nose 1,600,000 draughts of the rich liquid, his head was visible to the Call reporter, who 0 observed the movements from behind a 1,7000,000 deeper dived the dog's head into the pitcher, and shallower and shallower 230,000,000 deeper dived the dog's head into the pitcher obstinately refused to be left and clung to the the verse bottom and he would leave the pitcher and go, but the pitcher obstinately refused to be left and the would leave the pitcher and go, but the pitcher obstinately refused to be left and clung to the the verse lottom and he would leave the pitcher and go, but the pitcher obstinately refused to be left and clung to the the verse bottom and he would leave the pitcher and go, but the pitcher obstinately refused to be left and clung to the the verse bottom and he would leave the pitcher and go, but the pitcher in the was unable to guide his 50,000,000 60,000,000 for ourse which he pursued was a very or which he aconizing how is of the dog's way, and the collision which ensued was very unpleas the dog s way, and the collision which ensued was very unpleasant for the dog. The pitcher, however, still remained unbroken, and the agonizing howls of the terrified canine became so shrill and continuous that the whole neighborhood d chimpanzee. He partook of every dish like a human being, put sugar into his t exacup, stirred it with the spoon, and d drank the beverage with evident relish. But his eyes looked supernaturally bright. I felt his pulse. It was one hudred and twenty-five. "He will not live long," I said to his keeper. "Why not?" he asked, with a sorrow-tu mien. "He is consumptive," I replied. "He is consumptive," I replied. "He is consumptive," I replied. "He is left lung was entirely gone. J. C. Ayer & Co., the medicine firm, publishes almanacs in every known tongue, except cold boiled tongue.—New Haven Register. "Description of the state of the solution of

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