Age. All the strong spells of passion slowly break. ing, Its chains undone, irroubled sleep that dreams to pea waking, A haven won.

A fire burnt out to the last dead ember,

Leit black and cold; A flery Angust unto still September Yielding her gold.

▲ dawn serene, the windy midnight over, The darkness past, Now, with no clouds or mists the day to cover The day at last.

Thou hast thy prayed-for peace, oh soul, and quiet From noise and strife, Now yearn for ever for the noise and riot That made thy life. -H. E. Clarke.

A Weird Fancy. If the dead, lying under the grasses, Unseen linger near the bereft, Having knowledge and sense of what passes In the hearts and homes they have left, What tear-drops, than sea-waters salter, Must tall when they see all the strite-When they see how we fail, how we falter, How we miss in the duties of life.

If the great, who go out with their faces Bedewed by a weeping world's tears, Stand near and see how their places Are filled, while the multitude cheers If the parent, whose back is bent do . she With delving for riches and gold, Lends an ear to the wrangle and troi le About him, before he is cold;

The wife, who left weeping and sori ow Behind her, bends down from above And beholds the tears dried on the mo. . ow, And the eyes newly burning with love; If the gracious and royal-souled mother, From the silence and hush of the tomb. Can hear the harsh voice of another, Slow-blighting the fruit of her womb;

If the old hear their dearly-forgotten joicing that burdens are gone;

If the young know how soon they're for While the mirth and the revel go on-What sighing of sorrow and anguish Must sound through the chambers of space What desolate spirits must languish

In that mystic and undescribed place Then life were a tarce with its burden. And death but a terrible jest ! But they cannot. The grave gives its guerden

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Rattle of the Bones. How many bones in the human face ? Fourteen, when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head? Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many buncs in the human ear? Three in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine? Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest ? Cwenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones the shoulders bind ? Two in each-one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm? In each arm one: two in each forearm

How many bones in the human wrist? Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand ?

in tair water and rubbed with a clean, soft cloth till dry. A little sweet oil rubbed on occasionally gives them a fine polisk. The furniture should be rubbed over with a clean cloth till it appears dry and polished. White spots on varialshed furniture may be removed by rubbing them with a warm fiannel dipped in spirits of turpen-tine. Ink spots may be removed by rubbing them with a woolen cloth dipped in oil of vitriol and water mixed, being careful not to touch any part of the furniture that is not spotted. As soon as the ink is extracted, rinse the spot with pearlash water, and then with

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