The Proudest Lady he queen is proud of her throne, And proud are her maids so fine; ut the proudest lady that ever was known But upo proceess lady that ever was known Is this little lady of mine,
It's her sport and pleasure to flout me!
The spurn and scorn and scout me!
But ch! I've a notion it's naught but play,
And that, say what she will and feign what She can't well do without me!

For at times, like a pleasant tune,
A sweeter mood overtakes her;
Oh! then she's sunny as skies in June,
And all her pride forsakes her.
Oh! she dances round me so fairily!
Oh! her laugh rings out so rarely!
Oh! she ooaxes, and nestles, and peers and
pries

pries,
In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,
And owns she loves me dearly.

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There's a Gain for Every Loss. For every wound there is a balm,

For every loss a gain,
And warring tumult ends in calm,
While rest is born of pain. Those souls who highest pleasure feel,
Sink oft in deepest woe,
While grief, which eye nor lip reveal,

Preys on the heart below. To those who mourn, a day of joy Begins when life shall end, And bliss, which has no base alloy,

With brighter hopes shall blend. But not on earth surcease is given To sorrow, suffering, sin;
And perfect peace this side of heaven Thou canst not hope to win.

Lilla N. Cuchman, in Meriden Recorder ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The total number of cotton spindles in the Southern States is 687,200.