At Sixty

Twenty years or more have rolled Since a student, wan and sad, Felt that he was growing old-Little here to make him glad; But I'm younger now than then

I have shouldered heavy weights, Tasted manhood's pungent care, Braved the world-its joys and hates And of pleasure had my share; But I am younger now than then.

True, my locks are getting gray, And thin, but that's no sign; Life with me is in its May. Not a flower can I resign; So I'm younger now than then.

Twenty-years ! and what care I Be it twenty summers more ? The soul itself can never die, But grows brighter ever more; And I'll be younger then than now.

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FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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Even her garment's fold Is just the same-In dreams she comes to me Only in dreams. Sae comes to me in dreams, No change is there No gathering shade of gibom, No hint of coming doom, Is on her tace so tair. In dreams she comes to me TERMS: \$2.00 a Year. in Advance. Only in dreams She comes to me in dreams, When glittering light Shall drive earth's clouds away NUMBER 17.

And with its welcome ray, Bring the long-looked-for day, · Heaven's morning bright Then will she come to me;

In Dreams.

She comes to me in dreams Just as of old;

With form of fragile grace, The sweet remembered tace

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