To the Desponding. Take this for granted, once for all-There is neither chance nor fate; And to sit and wait for the sky to fall, Is to wait as the foolish wait.

The laurel longed for, you must earn-It is not of the things men lend; And though the lesson be hard to learn, The sooner the better, my friend.

That another's head can have your crown Is a judgment all untrue. And to drag this man or the other down. "Will not in the least raise you! -Alice Cary.

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A Red Rose. Oh, rose, my red, rod rose ! Where has thy beauty fied? Low in the west is a sea of fire. But the great white moon soars high and

higher, As my garden walks I tread. Thy white-rose sisters glean Like stars in a darkening sky; They bend their brows with a sudden thrill To the kiss of the night dewes, soft and still, When the warm south wind floats by.

And the stately lilies stand Fair in the silvery light, Like saintly vestals, pale in prayer, Their pure breath sanctifies the air, As it fragrance fills the night.

But oh! my red, red rose! My rose with the crimson lips! bright thou wert in the sunny morn, et now thou art hiding all forlorn, And thy soul is in drear eclipse

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