His face is bronzed with summer skies His honest hands are hard and brown; And there is something in his eyes, That came with light from heaven down He is not of the earth a cloud,

In dividends of green and gold.

But nature's child, erect and free, Where wood-birds sing, and blossoms nod, And rivers shout in ecstacy.

The Scarecrow.

DESTRICT HE WORLD

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The dewy grasses bend and fall;
A groop of children, gay and bithe,
Arnid the has been carnival;
While rising high in azure sky, The morning sun shines lovingly

The flowers and grasses slowly tade, And o'er their wreaths the child A maiden sees in ev'ry blade Emblems of hope but borne to die Yet in the sky, still rising high,

The golden sun shines lovingly. The mower works with haggard eyes For bitter grief is in his breast; A lark flies up with startled cries-The scythe has swept away her nest

Yet, risen high in deep blue sky, The sun still shines on lovingly. From ivied church the mourners go

(The sun is sinking in the west); The mower death has laid one low,