Apostrophe to the Watermelon. ome to the mortal as he sits Upon a dry goods box and sips The nectar from thy juicy lips -Come to the youngster as he flits Across the high and peaked fence And moves with ecstasy intense Thy charms from off the native vine; And thou art terrible! Oh, August-born monstrosity! Incarnate colicosity! Beneath thy emerald bosom glow Like glittering bubbles in the wine, The lurid fires of deadly woe, And from thy fascinations grow The pain, the cramp, the pang, the throe And all we fear or dream or know Of agony is thine. - Eugene Field.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XIII.

## CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA. THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1880.

The Faces We Meet. Oh, the faces we meet, the faces we meet,

CENTRE REPORTER.

TERMS: \$2.00 a Year. in Advance.

Thorns and Roses From morn till night John's hamme The tale of labor telling; But oft he marked, with envious eye Squiro's Hardy's cosy dwelling. One day the squire himself came by-"My horse has lost a shoe, John, And that's the least of all my cares, But cares don't come to you, John The lightning struck my barns last night; My child near death is laid, John; No! life is not what folks suppose, 'Tis not of roses made, John.''

And then the squire rode sally off, John watched him in amazement And, as he watched, two faces bright Peeped from the open casement. He heard his wife's voice, sweet and low, His baby's merry laughter; John gave his anvil such a blow, It shook each smoky raiter. "I would not change with squire," said he, " For all his land and m ney;

NUMBER 31.