-M. F. Butts, in Good Company.

Thanksgiving.

VOLUME XIII.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1880.

| The content of the

CENTRE

| Part |

NUMBER 48.

The elm is turning yellow

With crimson fire again.

And my heart stands still a mom

into sheaves,

of what it leaves

I pick the honeyed clover

That blossoms at my feet; Ah, me! long years are over

Since first I lound it sweet.

into sheaves,

I ponder o'er and o'er;

Is as it was before.

I hear the crisp corn rustle that's gathered

And my heart stands still a moment to think

of what it leaves.

The sadness and the sweetness

Nor sighing nor the gladness

I hear the crisp corn rustle that's gathered

And my heart stands still a moment to think

The trost hath fringed the maple

hear the crisp corn rustle that's gathered