Distance. Oh, spotless silver ship So far away! While in the hazy olue Thine outlines stay No fleck or flaw is seen; But float a-near, And many a seam and soil Straitway appear.

Oh, hope that lies serend In distant light! No blemish mars thy grace To longing signt; But hope by longing met Ebchants no more Then coarse and common ships Beside the shore. -M. F. Bulls, in Good Compan

CENTRE REPORTER. HE

Gone Days, and Coming. Toll out, oh, bells! for the year just dead, With its hopes, its joys, its sorrows now fle The tree with its flowers and leaves all shed; Toll out, oh, belis!

Peal out, oh, beils! on the winter's night, Peal out a melody clear and bright, A pman of joy our hearts to delight; Peal out, oh, bells!

TERMS: \$2.00 a Year. in Advance.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

NUMBER 49.

Chime out, ob, belis' chime out and raise High to the heavens your notes of praise, A prelade of brighter and happies days; Chime out, oh, bala!

Let Them Go. FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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