The Language of Birds. mber well one summer's day, While sitting in the park, A youthful couple passed close by, Intent upon a lark. They stopped beneath a shady tree; A bird sang overhead. He blushing asked her If she knew what little birdie said? Her answer was a simple "No," Then rolled her cyes so blue He stammered out, "My dearest Jane, It says that 'I love you!" " And is that all?" she then inquired "Dear William, kind and true: I thought, perhaps, it also said, ' Please show it, it you do,' " - Philade i phia Sun.

Popping.



TERMS: \$2.00 a Year. in Advance.

NUMBER 2.

Near to her house, thy lovely mellow light Would be my ruin. If the night were dark, I might elude her father's watchtul even But now his dog would see me and would bark; Then he'd come out and I should have to

Oh, Moon,

night

b, moon, upon love's errand I was bent; They call thes "lovers' friend," but not to

serve the name, for if I went

And by the light he'd catch me, sure as fate. So I'll not riski t, and, oh, moon, so tair, While all thy beauties I appreciate, I wish, by thunder, that thou wert not

there !

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Ice dealers are happy over a solid

Apples are worth \$2.50 a barrel in England.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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