The Violet's Grav The woodland! And a golden wedge Of sunshine slipping through! And there beside a bit of hedge, A voilet so blue

So tender was its beauty, o douce and sweet its air, I stooped, and yet withheld my hand-Would pluck, and yet would spare.

Now which was best?-for spring will pas And vernal beauty fly-On maiden's breast or in the grass Where would you choose to die? - From the Sic

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End of the Couriship Though Harry knows the time is l And dreads her angered sice, He hates to leave his charming late, Or rather-leave the fire.

"What happy, sweet, I spend," He sighs, "alone with thee." It's all," she says, " you over "Good evening!" says ho. -H. C. Dodge.

HUMOROUS.

Goes against the grain-The reaping machine - Yau cob Strauss. Out of every 103 inhabitants in the Juited States, sixteen live in cities.

The man who has gathered a big ico prop wants to keep it shady. -Picayune. He sighed for the wines of a dove, but had no idea that the legs were much etter eating.