-Christian Rosetti.

"Sower's Song." We step and we cast; old Time's on w And would ye partake of harvest joys, The corn must be sown in spring. Fall gently and still, good corn, Lie warm in thy earthly bed, And stand so yellow some morn, That beast and man may be fed.

Old Earth is a pleasure to see In sunshiny cloak of red and green; The furrow lies fresh; this year will be Fall gently and still, etc.

Old Mother, receive this corn, The seed of six thousand golden sires;

"Bat," the French Canadian woodcutter. There was nothing in the young fellow's appearance to suggest the winged horror whose name he bore. It was merely a sobriquet for Baptiste. Jake seldom availed himself of the abbreviation, but, slowly and emphatically, styled him "Canuck," usually prefixing a descriptive that had more force than elegance. It was ill-natured, to say the least, for Bat was one of the kindest fellows in the world, "and the ways of him." as Kitty said, "was wan sthrame"

"The storm.

Suddenly Jake arose, and, muttering say? "If I should die—my soul to take—Jesus'—sake."

His head drooped lower, his lips were still. The water sweptacross his breast, the long ferns, waving, brushed his bleeding hnads, and through the laurel branches the sunshine fell upon his ghastly face.

"Jake, my poor feller, look—hope your heyes—you ain't dead, don't it? Sapre, wake up, mon ga," cried Bat, in the way of a good-night, something in the way of a good-night, say? "If I should die—my soul to take—Jesus'—sake."

His head drooped lower, his lips were still. The water sweptacross his breast, went the two men, Bat's jubilant heart overflowing in droll speeches and songs the sum the way of a good-night, something in the way of a good-night, something in the way of a good-night, say? "If I should die—my soul to take—Jesus'—sake."

His head drooped lower, his lips were still. The water sweptacross his breast, went the two men, Bat's jubilant heart overflowing in droll speeches and songs the sum the way of a good-night, something in the way of a good-night, same the soulched out of the room. least, for Bat was one of the kindest fellows in the world, "and the ways of him," as Kitty said, "was wan sthrame o' sunshine; but sure," she added, "Jake is that jealous that he can't trate him dacent, though I'd sooner see Maree quiet in her grave nor married to likes av him. Av she's in love wid the Frinchman? There ye have me now. She's that quare and shy, Maree is, that quare and shy, Maree is, that on their left the fearful precipe in the overhanging rocks on their right, and on their left the fearful precipe in the overhanging rocks on their right, and on their left the fearful precipe in the two proposed in the top of his voice, that the sang at the top of his voice, that the sang at the top of his voice, the doctor said he should think it would. But it did not, for behind them crept one whose intent was blacker than the agony of terror and compassion, as, the doctor said he should think it would. But it did not, for behind them crept one whose intent was blacker than the agony of terror and compassion, as, the doctor said he should think it would. But it did not, for behind them crept one whose intent was blacker than the doctor said he should think it would. But it did not, for behind the doctor said he should

CENTRE REPORTER.

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NUMBER 13.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Italians in New York. Kind words are bald-headed. They Accidents in the House.

In the household occasional accidents

During the year 1879 seven thousand two hundred Italianz emigrants were landed at this port, one-third of which number remained in the city, and there Sunday may be a very solemn sort of a day, but there's a sadder day comes just before it.—Steubenville Heraid. Favorite music for a soldier—A march-For a hunter—A schottische. For a horseback rider—A galop.— Waterloo Observer.

A member of the Colorado legislature in addressing that august body began; "My fellow-statesmen." His bill passed

Oh! but my soul goes after

Ohl but my arms lean tool Waves! yours is the mocking, low laughter Of those who are distant and true.

That which is taken-that you restore

What alleth my heart? or the ocean?

Why are my swift feet still? Tide! Thine is the terrible motion

Rush! Ah! hush thine entreaty

Stay, nay, stay from thy power. Arms, lips, breath, oh! release me!

Thine is eternity. Space me an hour

-Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

Faint, faint fade from my gazing; Slip, slip, glide from the shore. Hear, hark, hear how I bid you;

James Gordon Bennett has paid out \$30,000 for music in Pau. But that's all right. He got his money from pau.— Louisville Journal.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA. THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1881.

PENNY SONGS.

annyhow; but danged if I'm anxious to draw and I'm anxious to draw my draw and I'm anxious to draw my draw the went before her like a sulky convict anny trait to-night."

The doctor looked at Bat. Maria, too, had looked at him, and that look had fired his soul with the courage of an old warrior, whatever the risk or the terror.

"Well, a guess a know dat way pretty well, an' if hanyting is happen I got do doctor, ain't it?" said Bat, gayly brushing back his brown curls, and drawing over them the veritable blue toque than he had worn in the backwoods of Canada. Then, in his droll way, he took solemm leave of Kitty and Mike, imploring them, if anything should preven his return, to be good to Jake. Over Maria's little brown hand he lingered long enough to say, unheard by

middle of the apartment.

"Ruth! Ruth! where's my breeches?" he cried, as he pranged about in his attire; "where's my breeches, I say?"

"Never mind your breeches, I say?"

"Torment you, Ruth," yelled Uncle Eli, awakening the children who sie; ton the next floor above; "torment you, Ruth, where's my breeches, I say?"

"Never mind your breeches, I say."

"Never mind your breeches, I say." night and have walking matches on the

They sing alto, basso, and tenor;
Oh, they ought to be feathered and tarred.
Oh, they are worse than Haverty's ministrels,
Yes, the cats in our back yard. Emmet tells of a man who wants

Streets would be all paved with bretzels,
Schweizer kase grow on der trees,
He'd make it a holiday always,
Und peeble should take of dere case.
He'd give every poor man his rights,
He'd make the rich folks shell out,
He'd make all dem fat beobles thin,
Und make all dem thin beebles stout.

judgment—"
"Torment you, Ruth," he roared, as he broke away from her clutten; "torment you Bulk Library, the day of One of the most popular songs was sung by Adah Richmond. It is entitled "When Charlie Plays the Drum,"

ROMANCE OF A TOOTH.

Extent of Their Sale-The Kind That Take How a Cheyenne Young Lady Obtained a Dental Outfit in Denyer.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

In the household occasional accidents occur, generally of a harmless character, but as they sometimes are of a certain gravity, we refer to a clever little book ontitled, "What to Do First," written by C. W. Dulles, which contains, in a small space, a great deal that is useful to know in certain emergencies. Now, as there are copper boilers attached to ranges in many kitchens, the use of oxalic acid to scour them is quite common. Occasionally we hear of accidents arising from carelessness when oxalic acid has been left about. The writer of this uses oxalic acid in her own kitchen, but with great precaution. All these with plant manner of the control and the control and

So young Spaniard whose well brushed and somewhat faded habilished and care should be taken with the bottle containing it.

Corrosive sublimate is often employed in the content of the co

FRED KURTZ. Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XIV.

Kitty, "I'm thinkin' we're as safe outside as in afther this. We're in for it, annyhow; but danged if I'm anxious to still under cover of the girl's revolver,

"Bat," the French Canadian woodcutter. There was nothing in the young Suddenly Jake arose, and, muttering What was it mother used to make me

The World Coming to an End.

Something like fifty years ago Uncle Eli and Aunt Ruth, a good old couple jogging on along life's downward way, retired to rest with no thoughts con-cerning the end of the world in mind anny trail to-night."

The doctor looked at him, and that look too, had looked at him, and that look out-building, and, fastening the door out-building, and, fastening the door during the hours allotted to slumber.

day of judgment's come." night But daddy did mind his breeches, fence, and continued galloping about the room, overturning chairs and tables, barking his suins and stumbling over everything within his circuit, hunting

Meantime Aunt Ruta remained upon reform things so thoroughly that her knees, praying, or attempting to pray, and beseeching Uncle Eli to do

The state of the control of the cont