They sat in grief beside poor Hood, Who lay in anguish on his bed, But smiling still, in hopeful mood, Though pierced with pain his weary head

And whence the sharp death-torture can "Your heart is lower placed, my friend, Than usual in the human frame !

"And if my heart is down so low," Gasped Hood, and took the proffered cup "There surely is-excuse the mot-More need for me to keep it up!"

No Time for Hating. Begone with feud! away with strife;

Let us be friends again! This life Is all too short for hating! So dull the day, so dim the way, rough the road we're faring Far better weal with faithful friend, Than stalk alone uncaring !

The barren fig, the withered vine, Are types of selfish living; But souls that give, like thine and mine, Renew their life by giving. While cypress waves o'er early graves, On all the way we're going

Far better plant, where seed is scant, Than tread on fruit that's growing Away with scorn ! Since die we must And rest on one low pillow; There are no rivals in the dust-

No foes beneath the willow. So dry the bowers, so few the flowers, Our earthly way-discloses, Far better stoop where daisies droop Than tramp o'er broken roses!

Of what are all the joys we hold pared to joys above us! And what are rank, and power and gold, pared to hearts that love us? So fleet our years, so full of tears, So closely death is waiting; God gives us space for loving grace, But leaves no time for hati

-A. J. H. Duganne.

"What lovely weather we have had ever since I came here! not at all like "Glad you like it."

asked his wife, whose curiosity wa

much. If it was anybody else's, I'd-

father?" said Dick, banteringly.
"It's all in the family, so I'm saved a hundred dollars at least.

said the elder Mrs. Hope.
"You take my advice," said her hus-

who was adjusting a strap,

here. I'll never forget the sweep I got see it."

"Bad! Bad's no name for it. Why, it blew my wagon as far as from here to the barn, blew the horses off their feet, "It's tore up trees and lodged me against a the foot of Dan's Rock."

Mary Hope.
"Don't let him frighten you," said myself when I think you took me before all the other fellows."

mosphere with rich odors. There were lines upon lines of variegated tints above the horizon. Such a sunrise Mary Hope had never looked on except among the mountains. There were tints of crimson, amber and gold; and above the horizon.

## CENTRE REPORTER.

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"Hasn't it a curious shape?" "Come now, what would you give, "Hasn't it a curious shape?"
"Come now, what would you give, "That's where the wind comes from. They manufacture it up there."
"What do you mean, Dick?"

"There's a valley back there that ex 'A hundred more wouldn't buy her, tends full forty miles northwest, where "A hundred more wouldn't buy her, father. Just say to anybody that covets my new mare I won't take a cent less than seven hundred dollars. Why she goes like wind."

"That reminds me, Dick, you'd best take the road round by Drake's."

"And lose a good half-hour," said Dick.

"That's a long way round, father," below us here, fills the valley sweeps down said the elder Mrs. Hone.

"That's a long way round, father," below us here, fills the valley sweeps down said the elder Mrs. Hone.

"That's a long way round, father," below us here, fills the valley where it said the elder Mrs. Hone.

"That's a long way round, father," below us here, fills the valley where it said the elder Mrs. Hone. narrows there like the neck of a bottle.

twenty years ago coming over Pringle's "It's the only speck in the sky," said

"It's the only speck in the sky," said bingly, "there is nothing left of the cown—not a house. I can only see a heap here and there—something like "It's not like our sky, then," said Dick, as he kissed her standing on the very top of Dan's Rock. "Do you know it is time we were moving now?"

"Bad! Bad's no name for it. Why, then we were moving now?"

"Bad! Bad's no name for it. Why, then we were moving now?"

"We have only been here a little while."

"It's three hours since we stopped at the condition of the road near the base of Dan's Rock but a little while since. He

"My goodness, Dick!" That must have been terrible," said "That's what I'm always saying to

blok, smilingly: "lightning never strikes fwice in the same place. I'm all right, you see. The only time I was blown away was when I went East for "Look for yourself," said Dick, holding out his watch.

"It's the grandest day of my life,

PRINGLE'S FLAT.

"You will have a beautiful day, my dear," said Mrs. Hope, as she looked admiringly first at her son Dick, who was driving up to the door in his new buggy, then at her daughter-iu-law, Mary Hope, whose honeymoon was at its full.

"I am so glad!" said the young wife.
"What lovely weather we have had ever since I came here! not at all like "Why. Dick?"

Butleaves no time for hating.

-A. J. H. Duganne.

Church windows; it looks as though it were really on fire. The houses are so pretty, too, the streets so wide, and there is such an air of peace and comfort about it! Why, it is like a town that has grown up in a night, it is so wonderfully clean and neat—just what a painter would make if he were painting towns to please people."

"T m glad you like it. That reminds me; do you see that house above the church, to the left?"

"It looks charming—the prettiest house in the air and earth was condensed, gathered into one awful shriek. Earth and sky were obliterated. Dick seath a painter would make if he were painting towns to please people."

"T'm glad you like it. That reminds me; do you see that house above the church, to the left?"

"It looks charming—the prettiest house for a painting towns to please people."

"It looks charming—the prettiest house there."

"Glad you like it."

"Glad you like it."

"Glad you like it."

Dick sat up and earth was condensed, gathered into one awful shriek. Earth and sky were obliterated. Dick seath and sky were obliterated. D

what some of my friends predicted when they said we ought to spend our honeymoon in the East."

Dick Hope at that moment sprang out of his buggy lightly, and gallantly extended a hand to his wife.

"Nonsensel" exclaimed Mary Hope.

"Lamp type a ballylass area that the they want that was Dick Hope's way.

"Now for a trial of your strength,"

"Why, Dick?"

"Why, Dick?"

"Why, Dick?"

"It's yours. I bought it before I went East for you. We'll look inside of it when we return, if we have time."

That was Dick Hope's way.

"The drive to Dan's Rock occupied an hour.

"Now for a trial of your strength,"

"Now for a trial of your strength,"

"Now for a trial of your strength,"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mary Hope.
"I am not such a helpless creature that said Dick, a: he tied his horse to a tree at the base of the great rock and assistlightly into the buggy, with a merry laugh.

"Now for a trial of your strength, said Dick, a: he tied his horse to a tree at the base of the great rock and assistly whether it was the water from the river he dashed into his face or the gush of tears that came into his eyes, Dick Mrs. Hope the elder gave an approving nod: "It's just as well to let Dick know you can help yourself. These know you can help yourself. These "That's the programme, what we came out for to-day. You've heard so much of the view from Dan's Rock that you want to see it for yourself. Do you they have heard so were to funch. "Must I climb up there, Dick?" said does not know to this day, but suddenly his eyes became clear, and he could see his wife lying with her face next him and the water washing her long hair over her breast. He lifted her up. He felt her hands, her cheeks. Then suddenly her washing her long hair and the water washing her long hair over her breast. He lifted her up. interrupted her daughter-in-law, with another laugh.

Old Mr. Hope, coming down from the stables at that moment, eyed the horse, buggy and harness (Dick had expended seven hundred dollars on that turn-out), then stood patting the horse's neck kindly. He was an admirer of fine horses, and his judgment was sought for one supreme effort, and dragged rather than carried her up to the dry shelving beach under the blush. Mary Hope slowly opened her eyes and horses, and his judgment was sought for one supreme effort, and dragged rather than carried her up to the dry shelving beach under the blush. Mary Hope slowly opened her eyes and horses, and his judgment was sought in forcing all kinds of dainties upon locked at her husband. Then she put to the dry shelving beach under the blush. Mary Hope slowly opened her eyes and locked at her husband. Then she put to the dry shelving beach under the blush. Mary Hope slowly opened her carried her up to the dry shelving beach under the blush. Then she put to the dry shelving beach under the blush. Mary Hope slowly opened her eyes and locked at her husband. Then she she, buggy and harness (Dick had expended seven hundred dollars on that turn-out), then stood patting the horse's neck kindly. He was an admirer of fine horse, the stables at that moment, eyed the horse, buggy and harness (Dick had expended seven hundred dollars on that turn-out), then stood patting the summoned all his remaining dentile the hands, her cheeks. Then sud-denly he summoned all his remaining dentile the hundred dollars on the turn-out), then stood patting the horse's neck when the stood patting the summoned all his remaining dentile the horse's trent to seven hundred dollars on that turn-out), then stood patting the horse's neck when the stood patting the summoned all his remaining dentile the hundred dollars on the summoned all his remaining dentile the horse's trent than carried her up to the dry shelving beach under the blush.

"Just middling," answered her husand. "We have them out here faster
han that."

"It hen they slowly mounted the massive heap called Dan's Rock. Such a
view! A sweep of forty miles in one
direction, east, and almost as grand a
view to the west.

Dick sat down and handed his wife

Dick sat down and handed his wife

Looked at his wife, still sitting with her used to think it impossible, but we have got so far on now there's no telling "Do you see that hill away off to the we are almost naked. There is nothing

on me, and your dress is in ribbons," He looked up and down the river in a helpless way, still pressing a hand to his heart "I don't see—any sign of— the buggy or the horse." Then he cast the buggy or the horse." Then he cast his glance at the bluff back of them. Come, let us go up on the bank."
He had to carry her.
"It is the horrible fright, dear Dick.

because her eyes were not clear. As she "You take my advice," said her husband. "I mean coming back. It it once; that is all I want to see."

doesn't matter going. It it should blow you will find it safest."

"It is really awful, Mary."

Thick who was adjusting a strap.

"It is really awful, Mary."

"It is really awful, Mary." "And now it looks like—like the claims of Egypt. I can't conceive of "I—I expected as much," said Dick,

looked off east and west, smiled in a satisfied way and observed: "I don't see any signs of a storm."

"Nor I," said his father; "but no one knows anything about the wind "About the size of a man's hand? I "I—I expected as much," said Dick, anything disturbing the perfect peace of this beautiful scene. See that cloud wife. "Nothing—nothing man ever made could stand before that storm."

"About the size of a man's hand? I "Oh, Dick," she exclaimed, sob-"Oh, Dick," she exclaimed, sob-bingly, "there is nothing left of the

"It's three hours since we stopped at Dan's Rock but a little while since. He

"We want to see all that can be seen, dead.—David Lowry, in Lippincott.

dighter, Mary, they know nothing, it he not for the areas pounded, and with lime inclosed in large, green, such done their work well on the other side of the tracters and the states is aside, the states is aside, and the lime of the large and better. That the Lawrence family have a state of the states is aside, and the lime of the large and better. The taste is aside, the states is aside, and the lime of the large and better. The taste is aside, the states is aside, and the lime of the large and better. The taste is aside, the states is aside, the states is aside, the states in the states and the states are states. The states is aside, the states is assigned to the states and the states are states are states are states and the states are states are states and the states are states are states are states and the states are states are states are states are states and the states are states are states are states and the states are states is not an uncommon thing after a grand feast for at least two or three people to die of over-gorging; and then another feast has to be given, at which, probably, some more die. Thus is death's sickle not permitted to rust. A sweetmeat shop is a frequented place, not only by the younger members of the community, but by the sage and hoary. But nothing can be bought without wrangling. Though a man may buy a pound of the self-same article for ten

Gigantic Locomotives. Dan's Rock but a little while since. He could not recognize the place he had looked on a hundred times. The trees had disappeared; they had been swept from the face of the earth. Then he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked across to where Pringle's Flat for the particular purpose of making up time on portions of the road where had stood in all the pride of a new time on portions of the road where Western town. Dick Hope suddenly there are long stops. On the fast run right, you see. The only time I was blown away was when I went East for you. Are we all ready now? Basket in, mother?"

Mrs. Hope nodded gayly, Dick lifted the reius lightly and away the new buggy with its happy occupants sped over the prairie.

It was early morning. The fingers of the dew stretched upward, dissolving the shadowy mist that hung over the prairie and the thin line of woodland that lay away off to the west like a fringe on a neatly-cut garment. The

\*\*POLIUME XIV.\*\*\*

\*\*OLIVE AND NAMEDER 19.\*\*

\*\*It also well shown the same in the most of the control of the c

Stevens, residing in Canterbury, Conn.
My mother, Mary Stevens, lived with him at that time. One day, during our visit, my mother led me aside, telling visit, my mother led me aside, telling visit, my mother led me aside, telling arentage of Mary Stevens, he regarded the so-called confession simply as a document, containing somewhere in it a nument, containing somewhere in it and my maiden name was Mary Hathaway. My father was John Hathaway. Dieg. "In Section of the Company of the Section of the Section of the Company of the Section of

least a month. But the English school-boy has been known to compete with le Hindo in such gastronomic feats; for one boy has been known at a sitting to eat twelve solid pounds. The doctors prophesied of him immediate death, but he smiled sickly and thought a glass of milk would set him all right.

In all great native feats confection. horses, and his judgment was sought far and wide on all points of horse flash: "There's fine mettle here, Dick."

"I know it," said Dick, proudly.
"Cheap at four hundred," said him to herself in the glad day with Hope. "I think she's good for two-twenty-one without much of an effort."

"I think she's good for two-twenty-one without much of an effort."
"Why, isn't that a fast horse, Dick." asked his wife, whose curiosity wa

wrangling. Though a man may buy a pound of the self-same article for ten years running, he would each time try to reduce the price, and the seller, knowing this peculiarity, invariably asks double the real price.—Californian.

Its years of age, my mother, Sylvia Ingalis, told me the following history from her mother, Mary Stevens she had lived in in England, and where her home was, was Lancashire."

It will be only through the above confession that the descendants of Johnathan and Mary Laurence are disposed.

me in tears that she had something important to reveal. This is as near what she told me as I can remember, not having copied it: 'My dear daughter, I have been very ill, and fear I may never see you again, as we live widely apart. I do not know what my children with the rest, he at first believed that Mary to the solution of the question of who she was. He began the work determined to find out the truth and reveal it to the family. In common with will think, but hope they will forgive Stevens was herself the veritable Mary me when I tell them that they have not Townley, whose heirs have so frequently known their correct names. My father been called for by the English authoriand mother lived in England. My and mother lived in England. My father was Lord John Townley, of Lancashire; my mother's maiden name was Mary Lawrence, sister of John Lawrence. My mother (Mary Lawrence) was possessed of a large property before she married John Townley. I myself had property in my own name when I left my father Townley's house. Francis Townley, a relative of ours, was beheaded in 1746. The government, at the time of the execution, set aside a

family Bible. It had in it the record of her family and other records. She also (Manitoba) Times.

was executed in 1746. At the time of his execution the government set aside and I had read somewhere that bears never touch dead people. So I just shut my eyes and held my breath." a portion of his estate for Mary Town-ley, who had married John Lawrence, the remainder being given to her sister, Dorothy, who had married Lord Effing-

up close and began sniffing me all over.
Oh, it was just terrible!"
"Should have thought you would ham. "This title, Lord Effingham, was derived from the district he represented. Lord Effingham died without issue, and willed his entire estate to his wife, who willed it to her sister, my grandmother.
"My mother's maiden name was Mary Lawrence, sister to John and Johnathan Lawrence. She and her brothers were

away, and lived in —, Mass. When I left my father Hathaway's house my sister, who was the only heir to my father's and mother's property, besides myself, was very sick with consumption. 'My uncle, John Lawrence, my moth-

er's brother, is a merchant living in

Gold was the color of her hair;

The color of her eyes was vair; The sun shone on her everywhere.

Along a Slope of Grass,

Full slight and small she was, and bent

Along a slope of grass she came; And as she walked, a virgin shame Lit up her face's snow with flame.

Her lithe neck shyly, as she went,

In some child-like bewilderment

It seemed the flush of the spring hours Lay on her cheeks, and summer showers Had bathed her in a sweet content

A virginal faint ravishment Of peace; for with her came a scent Of flowers plucked with a childish hand Where all arow the sweet years stand.

And all the creatures of the wood

It seems suspicious for a man to bring down a cotton umbrella in the morning and carry home a silk one at night. also looks like a good trade.—.

"Gracious!"
"Pretty soon the great brute walked

A Desperado's Escape. "Should have thought you would have fainted."

"Oh, I didn't dare to," said the heroine.

"Just then I suppose the party rushed up and rescued you?" said the appalled audience.

"No, they didn't. Pretty soon I felt the great beast pulling at the flowers in my hat, so I just got up and shooed the horrid thing away."

"No they didn't. Pretty soon I felt the great beast pulling at the flowers in my hat, so I just got up and shooed the horrid thing away."

"No they didn't. Pretty soon I felt the great beast pulling at the flowers in my hat, so I just got up and shooed the horrid thing away."

"No they didn't. Pretty soon I felt the great beast pulling at the flowers in my hat, so I just got up and shooed the horrid thing away."

"No they didn't. Pretty soon I felt the great beast pulling at the flowers in my hat, so I just got up and shooed the horrid thing away." "What! The grizzly?"
"Oh, it wasn't a grizzly. It was a nasty old cew. But just suppose it had been a grizzly."
But the audience refused to "suppose," and the party looked like a Quaker funeral until the boat struck the wharf.—Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

Origin of the Word "Dun."

guard. On the evening of the day in question Alinger had gone to supper, leaving Bell to watch the prisoner. Bell was sitting on the floor talking, when the Kid, who was heavily shackled and handcuffed, approached him pleasantly and suddenly jumped at him with the swiftness of a wildcat, hitting him on the head and fracturing his skull. He then snatched Bell's pistol and shot him in the breast. Ball ran down the steps and fell at the foot a corpse. The mated at \$500,000. Ever since I became five years of age my uncle, John Lawrence, promised my father and mother that his property should be mine; and after I became old enough he told me the same thing himself many times.

"He traded with Connecticut before I came here to live. Since I lived in Connecticut I have seen Uncle John's advertisements for me in the papers. It knew my uncle was my friend, but have never let him know my whereabouts on account of my children.