So how do you know it, daughtermine?" "Oh, up the road and down, The fair folk and brown, They tell me there's no beauty like myself in

And tell me no fibs, daughter mine: Do they speak the Gorgio language, or good old Romanis?" Oh, they needn't say a word, mother mine; They need only smile so bland,

' And how do they talk to you ?-make haste

And I'm quick to understand There isn't such a beauty as myself in all the -Janet Tuckey

## A June Day.

# CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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A FEARFUL HALF-HOUR.

The state of the s

Best of All. The world hath very little it can give
To make us happy; all its precious things—
What men call precious, and for which they

To a sad heart are worthless offerings For what are gems and what is tawny gold ? And rarest spices from sweet Cyprian blooms? And silken fabrics shimmering fold on fold, The costlicat products of the Eastern Joseph They cannot save the soul a single pain Or to the weary heart bring hope again.

What is the flash of wit, the salon's glow ! The wine may shine, and leap and sparkle up. From marble tables white as purest snow, And brim blood-red the gold-incrusted cup The air may languish filled with perfume sweet Etruscan vases burn with roses red,

and velvet carpets sinking 'neath the feet Give back no echo from the stateliest tread But human hearts crave something more

than this-Splendor alone can never give us bliss. Far more, far more we prize a gentle touch-