Unwritten Music. We hear its low and dreamy tone

Like some sweet angel spell, Among the wood-haunts wild and lone, Where the young violets dwell Where the deep sunset flush hath thrown Its glory on the sea, We linger for its ceaseless moan-That wordless minetrelsy!

The primal world its echoes woke When first the ardent sun, In all his fresh'ning day-spring, broke It floated through those lonely skies, Each immemorial hill, Where now such countless cities rise

The might of human will! The cavern'd depths of the wild sea That gather in their lair Such shricks of mortal agony Such pleadings of despair, Upon their turgid billows wreathed

Such lulling strains have sped, As if their charnel waters breathed No requiem for the dead. Oh! earth hath not a lonely plain

Unblest by mystic song Its anthem to prolong The seaman, in his home-fraught dream Upon the moonlit waves,

The chant of wat'ry caves. Through Hippocrene's violet fount To every old Thessalian mount Its storied legends clung.

Hears, in its undulating stream,

It filled the wild Bootian hills With fabled visions blent And murmured through the Pythian rills-A melody unspent. An incense-breath upon the wind,

For morning's glorious dower; A fairy spell, the heart to bind At noontide's languid hour ; A voice the forest-child hath sought

By every glade and stream; But most, at twilight's hour of thought. Half shadow and half dream. A song upon the summer prime, Of gladness and of praise;

A voice that bids the vintage time A tone ubiquitous and free, A strain of immortality

William Huber, Jr., in Boston Folio.

was, of course, the usual political news. and criminal proceedings; there were theater-goers and travelers; but nothing Overto for me. I had no money to invest, or for theaters, or traveling. So I skipped all that and went on to the advertise-ments, and the only one of them all worth reading twice was the advertise-

hunted up a sheet of paper and addressed X—as follows: My Dear Mr., Mrs., or Miss X.: I Mr. Steele?"

notice your advertisement in to-day's issue of the Evening Post. My handwriting you can see for yourself. My spelling, I think, is usually correct, and there is no doubt I am a gentleman. As to salary, I don't know what to say-I don't wish to value my services at more than they're worth. Should you nean by 'remain in employer's touse,' that I would be boarded and lodged at your expense, my price—that is, asking price—is five dollars a week.
"Yours respectfully,

"JAMES W. WOLCOTT." The next afternoon I heard from my friend X., who proved to be a man. His letter ran thus

man, write a good hand, and know how to spell, but you're a fool. I inclose sixty-three cents, the fare to — You will take the 7 A. M. train to-morrow morning from Grand Central depot, and when you arrive at —, ask for my carriage, as it will be there to meet you.

"Yours, etc.

"You're perfectly right, my dear lit-

"Sol. Humphreys." Sol. Humphreys !- the last man in the fully to be trusted-" world I would voluntarily have written to, and for employment, too! Two years before I had a very nice little flirtation with pretty Mabel Humphreys, and it had gone so far that if the crash in my affairs had not occurred, I believe theremight have been an understanding, if not an engagement. But as it was I put away all thoughts of love and lovemaking and dropped pretty Mabel very suddenly, without any kind of an understanding, and I had not seen her since.

And now to think I had fairly got and the trusted—
"With untold wealth?"
"No; to see a ghost."
"Ah! I see!"
"You're brave, too, aren't you, Mr. Wolcott?"
"You're very kind to say so, but I assure you there never was a worse coward than I am. I've no courage at making and dropped pretty Mabel very suddenly, without any kind of an understanding, and I had not seen her since.

And now to think I had fairly got a global size of the plant of the world on anything of the kind. I'm perfectly surprised at myself for talking to a mortal so long. Good-bye, man. Go back to the Humphreys and tell them what you have seen. If the old man buys this house won't I make it hot for him! Good bye, mortal."

But I would't ell me that."
"I won't do anything of the kind. I'm when the kind. I'm way not a mortal so long. Good-bye, man. Go back to the Humphreys and tell them what you have seen. If the old man buys this house won't I make it hot for him! Good bye, mortal."

But I wouldn't let go of the ghost's arm.

"Please let me go now," the phantom beseeched.

"Please let me go now," the phantom beseeched.

"I won't do anything of the kind. I'm way now a total so long. Good-bye, man. Go back to the Humphreys and tell them what you have seen. If the old man bear of the wint in the world on the time."

If you would not be forgotten as soon are turned to gall and nettles.

If you would not be forgotten as soon of the kind. I'm won't do anything of the kind. I'm won't do anything of the kind. I'm won't do anything of the kind. I'm let with things worth what you have seen. If the old world I would voluntarily have written

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"I don't know whether she does or not. She's away now, but she'll be home to-morrow, and perhaps she'll be home to-morrow, and perhaps she'll be able in the hall as the circumstances of able in the hall as the circumstances of able in the hall as the circumstances of

met me politely, went through the introduction gracefully, and acted as if she had never seen me before. There was not the slightest half-glance of recognition—she evidently intended to consider me a recent acquaintunce. With curious inconsistency I could not help being a little disappointed, while at the same time I was immensely relieved. I don't know what I had expected—a start, a blush, just the shy, lieved. I don't know what I had ex-pected—a start, a blush, just the shy, pleased look of a girl toward an old friend not yet forgotten; or was it downstairs, followed by an assortment haughtiness, hardly veiled anger, disgust? Whatever I had expected, I got

Mabel Humphreys and James W. Wolcott, he was one man, and I was crash, and we saw something white on phantom, she don't care two cents for

and Mabel sat down on one of the rustic seats. Without preamble of any kind, "Why, she began:
"I know you have a friendly feeling ter-Scotch." for us all, Mr. Wolcott, and I want to ask your opinion and advice."

"How do you know she is?"
"Oh, I know well enough. Y

wondered what was coming.

She went on: "What do you think of Mr. Steele?"

Well, that was a poser! What did I

Well, that was a poser! What did I

think of Butter-Scotch? That he was a fool, of course; but I reflected it wouldn't do to tell her so, particularly if she was going to— Oh, no! it wouldn't do at it spoke the words sounded to me very

"Yes, I know there is."
"And I don't want he to."

"May I ask why not?"

"Because it's haunted."
"I don't see how that affects Mr. teele—he isn't haunted."
Mabel laughed. "I don't suppose he love another."
"Whom do I love?"
"Whom do I love?" "My dear Sir—You may be a gentleman, write a good hand, and know how to spell, but you're a feel. I indicate the spell is a spell of the spell of th

me to take a chair, while he explained pillow, we advanced upon the haunted the evening came, and we were on the what my work was to be. He had been writing a history, or text book, of ferns —he was an enthusiastic botanist—and headquarter were in an adjoining build—cigars and followed our own thoughts wanted it copied for the press. The work of re-writing the whole thing legibly was more than he wished to undertake, so he had advertised for an dead of the communicated with the house in silence. As it neared 10 I arose was an iron door. This door was closed apple tree. I had been there but a few minutes when I saw a white figure applicable.

live in it."
of it. So, having made sure that the front door was unlocked on the inside,

The next day Mabel arrived. She no bed and an indefinite ghost would

but then it began again—first a sneeze, then a hissing sound, then a pail rolling of dust-pans and fire-irons.

This was first-class. After the storm This was first-class. After the storm nothing at all but pleasant, meaning-less words, great politeness, great civility. I had nothing whatever to do with, and could have no interest in, the intimacy that formerly existed between Mabel Humphreys and James W. Wolcott: he was one man and I was continued to the wordier to tell the truth, he was sleepy.

In a few minutes there was another

another. And so the days went on, the stairs, slowly and solemnly approach and she was always friendly with her ing. As it neared the bottom, it raised phreys came home, and brought Mr.
Butter-Scotch Steele with him. Mr.
Steele's bantismal name of the steele with him. Mr.
Butter-Scotch made for the steele's bantismal name of the steele' an arm; a low mean came from it, and a Butter-Scotch made for the door, and

Steele's baptismal name was William, but he had been rechristened by his friends Butter-Scotch, on account of his fondness for that particular kind of shrick, and came swiftly toward us.

Butter-Scotch made for the door, and "I'm not going to insuit her."
"Do you call that an insuit?"
"Yes—from one in my position.
Sweet ghost," I said, coming nearer, "let's make believe you're my angel,"

lost my place as well, I had to come down very low. I had saved a little, more by good luck than from fore thought, and this little, used with the strictest economy, and added to by a few dollars made here and there in odd wars, was all that had kept me alive for eighten months. However, I didn't mind a man smoking once in a while, if he smoked tobacco, but he day before, with the remark that twening I realized how bare it was of either furniture or adornments; how unlike—Ah, well, there was my paper; and I unfolded it with all the glee of a child over a new story-book. There was no a yawn, and then the thing or shut the door on them.

There was a yawn, and then the thing said, 'Oh, my!"

I plucked up my spirits a little. The ghost had sense enough to be sleepy, and I thought I could stand a little talk, if it would only keep hands off. Possibly it wanted to find the door, for it came straight toward me. But the knob wasn't where the phantom thought it ought to be, and the seeking hand ought to be, and the seeking hand a wan't wasn't where the phantom thought it ought to be, and the seeking hand or rested for about two seconds on my nose.

The touch gave me courage; it was salary, and six months later Mabel and rested for about two seconds on my nose.

I'ver was a yawn, and then the thing said, 'Oh, my!"

I plucked up my spirits a little. The ghost had sense enough to be sleepy, and I thought I could stand a little talk, the ghost had sense enough to be sleepy, and I thought I could stand a little talk, the ghost had sense enough to be sleepy, and I thought I could stand a little talk, the ghost had sense enough to be sleepy, and I thought I could stand a little talk, the ghost had sense enough to be sleepy, and I thought I could stand a little t

feel afraid of it then; on the contrary, "Then will you come to the croquet ground and finish your cigar there?"
"Certainly," I answered; "with "I won't hurt you." The answer came tremblingly and

Overto the croquet ground we strolled, low: "What are you saying? "Why, my darling ghost," I said,
"the lady that's going to be Mrs. But-

I read it two or three times, and then lecided it was worth trying. So I unted up a sheet of paper and advectionably wondered what was coming the control of the control of

"Why do you ask, Miss Humphreys?" much as from a human voice disguised, and yet I couldn't see for the life of me "I will tell you frankly. There is a how anything human could have got very strong inclination on papa's part to buy the stone house."

how anything human could have got into the house after we came in, or how anything human could have made such had flesh on them. My curiosity was aroused, so I said: "No, I cannot let To prono

"It's wrong—hugging me, when you

use now. You can remain alone in it

'I don't want to stay alone in it."

"Well, my sweet phantom, I don't be how you're going to fix it. Haven't u any relatives to come and help you

Dear me! Would you like to be an linary common mortal person?" "Yes."
"My? And get married?"

Yes, I guess so—I don't know."
"Well, I'm very fond of you, dear little ghost."
"I don't believe you. You're fond of somebody else." 'Well, well; you told me that before,

me now. How do you know?" "Oh, I know it very well."
"You're wrong. Why don't you go and ask her?"

"I'm not going to insult her."
"Do you call that an insult?" rick, and came swiftly toward us.

"let's make believe you're my angel," putting my arms around her, and draw-

Who the parent of prodigality.

anything human could have made such an everlasting row, and rattled its bones and not what others have done for us' so unpleasantly. But the ghost's hands that we shall be remembered.—Francis

he must be a good man, and not easily frightened." She looked at me squarely. "And I want to know if he's a man fully to be trusted—"

"With untold wealth?"

LANDING A SWORDFISH,

Fun of Catchingin General. "Now, then, all together!" A swing on the peak halyard of a trim of fishes. When they have killed 000 miles, smack, and a fourteen-foot swordfish enough they sink, and pick up the A Paris

maines is nearly as good."

"How about these stories of their running into ships?"

"I can veoch for one," the captain reindication of the captain reind

mere Twist posts of the state of the contracting form writter of the contracting form written of the contracting form written form

"Yes; I have often seen a swordfish rush into a school of menhaden. They

and I should jugge use the finest kind of steaks. The meat is white and rich and swordfish never seem to steaks. The meat is white and rich and swordfish never seem to steaks. The meat is white and rich and swordfish never seem to steaks. The meat is white and rich and swordfish never seem to steaks. The meat is white and rich and swordfish never seem to steaks. The meat is white and rich and swordfish never seem to steaks. The meat is white and rich and swordfish is seem that the survey and inventory regarded to the swarp and the same time, but one has proved almost invariably correct. When rain and wind are expected, the spider shortens the thread succountable for an amount of stores which swarp and ware not made, and that he was held accountable for an amount of sore warp thing class. I've been in the business on twenty-two years, and have caught some pretty big fish, I can tell you. We may a great spaking around about three to brought him in mey saw as seed at the same time, but the skin of a stake thread should be s

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

swing the sword right and left, up and down, darting where the fish are the thickest, and you can actually follow them by the trail of blood and halves in a few hours it subsided to only 18,-

NUMBER 32.

"OLD HICKORY'S" NOSE. In a recent sun disturbance a pro-

A Washington letter gives the following account of an affair which created a great stir at the time it occurred, Lieutenant Randolph's attack on President

detake, so he had advertised for a manuensis.

After this had been explained to me, Mr. Humphreys started up. "Get you hat, Mr. Wolcott. I want to show you hat have here the word to the farther extremity of the grounds to the farther extremity of the ground in the place and turn make our explained to me, Mr. Humphreys started up. "A rolling spote gathers no mose," and bulled after us, and we were left to a manuents. The mouth to make our explained to me, Mr. Humphreys started up. "A rolling spote gathers no mose," and bulled after us, and we were left to me, and the sees of the maleylust reception. The seed into a far of the sees of the sees of the sees that it can't sees of the sease for substituting the being started up. The world and the world with the leices as then three of the their and was skillfull yow on the sees that it can't see of the their the sees of the sees that it can't see of the large of the sit way out were very virid, and I would have liked up to the farther the sees of the sees that it can't see of the sees that it can't see the thin A spider's web affords an excellent barometer. An old sportsman of Coldwater, Mich., claims that one preserved in his house has proved almost invariably correct. When rain and wind are expected, the spider shortens the thread which suspends the web. When reefs are let out, fine weather may be certain; but if the spider remains inert, rain will probably follow within a short time.

Near Schunga, on the western shore of Lake Onega, Russia, a new kind of coal has been discovered more highly carbonized than any formerly known. On analysis, it gives about ninety-one of the statement of the case, he complains that the survey and inventory required by the regulations or the law water, Mich., claims that the survey and inventory required by the regulations or the law water, Mich., claims that one preserved and, in his statement of the case, he complains that the survey and inventory required by the regulations or the law water, Mich., claims that the survey and inventory required by the regulations or the law water, Mich., claims that the survey and inventory required by the regulations or the law water, Mich., claims that the survey and inventory required by the regulations or the law water, Mich., claims that the survey and inventory required by the regulations or the law water, Mich., claims that the survey and inventory required by the regulations or the law water, Mich., claims that the survey and inventory required by the regulations or the law water, Mich., claims that the survey and inventory required by the regulations or the law water, Mich. Law and that he was held accountable for an amount of stores which suspends the was held accountable for an amount of stores which suspends the was held accountable for an assumed state of facts, when he took charge of the pustored with the default. —Muration law suspends the was held accountable for an amount of stores which suspends the was held accountable for an assumed state of facts, when he took charge of the pustored with accountable for an assumed state of facts, poker.

A FASCINATING GHOST.

WANTED—A young sentleman who knows begind and head I soon became her first it with the part of the part of the property of the part of the property of the part of the property of the part of the part

It May Not Be. It has not be our lot to wisld.
The sicale in the ripened field;
Nor ours to bear on summer eves.
The reaper's song among the sheaves. Yet where our suty's task is wrought. In nulson with Goo's great thought, The near and future blend in one, And whatso is is willed is done.

And ours the grate 1 service whence The hope, the trust, the purpense; The fountain and the noondaye stayed

—John G. White-

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I love thy rocks and drills," as the young fellow sang to the rich miner's laughter.—Salem Sunbeam.

Rocking-chairs would be more comfortable if they were less tidy .- Chaff When we see a man with oceans of oil on his hair, it always suggests to us a head-light.—Statesman.

The hen now sits on the garden fence
But can no mischief hatch,
Because the seeds have all come up;
Plants are too big too scratch,
— Wit and Wisdom. "A rolling stone gathers no moss,"

the Aquenuckaquewank club. When a member is seen with his jaw tied up it is not known whether he stopped a " hot ball" with his cheek or simply attempte to pronounce the name of his club.-