All for Nothing.

Happy the man whose far remove From business and the giddy throng Fits him in the paternal groove Unquestioning to glide along, Apart from struggle and from strife, Content to live by labor's fruits, And wander down the vale of life In gingham shirt and cowhide boots.

He too is blessed who, from within By strong and lasting impulse stirred, Paces the turmoil and the din Of rushing life; whom hope deferred But more incites; who ever strives And wants, and works, and waits, until Pay glorious tribute to his will,

But he who, greedy of enown, Is too tenacious of his ease, Alas for him! Nor busy town Nor country with his mood agrees Eager to reap, but loth to sow, He longs monstrari digito, And looking on with envious eyes, Lives restless and obscurely dies.

A QUEER THANKSGIVING.

'It's the loneliest old place in Rome, this Palazzo Comparini," said Thorn, an American painter, to Giuseppe, the porter. Giuseppe always lounged at a

"Certo, signore, the palace is lonely enough nowadays, but the Comparinis used to be rich, and kept up a great state. No grass in the court then, no mold on those marble steps, no silence, no foreign painters on the top floor (without offense to you, signore). Then the young count—ah, well, he was a rare one "—here the old porter fell to laughing—"and a gay one, and a careless one. He went to Paris, and, whew!

a dimple couldn't possibly be repeated. She had a small straight nose and a full mouth; she was brown, and she vas quick, yet languid. She talked with mean polite reluctance to offend, and the polite reluctance to offend, and mean polite reluctance to offend, and the polite reluctance to offend the polite reluctance to of against a pedestal, like a weary nymph Then he caught Giuseppe's name as she pronounced it, with that gentle separaion of the syllables, as if for lingering

te tenderly on each.
What a lovely name the old wretch has!" he thought. As the little lady tripped lightly up the stairs he was very glad to ask the old wretch, and right agerly too, "Who is the signorina?"
"The Countess Vittoria Comparini."

'Of course. On the second floor." "Does she-does anybody-does she have many visitors?" stammered Thorn, adding, to himself, "Confound this foreign tongue! it won't let a fellow say

Giuseppe caught the meaning pretty surely, for he answered: "Certainly, signore, the countess sees her own

You mean the foreigners-that is, "I mean the Romans, not the foreigners. Ladies like herself, and gentlemen like the count, her late hus-

"Like the fellow that spent her "I mean gentlemen-people who

don't work as I do, or as—"
"Ha! ha! as I do," laughed Thorn.
"Well—yes, signore," said Giuseppe,
with polite hesitation. Here's a genuine old world crea-

ture," thought Mr. Thorn, not a little amused, "untouched by republicanism, communism or nihilism. Pray that his

THE

CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

"Then you won't fight?"
"No."

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FOR THE LADIES.

News and Notes for Womer

and rarely goes out or receives calls.

United States.

VOLUME XIV.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1881.

A Mental Freak.

NUMBER 46.

A Dayton (Ohio) correspondent of the incinnati Gazette tells this queer story: The Men That Like to See Figures on Their There are 140 women law firms in the Many of the citizens of Cincinnati will Skin-Designs Most Popular-A Talk with an Old Operator. recollect that some time during the

Jnited States.

Senator Bayard's wife is an invalid, year 1860 a professor connected with the Mount Auburn female seminary was Alongside the door of a house on Oak street, says a New York paper, is a framed sign bearing an elaborately executed and vividly colored goddess of liberty, with the equally glaringly tinted words underneath: "Tattooing Done Here by Martin Hildebrandt." Ascending a narrow stairway and turning to the right, the reporter found himself in a gent at the Comanche reservation on the comanche reservation on the street, says a New York paper, is a framed liberty, with the deportance of the heathen gods. The philosopher has explained why stones are so scarce when a big dog imps upon the scene. Diogenes sought for an honest man, Sought him but couldn't find him; We look as vainly now for a man when the following incident connected with his late visit to Corpus Christi, where he met a Spaniard by the name of Tito five and the country again and the comanche a quarter of a century ago:

In 1856 I was United States Indian

Who will shut the door behind him.

If a cheerful heart is a continual feast. murdered on Main street, near the canal A lady at Pekin, Ill., has given birth to a boy on every Fourth of July during the last four years.

Inducered on Main street, hear the canal bridge. In company with two ladies he was returning home from some place of entertainment, near midnight, and There is a young lady in Keokuk, lova, who is six feet four inches tail, and there being no street cars at the time and the omnibus having ceased to run, they were

TATTOOING AS A TRADE.

Alongside the door of a house on Oak

in the control the vacquons.

"Do you observe," he said, still
"And not you find resistance," was a cast filling a niche at the field of the long fight of edatas," the many that is a time that the find of the long flight of edatas, the last of the find of the long flight of edatas, the last of the last of

finks in scarlet. Velvet chapeaux are popular. They are adorned with beads and more ribbons, and often the triming is composed entirely of ostrich tips and plumes.

The novelties in winter jewelry are sure of receiving favor. The designs are artistic and odd. Cameo sets are beautifully executed, presenting a number of new styles; the medallion pattern is much liked. In carrings there are several rich styles executed in "rolled" gold, the "campania" bell, with filiagree works on the surface, is greatly admired. Hoop earrings are again fashionable—the antique models are preferred. Chatelaines of "dull" gold are worn; some of the designs have itemptically executed styles; the medallion of the very element they long for but can and saved from falling over by an angel. Three mermaids I tattooed on one side, a rooster and cat respectively on each shoulder, and more religious geople generally holding that the young man to save the wrath of an offended God, while others asserted that the case was simply a wonderful coincidence, having no connection with causes either physical or supernatual.

One Way to Quench Thirst.

The agony of thirst at sea—when mid-ocean calms or disasters that leave saliors afloat butshipless, have deprived a crew of their supply of fresh water—again fashionable—the antique models are preferred. Chatelaines of "dull" gold, the "campania" bell, with filiagree works on the surface, is greatly admired. Hoop earrings are again fashionable—the antique models are preferred. Chatelaines of "dull" gold, the "campania" bell, with filiagree works on the surface, is greatly admired. Hoop earrings are preferred. Chatelaines of "dull" gold, the "campania" bell, with filiagree works on the surface, is greatly admired. Hoop earrings are preferred. Chatelaines of "dull" gold, the "campania" bell, with filiagree works on the surface, is greatly admired. Hoop earrings are preferred. Chatelaines of "dull" gold, the "campania" bell, with filiagree works on the surface, is greatly admired. Hoop earrings are preferre

the door he was accosted by two small boys, with the question: "Say, mister wot did yer have put on yer arm? A

Light work-The incendiary's. "Why stand ye here idol?" as the missionary said to one of the heathen Story of an Indian Captive.

In the shadow of your hai

In the shadow of the wood

In the shadow of your eyes,

In the shadow of the stream :

And I said, 'Ah me! what art

Should win the immortal prize Whose want must make life cold,

And Heaven a hollow dream

"I looked and saw your love As a diver sees the pearl In the shadow of the sea :

And I murmured, not above

'Ah you can love, true girl.
And is your love for me?'

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

My breath, but all apart-

Ah me ! to linger there, To drink deep and to dream "I looked and saw your heart

And I said, 'My faint heart sighs

some of the French nonnests may be nowed the subject, bitterly revising the timming except a beaded insect or a briefly or a beaded diadem, but their material is expensive enough to make the bounct cost what it should.

Now chatelaine bega are made of the revision of the ward of the two and the bounct cost what it should.

Now chatelaine bega are made of the revision of the ward of the best by a send of the revision of the ward of the

We give from an exchange the folowing interesting account of bees in California: The extent to which honeymaking is carried on to the foothills of these extreme southern counties is something remarkable. Careful, well-informed apiarists place the number of hives being worked this season in the three counties of Los Angeles, San Diego and San Bernardine at nearly 200,000. There are at least six hundred men wholly engaged in saving honey this season, and an average crop is assured. Last year the honey crop of San Diego county amounted to 1,291, 800 pounds, and this year will be larger. The total crop of Ventura, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Bernardine counties will not fall short, if it does not exceed, 3,000,000 pounds this season—at least that is the opinion of well-informed apiarists. The growth of this business has been very rapid, and may now be said to be in the aware and unsound. Then they took off the old hoops and replaced them with new hoops made of the best timber, but still it would not hold water, because the bottom was worm—eaten and unsound. Next they removed the wooden hoops and put in their stead strong iron hoops, but still it would not hold water, because the bottom was worm—eaten and unsound. Went they removed the wooden hoops and put in their stead strong iron hoops, but still it would not hold water, because the bottom was worm—eaten and unsound. Next they removed the wooden hoops and put in their stead strong iron hoops, and put in their stead strong iron hoops, and put in their stead strong iron hoops, and put in their stead at the bottom was worm—eaten and unsound. Next they removed the wooden hoops and put in their stead strong iron hoops, and put in their stead at the bottom was worm—eaten and unsound. Then they took off the object we with gay colors, but still it would not hold water, because the bottom was worm—eaten and unsound. Then they took off the same country. The growth of this business has been very rapid, and may now be said to be in the zenith of prosperity; for, as the sage, sumae and other honey-producing flowers and shrubs decrease, so also will the number of bee colonies, now so numerous along the southern coast range. In 1877 there were twenty-two bee ranches in this southern region; new there are not less than five hundred. Five years ago the crop of honey was

thirst might be quenched at sea by dip ing the clothing into sail water, and programming the company in the colothing into sail water. And the part of the mention of the captain, to being cast away, had an opportunity of making the search of follow hie example, and they all surprised the mention of follow hie example, and they all surprised his sold water and his body was only recognized by any vived, while the four who refused and died.

It is a string the day. Captain Kennedy goes on to say: "After these operations we will not be present the part of the mention of the property of t

The banana skin generally opens the

The small farmers in Germany cannot

riage. Before long it came, and he lounged discreetly in the porte cochere. "Giuseppe!" called the countess, in "Giuseppe!" called the countess, in that cooing way that always set Thorn wishing to be an old serving man. Then The marquis was purple with rage by this time, and exclaimed: "Coward!" The countess broke down completely. "It's the custom of your country on At the word Thorn asked: "Have this day—you told me so—turkeys on

wishing to be an old serving-man. Then seeing the man's prostrate form, she gave a little cry, and going to him in sweet womanly fashion, turned up his rough face, and said, "Oh, the poor Giuseppe is ill—Teresa!" This last to her maid, who might have heard through one of the open windows, but did not. 'Teresa, help me. Poor Giuseppe!"

At the word Thorn asked: Have you pistols?" tables, "she sobbed. "I'll try to be a perfect American." "You're a perfect angel," said Thorn, and all Countess Vittoria's tears, by some strange law of hydraulics, ran down an American-cut waistcoat. "One of the weapons. "Do you observe," he said, still smoking, "the forefinger of that smoking, "I was a cast filling a niche at "I'll try to be a perfect American."

"You're a perfect angel," said Thorn, and all Countess Vittoria's tears, by some strange law of hydraulics, ran down an American-cut waistcoat. "And do you feel very much at home?" she asked, in a happy whisper. "I never felt so much at home in my

"Are you a doctor, signore? I thought ou were a—"

"A painter," said Thorn, secretly "Now this is for calling me a coward," dreadful."

to fasten so many of them on the tables, though; and the feeding, that was dreadful."

you were a—"
"A painter," said Thorn, secretly exulting that she had thought of him at all. "So I am, but so poor a one that I've wit enough outside my own craft to treat a simple case like this. "Oh, he is an old and faithful ser-

"Leave him to me, and in a short time I will let you know his condition," said Thorn, formally.

Reluctantly she went. Thorn moved the man inside, and in five minutes met the countess' anxious face at the door of her own salon. Be sure Giuseppe's recovery was delayed; be sure that only Teresa, the maid, who did not underdoor that led from the court-yard into a darkness and a dampness supposed to be his apartment. Giuseppe was white-haired and bent, and after the fashion of the Italian lower orders, felt almost past work at fifty, but certainly not read invalid became conscious. Then Mr. smile with a did not under stand the symptoms, was allowed to approach him; and be very sure that bulletins were conveyed every few minutes to the countess by a tireless messenger. During the evening the evasivel invalid became conscious. Then Mr. maired and bent, and after the rasmon of the Italian lower orders, felt almost past work at fifty, but certainly not past work at fifty, but certainly not past Worthington Thorn, with every claim with a year of formal activities wi

"Not where I live."

"What is the meaning-" Thorn be-

"Teresa, help me. Poor Giuseppe!"

This was Thorn's time. Advancing, he said: "Pardon me, signora, but I he foot of the long flight of stairs. As life," he answered, clasping her closely. have a little skill. I can help the he spoke he fired, and the finger, shot off, clicked as it fell on the marble did itall right. The men found it hard

stribute offense to you significant to grow and a care languing—and a grow of the more of the second two of the second t

feared his absence, coupled with break ing off his known intimacy with the Countess vittoria, would give rise to remark and set gossip all agog.

One, two, three times twenty four thours went slowly round. It was the eve of Thanksgiving day; it would be his last evening in the Comparini palase, his last but one in Rome. Poor Thorn was seized with a desire to see once more the face that had cost him so much divine misery, to look once more into the eyes that had banished him—foothing.

"Most women marry without any."

"Most women marry without any."

"Most women marry without any."

"Italians wouldn't like that," laughed the countess.

"But if a wife has property, it is protected so the husband shall not synander it. Would the Italians like that."

"II—I think the women would," and the countess looked thoughtful.

Thorn felt he was striking home and making progress; but the countess seeing him dare to look happy again, started her raillery again. "Now tell me about your festa days. What do you do at Easter?"

"Nothing much where I live. Some people eat a few eggs or put a few flowers in the churches."

"How sad! No Easter! But you have a carnival?"

"How sad! No Easter! But you have a carnival?"

"How sad! No Easter! But you have a carnival?"

"How sad! No Easter! But you have a carnival?"

"And Italien wouldned to take solid food and of the admontance. He next tells how he attempted to take solid food and of the agony of moving his shattered jaw. He tells, with grim humor, how he "re-tueed all wishy-washy or spoon-food and stuck to wild boar, which in turn stuck to me; it spliced my flesh." But his right arm was still paralyzed, and after waiting house and stuck to me; it spliced my flesh." But his right arm was till paralyzed, and after waiting house and stuck to me; it spliced my flesh." But his light by waster to see the face that had cost him so much divine misery, to look once more into the eyes that had banished him—a foolish, inconsistent impulse known only to lovers. Half unconsciously he tamped out int ing off his known intimacy with the Countess Vittoria, would give rise to be attempted to take solid food and of

owers in the churches."

"How sad! No Easter! But you last some serving-men went out in a crowd, and Teresa's shrill whisper called its burning seem on the increase. kerosene on the kitchen fire to hasten its burning seem on the increase. We must have chronicled a half dozen cases during the past six weeks. Bridget "Not where I live."

"No carnival! But: n Italian would die without the carnival. Pray what do you have?"

"We have Fourth of July."

"Forterhuli—and what is that?"

Thorn explained in few words, adding: "We make all the noise possible; send off fireworks all day andall night; but the stout marquis, who had probably recovered from his tumble, was baing entertained by Countess Vittoria's does with this mysterious, inflammable

**Section of the state of the s