The King's Quest. The king rode fast, the king rode far: "Now, by my crown," quoth he, "If L, in all the land, shall find A maiden of contented mind-Be she of high or low degree, By Pagan rite or Christian signed-My consort she shall be."

But when he chanced the maid to meet, So well content was she, She would not wed-but, deaf and blind, Went on her way: "Alack, I find I'm caught in my own web," quoth he; This maiden of contented mind Is too content for me.' -Century Magazine

Afternoon.

Sing, my heart, a cheerful song, igh the shadows, growing long, Show the sun descending; Life hath been a joyous day-Faith and love shalt smooth the way

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"As for me, I couldn't stand it no longer. I pitied the young man, and I says to Fanny, quite decided, says I: inforeign parts; and I have heard that the gave his mind to his work while there, and was over after a credit to his A PRETTY ROMANCE. FACIS AND COMMENTS.

CENTRE

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1881.

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VOLUME XIV.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

Sights on a Road in Palestine.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS. A FIERCE FIGHT.

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REPORTER.

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NUMBER 48.

Our Legacies.

If some hand is quite still That we have loved and kept in ours until

It grew so cold; If all it held hath failen from its hold

And it can do

No more, perhaps there are a few Small threads which it held fast,

Until the last, That we can gather up and weave along,

With patience strong

In love. If we can take but some wee, single thread, for love's swac

sake, And keep it beaten on the wheel

A trifle longer; feel The same thread in our hands to add unto, and

Hold until our own grow cold,

We may take heart, above the wheel, and spin With weak hands, which begin Where those left off, and going on

Grow strong.

If we bend close to see

Just what the threads may be Which filled the quiet hands,

Perhaps some strands

So golden, or so strong, may lie there still

the piles he had raised around him-opened a piece that I thought mighty fine. It wasn't just exactly a brocade, but yet it had a small figure in it; its

but yet it had a small figure in it; its color was changeable—green and blue; and it was what I called a good, service-the criminal figure in the service-in the service-the criminal figure in the service-in the service-the service in the service in

and the second to mere regard to a fit many of the second to mere the second

mane) dilit's seem any lunk wis net pleased than when she first started in pleased than when she first started in "Fonty" cried her mother; but is equin.
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"'York as it?' I asked.
"'York so?' I aske

pay attention to what I knew you could seait wasn't one of the spiled silks; L iest done telling you between the loss of ner yellow silk, poor ante between the loss of ner yellow silk, invite you to their house to make you miserable an't generally of much ac-count. "I give no advice—not a word of it; lamed the old lady, t L iest done telling you t L iest done

ing their weight on the level to and impetus to the blow, swing round with it, and bring down the stamp with a dull thud, compressing the codfish into a compact mass. The cask is then rolled out from under the press, and handed over to two coopers. In a trice the hoops are driven on, the cisk is headed up, and then trundled down an