## Drifting Down. Drifting down in the gray-green twilight, Oh, the scent of the new-mown hay ! Soft drip the oars in the mystic sky-light, Oh, the charm of the dying day!

But faintly dapple a saffron sky. The stream flows on with superb quie The breeze is hushed to the softest sigh. Drifting down in the sweet still weather Oh, the fragrance of fair July!

Love, me love, when we drift together. Oh, how fleetly the moments fly! Oh, the music that interweave

The ripples run and the sledges shiver, Oh, the song of the lazy leaves! And far-off sounds - for the night so clear Awake the echoes of bygone times : The muffled roar of the distant weir is Cheered by the clang of the merry chir Drifting down in the cloudless weather Oh, how short is the summer day! Oh, how quickly we drift away !

Driftingdown as the night advances, Oh, the calm of the starlit skies! Eyelids droop o'er the half shy glances, Oh, the right in those blue-gray eyes insome maiden is sweetly singing A dreamy song in a minor key;

Her clear low voice and its tones are bring A mingled melody back to me, Drifting down in the clear calm weather. Oh, how sweet is the maiden's song ! Love, me love, when we drift together, Oh, how quickly we drift along!

## Gray Hairs and Golden Head.

strong spring sunshine was all about wanted.

strong spring sunshine was all about him as he passed down the street. It touched his gray hair and his sad old face with a foreign brightness that was more pathetic than any sorrow of youth could have been.

He began talking in a low voice to himself:

Wanted.

But Gray Hairs did not notice this. But Gray Hairs did the flowers on one that loved her. Even one memory like that would be enough for some lives, enough to remember ence in our ages—not so very much as some might think. And I could make the harbarny. How could she help being the harbarny. How could she help being the harbarny is a some might think. And I could make the harbarny is a some might think. And I could make the harbarny is a some lives, enough to remember without asking for more. And if that is to be all—all—for me, I, too, will be content to die—die unrepining!"

The some lives, enough to remember without asking for more. And if that is to be all—all—for me, I, too, will be content to die—die unrepining!"

The some lives of the flowers on one that loved her. Even one memory like that would be enough for some lives, enough to remember without asking for more. And if that is to be all—all—for me, I, too, will be content to die—die unrepining!"

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happy with one who worships her? Oh, I would try, and I should be young again—I feel young now!"

So he went dreaming on. Strong life was in the air about him. One could almost hear the green leaves as they uncurled from the tight-rolled buds. He could see the tower of Saint Mark's down there with its line of white tombstones on either side; each morning and evening he rang its chime of bells; there were only three of them, but the villagers said that Stephen Norcroft got the music of three times that number out of them, be rang them so deftly. And beyond that was the strong-beating river going to the could not lime anything else. I wish, on sea, and the lumbermen sending their

them so deftly. And beyond that was the strong-beating river going to the sea, and the lumbermen sending their great rafts of sweet-smelling oak and pine downit, helping to make the companion of the sea, and the lumbermen sending their great rafts of sweet-smelling oak and pine downit, helping to make the companion of the sea, and the lumbermen sending their with this. You don't know me. How can you say I shall serve you more than harm you?"

"No," cried out Rick. "Don't—laid a detaining hand on the young fellow's arm.

"Stop, tell me in just one word, did you give her the poem? Has she read it?"

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"Stop, tell me in just one word, did you give her the poem? Has she read it?"

ing now? Oh, I beg your pardon."

There was that in the vague light of

the eyes, in the pained expression of the sensitive face turned toward him that stirred in young Rick Sheridar a sense of something out of place in this rough greeting. His handsome face flushed slightly in his shame. "I beg your pardon most sincerely, Mr. Norcroft. Did I disturb you?"

"Oh! no, no! I was only dreaming, as usual. I had lost myself a little.

tephen Norcroft's face had grown pale
he seemed tired—yet strangely exited. Perhaps it would be better if he
impalf were to speak first.

"I those eyes.
"I those eyes.
"I thought it was very beautiful—
to the flowers for N'Annette."
"Oh!" his look fell. "Will you—
"Oh!" his look fell. "Will you—
"Oh!" his look fell. "Will you himself were to speak first.

"Splendid weather, is not it? The picnics and children's parties will be coming on with a rush if this holds."

"Picnics? Oh, yes! As I was saying, "Picnics? Oh, yes! As I was saying, there is something I with total."

"On the flowers for N'Annette."

"Oh!" his look fell. "Will you—have you by any chance got it with you, finitely below this man he stood, how far above him was this gray-haired lover. who could give so much and lover. Who could give

"Picnics? Oh, yes! As I was saying, there is something I wish to tell you, Sheridan. I want your opinion, tool But first you must promise not to laugh at me. No matter what I say you are But first you must promise not to laugh at me. No matter what I say you are not to laugh me! Do you promise?"

"I certainly will not laugh at you," answered young Sheridan, with a smile, biding a good deal of wonder as best he light for her. I want you to take it and read it to her; mind, some writing over and over:

Stephen fumbled in his pocket; he him.

Rick tore it open. What is this? What are the few hurried scribbled in his words scrawled here—scribbled in his writing over and over:

"Tro Cablants." hiding a good deal of wonder as best he could.

"Well, then, look at me now. Look"

"What she thinks of it then."

sharp!" Stephen Norcroft pushed the thin locks of soft hair back from his enough. face with a nervous gesture. "Do you think, looking at me just as an outsider, soon as I get a chance. And, look here, Norcroft, I'm glad I have had this talk think, looking at me just as an outsider, you know, do you think I look so very old? If you did not know would you with you. No matter what comes, even with you. No matter what comes, even should—should things go against me, I should—should things go against me, I should—should things go against me, I The young man stared at him in shall be a better man all my life long for this talk with you."

The young man stared at him in shall be a better man all my life long for this talk with you."

"If it were not for my gray hairs now!—do they look so very gray, Sherinow!—do they look so very gray, Sheridan—in the shadow one would scarcely ways, Rick hurrying, for it was later her?"

No avoiding the end now; no drawing

## CENTRE REPORTER.

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been a thousand times sweeter than any shadow upon it. Let him select some thanks to one that loved him. The other listener, if a listener was all he

pine down it, helping to make the commerce of a world. can you say I shall serve you have speak? Why should he not speak? Why should he not speak. He remembered.

"Ha, old dreamer!"—a quick step on the walk behind him—a strong hand descending on his shoulder and sending him a step or two stumbling foring him a step or two stumbling him a step or two stumbling him a step or two stumbling him a step of two step on the step of two step on the step of two step on the step of two step of two step on the step of two step of two step of two step on the step of two step of two

on of Oh, how I loved her for the gentle pity she showed for the lover's sorrow I had here. written of there I"

"I wrote them, yes—those poems!
They are mine—my work—the work of lonely nights and restless, empty days, when I could only dream of her, remember her! I wrote them—all of them.
The book is my memory of her, of sweet Anne Percival—my 'N'Annette!'"
"But, man, how could you? What you have the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones of the second and clear and green and green a

Now that you are here we will walk together if you have time. There's something I want to say to you."

He slipped his arm in that of the younger man. Rick slackened his quick steps to suit the slower pace of his company to suit the slower pace of his company. Annette arm deep down, you have thrown a name away, and the praise of all the world. I remember that poem 'To N'Annette'—the one you now did you read the poem I gave you now did you read the poem I gave

"I was going over on the other side, of an errand, but I can give you a little time. It's early yet."

They strolled along together for a moment in silence. Rick noticed that Stephen Norcroft's face had grown pale

"Ah, and was not that enough—ner praise. Had she known I wrote them she would not so have told me all her liking of it, all her pity and generous sympathy; even her fault-find generous sympathy

Rick took the folded paper humbly

for this talk with you."
"I'm glad, too, Rick," answered the

other, gently.

The two men went their different and faced him. "Well, you have seen

notice their being gray, would one? and, as de from that, I scarcely show age, metimes. Eh?"

ways, Net R harrying, for 10 was lated than he thought.

"He's an old saint," he muttered, "yes he is! I felt as if I ought to kneel boldly, it were better.

"Bick gray doubt wale thinking how metimes. Eh?"

Me s an old saint, he muttered, back and away. Speak the truth, speak be is! I felt as if I ought to kneel and hiss his hand—kiss those poor much in earnest, so piteous that young Rick pitied him; he pitied him with all his generous, passionate young heart.

Me s an old saint, he muttered, back and away. Speak the truth, speak boldly, it were better. Rick grew deadly pale thinking how he must wound this tender soul. He felt a sense of unmerited punishment little Anne's love than I. And to think

-the strong and steadfast soul of each shining in the clear brave eyes.

thing purified by fire in these last days.
"In just one minute, old fellow. I'm
sorry, but you shall see at once. Wait

she praised."

"Ah, and was not that enough—her you?"

"Yes; I read it!" Oh, how beautiful

"I love you! I love you! sweet Anne Percival He glanced up into her face. Their eves met and that one look was enough.

The following cabinets make a contrast between the two elements or fac-Rick stretched out his arms.
"Oh, it is true! I love you! Come tions of the Republican party that will be studied with interest: to me -be my wife! Come to me, Anne' dear Anne!" Garfield. SECRETARY OF STATE It was only a step—one step—but it SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY. William Windom. | Charles J. Folger.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. POSTMASTER GENERAL.

Robert T. Lincoln. | Robert T. Lincoln. "Well!" An hour later Stephen met William H. Hunt. | William E. Chandler.

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR Thomas L. James. ! Timothy O. Howe.

"Age-gray hairs! Why, I believe he wrote 'N'Aunette.' If he wins her "Yes, I saw her! It's no use, Stephen,

"Yes, it is; it is!"

They were looking at each other now can close the sad, tired eyes of death. Renunciation is not in the blood of

youth. So Rick and Anne are happy.

The Cup that Cheers. There is, perhaps, no beverage the world over so popular as the cup of tea, so potent to brace the nerves, so conducive to domestic comfort and

dispatch of the wounded beast when daylight came, and his thrilling en-counter with its mate, when his revolving rifle twice missed fire, Mr. Green

country is wrapped in mystery, although it is found wild in India—by making

goes on working. What is the result?

Immediately, the accomplishment of a

task fairly well, but not half so well as

The Owl Whips Three Men.

A son of a farmer of Marhamchurch

Single filters and closed Hard whited that the proposal control of the property of the propert

A Blind Shot. An English traveler in Southwestern Africa, Mr. Frederick Green, relates how by a marvelous shot in the dark he put out of the way two dreaded lions that had long haunted the Bushman village of Otjituo and devoured more than a hundred human beings. These brutes would pass by whole droves of attle, and go directly through flocks of sheep without touching one, in order to find and pounce upon a human victim. They were mates, and the death of one of them (identified as the other's provider), in consequence of Mr. Green's lucky shot, frightened the other away so that as fairly well, but not half so well as task fairly well, but not half sak fairly well, bu

shot, frightened the other way a value he did not return. This is the hunter's story:

It was 3 o'clock in the morning; the tea or coffee. The sequel need not be followed. Night work during student It was 3 o'clock in the morning; the moon had sunk below the horizon, and it was quite dark, when the humor took me to have a night ramble. Seizing my double-barreled gun and my revolving rifle, I stood for some minutes a silent and solitary listener to the terrific roarings of two lions, who after a while passed along the bank of the river opposite to that on which we were entered, the brain relieved from its tension, and mind power at its best.

on White is have would be so of reason minutes a size of the A many found lavor or volaries nuclear law found lavor or with their gas, like the sound law found lavor or with their gas, like the sound law found law fo

"Age—gray hairs I Why, I believe Pee gigry hairs myedi. I'm sure I alouid not be surprised any morting to alouid not be surprised any morting to the surprised any more in the point of commerce giglificant point and a story care. You are as you ago as any of us, old fellow! I should not be surprised any more interest and a story to more amorting to alouid not be surprised any more interest. And a story care any of the face, in the early tone of the face, in the early tone of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand any which felicion has produced, and locking up things went out to the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand any which felicion has produced, and locking up things went out to the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand any which felicion has produced, and locking up things went out to the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand any which felicion has produced, and locking up things went out to the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand any which felicion has produced, and locking up things went out to the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand up the things of the state of the commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the subject of the cast of lower commerce girlificant hand upon the sub

one reflected and sweet. It is not not remark the proposal control with the potential proposal control

ing told the number, drew from her

The owl Whips Three Men.
As on of a farmer of Michamcharche is been although the best may be made of silk clastic forms are proposed to find that my night administent dead lined to a silk suffering from severe injuries intend the panish lace.

On examining the dead lined was a fine of the silk suffering from severe injuries intend the panish lace.

I had the skin of the armer's chicken to supply the wards of a numerous family of young owls, one of the farmer's concerns to supply the wards of a numerous family of young owls, one of the farmer's concerns to supply the was the late the love of display in "these degenerate lines," and sigh for "the Puritan simplicity of our ancestors," will please the farmer suffered the supplied of our ancestors," will please the farmer suffered the supplied to deep the farmer's suffered the supplied of our ancestors," will please the farmer suffered the supplied of our ancestors, "will please the farmer suffered the supplied of our ancestors," will please the farmer suffered the supplied to the farmer's sone seconded to tree of the farmer's chicken as the promoter of the farmer's sone seconded to tree of the farmer's chicken as the form the farmer's ch

Invocation to Summer Rain Oh gentle, gentle summer rain Let not the silver lily pine,

The drooping lily pine in valu

To feel that dewy touch of thine—
To drink thy freshness once again,

Oh gentle, gentle summer rain ! In heat the landscape quivering lies;
The cattle pant beneath the tree;
Through parching air and purple skies.
The earth het is up in vain, for thee; For thee-for nee, it looks in vain,

Oh gentle, entle summer rain.

Come then and brim the meadow streams, And soften all the hills with mist, Oh falling dew! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed,
And earth shall blees thee yet again, Oh gentle, gentle summer rain.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

men there were in the crew, and, on being told the number, drew from her pocket a purse, from which she counted an equal number of guineas, laying them one by one upon a plate that had contained some "gingersty is prought for her refreshment. With a request that the steward distribute the guineas, and with a politic invitation to the yachtsmen to visit her at Osborne, she took her leave. The old-fashioned watch fobs of our grandfathers are again in fashion.

Beaded collars in solid jet embroidery on black Brussels net are very stylish. Small jeweled lace pins, matching the earrings, are used for fastening bonnet strings.

Mousquetaire gloves are the favorite style, and appear in Lisle thread for warm weather.

Dainty little smelling bottles in the shape of jeweled Greek amphorse are worn on chatelaines.

Jumbo is the latest craze in decoration, and Jumbo charms and ornaments are shown by the hundred.

Among the rapidly appearing eccentric forms and strings are used for charm-bare are shown by the hundred.

Jones was tried for a homicide in St. Louis. Alpeors Bradley was his counter the richer for her grandfalley was his counter from her by them, and deposited and equal number of guineas, laying them one by one upon a plate that had contained some "ginger-smaps" brought for her refreshment. With a request that the steward distribute the guineas, and with a politic invited their friends, and the owners invited their richeds, and the owners invited their richeds, and the owners invited theirs. Christian Bergh did not like the saturnalia which the owners invited their scapture to the pulled the proprietors of the packet and elipper lines always insisted upon giving the complete of the Queen's Cup for which was brought home by them, and deposited by Mr. John C. Stevens and his friends, and the owners invited their richeds, and the owners invited their richeds, and the owners invited their from the city and male a general holiday. The was called the proprietors of the packet and elipper lines always insisted upon giv In an article on the "Old Ship Build-

robs me of trasb, it is mine and his and gold and purple velvet. The edge of the bertha is bordered with violet-tinted Spanish lace.

The weather and the anima.

Dull, depressing, gloomy days produce dispiriting reflections and gloomy who robs me of my good name robs me of that which does not make him the product of the