

Wedded.  
Now that I hold thee with a husband's right,  
Turn thy dear head, sweet wife, and let  
rest  
Within my embracing arms, which thus enfold  
Of earth the purest, of thy sex the best.

Letty smile-winning lips, all tremulous,  
Press soft on mine a soul-entrancing kiss.  
An earnest of the happy years to come,  
Of unalloyed, yet a perfect wedded bliss.

No let the sunlight of thy presence shine  
Althwart the future vision of my life,  
Thy gentle spirit radiate through mine,  
And make me worthy of thy love, sweet wife.

With many a fervent, fervent, fervent,  
With many a fervent, fervent, fervent,  
O'er-smooth-ardent tread or dance on ground,  
By many a lisp'd strain, and still,  
By many a mountain rapture wild,  
I, from a simple, rustic, rustic, rustic,  
Have wandered on to thee.

From feet that shap'd to rest or tread—  
From mind with all's pale fancies fed,  
To sounder judgment, wiser head,  
The change to work from thoughtless play,  
The change from gayer thoughts to gay  
Which came to me along the way  
I strode while reaching thee.

Through visions which had real seemed—  
Through visions which had real seemed—  
Through shadows where the silver gleamed,  
Through shadows where the silver gleamed,  
By eyes whose light had flitted fast,  
For brightness cannot always last,  
And youth must merge in forty.

Now let me count my treasures o'er,  
That have I won or lost? For more  
Have I lost than I have gained, more  
Of faith and hope I boasted, when  
I wandered from a lad of ten,  
To where my vision broadened—Then

Somehow have learned, and such unlearned,  
Some good received, much more discerned,  
And much that might have been discerned,  
I left unlearned—wondering by  
The courses or averted eye,  
I forgot that the moonbeams still  
So fast from glory to glory.

I've reached the summit of my life,  
And would more on with slower pace;  
But duty has no breathing place;  
So shift and turn me as I will,  
The path will cover my feet still,  
And I may thus have done my duty,  
To reach another glory.

I view the path I've wandered on,  
Where many faults have come and gone,  
And many of my faults have been,  
The remnant of the faith I held,  
And and of hope I still held,  
And last another glory.

The Pathetic Young Man.  
Walking the sands with her father,  
Miss Grannis felt that she had lived up  
to her father's expectations, and that  
she was being perfectly dressed, and  
gaining credit under her father's eye,  
and that she was being perfectly dressed,  
and gaining credit under her father's eye,  
and that she was being perfectly dressed,  
and gaining credit under her father's eye,

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1882. NUMBER 32.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.

to a tattered shirt and a sweep of  
his hand over his eyes. He looked  
at Miss Grannis, and she looked  
at him. He looked at her, and she  
looked at him. He looked at her,  
and she looked at him. He looked  
at her, and she looked at him.