

The Girl for Me.
Just fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just simple enough to be witty,
Just dainty enough to be neat,
Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just strong enough to be gay,
Just dressed enough to be useful,
Just merry enough to be gay,
Just tears enough to be tender,
Just eyes enough to be bright,
Tears enough to remember,
Your heart through their sadness made glad,
Just more enough to be innocent,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.
A tongue that can talk without boasting,
A smile that can make us cease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming:
That put you at once at your ease,
Lover enough for assumption,
Sense enough to answer a fool,
Good content enough shown to assumption,
Fights of fair chivalry.
Devotion to science full paid,
Sins of the sort of material
Dangers enough to make us shake,
Pare as the angels above,
Oh for what I may never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

LITTLE BEN.

It is the last of Little Ben—
And if the meadows bloom and glow,
Or if the world be lost in snow—
I'll be the last to say we're,
All the same to little Ben.
It is the last of Little Ben—
The gentle women who do weep,
And softly tell me not to weep,
And softly tell me not to keep,
Of meeting my little Ben.
Perhaps you think my little Ben
Will never reach the height of men,
Since he is but a lad of nine,
And has not yet begun to when
He died, it left my little Ben.
No doubt that I shall see thee, Ben,
A strapping or a young man then,
But I'll be the last to say, Ben,
Before thy mother meets again
The stately man who once was Ben.
They say so better, little Ben:
But God hath given this his grace,
And gave a place to him in heaven.
Do not be sorry, little Ben—
But in thy stately home still be—
Thinking, my boy, sometimes of me;
Do not forget me, little Ben.

THE REGULARS:

ON JUDGE LYNCH'S ELDER.

There dwelt in California, some years ago, three friends, wild fellows enough, who had seemingly linked their fortunes for better or for worse, and who, whatever their luck, were content in each other's company. These young men were Charles Chester, Harry Young, and Edward Warren. They had two brothers; many brothers, more skin than many kinmen. True to each other even when women and money were between them. Damon and Pythias, with a twin Pythias added. For a long time they had been very fortunate, fortune favored them. Each had a certain sum, by no means contemptible, stowed away in the leather belt he wore about his waist. Each carried a gold watch, and each wore a suit of clothes supplied by himself of the latest style and choice. Moreover, these fellows were perfect, silver mounted, and resounding in a multiplicity of barrels; for without these it would be quite impossible to maintain a position in this quarter of the world in any society.

How they came by these possessions we will not inquire too particularly. They were neither burglar nor highwayman, but dice and betting may have helped them to the winning of their little fortunes. They were not over-scrupulous; but they would have knocked any man who had neglected them, and their hands were always open to those wonderful relatives promptly on any "stranger" who objected drinking with them, and, consequently, stood rather high in the community. Certainly, in their conduct to each other they were faultlessly honest and mild, and kind.

One day, after hours had come to its rest, a letter directed in a woman's tremulous hand to "Charles Chester," was handed to that member of the trio in the presence of the other two. The young fellow seized it eagerly, tore it open, read its contents before him upon the table and counted it over. Having done so he burst into tears, and very misery and profound remorse filled his heart. And all sorts of uncomfortable things here and there, a poor fellow in a way he could not understand, considerably thought why, it could puzzle the enlightened to declare. The cause of all this, as his comrades soon discovered, was that his mother had written to him from her little farm in a Southern state, and begged him to return home, and come and end his life in the city and a final crash. A mortgage was also due and as the old people would find it impossible to meet it, they would be sold out and left homeless in their old age. "It will kill your father," wrote the mother, "and I will die."

"I did it all," said the young fellow, sobbing openly. "My debts and my wild ways incumbered them at first, and now look."

And he pointed to the gold upon the table, and began to groan fitfully again.

"I am the son of a poor old man, and he had but two thousand."

"Is that all?" cried Ned Warren, hurling at his feet.

"Good heaven! What does he take us for?" cried Harry Bray furiously. "Five hundred thousand dollars the expenses of the journey is about the figure. There go to the old folks. We'll sell our house while you pack your bags."

This set the other at his oaths again; but in joyful style this time. They were triumphant, bold, and gay; and everything he could think of had for them if there was any need of it.

"He'd pay them back, if he lived, and then—he'd bless them, and so choked into sobs again, at which they left him to recover, returned with a horse and a saddle-bag, and a pocketful of gold to start him on his mission as though the old folks had been their old folks too.

They waited for news from him, but none came. They waited quietly at first, then impatiently. At last they heard this: He had never been home since the day on which they had shaken hands with him. Some terrible fate had befallen him in the lonely places over which he had journeyed alone. To doubt him never entered their minds. That he was as true to them as they to him they knew; and out of those who filled their minds, that he had discovered his fate, and it was what they supposed, avenging him.

One bright morning, well mounted, well armed, and followed by a favorite dog, a hound which was not by means left behind, he set forth on the road of his lost comrade. They took the road he must have taken, and asked at every tavern and cabin for news of him. One old man remembered him well; another man pointed out the dangerous place in the road, but the precipice to the right, at that point his lost friend's shadow. At that point the cleft was lost. After much travel and many inquiries, our comrades began to fear that they should have paused to examine the rocks and ravines at the foot of the precipice alluded to, and they were right. He had never been home since the day on which they had shaken hands with him. Some terrible fate had befallen him in the lonely places over which he had journeyed alone. To doubt him never entered their minds. That he was as true to them as they to him they knew; and out of those who filled their minds, that he had discovered his fate, and it was what they supposed, avenging him.

One bright morning, well mounted, well armed, and followed by a favorite dog, a hound which was not by means left behind, he set forth on the road of his lost comrade. They took the road he must have taken, and asked at every tavern and cabin for news of him. One old man remembered him well; another man pointed out the dangerous place in the road, but the precipice to the right, at that point his lost friend's shadow. At that point the cleft was lost. After much travel and many inquiries, our comrades began to fear that they should have paused to examine the rocks and ravines at the foot of the precipice alluded to, and they were right. He had never been home since the day on which they had shaken hands with him. Some terrible fate had befallen him in the lonely places over which he had journeyed alone. To doubt him never entered their minds. That he was as true to them as they to him they knew; and out of those who filled their minds, that he had discovered his fate, and it was what they supposed, avenging him.

"We will stay here," said one friend to the other, "until dawn, and then return."

That the house was not an inn did not occur to either of them. Hospitality was never refused in the land to any one at that day.

They rode boldly up to the gate and gave a loud hallo. In instant the door opened and they could see within a sudden gleam of light, as all heads turned to see what had caused the interruption.

"Can you let us sleep here-to-night?" inquired one of the friends, as one asks who fears no refusal.

"Certainly gentlemen," said a pleasant voice. "We're welcome. You'll find a room there and a stable for your horses. Our man Jack is on the floor to-night; but here is a lantern if you'll need to yourselves."

"All right, stranger," said Harry, "and you, too."

The two men led their horses into a

any wrong.

CENTRE HALL

REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. IV.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1871.

TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

NO. 19.

A School-Ship for Boys.

Population in Europe and the States.

But Judge Lynch had no mercy, no compassion, no belief in the possibility of false accusation; and this Judge Lynch was an avenger of blood. The entire body of the animals attracted Harry's attention. It was his turn to be examined; he was from head to foot, turned red and pale, and suddenly clutched Ned's arm.

"You remember the horse we bought for Charles Chester?" he asked.

"Yes," said Ned.

"Look at the boy," said Harry. "See the very redness of the fire on the forehead, the sun on his fair leg; the color, the height! Ned, it's Charlie's horse!"

"It is the horse," said Ned, slowly.

"Harry, if Charley had lived to go, his horse would have gone with him."

"The owner of this animal may know all about it," said Harry.

"Ned shook his head, and sadly and slowly the men went towards the house. They found the dancing at its height, and that was the homecoming of the farmer's wife, the pretty young woman with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, whom the stalwart bridegroom seemed very fond and proud.

"Sit down, strangers," said an old man near the door. "You've come at a most odd hour. If you don't get me out of town, I'm just the newest fellow out. I have five; not one of them is good for nothing but to gallop. You see, they've been waiting quite a spell, and he had no luck, not at all, and it seemed he'd got to give it up, but six months back he had a streak. Wonderful!"

"They were revenged, but at what cost!

The two men went to their homes, sad and returned, yet not remorseful, for they had but revenged their countrymen, and their mother meets again the stately man who once was Ben.

They say so better, little Ben:

"But God hath given this his grace,

And gave a place to him in heaven.

Do not be sorry, little Ben—

But in thy stately home still be—

Thinking, my boy, sometimes of me;

Do not forget me, little Ben.

The Michigan Miner.

Population in Europe and the States.

But when all was over, they found the old father dead in his chair beside the fireplace, and found among the women a hopeless gibbering maniac, whom they had never seen known to the boy checked having pride.

"They were revenged, but at what cost!

The two men went to their homes, sad and returned, yet not remorseful, for they had but revenged their countrymen, and their mother meets again the stately man who once was Ben.

They say so better, little Ben:

"But God hath given this his grace,

And gave a place to him in heaven.

Do not be sorry, little Ben—

But in thy stately home still be—

Thinking, my boy, sometimes of me;

Do not forget me, little Ben.

A School-Ship for Boys.

Population in Europe and the States.

But when all was over, they found the old father dead in his chair beside the fireplace, and found among the women a hopeless gibbering maniac, whom they had never seen known to the boy checked having pride.

"They were revenged, but at what cost!

The two men went to their homes, sad and returned, yet not remorseful, for they had but revenged their countrymen, and their mother meets again the stately man who once was Ben.

They say so better, little Ben:

"But God hath given this his grace,

And gave a place to him in heaven.

Do not be sorry, little Ben—

But in thy stately home still be—

Thinking, my boy, sometimes of me;

Do not forget me, little Ben.

The Michigan Miner.

Population in Europe and the States.

But when all was over, they found the old father dead in his chair beside the fireplace, and found among the women a hopeless gibbering maniac, whom they had never seen known to the boy checked having pride.

"They were revenged, but at what cost!

The two men went to their homes, sad and returned, yet not remorseful, for they had but revenged their countrymen, and their mother meets again the stately man who once was Ben.

They say so better, little Ben:

"But God hath given this his grace,

And gave a place to him in heaven.

Do not be sorry, little Ben—

But in thy stately home still be—

Thinking, my boy, sometimes of me;

Do not forget me, little Ben.

The Michigan Miner.

Population in Europe and the States.

But when all was over, they found the old father dead in his chair beside the fireplace, and found among the women a hopeless gibbering maniac, whom they had never seen known to the boy checked having pride.

"They were revenged, but at what cost!

The two men went to their homes, sad and returned, yet not remorseful, for they had but revenged their countrymen, and their mother meets again the stately man who once was Ben.

They say so better, little Ben:

"But God hath given this his grace,

And gave a place to him in heaven.

Do not be sorry, little Ben—

But in thy stately home still be—

Thinking, my boy, sometimes of me;

Do not forget me, little Ben.

The Old Homestead.

At home is it, that one old place, unchanged through all those years; where the old homestead stands, and the old home appears? The grand old trees beside the flow, still stand, and the old river winds along.

With sweet murmuring tide;

The flowers are blooming wild,

And everything looks gay, to-day.

As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown,

I half forget, I stand,

I cast no thought to the tone,

I step no friend beside.

I pause to hear my brother's feet,

Come bounding through the hall;

But at once a sound of steps,

A child comes through my heart,

No trace of those I love remains,

And leaves it with a sad heart.

What though the sunbeams fail as fast,

Still their fragrance on the air,

Within life's golden hours?

Those days are not restored;

Voices that filled my youthful ear

Will never sing again,

And such a dear old place,

As when we had a play-day.

As when I was a child, I loved it!

What though the sunbeams fail as fast,