Oh! could there in this world be found,
Some little spot of happy ground.
Where village pleasure might go round,
Without the village tattling.
How doubly blest that spot would be,
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossip's endless prattling!"

# In the Harvest Field.

CENTRE HALL REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor,

TERMS : Two Dollars a Year, in Advance,

VOL. IV.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1871.

eyes, and short auburn hair curling closely under a straw hat—diving for the missing berries with ungraceful dexterity. "Yes, it is I, of course. Have you forgotten your promise to go after lilies with me this afternoon?"

"Oh, but I didn't say this afternoon, you know; only some afternoon this week," responded Prudence, demurely.

"Well, we'll call it this afternoon, won't we?" was the persuasive rejoinder, as the straw hat was tossed on a chair.

"I can't; Pve got these berries to pick over."

"Pl help you. Lend me half that apron, and we'll have them done in a trice."

Divided the biscuit, then dropped it suddenly with an exclamation that brought elemby, wetry eye upon him. There, imbedded in the light, white bread, lay Prudence' ruby ring!

At a late session of a New York State reachers' Institute, each teacher was given certain words to spell, and was required to write them out on paper. The list of the words—fifty in number—dictated to the teachers, were the same that had been used in Institutes held

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## Murders in New York.

American Institute Pair.

The British Control of the Part of the Par

Reading the Paper. Oliver Wendell Holmes, thus rela-

Nearly 200,000 sheep browse on the brows of the Calaveras Montitains.