## Lottering Years.

h ! years have loitered by, mother, An i years have intered by, more A weary weary while, Since last I saw thy gentle face, With its sweet, patient smile; Since last I folt thy fingers light Pass fondly through my halr, As at thy knee I kneit at night To say my childish prayer.

Into the world I've gone, mother, The old home left behind— New ties of friendship and of love About my heart have twined; Yet in its holiest recess, All dry and joyless still, There lies one well of tenderness No earthly love can fill.

Thy self-forgetful care, mother; Thy counsel, ever near; Thy sympathy with every joy, Thy grief for every tear; Thy loving glance, thy tender tone, Thy warm kiss on my brow-Jone from my life, forever gone !--I know their value now.

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FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

Anecdotes of Girard.

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of the farm bailiff (himself a respectable

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TERMS : Two Dollars a Year, in Advance,

NO. 38.

Protecting maid in all the earth, Though the lawable little worth, Yot I can it at the feet : To be spurned by these is arread Head it not, har story 44 take What I lavish for thy ake : Searcely cast on it thins sys : Go thy way, and let a les

With a Wedding Fresent.

Oh, that in a living line Were ten thousand loves like min Prostrate laid, that on them all Three unliceding foot might fail ! Go thy way, most sweet, n Tread us down, and do not Trample on our heads, for Only five to honor thee 1

All along the 1-we-paved road, Lady, pass to thine abode. Queen of loves, ascend thy thre Where then wilt not sit alone. Sweetest maid in all the earth, a my love too little worth Even to be trampled on to thou passest to thy throns?

Facts and Fancies.

The washings from the locality where rge deposits of coal are kept, kill fish a streams where such waste water flows.