

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS  
per annum IN ADVANCE; otherwise Two Dol-  
lars will be charged. No paper discontinued  
without previous notice.  
Letters and communications, by mail  
shall have prompt attention.

# BEAVER ARGUS.

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### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 50  
cents per square—each subsequent insertion  
25 cents. A liberal discount made to yearly  
advertisers, and on long advertisements.  
A space equal to twice the width of this type  
measured as a square.  
Special notices 25 per cent. addition to reg-  
ular rates.  
Business cards, 75 cents a line, per year.  
Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political  
and other Notices of a public nature, free.

### ON TO THE CHARGE.

On to the charge! Let Coward's fly  
And seek for safety in their flight,  
While true men dare to do or die  
While battling bravely for the right.  
On to the charge! No awe the sword  
And throw the sheath far away,  
No quarter ask and none afford  
Till thou hast nobly won the day.

### The Love of Home.

If nobler sentiments than the fol-  
lowing, which were uttered by Dan-  
iel Webster, ever fell from human lips,  
we have yet to see them. They are,  
indeed, perils of the rarest value, and  
should be cherished in the very heart  
of every man.

### A Life Picture.

What are half the rebuffs receive in  
our converse with the world but the  
ghosts of our own wrongs? We invoke  
the spirit of contradiction, and then  
chide under the treatment we experi-  
ence at its hands.

### A PATRIOTIC SCENE OF THE BATTLE

—A correspondent of the Dis-  
patch writes: During the thickest of  
the firing of the battle of Bull Run,  
a flag of the Sixth regiment of  
Virginia Reserves was shot down.

### STRANGE DRINK.

An old toper that he could, when bluffed,  
each of several kinds of liquors—  
brandy, whisky, gin and other  
liquors were presented to him, he pro-  
ceeded coolly to try them, and when  
length a glass of pure water was  
presented to him, he paused, tasted  
it, considered it, and shook his head.

### Major ZAGONI'S GUIDE, Or, a Heroine of the War for the Union.

(From the Springfield Republican.)  
On the morning of the 24th day of  
last October, a somewhat novel scene  
unrolled itself before the door of a  
quiet farm house, about two miles from  
Springfield, Missouri. Two women  
and three young lads had just raised  
a very modest little flag; and as the  
wind floated it gracefully in the air,  
they gave three cheers for the Stars  
and Stripes—cheers which if not loud  
were certainly hearty. The younger  
of the women, Lucy Dudley, mother  
of the boys, stood gazing, her face  
put on a look of stern determination,  
and she murmured low, between her  
almost shut teeth:  
"It shant come down again while  
I live."  
"Yes 'twill, mother," broke in one  
of the boys, "for the secessars are  
in town again, and they'll make you."  
His mother did not notice him, but  
turning to the other woman, said:  
"For William's sake, mother, will  
you keep it up?"  
Even before she had done speaking  
the sound of horses' feet were heard,  
and the youngest boy, clinging to her  
dress, tried to drag her into the house,  
crying out:  
"There they come; O, mother, run!  
While the old grandmother, retreating  
behind the door, trembled visibly; but  
the mother stood firm, awaiting the  
men she knew only too well. Only  
one little moment before they shot down  
her husband like a dog, because he  
said his house was his own, and should  
host just what flag seemed to him  
best over it.  
They shot him before her eyes, and  
his heart's blood had sprinkled the  
very ground where she stood, and I  
wonder not that the look in her eyes  
was so severely womanly. Down the  
road they come, a dozen Confederate  
ruffians, called soldiers by courtesy,  
and "chivalry" by Mr. William Rus-  
sell. They were well armed, and  
mounted and as they thundered up to  
the door the leader shouted:  
"Down with that damned Yankee  
flag; if you don't I'll blow your brains  
out."  
No notice was taken; the women  
might as well have been stone.  
"Lucy Dudley, don't you hear me?"  
said the pointed his revolver at her.  
"I hear, Bill Armstrong,"  
"Blast ye then why don't ye mind?"  
"Because I won't."  
"You won't, won't you?" and he  
fired, but missed. He swore im-  
prudently at his horse for shying, and as he did  
so, he said:  
"This is my house and this is my  
flag; I want it here and shall have it  
here. You can shoot me down and  
then pull it down; you certainly won't  
behold."  
One man shouted "we ain't cut-  
throats; we don't kill women and  
children."  
"You have killed women and chil-  
dren more than once," was the taun-  
ting answer. Several old neighbors  
of hers felt the thrust, and quailed  
before her eyes, while the others drew  
their pistols; but the leader, throw-  
ing up the weapon nearest him went  
on:  
"Wal, Lucy, victuals and drink  
we've got to have, and won't go un-  
der that cussed flag."  
"Victuals and drink I can't help you  
having, but if I am going to get them  
for you, you must come in through  
this door."  
Evidently her look daunted them;  
for bold as they were, they were bad  
and they knew it; so with a rude  
laugh the captain dismounted, shout-  
ing "Come on, boys," and leaving  
their horses in the care of the chil-  
dren, they one after another, went  
into the kitchen, and drank eagerly  
of the whisky set before them. As they  
thus drank they became wonderfully  
communicative, and listening eagerly.  
Lucy heard that they had been sent  
from Springfield, with some fifty oth-  
ers, to see if anything could be seen  
of the advance guard of Fremont's  
army, who were supposed to be in  
that vicinity. She found that this  
party had been stopping at one house  
and another, drinking and devastating,  
and very naturally had divided, and  
that Armstrong meant to wait till  
the rest came up, and start for the town  
from her house. She likewise learned  
that they had not seen anything of  
the Lincoln soldiers. She gave them  
their fill of liquor, she let them eat  
the best her house afforded, and as  
she was taking a pitcher to get more  
liquor her ears caught the sound of a  
distant fire.  
Armstrong heard it, too, and with an  
ath, said; them lazy lubbers of  
his were at last coming, and the old  
woman must bring some more dodgers  
along.  
Lucy had taken the pitcher, and  
closing the door behind her, almost  
flew out into the yard, and taking the  
oldest boy by the shoulder, said in a  
terribly hoarse voice, "Tom, run for  
your life over the moaning, through  
the lane, and tell those men you meet  
to take down their flag, stop playing  
Yankee Doodle, and come up through  
the lane with you and they can get  
every one of these men. Don't let  
the grass grow under your feet, my  
boy."  
The winds had brought to her ears,  
what is never whispered to those  
drunken men, that instead of their  
comrades their sternest foes would be  
around them. And all her energies  
were directed to keep them still in the  
ignorance so fatal to them.

### It is Darkest Before Daylight.

The recent successes of the rebels  
are well calculated to strike the timid  
and the wavering with awe; but they  
cannot change the issue or modify the  
laws by which the moral phenomena  
of the world are governed. A sudden  
tempest, a thunder storm, or an earth-  
quake, though seeming for a moment,  
to suspend the ordinary laws of na-  
ture, does not change the order of the  
physical world, though it may be ac-  
companied by momentary waste and  
desolation. The great, beneficent works  
of nature are not achieved by sudden  
convulsions, but by the silent opera-  
tion of immutable laws, in harmony  
with each other and the general plan  
of creation.

### The Boot on the Right Foot.

A good test of our present opinion of  
the real loyalty of certain papers and  
persons is to ask the question, wheth-  
er we would trust the safety of the na-  
tion to them in the present crisis.

### Teach Them to Shoot.

As we are always willing to accept  
the result of the experience of others,  
we transfer the following communica-  
tion from the Philadelphia Press, that  
it may be acted upon here. "If the  
rebels attack this State at all, they  
will attack it in a few days. At this  
moment of general preparation, while  
the female population of every city,  
town, and village of Pennsylvania are  
arming for defence, it is desirable that  
they should be placed in the speediest  
condition for effectiveness. The most  
essential element of the manual is  
loading and firing rapidly. Let those,  
therefore, who are drilling citizens  
for the defence of their homes waive  
the preliminary commands, and com-  
mence upon the firing and loading at  
once. What a man wishes to do is to  
put a ball through his enemy, and he  
should be placed speedily in condition  
to do so with rapidity. Neither  
shouldering nor presenting arms nor  
any other action of the manual, will  
accomplish this. It takes days to  
learn them, and before that time the  
enemy may be upon us. I offer this  
suggestion for what it is worth.

### ETHAN SPIKE IN TROUBLE.

CANADY, Aug. 27.  
I aint pleasantly situated up here  
—quite contrary wise. The kornucks  
dont seem to appreciate the moral  
courage that must accotiate a seller  
critter's bussum afore he kims to the  
skedaddlin plat. Only yesterday, one  
of the beknighted critters told me I  
was "a white-divered yankee cuss!"  
I axed him he war in earnest? He  
said he war, an I forguv him—though  
it hadnt bin for makin a fuss be-  
tween the two countries, an ef he  
hadnt looked as though he could lick  
me, I'd hev knocked his greasy fur-  
cap into the middle of next month—  
an ef his hed had gone with it I shouldnt  
hev keered. I natterally feel disap-  
pointed; for I counted on a flatterin re-  
ception; but there aint nary a flatter  
attache to it. Decidedly "cool"—bor-  
dered on the frosty.

### How to be Happier.

Said a venerable farmer, some eighty  
years of age, to a relative who lately  
visited him: "I have lived on this farm  
for over half a century. I have no  
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