

The Beaver Argus.

BEAVER, DECEMBER 14, 1888. LOCAL AND MISCELLANEOUS. THE ARGUS has now a larger circulation than any paper published in the county.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. TIME. Sw. Wk. Mo. 3m. 6m. 1yr.

One square—10 lines... Two squares... Three squares... Four squares... Five squares... Six squares... Seven squares... Eight squares... Nine squares... Ten squares...

Wm. Bligham, Jr., 70 Fifth Street, Choral building, Pittsburgh, is the authorized agent for The Argus in that city.

State of the Thermometer for the week ending on the 13th of November, 1888.

Table with columns for date, time, and temperature readings for various locations.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. The attention of the public is directed to the following new advertisements, which appear for the first time in this paper to-day.

177 Herb Dietrich—Dierker & Speck. 177 Farms for Sale—E. R. Bradford. 177 Programs of the Teacher's Institute set on page 19.

Lost—Mrs. Driver, of Beaver, lost, on Tuesday forenoon, a gold breast pin, on the railroad, between Rochester and New Brighton. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to the owner.

All persons holding claims for bonuses and back-pay, under the act of 1886, are advised to forward the necessary receipts at once to the Pay Department at Washington. The revision of the lists is understood to be nearly completed.

New Building—We see our friends, the Messrs. Linschank Bros., the obliging news-dealers located in the old Rochester station building, are erecting a handsome little depot, on the corner of New York st., by the railroad, in which they intend to move next week.

The Eccentricity of Matter.—We see by the Standard Gazette that Rev. D. L. Deany, D. D., of this place, is to deliver lectures in Richmond, Ohio, on Dec. 8. His lecture is one of course, to be given for the benefit of the M. E. Church of that place. Subject, "The Eccentricity of Matter."

Funeral.—While Mr. Matt Darragh, of Sharon, was enjoying himself at the festival in Rochester, on last Thursday, his horse took fright at the music directed on the occasion and ran off, badly injuring the carriage to which he was attached.

Dr. A. W. Achenon, one of the school directors of this borough, resigned, and Dr. D. L. McKinney was elected in his stead. Dr. Achenon, on last Monday, removed to New York, whither he goes to practice his profession.

At Home on a Visit.—Mr. Franklin A. Zeeb, eldest son of Judge Agnew of this place, arrived at home on a visit to his relatives, last Thursday. He has been for some time west, and is well connected with the United States Coast Survey. He was lately stationed at Washington City, but is now detailed to go to Salt Lake, where he will be located during the present winter.

The Governor's Obedience.—At the reunion of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry, held at Warren, Oct. 25th, Governor Tod concluded his remarks as follows: "We are to meet in Salem for our reunion next fall. I am going to be there. If you should wish to see me, you can ask General Steadman, who will surely be on hand when I did. The reunion event of Friday week has been a most successful one, and I am glad to hear that you are all well."

Marriages in Columbiana County.—The good people in the county adjoining us, (Columbiana county Ohio), appear to be in the marrying mood just now. The Wellsville (O.) Union of last week came to us containing fifteen notices of parties in that county who had recently shuffled off the coil of single blessedness, and launched out on the sea of matrimony. They evidently believe over there that it is not good for man to be alone, nor woman either.

J. Weyand, Esq.—Dear Sir: Allow me through the medium of the Argus to express the hearty thanks of myself and family to the good people of Bridgewater congregation for their pleasant social visit during the afternoon and evening of Thanksgiving day, and for the timely and liberal gifts which are ever characteristic of this kind people. JAMES M. SHIELDS.

Thanksgiving Festival.—An excellent dinner and supper was given at Town Hall, Rochester, on last Thursday (Thanksgiving day) for the benefit of the new M. E. Church now being built in that place. The festival was a complete success, the receipts amounting to the sum of \$315.00. A vote taken on the most popular lady resulted in favor of Miss Lizzie Coffin, of Rochester. The attendance was very large, and a good time was enjoyed. The Rochester concert band was present, and favored the gathering with some choice music.

Why Don't You.—Don't you editors in Suburbanville publish papers as good as they do in this city? Yes, why don't you? And why don't the Suburbanville ministers preach as able sermons as are heard from city pulpits? And why don't the Suburbanville merchants have as good stores as they have in large places, and why haven't they as fine a depot as good places, as splendid buildings, &c., in Suburbanville as in Cincinnati? The man who is simple enough to ask the first question on the list, ought to go clear to the end. By that time he might discover he is not many removes from an anti-Suburbanville Gazette.

The Presidential Electors.—The electors chosen in each State meet at the capital of their respective States on the first Wednesday in December. They vote by distinct ballots for President and Vice-President, and send the result, carefully sealed, by a special messenger, who will deliver to Hon. D. C. F. W. W. President of the Senate. The Senate and House having fixed a day for joint convention will assemble together in the House; Mr. Wade will open the convention, and the President-elect will be proclaimed. The electors will be elected on the 15th of December.

Burning of Foreigners' Menagerie.—Messrs. Dose, Clark & Co's. menagerie, in the north-west part of Pittsburgh, was burned on Saturday evening, and the same was communicated to an adjoining building, which was used for wintering Foreigners' menagerie. The animals escaped into the street, seriously alarming the people. A large African lion was caught in the street by throwing over his head a box used for mixing mortar. He was killed, and his bones were several weeks ago. The lion was the best beast we ever saw, and was a beautiful specimen of his kind. He was estimated at \$500.00.—Argus.

Thanksgiving Day was very generally and joyfully observed by the people of Beaver and vicinity. An unlimited number of turkey and chickens were killed for the good cause, and quite a number of festive and gatherings took place. Services also were held at all the churches around the city, however, was unfavorable, it being a raw, rainy, and the ground unfavorable for traveling. Nevertheless there was quite a number running to and fro. We noticed a movement of young men toward Beaver. That the attraction was there we know not, the young men being more so, if willing, to give the solution.

A Word to the Patrons of the Argus.

The next week we have been so fortunate as to purchase a large lot of new type, a Gordon Job Press and a Cottrell & Babcock cylinder power press, on which to enlarge the Argus in the future. We intend to enlarge the paper, changing it from a 4000 type into a 6000 type, in a new dress and improved format, clothed in a new dress and improved type in every particular. Our type press, &c., will arrive in a few days, but some ten or twelve days will elapse yet before our power press reaches us. The paper, therefore, in its new dress and enlarged form will not appear until nearly or quite the latter part of the present month.

The new movements have cost us a large expenditure of money, and we will feel under lasting obligations to those of our patrons who know themselves indebted to us if they will come forward now and settle their accounts, in whole or in part. Come friends, we need your money at the present time, and feel we do not want to wait.

Beautiful colored French double Blanket Shawls, just arrived, at Beaver. Quotations of Coins.—When gold is quoted at \$120, a paper dollar is worth 91 cents nearly. When gold is quoted at \$115, a paper dollar is worth 87 cents. When gold is quoted at \$120, a paper dollar is worth 83 cents. When gold is quoted at \$125, a paper dollar is worth 80 cents.

When gold is quoted at \$120, a paper dollar is worth 80 cents. When gold is quoted at \$125, a paper dollar is worth 77 cents. When gold is quoted at \$130, a paper dollar is worth 74 cents. When gold is quoted at \$135, a paper dollar is worth 71 cents.

When gold is quoted at \$140, a paper dollar is worth 68 cents. When gold is quoted at \$145, a paper dollar is worth 65 cents. When gold is quoted at \$150, a paper dollar is worth 62 cents. Ladies looking for suitable Holiday Presents at reasonable prices, should give J. H. Bence & Co., at Beaver, they will send a large and well selected stock of all kinds of goods for the Ladies, at popular prices.

The Reason.—The reason why Barrett's Vegetable Hair Restorative has a larger sale and is more popular than any other, is simply because it is the best. The reasons for this are: It is most easily applied. Its effects are more permanent. It contains no element of silver or other poisonous substances. It thoroughly cleanses the scalp of all dirt, dandruff and other extraneous accumulations. It does not dry the hair. It absolutely restores the hair to its natural color, whether black or brown. It causes the hair to grow thick, luxuriant and glossy. It is a superb hair dressing. It is highly scented and does not stain the scalp or clothing. It is not a Dry Hair Restorative. These are the reasons why Barrett's is the best Hair Preparation in the world, as well as the reasons why every one should use Barrett's in preference to all others.—Cincinnati Sunday Globe.

The most stylish, as well as the cheapest Hats and Bonnets, are to be found at Bence's only. CHILL FALLS THE AUTUMN RAIN. BY LYDIA M. HENCO. Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Chill falls the Autumn rain above thy bosom. While with winds rave Bearing down faded leaf and blighted blossom Upon thy grave. Then who with me in life's bright morning started, Towards hope's green shore, Oh, gleaming visions, blessed dreams departed, Come back once more. Come back with rainbow promise o'er my spirit, Come from the tomb, Bearing my dead from lay mist and shadow, To life's sweet bloom. In vain, dear lost one, o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie. Yet but I know that o'er thy quiet bosom, I stretch my arms to thee, through doubt and darkness, In vain, in vain. No plannings thine the silent sea may findom, From stormy surge shores, The myriad mill one who have crossed Death's ocean, Return no more. Where are they? Where those faces lost and vanished, From mortal eye, In infinite depths of space, the "Happy Islands" Must surely lie.

Useful Information.

HOW TO LAY OFF SQUARE ACRES OF GROUND. Measure 200 feet on each side, and you will have a square acre, which is an inch.

CONTENTS OF AN ACRE. An acre contains 4,840 square yards. A square mile contains 640 acres.

LAND MEASURES. 144 square inches = 1 square foot. 9 square feet = 1 square yard. 80 1/2 square yards = 1 square rod. 40 square rods = 1 square acre. 640 square acres = 1 square mile.

MEASURES OF DISTANCES. A mile is 5,280 feet, or 1,760 yards in length. A fathom is 6 feet. A league is 3 miles. A 'Sabbath-day's journey' is 1,155 yards—(this is eighteen yards less than two-thirds of a mile).

A 'day's journey' is 30 1/2 miles. A cubit is 2 feet. A great cubit is 1 1/2 feet. A hand (horse measure) is 4 inches. A palm is 3 inches. A span is 10 1/2 inches. A pace is 5 feet.

BARREL MEASURE. A barrel of flour weighs 106 pounds. A barrel of pork, 200 pounds. A barrel of rice, 600 pounds. A barrel of powder, 25 pounds. A firkin of butter, 50 pounds. A tub of butter, 84 pounds.

THE FOLLOWING ARE SOLD BY WEIGHT PER BUSHEL: Wheat, beans and clover-seed, 60 pounds to the bushel. Corn, rye, and flaxseed, 56 pounds. Buckwheat 52 pounds. Oats, 48 pounds. Bran, 20 pounds. Timothy-seed, 45 pounds. Coarse salt, 55 pounds.

VARIOUS WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. A ton of coal is 2,240 pounds; but in Philadelphia the retailers give only 2,000. A ton of round iron is 40 feet of squared timber, 5 1/2 cubic feet. A commercial bale of cotton is 400 pounds. A pick of wool is 24 pounds. A section of Government land is 640 acres (160 rods).

A light ton is 2,240 gallons. A box 18 by 18 1/2 inches, and 8 inches deep contains 1 bushel. THE LATEST POSTAGE LAWS. LETTERS. Letters go to any part of the United States for three cents per half ounce, if prepaid. Unpaid letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, D. C. Letters weighing over half an ounce, and prepaid a single rate, are forwarded to their destination, and the balance due collected on delivery. City letters must be prepaid, two cents per half ounce. Letters not called for (if prepaid) will be returned to the writer at his or her request without additional postage.

BOOKS. Postage on books, not exceeding 4 ounces in weight. Each additional four ounces, or fractions thereof. NEWSPAPERS. Newspapers sent from the office of publication may be prepaid at the following rates quarterly: Dimes, 35 cents per qr. Weeklies, 5 cents per qr. Monthlys, (not over 4 oz.) 3 cents per qr. Quarterly, 1 cent per qr.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTER. On unsealed circulars, maps, prints, engravings, music, cards, photographs, types, cuttings, roots, seeds, etc., on one package to one address, prepaid, not exceeding 4 ounces, 2 cents; over four, and not exceeding eight ounces, 4 cents. The weight of packages is limited to 32 ounces. MONEY ORDERS. Money can be sent to any part of the country with absolute safety, by obtaining a Money Order, for less than the face are: On not less than \$1 and not over \$20, 10 cents. Over \$20, and not exceeding \$50, 25 cents. Over \$50, and not less than \$1, or more than \$50, 50 cents. POST ITEMS. It costs 20 cents extra, besides the regular postage, to register a letter. Internal Revenue Stamps cannot be used to pay postage. Stamps cut from Stamped Envelopes are not allowed to be placed upon other letters. No article contained in glass can be sent by mail.

MARKETS. BEAVER MARKET. (CORRECTED WEEKLY.) BEAVER, DEC. 14, 1888. Flour per bbl. \$10.75. Rye per bu. 45. Dried Apples per bu. 2.20. Butter per lb. 45. Dried Peaches per bu. 4.75. Beans per bu. 14. Corn per bu. 80. Sides per lb. 12. Oats per bu. 25. Lard per lb. 10. Onions per bu. 2.00. Caudles per lb. 1.00. Potatoes per bu. 1.50. Hops per lb. 1.00. Corn Meal per bu. 1.30. CRUELTY. Our markets during the past week have been characterized by considerable activity. On Friday there was a large trade done, the receipts being filled with wheat and drays hauling various kinds of merchandise to and from the city. The demand for flour has been very active and holders firm. There is more doing in grain. Merchants complain of slow collections in the country, which no doubt interferes with trade to a considerable extent, but we hear of but few failures among the mercantile community. We quote as follows, which are the wholesale store prices unless otherwise noted: Flour—Superfine, 10.75; extra, 10.50; good, 10.25; common, 10.00. R