

14 A. 45 2. 6 POINT CARTON BLACK. S2 15

The peerless bird is yet unfledged whose quill
 Shall form a pen to write in numbers fit
 Of our sweet Indian summer. He is still
 Unborn who has been gifted with the wit

12 A. 40 2. 8 POINT CARTON BLACK. S2 15

To sing its glory, loveliness, and worth,
 Our land becomes the paradise of earth,
 And angels cannot then be far away.
 The wind like Love's breathing moves along

10 A. 33 2. 9 POINT CARTON BLACK. S2 15

The morn was fair as ever a morn
 Of summer in her beauty born:
 The rarest tint of ancient dye
 Were pale beside its wondrous sky;

10 A. 30 2. 12 POINT CARTON BLACK. S2 35

Long of restful peace forsaken,
 Craving good and finding none;
 Ever striving, yet o'ertaken
 By the sins I seek to shun;

6 A. 18 2. 18 POINT CARTON BLACK. S2 75

The bell is hung
 In the new church steeple;
 Let it be rung
 In the ears of the people;

4 A. 12 2.

30 POINT CARTON BLACK.

S3 80

Renaissance Ornament

Sculptured Cantilever and Balustrade

3 A. 9 2.

42 POINT CARTON BLACK.

S4 10

Amazing Discovery

Labor-Saving Contrivances

3 A. 5 2.

54 POINT CARTON BLACK.

S5 75

Engraved Stones