

The Sullivan Express.

WANTED INDEPENDENT JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTEREST OF MOULTRIE COUNTY.

James D. Moody, Publisher. ["WE HOLD THE BALANCE WITH AN EQUAL HAND, AND WEIGH WHATEVER JUSTICE DOETH DEMAND."] \$1.50 in Advance.

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SULLIVAN EXPRESS.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
J. D. MOODY.

Terms.
\$1.50 INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Rates of Advertising.

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Each subsequent insertion, .50
One square three months, 3.00
Six months, 5.00
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Announcing candidates for office, \$1.50 in advance in all cases.
Legal Advertisements must be paid for in advance.

ISABEL.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Lost Isabel, again I come
To linger and to weep
Above the spot where wild flowers
To mark thy place of sleep;
And as I kneel beside thy urn,
Dear memories from afar
Come o'er my spirit, I'ke the wild,
Sweet music of a star.

Thy breeze step is seen no more
Upon the blue hill's brow,
And beauty's early light has left
My darkened day dreams now;
Yet my lone spirit keeps its glow,
Like that pale eastern flower
That shines at midnight with the rays
That sink at morn's first hour.

Thou wast the sunlight of my days,
The idol of my dreams,
And life with thee was like the lapse
Of summer's quiet streams;
And if beneath the storms of life
My spirit e'er was bowed,
Thy love shone o'er the gathering
gloom—
As angel of the cloud.

There is no star above my head,
No flower beneath my feet,
No gentle murmur on the air
Where winds and waters meet,
No liquid lull of twilight founts,
No song from fluid or grove,
But tells me of the pleasing paths
Where once we loved to rove.

Alas! the hours no longer near
Young beauty's rosy crown,
The gentle flow'rs look up thro' tears,
The stars thro' tears look down;
From all the boundless universe
The soul of joy is fled,
To live, ah! never more,
Since thou, sweet girl, art dead.

Dear Isabel, thine was the high
And holy gift of fire,
And beautiful its flashes played
Around thy golden lyre.
But it consumed thy heart, for there
Its centered brightness fell,
And thou art but a thing of dust,
My now loved Isabel!

The Mother
It has been truly said: "The first
thing who rushes to the recollection
of a soldier or a sailor, in his heart's
difficulty, is mother. She clings to
his memory and affections, in the
midst of all the forgetfulness and har-
shness induced by a raving life. The
last message he leaves is for her;
his last whisper breathes her name."
If you do good, forget it; if evil
remember and repent of it.

He's Nobody but a P R I N T E R .

BY C. N. WILLIAMSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, he's nobody but a printer," exclaimed Miss Ellen Dupree, a flirting foppish girl, to one of her female friends, who was spaking in terms of praise and commendation of Mr. Barton Williams, a young intelligent printer.

"Well, Miss Ellen, you seem to speak as though a printer was not entitled to respectability. I hope you will explain yourself," replied Miss Mary Crossman.

Well, I hope you will excuse me. I do not think it becoming for a young man who has to work for a living to move in the society of those who are his superiors. And, moreover, he might win the affections of some girl superior to him in worth and rank; and then do you think her parents would be pleased? I know I would rather be an old maid all my days than marry a poor printer, a man who has to toil day by day and then, Oh! to think of being ranked among the poor!" winked out Miss Dupree.

"Then you think they are beneath you?"

"Yes ma'am, of course."

"Both in wealth and intellect, too, I suppose, do you?"

"Yes, everything."

"Are you superior to a Franklin, to a Blackstone, a Campbell, and many other great men who were printers? Or do you believe that your intellectual powers soar above those of Greely or a Willis and many other distinguished printers of the day?"

"Oh, now and then you may find a respectable one, but they are few and far between. As for Mr. Williams, I do not think him a Franklin or a Blackstone, or anything else much."

"Nor do I consider him a Franklin or a Blackstone, either; but I do think him a very intelligent young man, and I expect to treat him as such."

"Well I expect to consider him beneath my notice."

"Now, Miss Dupree, I think you ought to reflect upon what you are saying, and have some respect for my feelings. You know not what you may come to before you die."

"Well, I don't think I ever will come to be the wife of a printer or anybody else who has to labor; nor do I intend to countenance such, either."

Miss Crossman remained silent for some time, while her face reddened with indignation. Mr. Williams was her lover and a very good looking man he was, too. He was of medium size, fair complexion, dark hair, prominent forehead, had a piercing eye, was intelligent, lively and witty in conversation, fluent and affable in his address.

A gentle rap was heard at the door, and the servant immediately announced Mr. Williams.

He entered the parlor and Miss Crossman immediately arose and introduced them.

"Miss Dupree, Mr. Williams," Miss Dupree affected to be polite,

she returned a very slight bow, and very coolly said:
"Good evening, sir."
Mr. Williams and Miss Crossman conversed freely, mostly on literary subjects, upon which both were well posted; and of course they entertained each other pleasantly, while Miss Dupree sat as though she was in despair, now and then giving a lazy nod to anything said to her. Mr. Williams has gone, Miss Dupree turned to Miss Crossman and said:
"Mary, I am really astonished at you. You are certainly in love with that fellow. Well you may do as you like, but I'll never condescend to keep company with a printer, rest assured," mumbled Miss Dupree.

Miss Dupree took her leave, and Miss Crossman was left to think of love and matrimony and future bliss.

CHAPTER II.

Ten years were passed. A man and his wife were seated before the fire. The evening was extremely cold and the wind blew fierce and keen. Yes, and the editor of the *Tribune*, was housed with his wife in their stately mansion, furnished in finest style and lighted brilliantly with costly chandeliers. They were the parents of four bright eyed intelligent children. 'Twas an hour after sundown, and the bell rang for tea. A rap was heard at the door, and upon opening it, there stood a woman pale and dejected, and apparently not far from the grave. She had with her, three ragged children shivering with the cold. The gentleman and lady asked them in to the fire.

"Sir," said the poor woman, will you be pleased to give me money to buy some bread for my hungry children? My husband has been drinking for the last three weeks and left me without a morsel for these poor innocents to eat or any fuel to keep them warm," and they wept bitterly.

"Where do you live ma'ma?" said the gentleman.

"We live in the garret of the Metropolitan Hotel."

"How long has your husband been addicted to drink?" asked the gentleman's wife.

"About three years."

"Madame," rejoined the generous editor, "I am really grieved for you, and of course shall bestow upon you such as you deserve. Will you relate your misfortune?"

"Mine is a sad story. I was brought up in affluence, and my father was a wealthy merchant in Chatham street; my husband was also rich when we were married. We took a tour to Europe and returned home, and lived happily for two years. Mr. Brooks, a gay, fashionable young man, spent money freely, and lived extravagantly. Three years afterwards he was considerably on the decline, and finally, by high living and unnecessary expenditures of money, dispossessed himself of our home and reduced to abject poverty, and then my husband took to drink and now we are beggars! And as such I beseech you in behalf of my poor little children, to bestow upon me such charity as you feel disposed to grant."

Her story was soon told, and met with a kind response from a generous heart. The lady of the house recognized the poor woman, but did not feel disposed to make herself known, but ushered them into the dining room

and sat down with them to a hot supper.

"Madame," said the lady, "what was your maiden name?"

"Ellen Dupree."

"Oh, Ellen, have you come to this?"

The poor woman who was so overcome with gratitude and surprise, could not utter a word. She thought hers a familiar voice; she had heard it before, but could not remember when or where; and after a long time she murmured—

"I think I have known in times past; but I cannot remember your name."

"What is your name kind lady?"

"Mary Crossman was my name when you knew me."

"Mary who?"

"Crossman."

"My God! Who is your husband?"

"Oh, he's nobody but a printer."

The poor woman remembered being introduced before marriage to Mr. Williams, and remembered, too how cold and indifferent she had treated him on that occasion.

Yes, 'nobody but a printer' went like a dagger to her heart. That printer was her benefactor and friend.

Young lady, if you marry an industrious and intelligent man, you will become wealthy in your old age—you will do well, but if you marry a vain foppish dandy, of the cod-fish aristocracy, and *non compus mentus* order, and should be brought from affluence in youth to beggary in your old age, you do worse.

Remember that, ladies, and make the proper improvement.

Remember Home.

Fortunate, unspcakably fortunate, is the young man that has a home that he loves, and dear ones nestling there to whom his heart goes out in unmeasurable yearnings of affection. The youth who has come to the city to seek his fortune is guarded as by an angel from Heaven, when he cherishes fresh in his memory the picture of a humble cottage home which sheltered the dear and venerated being who gave him birth. The thrill of her loving touch, as she laid her hand upon his head in blessing, ere he turned his footsteps toward the great city, shall hold him ever in the Path of Life, and charmed the Tempter away. And still more blessed is he if he has to devote a portion of his wages to the support of that home, and of those poor ones whom he so loves. In such a case, his earnings are hallowed with a sacredness which communicates itself to his character, and is exhibited in blossoms of duteness. The consciousness that the wages gladden and beautify to his labor, and a delight in its rewards, such as no mere selfish spirit of acquisition can impart. Therefore, O ye young men remember your paternal homes, and devote at least a portion of your earnings to the making of them brighter and happier, that your own life path may be brightened by an effluence which is ever radiant from good deeds.

The Indiana State Sentinel is responsible for the following:
A lady in Blackford county recently gave birth to a child only seven weeks after a previous confinement. The first child was a boy, and was born on the 13th day of June. The second child was a girl, and was born on the 1st day of August. They are the children of Aaron Hess, an old resident of Blackford. Both living, and the mother is doing as well as could be expected. She attended to her daily household duties between the births.

The true end of freedom is to develop manhood and womanhood, not to make authors, mechanics or statesmen.

To Young Men.

That will never do, young man! No use to stand on the side-walk whining about hard luck, and saying that everything goes against you. You are not of half the consequence that your talk would lead us to believe. The world hasn't declared war against you—no such thing. You are like the of us—a mere speck upon the earth's surface. Were you this moment to go down in the living tide but a bubble would linger for a moment upon the surface, and even that would vanish unnoticed. The heart is full of hope and ambition, but is not missed when it ceases to beat. One such as you would not leave a ripple. You are a coward—a coward in the battle, there's no fight in you; you have surrendered without a struggle, and now whine because beaten. You are not worthy of triumph, for you have not yet earned it. In garret, hut and dripping cellar, are ten thousand heroes who would put you to shame. They must toil or starve. The strife is a desperate one with them, for they wrestle with want, while ragged and despairing ones watch at the lone hearth the fearful contest. Strong men look death in the eye, when their sinews are strung with hungry childhood.

Shame on you! In the full vigor of health and manhood—no mouth but your own to fill—no back but your own to cover—and yet crouching under the first scorplings of adverse fortune! You know nothing of the storm, for you have seen but the summer. Ooe cloud has frightened you, and you think that you are hardly dealt by. You will be lucky if you find no darker shadows across your path. Stand up, young sirl! Pull your hand from your pocket, throw off your coat and take Fortune by the throat! You may be thrown again, but hang on! Put off the nonsense that the world is all against you. It is not so. Your destiny is in your own strong arm. Wield it like a man.

With an unbending will, and honor and truth for a guide, the day is your own. No capital eh? You have capital! God has given you perfect health. That is an immense capital to start on. You have youth and strength—all invaluable. And a will to do; put your sinews in motion and you win! A man full of health and strength should never despair, because Fortune does not pour a stream of gold eagles into his pocket. If you have no money, work and get it. Industry, economy and integrity will do wonders. From such beginnings fortunes have been reared. They can again!—Will you try it! Or will you wait for the stream to run by, so that you can walk dryshod into the El Dorado of wealth? Or will you meet the waves defiantly, and be the architect of your own fortune!

Try. It is glorious to conquer in the strife.

A lady was requested by a bachelor who was somewhat advanced in years, to take a seat on his lap, while in a crowded sleigh.

"No I thank you, sir," said the maiden, "I am afraid that such an old seat would break down with me." Old back looked funny.

Whatever the base man finds evil in his own soul, he cast with ease lay upon another.

We expend more time and expense in consulting a man we fear, than in obliging one we love.

Men grow better as they grow older.

Be always quick, but never in a hurry.

A regular diet cures more people than physic.

Avoid an angry man for a while, a malicious one forever.

He that writes what is wrong, wrongs what is right.

Society has a right to be particular—it is so often deceived.

Love, as it is divine with loyalty, so it is hellish with jealousy.

Who ever saw a man in idleness that did not become a shiftless vagabond, or a professional office-seeker, when he becomes a man.

Little acts of kindness are stowed away in the heart, like bags of lavender in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them.

Unpleasant—a first rate appetite and nothing to eat. Quite as agreeable—plenty to eat and no appetite.

A Hard-shell Baptist.

A traveler called at nightfall at a farmer's house, the owner being from home, and the mother and daughter being alone, they refused to lodge the wayfarer.

"How far is it to a house where a preacher can get lodging?"

"Oh, if you are a preacher," said the old lady, "I guess that you can stay here if you like."

Accordingly he dismounted, deposited his saddlebags in the house, and led his horse to the stable. Meanwhile the mother and daughter were debating the points as to what kind of a preacher he was.

"He cannot be a Presbyterian," said one, "for he is not dressed well enough."

"He is not a Methodist preacher," said the other. "I can tell what sort of a preacher he was."

And with that she thrust her hand into the saddle bags, and pulling out a flask of liquor, she exclaimed—

"La, mother! he is a Hard-Shell Baptist."

How To Buy Public Lands.

The following from the Washington Union will do to cut out and keep:

When an individual applies to the register of a land district to purchase a tract of land, he is required to file a written "application." On such application the register endorses his certificate, showing the land is vacant and subject to entry. The certificate the applicant carries to the receiver, and it is evidence on which the receiver permits payment to be made, and issues his "original receipt," the duplicate of which is handed to the purchaser as his evidence of payment, and which is required to be surrendered when a patent is forwarded from the General Land Office for delivery. The "original receipt" is handed to the register, who indicates the sale on his township plot, enters the same in his tract book, and it is transmitted by the register to the General Land Office, with the monthly abstract of sales and certificates of purchase.

This is the formality prescribed to individual purchasers, and must be observed not only for their protection in securing titles, but for the protection of the interests of the government. The law has established two officers in a land district—the register and receiver—and prescribed a mode of proceeding to serve as a check upon each other. If a claimant fails to observe the requirements, he does it at his peril. He deposits money with any person connected with the district office, even with a receiver, without having filed a written application with the register, he falls so at his own risk, the government not being responsible for any loss where the terms on which the law authorizes entries are departed from.

For the Express.

THE HOOPS.

Those lines she wrote are quite a
 About her hoop hurrah;
 I'd like to see her on the street,
 Some very blustry day:
 I'd stand and view her balloon form,
 And look to see her rise,
 Wrapt in 'enchantment,' O what fun
 To exercise my eyes.

She thinks it is a foreign mode,
 And we're not far behind 'em:
 She don't like our boots, stump-toed;
 Our feet, the way we bind 'em.
 Now dearest one we hoped to please
 With boots so neat and small;
 Our whiskers too, are cur'd for you,
 Goatees, moustache, and all.

She says, if all that piece told
 Won't do, they'll change our board-
 ing.

And goatees, stump-toed boots & all,
 They'll flounce us over Jordan.
 I guess they'd wish us back again,
 How could they do without us?
 I'm sure their tears would fall like
 rain,
 They'd grieve so much about us.

I fear they ne'er can get to heav'n
 With flounces wide unfurled,
 For there is only one way given,
 To get there from this world:
 The way is narrow—very straight,
 So ladies, you can't go:
 You'll have to ope the big wide gate
 That hides the world of woe!

Just for fun,
 This was done;
 Yours, Miss:
JEE WHIZ.

How the Devil Lost.

The following is too good for us to pass it by unnoticed. We clip it from an exchange paper:

A young man who ardently desired wealth, was visited by his satanic majesty, who tempted him to promise him his soul for eternity, if he could be supplied on this earth with all the money he could use. The bargain was concluded—the devil to supply the money, and was at last to have the soul, unless the young man could spend more money than the devil furnished: Years passed away—the young man was extravagant in his living, built palaces, speculated wildly lost and gave away fortunes, and yet his coffers always full. He turned politician, and bribed his way to power and fame, without reducing his pile of gold. He became a filibuster and fitted out ships and armies, but his banker honored all his drafts.

He went to St. Paul to live, and paid the usual rates of interest for all the money he could borrow, but though the devil made wry faces when he came to pay the bill, yet they were all paid. One expedient after another failed—the devil counted the time, only two years, that he must wait for the soul, and mocked the efforts of the despairing man. One more trial was resolved upon—the man started a newspaper! The devil growled at the bill at the end of the first quarter, was savage in six months, melancholy in nine, and broke dead broke at the end of the year. So the newspaper went down but the soul was saved.

Non-paying subscribers are thus talked to by a Southern editor:

"Wagons cannot run without wheels, boats without steam, bull-frogs jump without legs, or newspapers be carried on everlastingly without money, no more than a dog can wag his tail when he has none. Our subscribers are all good, but what good does a man's goodness do when it don't do any good. We have no doubt every one thinks that all have paid except him, and as we are a clever fellow, and his is a little matter, it will make no difference."

"A traveler went into an inn for a shower and asked the landlord to show him a good fire, for," said he, "I'm very wet." And then turning to the waiter he said, "Bring me a tankard of ale immediately, for I'm very dry."

D. W. EDEN
 At the South East Corner
 Keeps constantly on hand a well selected stock of
DRY GOODS,
 AND
GROCERIES,
 HATS AND
CAPS,
 READY MADE
Clothing.
QUEENSWARE,
 & **HARDWARE,**
 In fact every thing usually kept in a Dry Goods store. Cash purchasers and prompt time payers, will get goods as low as they are retailed any where in the West.—To his friends who have favored him a fair share of trade, he returns his thanks and feels confident that he can make it to their interest to continue their favors. The highest price paid for all kinds of Merchantable produce.
 Sullivan, Ill. Sept. 17, 1857. 1 tf.

KEEP YOUR FEET DRY.
 Just received and for sale low for cash, a superior lot of
BOOTS & SHOES,
 call and exam in for yourself as we will charge you nothing for showing goods.
J. E. EDEN.

NEW FIRM AND NEW GOODS!
 Kellar & Cleveland.
 At the old stand of D. Patterson.
 We have on hand a large stock of new and seasonable goods, and are constantly receiving more—Come and look at our stock of

BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
 and ready made

CLOTHING
 for the men and boys, and a very fine assortment of fancy goods especially for the Ladies.
 We will not attempt to enumerate but invite you all to come and look for yourselves.
 We also have and keep constantly on hand an excellent assortment of
QUEENSWARE,
HARDWARE,
 and
CUTLERY,
 also
GROCERIES,
Paints, Oils and Dyes.
 In short every thing usually found in a country store. We will not be undersold. We have no old returns.
 Our stock was all bought in the cities by one of the first—Come and look for yourselves and we will charge you nothing unless you make purchase. Our goods are going off very fast, but we want to sell a few more to make room for our fall stock.
 Sullivan, Sept. 17, 1857. 1ly.

ATTENTION ALL.
J. PERRYMAN,
 Is still selling Goods
 at the old stand.
 He has a good stock of
DRY GOODS,
 GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
 READY MADE
Clothing!
 Hardware,
 Queensware, &c.
 with most other articles usually found in this market, which he will sell at ready prices, to make room for the large stock of new goods he intends bringing on soon. He invites his old customers and every body else to come along and take some of the good bargains.
 My Motto is
QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS, AND NO MONDAYS.
 He now offers his heartfelt acknowledgements to a generous and appreciating public, for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him this Spring, and he hopes by strict attention to their wants, to merit a portion of their patronage.
 We often hear it said and never knew it fail, the least a man gets cheated the sooner he'll come again.

N. B. All persons indebted to me whose accounts were due last Christmas and prior to that time must pay up. It takes something more substantial than promises to satisfy those to whom I am indebted, and I intend to pay them with what is due me!—So come along and save costs on your part and disagreeable feelings on mine.
JOHN PERRYMAN.
 Sullivan Sept. 17,—1 ly

THE MANNING STORE.
P. B. Knight & Co.
 In the building formerly occupied by J. J. & W. L. Hayden on the corner of Main and Madison.
 We have now on hand and coming a large stock of all kinds of

DRY GOODS,
 which have been selected especially for this market. We can and will offer great inducements to our old friends and the public generally.
 Goods will be offered at such prices that those wanting to purchase cannot fail to carry a few home with them.
 Our stock consists in part of the following,
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
CUTLERY,
YANKEE NOTIONS,
JEWELRY,
GUNS AND STOVES,
 and in fact every thing usually kept in dry good stores.
 We call the attention of the Ladies particularly to our stock of Dress Goods comprising all of the latest style, all of which we will sell at small profit; please give us and your own county town a call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere, and you will be satisfied that you can save money by buying at our establishment. We will take great pleasure in showing you our goods.
P. B. Knight & Co.
 Sullivan, Sept. 17, 1857. 1 tf.

LOOK HERE,
 DON'T FAIL TO CALL AT
NABB & BROWN'S
GENERAL STORE,
 and get some of the good **BARGAINS,**
 West of the court house.
 They keep constantly on hand a well assorted stock of
Dry Goods,
GROCERIES,
 HARDWARE,
 QUEENSWARE,
 CUTLERY,
 CARPENTERS TOOLS,
 HATS, & CAPS,
 BOOTS & SHOES,
 SADDLERY.
HARNESS, AND BRIDLES,
 in fact every variety of Goods commonly kept in such establishments, which we offered cheap for cash, country produce, or to responsible men on time,
 We would be pleased to have you call and try the truth of our assertion. We deem it unnecessary to add anything more as all who wish to save money will feel it their duty to call examine our goods and prices and see if they don't compare favorably with any house in central Illinois, and we feel assured that you will not fail to buy when it is to your advantage to get good bargains.
NABB & BROWN.
 Sept. 19, 1857. 2 tf.
JOHN LOVE, S. M. KEARNEY,
 Love & Kearney,
 Take pleasure in announcing to their old friends and the public generally that they have on hand and are constantly receiving a large and well selected lot of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
 well adapted to this market which we shall endeavor to sell at a reasonable profit to good customers; we invite the public to call and examine our stock of goods as we think we can make it to their advantage to buy of us.
 Our stock consists of

DRY GOODS,
 of every quality,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
SADDLERY,
 Ready made
Clothing,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES,
 Call and see as we charge nothing to allow goods.
LOVE & KEARNEY,
 North West corner public square.
 Sept. 19, 1857. 2 tf.

STRATTON & HUBBARD,
 Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Dry Goods,
CARPETS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
 STRAW GOODS &c.
 Decatur Ill. 66

M. N. VANFLEET, E. E. WAGGONER,
VANFLEET & WAGGONER,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
 Sullivan, Illinois.
 Office in Perryman's Brick.
 All calls promptly attended to, by day or night.
 Sept. 17, 1857.

J. Y. HITT, A. L. KELLAR,
HITT & KELLAR,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
 Sullivan Illinois.
 Respectfully tender their professional services to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity.
 Being well provided with surgical instruments, they are prepared to attend to any operations in a Surgical way, and promptly attend to all calls by day or night, requiring the assistance of natures handmaids. Office on the West side of the public square, two doors South of Nabb & Browns brick.
 Sep. 17, 1857.

B. B. EVERETT,
Physician and Surgeon.
 Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Sullivan and surrounding country.
 Office one door west of Walkers dwelling, where he may always be found, except when absent on professional business.
 Sullivan, Oct. 8. 6tf

EAGLE HOUSE.
 FELLOWMEN & TRAVELERS:
 I have again moved to my old stand, known as the Eagle House. I can say to my friends, and customers that I am prepared to give as good entertainment as can be had in central Ill.
JOSEPH THOMASON, Proprietor.
 Sullivan, Sept. 17, 1 ly

Fresh Arrival!
NEW GROCERIES,
 FOR
FALL TRADE.
 South West corner Public Square.
R. B. BENNETT
HAS the pleasure of informing his customers and the public generally, that he is receiving the largest **AND BEST ASSORTMENT**—OF—**Fresh Groceries,**
 PROVISIONS,
 CONFECTIONERY,
 Ever brought to this market. To which he invites your attention.—He intends to keep a full assortment at all times and farmers wishing to purchase Groceries can do so of him, at a little lower than any other house in Sullivan.
 HIS TERMS ARE CASH,
 As he has put his goods low. Call and see for your selves.
 Very thankful for past favors, and hopes by strict attention to business, and a determination to please, to continue receiving and meriting a liberal share of public patronage.
R. B. BENNETT.
 October, 22, 1857. 7 ly.

Chicago Type Foundry.
 AND
PRINTERS WAREHOUSE,
 No. 90 Washington street
 CHICAGO ILLINOIS.
 Type, Presses, Ink, Chases, Cases, And every article required in a Newspaper, Book or Job Office, on hand and for sale at lowest market prices.
 Having removed to our new Foundry Building, at the above location, we are now prepared with greatly increased facilities to supply the wants of the Trade throughout the West.
 The improvements which we have made in the preparation of Metal, give to the Type manufactured by us, great reputation for durability.
 We have recently started in connection with our other departments, an
ELECTROTYPE FOUNDRY.
 and solicit orders for this kind of work, as we possess peculiar facilities for executing it in a superior manner, and at a low price.
 We shall continue to keep in store a large stock of
PRINTING PRESSES,
 from the well known Manufactory of Messrs. R. Hoe & Co., New York.
 Also, a large assortment of the celebrated
Galleys Job Presses,
 and other Presses will be furnished at Manufacturers Prices.
 Also, a large assortment of the celebrated
Benbow's and
Windsor type, and every article of the best Manufacture, will always be kept on hand.
 We desire particularly to call the attention of the Printers of this State to our establishment, as they will find it to their interest, to send us their orders; we shall in a short time issue a new Specimen Book, which will be sent to parties wishing to order, on application.
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 A Few elegant Shawls and over Coats. &c.
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J. M. MORGAN,
 Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
 Mendocino, Ill.
 Will practice in Flat and the adjoining counties.

S. W. MOUTRIE,
 Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
 Shelbyville, Illinois.
 Will practice in Shelby and the adjoining counties.

J. S. PUSEY,
 Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
 Decatur, Ill.
 Will practice in Decatur and the adjoining counties.

H. P. H. BROWNE,
 Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
 Vandalia Illinois.
 Will practice in Fayette and all counties in the 17th Judicial district.

**J. R. EDEN, J. M. KERR,
 EDEN & KERR,**
 Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
 Having formed a partnership, will attend to all professional business entrusted to them. Particular attention will be given to the collection of claims.
 Office next door East of Perryman's store, where one of the firm will always be found.
 Sullivan Ill. Sept. 17, 1857. 1 tf.

A. B. LEE,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW
 Sullivan Illinois.
 Will attend to professional business, in Moutrie, and adjoining counties. Office in the South East corner of the Court house.
 Sept. 17, 1857. 1 ly.

W. B. PORTER,
 Attorney and Counsellor at Law
 and Notary Public,
 SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS.
PARTICULAR attention paid to buying and selling lands, paying taxes, redeeming lands, examining titles and conveying. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to at moderate prices. 16m.

D. PIFER & BRO.
Carriage & Buggy MANUFACTURERS,
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 THEY keep constantly on hand in extensive assortments of Carriages & Buggies, of the very latest style now in use, and made of the very best material, and warranted not to be surpassed for neatness, cheapness, or durability, anywhere, Eastern work not excepted.

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Blacksmithing, Trimming, Painting, Wood-Work &c.
 done on short notice.
 Orders from a distance promptly attended to.
 Sullivan, Oct. 8th. 6tf.

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 WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN
 School Miscellaneous and
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HAVING become local agent for the school books recommended by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction I offer them at very low prices to teachers, school directors, and country individuals.
 Call and see me and I think I can offer such inducements as will induce you to buy of me, and therefore save freight and express charges.
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DENTISTRY,
 In the latest improved methods, and at the lowest prices.
 Dental Office: West Wood's store formerly occupied by Dr. Weaver.
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 Having formed a partnership, will attend to all professional business entrusted to them. Particular attention will be given to the collection of claims.
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 Sullivan Sept. 17, 1857. 1 tf.