

The Sullivan Express

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF MOULTRIE COUNTY. WE HOLD THE BALANCE WITH AN EQUAL HAND AND WEIGH WHATEVER JUSTICE DOETH DEMAND.

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My Host.

A HIGHWAY ADVENTURE.

My business called me through the northern part of the State of Illinois. I crossed the Illinois River at Ottawa, intending to strike Rock River at Foster's Mills. Foster was an old friend, who had gone out some years before and erected a mill upon one of the tributaries of the late mentioned river, having bought a whole township in that section. It was some out of my way, as my most direct route was very near due west from Ottawa, whereas this route took me over sixty miles further north. However I learned that there was quite a good road to Rock river, and I turned my horse's head in that direction. I calculated my time, and concluded that by moderate travelling I could reach the mill in two days. During the first day my road lay through a country mostly cleared, and well travelled; but on the second day I struck into a wilder region, and the way was little better than a bridle path through a dense forest. I passed several clearings, where small huts were erected, and at one of these latter I stopped and got some dinner. I found a young man in charge of the premises, the father having gone to the mills. I asked what mills they meant, and the old lady said they were Foster's Mills. From these people I learned that Foster's place was forty miles distant, and that the only dwelling, after leaving two near by between here and there, was a kind of stopping place kept by a man named Dan Groomer. They said he generally kept food for man and beast, and also had a good supply of liquor, principally whisky. His house was twelve miles from the mill. This just suited me. I could reach Groomer's by six o'clock, and there get some supper, and rest and bait my horse. Then I could easily reach Foster's by nine, as the moon was well up in the firmament.

ward again. There was another but at the distance of half a mile; and a second about a mile off. I saw no more human habitation until I reached Groomer's. I found the traveling fellow as good as I had expected; and arrived at the forest inn at just half past five. This inn was situated upon a romantic spot, and to a lover of insolated nature must have been a charming retreat. The house was built of logs, the outside surface hewn, and the seams filled with cement formed of some sort of fine tough moss and pitch. There were three separate buildings to this house, the principal one being built with the gable end to the road, and the other two upon either side, running like two D's—then there was a barn a short distance off, with a piggery connected. Taking it altogether, and it was quite a place for such a locality. A small stream ran close by, so that water was plentiful. As I rode up to the door, Mr. Groomer himself came out. He was a tall, gant man, with fiery red hair, and a face as coarse as it was ugly. But I was surprised when I heard his voice. I had expected to hear a voice like the bellow of a bull; but instead of that his notes fell upon my ears like the speech of a woman. He smiled as he spoke, and I thought to myself how his appearance would deceive any one, for in conversation he seemed a different man. I informed him that I was on my way to Foster's mill, and could only stop long enough to rest my horse and get some supper. He gazed into my face for some moments without speaking, and finally said: "Ah—yes—Humph." When he turned into the entry and called, "Ike," a tall stripling youth of one or two and twenty, with a red head and features such as could belong to none but a child of my host. Ike took my horse and Mr. Groomer led the way to the sitting room, as he called it. It was rough but comfortable; and the furniture consisted of a pine table, a mahogany bureau, and four long pine benches, which being sufficient to accommodate quite an assemblage of people. Groomer asked me if I would like something warm. "I supposed," he meant whiskey, and I told him no. He said I had better take a little—'twould do me good. But I assured him I never used it—that I felt better without it. "But do you mean that you never drink whisky?" he added with elevated eyebrows. "Never," I told him. "Brandy, is'pose; or mebbey rale old gin?" pursued my host. "No," I replied, "I don't use any stimulating drinks at all." "You don't?" burst from his lips, while he eyed me from head to foot, his name d'ye, contrive when you get wet and cold?" "Why," said I, with a smile, "I get dry as soon as possible." "Dry, my aches, I should think it would be an overheatin' day! Well, here I've lived year in an year out, for an fifteen years, as you're the first man I ever seed as would not drink a bit of whisky on the top of a

long journey. Fact—stranger—'tis by thunder! I told him I thought it very probable, and he went out, and I heard him leave the house. In half an hour my host came and informed me that supper was ready. He led me to a back room, where a table was set very respectably, the dishes being of blue ware, and nearly new. He and Ike sat down with me, and as I saw them attack the various articles of food, I felt assured there could be no poison in them. The meal consisted of boiled potatoes, fried bacon and new wheat bread, and I did ample justice to the repast. "You think you must go to-night?" "Yes," I told him, "I wish to see my friend, and I shall gain considerable time by reaching his place to-night." "Is he expecting ye?" Groomer asked. "No," I answered. "Perhaps he don't know that you're in this section at all?" "No, he doesn't," I said; and I expected that my host would urge me to stay with him till morning, so I had my answers all prepared. But I was mistaken. He didn't urge any such thing. On the contrary, he said he thought I was wise in my determination. He would like my company, but it would be better for me to push on. I was quite relieved. It wanted a quarter of seven when my horse was brought to the door. I took out my wallet and asked what was to pay. "Half-a-dollar," I paid it, and then asked which was the most direct route. "You see that big tree, just over the barn there?" "Yes," I said. "Wal, that's right in the best road. When you strike that you can't miss the way." "But isn't there another road?" "One, which follows this stream, right down to the mill; I asked; for I had been informed by the young man who had taken charge of my horse at noon, that Groomer's tavern was right on the very stream, that gave Foster his mill power, and that the road followed the stream direct. "Oh," said my host, turning and looking off toward the stream, "that road ain't fit to travel now. 'Tother one is the best." "But what's the matter with it?" I asked. "Why the bridges are washed away an' then there's been wind-falls across't it. I tried it last week and had to come back. The upper road is a matter of a mile or two further, but that's nothin'—Your beast is good for it I guess." "I told him my horse would stand it well enough, and then asked where the other road struck the stream. "About three miles this side of the mills," he replied. "Is it all clear and direct?" "Yes. You can't miss the way." "I bade my host good-bye, and then started on. I didn't like the idea of a road at all. The youth before mentioned had told me what an excellent road it was from Groomer's to the mill by the river road. He said that it followed the stream, which was very nearly straight, and that it was high and straight the whole distance. However, of course, Groomer knew,

I must make the best of it. I looked back as I came to the edge of the woods, and I was on a gentle eminence, and could look over the shabby I had passed. I looked and saw Ike going from the house to the barn; he had a saddle on his arm. I am sure it was a saddle—perhaps he had an errand to do. Ere long I entered the wood, and found it thick and gloomy. The path was plain enough, and had evidently been at some time a travelled road. Aye, I remembered having heard my informant at noontide speak of the old road. He said there used to be a road leading to Rock River, but when Foster commenced his settlement a new road was opened by the stream, and the old road discontinued. He said nothing about any bridges. At a distance of two miles I came to a place where a bed of sand lay across the road. It was a sort of gulch, and a stream must at some time have run there. I looked, but saw no track upon it. Water had swept across since any living thing had trodden it. I slid from my saddle, and examined thoroughly; but could find no tracks. Of course the father of my noontime's horse could not have gone this way. And yet he has gone to Foster's Mills. I began to suspect mischief. There had been an uneasy sensation lurking in my bosom ever since I left the Inn. Something was wrong. I regained my saddle and looked about. The sun was nearly down in twenty minutes, at the farthest, it would be out of sight. Instinctively I drew one of my pistols from the holster, I raised the hammer and found the cap in its place. I was putting it back when I noticed a mark on the butt, it was a peculiar knot in the wood. That pistol I always carried in the left holster. It was not so sure as the other. I took out the other, and was sure the pistols had been changed by other hands than mine. They had remained in the saddle at the ford, and so they had changed places there. I began to think. Why was Mr. Groomer so particular to know if my friend expected me? And then why should he have been so anxious to have me set forward that night, instead of remaining with him and paying him a dollar or so more than I did? Then this road—I believe I had been deceived. There was no fresher to carry away any bridges, for it was now early in the Autumn, and the river road had been travelled all the summer. And then, the saddle I had seen Ike carrying to the barn! There was surely mischief in all this. Daniel Groomer had daughters in his house, and perhaps others, whom he would not have heard the noise of the robbery. And very likely he would not wish to have such a deed connected with his house at all. Of course he knew I had money. I would be travelling as I was then travelling, without a considerable sum. If my pistols had been taken out, might they not have been further dealt with? I took the one from the holster and examined it. The ball was in its place and the cap on it. Still I was not satisfied. I slipped the cap off and found the percussion composition removed! There was not a particle left within the cap. And this was not all. I found the cap applied with a little pine tick. Here was the secret, I took my pistol and examined it, drawing out the stick, and found it was

other pistol which I found to be in the same plight. I stopped and went to work in earnest. I had an excellent snow for stopping bullets, and my pistol barrels were emptied in a very few moments. I had a serious objection to firing them off in the woods, where the report might betray the knowledge I had gained. So I emptied them and snipped a cap on each. I found them both clear, and I proceeded to load them, which I did carefully. And now, how should I proceed? That this road would lead me to Foster's Mills, I had not a doubt; and it would be nearer for me to keep on than to turn back. So upon that point my mind was made up. And next— which way would my host come? For that he meant to rob me I felt certain. Every circumstance—every thing that had transpired between him and me pointed to that one simple result— Would he go down the river road a piece and head me off, or would he follow me directly up? Most likely the former. I considered it for a while and then resolved to push on and keep on my guard. The sun went down and it grew dark in the deep wood; but the moon was already up, and as her beams fell lengthwise upon the road, she gave me considerable light when eyes had become used to the transition. Half an hour had passed since I looked to my pistols and just as I began to wonder if I had been mistaken, I heard the sound of a horse's tramp at no great distance. At first it puzzled me to tell the direction from which it came; but in a moment I knew it was in advance of me, and upon my right hand, which was towards the river. Presently it stopped. I drew my horse to the left side of the path and kept on a gentle trot, having raised the lappel of my right holster. In a few moments I saw a dark form amid the bushes, a little way ahead, on the right. As I camp up, a man rode out, it was my host. "Good evening sir," he said with exceeding politeness. "Ah! good evening," I returned. "I had not expected the pleasure of your company." "No, I expect not," he resumed, in a sort of hesitating manner. "And I shouldn't have come out, only for a little business I forgot when you were at the Inn." "May I ask to what business you allude?" I said. "Yes," he snapped out—something in agreement with his features. "I want money, money, sir!" "As he spoke he raised a pistol. "Take care," I cried raising my pistol, and pointing it in his face. "Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed in coarse triumph. "Your Yankee pistols were not made to harm such as me! I'll soon put you where I've put other's afore—"

When a man knows death is staring him in the face, and that only his act will avert it, he is not apt to wait long. At least I am not. And my host's last words gave me ample proof of the correctness of my suspicions. Without waiting for him to finish, I fired. His finger must have pressed the trigger of his pistol; for within the space of a watch tick a sharp report announced, and mingled with mine, and my horse upon my head. Daniel Groomer swayed to and fro several times in his saddle, and then with a gasping gasp, sank upon the earth. I saw a few drops of blood trickling from his forehead. I reached the mill at half past nine, and I found Foster and his family up. They were glad to see me, and introduced me to Ike, whom I afterwards found to be the owner of the place where I had taken my dinner. On the following morning a party started out under my guidance. They were Foster and Price and three other men who worked in the mills. When we reached the spot where the tragedy had occurred, we found the horse as I had left him, and my host lay upon the ground stiff and cold. He had not died at all the ball having made but a small wound, although it had passed clear through. A little way within the wood, we found a place where the ground seemed at some time to have been disturbed, and upon digging there we found two human bodies. Suddenly one more was found at only a few rods distant. The body of Groomer was taken up to his house, and we found that Ike had fled. He had probably been out and found his dead father, and fearing that he might be implicated he departed. Mrs. Groomer, who was a kind broken down woman, acknowledged that she had long been aware of her husband's crimes, but that the fear of death had kept her silent. Ike, I believe has not been found but his mother is still living in Illinois, with a married daughter who is well off. She has grown more stronger and happy since the night on which I had the highway adventure with my host.

Sullivan Express

JAMES D. MOODY,
Editor & Publisher
SULLIVAN, ILL.

Thursday, Jan. 22, 1858.

AGENTS.

The following named gentlemen are authorized to receive and receipt subscriptions for the "Express":
Stephen Cannon, Lovington.
J. E. Crawford, Marrowbone.
J. V. Hill, Sullivan.
M. N. Van Fleet, Dan's Grove.

NOTICE TO ALL.

How to the Times to subscribe.

Having procured the assistance of Stephen Cannon Esq. of Lovington to act as our agent for receiving subscriptions for the "Express," we would respectfully say to all, and particularly to those who have not subscribed for our paper, that they can have an opportunity of so doing by calling upon Mr. CANNON, who may be found at the post office at Lovington. Mr. Cannon is also authorized to receive payment for the same; all who receive their papers at Lovington can settle with him and save an extra trip to Sullivan.

Sullivan Academy.

The next session of this institution will commence, the first Monday in February next and expire the last Thursday in June.

There will be a public examination of the pupils, at the Academy on Thursday and Friday the 4th and 5th days of February next and an exhibition in the evening at the Presbyterian Church.

The public are invited.
W. SMITH, Principal.
Jan. 28th 1858.

The Panic Over!

There will be a meeting of the citizens of Sullivan at the court house on Saturday, Jan. 30th, at 7 o'clock P. M. to take into consideration the propriety of drying up the mud—making sidewalks and crossings. Plans will be proposed at the time, and opinions freely expressed.

All you who love roads that's good, Come, we'll help you cross the mud; For if the mud you would not trade, You'll pay for sidewalks that are made.

Female Demonstration.

A report reached this town a few days ago, that the ladies of Lovington went on *maesse*, last Saturday, to the grocery of that place, entered the house *volens volens*, broke barrels, decanters &c., spilled the 'rot-gut' in every direction, and made a complete wreck of the establishment. So that its customers and supporters could not obtain a drop next day to wet their whistles.

We have been told that these ladies offered to compensate the grocery keeper for the injury he sustained at their hands—whether he accepted the amount offered him for his losses we are unable to say. According to our opinion his remuneration should be very small for any loss or damage done him in that onslaught on his 'rot-gut.'

If persons acquainted with the grocery, the order and conduct observed at it, state the truth, it was, in the common parlance of the day, one of the hardest holes in the state of Illinois. It was resorted to by a class of men, who, like Banquo's Ghost before affrighted Macbeth, haunted it day and night. Scarcely would they absent themselves from this den of iniquity and disorderly conduct, a day in the week to provide for the wants of a heart-broken wife and her neglected children. No person could pass by this stew of infamy, either by day or night, without being insulted by the most obscene and filthy language, which would change the lowest fillings into a stench of that magnitude.

fish-market. Incessant brawls and quarrels amongst these rowdies, kept the village in continual commotion and nothing could be heard but profane swearing, and the yells and shrieks of these corn-cobbers, like many hell-hounds, who issue from the kennels of damnation to disturb and annoy those who would not participate in their guilt and shame.

What should be expended in ministering to the wants and comforts of helpless women and suffering children, was uselessly and wantonly squandered for the loathsome and contaminating draught, so prolific of evil, at this pandemonium of discord and distraction.

It is unnecessary for us to enter into a disquisition respecting the manifold evils flowing from intemperance as every child ten years old, throughout the length and breadth of our land, has witnessed its effects and its demoralizing influence on all who visit these receptacles of vice and dissipation. Our own town presents a living example of its baneful influence over the future destiny of many who resort to the North-side of the public square on Saturdays. Persons who would be useful members of society, and shed a bright luster on human character, are now ruining their reputation, and hurrying on to swift destruction, through the agency of whisky-shops in our midst, and some of these, too, carried on in defiance of law.

We have ever opposed mob law and violence in every shape, and shall always continue to do so, both in private and public life; but when the law cannot reach these vendors of death and destruction, and they are suffered to prosecute a calling prejudicial to the interests of community unmolested, we cannot censure women and children who are abused by brutal fathers and unprincipled husbands, to use every means which nature and nature's God have given them to destroy every drop of liquor which they can possibly lay hands on, and overthrow every whisky-shop which swallows up, in its hellish maw, the means which should be appropriated to their comfort and happiness.

Daguerreotypes.
George W. Lynn has just arrived in town, and has fitted up the room over Vadakin's Store, in the Sons' Hall, where he is prepared to execute work in all its latest styles, and in a workman-like manner. The citizens should give George a trial, and get for themselves or friends a portrait of their immortal selves.

He warrants entire satisfaction to all who may be pleased to give him a trial. His work will show for itself; specimens of work on hand, to which we invite your attention.

All of our subscribers who have not paid for the "Express," can have till the issuing of the 26th No., or up to March 4th, to pay for the paper at the advance rates, which is \$1.50. After that time we will be under the necessity of charging them \$2.00. This we do owing to the tightness of the times; but all who do not pay by that time, will most assuredly, have to pay \$2.00. We mean what we say this time.

A NEW MOVEMENT.

The alarming increase of drunkenness in the country has led many of the friends of temperance to enquire seriously what could be done to arrest the evil. We think no man who has examined the subject will doubt that in this State there are at least forty thousand habitual or occasional drunkards. Not less than four thousand of these are annually laid in the drunkard's grave. We are satisfied that this alarming state of things is to be attributed in a great measure, to the adulterated and poisoned liquors now so generally sold.

will do almost any thing. A very large proportion of the ardent spirits, wine and beer, now sold in this country, is fabricated by the use of the most baneful and destructive poisons. In many, probably in most instances, these who purchase brandy, wine or beer, do not get the article for which they pay, but a vile compound or drug, called by the same name.

Now this is not only a vile fraud, selling a fictitious article for a genuine one, but it is a fraud destructive alike to good morals, human health and human life. The surest way to rid the community of this fraud, would be to abolish the traffic altogether; but the people of this State are not prepared for such a measure. We are satisfied, however, that ninetenths of the people of Illinois would give their hearty approval to a law which should punish severely the adulterations of liquors or the selling of such liquors. An effort has already been commenced to direct the public attention to this subject with a view to secure by our next Legislature such laws as may be necessary to arrest this fraud; and protect the community from the evils resulting therefrom.

We have for some time been collecting evidence and well authenticated facts upon the subject which we hope to be able to spread before the people at some future time.

Mr. Editor: I see by the last No. of your paper, an article in reference to side-walks, which I think was very appropriate indeed. It is a fact well known to all our citizens, that unless we get a firmer foundation to walk on during such a winter as this is, that we will have to stick corn-cobs on our feet in order to preserve life, or in other words, to keep from "running into the ground."

Our women and children will not—under present circumstances—dare to venture on the streets without being in imminent danger—however, owing to the present fashions of ladies' dresses some may feel safe—but not so with many—their cases are hopeless. Our Chicago and Cincinnati 'plugs,' with their pipe-stem pants, on their arrival in our town, will undoubtedly have to adopt the 'corn-cob' style. Now, Mr. Editor—as well as everybody else—I think we had better 'pitch in' and try and do something to change the condition of our streets—change did I say? yes, I said 'change' and it will take a good deal of it to do much good; so just go to work, all hands; let those that are able try their physical powers, and those that are not able physically, let them try the virtue of slackened purse-strings; then the work will go on, and be completed immediately. Our town will then have some attractions for strangers and others visiting us, as well as for our own citizens.

A SHOOTING AFFAIR—MAN KILLED.—A gentleman from Southern Illinois, now in this city, informs us of an unhappy occurrence which took place at Metropolis, Massac County, Illinois, on Thursday last. The particulars are as follows:—Jedediah Jacks, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of Metropolis, has been in the habit of amusing himself on certain occasions by drawing and flourishing a bowie knife to frighten persons. He has not unfrequently chased persons, who believed themselves in danger from his bowie knife. On last Thursday, Mr. Jacks undertook to frighten a person named Stofet, with whom he was at enmity, and upon Mr. Jacks approaching him with his bowie knife, drew his pistol and fired. The ball entered the head of Mr. Jacks just below the ear, and lodged in the upper and back part of the head, killing him instantly. Public opinion, says our informant, entirely acquiesces in the penalty which the pistol (Springfield) inflicted.

A TRUE SAD TALE.

A woman aged about twenty-five years, a few days since called at a justice's office on Walnut street with a serious complaint which she herself said she was induced to withdraw, and related the following as a portion of her history, the truth of which statement is fully corroborated. Four years ago she was married in Germany, and left the home of her aunt to come with her husband to this country. The aunt had raised her with superstitious teaching, reprobated her conduct, and on parting with her, presented her as her only gift, a little bag of salt! In explanation of her gift she told her niece that she—the niece—was of course to be damned—nothing else could be expected. The salt might comfort her in hell! The impious and fiendish act so burnt its impression into the young girl's mind that she has since been nearly insane. She has feared to die, been too miserable to live, and twice attempted suicide. Once she was rescued from the Mississippi, and once from an overdose of poison. A few weeks since her husband, who poor, procured her admittance to the City Hospital. While there she imagined that her husband was sick and she had murdered her own child. Thence she escaped and was received at the house of her husband's friend. Against this friend she came to complain. She was persuaded to repair to the house of a sister in the city, where she remains.—Mo. Dem.

Shooting Affair in Kendall County Illinois.

A COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

The Chicago Press, of yesterday, gives the following account of shocking murder in Kendall county, Ill.

The parties are both Germans.—Conrad was a respectable farmer and a man of family. Branner, who is about thirty years of age, had been in life employ as a laborer, but for some reason was discharged on Friday morning, whereat he was exceedingly enraged and threatened vengeance, saying to Conrad in the presence of his family, "D—n you, you will not live to discharge another man." He then left the house.

About two hours after he returned with a fowling-piece, with which he entered the family room at Conrad's house, and presenting the piece at his breast in a threatening manner, said: "I have been out for deer and now I have found one."

Some one present seized the weapon and took it away from Branner, who again left the house in a violent rage, and threatening mischief, and not long after return with another gun, with which he came up to the window looking in upon Conrad and his family. Almost immediately, and before his intention could be anticipated and his murderous design frustrated, he drew up the piece, and with deliberate aim, fired at Conrad, the charge taking effect in the left side of the unfortunate man, who fell to the floor and almost immediately expired.

Branner was taken into custody at once, and much excitement prevailed in the community against him.—Conrad leaves a family to mourn his loss.

Branner shares the call of Stroupe, the Blue Island murderer, a worthier pair than whom for the law's highest penalty, never were bed fellows. Both are Germans, and each under very similar circumstances of deliberation has slain his victim. In each case the murdered man was a farmer, and both were Germans.

News!

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 16.

A violent wind storm, amounting almost to a hurricane, and accompanied with rain, passed over this city this afternoon. Fifteen ships were forced from their moorings and considerably injured. The U. S. Fearless, of Baltimore, and the Ellen Stewart were badly damaged. Several houses were unroofed, and the buildings on the Lake and of the Pontchartrain Railroad were almost half destroyed. The damage to steamboats is immense. Several of them were torn loose, and the chimneys of others blown down. Several lives are reported lost. The tow boats were also injured.

It is impossible to get full particulars of the names of the injured boats to-night. The storm lasted only about half an hour.

DEATH.—The storm blew down fences and did serious damage to the verandas of the houses in the city. It is not known whether the storm extended to the Gulf, though many fears are expressed in regard to its effect in that region. The damage is greater than has yet been reported.

DEATH. Jun. 16.
The Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of this city resumed business to-day.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.
The Mechanics' Banking Association of this city resumes business on Monday next, with a reduced capital.

Cabinet of Curiosities.

A plate of butter from the cream of a 'joke.'
A small quantity of tar supposed to have been left where the Israelites pitched their tents.

The original brush used in painting the signs of the times.
A bucket of water from 'All's well. Soap with which a man was washed overboard.

The strap which is used to sharpen the water's edge.
The pencil with which Britannia ruled the wave.

A portion of yeast used in raising the wind.
A dime from the moon when she gave change for the last quarter.

The saucer belonging to the cup of sorrow.
A fence made of the railing of a scolding wife.

The chair in which the sun sots.
The hammer which broke up the meeting.

A buckle to fasten a laughing stock.
Eggs from a nest of thieves.

Hinges and locks from the trunk of an elephant.
Rockers from the cradle of liberty.

A feather from the wings of a flying report.
A bed from the wing-feathers of a jail bird.

A cupful of the yeast that causes the moon to rise.
A lock of hair from the head of a newspaper.

The fly-leaf from John P.'s stone bible.
A feather from the wing of a wind-mill.

A splinter from our present board of School Directors.
A boot that would fit the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

the barrel and drop out a handful at a time down at a gulp. The whole was the whole of a laughing stock which reflected on the man, and resolved upon a plan to fix him.

"John," his young man said, "why didn't you see that the barrel was empty?"

"Why, what did you mean, it? It's the barrel, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the storekeeper, "it was, but a cat and four kittens were drowned in it last night."

The young man then moved toward the door. He felt as if he was an injured man, and should not be troubled with any more.

"How swells the heart with emotions, while dwelling upon the loss of home. The hardy mariner, with iron nerves, and dauntless courage amid the rocking billows of ocean's storms, sings of the bliss of home.—There's happy love ones live, who look and sigh for his return. Already in the dream of imagination, he hears the sweet voices of love, as they ring out upon the soft vesper of evening, and believes himself walking or sitting, under the bowers of love, trained and woven by hands of affection, at home."

So the faithful, but toiling pilgrim as he buffets with storms and discouragements through his earthly sojourn, sighs for his home in Heaven. There are his former companions in suffering, with their golden harps swelling the chorus of redemption. Yonder lies their armor. Their warfare is done. They have finished their course—they have kept the faith—and are now wearing their crowns. But they have not forgotten their loved ones, who are still tossed on the rough billows of life, struggling for that happy home.

They wait for thee, to join their rejoicing band. There, under the latter of a cloudless day, shalt thou lift up thy face without spot, to gaze upon the King in his beauty. There, thou sighing one, thy tears shall be dried. That swelling heart shall throb with grief no more. Heaven's boundless treasures are all under tribute to make thee happy. Then let us sing on our way,

"Sing your fight, ye passing years, Till God shall wipe these falling tears, And bid my cello spirit come To dwell in that eternal home."

THE RIGHT TALK.—A straight out writer gives the following advice to young men who "depend on father" for their support, and take no interest whatever in business, but are regular drones in the hive subsisting on that which is earned by others.

Come, off with your coat, clink the saw, the plow handles, the axe, the pickaxe, spade—anything that will enable you to stir your blood, fly around and tear your jacket, rather than be passive recipients of the old man's bounty. Sooner than play the dandy at dad's expense hire yourself to some potato patch,—let yourself to stop hog holes or watch the bars and when you think yourself entitled to a resting spell, do it on your own hook. Get up in the morning—help the gentleman—turn around at least twice before breakfast—give him now and then a generous lit in business—learn how to take the lead, and not depend forever on being led, and you have so fine how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and our word for it you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, find a new earth, awake to a new destiny. You may then begin to realize in your mind, take off then, that drag upon your little time, break your own slave your upper lip, if the young men hold up your head, and do not never again get the brand of character nor depend on father's hand to save you.

Weather very disagreeable.

