

The Sullivan Express



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

J. H. Waggoner,

THE UNION MUST BE PRESERVED

Editor & Proprietor.

VOL. II.

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1859.

NO. 28.

BUSINESS CARDS.

STRATTON & HUBBARD,
WHOLESALE GROCERIES & DRY GOODS,
CARPETS,
ROOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
CRAW GOODS &c.
Decatur Ill. 5th.

G. C. BURROUGHS,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN
School, Miscellaneous and
BLANK BOOKS,
WALL PAPER,
Window Shades, Fancy Articles &c.
DECATUR, ILLINOIS.
Cash paid for Rags
New School Books.

E. HUNT,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.
Mr. H. would respectfully announce to the
citizens of Sullivan and vicinity, that he has
opened a Shop in Dr. Hitt & Keller's office,
next side public square, where he is prepared
to do any kind of work in his line, in a fash-
ionable and workman-like manner.
Sullivan Ill. Oct. 15th 1858 4 tf.

D. B. EVERETT,
Physician and Surgeon.
Respectfully tenders his professional ser-
vices to the citizens of Sullivan and surround-
ing country.
Office one door west of Walker's dwelling,
where he may always be found, except when
engaged in professional business.
Sullivan, Ill. 8th.

A. B. LEE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Sullivan Ill. Ill.
Will practice in the courts of Moultrie, Coles,
Shelby, and Macon counties. Prompt and dili-
gent attention given to the collection of debts,
paying taxes, redeeming lands sold for taxes &c.
Office in the north-west corner of the Court
House, where he may be consulted at all times,
and not otherwise professionally engaged.
December 10th 1858.—12 y.

C. B. STEELE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SULLIVAN ILL. ILLINOIS.
Office on west side of square.—23ly

L. JENNINGS & CO.,
DEALERS IN—
GRAIN, FLOUR, SALT, LUMBER, LIME &c.
All goods consigned to our care, will meet
very prompt attention.
Windsor Ill. Oct. 1st 1858. 2ly.

DR. A. BIRCH,
Thankful for former patronage.—
Respectfully continues to tender his
professional services to the citizens of
Sullivan and vicinity.
He is prepared to practice in all the
departments of the profession. Office
on the West side of the public square,
one door North of P. B. Knight &
Co's Store.
Sullivan Sept. 17, 1857. 1 tf.

J. R. EDEN, J. MEKKER,
EDEN & MEKKER,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Having formed a partnership will
attend to all professional business en-
trusted 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 al-
ways be found.
Sullivan Ill. Sept. 17, 1857. 1 tf.

O. ANDRUS,
JEWELER,
Just from New York, will establish
himself permanently in this place, and
ask the patronage of the public. He
has confidence that he will please all.
Call and try him.—West side, Public
square in **VADAKIN'S STORE,**
next door to O. Amos & Co.
N.B.—All work warranted 12 months,
at Eastern prices.
Jan. 14th '59.—17-400

HEALING LODGE, No. 191,
A. F. & A. M.
Meets regularly at their hall in Sullivan
on the Monday evening of each week, at
eight o'clock. Transient Brothers invited
by ballot. J. W. R. BROWN, W. E.
K. KNIGHT, Secy.
Healing Lodge, No. 191.
Meets every Tuesday Evening in their Hall
over Vanderk's Store. Transient Brothers
invited to attend. W. W. TRACER, Secy.
W. W. TRACER, Secy. K. KNIGHT, N. G.

SULLIVAN EXPRESS.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.
J. H. WAGGONER,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
1.50, Invariably in Advance.

ADELYN.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWN.

I love him—and he knows it now!
Why did I let him read my heart?
Twas written on my crimson brow,
And trembling hand, and lips apart,
When'er I met his earnest gaze,
Ah me! 'tis heaven to meet it yet;
But now our paths go separate ways,
And I—alas! I must forget!

For each wild hope doth fade away
As hour by hour I linger stand,
And see him softly, tenderly,
Clasp in his own another's hand—
Ah me! why do I love him so?
My trembling heart, I pray be still—
I may outlive this dreary woe—
I may forget him, if I will!

Forget him? Oh, it cannot be!
Love dwells within me strong, divine,
Tho' his dark eyes look tenderly
Upon a dearer face than mine.
He loved me once, I know—alas!
I hold the tokens in my hand:
Two roses dead—some faded grass—
A tender poem—and a band

Of dark hair braided in a ring,
His name upon the golden crest—
I wear it as a charm to bring
The wandering sunshine to my breast
Like wings of restless autumn birds,
My sad thoughts come and go to-night
But, oh! I cannot weave or words
Their mystery of strange delight!

But half the world's deep beauty pales,
And fathers, half life's music thrills—
His path is down the quiet vales,
And mine doth lead across the hills;
I feel my destiny is higher
And nobler far than his can be,
For Sorrow's mystic hands of fire
Hath turned my soul to ecstasy,

Till I have caught the burning strain
Sung by the Hero-Bards of old,
Whose bosoms thrilled with love's soft pain,
In silence suffered and untold!
But lost, as winds that idly rave,
I wander in this dreary land,
Till on the borders of the grave
Some angel takes me by the hand!

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER II.

Herbert had so much talent for his newly acquired art, that as soon as he commenced for himself he obtained orders and found-sitters. Besides he was so accomplished and agreeable that he was everywhere welcome, and ere long the promising young artist was received in all the best houses in Florence. Rose might soon have been as much sought after as he, but constantly going out of an evening involved an expense and a loss of time which she felt their income could not support; while Herbert, proud and fastidious to excess, fancied their footing was not yet sufficiently established to secure her being received on terms of perfect equality amongst the purse-proud English, who then as now formed so large a portion of the Anglo-Florentine society. He would have liked her to vie in dress and in expenditure with the leading women of the circles in which he associated, and the mere idea of her being only tolerated or looked down upon as a poor artist's wife, by those whose respect she was entitled to command, was sufficient to irritate him almost to frenzy. Rose did not share these scruples, but they tended to influence her conduct, and led her to maintain the quiet habits to which her domestic return-

ing tastes naturally disposed her. She might have enjoyed going into society occasionally perhaps, and when she did so she looked so pleasing in her white muslin and camellias, that many admiring eyes were turned upon her; but ere long she found that in Florence society was an imperious task-mistress, either requiring complete adherence, or else casting off the negligent votary. A person could not bide in Italy's concert one night, and absent himself from the princess De's soiree the following, without incurring the risk of being struck off the latter's list of invitations, and forfeiting all claim to her acquaintance. In Herbert's position, as he never failed to impress upon his wife with the morbid sensibility of his character, it would have been most injurious to receive a slight of this description; so, gradually, from the fear of giving any occasion of offence, joined to her previous motives of economy and prudence, Rose's glimpses of gay life grew more and more infrequent, and the source of amusement an occasional evening party might have afforded to her in the course of one or two years completely ceased.

Young as she still was, and admired as she might have been, she did not indulge in one regret at this seclusion. Herbert and her child filled her heart, and she would not suffer herself, as she sat night after night by her lonely fireside, to think her husband was too much away from home—too much engrossed by his evening engagements. Was it not all in furtherance of his professional views? and for whose sake was he working, if not for hers? Was it not undeniable that, as his sphere of acquaintances extended, so had his practice increased? and yet, alas! had not his expenses augmented in proportion? He had taken and fitted up a handsome studio in one of the most frequented parts of Florence, and the rent of that, and the hire of a man to take charge of it, formed a large amount, which it required considerable gains to counterbalance. Herbert always met her timid doubts and suggestions with the impatient rejoinder that every new enterprise required some outlay, and quoted the proverb, "Nothing venture, nothing have." He used to come home worried and irritable sometimes, for he found people mean and shuffling, ordering pictures for which they never paid, or sitting for likenesses which at the last they found fault with and rejected.

Rose had to bear the brunt of his ill-humour and disgust whenever he had experienced any of these vexations. The gay world, that saw him enter a drawing-room the best dressed and most distinguished looking man of all present, little dreamed of the petulance which so often vented itself on the patient little wife he had left behind him. She never complained, but with her gentle smile pursued her usual routine of home duties and employments. She always laid out her husband a clothes in his dressing-room, and saw that everything was complete in his attire; it was her hand that always parted the dark brown hair over his pale intellectual forehead, and gave the last touch to the folds of the cravat around his neck. Herbert dressed with scrupulous care, although with out any positive extravagance; yet the price of the gloves which he found it indispensable to put on, would nearly have paid for a drive for Rose, whose cheek looked thin and sharp, and who needed some occasional change and recreation. He never thought of this; how should he, when she never thought of

herself? Had Jane been still with them, it would have been different; but just after little Herbert had completed his second year, ill health compelled the faithful creature to return to England, and Rose was left with none but Italian servants to watch over her at a time when she required the utmost care and attention. If Herbert had been less occupied with his art and visitors in his studio by day, less engrossed in the whirl of excitement which he persisted in denominating *business* by night—he might have noted signs of suffering in his wife, of which she would have considered it selfish weakness to complain.

And thus time swept on, leaving him still more involved in this intoxicating vortex, still more blinded to his carelessness and neglect. He would come home late for dinner, and fall asleep as soon as it was ended, merely rousing to go and dress for some brilliant party, on his return from which he would be sure to find Rose waiting up for him, anxious to enjoy a few moments of his conversation, and to listen to the recital of the evening's adventures. This was the only point on which she was rebellious. Herbert remembering who watched, for a long time had maintained sufficient self-denial to leave a hall at its brightest and gayest in order to prevent the grey dawn finding his wife still expecting his return; but at length he found this restraint was becoming rather irksome, and once or twice, when he had been unable to resist the temptations of a prolonged supper or some agreeable partner for the cotillion, it made him angry to hear a well-known footstep, less elastic than of yore, hastening to the door to answer his summons, and to be met by a pale anxious face, which seemed tacitly to reproach his tardiness.

"How rediculous this is of you, Rose! Why will you persist in sitting up and wearing yourself out?"

"Dearest, I am not tired; only to-night it was so much later than usual, that I got frightened, and—"

"How can I help it being late? You know I have a position to acquire, useful connections to cultivate, new acquaintances to form. Do you suppose that if I had shut myself up at home I should have obtained my present footing in my profession? I am now laying the foundation of name and fortune. Did you imagine we were never to rise above the miserable way in which we have vegetated hitherto?"

"Miserable! Oh, Herbert—miserable!"

She did not say more, but bent her head that he should not see the tears which blinded her, while she carefully put on his slippers, as he sat before the fire.

This was one of Rose's self-imposed duties in the early days of her married life, and Herbert had grown accustomed to her performance of it as a matter of course. As she was kneeling before him she coughed repeatedly, and hastily drew her shawl closer around her.

"There!" said Herbert, peevishly, "there!—the result of your own obstinacy! You have caught cold from staying up. I insist that henceforth, after twelve, you do not wait for me. One of the servants can—"

"But dear, they work so hard all day that at night they are tired, and fall asleep so soundly that they would not hear you ring."

I see so little of you, Herbert, now—so very little!"

She had drawn closer to him, still on her knees, and carelessly laid her cheek against his hand.

"Don't, Rose!" said Herbert angrily drawing back—"don't; you weary me!"

"Weary him! weary him! and had it come to that? Had those few years sufficed to weary him of what he had so often vowed his life should never tire?"

Ah, boding speck, you were spread-fast, and the light of Rose's sun was growing dim.

He was angrier still when he saw her weep so bitterly. He felt distressed and uncomfortable, but tried to convince himself that it was her obstinacy about the pass-key which caused this passionate outbreak, and this strengthened him in his determination not to give way.

It was their first quarrel; for Rose, usually so docile, so unresisting, would not yield without a struggle to what she foresaw would be breaking the link of all domestic habits and regularity; but Herbert, irritated by opposition, only grew more perentory, and persevered in carrying his point.

The key was made, and Rose strictly forbidden to sit up. Herbert now thought he could be magnanimous in victory; so next evening, when he was ready to go out, he kissed his wife, said all was forgotten, and desired her to let him find her asleep on his return should he be detained after twelve.

Rose held up her face to meet his kiss, and tried to smile; but her heart seemed chilled, and expressions of love that once used to rise unbidden to her lips now were forced and constrained. Herbert felt the change but was too proud to appear to notice it. He still lingered a few moments, and Rose brought him his hat and gloves as was her wont; but her usual ready alacrity was missing; it was the patient submission of a slave—nothing more.

His gloves took a long-time that night in putting on; and Rose's fingers trembled as she tried to button them for him. Had he taken her to his heart at that moment, and whispered but one word, "Forgive me," the remembrance of all would have been swept away; but false pride was there, and kept him silent.

Till the last moment Rose hoped he would relent; but in vain. Gaily did he wish her good night; then taking the key which lay upon the table, he put it in his pocket and left the room. When she heard the hall-door shut, she started up and ran towards it, calling, "Herbert, dear Herbert!" She opened it to repeat the summons, but at that moment her husband's voice caught her ear, as he ran down stairs singing a lively German air, and her purpose changed. The door abruptly closed, and Rose fell upon her knees and wept convulsively.

Two or three months after this scene, Rose's pale face smiled upon a little girl; and for a time retaining health seemed given to the mother to enable her to devote herself to her care. But the infant did not thrive; it appeared to draw poison from its mother's bosom, and ere the summer closed, the frail plant had withered and died away.

Herbert felt the loss but little; for he, as well as all who had been the poor child's witness, felt its death. He found no cause to mourn in early death, but the mother, who could not thus be reasoned with, which had never before been known in any case she had loved, and the helplessness of

her nursing had but endeared it to her the more. Every thing was quiet just then, and Herbert did his best to cheer her; but as the autumn drew on and Rose still continued ailing and depressed, he soon found it necessary to resume his habits of society, and ere long was more than usually conspicuous in all the *cafes*, which the approaching winter had drawn together in Florence.

He used to ride every day; it no longer needed for Rose to entreat him of him as a favour now! After some hours in his studio, it was a necessary relaxation, and he was constantly seen at the *Casino*, the foremost among the throng which surrounded the carriages drawn up in the square.

"Mr. Graham, Mr. Graham, positively you must not refuse; you shall not Falkland to my Julia. Let me see you to-morrow and we will settle all preliminaries" would exclaim some frivolous beauty, beckoning him to the side of her carriage.

Herbert who was an excellent amateur actor, and very fond of that seductive and enlivening amusement, had scarcely time to bow, smile, and acquiesce, when he would be summoned away.

"Lady Z. has sent me for you, Graham," intercepts a simple young paragon, with flowing yellow hair and an incipient mustache. "She told me not to show my face to her again without you."

"Ah, here you are, you naughty man," cries Lady Z. "you shall not escape me now. Come home with me to dinner, and give your opinion as to the grouping of a *tableau vivant* that we have in perspective. Miss Horton dines with me—so come!"

Herbert could not refrain from giving a ready assent; and thus with private theatricals, and dinners, *tableaux*, *charades*, and other modes of amusing time, the popular young artist found himself in a perpetual vortex of excitement, which by contrast rendered the quiet of his home still more unacceptable.

He was out so much that he could but little observe Rose's constant suffering; besides, she endeavoured to conceal her increasing weakness from the fear of occasioning an expense she feared it would be difficult to meet.

The cost of the long illness of the departed infant had already weighed heavily upon their finances, and she dreaded a repetition of this evil should a physician now be summoned to attend her. She thought her cough would yield to time; so she struggled against the insidious inroads of disease, and lost ground daily in the contest.

The winter came cold and severe beyond the usual standard in Italian climates. The keen winds and rain kept her several weeks a prisoner to the home, and she was prevented from taking her usual walk with little flight—prevented even from attending church on Sundays.

Ah, poor Rose! How often of late had she gone thither alone! Where now were the hopes that had filled her heart upon her marriage day, and which she fancied then would follow her existence? Still the trial was not all in vain. It was loosening her hold upon the world, and preparing her to let her affections on One that was unseen.

A bright day of warmth and sunshine came at length, and she yielded to the child's petition for a walk; but after she had been out a few minutes she felt so weak that she was compelled to return home, and it was with dis-

[SEE FOURTH PAGE.]



JOSEPH H. WAGGONER, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

SULLIVAN COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

Friday, April 8, 1859.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860.

Hon. S. A. Douglas.

TO OUR READERS. We call, only, with such publications...

THE EXPRESS and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK can be had for \$3.25. We will furnish the Express, and the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for \$3. per year...

ROUNDS & LANGDON. AUTHORIZED AGENTS. No Business at Pike's Peak.

Religious. Rev. J. C. Knight will preach on the first and third Sabbath in each month, at the Presbyterian Church, at 11 o'clock A. M.

Rev. Wm. H. McVey will preach at the above place next Sabbath, (the 13th inst.) at 8 o'clock P. M., and subsequently every two weeks. Preaching every Sunday, at 11 o'clock, at the Christian church.

Crops. The wheat crop in this county, judging from present prospects, will be very meagre the coming harvest. There are several reasons for this among which we may mention First.—There was not more than half the number of acres sown last fall than usually is...

Second.—A considerable portion of the early sowing was destroyed in the fall by a bug or worm, or something of the kind. Third.—The slovenly manner in which it was put in the ground; and Fourth.—The unparalleled wetness of the past fall and winter, together with the fact that there are but very few of our farmers who have their farms sufficiently drained by artificial ditches.

Although our prospects for a bounteous wheat crop this season are not very flattering, yet, we learn from our exchanges that in many counties of the State, the wheat crop is very promising. Our farmers are very busily engaged preparing their grounds, and putting in their spring crops. Every one seems determined to do his best to raise a good crop of everything usually grown in this country, and we, though neither prophet, nor the sons of a prophet, yet we predict that their labors will be rewarded by a bounteous harvest.

It may be that this prediction is based upon the old adage, "the wish is father to the thought," for we can, in all candor say that we do not recollect to have ever seen a time when it was so absolutely necessary that the farmers should raise good and plenteous crops as the present season. Although many of our farmers have not, and cannot get grain for their teams to eat during the plowing season, yet they are determined to do their best for a good crop.

If our farmers—the hope and sinews of our country—succeed in raising good crops of grain, we may expect the hard times to give way sometime next winter, and then, once more, we can see some cheerful faces. But should our farmers fail again, then the "w" will be up, "the child named," and it will be take care of yourself, and let others do the same.

The Democracy of Tennessee have nominated Gov. Harris for re-election, and a two word hint will tell you that dollar is a half...

We learn from a gentleman of this place, that there are several hundred dollars on the Clinton Bank, Maryland, in circulation in this county. We would caution our citizens not to touch a single dollar of it, for it is entirely worthless. These bills present a beautiful appearance—red nearly all over the face, with a locomotive and train of cars at the top. Cut this notice out and put it in your pocket-book.

Below we subjoin a card from the Banking House of Peddecord, Burrows & Co., Decatur, Ill., which will be received as satisfactory:

CARD. Decatur, March 29th. In answer to the numerous, and daily, inquiries as to why we refuse to take the notes of the Clinton Bank, Maryland, we deem it due to our customers and others, to state, that finding a large amount of it in circulation here, we have made due inquiries from the most reliable sources at all the principal business points east and west, and find that it is worthless everywhere, even in the County in which the Bank is located. Under these circumstances we trust the public will appreciate our course in refusing to aid in giving it credit here.

Peddecord, Burrows & Co. No Business at Pike's Peak.

One of our exchanges expresses some doubt whether many of those who are making arrangements to go to Pike's Peak are not just the fellows that ought to stay at home: We often hear young men, who never did any hard work in their lives, talk about going to Pike's Peak. We ask such, what kind of work they think gold digging is? Let them turn out here and get themselves into practice by digging wells, cellars, coal quarrying rock, mauling rails, rolling saw logs and eat dry bread, and wash it down with water, and sleep on the ground in fair weather and foul, and then form an opinion about the work of digging gold.

\$150 SAVED!

The citizens of Moultrie county can save the Moultrie County Agricultural Society the above amount by meeting at the Fair Ground on next Friday and Saturday 15th and 16th, and clearing the same of stumps and rubbish. All are earnestly solicited to attend with sharp axes. Let every one bring his dinner, as we expect to have a regular celebration. By order of the Board.

Mrs. Rawson has just received a splendid assortment of Bonnets, Trimmings, &c, all of the very latest styles, and at the lowest prices. If you want a neat bonnet, go to her and buy it, O, Woman! See advertisement in another column.

LOAFERS IN A PRINTING OFFICE.—The composing room of a printing office is not the place to tell long stories or argue points in metaphysics. A printing office is like a school; it can have no interlopers, hangers on, or twaddlers, without a serious inconvenience, to say nothing of loss of time, which is as good as gold to the printer. What would be thought of men who would enter a school and twaddle first with the teacher and then with the scholars—interrupting the discipline of one and the studies of the others? And yet this is the precise effect of the loafers with the course of business—which distracts the great attention which is necessary to the good printer. No gentleman will ever enter it and presume to act the loafer. He will feel above it, for no real man sacrifices the interest or interferes with the duties of others. The loafer does both. Let him think, if he never has, that the last place he should ever inhabit is in a printing office.

We were in Eifer & Bro's Carriage Shop the other day, and don't hesitate to say that they have the finest lot of Buggies, Carriages, &c, that has ever been offered in this market; and then so cheap! why almost any one can afford to ride in a buggy at their prices. See advertisement.

Why is the birth of an infant like the relief at Lucknow? Because the expected savior has arrived.

WOMEN'S LOVE. A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

Six years ago, a young man just entering life, under the influence of passion, committed a crime against society, was tried in this city, convicted, and sent to Waupun, where he served his term behind the prison bars. Before his trial, a fair girl had promised to link fortunes with him, and cruel was the blow to her. But she loved him. All through the six years she did she wait, and wait for his release. With a true woman's heart, she believed him innocent—innocent at least before God, and like the martyr, she held on her steady way, her heart ever pointing to the future. Long were the years to him. Slowly passed the hours. Seconds were minutes—minutes hours—hours days—days weeks—weeks months—months years; and the years were ages. Every tolling of the prison bell struck deep upon his heart, and every sunset took another thread from his long skein. Nor were the hours less weary to her. Hope, that blessed angel, sat by her day; and reposed on her pillow by night. Some there were, who laughed at her holy love—who sneered so meanly at her lover—a prisoner, miles away. But little it mattered to her. Others might sneer—she remained true to her heart and him. Others might laugh—she wept. Others might point to a man in prison garb, toiling away from morn till night, with but one star to guide him on. She saw that the honest soul that might be saved—or lost—and woman that she was, nerved herself to bear her gibes and jeers. Blessed woman's name! to him in his lonely cell, words of love—of kindness—and stronger, grew the heart of him who had truly his better angel to watch over his unbroken future. Each word from her lightened the hours as they slowly went by, and larger grew the day on which liberty was to come. Men visited him, and with careless word or speaking eye, threw into his cell a meddling thought on which his soul must feed, and tremblingly shrink to the darkest corner of his living temple. Then a letter from her would dash aside the dark curtains, and beckon him on to a spot of sunshine, outside, and beyond his present reach. So passed the year. Friends died; and he wept over them. The sin was long since more than atoned for, and at last the little spot of sunshine crept to his cell, and entering by the keyhole of his door, led him forth into the bright rays of liberty. He was conducted to the office of the prison, by McGraw, and a citizen's dress in place of a prison suit, given unto him and led into an inner room where stood she, who, years before, had promised before God to be his. What a meeting! 'Tis not for us to speak of it. On the evening train, the two arrived in this city, and were by one of our divines joined in marriage. We were a witness to the ceremony, and never shall forget it. Never forget the eye moistened with tears of happiness, nor the throbbing of the heart that had so long waited and trusted. Saved! Saved! May the future be all the brighter for the dark cloud that has so long hung over it, and true friends be ever ready to lend a helping hand. We believe in women's love—in women's devotion, the more after knowing the facts above stated. God bless the true heart, wherever found.—Millwaukee News.

The Best Sewing Machine.—Punch, of the 5th of March, contains the following admirable description of an old fashioned sewing machine, that every bachelor should possess: The very best sewing machine a man can have is a wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to put in motion, and rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, is seldom the cause of dust, and, once in motion, will go on uninterruptedly for hours without the slightest trimming or the smallest personal supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, mark handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores, and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same. It does get out of order a little, from being overworked, it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigor than ever. Of course, sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends a great deal upon the particular pattern you select. If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest pattern of a wife—one, for instance, that sings whilst working, and seems to be never so happy as when her husband's finery is in hand—the sewing machine may be pronounced perfect of its kind: so much so, that there is no make-shift in the world that can replace it either for love or money. In short, no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these sewing-machines in the house.

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—One of the most daring attempts at robbery that ever occurred in this section of country took place near Bement, Piatt county, on the Great Western Road, Thursday (24th) night. A man named Conway, an extensive stock raiser, who had just made a sale of his farm at Jacksonville, and was returning home with the money (\$1700 in his possession) left Bement, on the night train of cars about 2 o'clock A. M. At the station he was joined by a stranger, who asked him if he was going down the road any distance, and on his answering in the affirmative, said he would accompany him. They walked on together for some distance, until Mr. Conway turned off to go home. As he turned his back the stranger knocked him down with a club, and afterwards stabbed him twice or three times with a bowie knife. He succeeded, however in wresting from his assailant both the club and the knife, and in getting the latter, cut the robber's hand severely. The robber then ran away, but in starting snatched Mr. Conway's carpet sack which did not, however, contain anything of value, Mr. C's money being in his pocket. After a close and vigorous chase, season being made throughout the Sangamon timber, the robber was met on the Bloomington road, near Mahomet, by two of the Sheriff's posse, and on being questioned started and ran. He had dressed himself in the clothes found in the carpet sack, the clothes being the means of identifying him. He jumped over a fence into a pasture, his pursuers ditched their horses and followed in chase. The robber doubled upon them, and came very near getting to their horses, but they finally headed him off. He then drew a pistol and snapped it at them several times. His pursuers finally shot him, and then succeeded in capturing him. Upon being taken to the magistrates Mr. Conway recognized him, and to make his identity more certain, the blows received from Mr. C. still marked his person. We are glad to learn that Mr. Conway is slowly recovering from his wounds, though they are very severe and painful.—[Ill. Journal.]

When Death Comes. Death comes at morn when the sun is just rising in the east—at noon when its rays are most resplendent—at eve when it gradually sinks beneath the horizon—at midnight when it is entirely hidden from view; it comes to the babe just commencing to prattle—it comes to the man in middle age when the connecting links binding us to life are most strong—it comes to the aged man with trembling limbs and faded eye-sight, led along by others; it comes to the poor, struggling to obtain a meagre sustenance—it comes to a man in comfortable circumstances, by whom life is best enjoyed—it comes to the wealthy rolling in affluence and ease—it comes to the idiot laughing at his own folly—it comes to the man of just sense enough to pass thro' life easily—it comes to the educated—it comes to the infidel disowning his Maker—it comes to the Christian, who looks upon it only as a passage to a happier land.

We learn that the residence of Elisha Walker, about 9 miles west of this place, was destroyed by fire, last Monday night. The children were at home by themselves, and consequently nothing was saved but their own precious lives.

A Salt Lake correspondent of the Chicago Press and Tribune, who has been getting up the statistics of Utah Territory, writes that "three hundred and eighty-seven men in this Territory live each with seven women and upwards, (thirteen of these hundred and eighty-seven having each over nineteen women who bear children by them,) seven hundred and thirty-nine have twelve or more who live with them and bear children by them; eleven hundred men live each with four women and upwards; and from the last estimate, I have been able to make fourteen hundred men each live with more than one woman. Seven men have mother and daughter for wives—one man living within a thousand yards of the flag staff at Camp Floyd has two, one the mother of the other, and both will in good luck in a few weeks be delivered of children by him.

An Affecting Scene. Here is now confined in the jail at Vincennes an old man, named Kain, charged with murder. More than a year ago he killed a young man named Singleton, who had seduced one of his two motherless daughters. He was tried and convicted, and after a long series of legal proceedings, the conviction was set aside and a new trial ordered. During the entire interval he has been in prison. In the meantime, however, the daughter, in revenge or punishment of whose wrongs he had committed the homicide, being without home, parents, or friends, ascended with regular steps the pathway to shame and crime. Her younger sister also became an outcast, and a few months ago both were arrested upon a charge of larceny. For three months the father and daughters have been in adjoining cells, but during that time, and indeed not since he killed the seducer of the elder, has he spoken to them. A few days ago the counsel for Kain succeeded in producing a reconciliation between the parent and his children, and the scene that took place is described by the Enquirer:

By the kindness of the jailer the daughters were allowed to visit their father in his cell, when a most affecting interview took place; the girls falling on his neck and weeping like children, while from the eyes of the stern, strong man, who had slain the vile destroyer of his child's honor, and had known her to fall step by step to degradation and despair, the great tears ran like rain—the agony of a heart wrung by affliction and agonized by terrible suffering to a woman's tenderness. For some minutes no one of that trio spoke. Sobs choked their utterance, and the memory of the fearful past awed them into silence. Their sorrow melted them to sympathy, and love and grief, remorse and repentance filled their hearts to bursting. In that moment they were purified; in that hour their errors were blotted out by the tears of deepest contrition, and atonement made to nature and themselves. At last one of the girls, the dishonored and avenged, fell at her father's feet, and said, with still streaming eyes: "O, father, dearest father, can you forgive me?" "Yes, yes, my child, with all my heart!" was the solemn and impressive answer, "as I hope to be forgiven."

Then both his daughters knelt and received his blessing, and a moment after he was by their side offering up a prayer for strength to resist temptation and avoid evil in the future. The father embraced them tenderly again and again, and assured them of his entire forgiveness, while they promised amendment and reform, and resolved to seek comfort and support in the faith their parent recently had sought.

The scene as witnessed was extremely pathetic, and such as our plain pencil cannot paint. Several who witnessed the reconciliation, in spite of themselves, were melted to tears, and left the cell with a better opinion of that human nature which, however it may err, is always held by a golden though invisible thread to its native Heaven.

A well-known author once wrote an article in "Blackwood," signed "A. S." "Dat," said Jerrold, on reading the initials, "what a pity he will tell only two-thirds of the truth!"

Prosperity gathers smiles, while adversity scatters them.

For beautiful views on the Rhine—Look in the pork barrel.

Politeness goes a great ways. Henry Ward Beecher says an impudent clerk can do almost as much injury to a store as the neglect of the proprietor to advertise his wares.

What is a dandy? A thing in pantaloons, with a bow and two arms, a head without brains, a cigar stuck in a hole before, tight boots, a cane, a scented white handkerchief, a standing collar, two brooches, and a showy ring on the little finger.

"Ma, have you got any carrots?" asked a little boy, who had been writing a letter for his mother.

"Why, my son?" asked his mother.

"Cause I left out a word in my letter, and the teacher says that when we leave out a word we must put in a carrot, and write the word we want to put in, over the line."

Was it not all in furtherance of his pro-

We happened to be at our depot a few days ago, when the mail train arrived from Bristol. As it moved off in a hurry, we observed a young gentleman standing upon the track in the rear of the train, bare-headed, and with evident disappointment depicted on his countenance. Remaining a passenger had been left a bystander, with a knowing wink, supped that the bare-headed man upon the track and a young lady upon the train had intended to stop at Abington. The design of committing matrimony. The young lady was in charge of her mother, who was taking her eastward from Bristol to meet the mother of the young lady had arranged the matter thus:—The expected groom, without the knowledge of the father, was to come as far as Abington in the baggage car, and then, about the time the train was to start, he was to run to the platform of the rear car, where the lady-love was to be standing, and as the train moved off he was to get down and let the responsible mamma upon, with ample time for reflecting upon the uncertainty of human calculation. The arrangements were understood by the engineer, who was to make off as rapidly as possible, as soon as the heartless gentleman disappeared behind the train. The mother, however, saw him making his way to the rear of the car, and looking round for her daughter, and seeing her about to pass on the platform, rushed towards her, and grasped her tightly by her clothing, just at which moment the lover having reached the signal post, whistled; sounded the whistle, and away went the train with the mother holding on to the daughter, and the young gentleman, as before mentioned, standing bare-headed upon the track, looking very much as though he had let a bird go.—[Abington, Virginia.]

Idle Boys. A writer in the North-Western Christian Advocate, has the following sound advice to boys, which all young readers would do well to consider: He who is idle and vicious in school is still more so when he leaves it. He who fires squabs, will in time fire pistols. He who plays cards for sport, will, if he turns not, ere long play for money. He who robs hen roosts or orchards, will probably some day rob safes and pocket books. He who does it in the way to expose himself to the penitentiary; he may have his wits so hardened as to rob legally, by treating up a wildcat bank, or betraying the confidence of his employer, or obtaining the possession of property without the means of paying for it, or by getting his hand upon the public coffers that he may fill his own under the soft appellation of breach of trust.

I would that you could see with my eyes for a little while; you would then think with me, that he, who when a boy could not be trusted, cannot now, that he is a man. It would not be proper for me to mention names, for I could illustrate this by numerous painful examples. But they are not necessary. Effect will follow cause, as a man sows, so shall he reap; boyhood is the seed time, of which manhood is the harvest.

As, therefore, you love yourselves, form the habit, while young, of employing all your time usefully. Never be unemployed. The land is full of idlers striving to live without labor. It is not to be supposed that a boy is to be a man, much less an old man, but in the midst of his youth and manhood he may be imbecile and ignorant.

Out of 123,547 children between the ages of five and fifteen years, in the city of New York, 41,898, more than one-third of the whole number, go to no school, public or private, and receive no sort of education but that furnished in the streets.

Land for Sale. I have forty acres of good improved land, only 4 of a mile N. E. of Abbott's mill; only about 4 miles west of Shawan, which I wish to sell very cheap. Persons wishing to buy will make it pay by giving me a call.

JOSEPH W. WAGGONER.

April 8th 1859.—28—47

only she could find the stairs. She sat down at every landing, the child looking wistfully in her face and asking "if poor mamma was ill."

She was ill; more ill than she herself suspected. All that day she lay upon the sofa, till near the time when Herbert came home to dress for a dinner-party. She intended to have told him how unwell she felt; but he was impatient and in a hurry, and displeased because something he had left to be done had been omitted. Rose had forgotten his directions, almost for the first time; but she listened meekly to his scolding, and promised the neglect should not again occur. Meanwhile the little boy playing at his father's dressing table, unperceived laid hold of his pocket-book, and opening it, pulled out the letters it contained. One small note falling on the ground near Rose's feet, the child picked it up and placed it on his mother's knee, when, at that moment, Herbert's eye fell on the unconscious offender. Quick as thought he darted forward, snatched it away, and in his anger violently struck the child. Though all had passed as in a moment, the note had been seen by Rose; the blood rose to her temples, and a thrill of agony shot thro' her heart as she witnessed the precipitation with which her husband had concealed it.

Now all her past sorrows seemed as nothing in comparison to her present misery! She did not proffer one word however, but quietly raised the child, who, sobbing with pain and terror, had clung to her, hidden his face in her lap; then taking him by the hand, with one sorrowful look at Herbert, she led him from the room.

When she returned Herbert was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTEMPERATE DUCKS.—The vicinity of Hayworth, in this county, is somewhat celebrated for the immense number of ducks which congregate there every spring. A gentleman who lives there informs us that he and his neighbors have been on duck flesh so long that they have some fears of becoming web-footed. A very curious case of Hayworthite, named Ben. Taffe, fatigued himself so much by loading his gun and killing with fine shot, that he concluded to see if he could not kill them with coarse whiskey. With that object in view he came to this city and bought a gallon of what is known by hard drinkers as "sure death 'round the corner." He took it home and soaked a lot of corn in it, and left the corn lying a round lose. The ducks swallowed the corn without tasting the whiskey, and the consequence was that they became dead drunk in a few minutes. They did not recover from their first drunk, until Mr. Taffe twisted their heads from their bodies. About fifty of them were victimized in less than an hour.—*Bloomington Post.*

"Do the ladies play music at the West, sir?" asked a young lady of a western green-looking customer.

"Oh, very universally, miss," was the reply.

"Indeed, I was not aware of that; do they use the piano mostly?"

"Never, Miss. The instrument that we have out our way is the Swinnet, and the girls all play it."

"Oh, dear, I am sure, positively, that I never heard of that before; do tell me what it is, and how they play it?"

"Well, the instrument is a small pig, and each takes one of these under her arm and chews the end of its tail, and that brings the music."

"What a green was the hon of the show for the balance of that evening."

A lady in New York lately appeared at a fancy ball, as "Poverty and Riches." The costume was divided through the center, from head to foot, and face and hands made to match with the costume. One half of the person of this lady was dressed in the richest silks and laces, the other representing the most extreme poverty, with stockings down about the worn shoe, and face which gave apparent evidence of a cruel husband.

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens to the sun, and takes it in, while the other closes itself, and the drop runs off. In God's name, his goodness and mercy as wide spread as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

The man who "was bent on matrimony," brightened up soon after wards.

FAMILY GROCERY AND OYSTER SALOON!

I take this method of informing my old friends and the public generally, that I am still on my hand at the old stand, ready to wait on the people. I am constantly receiving all articles usually found in such establishments, consisting partly as follows:

Nuts, candies, raisins, figs, cakes, crackers, cheese, pickles, dried herring, rope, brushes, pencils, pens, blacking, brooms, pepper sauce, oysters, sardines, perillaries, hair oils, note paper, envelopes, hard oil, combs, pocket knives, razors, soaps, violin strings and notions generally.

ALSO—

GROCERIES, which I propose to sell as cheap as any other house in town; consisting of

Sugar,	Coffee,
Molasses,	Starth,
Spices,	Soda,
Cinnamon,	Peppr,
Ginger,	Salt,
Soap,	Tobacco,
Fine Cigars,	Mackerel,
And White Fish,	

Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. H. McCLURE.

My Eating Room is now well fitted up adjoining the saloon, in a neat and comfortable manner to accommodate customers.

OYSTERS served up in the most delicious way, and at all hours. Call and try a dish.

J. R. Mc.

Sept 17th 1858 1 ly.

DRUG STORE!

WEST SIDE PUB. SQUARE SULLIVAN ILL.

HAVING purchased the Drug Store of J. Y. Hitt

WOULD announce, to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity, that I keep constantly on hand; a

LARGE STOCK of the very best

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, MEDICINES, PURE LIQUORS, WINES & PAINT, OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, & a large assortment of Patent Medicines,

In fact everything usually kept in a Drug Store.

I have, also, a lot of

A No. 1 Chewing Tobacco, & Havana Cigars.

A. L. KELLAR.

Feb. 4, '59.—20-y

Samuel A. Hoover.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JOBBER IN GROCERIES AND LIQUORS, MATTOON, ILLINOIS.

Superior inducements offered to country buyers, at low prices for cash or country produce.

A good stock always on hand.

Country merchants, wishing to re-order stocks, without the expense of a trip to St. Louis or elsewhere, will find it to their advantage to call at my establishment before purchasing.

Mr. Sir, T. Johnson is behind the counter, and will be pleased to see his old friends and fellow citizens of MOUNTAIN.

Store on Great Western Avenue, in Mr. O. P. Harris' new brick building.

Reep & Co.

SAM'L A. HOOVER.

Feb. 11 1859. 21 3mos.

Family Groceries:

GOLDEN SYRUP, Rebolled Molasses, COFFEE, SUGAR, Tea, Rice, Ground Ginger, Cinnamon, Nutmegs, Pepper, All Spice Soda &c. &c. Just received and for Sale as cheap as the CHEAPEST and as good as the BEST, at VADARIN'S.

500 DRY & GREEN HIDES, wanted in exchange for Groceries.

HIDES! HIDES!

I want all the hides, green or dry that can be brought to me, for which I will pay the best prices in goods or money.

A. N. Stryker.

Feb 18. 22H

WAGONS!

Come to town, at any time, without coming to see me before you

GO HOME

with more goods for less money, than you can buy anywhere else—city stores not excepted.

WITHOUT

detaining you longer, I would say, that the reason I sell so cheap, is, because I want to close out my entire stock, and settle up, and get money to buy another stock of

Goods,

which I shall sell strictly for cash, or saleable produce. I have determined to sell no more goods on credit!

JOHN PERKINMAN.

Sept 24th 1858 2ly.

WAGONS!

call and examine for yourself as we will charge you nothing for showing goods.

J. E. Emery.

PLOWS.

Take pleasure in announcing to the public and everybody else, that they now keep constantly on hand, and manufacture to order, the most improved quality of plows, of every description, and at prices to suit the greatest lovers of money. Every one had better buy a plow, and if it dont work well, return it and get your money.

WAGONS.

A splendid lot of the latest and most approved style, on hand, and made to order.

BLACKSMITHING, Of all kinds done up exactly in the right way, and at a reasonable price as at any other shop.

Shop one door east of the Post-office.

March 11 '58 27H

NEW GROCERY,

North Side Pub. Square, Sullivan Ill.

WAGONS!

Has opened one of the largest stocks of Family Groceries ever offered in Sullivan, consisting in part, of Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Molasses, Rice, Fish, Salt, Cheese, Crackers, Vinegar, Soaps, Soda, Sardines,

SPICES, Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Nutmegs, Cloves, Cinnamon, Hair Oils, Essences, Perfumery, Nuts,

FANCY CANDIES, Lead, Shot, Powder, Gun-caps, Cigars, Fine

CHEWING TOBACCO, and everything else usually kept in such an establishment.

ALSO keeps constantly on hand a stock of the very best

WINE & LIQUORS which he will sell in quantities to suit customers.

Sullivan, Ill., Oct. 3 1858—2-4

BAG STRINGS!

1,000,000 Bushels of GRAIN are annually taken to market in this country, IN SACKS, and the waste arising from the breaking and untying of strings is enormous.

I have a neat, handy and reliable instrument, styled

J. HERVA JONES' PAT. METALLIC BAG FASTENING,

for all kinds of sacks, which entirely avoids this loss.

It is much cheaper for the first year's use even, than that ancient appendage, the raw strasse, and it can be put on and taken off in one-sixth the usual time. It can be attached to the sack if desired; can be handled in cold weather with gloves or mittens on; and being of best malleable iron, it will last a lifetime.

Large numbers are in daily use among farmers and grain dealers, to whom I will refer any person who desires it.

To agents throughout the Union, either local or traveling, I offer the most LIBERAL INDEMNITIES to purchase. I will send a sample for examination, with my terms, to any person by mail on receipt of four red stamps, to prepay postage. Please write plainly and address

J. HERVA JONES, Rockton, Winnebago Co. Ill.

Any paper giving this notice ten insertions and sending a copy of paper with bill will receive a prompt response. (24 10w.

Fresh Arrival

GENIUS OF TRADE GROCERIES at **A. GEORGE & CO'S,** North Side of Public Square

CONSISTING in part, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Tea, Salt, Fish, Rice, Starth, Candles, Soda, Ginger, Spice, Pepper, fine

CHEWING TOBACCO, Smoking tobacco, Vinegar, Soaps, Pickles, white Lead, wash Tubs, wood Buckets, Shot, Lead, Powder and caps;

CANDLES, Matches, fine Cigars, Sardines, Pepper-sauce, gum-Gum-pipe, Dates, a good article of black Ink, smoke-Pipes, Frames, Correns &c. &c.

Best of all, but not least, Domestic, wines, Gin-Ton, Porter and whiskey, by retail, or by the barrel, to suit customers.

AARON GEORGE & CO. Sullivan Ill., Oct. 4th, 1858. 2ly.

Money Wanted!

ALL persons indebted to me either by Note, or Book account, will find them in the hands of proper officers for collection, if not paid immediately; as money I must and will have.

A. THAYER.

Lovington, Feb. 35, 1858. 35 tf.

CABINET SHOP.

Peter Smith

Takes pleasure in announcing to his old friends, patrons, and the public generally,

THAT HE STILL continues the **CABINET MAKING BUSINESS** at the Old Stand,

North East side of the Public Square,

Where they are prepared to manufacture

all kinds of Parlor Chamber and Kitchen furniture, on short notice and at very LOW PRICES.

COFFINS!

All sizes and qualities kept constantly on hand, and made to order on application. Coffins made at my shop, will be delivered, and attended to at uncerat, free of charge.

Terms,

TO SUIT THE TIMES. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for furniture.

They hope by selling furniture at lowest prices and close attention to business, to merit a liberal patronage.

March 5th '58. no. 26. ly.

GRAND

Premium Depot. **ZWECK & CO'S SADDLE SHOP!** (East side Public Square.) SULLIVAN ILLINOIS.

HAVING associated together in the Saddle & Harness-making business, they are now ready to fill all orders in their line, in the best manner, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

We have on hand a good assortment of well selected stock, and articles

READY-MADE!

Plain Harness, Plain Harness, Plain Harness, Plain Harness, & Fancy Harness, Buggy Harness, lines & bridles, lines & bridles, Whips & halters, & Martingales, & Martingales.

BOOTS & SHOES,

done with neatness and dispatch. Prices to suit the times, and

ALL WORK WARRANTED!

They will pay the highest market price, in cash or trade, for green and dry HIDES, Sheep Pelts, &c. &c.

By selling your Hides &c to Zweck & Co. you will keep the money in the country, as they get them tanned at home.

Lewis Zweck & Co. Dec. 10th 1858. 12 y.

Douglas or Lincoln!

THE PEOPLE DID DECIDE! **A. N. SMYSER.**

Presenting to my numerous customers throughout Moultrie county, my hearty thanks for their liberal and increasing patronage, I will say that in view of the favorable prospects of an enlarged fall and winter trade, I have purchased, and am now receiving, as large and well assorted stock of

FALL & WINTER

STAPLE & FANCY GOODS, as has ever, at any time, been offered in this market. My stock comprises all the staple commodities usually kept, to which is added a carefully selected lot of

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS!

Boots & shoes, hats and caps, in abundance; Fancy Dress goods, of the latest styles, a few elegant

SHAWLS & CLOARS, FOR THE LADIES!

Varieties, and Notions, Nails & Paints, Brandy and wine, for Medicinal & Sacramental Purposes.

I shall continue to sell, as usual, for cash, or on time, to prompt men, at fair prices. Country produce wanted in exchange for goods.

The attention of ALL is respectfully invited.

A. N. SMYSER. Sullivan Ill. Oct. 1, '58. 2ly.

A. J. KELLA

Physician and Surgeon, Sullivan, Illinois.

Respectfully invites his professional services to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity. Being well provided with surgical instruments, and prepared to attend to any operation in a surgical way, and promptly attended to all cases by day or night, requiring the assistance of medical aid. Office on the west side of the public square, two doors north of Haupt & Co's store.

George W. Kenney & HAIR-DRESSER

Work done on any terms, and to suit the kind of customer. Satisfaction guaranteed. K. W. Kenney on Washington St. 4. Dec. 10th 1858.

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One column six months, 2.00
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One column twelve months, 3.00

Business cards, less than a square, 50c per year.

No advertisement considered or charged for by the year, unless a special contract is made to that effect.

All Advertisements ordered to be inserted without specifying the number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Nothing counted less than a square. A fraction over two squares is counted as three squares, and so on.

Announcing candidates for office, 25c in advance in all cases.

Advertisements charged for time yearly, if desired.

Sunday Herald,

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

We offer the following inducements to the Subscribers of the Sunday Herald, which will be issued regularly every Sunday morning in quarter form, and will contain full reports of matters from the regular daily papers.

One copy one year, \$1.00
Five copies one year, \$4.00
Five copies six months, \$2.00
Ten copies one year, \$6.00

No papers sent to a distance out of the city unless paid for in advance.

JAMES M. WAGGONER, Proprietor. Office—No. 21 Market, between Main and Second streets.

THE DAILY TIMES Published every morning, except on Sundays, at 110 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. 10c per copy.

Published by **SHAWMAN & PITCHER**, Proprietors, at No. 21 Market, between Main and Second streets.

TERMS—50c per annum in advance; 75c per annum, if not paid in advance; 10c per copy, if not paid in advance.

THE WEEKLY TIMES Containing all the news of the week, published every Thursday morning. Terms—50c per annum in advance; 75c per annum, if not paid in advance; 10c per copy, if not paid in advance.

JUST received and for Sale, a large assortment of FRESH GARDEN SEEDS, By E. E. WAGGONER.