

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, ILL., FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1859.

NO. 41.

BUSINESS CARDS.
TAKE NOTICE!!
 I have undertaken to inform the citizens of Moultrie and adjoining counties, that he is still in the Marble Business; and prepared to furnish all kinds, shapes, or fashions of **MONUMENTS AND SLABS** on short notice, and a little cheaper than they can be got from any body else in the West. Remember I am constantly canvassing the country, and will sell you work and bring it to you. Don't be imposed on by others, for I will give you a call soon. Work done at Shelbyville Ill. May '59—357. **REUBEN ADKINS.**

STRATTON & HUBBARD,
 WHOLESALE GROCERIES & DRY GOODS,
CARPETS,
ROOTS & SHOES.
HATS & CAPS,
 STRAW GOODS &c.
 Decatur Ill. 37.

Retiring!
 Having concluded to quit the Goods business I am desirous of disposing of my entire stock of goods, at wholesale prices, or **EVEN LESS** than first cost for **CASH.** Now is the time to get cheap goods. This is no humbug; come and see.
 J. E. EDEN.
 July 15th 1859. 41 3m.

New Meat Market!
 Don't Patterson opens a new meat house on next Tuesday, in a room three doors east of Simpson's Store. He has employed an expert butcher, and intends keeping regular hours every Tuesday and Saturday. He is determined to please all who may call on him with the best of meat, and at the most reasonable prices. Call on him twice a week.
 July 15th 1859—241

SHERIFF'S SALE.
 BY virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the State of Illinois, in favor of David Patterson, and against William B. Porter and John A. Freeland, I have levied upon the following described land, to-wit: Beginning at the stake 574 feet north of the n e cor of a e q sec 2 T 13 N R 5 east: thence west 230 feet, thence north 200 feet, thence east 200 feet, thence south 200 feet, enclosing a piece of 200 feet square. As the property of the said John A. Freeland, which I shall offer at public sale at the Court House door in Sullivan, in said State, on the 30th day of July, A. D. 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution.
 J. THOMASON, Sheriff.
 no 40 3w
 By B B Haydon, deputy.

Moultrie County Circuit Court, September Term A. D. 1859.
 Amanda Jones, Compt., vs James Jones, Dft't. Bill for Divorce.

AFFIDAVIT OF THE NON-RESIDENCE OF THE DEFENDANT, James Jones, having been filed in the office of the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the State of Illinois, notice is hereby given to the said defendant, James Jones, that said complainant filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, on the 11th day of July, 1859, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against said defendant, returnable on the 24th Monday of September next, as is required by law. Now, unless you, the said James Jones, shall personally be and appear before the said circuit court of Moultrie county, on the 24th day of the next term thereof, to be holden in Sullivan, in said county, on the 24th Monday in September 1859, and plead answer or demurrer to the said complainant's bill of complaint, the same, and the matters and things therein contained will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill.
 A. THOMASON, Clerk.
 July 15th 1859. 41 3w. [Dr. No 26,00]

SHERIFF'S SALE.
 BY virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county in the State of Illinois, in favor of Abraham B. Hostettler, and against John B. Stedman, I have levied upon the following described land, to-wit: Lot 3 in block 1, in town & Taylor's addition to the town of Lexington, in the property of the said John B. Stedman, which I shall offer at public sale at the Court House door in Sullivan in said State, on the 24th day of August, A. D. 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand to satisfy said execution.
 J. THOMASON, Sheriff.
 July 15 41 4. By B B Haydon, de.

SULLIVAN EXPRESS.
 ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

J. H. WAGGONER, Editor & Proprietor.
 TERMS:—\$1.50 In Advance.

LEGAL ADVERTISING.
 Probate notices, fifteen lines or less, six insertions
 Same 2, or 2 1/2 squares, 6 in., 4,50
 All other legal advertising \$1 per square, for the first, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. ***Money in advance in all cases.

SONG.
 BY WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

A ladie loe'd a wilfu youth
 Luve's power who did na care to pruve,
 "Ha! ha!" the ladie cried—"in sooth,
 He kens na how to luve!"
 The ladie pic'ed a crimson flower,
 It peaked, it pined, it gan to fa—
 "For oh!" she cried, "in maidens bower,
 Dear luve is more than a'!"

But vain to soothe is grandeur's power—
 The steed neighed loudly in his sta',
 The ladie fled her father's tower—
 "Nae luve is worse than a'!"
 The youth he peaked, the youth he pined,
 The youth he loitered in the ha',
 Then sang a birdie in the wind,
 "Dear luve is more than a'!"

The bird sang high—the bird sang low—
 The bird sang on the castle wa',
 The youth he kissed his saddle-bow,
 And o'er the hills awa;
 He rode by town, he rode by tower,
 My ladie's tears ha, ceased to fa';
 An' sings she now in bridal bower,
 "Dear luve is more than a'!"

THE PRISONER'S CHILD.
 BY MRS. MARY DENNISON.

It was early morning.
 "Is this the way to Sing Sing?"
 "Yes," roughly replied a brown faced countryman, and passed on.
 It was afternoon. The child was somewhat fragile in her appearance. Her bonnet was of broken straw, her shoes were much torn, the sun played on her tender forehead. She walked on an hour longer.
 "Is this the way to Sing Sing?"
 "Yes, little girl, but what are you going there for?"
 The child trudged on, her lip quivering, not deigning to answer the pleasant faced old man who had stopped the jogging of his horse to note her hurried manner, and who liked that little face, anxious and sad as it was.

The day was falling. Kate had fallen too almost. A rough stone that lay by the way, imbedded in moss, received her tired little frame. She looked so wearied and aged, sitting there, her tangled hair falling on her face. By the shaking of her frame, the tears were coming, too, and she was bravely trying to hold them back.
 "Why what is this dear little girl doing here?"

The exclamation came from a pair of eager young lips.
 "A curiosity, I declare!" exclaimed a harsher voice, and Katy looked up suddenly, cowered away from the sight of the pretty young girl, and her agreeable looking companion.
 "What are you doing here little girl?" asked Nell Maywood, moving a little nearer to the frightened child.
 "Going to Sing Sing," said Katy in a scared way.
 "Did you ever, George! this child is going to Sing Sing, why it's ten miles off. Child did you know that it was so far off?"
 Katy shook her head and wiped away the hot and heavy tears one by one.
 "Why, yes, you poor little goose.

What are you going to Sing Sing for? Have you had your supper?"
 Katy shook her head.
 "Have you had any dinner?"
 Again the sad child shook her head.
 "Nor breakfast? Why George the poor little thing must be almost starved."

"I should think so," mechanically replied her brother, just recovering from a yawn, and showing signs of sympathy.
 "Look here! What's your name?"
 "Katy."
 "Well, Katy, you must come up to the house and get something to eat. Going to Sing Sing on foot, dear me, how ridiculous! Follow me, Katy, and we'll take care of you to-night, somehow, and see about your going to Sing Sing to-morrow."

Katy followed. What a glorious vision burst upon her view. The palace house, the rocks reddening in a low western sun, the shining river, the signs of luxury on every hand.
 They walked up a wide avenue.—Elms and oaks threw their branches on each side, here and there a flower bunch might be seen, vines grew around the noble pillars, twisting up to the glittering windows.
 "Susan, give this poor child a good supper; she is hungry, and tired, too, I imagine. After that I will see what can be done for her."

Susan wore a mild face. She looked pleasantly down at the poor, tired little one, and taking her hand, which trembled now, led her to the kitchen.

Meanwhile her story, or the brief part of it which we know, was being told in the drawing room. The sylph like figure in white lounging gracefully in the midst of delicate cushions, accompanied her narration with expressive gestures, and now and then a little laugh.
 "I should like to know what she is going to Sing Sing for? I must get her something to wear—a bonnet, a pair of shoes—and then maybe we can manage to have her carried some way, if her mission is of any importance. Oh! such an odd looking thing."
 "Who is that my daughter?"
 "Oh, papa, you have come home. Why, I was talking about the mite of a child, she cannot be more than ten years old, if that. I saw her out here sitting on a moss rock, the most forlorn object. She says she is going to Sing Sing."

"I met her on the way," said the pleasant faced old man; "she asked me about it, and I would have stopped her, but she trudged on. Where is she? It was noon when I saw her."
 "In the kitchen, papa. Susan is taking good care of her, I expect, and when she has had a hearty supper we will talk with her."
 A gay trio of young girls came.—The nettings were put up, the gas burned brightly, and music and mirth banished all thought and care. Suddenly Nell Maywood remembered the little odd figure, and clapping her hands cried, "Oh, I've got something to show you girls," and disappeared.

Susan was picking up the mite in the pantry in the kitchen.
 "Where is the child, Sasy?" asked Nell Maywood.
 "On the doortop, Miss," Susan replied, picking away.
 "Why no, Susan, there's nobody out there, nobody to be seen."
 "Yes, Miss," Susan placed her pan down, held her apron up to catch the stems of the berries, and walked deliberately to the door. "Why she sat here sometime after supper. I thought she was a very quiet child, but she's gone. Let me see—there

ain't any silver around—I should be afeard she'd took something; they are mighty careful."

"Why didn't you tell her she might stay all night?" Nell Maywood was peeping here and there to spy her if possible.
 "Yes Miss Nell, and told her what a good bed there was over the wood shed, but she looked strange out of them large eyes of hers, and never seemed to hear."

"The poor child is in trouble, said Nell, quite sorrowful that she could not relieve her necessities. 'I'd have given her something to wear, and we could have sent her to Sing Sing, but perhaps she will come back again; if so, will you send her to me?'"

"If she does, I will Miss," answered Susan, going at the gooseberries again.
 But little Kate did not come back. She had been watching her opportunity to get off, and had already been gone some time. She slept in the open field, crawled into some hay; she would have walked all night if she had dared, but she was afraid of the darkness.

"Mr. Warden there is a queer case over at my house," said a bluff-looking fellow, meeting the warden of the Sing Sing prison. "We found her last night in some out-of-the-way place and nothing must do but my wife must take her in. We can't find out her name, except that it is Katy, and I expect she wants to see somebody in the prison. But we can't get anything out of her, where she came from or anything about her."

"Bring her over here," said the warden. "My wife is wanting a little girl for help, maybe she's just the one."
 So Katy stood trembling more than ever, in a few moments in the presence of the warden and jailor. Katy was a pretty child. Her large blue eyes wore an expression of intense melancholy; her hair had been combed and curled, and some one had put a good pair of shoes on her feet.

"Well, my little girl," said the warden kindly, for he was prepossessed in her favor, "where have you come from?"
 "New York," said the child faintly. The men looked at each other most incredulously.
 "Do you mean to say you came to Sing Sing from New York on foot?"
 "Yes," said the child, frightened at his manner, which had in it something of severity.

"What have you come for?"
 "To see my father," the child burst forth with one great sob, and for a moment her frame was shaken with a tempest of feeling.
 "And who is your father," asked the Warden kindly.
 "He is Mr. Lloyd," said the child as soon as she could speak for her rushing sobs.

The warden looked at the jailor.
 "Lloyd—there are three Lloyds here, Jim, Bondy and Dick."
 "That may not be their proper ones," responded the warden.
 "That's so," said the jailor, "but I can't try 'em all. Little one, was your father's name Jim?"
 The child nodded her head, or they thought she did, she was all convulsed by the reaction brought on by the termination of her journey.
 "If it's Jim, he's a bad one," said the jailor in a low voice, "he is in iron this morning for attempting to break jail. He don't deserve a little girl to look that one, the villain. Come, child, I'll go and find your father."
 He took Katy's shaking hand, with the other he dashed the tears away as fast as the fall. It frightened her

almost into calmness to see the ponderous door at which the jailor applied the key; and the stillness of the lone stone passages, the dimness thrown over all, the constant succession of bare and black walls, was terrible to a sensitive mind like hers. How the heavy tread of the jailor, and the tread of the warden behind him, echoed through the gloom and space. It was in truth a great tomb through which they moved—a tomb in which were confined living hearts whose throbs could almost be heard in the awful stillness. On, on they went, now through this massive door, now through that passage way. Everything spoke of crime, of fierce passions subdued and held in stern control; everything from the grim face of the ferocious watch dog to the sentinels armed. Then they turned and went up the stairs, the jailor holding the scared bird close to his side with a tender clasp, the warden following. Another tramp and at last they came to a stand still. The jailor rapped at a cell door. Slowly a man with a harsh, hair covered face appeared.

"Here's your little girl come to see you," said the jailor.
 "Little girl? hum, you're green," said the man in gram accents; "I've no little girl or you wouldn't catch me here."
 "Father," said the childish voice. It sounded so sweetly, so childish, in that terrible prison. But as the scowling face came closer to the bars, the child hid her head quickly in the jailor's arms, half sobbing; it was not him.

"We'll try the next one," He walked further on, and spoke more pleasantly this time. "Well, Bondy, here is little Katy; don't you want to see her?"
 "Little Katy!" There was a long pause. "I had a Katy once—not a little Katy—I broke her heart—God pity me. Go on, it can't be for me."
 Again the sweet voice rang out "Father." The prisoners came up to the bars; a youthful face, framed with light wavy hair, a face in which the blue eyes looked innocent; a face that seemed a sin to couple with a foul deed, gazed out. He saw the child's earnest, pleading, tearful eyes, a dark expression rowed like a wave across his brow; a groan, he staggered against his bed, crying,
 "Take her away, I can't stand anything like that."

Katy had hidden her face a second time, as she feebly cried, "It isn't him!" so they kept on to the third cell.
 "Jim, here's a little girl, little Katy, your daughter, wants to see you."
 A stupid "what came from the bed, the man probably just awakened."
 "Your little daughter."
 There was a sound of rattling irons that made the child shiver. Dimly appeared the face and outlines of a well made man—the countenance handsome but evil. He seemed not to comprehend. But as fast as his chain would permit him, he came forward and looked out at the anxious face below. It was almost too much for the child. With a loud, convulsive cry, she exclaimed "Father! father!" and fell nearly senseless against the jailor.

"Katy!" exclaimed the man, and there was a nervous twitching about muscles of the mouth. "What in heaven's name brought you here?"
 The jailor was recalling the child to consciousness. "Shall we let her come to the cell?" asked the warden.
 Jim was dashing his head across

his face. A smothered "yes" issued from his lips. They opened the ponderous door, and put her in. Her arms were outstretched, his were wide open, and they came together with a clanking sound about the form of that poor little child.
 "O, father!" "O, Katy, Katy!" and then there was a quiet crying.—By and by the man lifted the little head whose glossy curls were falling on his shoulders. After a moment's irresolution he kissed her, and then his head fell under her earnest loving look.

"Katy what made you come?"
 "I wanted to see you, father." And the head was on his shoulder again.
 "How did you come, Katy? never mind the noise, they are looking up; they will be here again and let you out. How did you come, Katy?"
 "I walked here!"
 "From New York, child?"
 "Yes, father!"
 There was no sound save that of the chains as he strained her to his bosom.

"And how did you leave—her Katy—your mother?"
 The question was fearlessly asked, but not responded to. He gazed eagerly in the child's face; her little lips were quivering.
 "Katy, tell me quick."
 A groan, a terrible groan followed, the convicts head fell into the lap of his child, and he wept with strong cries. The jailor and the warden said they never saw a sight so woful. And the child tried to comfort him, till his strength seemed to be gone, and his sobs were like gasps.

"Oh, Katy, when did she die? Oh, my poor May, my poor girl!"
 "Ever so long ago, I guess ever so many weeks," replied the child, "but she told me to come and see you, and comfort you."
 "O, God! this is hard! she always forgave me."
 "She told me to pray for you, say she told me to ask you if you would be real good after you got out, and meet her in heaven?"

"In Heaven! in heaven! groaned the man, giving away again to his agony. The child was angel guided. Her soft touch was better for his soul's good, than stripes and the chains. He had been hardened; her little love had melted down the adamant; had found the locked up good in his nature, and she had sent her sweet smiles through the prison door. Long he sat there, his head in the lap of his quiet child, none dared disturb them. The jailor and the warden walked to and fro.

"Father when you come out I'll take care of you."
 He raised his head, his eyes glistened with weeping, were fastened on her face.
 "Mother said I might."
 "God's blessing on you, my angel child; you may save your miserable father."
 "I will save you father."
 The warden cleared his throat, the jailor spoke roughly to one of his prisoners, it was to hide their emotions. "You had better come now, he added going to the child.

"Katy, you must go, will you come again, my child?"
 "Can't I stay?"
 "No, dear, but you shall come and see me again."
 They took her very gently from the dark cell, she sobbed very quietly. In the warden's room stood a very pleasant faced old man.
 "I have come after that little girl," he said. "She must go home with me. I'll take good care of her, I've heard her story, and when her father comes out, it he's a mind to behave himself, I'll give him plenty to do. Besides that, I'll bring her once a week to see him. What say you little one? will you go with me? And good old Maywood stroked her hair, as he said, pityingly, "Poor child."

Reader, ten miles from Sing Sing, there is a little cottage occupied by a laborious man and daughter. Little Katy is fulfilling the commands of her dying mother. She is taking care of her father, and he, thank God, is taking care of himself.
 Don't respect him and God has forgiven him.
 Eve's Warming Oven.—It is reported that in the destruction of an old chateau, (in Spain, of course) an antique glass jar was found, which contained a large piece of Eve's warming cake! It had become almost tasteless through extreme age.



BY DOW, JR. Text—Pay the printer. My Dear Friends:—The debt sits heavy upon the conscience...

Wheat News.

We regret that we have no room for the European news this week, which is of a very important character...

The Keller Steam Mill.

Mr. Elieha Dunnack, proprietor of the above Mill, presented us, a few days since, with a sack of flour, which he manufactured from new white wheat...

Our harvesters will finish their work this week. The wheat grain is said to be larger and better than has been known for many years.

Shoaf has granted us the use of his grape-vine telegraph.

The Decatur Magnet this week boasts the names of James Guthrie, of Kentucky, for President, and Horatio King, of Maine, for Vice President...

We issue but half a sheet again this week, in consequence of not receiving paper as soon as expected.

Not many advertisements, however.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

At the Masonic Festival in Medina, on June 24, there was a banquet in the evening. Among those present was Ossian E. Dodge, who, of course, was called on to sing...

The editor of an exchange paper publishes a punning "market report" in which he states that tin plates are flat, lead heavy, iron dull, rakes not much inquired for...

The young lady who fell in love was ever recovered, or did she, sinking into the unfathomable depths of matrimony.

THE FARMER AND HIS AID.

The farmer is a person of remarkable conditions. His office is precise and important, and it is of an unobtrusive nature...

The boys who watch the spindles in the English factories, to see that no thread breaks or gets entangled, are called "minders."

Who are the farmers' agents? Not the Irish, no, but geology, chemistry, the quarry of the air, the water of the brook, the lightning of the cloud...

Let him be an example for you, my friends. Lord bless the penitent delinquent.

Pike's Peak Gold Reports.

Leavenworth, July 4. The Times publishes a communication from the gold region, June 17, considerably later than previous advices...

Activity prevailed at Denver City, and the effects of the late prostration had entirely disappeared.

The mysterious lady who challenged Paul Morphy to a private game of chess, which she played with such wonderful spirit and perseverance...

The young lady who fell in love was ever recovered, or did she, sinking into the unfathomable depths of matrimony.

THE SNYDER CASE. A CARD.

When strange, unusual, as all unfortunate events occur, it would be quite remarkable did not false spots and blunders follow in their wake...

Had this been a case involving pecuniary considerations only, no notice would have been taken of the event; but involving as it does the dearest rights of an American citizen...

Mrs. E. P. Snyder, wife of E. P. Snyder, on the 17th of April last, died of premature labor, induced by her debilitated condition...

She was taken from Mattoon, Coles county, Ills., when she died, to Sullivan, Montrie county, Ills., where she was interred. Shortly after her interment it began to be whispered in a confidential way...

After nearly everybody had been made a confidant, Mr. Sowell Green, by virtue of his relation to the deceased, deemed it expedient to have the thing settled...

On the morning of the 29th, the accused, in charge of Deputy B. E. Haydon, accompanied by his counsel, C. B. Steele Esq., and A. L. Kellar, proceeded to Mattoon...

Dr. Chapman being called, testified, "Knew Mrs. Snyder sometime before her death—was called to see her as physician—treated her for Gastritis, or inflammation of the stomach..."

"Why you had your hair parted in de middle, you swell nigger?"

"Kase it is de fashion and all what spects demselves, you bald-headed embodiment ob blackin' you."

"Gibe it up."

"My hair is parted in de middle, and you'n is departed! all over."

"He wants you to lead her your life-preserver?"

"Oh, no, she is terribly sick with de fever, de doctor thinks she must die, so she wants to borrow your life-preserver, and see what good it will do."

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Probate Notice. Estate of David Walker, deceased. The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the estate of David Walker, late of the county of Montrie, and state of Illinois, deceased...

SHERIFF'S SALE. BY virtue of an execution directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Montrie county in the state of Illinois...

Probate Notice. Estate of G. R. Cunningham, deceased. The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the estate of G. R. Cunningham, late of the county of Montrie and state of Illinois, deceased...

Probate Notice. Estate of Solomon Penwell deceased. The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the estate of Solomon Penwell, late of the county of Montrie and state of Illinois, deceased...

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Probate Notice. Estate of Solomon Penwell deceased. The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the estate of Solomon Penwell, late of the county of Montrie and state of Illinois, deceased...

SHERIFF'S SALE. BY virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Montrie county, in the state of Illinois...

Probate Notice. Estate of William T. Nayworthy, deceased. The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the estate of William T. Nayworthy, late of the county of Montrie and state of Illinois, deceased...

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The Sullivan Express

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

J. H. Waggoner, Editor & Proprietor. VOL. II. SULLIVAN, ILL., FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1859. NO. 41.

BUSINESS CARDS.

TAKE NOTICE!!

THE undersigned would inform the citizens of Moultrie and adjoining counties, that he is still in the Marble Business; and prepared to furnish all kinds, shapes, or fashions of MONUMENTS AND SLABS on short notice, and a little cheaper than they can be got from any body else in the West. Remember I am constantly canvassing the country, and will sell you work and bring it to you. Don't be imposed on by others, for I will give you a call soon. Work done at Shelbyville Ill. May '59.-83ly REUBEN ADKINS.

STRATTON & HUBBARD,

WHOLESALE GROCERIES & DRY GOODS, CARPETS, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, STRAW GOODS &c. Decatur Ill. 5tf.

Retiring!

Having concluded to quit the Goods business I am desirous of disposing of my entire stock of goods, at wholesale prices, or EVEN LESS than first cost for CASH. Now is the time to get cheap goods. This is no humbug; come and see. J. E. EDEN. July 15th 1859. 41 3m.

New Meat Market!

Donly Patterson opens a new meat house on next Tuesday, in a room three doors east of Snyder's Store. He has employed an expert butcher, and intends keeping regular hours every Tuesday and Saturday. He is determined to please all who may call on him with the best of meat, and at the most reasonable prices. Call on him twice a week. July 15th 1859.—841

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the State of Illinois, in favor of David Patterson, and against William B. Porter and John A. Freeland, I have levied upon the following described land, to-wit: Beginning at the stake 574 feet north of the n e cor of a s e q sec 2 T 13 N R 5 east; thence west 230 feet, thence north 200 feet, thence east 200 feet, thence south 200 feet, enclosing a piece of 200 feet square. As the property of the said John A. Freeland, which I shall offer at public sale at the Court House door in Sullivan, in said State, on the 30th day of July, A. D. 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution. J. THOMASON, Sheriff. no 40 3w By B B Haydon, deputy.

AFFIDAVIT OF THE NON-RESIDENCE OF THE DEFENDANT.

James Jones, having been filed in the office of the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the State of Illinois, notice is hereby given to the said defendant, James Jones, that said complainant filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, on the 11th day of July, 1859, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against said defendant, returnable on the 3d Monday of September next, as is required by law. Now, unless you, the said James Jones, shall personally be and appear before the said circuit court of Moultrie county, on the first day of the next term thereof, to be held in Sullivan in said county, on the 3d Monday in September 1859, and plead answer or demur to the said complainant's bill of complaint, the same, and the matters and things therein contained will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill. ANNOLO THOMASON, Clerk. A. Thornton Solicitor. July 15th 1859. 41 4w [pr. fee \$6.00]

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the State of Illinois, in favor of Abraham B. Hostetter, and against John E. Maddux, I have levied upon the following described land, to-wit: Lot 8 in block 1, in Green & Taylor's addition to the town of Lexington, as the property of the said John E. Maddux, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan in said state, on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution. JOSEPH THOMASON, Sheriff. July 15 41 4w By B B Haydon, dep.

SULLIVAN EXPRESS.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

J. H. WAGGONER, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:—\$1.50 In Advance.

LEGAL ADVERTISING.

Probate notices, fifteen lines or less, six insertions 4.00. Same 2, or 2 1/2 squares, 6 in., 4.50. All other legal advertising \$1 per square, for the first, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. ***Money in advance in all cases.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM M. DRIGGS.

A ladie lovd' a wiflu youth
Luv'e's power wha did na care to pruve,
"Ha! ha!" the ladie cried—"in sooth,
He kens na how to luv'e!"

The ladie pic'd a crimson flower,
It peaked, it pined, it gan to fa—
"For oh!" she cried, "in maidens bower,
Dear luv'e is more than a'!"

But vain to soothe is grandeur's power—
The steed neighed loudly in his sta',
The ladie fled her father's tower—
"Nae luv'e is warse than a'!"

The youth he peaked, the youth he pined,
The youth he loitered in the ha',
Then sang a birdie in the wind,
"Dear luv'e is more than a'!"

The bird sang high—the bird sang low—
The bird sang on the castle wa',
The youth he kissed his saddle-bow,
And o'er the hills a'wa;

He rode by tower, he rode by tower,
My ladie's tears ha, ceased to fa';
An' sings she now in bridal bower,
"Dear luv'e is more than a'!"

THE PRISONER'S CHILD.

BY MRS. MARY DENNISON.

It was early morning.
"Is this the way to Sing Sing?"
"Yes," roughly replied a brown faced countryman, and passed on.

It was afternoon. The child was somewhat fragile in her appearance. Her bonnet was of broken straw, her shoes were much torn, the sun played on her tender forehead. She walked on an hour longer.

"Is this the way to Sing Sing?"
"Yes, little girl, but what are you going there for?"

The child trudged on, her lip quivering, not deigning to answer the pleasant faced old man who had stopped her jogging of his horse to note her hurried manner, and who liked that little face, anxious and sad as it was.

The day was falling. Kate had fallen too almost. A rough stone that lay by the way, imbedded in moss, received her tired little frame. She looked so wearied and aged, sitting there, her tangled hair falling on her hands that were clasped over her face. By the shaking of her frame, the tears were coming, too, and she was bravely trying to hold them back.

"Why what is this dear little girl doing here?"

The exclamation came from a pair of eager young lips.

"A curiosity, I declare!" exclaimed a harsher voice, and Katy looked up suddenly, cowered away from the sight of the pretty young girl, and her agreeable looking companion.

"What are you doing here little girl?" asked Nell Maywood, moving a little nearer to the frightened child.

"Going to Sing Sing," said Katy in a scared way.

"Did you ever, George, this child is going to Sing Sing, why it's ten miles off. Child did you know that it was so far off?"

Katy shook her head and wiped away the hot and heavy tears, one by one.

"Why, yes, you poor little goose,

What are you going to Sing Sing for? Have you had your supper?"
Katy shook her head.
"Have you had any dinner?"
Again the sad child shook her head.
"Nor breakfast? Why George the poor little thing must be almost starved."
"I should think so," mechanically replied her brother, just recovering from a yawn, and showing signs of sympathy.
"Look here! What's your name?"
"Katy."
"Well, Katy, you must come up to the house and get something to eat. Going to Sing Sing on foot, dear me, how ridiculous! Follow me, Katy, and we'll take care of you to-night, somehow, and see about your going to Sing Sing to-morrow."
Katy followed. What a glorious vision burst upon her view. The palace house, the rocks reddening in a low western sun, the shining river, the signs of luxury on every hand.

They walked up a wide avenue. Elms and oaks threw their branches on each side, here and there a flower bunch might be seen, vines grew around the noble pillars, twisting up to the glittering windows.

"Susan, give this poor child a good supper; she is hungry, and tired, too, I imagine. After that I will see what can be done for her."
Susan wore a mild face. She looked pleasantly down at the poor, tired little one, and taking her hand, which trembled now, led her to the kitchen. Meanwhile her story, or the brief part of it which we know, was being told in the drawing room. The sylph like figure in white lounging gracefully in the midst of delicate cushions, accompanied her narration with expressive gestures, and now and then a little laugh.

"I should like to know what she is going to Sing Sing for? I must get her something to wear—a bonnet, a pair of shoes—and then maybe we can manage to have her carried some way, if her mission is of any importance. Oh! such an odd looking thing. "Who is that my daughter?"

"Oh, papa, you have come home. Why, I was talking about the mite of a child, she cannot be more than ten years old, it that I saw her out here sitting on a moss rock, the most forlorn object. She says she is going to Sing Sing."

"I met her on the way," said the pleasant faced old man; "she asked me about it, and I would have stopped her, but she trudged on. Where is she? It was noon when I saw her."

"In the kitchen, papa. Susan is taking good care of her; I expect, and when she has had a hearty supper we will talk with her."

A gay trio of young girls came. The nettings were put up, the gas burned brightly, and music and mirth banished all thought and care. Suddenly Nell Maywood remembered the little odd figure, and clapping her hands cried, "Oh, I've got something to show you girls," and disappeared.

Susan was picking gooseberries in the pantry in the kitchen.

"Where is the child, Susy?" asked Nell Maywood.

"On the doorstep, Miss," Susan replied, picking away.

"Why no, Susan, there's nobody out there, nobody to be seen."

"Yes, Miss," Susan placed her pan down, held her apron up to catch the stems of the berries, and walked deliberately to the door. "Why she sat here sometime after supper. I thought she was a very quiet child, but she's gone. Let me see—there

ain't any silver around—I should be afeard she'd took something; they are mighty artful."
"Why didn't you tell her she might stay all night?" Nell Maywood was peeping here and there to spy her if possible.

"Yes Miss Nell, and told her what a good bed there was over the wood shed, but she looked strange out of them large eyes of hers, and never seemed to hear."
"The poor child is in trouble, said Nell, quite sorrowful that she could not relieve her necessities. "I'd have given her something to wear, and we could have sent her to Sing Sing, but perhaps she will come back again; if so, will you send her to me?"

"If she does, I will Miss," answered Susan, going at the gooseberries again.

But little Kate did not come back. She had been watching her opportunity to get off, and had already been gone some time. She slept in the open field, crawled into some hay; she would have walked all night if she had dared, but she was afraid of the darkness.

"Mr. Warden there is a queer case over at my house," said a bluff-looking fellow, meeting the warden of the Sing Sing prison. "We found her last night in some out-of-the-way place and nothing must do but my wife must take her in. We can't find out her name, except that it is Katy, and I expect she wants to see somebody in the prison. But we can't get anything out of her, where she came from or anything about her."

"Bring her over here," said the warden. "My wife is wanting a little girl for help, maybe she's just the one."

So Katy stood trembling more than ever, in a few moments in the presence of the warden and jailor. Katy was a pretty child. Her large blue eyes wore an expression of intense melancholy; her hair had been combed and curled, and some one had put a good pair of shoes on her feet.

"Well, my little girl," said the warden kindly, for he was prepossessed in her favor, "where have you come from?"

"New York," said the child faintly.

The men looked at each other most incredulously.

"Do you mean to say you came to Sing Sing from New York on foot?"

"Yes sir," said the child, frightened at his manner, which had in it something of severity.

"What have you come for?"

"To see my father," the child burst forth with one great sob, and for a moment her frame was shaken with a tempest of feeling.

"And who is your father," asked the Warden kindly.

"He is Mr. Lloyd," said the child as soon as she could speak for her rushing sobs.

The warden looked at the jailor.

"Lloyd—there are three Lloyds here, Jim, Bondy and Dick."

"That may not be their proper ones," responded the warden.

"That's so," said the jailor, "but I can't try 'em all. Little one, was your father's name Jim?"

The child nodded her head, or they thought she did, she was all convulsed by the reaction brought on by the termination of her journey.

"If it's Jim, he's a bad one," said the jailor in a low voice, "he is in irons this morning for attempting to break jail. He don't deserve a little girl to look that one, the villain. Come, child, I'll go and find your father."

He took Katy's shaking hand, with the other she dashed the tears away as fast as she fell. It frightened her

almost into madness to see the ponderous door at which the jailor applied the key, and the stillness of the lone stone passages, the dimness thrown over all, the constant succession of bare and black walls, was terrible to a sensitive mind like hers. How the heavy tread of the jailor, and the tread of the warden behind him, echoed through the gloom and space. It was in truth a great tomb through which they moved—a tomb in which were confined living hearts whose throbs could almost be heard in the awful stillness. On, on they went, now through this massive door, now through that passage way. Everything spoke of crime, of fierce passions subdued and held in stern control; everything from the grim face of the ferocious watch dog to the sentinels armed. Then they turned and went up the stairs, the jailor holding the scared bird close to his side with a tender clasp, the warden following. Another tramp, and at last they came to a stand still. The jailor rapped at a cell door. Slowly a man with a harsh, hair covered face appeared.

"Here's your little girl come to see you," said the jailor.

"Little girl? hum, you're green," said the man in grim accents, "I've no little girl or you wouldn't catch me here."

"Father," said the childish voice. It sounded so sweetly, so childish, in that terrible prison. But as the scowling face came closer to the bars, the child hid her head quickly in the jailor's arms, half sobbing; it was not him.

"We'll try the next one," He walked further on, and spoke more pleasantly this time. "Well, Bondy, here is little Katy; don't you want to see her?"

"Little Katy!" There was a long pause. "I had a Katy once—not a little Katy—I broke her heart—God pity me. Go on, it can't be for me."

Again the sweet voice rang out.

"Father," the prisoners came up to the bars; a youthful face, framed with light wavy hair, a face in which the blue eyes looked innocent; a face that seemed a sin to couple with a foul deed, gazed out. He saw the child's earnest, pleading, tearful eyes, a dark expression rowed like a wave across his brow; a groan, he staggered against his bed, crying,

"Take her away; I can't stand anything like that."

Katy had hidden her face a second time, as she feebly cried, "It isn't him!" so they kept on to the third cell.

"Jim, here's a little girl, little Katy, your daughter, wants to see you."

A stupid "what came from the bed, the man probably just awakened."

"Your little daughter,"

There was a sound of rattling iron that made the child shiver. Dimly appeared the face and outlines of a well made man—the countenance handsome but evil. He seemed not to comprehend. But as fast as his chain would permit him, he came forward and looked out at the young face below. It was almost too much for the child. With a loud convulsive cry, she exclaimed "Father! father!" and fell nearly senseless against the jailor.

"Katy!" exclaimed the man, and there was a nervous twitching about muscles of the mouth. "What in heaven's name brought you here?"

The jailor was recalling the child to consciousness, but she was so fast asleep that she could not hear him.

"Shall we let her come in the cell?" asked the warden.

Jim was dashing his hand across

his face. A smothered "yes" issued from his lips. They opened the ponderous door, and out she went. Her arms were outstretched, his were wide open, and they came together with a clanking sound about the form of that poor little child.

"O, father!" "O, Katy, Katy!" and then there was a quiet crying.

By and by the man lifted the little head whose glossy curls were falling on his shoulders. After a moment's irresolution he kissed her, and then his head fell under her earnest loving look.

"Katy what made you come?"

"I wanted to see you, father," and the head was on his shoulder again.

"How did you come, Katy? never mind the noise, they are looking up; they will be here again and let you out. How did you come, Katy?"

"I walked here."

"From New York, child?"

"Yes, father!"

There was no sound save that of the chains as he strained her to his bosom.

"And how did you leave—her Katy—your mother?"

The question was fearlessly asked, but not responded to. He gazed eagerly in the child's face; her little lips were quivering, and his eyes were like sparks.

"Katy, tell me quick."

A groan, a terrible groan followed, the convicts fell into the lap of his child, and he wept with strong cries. The jailor and the warden said they never saw a sight so woful. And the child tried to comfort him, till his strength seemed to be gone, and his sobs were like gasps.

"Oh, Katy, when did she die? Oh, my poor May, my poor girl!"

"Ever so long ago, I guess ever so many weeks," replied the child, "but she told me to come and see you, and comfort you."

"O, God! this is hard! she always forgave me."

"She told me to pray for you, too, she told me to ask you if you would be real good after you got out, and meet her in heaven!"

"In Heaven, in heaven I'll comfort the man, giving away again to his agony. The child was angel guided. Her soft touch was better for his soul's good, than stripes, and the chains. He had been hardened; her little love had melted down the adamant, had found the locked up good in his nature, and she had sent her sweet smiles through the prison door. Long he sat there, his head in the lap of his quiet child, none dared disturb them. The jailor and the warden walked to and fro.

"Father when you come out I'll take care of you."

He raised his head, his eyes red with weeping, were fastened on her face.

"Mother said I might."

"God's blessing on you, my angel child; you may save your miserable father."

"I will save you father."

The warden cleared his throat, the jailor spoke roughly to one of his prisoners, it was to hide their emotion.

"You had better come now, he added going to the child.

"Katy, you must go, will you come again any child?"

"Can't I stay?"

"No, dear, but you, shall come and see me again."

They took her very gently from the dark cell she sobbed very quietly. In the warden's room stood a very pleasant faced old man, with white hair, and a few wrinkles on his forehead.

"I have come after that little girl," he said. "She must go home with me. I'll take good care of her, and when her father comes out, if he's a mind to behave himself, I'll give him plenty to do. Besides that, I'll bring her on once a week to see him. What say you little one, will you go with me?"

And good old Maywood stroked her hair as he said, playfully, "Poor child."

Reader, ten miles from Sing Sing, there is a little cottage occupied by a laborious man and daughter. Little Katy is fulfilling the commands of her dying mother. She is taking care of her father, and he, thank God, is taking care of himself.

Men respect him and God has too given him all sorts of comforts.

Evie's Warming Omelette. It is reported that in the condition of an old chicken, in Spain, or Cornwall, an antique glass jar was found, which contained a large piece of Evie's Warming Omelette! It had become almost tasteless through extreme age.

