

The Sullivan Express.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTEREST OF MOULTRIE COUNTY

J. H. Waggoner,

"THE UNION MUST BE PRESERVED."

Editor & Proprietor.

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 Several bbls. of Old Copper-distilled Bourbon Whiskey, bought in old Bourbon Co., Ky., warranted pure from the Still, for sale by
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WANTED!
5,000 BUSHELS OF CORN, for which I will pay the highest market price in goods at cash prices; also, will take corn on old debt. So bring it right along!
 J. E. EDEN.
 Sullivan, March 15, 1860.

Never Say Fail.
 Keep pushing—'tis wiser Than sitting aside, And dreaming and sighing, And waiting the tide. In life's earnest battle, They only prevail Who daily march onward And never say fail!

With an eye ever open, A tongue that's not dumb, And a heart that will never To sorrow succumb, You'll battle and conquer, Though thousands assail; How strong and how mighty Who never say fail!

Ahead, then—keep pushing, And elbow your way, Unheeding the envious— All asses that bray; All obstacles that vanish, All enemies that quail In the night of their wisdom Who never say fail!

A RICH STORY.
 A long time ago in the western part of England, there lived an aged couple, whose life had passed away since early youth, in the every day round of farm life, and who had never been known to have the least ill feeling towards each other from the day when the good old Pason Heriot had united them in the holy bonds of wedlock, twenty-five years before. So well was the fact of their conjugal happiness known that they were spoken of far and near, as the happiest pair in England. Now the Devil (excuse the abrupt mention of this name) had been trying for twenty years to create what is called "a fuss in the family," between those old companions. But much to his mortification, he had not been able to induce the old gentleman to grumble about breakfast being late or the old lady give a single curtain lecture.

After repeated efforts the Devil became discouraged, and had he not been a person of great determination he would doubtless have given up the work in despair. One day as he was walking along in a very surly mood, after another attempt to get the old lady quarrel about the pigs getting into the yard he met an old woman, a near neighbor of the aged couple.— As Mr. Devil and the neighbor were very particular friends they must stop on the way and chat a little.

"Good morning sir," said she, "and pray what on earth makes you look so badly this beautiful morning, isn't the controversy between the churches doing good service?"
 "Yes."
 "Isn't Deacon W. making plenty of bad Whiskey?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, what is the matter my highly honored master?"
 "Everything else is going on well enough replied the Devil, "but," and here he looked as sour as a monkey on a crabapple tree. "Old Blueford and his wife, over here, are injuring the cause terribly by their bad example and after trying for years to induce them to do better, I must say I consider them hopeless."

The hag stood a moment in deep thought. "Are you sure you have tried every way?"
 "Every way I can think of."
 "Are you certain?"
 "Yes."
 "Well," replied she, "if you will promise to make me a present of a new pair of shoes, in case I succeed I will make the attempt myself, and see if I can't raise a quarrel between them."
 To this reasonable request the Devil gladly assented. The hag went her way to the neighbor Blueford's house, and found Mrs. Blueford engaged in getting things ready for her husband's comfort on his return from work.— After the usual compliments had passed the following dialogue took place:
 "Well friend, B. you and Mr. B. have lived a long time together."
 "Five and twenty years, come November," said Mrs. Blueford.
 "And in all this time you have never had the least quarrel."
 "Not one."
 "I am truly glad to hear it," continued the hag. "I consider, it my duty to warn you. Though this is the case, you must not expect it to be always. Have you not observed that of late Mr. B. has grown peevish and sullen at times?"
 "A very little so," observed Mrs. B.
 "I know it," continued the hag, "and let me warn you in time to be on your guard."
 Mrs. Blueford did think she had better do so, and asked advice as to how she ought to manage the case.
 "Have you noticed that your husband has a bunch of long harsh hair growing on a mole under his chin on the side of his throat?"
 "Yes."
 "These are the cause of the trouble, and as long as they remain you had better look out. Now, as a friend, I would advise you to cut it off the first time you get a chance, and thus end the trouble."
 Soon after the hag started for home and made it convenient to meet Mr. B., on the way. Much the same talk in relation to his domestic happiness, passed between him and the old woman.
 "But friend Blueford," said she "I think it my duty as a Christian, to warn you to be on your guard, for I tell you your wife means your ruin."
 Old Mr. B., was very much astonished, yet he could not wholly discredit her words. When he reached home he threw himself on a bed in perplexity, and feigning sleep, studied the matter in his own mind. His wife thinking this a good opportunity for cutting off the obnoxious hair, took her husband's razor and went softly to his side. Now the old lady was frightened at holding a razor so close to her husband's neck, and her hand was not so steady as it once was; so, between the two, she worked very awkwardly, and pulled the hair instead of cutting it off. B. opened his eyes and there stood his wife with a razor at his throat! After what had been told, and seeing this, he could not doubt but that she intended to murder him. He sprang from the bed in horror, and no explanation or entreaty could convince him to the contrary, so, from that time forth there was law, jaw, quarrel and wrangling all the time.
 With delight the Devil heard of the success of the fatal emissary, and sent her word that if she would meet him at the end of the lawn, at a certain time he would pay her the shoes.
 At the appointed time she repaired to the spot and found the Devil at the place. He put the shoes on the end of a long pole, and standing on the

opposite side of the fence, handed them over to her. She was very much pleased with them, they were exactly the article.
 "But there is one thing Mr. Devil that I would like to have explained: that is why you hand them to me on a stick?"
 "Very easy to explain," replied he, "any one who has the cunning and meanness to do what you have done, don't get nearer than twenty feet of me." So saying he fled in terror.
 After a while the old woman died, and when she applied for admittance to the lower regions, the Devil would not let her in, for fear she would de-throne him, as she was so much his superior. So the old woman is yet compelled to wander over the world, creating quarrels and strife to peaceful families and neighborhoods.
 Would you know her name?
 It is Madam Scandal. When she died, young Scandalizers were left orphans but the Devil, in consideration of past services done by their mother, adopted them, and so you see he is the father of the respectable class called scandal mongers.

POLICY MEN.—There are those who act from motives of policy. They would like to sin, perhaps, but it is too expensive; so they had better not sin—that's the idea. Now, in some respects, this meanness has a little good in it—is, at least, beneficial to community, because men are restricted a little. A man says, "I had better be honest because it pays, every lie sticks out its ugly head, and exposes me at last, and in one way or another I get a bad odor among men." It is a contemptible way of living in your business. This being honest because it is the best policy—or doing better because it will pay—is itself a wretched moral condition. There is, to be sure, a recognition of law,—a certain show of service; but I tell you what it is, I am more afraid of the sneaking knaves than of the bold ruffians.

The Last of his Race.
 It may not be generally known that upon the Lake shore in the extreme North-west portion of the adjoining county of Ottawa, still reside a remnant of an Indian tribe who once inhabited Ohio. There are now but twelve there. Others who wintered there are now in Canada, but expect to return in the fall.— They still retain most of the peculiar habits and customs of their once powerful ancestors. They live in wigwams, and for subsistence depend upon the gun and fishing with the hook. They have a few acres of land cleared which they cultivate in a rude manner. A few apple trees are growing upon their ground, the scrubby appearance of which show the want of cultivation. They own a few cattle, but to which of the band they belong they are unable to tell. One man, aged about fifty years, says he was born and has always resided there. This is the last of the race now permanently residing in the State of Ohio.—Sandusky Register.

John D. Deere's, writing from Washington to the Indianapolis Journal (his old paper) says:
 Twenty years ago he was a looker on at the doings of Congress. The two men who attracted the most attention were William Coat Johnson, of Maryland, and Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky. They were the most brilliant orators—the observed of all observers." Mr. Johnson died in this city a few days ago. We are informed that Mr. Marshall is an inmate of a hospital at Buffalo, diseased and miserable, and about to die. Intemperance, of course, is the cause of all this.

Some slanderer asserts that paper-makers are the greatest magicians of the age, inasmuch as they transfer beggars' rags into sheets for editors to "lie" on.

From the Cleveland Plaindealer.
The First Prize Fight.
 The Heenan and Sayers fight for the championship of the hemispheres has taken place, and the interesting details have been read. The contest has excited vast attention all over the world, and everything pertaining to the prize ring, since the establishment of that benign and elevating institution, has been eagerly read, far and wide. Many accounts of the first prize fight have been given to the public, but they were all of so contradictory and unsatisfactory a character, that but little reliance could be placed upon them. We therefore deem it our duty to publish a reliable account of the first ring fight. Besides it is important at this time, when the P. R. is the all absorbing question, that a correct and impartial report of the first prize fight be placed on record.

The fight occurred several years since in Ephesus—dammin between Goliath, who occupied the same position among his followers as Mr. Thomas Hyer does among his at the present day, and David a celebrated champion of light weights. Dave as he was familiarly called, was backed by the Children of Israel, while the Philistines went it strong on Old Goli.— Goli, was a powerful man, and had been in active training for quite a period. He was anxious to damage the constitution of some son of Israel, of fering ten to one, without takers, that he drew the first blood, got the first knock down and licked.

The Philistines, being the blooded sporting men of the time, shook their money in the faces of the men of Israel, and taunted them in the most stinging manner. Goli, abandoned all legitimate employment, and commenced traveling on his muscle exclusively; and one day, while some what inebriated, he actually marched out into the valley, and boldly requested all Israel to "wade in." It must be confessed that Mr. G., intoxicated as he was, showed splendid nerve in thus defying all Israel. He was six cubits and a span in height, and otherwise well proportioned. He cried out unto the armies of Israel, "Why don't some of you fellows come out here? Send out your fighting men!— Don't you see me here all alone, and spilling' for a fight?" or words to that effect. He furthermore stated that he could save in the heads of any number of Israel's men in a remarkably short space of time. He likewise asseverated, in clarion tones, that nothing could possibly so enhance his fealty as to introduce a stupendous number of heart-rending funerals among the leading families of Israel. Growing bolder and bolder as the liquor worked in his head, he asked, as an especial favor, that several thousand of the game men of the land "peel" and come forth at once, bringing with them several two-horse wagons in which to carry off the dead.

The men of Israel, it would seem, were not particular anxious to grapple with old Goli, as the boys delighted in calling him, for they kept at a proper distance. But at last David, who had acquired a small reputation as a champion of the local light weights in Israel, became sick of this impudent blowing on the part of Old Goli, and resolved to go forth himself, all alone, and have a set-to with that gigantic leader of the Philistine fancy. His friends did all in their power to dissuade him from (what they regarded as) his mad purpose, but all of no avail. Efforts were indeed made to give him over to the police and have him locked up in the station house for intended disturbance, but the police in that day closeness, resembled the police of the present day, could never be found when a pow was on hand. So little Dave "peeled" and went forth. Old Goli, laughed outright when he saw the little man a-coming, and sarcastically yelled to the men of Israel on the mountain to send out some more of their infants, facetiously adding that he wouldn't spank them very hard.— He then took a tremendous chaw of plug tobacco, and leaned up against a tree, and asked Dave, addressing the little man as "Sonny," what he wanted? Does-e little lummy-pummy like a little rocking-horse ossy? Thus contemptly did Goli address David. "No," said David, "I mean business. I have come to fight. Let the ropes be put up, bottle holders chosen, and all preliminaries arranged."— The giant was dumfounded. Could he believe his eyes? He looked at the unflinching David again, and was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the accuracy of his optics. Remark-

ing that he had, during the time he had adored this terrestrial sphere, witnessed several demonstrations of a somewhat astonishing character, but that this completely "knocked the socks" off everything that had ever before come under his immediate observation. Mr. Goliath summoned his seconds from the Philistines, while little Dave called his from among the men of Israel.
 We are unable, at this late day, to give minute details of the rounds. In the first round Goliath got his buch of fives handsomely into Dave's mug, somewhat disfigured his emeller, and drove him to the ropes. On time being called for the second round, both came to the scratch in good order, though the knowing ones observed a slight shakiness in little Dave's under-pinnings. Goliath alanced him and would have pounded him to death, notwithstanding the loud and angry criea of "foul" on both sides, had not David drew a sling shot and hit the giant in the head. The giant fell, and David drew his sword and cut off his (Mr. G's) head. The head Philistine bottle holder throw up the sponge, and then took to his heels, closely followed by the other Philistines. And this was the first prize fight of which we have any record. It was different from the fights of this our day.— That was a fight of right against might, the right winning, as it always must in the end; while the ring combats of to-day are fought for filthy money, and by men who are very little superior to the brutes of the field.

Four Great Men.
 It is a remarkable fact that the career of four the most renowned characters that ever lived, closed with some mournful and violent death. Alexander, after having climed the dizzy heights of ambition, and his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down on a conquered world, and wept that there was not another for him to conquer, sets a city on fire and died in a scene of debauch.
 Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, after having put to flight the armies of the world and stripped bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundations quake—led from his country being chased by one of those who once exultingly united his name to that of God, and called him Hannibal—died at last by poison, administered with his own hand—unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.
 Caesar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his clothes in the blood of one million of hisfoes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by these he considered his friends, and in that very attachment of which had been his greatest ambition.
 Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with blood and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment; almost literally exiled from the world, yet he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not or would not bring him aid.
 Thus four men, who from the peculiar situation of their portraits seem to stand as the representative of all those whom the world called great—those four, who each in turn, made the earth tremble to its very center by their simple tread, eventually died—one by intoxication, or as some suppose, by poison mingled in wine—one by suicide—one murdered by his friends, and one a lonely exile.

—At the late election in Rhode Island the city of Providence gave a large Democratic majority. What cause have we to fear while Providence is on our side?
 —An old soldier, born in Boston in 1763, named Vaughn, who was at the battle of Lexington and other conflicts of the Revolution, died in Florida recently.
 "Dear Laura, what we were courting you were very dear to me, but now you are my wife, and I am paying your bills, you seem to get dearer and dearer."

What is thought of him—The Republican nomination for the Presidency.

The Republican convention at Chicago have nominated Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for President of the United States—a third rate western lawyer. This is a complete defeat of Seward, who was fairly entitled to the nomination from the party which is of his own creation.

The result was brought about by the intrigues of Horace Greeley and old Blair, of Silver Springs, who, though they could not obtain the nomination for Maline Bates, their first love, yet prevented the success of the apostle, of the higher law, and got a man whom they can mould to their personal purposes more readily than Mr. Seward.

The conduct of the Republican party in this nomination is a remarkable indication of small intellect, growing smaller: They pass over Seward, Chase, and Banks, who are statesmen and able men, and they take up a fourth rate lecturer, who cannot speak good grammar, and who, to raise the wind, delivers his hackneyed, illiterate compositions at \$200 apiece.

We are just receiving and opening our Spring Stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, etc.

The best selected stock we have ever brought to this city, including nearly everything usually kept in the country.

We adhere strictly to the CASH SYSTEM, giving equal advantages to all persons. With us the poor man's DOLLAR will buy as many goods as the rich man's; and by selling for Cash only or for PRODUCE at CASH prices we can afford to sell at one HALF THE PROFITS.

THE ONLY OTHER THING for which Lincoln has been distinguished besides his itinerant lecturing is his defeat by Douglas in his own State, at a time when the ticket of the Republican party have five thousand majority over Democracy in Illinois.

STOVES AND TINWARE. All those wishing to buy stoves for cash would do well to give me a call before looking elsewhere.

The Charter Oak, The Elevated Oven, The Pride of the East, The Comet Air-Tight, The Empire Stove.

CASH STORE! SPRING GOODS! We are just receiving and opening our Spring Stock of Dry Goods.

PRODUCE at CASH prices we can afford to sell at one HALF THE PROFITS.

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. JOHN BAUM, WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity.

WATCHES & JEWELRY. JOHN BAUM, WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity.

CLOCKS. JOHN BAUM, WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity.

PROP. WOOD'S HAIR RESTORETIVE. UNRIVALLED IN MARKET, WITH IMMENSE DEMAND.

IF YOUR HAIR IS GRAY, OR IF YOUR HAIR IS THIN, OR IF YOU ARE BALD, IT WILL RESTORE IT.

AT a splendid dinner, an atheist was denying the existence of God because he could not see him.

Charles H. Allen, a young man, of Binghamton, N. Y. committed suicide, a day or two since, by taking laudanum.

FAMILY GROCERY AND OYSTER SALOON! I take this method of informing my old friends and the public generally.

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

GROCERIES, which I propose to sell as cheap as any other house in town; consisting of Sugar, Molasses, Spices, Cinnamon, Ginger, Soap, Fine Cigars, And White Coffee, Starch, Soda, Peppr, Salt, Tobacco, Mackerel, Fish.

THE WESTERN FRMER'S MAGAZINE. (MONTHLY.) Chicago, Illinois. By Birdsall Bros.

McCLURE'S Fancy Candies are going very fast. Call and get something while it can be had.

EDEN & MIEKKE, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Having formed a partnership will attend to all professional business entrusted to them.

JOHN F. BIRCH. Will make work on the Shortest Notice, to suit customers.

Pay Your Taxes!! Notice is hereby given that I will sell for cash in hand at the court-house in Sullivan, Monticello county, on the 20th day of this month, for taxes, the following property.

A. B. LEE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND AGENT FOR THE Illinois Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Sullivan—Illinois.

QUEENWARE, GLASSWARE, NAILS, COLTON YARN, BATING WASH PAPER, MEDICINES, DYE STUFFS, & C. RUTHERFORD & CO.

Patent Medicines. THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

DR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst canker in the stomach. Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst kind of erysipelas.

One to three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of dyspepsia. I know from the experience of thousands that it has been caused by canker in the stomach.

Putrid and Fatal Humors which is the source of all diseases, and many a young man and woman in the BLOOM OF LIFE are wasting away.

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RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity.

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THAT THE STILL continues the CABINET MAKING BUSINESS at the Old Stand, North East side of the Public Square.

COFFINS! All sizes and qualities kept constantly on hand, and made to order on application.

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

GRAND Premium Depot. ZWECK & CO'S SADDLE SHOP!

HAVING associated together in the Saddle & Harness-making business, they are now ready to fill all orders in their line.

READY-MADE! Plain Harness, Fancy Harness, Buggy Harness, Lines & Bridles, & Martingales, Whips & halters.

JOB WORK done with neatness and dispatch. Prices to suit the times, and ALL WORK WARRANTED!

BUSINESS CARDS. TAKE NOTICE!! THIS undersigned would inform the citizens of Sullivan and adjoining counties.

New Goods at Eden's by the horse load.

Patent Medicines. VICTORIOUS OVER PAIN. BRAGG'S ARCTIC LINIMENT.

Agony or ease—Sickness or health—Life or death! These are the questions involved in the adoption or rejection of this specific.

THE AFFLICTED REJOICE. HUNDREDS and THOUSANDS have tested its virtues, and are rejoicing in freedom from long lingering PAIN and DISEASE.

THE MOTHER'S COMPANION. It cures Cakes in the Breast, Sore Nipples, sore Lips, Pimples, &c.

Extraordinary Announcement. Every purchaser of a dollar bottle of the ARCTIC LINIMENT receives, at Dr. Bragg's expense, the UNITED STATES JOURNAL.

WE DO NOT HESITATE TO ASSERT WHAT ALL ARE BY RESULTS, Compelled to Admit, Viz: That in Dr. Mann's Ague Balm we have a perfectly triumphant remedy.

READY-MADE! Messrs. S. K. Mann & Co., Gentlmen: Having procured a supply of your Ague Balm, and testing it thoroughly in many severe cases.

JOSEPH BUCHANAN, Druggist, Gallon, May 29th 1858.

Messrs. S. K. Mann & Co., Gentlmen:—I would say for the benefit of those suffering with chills, fever and ague, that I can confidently recommend your Ague Balm.

Garden seeds of all kinds, for sale low, at the Printing Office! Call early.