

# The Sullivan Express

DEPENDENT JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTEREST OF MOULTRIE COUNTY

"THE UNION MUST BE PRESERVED."

Proprietor.

SULLIVAN, ILL., THURSDAY, NOV. 1, 1860.

NO. 52.

**THE EXPRESS.**  
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
 BY THURSDAY  
 G. G. GONNER, PROPRIETOR.  
 \$4 In Advance.  
**ADVERTISING.**  
 One insertion, . . . . . 1 00  
 For each subsequent insertion, . . . . . 50  
**BUSINESS CARDS.**  
**THE NOTICER.**  
 I would inform the citizens of Moultrie county, that he has just received a large stock of new styles of fashions of  
**PLATE AND SLABS.**  
 and a little cheaper than they can get any where else in the West. He is constantly drawing the counsel of the best workmen and bringing it to you. Work done at Shelby's Ill. REUBEN ADKINS.  
**AN EFFECT.**  
**AGGOUCHER.**  
 The Eagle Brand of Pills  
 100 No. 100  
**FOR YOUR FEET DRY.**  
 received and for sale low for  
 a superior lot of  
**SHOES.**  
 and examine for yourself as we  
 charge you nothing for showing  
 J. E. BORN.

From the Chillicothe, (O.) Advertiser.  
**A SONG FOR IRVIN SCOTT.**  
 Here is a little song we desire Mr. Scott, (a negro) shall sing to his "hands," when at work on the road:

Oh, white man, take your coat off,  
 And work a little faster;  
 I is de superior digger,  
 I is de white man's master!

Dick Kroustap! What you doin' of? You lazy  
 John nigger!  
 Take hold ob dat ar mattock dar, and help de  
 andder digger!  
 You brudder Ah! hump de self you like, and  
 pid feller.  
 Or I will take de white man, and lamb you  
 till you better!  
 Oh, white man, roll de sleeve up,  
 And work a good deal faster,  
 I is de superior here—  
 I is de white man's master!

I likes to work de white folks,—I'm glad I's  
 de superior.  
 Dey need to call me "nigger," but de Court has  
 made 'em wiser.  
 Hurrah for de Republicans! by dem I was  
 elected.  
 And now de Locofocos say—"Tis just as we  
 expected!"  
 Dick Kroustap, take your coat off,  
 And Ah! shove faster!  
 I is de superior here—  
 I is de white man's master!

From the New York Weekly.  
**MY BROTHER JACK,**  
 AND  
**HIS RICH WIFE.**  
 BY MRS. E. G. LEWIS.

"Harry," said my mother, "there must be always one gentleman in a family. I have remarked it—some one to keep up its dignity and transmit their name to posterity. You, though my eldest son, are rough by nature; Peter is too pliant; but John, my pretty boy," said my mother, patting his curly head, "you shall go to college, and be a gentleman."

Now my good mother was the relief of a grocer, who, dying, left her "well to do in the world;" and having worn for three long years "weeds of the deepest hue," she wiped the last tear from her eye, and unpinning the trape collar from her neck, laid it by, feeling, in her inmost heart, that she had fulfilled her duty to the utmost—and had been afflicted beyond most mortals. It was the morning of her emancipation from these schools of woe, that we were called around her (as I have stated above) in order to portion out our several destinies.

As the eldest of the family, ventured to say:  
 "And Susie, mother; what will she be—a lady?"  
 "Nonsense, Harry," rejoined my mother. "She is mere child yet; but I shall order her from being the President's daughter to being the President's wife."  
 "But, mother, what will she be?"  
 "She is a sailor's daughter, and a sailor's daughter, I'll be bound, will be a sailor's daughter."  
 "But, mother, what will she be?"  
 "She is a sailor's daughter, and a sailor's daughter, I'll be bound, will be a sailor's daughter."  
 "But, mother, what will she be?"  
 "She is a sailor's daughter, and a sailor's daughter, I'll be bound, will be a sailor's daughter."

heir, and sister Susie's engagement to a Southern planter.  
 Ten years elapsed, and I heard no more. My letters remained unanswered; and becoming vexed at the apparent indifference of my family, I determined to write no more. I had now amassed an enormous fortune, but had the penalty of a life of luxury with a diseased liver. Not having formed any des to bind me here, a yearning for home created such a restless of mind and body, that it amounted almost to monomania.

So transmitting the bulk of my property to the United States, I took passage in the ship Dolphin, and after a pleasant voyage of five months, (our vessel being a slow sailer,) arrived in New York, and trod the streets of my native city, as a stranger. I had home a boy of seventeen—I returned a man of fifty years. Now I longed to see sister Susie and my aged mother, and my brothers. While eating my solitary breakfast at the hotel, I indulged in a thousand fancies as to their appearance. In John, I was to see a man of polished manners; of a fine portly bearing, and pleasant countenance. Peter—good, plain Peter; he, I was sure, could not alter; and pretty Susie was to be everything lovely, with that fascinating "Dolce far niente," so fascinating in a Southern woman's manners. A sudden whim seized me to visit them under a fictitious name. Acting on the spur of the moment, I called for Directory and found my brother Jack was the resident of a modern palace, in what was formerly the suburbs of the city, now the nucleus of all that was fashionable and wealthy. The name of my sister's husband I never knew, and Peter must have left New York, for I could not find his name in the Directory, nor my mother. Satisfied that I should get all necessary information from Jack, I determined to go to his house immediately, and preparing myself with a letter of introduction—written by myself—stating that Mr. Sampson, an agent for mercantile house in Canton, was about visiting New York, I begged my brother to pay him every attention. It is hardly necessary to say that Sampson was my "nom de guerre." The letter finished I folded it in due form, and putting it in my pocket, started for the upper part of the city. I found Jack's house—over the stone work of the door was carved the "coat of arms" of the gentleman of the family. The crest—a dove pierced by a falcon—had my good father been living, it would have been a cheesc supported by two red herring.

Leaning down a hearty laugh and rang the bell; a black fellow opened the door. On asking if Mr. Chandler was at home, an answer was given in the affirmative, and I was ushered through a suite of rooms into a well furnished library, where reclining in a luxuriant arm chair, I found Jack—handsome Jack no longer—but a lean withered old man, with all the foppish airs clinging to him.

He arose at my entrance, and glancing over my letter, assured me of his desire to make my visit to New York an agreeable one; asking many particulars as to his brother Harry, health and prospects, &c., all of which I answered in the most satisfactory manner.

He then asked me what I was doing for my living, and I told him I was a sailor, and a sailor, I'll be bound, will be a sailor's daughter.

er's death ten years ago?" said he.  
 Scarcely able to restrain my emotion I stammered out, "No—no!"  
 "My heavenly no, sir!" I exclaimed hurt and angry at his hard, cold manner in speaking of those so dear to me. He looked surprised but I went on—  
 "And Mr. Peter Chandler?"  
 "Oh, well—quite well! Really a worthy man—no incumbrance to his family. True, I seldom see him—tied to his Ledger—a capital book-keeper, and still a bachelor."

"Your sister, I presume, resides with you?"  
 "No, sir," was the curt answer. Mrs. Cleland's place of residence is unknown to me. I heard a rumor of her having joined her husband's relations South; but my dear Sampson, our walks in life were so different that my wife could not tolerate their circle of acquaintances, particularly after her ungrateful behavior. Nor would it have done to have drawn her and her family from their obscurity, making their poverty but the more glaring. Would you believe it, my wife procured an extremely eligible situation for Mrs. Cleland's eldest daughter, as nursery governess to a family going abroad, and I offered her eighty dollars a year for the maintenance of herself and child, but both our offers were rejected with scorn. I washed my hands of her and affairs. But let us talk of pleasanter things," continued he.

I felt like kicking him out of his luxuriant arm-chair, and fearful that my temper should get the better of me with the best grace I could assume I left the room, and did not breathe freely again until in the open air when I vented my feelings in sundry ejaculations, which drew the attention of the passers-by. Some one touched me on the arm; it was the black fellow who had opened the door for me.

"Sir," said he, "Mrs. Cleland lives in Spring street, two doors from the Bowery—a tenement house."  
 "Thank you, my good fellow," said I, giving him some money, and turned toward the Bowery, and soon found the house where he said my sister dwelt.

Tears started in my eyes as I thought over the past, and my poor mother's pride in her little Susan. I brushed them hastily away, and knocked at the door. A little girl, the image of my sister, opened it.

"Does Mrs. Cleland live here?" I asked.  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "Can I see her?"  
 "Yes, sir, please walk in." And she opened the door of a small room near the entrance. It was scrupulously clean, but unexpected; a pine table, a few chairs, a stove, and small looking glass comprised the furniture, with the exception of a few books on a shelf between the windows.

My sudden entrance started a female, who, with her back turned to the door, was washing her face. Her confusion was momentary. With the grace of a well-bred lady, she inquired me to sit down, and then introduced her little daughter for introduction.

"A gentleman to see you, mother."  
 "From your brother Harry, madam," said I.  
 The blood rushed to her forehead, and she turned to her husband.

him a home—and I will be so happy. I can work, and we will live together."  
 I jumped up and caught her hand, and sobbed like a baby.  
 "You have a kind heart sir, and I thank you for your sympathy."  
 Just then her daughter came home. "It is Ellen," said Susan, "my eldest child. She is working in a straw factory, and gets good wages."  
 "But I fear, Helen, you are fatigued to-day?"  
 "Oh, no, mother!" And she bowed courteously to me. "Only a little hungry."

The little one that opened the door for me, jumped up immediately and spread a clean cloth on the table. Susan requested me to stay and partake of their humble dinner, to which I assented. A plate of mealy potatoes bread and tea, was all; but to me it was better than the most luxuriant dinner, for I eat it in company with those I loved.

Ellen was a slight, dark-eyed girl, not beautiful, but intelligent and pleasing, and I was delighted with my intended heiress.  
 An hour room passed. Ellen had returned to the factory, and drawing my chair closer to my sister, I took both her hands in mine, and looking steadily in her face, said: "Susie, why didn't you marry the President?" (For you see I couldn't keep the cat in the bag any longer.)

Her first impulse had been to rise up in anger. She looked me steadily in the face and grew deadly pale. "I fear she would faint, and cried—  
 "Oh Susie, don't, it's your brother Harry."  
 It was useless, there she lay in my arms, helpless as a child, and little Mary crying.

"Oh! mother, mother! You've killed my mother!"  
 "No such thing," said I, as I dashed a cup of cold water in her face. By and bye all was right again. Susan was satisfied that I was her brother, I told her of my whim of wishing to remain unknown to Jack, and his wife whom I had not yet seen; and told Sue to get ready to move—asked where I should find Peter. She told me he was a partner—managing to exist, and that was all—one of those unfortunate step-sons of fortune with whom nothing prospers, but hunger and respectable wretched. Of course John dropped him. His wife would scarcely tolerate her own husband, and would have died with mortification, if Peter, in his scarce suit of clothes, had dared to associate her as sister.

I was sick of these old de rol stories—this spring of aristocracy, and being more anxious than ever to get a dinner on that same evening, I turned toward the Bowery, and the door of the door. Who should I see but the black fellow who had opened the door for me, and he recognized him as Harry—called out:  
 "Harry, Harry, Harry, can't you see me?"

I dashed away the tears ran down my cheeks, at his look of astonishment. At last he slowly recognized me.  
 "Are you Harry, or are you not?"  
 "The veritable one," said I.  
 Why it was pleasant, this meeting Peter's heart was in the right place.

—The efforts that have been recently made in London to mitigate the "social evil," appear to have met with almost unexpected success. Twenty-three hundred fallen women have been gathered at the midnight meetings. Many of these have been permanently reclaimed. Twenty-seven of them have returned to their homes, and one of them has been married.

der, and then sending for my sister and neices, I installed Susan as mistress of the mansion.  
 It was time now to call on Jack. He was not at home, but his wife was. She received me very ceremoniously, and motioned me to a chair. Heiress was written on every muscle of her countenance. One look at those cold eyes and rigid mouth was enough for me to know that my poor sister must have suffered from her arrogance. She grew quite affable, however, when I presented her with a fan made from the teeth of the elephant, and inlaid (on the handle) with rubies and turquoise.

Wishing to probe her heart a little, I asked her if Mrs. Cleland was living in New York?  
 Drawing herself up she said, "I can not inform you where the person you speak of lives. In marrying Mr. Chandler, I did not marry his relations. Those, I could not raise to my level."  
 "But is she not very poor?" I persisted in saying.  
 "Sir, I am not acquainted with the state of her circumstances."

"Ah, Madam," I playfully rejoined, "you will not confess your good acts. I am sure she is indebted to you for every comfort."  
 "Oblige me, Mr. Sampson, by dropping the conversation."  
 I begged a thousand pardons, and then went on to say that I had determined to settle in New York—had already taken a house, and would issue (under her patronage) cards on the fourteenth, for a large ball and supper. She consented, very graciously, to invite the elite. So ended my visit.

The slave of the "Magic Lamp" is money. The evening of the ball arrived—my sister wore a La'ma dress, woven in with golden violets, a bird of Paradise plume, gracefully arrayed in her soft, fair hair. An signet of diamonds fastened it firmly—that I attached to the plume with my own hands. Though over forty years of age, she was still a lovely woman. But Ellen was a perfect gem, so graceful and self possessed in her simple white dress and oriental pearls. And little Harry Harry, dancing about with delight. I was a happy man, not the less so, that I had the power to humble the pride of that hard woman.

The room began to fill. Soon the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Chandler was announced. My sister and Ellen were standing at the upper end of the room, advanced toward my brother and his wife, and leading them forward, said: "Allow me to introduce you to my sister—Mrs. Cleland—and my adopted daughter, Ellen, and at the same time to do away my false cognomen, and introduce myself as your brother Harry."

I leave you to imagine the result—my ink pale—my paper fluttered—farewell.

—The efforts that have been recently made in London to mitigate the "social evil," appear to have met with almost unexpected success. Twenty-three hundred fallen women have been gathered at the midnight meetings. Many of these have been permanently reclaimed. Twenty-seven of them have returned to their homes, and one of them has been married.

—The efforts that have been recently made in London to mitigate the "social evil," appear to have met with almost unexpected success. Twenty-three hundred fallen women have been gathered at the midnight meetings. Many of these have been permanently reclaimed. Twenty-seven of them have returned to their homes, and one of them has been married.

J. E. WATSON, EDITOR.  
SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS.  
Thursday, Nov. 1, 1860.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
**Stephen A. Douglas**  
Of Illinois.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
**HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON**  
Of Georgia.

FOR GOVERNOR,  
**JAMES C. ALLEN**  
Of Crawford County.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,  
**LEWIS W. ROSS**  
Of Fulton County.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,  
**GEORGE H. CAMPBELL**  
Of Logan County.

FOR AUDITOR,  
**BERNARD ARNTZEN**  
Of Adams County.

FOR TREASURER,  
**HUGH MAHER**  
Of Cook County.

FOR SUP'T OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,  
**EDWARD R. ROE**  
Of McLean County.

FOR CONGRESS, 7th DISTRICT,  
**JAMES C. ROBINSON**  
Of Clark County.

FOR STATE SENATOR 26th DISTRICT,  
**W. N. COLER**  
Of McLean County.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE,  
**JOHN R. EDEN**  
Of Moultrie County.

FOR STATE ATTORNEY,  
**J. B. BOYD**  
Of Macou County.

COUNTY TICKET,  
For Circuit Clerk,  
**ARNOLD THOMASON**

For Sheriff,  
**SAMUEL EARP**

For Coroner,  
**HENRY F. YADAKIN**

**ANNOUNCEMENT.**

We are authorized to announce the name of  
**H. E. HAGY**  
as a Candidate for State Attorney for the 17th  
Judicial Circuit at the November Election.

**DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.**

Resolved, That we, the Democracy  
of the Union, in Convention assembled,  
herby declare our adherence to the  
resolutions unanimously adopted and  
declared as a platform of principles by  
the Democratic Convention in Cincinnati,  
in the year 1856, believing that  
Democratic principles are as applicable  
in their nature, when applied to the  
same subject matter, and we re-  
newed the pledge of our resolutions  
then adopted.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the  
United States to maintain its com-  
plete protection of citizens  
whether native or foreign.

Resolved, That we are in favor of  
a national bank, in a national  
currency, and a national  
uniformity in laws.

Resolved, That we are in favor of  
a national tariff, and a national  
uniformity in laws.

**Notice for Representatives  
of the State Legislature.**

Mr. Smith Nichols, the Republi-  
can candidate for the Legislature of  
the district composed of the counties  
of Cole, Boone and Douglas, has  
issued a circular for the purpose of  
inducing the voters of this district to  
cast their ballots for him. Under  
the circumstances, we look upon this  
as a very remarkable document. Mr.  
Nichols bases his claims for support  
on the ground that he believes slav-  
ery to be wrong; and that he regards  
the negro as being included in that  
part of the Declaration of Independ-  
ence which declares that "all men are  
created equal; that they are endowed  
by their Creator with certain inalien-  
able rights; that among these are  
life, liberty, and the pursuit of happi-  
ness."

Accompanying this circular, is a  
letter from Mr. R. E. Pomeroy, of  
Missouri, a brother-in-law to Nichols,  
from which we make the following  
extract in regard to Nichols' treat-  
ment and sale of a negro woman,  
Caroline.

"I cannot, with any degree of mod-  
eration, refer to the charges in regard  
to his treatment of the woman Car-  
oline, as the author of the News article  
is either a malicious liar, or grossly  
ignorant of the facts that prompted  
the sale; I prefer recognizing him as  
the farmer, and think the record he  
has made at home sustains me.

So far from his having treated her  
with severity or cruelty, he exercised  
more forbearance than nine-tenths of  
the slaveholders now or then in Cy-  
nthiana would have done; so much so,  
indeed that if a boarder in the family,  
seeing the treatment my sister receiv-  
ed at her hands, her total disregard of  
her commands, &c., that I had deter-  
mined that if Nichols did not correct  
her I would. When he did under-  
take to regulate her, she made fight,  
and in the scuffle she was cut on the  
face with the whip, being large and  
active she closed so fast that Nichols  
had to knock her down, or she would  
have been first best in the fight. If  
the old negro woman had not been  
knocked down, she would have  
thrashed Nichols!

"In a few days after this, she was  
sold to Col. Morgan, of Lexington,  
Ky., for four hundred dollars. Im-  
mediately upon her arrival at Lexington,  
she represented herself as uncom-  
fortable to work, &c., and so depen-  
dent herself, that Mr. Morgan wrote  
to Mr. Nichols that he could not keep  
her; Mr. Nichols immediately forward-  
ed to Col. Morgan, the statement of  
our family Physician, (Dr. A. A. Ad-  
ams) wherein he represented her as  
sounded in every respect. He had to  
take her back, and she was sold in  
Lexington to Mr. Boyd, for one hun-  
dred dollars, and this one hundred  
dollars is the only cent that Smith  
Nichols ever received from the sale of  
negroes belonging to our family or  
any other."

Now we take it for granted that  
the Republicans of this State are  
honest in their belief that slav-  
ery is wrong and sinful, and that they  
desire to cast their votes to ex-  
press their opposition to the wrong,  
and sinfulness of slavery. This being  
in, with what degree of  
consistency can they vote for this  
man Nichols, who, it appears from  
this letter of his brother-in-law, pub-  
lished by Nichols himself, as only

**Attention, Patriots!**

J. R. Egan will address the people  
of the Court House on next Monday  
evening at early candle lighting on the  
political question now before the peo-  
ple of this country. As this is prob-  
ably his last, and doubtless will be his  
greatest effort for this campaign, let  
every body turn out and hear what he  
has to say. He will be sure to "come  
up to the scratch" like patriots  
and lovers of your country.

**TOMMY LAMBS.**

Are particularly invited to come out  
with their husbands, their fathers,  
their brothers and their lovers, and  
listen to the expounding of the only  
doctrine that can perpetually hold to-  
gether, in peace and harmony, all the  
States of our glorious Union!

**Vote the Democratic ticket!**

**A Valiant Man!**  
It seems from Smith Nichols' cir-  
cular, that he is seeking some rep-  
utation as a fighting man. His brother-  
in-law, Pomeroy, whose letter accom-  
panies the circular, and as a part of  
it, gives an account of a fight in  
which Nichols was a party as follows:

Speaking of the negro woman, Caro-  
line, "When he did undertake to  
regulate her, she made fight, and in  
the scuffle she was cut on the face  
with the whip; being large and ac-  
tive, she closed so fast that Nichols  
had to knock her down, or she would  
have been first best in the fight. If  
the old negro woman had not been  
knocked down, she would have  
thrashed Nichols!"

Don't vote for Nichols; vote for a  
man with whom you are well ac-  
quainted!

**J. E. Eden's Store.**

Eden keeps an excellent stock of  
goods on hand all the time—they are  
always new, because he can't keep  
them long enough, at his prices, for  
them to become old. He keeps the  
Post office, and you can buy postage  
stamps there cheaper than you can  
anywhere else in town—only ten cents  
for three.

Electron the  
the polls early, and vote for Eden.

**John McLean.**

Has just received a  
family grocery, and  
on the other side of  
Hats, Caps, Boots,  
Shoes, &c. &c. &c. &c.  
few dollars—what he  
remarkably low prices.

Go to the polls  
and bring all your  
the friends.

When this dry  
season in Illinois, they  
or three countries, but  
they have found out  
goods very cheaply,  
almost any kind of  
nothing.

**Our Readers.**

With the number of  
year of the  
was established first at the commence-  
ment of the last winter three years  
ago, and continued up to the close  
of the 2d volume in a very flourish-  
ing condition considering the circum-  
stances; but to give you a fair idea  
of how it has fared during the  
volume that has just closed, we have  
only to say, that we have three hun-  
dred and fifty subscribers, and out  
of that number some forty or fifty  
not more—have paid their subscrip-  
tions!—and on job work and adver-  
tising our books show about a simi-  
lar proportion unpaid. Now isn't  
this too bad? It is true we have  
managed to keep moving for the last  
year, but that is about all.

We shall now suspend the publi-  
cation of the Express for a few weeks,  
and see if it is at all possible to col-  
lect together a few stray dollars or  
old debts. We must have the mon-  
ey that is due us, that's all—the fact  
is, we can't "drive 'em" much further  
without it. Now, while we have lit-  
tle else to do for a few weeks, we  
should like very much to help you  
square up your indebtedness to this  
paper, without the assistance of a third  
person, (said)

**MORAL.**—Pay up, for fear some  
officer might happen to ask you for  
the additional of a small fee.

**Go to the polls and vote early!**

A. N. SURYER.

Just opening his splendid stock  
of Fall and Winter goods—cord after  
cord of them—which cannot be sur-  
passed in point of quality and prices  
in this part of the country. Boots,  
Shoes, Hats, Caps—every thing that  
you want. Old yes—clothing—  
why he has it, you know, and ever  
new. We have the best of  
under pants, and all other kind of  
costly pants, and vests to wrap up  
Moultrie county and keep it warm for  
the Winter should be sold (which  
they are apt to be the case should  
Nichols be elected to the Leg-  
islature, for it is not likely he would  
be any "warming" influence in  
Moultrie county. Now, if you want  
any of these things at "Paris"  
prices, go to the Store of the Buyer on  
Main Street, and you will see that you get  
very low prices—what he  
remarkably low prices.

Go to the polls  
and bring all your  
the friends.

**John McLean.**

Has just received a  
family grocery, and  
on the other side of  
Hats, Caps, Boots,  
Shoes, &c. &c. &c. &c.  
few dollars—what he  
remarkably low prices.

Go to the polls  
and bring all your  
the friends.

When this dry  
season in Illinois, they  
or three countries, but  
they have found out  
goods very cheaply,  
almost any kind of  
nothing.

**Remember next Tuesday!**

What is a Man?—A few days  
ago the wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

**How to Kill.**

A writer in an agri-  
cultural journal offers the following:  
More potatoes are  
awasting than freezing  
any, but save them in  
place six inches where  
or hole, heating if hard.  
I throw the potatoes on  
a pyramid and cover  
with clean straw.

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

**Remember next Tuesday!**

What is a Man?—A few days  
ago the wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

**How to Kill.**

A writer in an agri-  
cultural journal offers the following:  
More potatoes are  
awasting than freezing  
any, but save them in  
place six inches where  
or hole, heating if hard.  
I throw the potatoes on  
a pyramid and cover  
with clean straw.

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"

Remember next Tuesday!  
The wife of one of our dry goods  
jobbers thought to scotch her hus-  
band by her usual taste in select-  
ing a dress. Appearing at the break-  
fast table in a new wrapper she ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't you think this a beauty, and  
only two shillings a yard—French?"