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ANNOUNCEMENTS. REPUBLICAN. FOR COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.

We are authorized to announce C. R. Tompkins as a candidate for Superintendent of schools of Livingston county, subject to the decision of the republican county convention.

FOR SHERIFF. We are hereby authorized to announce Edward O. Reed, of Pontiac, as a candidate for Sheriff of Livingston County, Illinois, subject to the decision of the republican county convention.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER. We are authorized to announce C. J. Parsons as a candidate for the republican nomination for county treasurer of Livingston county, subject to the decision of the republican county convention to be held in Pontiac July 17, 1894.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE. We are authorized to announce Mr. C. M. Runkleman, of Pontiac, as a candidate for the republican nomination for county judge of Livingston county, subject to the decision of the republican county convention to be held in Pontiac July 17, 1894.

FOR CLERK. We are authorized to announce Fred Duckett, of Forrest, as a candidate for clerk of Livingston county, subject to the decision of the republican county convention.

In the announcement column this week is found the name of Col. J. B. Parsons, of Dwight, for the office of county treasurer. Mr. Parsons is eminently fitted for the position and has hosts of friends in Livingston who will be glad of an opportunity, even in this slight manner, to reward his faithful and active republicanism with the nomination.—Forrest Rambler.

Hon. J. B. Harris, mayor of the city of Champaign, has appointed our fellow citizen, Col. R. P. Morgan to represent that city on a commission in respect to the sewer system which is to comprehend both Urbana and Champaign. Col. Morgan says when this system is completed the University of Illinois will be situated in a locality as beautiful and healthful as any other university in the United States, and that its buildings and facilities for practical education are surpassed by but few. The engineering building is now nearly completed, and its equipment will be superior to any extant. We hope that all our young readers will be inspired with an ambition to become graduates of "The University of Illinois."

We are in receipt of the Freeport Journal, General Smith D. Atkins, paper, containing a two column article relative to his candidacy for state treasurer and some of the things he has to contend with. It seems that the General and Senator Cullom were old school friends and that he expected the Senator's support or at least his friendship, and that the Senator wrote him a letter congratulating him on his candidacy and closed by saying "You may rest assured I will not lay a straw in your way." The journal says in substance that at the time of a recent meeting of the state central committee a resolution was passed authorizing the delegates to the state convention to be elected from the congressional and commissioners' districts in Cook county. As the call read at the time of first publication it implies that the delegates would be chosen in that manner, but afterwards, the Journal states, the minutes of the state executive committee and the call were changed by adding the words "in county convention" which brought the whole matter of election and instruction of delegates to the county convention instead as originally intended. This, General Atkins does not hesitate to call "a moral forgery" and he is probably right. As this was all done by mutual friends of Wulf, of Chicago, candidate for treasurer, and Senator Cullom, it seems very plain that there was a bargain or at least a very satisfactory understanding that Wulf was to be the nominee for treasurer and Cullom was to receive his support, in return, for senator. General Atkins has made a good, fair, honorable canvass for the nomination he desires and he and many others do not think it right for a few politicians—a half dozen—to get together and make an agreement that would tend to choke a man off without giving him any show at all, if carried out. The General is not a man that will submit to anything of the kind. Any old soldier who arose to the command of a brigade under the great cavalry general, Kilpatrick, is not built that way. He is a fighter, and as he remarks in his article, he will be found on the ground floor of the Leland House at Springfield, room No. 5, at the time of the state convention. He further relates the well known fact that Cook county has put forward two professional German politicians for state treasurer two and four years ago and both of them were beaten in their own county, and were not only beaten but ran thousands and of votes behind the republican ticket and there is no reason to think that Wulf would not do the same. One thing is sure, General Atkins has put his foot down on ring rule in the republican party in Illinois solidly and he will probably bear down mightily hard from now until July 25. He has as much ability as any of them, has the courage of his convictions, is honorable and upright, all qualifications which should win.

History of Dwight

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT UP TO DATE.

Interesting Information Derived from Old Residents.

NOTE.—This history, after being published in the STAR AND HERALD will be arranged in book form and illustrated with views of the principal features of Dwight and portraits of many of our citizens. As the type must be used continually, all orders for the book must be received by the first of the month. The book will probably contain about 150 pages, neatly bound, and the price will be but 50 cents, single copies. Leave orders at this office.—Editor J.

FURTHER FACTS ABOUT THE PRINCE.

Again, the party was rather royally considerable for one republican family to look after. There were two "governors" of the prince, His Grace the Duke of Newcastle and General Bruce; Lord Lyons, British Minister to Washington; the Earl of St. Germain; two extra lords, Elliot and Hinchinbrooke, college friends of the prince; two equerries, Major Teesdale and Captain Gray; one physician, Doctor Acland; a London Times reporter and an Illustrated News artist. Added to these were a lot of English servants, with special men for the hunting field.

Dwight was then a small village, and nearly all supplies for the lodge had to be brought from Chicago, seventy-five miles away. Marketing would have to be done in the city every morning and sent down by an early train.

Only a limited number of the royal party could be accommodated at the lodge. For the others, suitable quarters must be provided in the neighborhood. To look after the comfort of all, and to train and direct new servants, mostly rustic, Mr. Spencer found that a hostess would be indispensable.

He was a single man, but happily he had a married sister who, though still very young, was equal to the emergency, being a lady of rare executive ability and fine social tact. This lady went down from her city home from time to time, and quietly put the lodge and its annexed cottages in order, as though for the coming of the ordinary guests of the shooting season.

If people asked questions—well, the secret had to be kept. She knew that for these aristocratic guests no special etiquette was to be observed. While in the States they were to dispense with courtly form and ceremony, and to drop all lordly airs—if they ever had any—thus sparing our republican feelings, while gaining a good time for themselves.

The prince himself was kindly to shed his grandest titles,—about a score of them,—retaining only that of Baron Renfrew. To their American host the members of the party were to be simply English gentlemen, mostly elderly, headed by a nice young collegian, the nicest and youngest of them all.

PRINCE ALBERT EDWARD ARRIVES. In August the Prince of Wales reached Quebec, and was received with raptures and revels of loyalty. After a triumphant progress through his mother's dominions he neared the Land of Promise at Niagara, where he beheld that slender prophecy of the great suspension-bridge—the wire of the ropewalker Blondin, with Blondin on it. Reaching the States, he paid brief visits to Detroit and Chicago, unimportant towns, on his way to Dwight.

Chicago was then in one of its transition states—rising from mire, as ten years later it rose from ashes. From the wonderful new waterworks, to which they had been conducted by the mayor and other officials, the prince party were whisked off by Mr. Spencer to Dwight, by way of the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad.

After reaching the lodge, most of the guests were content to rest on the piazza and enjoy the evening breeze from off that great prairie surging softly in the sunset light, like a sea of gold. But the prince, intent on business, almost immediately called for his gun, and dashed out into the grounds.

A valet, two gentlemen of the Spencer family and a lord or two, followed in hot and armed pursuit. Soon there was a cheerful popping of guns, and then a turning in for the night. The little party returned in the darkling twilight with some fine specimens of prairie chickens, Albert Edward wild with delight over his share, and bound to have it cooked for dinner.

Only the prince, his governors and physician had rooms at the lodge though all the gentlemen of the party met there for meals. When, an hour or two after dinner that evening, Mr. Spencer was preparing to conduct the two equerries to their quarters,—the cottage of the village schoolmaster, just outside the lodge-gates,—the irrepressible prince asked permission to go also, and carry a lantern.

Arrived at the house, they were all invited into the little parlor, where sat the schoolmaster and his wife—she rocking an obstinately wakeful baby. To the surprise of the young gentlemen,

the royal arrival was still unknown to the dominie, who began questioning his neighbor as to the rumor that the young Prince of Wales was "going to shoot somewhere on some prairie in Illinois."

"I do not expect him, for my part," said Mr. Spencer.

"Well, so I thought," continued the schoolmaster; "he's too grand for a place like Dwight, I suppose. I wonder what sort of a young fellow he is anyhow. Not as handsome as his father, judging by the pictures in the papers. Pretty well educated for a prince, I guess, but I don't suppose he knows much about the higher mathematics."

During this conversation the subject of it was the only one of the visitors who perfectly kept his countenance—a royal lesson, early learned. When his equerries had rather hurriedly retired, he gravely took leave of Mr. Spencer, bidding the innocent schoolmaster and wife good night, and not forgetting the baby. But well away, he laughed heartily and long over his "first call in the States."

The next day was Sunday. The entire party accompanied host and hostess to church—a Presbyterian one, the first house of worship built at Dwight. To the surprise of some of his hearers, the republican pastor prayed for the queen of England and the royal family. It was not democratic, perhaps, but it was Christian and hospitable, and may have given a certain comely young in the Spencer pew a pleasant home feeling.

In no other way was the presence of royalty and high nobility noticed in that simple "meeting-house" on the edge of the great prairie. After service all passed out quietly and decorously—no staring, no delay, no hanging about the doors. Mr. Spencer has always been proud of the behavior of his neighbors on that occasion—so unlike that of fashionable New York worshippers, who a month or so later, almost mobbed the poor young prince in old Trinity.

DAYS OF ROYAL SPORT.

On Monday the carnival of sport began. Hunters and dogs were driven to grounds at some distance, where the party, increased by a number of famous American sportsmen familiar with the prairie, was divided into four detachments.

The Prince of Wales, closely accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Spencer, was to be always twenty minutes in advance of the others—a regulation thereafter sternly enforced by the two governors. This, boys, is the free and independent way in which a young crown prince goes a-gunning! The precaution was perhaps doubly necessary, for not only in their excitement over novel game, might those young collegians, Lords Elliot and Hinchinbrooke, shoot a little wildly, but the prince himself, in his boyish eagerness, might, while "putting up" a flock of prairie chickens, bring down an equerry or two.

As it was, he hit nothing but fair game, and he hit that astonishingly often. Mr. Spencer, who was one of the shots of America, and who recognized no royal road to the honors of the hunting-field, was surprised at his exploits—almost as much surprised as the young fellow himself, whose skill, or luck, seemed to increase from hour to hour. Knowing he had to compete with the crack shots of the prairies he was put upon his mettle to prove himself worthy his associates and opportunities.

It was a great day for international sport. The weather was perfect, the scent fine, the dogs of the lodge were pronounced admirable for training and intelligence, and all returned to their quarters in the evening safe and sound, laden with glory and game.

Another time the party took a train to new and even richer hunting grounds where all day long the birds fell about them like autumn leaves before a gale. The prince, being the young lion of England, was of course awarded a generous share in this success. He was royally happy. At last he had found something in this big, rough New World worth coming for.

However far they may have tramped through the thick prairie grass, under an August sun, it was a cheerful comrade that sat down to dinner at the lodge—sat long and ate "like hunters." Among the young men, seated by themselves, there was usually going a good deal of "chaff." One of the college boys, being a stammerer, was too often the victim, but took all in good humor. The prince had to take his turn.

One night, over the coffee, he was chaffed about a big lot of birds he was to send to England—it being insinuated that he made a miscuit, to enhance that day's glory. Snatching a candle from a candelabra, he ran out to the game storehouse to go over them again, taking a witness with him, and soon returned triumphant, having gained one by the count.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. Barr, Dwight and W. H. H. Augustine, Braceville, Druggists. Smith & Melhuish, Gardiner.

COMMON TO ALL. No Religion Which Lacks the Idea of Sacrifice.

It is a curious thing that mankind has never known any form of religion in which an idea of sacrifice did not play a prominent part. The objects of sacrifice have been various and valuable in every part of the world. The Kamachatians, however, offer nothing valuable to their gods but what is valuable to themselves.

The Copts kill a sheep, lamb, or kid at a marriage for the use of the guests at the bridegroom's house. Palmer's Koran refers to the ancient custom of human sacrifice as either extinct or abolished by Mohammed.

The most valuable sacrifice that can possibly be made is the human being, common among the savages of the South Sea Islands. In Mexico, the brutality of the practice was excused by the fact of the victim being an enemy. Cattle are next esteemed in value, and the largest ox in herds is selected.

The Soos Soos, of West Africa, are so careful to propitiate their deity that they never undertake any affair of importance until they have sacrificed to him a bullock. Other civilized, or semi-civilized animals are held worthy of the honor of sacrifice.

The American Indian sacrificed dogs on the borders of difficult roads or by the side of rapids.

In China the animals slain are bullocks, heifers, sheep, and pigs. Bullocks, goats, and sheep were the chief sacrificial animals of the Jews, selected with great care, to be without blemish.

An actual sacrifice of something the owner valued is the general practice. We cover the coffin of the dead with flowers; the grave is often lined with them. Reverence and respect go with these tributes. The custom is a form of sacrifice and will not soon pass away.

State Is Interested.

The Chicago Times is doing good work for the people in its daily exposure of the unjust and unequal assessments in Chicago. It has shown, for example, that the Woman's Temple is valued at \$100,000, the savages at \$230,000, about one-eighth its real value, while the little feed store of a comparatively poor man is assessed at about one-fourth its value. It shows that the Masonic building, owned by a wealthy speculator, is assessed at \$25,000 on an actual valuation of \$100,000.—or assessed at one-sixteenth its real value, while a little \$4,500 building is assessed at \$1,100—one-fourth its value.

These are crimes against the poor—against the people. Often has attention been called to them before, but never so forcibly as the Times is doing with its telling figures and illustrations. These exposures should arouse not only the people of Chicago but those of every city in the State, for the Illinois tax dodger is not confined to Chicago. The true remedy is to be found in the election of legislators who will abolish the whole infamous system of town assessments. These unjust assessments are due to bribery and pecuniary interest. They are not, as they systematically robbed for the benefit of a few millionaires and rich men. There will come a time when the people will get at the tax dodgers. Let the Times keep up its good work. More power to the light it is throwing on this infamous injustice to the poor.—Pocria Herald.

She Moved to a Healthier State.

"When they resurveyed the line between North Carolina and Virginia," says a recently returned commercial traveler, "the engineers found an error in the old standards, and in one place moved the line a short distance south."

"Laws, massa, chile, what's you a-doing?" said an old colored woman as she observed the men moving one of the monuments which for years had stood near her cabin.

"Don't you know you wasn't sturb that er stone that shows as how I live in Norf Caroliny?"

"But you don't live in North Carolina any longer," replied one of the men. "The new survey shows that you live in Virginia now."

"Live in Virginy! I live in Ole Virginy? Oh, no, honey; you can't fool me that way. I never ain't moved in my life. So how could I live in Virginy when I see born in Norf Caroliny?"

"But you do, aunty," replied the man, smilingly, and he briefly explained the case.

The aged woman shook her head and repeated again and again: "In Virginy, Ole Virginy! Ain't that wonderful, an me never changed a step?"

"Anyhow," she remarked at length, "I've glad I live in Virginy. They always said 'round here as how Virginy was more healthy like than Norf Caroliny.'"

Muskrat Skins in the Majority. The other day there was a great fur sale in London. In four days, at one auction house, more than 3,000,000 skins were sold, and of these more than one-half—to be exact, 1,523,000—were muskrats. Next in number came opossum skins, 500,000 from Australia and 120,000 from America, while the odorous skunk and sportive raccoon furnished 240,000 and the shy little mink 150,000 more. By the side of these there were only 2,447 Russian sables, 1,400 beavers and a score of polar bears.

The list of furs comprised also bears of several kinds, martens, wolves, foxes, lambs, chinchillas, monkeys, kangaroos and others. Vast as was this sale, it was only one of several of equal magnitude held during the season, the millions of pelts being gathered from all the world to London and thence redistributed to well-nigh every land.—New York Tribune.

Facts About Tops.

Now that the top season is in full swing, it may interest the boys to know that nearly all the tops they spin are made in Pennsylvania. In one town in that State there is a factory which employs over 200 hands. "Tops are made of boxwood, maple, and lignum vitae." Taking all kinds of tops together, a larger number of maple are sold than of either of the other woods; boxwood comes next, and next lignum vitae; but in the aggregate amount of sales of the three, maple and boxwood are first, the maple next, and the lignum vitae last. Not many lignum vitae tops are sold on account of their cost. The lignum vitae tops are sold more in the South and in the Northwest than in other parts of the country. It may be of interest to note that most of the iron pegs used in the peg tops are cast in Newark, N. J.—Hartford Post.

Hurrah for INDIANA

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Have a Fine List of Lands in Indiana at prices which will surely make you Buy, if you will only buy a ticket over the Old Reliable

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And go and investigate. We can show you INVESTMENTS that will pay 7 and 8 per cent. outside of the increase in valuation. We are pleased to call on you and tell you what we have and go with you to INDIANA. We will treat you well whether you buy or not.

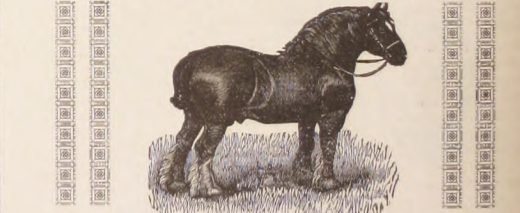
Remember the location NORTHWESTERN INDIANA, 90 miles from Chicago. We must and will do business. Give us a trial.

Ketcham & Smith, Dwight, Illinois.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Advertisement for Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co. featuring various horse-drawn vehicles and harnesses with prices listed. Includes images of a horse-drawn carriage, a buggy, and a farm wagon.

SEASON OF 1894.



For this season I will stand the following Horses:

- The celebrated English Draft "Royal Tom," The Pure-bred Clyde "Lord Aberdeen," The superb Driving Horses "Duke of Mammoth" and "Pip Wilkes,"

on the following terms: ROYAL TOM, to insure \$10 00. LORD ABERDEEN, to insure 8 00. DUKE OF MAMMONT, to insure 12 00. PIP WILKES, to insure 15 00.

The last named is my purchase of a year ago, by Gambetta Wilkes, he by George Wilkes; dam by Gill's Vermont sire of Kentucky Whip. PIP WILKES is a jet black, and the handsomest horse in four counties. He trots a road gait, and his speeding gait is a pace. With but little handling he has paced a mile in 2:35. I have two men who do nothing else but take care of these horses, and if you want to use them I will send the horses to your house or send for the mares. By dropping me a postal card your needs will have prompt attention, and you cannot find anywhere a superior string of Horses to breed to for draft or driving.

J. A. HAYES, One mile north of DWIGHT, ILLINOIS.