

The visit of the railroad officials to Dwight last week probably means a great deal for the future of our city. Gen. Supt. Gray was present, and President Felton would have been here, only for some important business which came up.

The city council a short time since ordered the ordinance committee to prepare a gate ordinance which they did and which would have passed all right only for a disposition on the part of all to use the railroad fair and give them a show. The officials, after having the case stated to them by Mayor Oughton, were very favorably disposed toward doing almost anything for better protection and for the benefit of the looks of their property and the general surroundings. In addition to the Mayor's appeal for protection he came to the front with his usual generosity and offered to give the railroad company all the land they wanted south of town to maintain yards, switches, elevators or anything else. Mayor Oughton did this to make it easy for the railroad company to comply and for the benefit of Dwight. It is understood that the members of the board are practically a unit in encouraging the plans Mayor Oughton has suggested, which is about as follows:

All sidetracks north of Chippewa street and south of Mazon Avenue to be removed to such a distance that nothing but passenger and through trains would use the main tracks between those two streets, the elevator, freight house, express office, ice house, north, water tank, machine and other shops south of the station to be removed, leaving the space clear and the land all to be parked and kept up in the shape.

This is the condition at present: The company has the matter under most favorable consideration, and it is thought by those close to them that the work will be done as early in the spring as possible.

In the mean time Herbell Hagerty has been employed by the company as watchman at Mazon Avenue, and has furnished him with a watchman's house with a stove in it.

The Glazier Grand Concert Company.

One of the rare treats of the Star Lyceum Course will take place at the Congregational Church on Tuesday evening Dec 4 when the Glazier Grand Concert Company presents a popular program of music and reading. This company has won for itself the distinction which it holds of being able to entertain an audience with recognized ability.

The following recommendations will no doubt be of interest to those who enjoy good talent.

MISS ROSE FEHRENBACH.

Miss Fehrenbach possesses an excellent soprano voice; New York Musical Courier. The feature of the evenings entertainment was the singing of Miss Rose Fehrenbach who possesses a voice of charming sweetness—Evansville Argus.

MISS CORA EARLE.

The artistic triumphs of a Miss Cora Earle have been in measurably multiplied during the past season. She has received the highest recommendations from professional authorities and the press. She possesses a contralto voice of rare timbre of sweet sympathetic quality wide range exceptional flexibility, and resonance, she never fails to please and adds her lovely voice to a charming personality.

CHARLES T. PATTERSON.

Of Mr. Patterson, the Semi Monthly Journal, "Vernons Voice" says Chas. T. Patterson, the well known tenor soloist, took the audience by storm and held them spell-bound from beginning to end of his numbers, one of his selections was "The Holy City", We have heard this song rendered many times and by various singers but never before heard it given with such effect as on this occasion.

J. EPIERCE.

Mr. Pierce has but few equals as an entertainer, his wonderful bass voice, was applause from all his audiences and his banjo solos meet with equal appreciation.

MISS ALVENA KNOPP.

We take pleasure in introducing Miss Alvena Knopp, as an impersonator of exceptional talent, she is a writer of high standing and gives some of her own selections at these concerts. It is seldom that we find so many good qualities combined in one person as we do in Miss Knopp, the above named talent certainly deserves the appreciation of a large audience here in Dwight it might be suggested that you secure your tickets at once to insure you a seat prices 15, 25, and 35.

Dictionary.

This paper has made arrangements to furnish Websters Unabridged Dictionary to all subscribers who pay in advance for \$2 including the paper for one year.

They will make a nice Christmas present for the children.

We can also furnish a fine history of Lincoln including the paper for \$1.75. Call at this office and see samples.

Miss Mary Gilbert, reader and violinist will be at the M. E. Church, Nov. 29 and 30.

School News.

Curtis Shrotberger was enrolled as a pupil Monday.

Mary Rosendall was a High School visitor last Friday.

The Bernice program will be given next Wednesday. Visitors are always welcome.

Among our visitors this week were: Mrs. R. H. Mills, Nellie Stewart, John and Will Barth and Mrs. Naffziger.

The senior grammar class are on the watch for incorrect sentences. Everyone keep watch or you will be reported.

There was quite a discussion in the English History class Tuesday as to whether Charles I, of England was rightfully beheaded.

The physics class had an interesting experiment last Thursday to see if they could lift more than their own weight by means of a pulley.

GRADES.

Alva Worby donated a plant to the Fifth Grade.

Earnest Haines is now enrolled in the eighth grade.

The A Sixth Grade is arranging a Thanksgiving program.

The Fifth Grade is making a study of Landseer and his paintings.

Lucile Peterson, of the Fourth Grade has been absent on account of sickness.

Ella Jacobsgaard, of the Fourth Grade, has returned after a week's illness.

The Primary Grades have a complete set of liquid and dry measures for learning the tables.

Our Townsmen.

Richard Price Morgan has been invited to deliver a professional address at the University of Illinois before the President, Faculty and students.

This is a deserved compliment, to which the public and private character of Mr. Morgan, his standing as a Civil Engineer, also his well known devotion for six years as a member of the Board of Trustees to the interests of the University, entitles him.

In the practice of his profession, Mr. Morgan is conceded to be the peer of the most prominent civil engineers of this country and stands in the front rank.

To Lovers of Good Coffee.

We have secured the Agency for the White Star Coffee, of which we shall in the future carry a full line and in order that everyone may find out the quality of the goods we will for the next three months furnish the best grade absolutely free of charge, for all Church and Lodge supplies, and all parties, private or public, and for anything else where coffee is served to any number of people. To anyone who uses this coffee for any of the above occasions we not only guarantee they will have the best but also that it will cost them nothing. Come in and see us.—Nelson Bros.

Missionsmodel

Alle Danske i Dwight og Omegn indhødes herved hjerteligt, til Missionsmodel, i Bethel danske ev-luth Kirke i Dwight.

Modet, afholdes fra den 30. Nov. til den 12. Dec.

Aabningsgudstjeneste Fredag Eftermiddag Kl. 2.

Mode hver Aften Kl. 7½. Søndagen den 2. Dec. Gudstjeneste-Formiddag, Eftermiddag og Aften.

Søndag Eftermiddag vil Kirkens nye Orgel blive indviet. L. KJØLLER.

Yes, Yes, It's a Fact.

We are still selling milk at four cents per quart to all of our customers, we produce the milk we sell instead of gathering it on the creamery plan, we don't charge you five cents per quart and sell to your neighbor for four.

We would like your patronage, but don't inconvenience yourself on our account, our physical condition requires a morning drive. Yours truly,

MAPLE CROFT DAIRY.

Nelson-Bell.

Miss Nelson and Wm. C. Bell were married at the home of the brides brother, George Nelson, at Marseilles, Wednesday evening, Nov. 21. The wedding was a very quiet one, only the relatives and a few immediate friends, were present, but all parties are well-known and have many best wishes from Dwight and vicinity. Mr. and Mrs. Bell will visit friends in Marseilles and elsewhere.

GOSHEN, ILL.

Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:—Some days since a package of your GRAIN-O preparation was left at my office, I took it home and gave it a trial, and I have to say I was very much pleased with it, as a substitute for coffee. We have always used the best Java and Mocha in our family, but I am free to say I like the GRAIN-O as well as the best coffee I ever drank. Respectfully yours,

A. C. JACKSON, M. D.

Big websters Unabridged Dictionary cloth bound, and the STAR AND HERALD one year for \$2 in advance.



Chrysanthemums

A Thanksgiving Story.

By Manda L. Crocker.

PEOPLE said they were "a pair of precious fools to give such a mite of a baby that horrid long name." "As if it were going to make her better than we common folks," said Belle Wickerink, with her nose in the air; or that "she would be any better looking, either," added Merry Jaxson, who was a recognized beauty from her birth.

Nevertheless the Kimbals did name their child after the flowers, and in spite of the comment and adverse opinion of a dozen exceedingly interested neighbors.

Whether it was because there was a bank of the beautiful blossoms in the sunny south room where she was born on that Thanksgiving day, they having been hustled in from the uncongenial November air outside a few hours before her coming, or not, was never explained.

No matter, Chrysanthea was now the belle of Roserock, notwithstanding her horrid, long name.

Eighteen serene Thanksgiving suns had run the glowing day-rim, setting in a halo of memories sweet for Kimball's daughter, and we find her fair and pure as the flowers for which she was named.

To-morrow would be her nineteenth birthday, and Mr. and Mrs. Kimball meant to have a lovely surprise on Chrysanthea. And this special November was behaving itself in a special way with reference to the parental plans under way.

To-day the pleasant, deep dining-room was banked with snow-white and creamy blossoms on three sides, a beautiful wainscoting, truly.

Mrs. Kimball gave the same reason for Chrysanthea for the indoor bloom that she had given to her husband just 19 years ago. "These bleak nights," she said, "and chrysanthemums were never made for each other." But her room and her heart were always congenial for them. And Mr. Kimball smiled in a proud, contented way as he carried in the blooming bank nearly two decades ago.

To-day the stately daughter smiled the same proud, glad smile while bending over



CHRYSANTHEA AND HER PROTEGE.

the rich beauty about her. "Our dining-room will be magnificently very simply decorated for to-morrow," she said, her fine eyes taking in the wealth of bloom at one appreciative sweep.

She was her mother's daughter; the blossoms were her soul's delight. But Chrysanthea had a leaf in her heart chapter which, in some way, had been left out or turned over a blank in the bosom of her fond mamma. She had a penchant for looking after the poor and her father gave her a beautiful compliment when he said that "his daughter was just like all other flowers, as ready to bloom for the poor as for the wealthy."

Nothing was ever truer than this; and as Chrysanthea drank in the quiet, rich beauty of the blossom bank, a thought of the bare cheerless cellar room on Brabine street, where, day after day, a child tossed from one side to the other with the pain and restlessness of a long illness, came to her and she said: "O, mamma, I must take some of this beauty and comfort to poor little Janet when I go with the Thanksgiving basket in the morning."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kimball, intent on train-

ing a vase over a picture in the next room, "but pick them out here and there, so the effect will not be spoiled."

"O, mamma, certainly; but you are so careful of to-morrow's effect," I wonder at it a little, seeing only we are to be the observers." And the fair girl looked a little puzzled.

"Well, well!" exclaimed her mother, coming forward with a smile more puzzling than circumstance or desire, "are we only not as appreciative as any company, dear? Your papa and mamma love chrysanthemums; one, especially, with all our heart, and she kissed the inquiring face turned toward her."

"Yes, mamma," and Chrysanthea smiled again; "but the 'effect' at Kimball's would not, could not, be as beautiful as in Janet's cold, cheerless cellar room."

"No, daughter, I know; and yet—there are surprises everywhere." Mrs. Kimball looked beyond Chrysanthea and seemed to see a vision of beauty.

"True," answered the girl, meditatively, "so you will not make a 'surprise' with the expected dinner?"

"Certainly." The mother's gaze came back to the daughter's face. "Will you bring one back with you, dear? If not we will be obliged to scare up one here, won't we? To-morrow is your birthday, love."

"A surprise?" and the girl's face assumed a puzzled look again. "I do not know of any to bring," she said, slowly; "but these would keep me in mind of the day, even though I tried to forget," waving her jeweled hand around the room like a fairy wand. "As to the surprises, mamma, I mean to be equal to any of them."

She spoke like a prophet, but without a prophet's knowledge, yet her prophecy came true.

Two years before, when Chrysanthea graduated at Berea, she left behind her more than college life, although she often declared: "No one ever had six as sweet and bright companions in a graduating class as she had."

And Mme. Moreau declared, facetiously, that she was "graduating an exquisite bouquet" that year, there being two Roses, one Lily, one Pansy, one Althea and a Chrysantheum.

Beyond this desirable companionship, as we have intimated, Chrysanthea's heart warmed happily toward another not of the feminine persuasion.

Studying medicine in her uncle's office, Jack Beverly had met her at her uncle's home frequently and while in Berea their lives ran sweetly on and on together.

But since then she had not seen or heard aught of Jack, save when her Uncle Kimball wrote that "Young Beverly had set up shop on his own hook now."

Chrysanthea remembered one Thanksgiving night, as she and Jack were returning from a party, that he had held her hand longer than usual and said, softly: "I am so glad to have known you, Miss Kimball. You are my incentive for all things good!"

And in the half-frightened glance she gave him, she saw something beyond friendship in his eloquent eyes.

Weeks afterward it all flashed upon her with a sudden revelation that made her heart beat faster and warmer than ever before; and she knew that Jack Beverly was in love with her, and she with him, though no further confession had been made.

In the hurry and bustle of getting ready to go home, she failed to see Jack, and she came away from Berea without even so much as a "good-by" to him.

And then chrysanthemums! How Jack loved them. She remembered that. How he would enjoy this profusion, this elaborate Thanksgiving border while he ate his turkey.

But no danger of such a happening. He was now "no longer in Berea," Uncle Kimball said, and she had no idea where he was.

A breath of college days stole over the fair girl as she gathered the blossoms "here and there one," as Mamma Kimball had directed, "so the effect would be intact."

O, if the girls could only sit down with her to dinner to-day! Rose Eysing and Lily Davernport did so love turkey, she remembered, and Althea Harlan "just adored cranberry sauce."

But, of course, "this could not be either," with a sigh; though something a great deal more profitable could be and would be accomplished this morning, than to build air castles and pull them down again. She would make little Janet happy; and "inasmuch as you have done it to one of the least of these," etc.

That was reward enough, happiness enough for one Thanksgiving day, and she would occupy herself with selfish bent. Doubtless the girls were butting it around the social circle—she had heard as much—and Jack? Well, he, most likely,

was beginning to be a staid physician whose mind was taken up with pills and potions, and the aches and pains of his patrons; while she, Chrysanthea, had her lovely home and loving parents as of old, and plenty of poor people to comfort and help. And plenty to help with! What a blessing to be thankful for this cheery, Thanksgiving morning.

"I will be back in time to help with the dinner," said Chrysanthea, her face a-beam with the love of doing good, as she posed between a basket of dainties on the one hand and a basket of Chrysantheum on the other, destined for Janet's comfortable sick-room.

"O, that doesn't matter," her mother hastened to assure her. "Jane has everything well in hand, and I shall be at the helm. Don't cut your visit short, dear; make it pleasant for the poor thing, as only you can. I wish I had your faculty for making people happy!"

Mrs. Kimball sighed, as if her daughter's faculty for brightening the lives of people was uppermost in her mind. But she was thinking of something else more akin to the "butterfly" idea.

Five young ladies in different parts of the state had received invitations to a "surprise on Chrysanthea's" at Thanksgiving time. In two hours the ten o'clock train would be in and two Roses, a Lily, a Pansy and an Althea were expected.

"It is Chrysanthea's birthday, you all remember, of course, and don't fail me," ran the invitation, and each flower graduate determined, let me what would, they would be a part of the Kimball surprise.

"Miss Kimball, how perfectly lovely!" Little Jane felt tapping the flowers, while the joy lighted up her pale face. "I am so much better this morning," she said, "and it really is Thanksgiving, with restoration to health in prospect. That bit of heavenly sunshine streaming in at my one little window; these beautiful blossoms and you, Miss Kimball—I am so glad for you, here."

Chrysanthea knelt beside the couch, burying her face in the coarse plaid. She wanted to be as thankful as Janet; she had so much more to enjoy, Heaven knew!

Some one came in quietly and stood on the other side of the bed. One of the neighbors, doubtless full of curiosity to find out what she had brought this time.

But no. "O, doctor, see what Miss Kimball brought me!" giving the flowers another caress; "you mind, I told you of her often! She's just an angel, doctor!"

"I remember," answered the physician, "and these are superb, my favorite flowers; always lighting up the dark places and bleak days."

It was not the voice of a curious neighbor. No! that voice was familiar; where had she heard it?

A thin, white hand stole over Chrysanthea's bowed head, and Janet whispered: "Look up; here's the doctor. He loves flowers; too, especially chrysanthemums."

Chrysanthea rose at the child's artless introduction.

"Chrysanthea Kimball!" That was all the physician said, but he came around and took two willing hands in his own. A leaf of the old college chapter fluttered back from past to present, and both read together a joyous Thanksgiving psalm.

Meanwhile the all important "ten o'clock" had come and a bevy of finely dressed young ladies alighted from the one city bus of Roserock at Kimball's door, and was made



GUY BEVERLY WAS SAYING.

welcome by the genial presence of Mr. and Mrs. Kimball. And ten neighbors peeped out from behind ten curtains and ejaculated: "My! they have Thanksgiving company."

But Mrs. Kimball hustled these flowers into the parlor something after the fashion of an afore-time occasion, saying as she did so: "Chrysanthea will be here shortly, and I want this surprise to be complete."

And Jack Beverly was saying as he walked home with Chrysanthea: "This is such a sweet surprise; and to-morrow is your birthday! Could anything be completer?"

"And I promised to bring mamma a surprise if I could find one," said Chrysanthea, as she opened the hall door a few minutes later.

"Mamma!" she called, opening the parlor door, "I brought you a surprise; come and see it."

"You come here a moment first, dear," came the reply. "I also have a surprise; come and see; then I will enjoy your surprise."

Jack motioned her to go in, while he waited in the hall.

"O, girls!" exclaimed Chrysanthea, as her classmates rose to greet her, "I've wanted to see you so much!" and they laughed and cried together.

After greetings had been exchanged in genuine schoolgirl fashion and Papa and Mamma Kimball had reached the seventh heaven of delight, Chrysanthea said: "Wait a minute; I'll bring my surprise right in."

"Mamma," she said, as she presented the radiant Jack, "here is the biggest and nicest surprise I could find, Mr. Jack Beverly, physician and surgeon of this city, and your prospective son-in-law."

"And girls," she added, shyly, her face shining with an inner thanksgiving, "you all knew Jack in Berea."

"O, yes, yes," they exclaimed in happy chorus, "but Chrysanthea, dear, it seems you know him best."

Thus in a glad, impromptu manner Jack Beverly was presented to his friends and prospective relations and the stately Miss Kimball proved herself to be equal to sweet surprises at least.

And it is safe to say that no happier dinner party could have been found in all Roserock that lovely November day than that one which sat down to dinner at the Kimball home, hedged in by a bank of cream and white chrysanthemums.

Thanksgiving Time.

The Wife—Well, my dear, shall we have turkey for Christmas too?
The Bride—Yes, I suppose that's what we'll be making our last meal of this one—N. Y. World.

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