

THE STAR.

VOL. 1.

DWIGHT, ILL., JUNE 4, 1868.

NO. 5.

NUISANCES.

Some poet,—we never knew his name, in times gone by, was in the habit of exercising his pectoral muscles in prolonged suspirations and his soul in plaintive sighs for a home in some vast wilderness where he could command the conveniences of boundless contiguity of shade for individual happiness. Now we do not sigh for such a home, in fact it would not suit us, we are perfectly satisfied with the protection offered us by the roof tree of our portly host of the Dwight House, and as for shade, when we can monopolize one of his saplings and the smoke of our own cigar we are content. But we do sigh, and sigh often for an immunity from three kinds of pests, pests who for the past week have vitiated the odor of our sanctum, and darkened the moral purity of our souls nigh unto profanity. We refer to Chicago Drummers, Mosquitoes, and Life Insurance Bummers. The first we can generally shake off, the second smoke out, but the third, lord deliver us from the third, they cannot be kicked, scraped, nor rubbed off, they are proof against all your moods, and their impudence even in this progressive age of young America is not only sublime, but refreshing as a snow storm in July.

They stick to you like poor relations to a rich uncle, or barnacles to a ships bottom, they waylay and ambuscade you, flank and mount guard over you, while they read you a bombshell homily upon the ingratitude you evince in not taking out a policy in favor of unborn children, or superannuated grand parants whom you have reasonable expectations of seeing "quietly inurned" before undergoing the operation yourself. They harrow you with the life plan, they goad you with the endowment plan, and they hound you with a mixture of all plans.

They corner, buttonhole and treat you to a combination of vile smells, driven by force of argument from the chambered recesses of rotten teeth, and while you nearly faint under the sickening inflection they pepper your face and linen with copious showers of fine spittle sifted

through coarse beard redolent of the noisome stench of a foul stomach. We were a victim to three of these human pests in the past week, made so by an admiring medical friend who wished to examine the anatomical beauties of our chest for the modest sum of \$2. In vain we tried to get rid of them in turn, by a clear expose of our financial resources and consequent inability to afford the modicum of substitute spelter, necessary in the premises. In vain we invested heavily in liberal lying, and then changed our tactics to pertinacious reticence it would'nt do, they hammered away on us 'till they left town and promised us another call on their return. Oh for a home in some vast wilderness! where Chicago Drummers come not, Mosquitoes sing not, and Life Insurance Bummers, 'bum' not!!

Chas. L. Palmer,

DEALER IN

Books, Stationary,

Periodicals, Music,

Cigars, Tobacco,

CONFECTIONERY

Raisins,

Nuts,

Lemons,

Figs,

•

ORANGE NECTAR,

BACK NUMBERS OF

PERIODICALS

Constantly on hand.

GIVE ME A CALL

AND SEE MY STOCK.