

THE STAR.

Edited and Published,

Every Thursday,

—BY—

C. L. PALMER.

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JOB WORK

Executed in good style and reasonable rates. Terms.—Cash on delivery.

SOUR GRAPES.

Some miserable Bohemian burlesque on man for whom education has done very little and nature very much less—attached to the Editorial staff of a mushroom weekly called the Chicagoan, has done us the equivocal honor of giving us a very elaborate and extended notice in late issue of that Journal. The scribbled buffoon tries to be cutting and severe in his remarks, exhausting his whole vocabulary of twaddle verbiage and balderdash on us and then by an awkward revolution in the wheel of his ideas, he is upon his feet in another character, that of low comedy in which he makes an equally contemptible failure. He dwells long and tediously upon our brilliant name and pigmy size, calls us an 8x10 and other hard names, exercises his doubtful talent for facetiae upon those who encourage us by their generous support, advises us to take flight with birds of passage to the far famed Islands of Lilliput where by careful nursing and heavy homopathic feeding, we may in time come to be appreciated by the microscopic inhabitants of that tiny kingdom, as a 'Big thing'. We were noticed in a similar manner not long since by one of the Pontiac weekly's, the secret of all this billingsgate we suspect is because

we peremptorily refused some time since to number these two sheets among our exchanges, the Editors of which, having no talent themselves are more than anxious to get hold of any paper from which they can steal thunder to embellish their pages, but we do not propose to furnish brains for every squobby dumpy fool in the newspaper business. We, THE STAR are our own creation, springing spontaneous from chaos into shape and symmetry we assumed form and individuality without aid or patronage, palaver and moonshine are necessary to the existence of some papers but we don't need it. We want no championship in our favor, we can and will swallow our own jonahs, raise our own oysters and dig our own clams regardless of the contemptible croakings, fustian and bathos of imbecile contemporaries. We will return good for evil in so far as it does not interfere in our mission and we have a mission, part of which mission is to 'boost' the Dwight Weekly Courier into popularity equal to our own, and we will do it if we have to reduce our issue to a half sheet go in debt for our board and washing and reduce our imperial self to the miserable necessity of picking up segar stumps for our nightly smoke.

QUEENSWARE.

—&—

HATS, CAPS, NOTIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,

Dealer in

J. C. HETZEL,

Will notice the Festival next week.

THE STAR
CITY LOCAL

DEMOCRACY.

A Democratic mass meeting at Gersons Hall with sp distance. The speakers fizzled, and the meeting never to what few put in I. Dunlop held forth in a of sharp invective. For rolled his ponderous arg Republican platform, and it out so thin, that in thickness the glowing incorporated in its "bod came visibly transparent to those opposed to it.

OH THAT DIN

John Campbell is our like him. John says and things eminently wo record. We wish we c to paper in one of his b instance in his humor "Yellow haudless Croo string." We like him him we received an in cherche an entertainm dinner as we ever sat bath dinner at the M' E may have been on ordi it was huge. Jim and ly understood keeping rate they suit us. All good will as we discus cacies under which the ble fairly groaned, eve the musical viny of t ments we ate with and nance shown the glor contentment and a kee the good things before well seated and thoug stranger and naturally fidence we found our forgetting our dignity as of a literary luminary o