

**MARRIED.**

On the eve of the 4th inst our young friend Mr. E. Clapp of Broughton town-ship launched his bark VENTURE on the broad sea of matrimony taking as a passenger on the voyage of life the beautiful and accomplished Miss Mary E. Myer. The day to ordinary mortals with no special aim in view was a miserable one; but to the happy young voyager and his fair companion everything wore a roseate hue; the rain drops—which were plentiful, became diamonds as they fell.

Standing pools—silver sheens, muddy rivulets—rippling brooks, whose meandering murmur in its gently whispering flow, told of happy days to come. Even our dirty slippery side walks were things to be enjoyed. And thus it ever is with the "love contented heart" annoyances of magnitude become trifles light as day.

Our worthy J. P. Mr. Ketchum officiated in the usual speech necessary to the occasion and with the aid of his kind and ever obliging lady soon succeeded in knocking away the blocks tacklings and stays that held the happy Launch to the stocks of celebrity; and after providing them with clearance papers wished them a God speed as they left the harbor of Dwight. They were towed out in a magnificent manner by two weary looking quadrupeds who, albeit intelligent looking animals—had by some singular misconception of facts got it into their long heads that the occasion was that of a funeral instead of a wedding and that in consequence, they must deport themselves in such a manner as to excite admiration for themselves and sympathy for the row. With this idea uppermost the sagacious beasts—notwithstanding the amount of stimulus received at regular intervals from the heavy whip of the driver, continued their slow and solemn pace as far as the eye of The Star could reach, drawing their supposed lease after them. May the winds of fortune ever continue to fill their sails with happy breezes. May they never founder upon the rocks and reefs of conjugal infelicity, but their compass and chart be for all times a true and abiding faith in each other. May they pass through the latitude of squalls and cross currents, with flowing sheets. May their days be spent in blissful happiness.

L. G. PEARRE.

CYRUS LELAND

**PEARRE & LELAND,**

**Law, Real Estate,  
Insurance and  
Collection.**

**AGENTS.**

*Office opposite the Depot.*

*Mc Pherson House,*

*Railroad Eating House,*

All Freight trains, and Bloomington

Accommodation stop for Meals.

**East of Railroad.**

**Steele & Dunbar,**  
*Proprietor*

**Wm. Kehler,**

*The Best Brands of*

**Wines & Liquors,**

*Constantly on hand.*

EAST STREET DWIGHT, ILLINOIS.

**H. H. ASHLEY,**

**PHOTOGRAPHER.**

**Rooms on Mazon At  
Four Doors West of Seymour's**

**DRUG STORE.**

**Dwight House,**

*West of Rail Road,*

**Best House in the City**

**H. CORNELL,** *Proprietor.*

**THE**

VOL. I.

**OUR COMING**

—0—

Shame, shame! Oh F of Dwight! The glorie our National indepen hand and no steps yett it. Other towns of l can have their Picnics, ings and Processions, ght have. No possible i fest for the day what with the stolidity of t approach and will pr without even a passin nobodys business and it. Sister towns how up to their epoch can to embelish their 4t not TALENT, follow lik and be amused—VIDE

Pontiac puts in its in a largely illustrat flourishing programm whole county to con in the Bake, jam, s scramble that as nece tend any celebration Rumcursed borough yers, and she promis jerkers, Beer slinge public men general

Democracy on that arms with Republica Editor, the doughty to HOBNOB with the lo ible Dunlap; and ast we celebrate' from a ght Bakers BEST, carr to the sacred groun pocket; Patriots an tears and pledge them private bottles of th