

THE STAR.

Edited and Published,

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—BY—

C. L. PALMER.

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JOB WORK

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rates. Terms.—Cash on delivery.

OUR CANDIDATE.

—0—

Oh the listless, dreamy, lazy happiness to be extracted from a good cigar; A good cigar is the genⁱ of enchantment. It lights up life like a beam of sunshine on a dreary landscape. It illumines and adorns every thought calling up at will, slumbering thoughts "like spirits from the Vasty deep." Who can watch the fragrant cloud go curling gracefully and fancifully upward then fading out thinner and thinner till lost in the blue ether above, without feeling that its silent philosophy has taught him the whole lesson of life? Like the lighted end of our cigar, a fiery beginning ending in ashes,—judged by the smoke of its good deeds in life, and in death the subtle essence of its power noiselessly winging its flight to the dread unknown far beyond the blue ether of our vision.

These and other thoughts crept into our mind the other evening while revelling in the delicious aroma of one of our own double crown cheroots. Who can smoke and not think? we can't. Therefore with the aid of our cigar, it occurred to us that life was all too short for great accomplishments, unless time and locality were propitious. Some men made fame and fortune by delving in the gold mines, others by investing in Cros-

by lottery tickets, and again others by attaching themselves to some dazzling political comet. The latter is our choice, but where is the comet? Now is the golden opportunity, but our location is decidedly against us. We want—in the words of a distinguished village poet of foreign extract to "pitch in," and pitch in as a free journalist editing a sheet of no despicable merit. But what will we pitch into? Can it be possible that we have made a mistake in our FINAL HALT in this bog and slough protected town of Dwight? or have we struck a tide in its flow that will lead us to ultimate fortune?

Is Dwight, with its "X roads" in the dim perspective. Its mammoth grain elevators, its stone steam mill, beautiful and comedious school house and prospective sash and blind factory, eventually to become a centre? and not only a CENTRE but a METROPOLIS? A metropolis filled with the soul of Japheth that will continue to enlarge till it spreads itself over the whole state and trickles over the edges? And in that event, will not the STARS' editor become the Greely of Ill.—the dirty faced philosopher of the west writing his 'recollections of a busy life' in the evening of his days? And will a place in THE STARS' columns become the "OPEN SESSAME" to political fortune?—perhaps, perhaps!! the poet (not Bradbury) says "great aches from little toe corns grow."

At this point of our revery we were aroused by the clatter of horse hoofs and looking up discovered the genial, beaming, smiling and happy goodnatured face of our portly friend James G. Strong riding his blackmare. Oh shades of departed Alladin and thy munificent Genii we thank thee! thou hast sent us thy ancient but wonderful lamp that we might rub it! again thanks! "the very man for our purpose we'll shape him to our need."

James G. Strong The Star, congratulates you on thy coming glory. Thou

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