

**THE STAR.**

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—BY—

C. L. PALMER.

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**JOB WORK**

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

*THE GREAT REJECTED,  
AND THE LESSER ACCEPTED.*

—0—

Oh shades of the mighty departed, deal with those whom thou hast decreed a double portion of thy mantle. The nominations are made and "our comet" Mr. Strong—through the carelessness of some whiskey drinking delegates has lost the opportunity of making himself heard and known in the political arena. May they to whom this criminal neglect is chargable, never again look upon the light of a delegate sun, may they wilt gradually in their boots till there is not enough left of them to stuff a rat hole in the State house at Springfield.

Dwight however has not lost all, though the state and county have lost much, in the non acceptance of Mr. Strong as a county representative.—she has made, or virtually so; a sheriff. Yes, Cap't. G. Wentz has placed his YAN SHAPED UNDERSTANDING, upon the first round of the political ladder and is bound to go up if he can.

We wish we had the time to give a short biography of the life of Captain Wentz, perhaps we will have, during the next week and if we have; we will run it through from his boyish day to the time of nomination, we will tell of "disastrous chances and moving accidents by flood and field," and of his

"hair breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach" in the last war hoping it may influence some voters in the coming election, people must know something of their candidate before voting for him and Mr. Wentz is not here long enough to be thoroughly known by every one in the County—and as our paper is the most popular one in the county we propose to write him up, show him up, and otherwise boost him. We may say here that it was mainly owing to reading *The Star*, which his good wife has taken since the first number that fired his ambition to look for a sheriffship or something higher than a Hotel.

**SUNSET.**

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NABEE.

The trees are waving in the breeze,  
The mountain peaks are bright,  
The distant west is glowing with  
A rich and brilliant light.  
The clouds are tinged with red and gold,  
And seem like fairy boats,  
Drifting on an amber sea,  
Across which glory floats.

The hush of eventide now rests  
Upon the breast of earth,  
The dying hour of day has come,  
No sound of merry mirth  
Falls rudely on the ear of night,  
As she usurps the day.  
And with her jeweled septer bright  
Drives sunbeams far away.

—Deception, hypocrisy, and dissimulation, are direct compliments to the power of Truth; and the common custom of passing off Truth's counterfeit for herself is strong testimony in behalf of her intrinsic beauty and excellence.

Men often live long enough to become strangers in this world.

We are in receipt of  
ted catalogue of the  
Agricultural Society's  
be held in Morris on the  
of September. Also  
Ticket.—The warm weather  
the wheat to rust in the  
good assortment of papers  
is always to be found at  
Parsons and Mrs. Rose  
lookout for the latest stock  
goods on their return.—  
returned from New York  
convention we suppose  
er yesterday.—The thermometer  
ted 104° above zero on  
the shade.

—If you would keep  
heart, learn to sing. There  
in melody than most people  
of. A cobbler who smoothes  
with a song, will do as much  
day as one given to ill-  
tuning would effect in a week  
like sunshine, they run  
to fill the bosom with  
that for the time being,  
with June air, or like a  
ver in blossom.

At a small party, a young  
student, not particularly  
gance of manners or tale  
nary piety, being urged  
ladies to join in a quadr  
ing, declined somewhat  
turning to a lady near by  
rather an imposing air: "I  
Mrs. L.—, that a man  
who expects to fill a pulp  
replied: "I don't see why  
provided he had GRACE FOR

—A man carrying a burden  
on his head must be a sub  
ter.

Clarkson & Banta have  
ed a Car load of ICE—the  
any part of the city free