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# THE STAR.

VOL. 2. DWIGHT, ILL., AUGUST 13, 1868. NO. 1.

## OUR ABSENCE.

Last week we spread our pinions in flight for our long promised holiday of ten days absence. Now we do not wish to have our readers think for a moment that because we use the word PINIONS, we consider ourself angelic, because we do not; and assuredly ARE NOT! for the truth of this well grounded assertion we refer our youthful lady readers who may think differently, to Messrs Pearre and Bradbury; who always stand ready to furnish proof to the contrary.

We visited many offices of the craft while gone and exhibited our 'Liliputian' with all the pride a fond parent is supposed to bestow upon the chuckle-head offspring of his old age; and when it was fully understood that we PALMER were the veritable STAR that had shone so long, so brilliantly, but so mildly over the interests of Dwight and surroundings; we not only had a welcome, but an enthusiastic reception accorded us. They pronounced us a "COMING MAN" if not dwarfed in our growth of intellectual development. They advised us not to sell out to any political clique, but to take the Democratic party as a pattern for imitation—that is, pander to the prejudices of the ignorant and vicious and run counter to common sense; They implored us to go for the flesh pots of Egypt on every and any occasion opportunity made feasible; and when reached, stick to them with the tenacity of the blood sucking Leech, or the rotten remnants of whiskey soaked bloats, who made up the fortieth National Congress. They beseeched us to eschew whiskey and profanity—both of which we have done 'from our youth up;' and will continue to do, God help us—In all they gave us excellent advice and did more. They puffed and advertised us. They got us subscribers at ONE DOLLAN PER ANNUM, HALF YEARLY IN ADVANCE. They treated us to numerous dinners and they footed the bill; and even furnished the cigars to make the necessary digestion. Glorious fellows! The Star would like to live with them always if they would only add to their kindness, the bed and necessary

wearing apparel—but we must hurry along.

At length we reach the roof-tree of our dear old home, and look upon the faces of the loved ones. Everything unchanged. Mother—in appearance, a trifle older perhaps and more feeble, but with a heart as tenderly warm as when years ago we nestled by her side, and on our knees asked the great good God above for future guidance. TEMPUS FUGIT, and from the curly headed kneeling urchin of that day, to the STARS Editor of the present seems but a span; a few short years too rapid for counting, and much too short to forget "precious souvenirs" remembrances of childhoods home."

The old poplars wave as majestically as ever and the drooping willows by the creek and round the well, seem to bend with an additional burden of ever-accumulating sorrow, and murmur as of yore their rustling 'plaint of distress to the caressing night winds.

Old FRED too, the more than generous playmate of our idle boyhood, gives us a deep bay of welcome as we approached his kennel. Faithful companion of the "Auld Lang Syne" how many "memories cluster about the remembrance" of that deep familiar voice. Byron never paid his NEWFOUNDLAND a prettier tribute than we are willing to pay you.

But PRESTO CHANGE! and from "the dear old house at home" we again find ourself discussing the doubtful good things of the Dwight house and receiving the business not of our new made friends. It reminds us that the cold earnest world is before us—selfishness and illiberality only to be expected as we press on to the goal of ultimate success with other travelers on the same road; and we must reserve for gala moments and night thoughts the pleasure received in our late visit.