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THE STAR.

VOL. 2. DWIGHT, ILL., SEPTEMBER 10, 1868. NO. 5.

Miss Gertrude comes to us again this week in a new role. Her last article entitled "Too Late" was indeed beautiful and well written. But we consider the following from our stand point of judgment, the inner soul of poetry: and so much different from the TRASH we published last week from the pen of a gigantic Singing Master, that we can institute no comparison. Come again Miss Gertrude, for though we do not know you, your waifs are welcome.—Ed.

Singing Through the Rain.

They said the spring was coming,
 The dreary days were past,
 The bee for honey roaming
 Would meet the flowers at last;
 Though still the cloud was flinging
 Its shadows o'er the plain,
 A little bird kept singing,
 Singing through the rain.
 The little bird sang gayly,
 While beating showers went by,
 And waited, waited, daily,
 For blue light in the sky;
 Till merry May was bringing
 The bright days back again,
 That little bird kept singing,
 Singing through the rain.
 With voice of hope in sadness,
 That song-bird seemed to say
 How hearts may beat in gladness,
 Though shadows dim the way;
 As if a lesson bringing,
 Where drooping hearts complain,
 That little bird kept singing,
 Singing through the rain.

OUR OPINION.

In our short experience, we have heard complaint among the merchants of Dwight, of trade passing their doors and going to other stores having stocks less varied, and where even higher prices are demanded and poorer goods sold. On this account said merchants do some wholesale grumbling at the people, whom they upbraid and scold, as thoughtless and foolish, which in the aggregate is untrue. People in general and the

honest farmer in particular—naturally think they are benefiting the seller in every thing they buy from him and therefore look many times for a return of courtesy, if not thanks for BUYING; a little matter that is very generally omitted.

On entering the different establishments comprising the sum total of Dwights representative wealth, one can not fail to notice the difference in the style of reception received, and the greeting extended by those in charge; in one case you meet with a cold frowning stare and a "well, sir what do you wish?" and you always feel like telling them honestly, that you wish you had gone elsewhere to do our shopping, however for what you want, look the goods over, but be careful you do not object to the quality or price of an article on pain of having your judgement and veracity questioned. People are always willing to pay for pleasure no matter in what shape it comes, or even for an immunity from pain; hence they many times prefer to trade with such a man as D. D. Lewis in C. J. Judd's store, than with some proprietors who do not show so keen an appreciation of their patronage—even if they have to pay a higher price for the goods. A smile and a few pleasant words are so cheap, and withal so effective in trade, that the wonder is they are ever absent.

But when we reflect that no man is a gentleman who does not feel kindness in his heart and that good breeding only comes from the heart, we cease to expect it in all cases, and accordingly cannot refrain from suspecting the purpose of those with whom we deal if it is absent.

Mc Pherson House,
 Railroad Eating House,
 All Freight trains, and Bloomington
 Accommodation stop for Meals.
 East of Railroad.
 J. R. Steele, Pro'tr.