

THE STAR.

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Every Thursday.

—BY—

C. L. PALMER.

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JOB WORK

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

CULLUM AND STOUT.

Cullum M. C. and Stout G. B. (the latter stands for GAS BAG) were both here on the evening of the ninth, and both gave a talk. Cullum dwelt long and ably on topics of sterling interest to the people, and as a "John the Baptist" to Senator YATES, none better could have been sent. Stout, however, being of lesser calibre, and without a mind capable of comprehending the great issues involved in the impending election; took up an hour of valuable time in belaboring Joe Dunlap, giving that gentleman a prominence that he neither has, nor desires, as a county exponent of Democracy. It takes small minds to reach small minds, on the principle that what goes into the musquitoes mouth must be as small as the mouth, and both Stout and Dunlap are only bred for musquitoes, neither of them amount to much as MEN or THINGS, simple human annoyances; wind suckers that evolve nothing but GAS.

Stout had better be at home attending to his neglected paper, than following in the wake of prominent men peddling his billingsgate. If kites must have tails, let them at least be decent ones. There is too much attention given to such men as Stout and Dunlap. If both parties would make such men keep their proper status in the party ranks, election campaigns would be eminently more respectable. But when people of sense, tolerate wind for wisdom, where will such absurdity stop? Joe Dunlap is quoted more today by the would be posted Republicans of this town, as a Democratic oracle, than many a man of note and reputation, holding high position in the Democratic ranks; and it is just such

men as the windy Stout, that has given him such prominence, not because of his—Dunlaps ability as a man of mark, but because of the pugnacious principle inherent in the human family, leading all men to tackle others of equal calibre.

It is written that "He who bloweth not his own horn, the same shall not be blown." Now this 'blow your own horn' business, may do for those camp followers of the two great parties. Stout we presume can afford the time necessary, as one side of him is printed in St. Louis, and his other side, is filled up with long drawn out advertisements to cover space, and 'nary' a word of local but what is borrowed—We wish our readers would exact nothing more of us, and then perhaps THE STAR, could afford to go about with a memorised speech made up of billingsgate in aid of the "God and Humanity cause." But we are a hard working, industrious Editor, dealing only in the AVAILABLE to the human race. Political buncombe don't disturb us, nothing agitates us, and we would advise the G. B. Stout; to follow the worthy example exemplified daily in our unworthy self, and let such ignoble quarry as Joe Dunlap fly for baser birds. Knowing where of we affirm, and that he will profit by our advise if he takes it, we now leave the matter in his hands with our unqualified dismissal of the subject.

OUR GALLI DAY.

The morning of the 15th. broke upon the expectant people of Dwight with a gloomy laden sky, cold chilling atmosphere, drifting clouds and 'flying scud' all portending rain, nor were the Democratic seers disappointed, though it hung off for many hours as though unwilling to mar the pleasures of the many who crowded to the Embryo city on that day. About noon it began to drizzle and drop and finally to come down in torrents about noon. Many a poor Tanners apron looked as though it had just come from the vat, while their other clothes unprotected by the cape looked as though they had come from the laundry too wet for ironing. The luyambious countenances of the Tanners, told a tale of woe; while the round laughing visage of the opposition in contradiction—warmed up by "Democratic contentment" told of peace within. However, 'All's not lost that's in danger' and the

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