

THE STAR.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED,

EVERY THURSDAY,

—BY—

C. L. PALMER,

\$1 Yearly in Advance.

Job WorkExecuted in good style and
reasonable rates—Terms Cash.**HUNTING ITEMS.**

On Monday afternoon we started out in the above indicated pursuit, for a few sectional items, and dropping into Mr. Goulds well filled cheap store as a starting point, found ourself unnoticed among the many who were either buying, waiting to buy, or in a loafing way picking up items like ourself, we made a note of well filled shelves and a general good arrangement on Eastern principles, and with a pleasant nod to friend CONRAD passed on.

Looking into Dr Hagerty's as we pass we noticed the Dr. busy with a crowd of evident chronics waiting their turn for his attention. The Doctor is an old settler in Dwight and a TRUE GENTLEMAN and deserves well of the people for having worn himself out in their service—he is evidently appreciated. Our friend (?) Coldwell was still mending that same old watch wheel that has occupied his attention so LONG, whistling th while, for WANT of THOUGHT.

Passing onward we drop into M'Williams and Judd's unrivalled Dry Goods emporium just in time to avoid one of our friend Bradbury's "o'er civil" nods, which he dont mean as he meets on the walk. This store without doubt is the largest and best filled country store between Chicago and Bloomington, representing more capital and a better variety stock of goods, than can

be found between those two cities in any one store, in fact with more goods undisplayed than enough to stock the stores of half a dozen small towns. Major C. J. Judd, the managing partner of the establishment is an old and valued favorite of the town and country people, having grown up among them and done business with, and for them, for a long series of years, he has won a popularity and confidence that will open a wide avenue to future wealth to him, and he deserves it, as very few storm tossed children of fortune, have done more to earn it than he has; all things considered. The sunny countenance of our old and happy hearts friend, D. D. Lewis, beamed cheerfully upon us as we entered. If we had any money to spend we should have had him wait on us INSTANTLY, as he, of all men, can make one feel rich, even while depleting his pocket. May the powers above take a liking to you D. D. and continue you long among us, but when "gathered to your fathers" may thy happy mantle of cheerful content, become the STARS, by right of inheritance and—we pass on. And next visit our gentlemanly old school friend James M'lduff, and we find him kindly trying to set an old lady right in the matter of letters; in which he exhibits more patience than most persons have to spare on stupid individuals. For his sake, we feel almost sorry for the coming success of the Republican party in November next, as it is sure to deprive the town of the services of the best and most accommodating Postmaster it ever had. He is eminently fitted for the position, by education, suavity and ability, and he takes a pride in the discharge of his whole duty to the public, that no other man, will or can—

who may get the office and run it in connection with other business, but we hope the pressure will be to retain him.

Many are even now looking forward for the time to come, when they can "shove their petitions" and some of them MANY, as we know to be rough and uncouth and in no way fitted for the office. It is a principle with us, that no man who is not a true gentleman at heart, ever was, since the world began, a true gentleman in manner, and no varnish of smiling politeness they can put on, can hide the grain of their nature, and in fact the more of that style of varnish is put on, the more the grain will express itself.—We are led to make these remarks as a matter of notification to some gentlemen who are anxious to get the STARS interest in pushing their claims for the office. Claims we cannot see for reasons above indicated i. e. unfitness.—At this junction we were reminded, by seeing Uncle Turner with a load of provisions, that it was supper time, and we wished we had time to "feed with him."

RIPPLES.—Hetzl is now making additions to his already large stock of Dry Goods—see advertisement on another page.—We hear of a number of accidents, but as yet have no particulars; what has become of the Doctors?—I. H. Baker and Son are making additions to their Furniture establishment.—Our enterprising friend Prime [we omit his initials] has built a ware house for the purpose of making old corn out of new, and he informs us that it is a complete success. He has our best wishes.

That's It. Why do all would-be wise people try to look stern? Because the wisest man was a columnar.

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