

The Dwight Star.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1868.

C. L. PALMER, EDITOR.

"IN WE WENT, AND FOUND TO OUR SURPRISE."

The above caption is a somewhat favorite expression of the writing Editor of the COURIER. He always GOES IN, and finds "to his surprise" things that astonish him in his "new found home." IN HE WENT—a week or two ago—into "Father Turners" hotel and "found to his surprise" that amiable old gentleman "waiting with open arms to receive him." They met, they loved and they parted—according to his story—with the satisfaction of "mutual love appeased." He with his printers stomach cloyed with the first decent meal that ever filled it, and the old gentleman with the anticipated pleasure of a puff ahead on his 'grub pile.' Again we find him shuffling his stoga's down Mazon Avenue, in search of furniture "on tick." Till he reaches the rooms of the unsuspecting Kœhline when he discovers some wood-butcher that throws him into ecstatic convulsions. "In he went," (on recovery) "and found to his surprise," a clumsy countryman, whom in his unsuspecting teutonic innocence, Mr. Kœhline had placed in charge of his furniture rooms. We wonder if it is the same polite(?) young man, who favored the Star with a "specimen brick" of his blasphemous qualities when necessitated by want of time a few weeks since, to get a small job done at that shop.

And now for his culminating besloberment in which he entirely uses up poor Dunlap.

much to that gentlemen consternation and disgust. Even the "slight difference between them in politics," dont save him from the toadying slime of ye Editor. Who after telling the public of poor Joe's philanthropy, modesty, piety, refinement, liberality, clear-sightedness and energy, he goes on to tell farther that he knows nothing of Mr. Dunlaps antecedents, is acquainted with him but a short time, but in that short time oh ye Gods!—what indelible impressions are made, "time can never efface them." Knowing from Joe's general 'make up,' and contour, that he Joe, is identified with the general prosperity of the town, and ALWAYS lends his influence for good. SARTINGLY! Mr. Editor, we agree with you—But the crowning impudence of this new fledged Editor lays in the fact that he entirely ignores his Editorial partner, by the constant use of the personal pronoun I in all his locals, putting poor Rutan in all cases on the right hand of the point—thusly (,0) "Oh ye Gods, to what base purposes are we brought!"

ALBION SMITH V.S. SMITH.

Our local QUID-MUNC sends us a very humorous account of a pleasant little WILL between the late Editor of the DWIGHT COURIER Albion Smith, and our worthy Town Constable of the same name—but fortunately for the interests of the community not of the same breed. The facts are, that ye Editor wanted to keep house soon after writing himself Editor at the head of the COURIER columns; and with that purpose in view pitched about for some one having the desired object, some one that he could swindle perhaps He soon found his man in the person of Mr. Elias Smith, and

engaged a house that he was agent for. Things went swimmingly till Albion yielded to the force of circumstances and "took water." He paid a rent in promises, and finally when he had to leave, left the furniture in the house promising to pay the whole bill when he came for it. He came due time for the furniture but with no intention of paying for it, as he had it nearly over to the depot before Elias Smith discovered it. Elias Smith at once seized upon what was left, but from that point we will let our reporter tell the story. "The Editor Smith's with ruffled feathers looked like turkeycocks at the eve of fight, glared at each other, with anything but pleasure expressed in the countenance of each. Then came the gentle murmuring of the coming storm, the checker and the cheated had reached their final parley, the demand and the refusal the accusation and the reflection. The insult and the blow and the doughty Smiths were locked in the gladiatorial embrace. The swaying of the exposed and lonely pine tree before the pressure of the fierce tornado was no comparison, till they parted by mutual consent.

ROUND SECOND.

Round 2d both gentlemen came to the scratch with evident hesitation, some preliminary sparing resulted in Smith leading out with his dexter Smith, with evident intent of demolishing the smaller that gentleman. But Smith anticipating the design of his enemy, by a dexterous movement peculiarly his own—shifted his position with rapidity that did him honor and received the enemys force upon his kisser, and suddenly letting fly his reserve. He then placed the enemy in DU COMBAT, by completely knocking him off his pins, and

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