

THE STAR.

VOL. 3.

DWIGHT ILL., DECEMBER 24, 1868.

NO. 3.

The Dwight Star,

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Important to Subscribers.

Subscribers receiving their paper with an X written on the margin, at the end of their name, will know that their subscription has expired, and the paper is discontinued unless renewed.

BRAINS.

We do not propose writing an article upon the above caption, though we head it so. But while tossing a few weeks since upon a bed of sickness in the city of Carlinville, our attention was called to the subject of Brains, from an article entitled A CARD appearing in the Dwight Courier that week. Very amusing and laughable to us, and to those who know us best—in this speculation among the readers of our paper, as to who writes for the STAR, first one man is accused and then another till the whole catalogue of literary pretenders has been exhausted to find the man or men and yet "the hounds are at fault." RACHEFORT was subject to the same drafts upon his patience, till expelled from FRANCE he settled quietly down in the little Kingdom of Belgium and opened upon the same kind of HOUNDS the brilliant and dazzling light of his little LANTERN by the broad glare of which, they discovered he did his own writing or like ourself he dug his own

claims, cooked his own oysters, and swallowed his own Jonahs and like ourself, was ALONE responsible for everything appearing in his paper. Speculation was rife, before this last issue came upon the carpet as to who Plato was? Mr. Chas. Newell, however, settled that matter by giving us the privilege of naming him as the veritable PLATO to our most curious friends, a kind privilege that has saved us much tongue manipulation and a "heap" of CONFIDENTIAL questioning. Now will not some equally disinterested gentleman friendly to us, please come forward and give us the privilege of "saddling" our Editorial matter upon him? It would be such a BLESSED RELIEF, to the good people of this morally inclined "burg" to ease us of that responsibility—the "goslin" Editor of the STAR, being much too small a target for their columbiad fire. The article referred to in our neighbor the Courier, speaks of a Doctor "who is supposed by many to furnish us brains." Will the Courier—now that it acknowledges our existence as a paper—speak out and tell who this "o'er kindly disposed" Doctor is, who has brains to give away? Is he a Doctor of Divinity, Laws, or Medicine? We know of but one Doctor, and that of the latter profession, who has ever furnished the Star with a scrap of matter, and he gave us but two short articles, both of which were on general subjects and not upon local interests. We published them and will be truly thankful to the gentleman to repeat the DOSE in true Allopathic proportions, as we thought them very good. No, neighbor Courier, we

are fully up to our epoch; and have, we think, a sufficiency of that conglomerate material called BRAIN, to run our own little Editorial department without out-side help, and when we fail in that particular we will "SHUT DOWN," or ask for help and do it in a manly, straight forward manner. The Palmer stock for generations, have never been accused of a WANT of Brains, but too often of an OVER-PLUS. The one soon to occupy the gubernatorial chair of this State, furnished the brain matter for the Civil Rights-bill, not yet forgotten, and for many other things too national in their character to be filched from him. But he is not us, nor we him and it is not our intention to bring him into this article. We have only to say to the Courier and the public generally that we ALONE are responsible for any Editorial matter appearing in the columns of our paper. We ALONE WRITE IT, and it is only right and proper, that we alone should take the consequences of any indiscretion resulting from any FAUX PAS we may be guilty of. We want no gentleman or men mixed up in our affairs, or accused of anything they are innocent of and we make this public statement with that view. We wrote up the Methodist oyster supper, OURSELF, without consulting anybody on the subject and published it. We are not sorry we wrote that article, but very sorry for having occasion to write it. And were it to be done again, for the benefit of that or any other society of this town we would not hesitate a moment in doing it, as from our standpoint, it would be only right [CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

1868.
TABLE.
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