

THE STAR.

Vol. 3. Dwight, Ill., February 4, 1869. No. 2.

The Dwight Star,

Devoted to local interests, is published every Thursday by C. L. Palmer.

TERMS.-- \$1 PER YEAR.

RATES OF ADVERTISING made known on application.

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.

POETRY.

[For the Dwight Star.]

HARPS AND HEARTS.

By C. L. PALMER.

There are harps in our hearts
Of most delicate make,
And many the tones which are heard;
Now plaintive, now gay,
Now soft in their lay
Their notes seem like those of a bird.

These harps God has tuned;
Though broken they seem,
They respond to their Maker's command,
And mortals too play them,
Words, deeds, and looks sway them,
A breath has these instruments fann'd.

Our hearts are these harps;
How sweet are their strains
When sympathy touches the chords;
Then such melody's given
It is echoed in heaven,
Though scarce whisper'd on earth, are the words.

Then strike these harps daily,
By deeds, looks, and words,
Hearts around us are sighing for aid;
Since many are sad
Whom a word can make glad,
Say, shall not the kind word be said?

Though countless the stars,
Heart-harps are not less,
They are played below and above;
But, whatever they be,
They have our master-key,
And the name of that one key is Love.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

The Daisy Woodbine and Gertrude contributions of the past few weeks, has awakened a desire among other ladies of our town to try their hands at articles of a like character.

Ladies, we shall be glad to receive anything from you of merit, that has the true ring of the pure metal of originality. Your articles must be short, pithy and pointed, and not vapid, disjointed, prolix and stupid. Write something that you will not be ashamed of a thousand years hence, for we intend that the pages of the little STAR, will be found one thousand years hence, under the molding corner stones of some of the most magnificent structures of this, the nineteenth century; whose ruins will not be a matter for more profound speculation and curiosity, than will be the model little sheet that is now looked for with so much impatience once a week, in the town of Dwight. Present therefore, your ideas in a manner terse, concise, brief and compact, so that your aged ghosts will not be ashamed of your efforts while on earth.

This week we are in receipt of a very clever little article entitled THE WIFE, which we have had to cut down to accommodate it, to the amount of space we had to spare. We hope Miss HATTIE BLANC will take no offence thereat, but let us hear from her again, as her effort shows us she can write well. The second is on the subject of LEARNED LADIES. We would truly like to know who this body is, she handles her subject so well; In these days of sorosis and strong-minded womens conventions, it is indeed refreshing to hear a lady discuss "Learned Ladies" with so much dignified impartiality; and the STAR would be very grateful to Louise for another remembrance of like kind.

Miss Gertrude's article last week on "OLD MAIDS," calls

out the enquiry this week from Miss MINNIE MYRTLE of "What is an old Maid?" which we will let her answer in her own way, as she is evidently very capable, only saying; We sympathize fully with her closing remarks on old bachelors.

Coming in the wake of the above articles is another from one of the crustiest and most inveterate of Bachelors our town contains. It seems impossible that the Ladies should not recognize him by his style as he talks very much as he writes. Of course this is confidential between us and our readers, as the Gentleman evidently wishes to hide his identity behind the euphonious and high sounding NON DE PLUME, HUDIBRAS.

[For the Dwight Star.]

THE WIFE.

BY HATTIE BLANC

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the muttering of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl, and deserted heart—these and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. O! may women, before the sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the promises she so kindly gave. And though she may be the injured, not the injuring one; the forgotten, not the forgetful wife, a happy allusion to the peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a kiss of

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]