

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. Jacoby, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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STAR OF THE NORTH, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY W. H. JACOBY, Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Lines. Doubt will flee To dark life's skies, Though at times they appeared unclouded.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

Female Courage, or the German Heroine.

It was the year 1832, towards the close of November, a light snow mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a little roadside inn situated between Hornberg and Rotweil, on the frontiers of the Duchy of Baden.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the inn-keeper, his wife, their guests, all set out to the neighboring town, where they intended, after service, to acquaint the burgomaster with the last evening's adventure.

DUELLING.

The advices from Washington recently are full of "duels on the tapis." The capital of the country seems to be the seat of these affairs. Members of Congress take the lead, and, both in the House and out of it, display their prowess in every way.

The "Retired Physician."

Old Sands is catching it all around. If he had not taken the advice of "H. B. S.," and mixed a little molasses with his sand, it must have entirely run out by this time.

LITTLE JOKERS.

"Madam," said a polite traveler to a testy landlady, "if I see proper to help myself to this milk, is there any impropriety in it?"

SOMEbody's DEAD.

There is bleak crape on the door, somebody's dead. Yes, within has fallen another chip from the block of humanity and the ax-man, Death, is swinging his weapon for another blow.

THE ALPS.

Dark in color robed in everlasting mourning, for ever tottering like a fortress shaken by war, fearful as much in their weakness as in their strength and yet gathered after every fall into darker frowns.

THE UNFORTUNATE ST. VALENTINE.

"Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day," so sings the fair Ophelia, and although old ceremonies no longer give their wonted charm to the occasion, the day is still noteworthy.

THE PASS OF DEATH.

It was a narrow pass, Watered with human tears, For death had kept the outer gate Almost six thousand years.

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From the Ledger.

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