

THE CINCINNATI STAR

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BOSTON is struggling for free ferries.

BISHOP will now be called upon to give an account of his Trusteeship.

FROM all parts of Kentucky come reports of the continued ravages of hog cholera.

THE settlers of Idaho are not worried by the strike, but between the depredations of hostile Indians and the grasshoppers they are kept pretty anxious.

IF YOU feel like "saundersing off this mortal coil" in that way, light your fire with coal oil. You may escape for a while, but sooner or later, the explosion will come.

THE Schutzen banquet in Washington last night was a very cheerful party. President Hayes, Secretary Schurz, Postmaster-General Key and others made speeches and returned the compliments of their German-American entertainers in handsome style.

THE New York Tribune observes that "This is the time when the editorial demagogue should be led out and hanged," which might do for New York, but in Ohio we are on the brink of a State campaign and such a course would leave the political papers without editors.

THE New York papers are discussing the cause of Ewing's failure in the Columbus Convention. One thinks it was too much strategy that hurt him, and another says he grasped for too much. Both are right, but it was really too much devotion to inflation that laid him out.

GENERAL SHERMAN already goes about saying "I told you so," and urges that the talk about cutting down the army will not hereafter be popular. The General is mistaken again. When the excitement is all over and people are able to think clearly they will see that their reliance for peace and the protection of property can never rest in a standing army.

PHILADELPHIA is grumbling because Mr. Lewis Heyie, appointed Appraiser of that port, is an Ohio man who has resided but a short time in the Quaker City. Instead of finding fault, Philadelphia should feel happy in the assurance Mr. Heyie's former residence gives them of an efficient officer. The comment of the Record that "Ohio is a good State to hail from" is correct to a letter.

THE statement of the "effete monarches of the old world" and maudlin editors who delight in prophesying the downfall of our republic will find considerable material for working up in the accounts of the late troubles. The most should be made of it early, or the moral they would draw will be worse than lost. In a Government like this an appeal to the people always results in restoring peace and vindicating the supremacy of the law. Whoever has a grievance must take peaceable and lawful means for its redress. When he fails to take the law into his own hands and override the rights of others in the accomplishment of his own purpose, though his wrong be a grievous one, he becomes a public enemy, and the people will see that he is called to a halt and punished. In the matter of the present difficulty the strikers suffered from professional tramps and idlers, an element that has perplexed the whole country. Wherever there was difficulty of any kind these people flocked. They could be controlled neither by the authorities nor by the strikers. They forced themselves upon the latter as allies, and their violence, depredation and plundering told terribly against the cause of the strikers. This result at a time like the present makes the tramp problem a still more important one. The strike over and things again quiet, the authorities will begin to consider more seriously than ever what can be done with the tramp.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad threatens to so change the line of its railroad as to leave Pittsburg out in the cold. But the people of the city of iron, glass and smoke are not much frightened. The Pittsburg Post says: "There are other railroad lines in the United States—trunk lines too—in close proximity to Pittsburg, that would only be too happy to hold the same relations to the trade of Pittsburg that the Pennsylvania Railroad has hitherto held. The railroad is not the creator of our wealth; it is merely the transporter of it, after our artisans have extracted it from the iron and coal mine, the oil well and the forge, and by their skill and industry made it a legal ten-

der in the trade of the nation. If Philadelphia's pet railroad don't want to carry our products to market and bring hither the products of other States and cities—charging therefor unjust rates discriminating against the business interests of Pittsburg, terrible as the calamity may be—our merchants and manufacturers will call in other railroads only too happy to do the work, and at more reasonable and just rates."

PERSONAL.

P. T. Barnum is in England. Dio Lewis is camping in California. Don Pedro is to take a sly at the romantic lakes of Killarney.

Hon. Dan. W. Voorhees has written a lecture on Thomas Jefferson. James T. Fields is soon to publish a new book called "Underbrush."

Theodore Thomas excites swallow-tail coats from his entire orchestra. Tyson, it is positively said, sails from New London August 1, polarward.

Col. Peter Saxe, a brother of the poet, is introducing some famous breeds of cattle and pigs into Southern California.

Happy Birket Foster! A very wealthy member of Parliament has given him orders for water-color drawings to the amount of \$109,000.

Ell Perkins has been defending Mormonism. The Salt Lake Tribune says: "He thinks Mormonism would just about suit his culture, and we think so, too."

Verestaghaine, the Russian artist, whose adventure in a torpedo launch on the Danube has been described in the Tribune, is rapidly recovering from his wounds.

Joan Miller is making a summer resort of Boston, and supervising the print-sheets of a work going through the printer's hands, to be published by Roberts Brothers.

General Pearson explains. He "went to telegraph office to send dispatches" while the fighting was going on. Pearson had better take a back seat and keep very, very quiet.

Mr. James Mitchell, of Riverdale, Utah, has commenced the culture of silk, and established a cocoonery adjacent to his dwelling. He raised a basket of cocoons this season, which weighed, when dried, some seven pounds.

Mr. Jay Gould thinks this thing will go on until K. publican Government has been destroyed in America. But Mr. Jay Gould is a better sharper than State-ma, and his opinion about government won't scare anybody.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., desires to see the school system subjected to a thorough and intelligent overhauling. His experience is that the scolar sent up from the grammar to the high schools who can really read and write is the exception, and not the rule.

Prof. Heis, the well-known German mathematician and friend of Alexander von Humboldt—upon whose recommendation he was appointed regular Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in the Academy at Bonn—died at Münster June 30, in his seventy-second year.

Mr. Spurgeon has the gout, and preaches but once a day; but Dr. Prime says he is the same earnest and evangelical and useful preacher that he was in his younger days; crowds attend on his ministry, filling a church larger than any other in England or America.

Herr Richard Wagner has a passion for using satin, which he turns to every conceivable use—dressing gowns, countess, his underwear and neckwear. The correspondent of the New Free Press says his bills for satin alone amount on an annual average to about 12,000 francs.

Mr. William Astor, of New York, is having built a pleasure yacht which will be the largest in the world, and will cost \$200,000. She is intended for southern cruising in the winter season. In addition to her working sails, she will have racing canvas for regattas and match races.

Dr. Fairfax, of Maryland, is the eleventh Baron of an ancient Scotch house, but refuses to claim the title on republican ground. He is no, however, as Mr. Conway presumes, entitled to a seat in the House of Lords, and his self-abbreviation is not therefore so marvellous as supposed.

Rev. Joseph Cook prudently postponed his lecture on "Ultimate America" until August 3, because, while the strikes were still in progress, he could not say definitely what ultimate America would be. For a time there seemed to be little difference between Ultimate America and ultimate Aigianai.

Clark Mills, the American sculptor, has been to St. Augustine, Florida, to procure objects of interest for the Smithsonian Institute. He secured casts of the Indian chiefs confined in the fort; a large sword-fish, eighteen feet in length, and two and a half feet across the middle, and other curiosities. The Indians seem to be contented with their lot.

Cardinal McCloskey has again chosen Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J., for his summer retreat. His Eminence arrived at Seton Hall Thursday last, accompanied by his secretary, Rev. J. M. Farley. Rev. James H. Corrigan, the new President of the College and the brother of Bishop Corrigan, of Newark, is of course his host.

President Seelye is already justifying the wisdom of the authorities of Amherst College in transferring him from the halls of Congress to the Presidency of that institution. A newspaper correspondent writes: "He is accomplishing all that his most sanguine friends expected, and there seems to be no doubt but that his success as a College President will be quite equal to that of Professor or Congre-man, in which positions he has shown a superior ability."

AN ANIMAL WAR MAP. When Chase Martin walked out there was a general stare. He had a black eye, a bitten ear, a sore nose, blood on his chin, and more scratches on his face than there are spokes in a buggy-wheel. "Seen down on the Danube?" asked His Honor, as the prisoner hung to the railing. "I don't know where it was," was the answer. "Well, what happened?" "Oh, nothing much." "Did you run against a wind-mill or a cage of wildcats?" "No, sir; I think I had a little fuss with a bar-tender." "You drank a glass of ginger-ale and then wouldn't pay for it, eh?" "That was it, sir, and he flew mad about it." "How long did it take him to carry you off in this style?" "I don't believe he was over five minutes, your Honor." "And what is your defense?" "I was thirsty." "Well, the supply of ginger-ale at the House of Correction gave out last night, but they've got heaps of water up there. You'd better go along very well for sixty days, unless you insist on marble wash-basins and silver drugging-ups. Next!" —Free Press.

SHADOWING A WIFE.

I was seated alone in my office one fine morning last autumn, deeply absorbed in the last murder case, as set forth in the columns of that day's journal, when I heard the door open behind me, and some one entered. The sound of a deep sigh smote upon my ear, followed by an audible groan, and turning to discover who this perambulating "vessel" of woe could be, I was not a little surprised to behold my friend Skimboit, the lugubriousness of whose countenance was sufficient to disclose to me the fact that something of a truly deplorable nature had taken place. He passed along to the table before me, threw himself into a seat and buried his face in his hands.

"Hiram," said I, in a compassionate tone, after gazing silently at him a few moments, "Hiram Skimboit, what is the cause of this unbecoming conduct on your part? What is the matter with you? What has happened?"

Hiram, thus conjured, slowly raised his head and fixed his watery eyes on mine. His face was naggard in the extreme.

"Tell me," I continued, "why do you act in this strange manner?"

"You are my friend," said he, in a hollow tone—"a friend, I feel assured, in whom I can confide."

"Do not do that," he replied, "not for the reason that it is so I have come to you now for sympathy and counsel, in my greatest hour of need."

I thanked him for his confidence.

"A great calamity has come upon me," he added.

"Indeed!" I uttered, in alarm. "Has your wife been unfaithful?"

He shook his head sorrowfully.

"Not that! Then you have lost the little wealth your industry had accumulated?"

Again he shook his head.

"Then I am puzzled to know what has occurred. Ah, I have it now; your horse has been carried off with the bots?"

It had just occurred to me that Skimboit's affection rested, next to his own blood, on a fast nag which he owned, and which he had recently been ill.

"No," replied he, "it is nothing of that sort which affects me now. It is here—here!" He raised his hand and gave himself two or three blows upon the breast. "There is a deep, a hideous gritting a-straddle of my soul, and I can't shake it off."

As he uttered this metaphor in the most pathetic manner possible he drew his hand pathetically across his eyes, and looked solemnly at me, as if to certify that my sympathies must be fully aroused.

"You alarm me," said I; "tell me at once the story of your misfortunes."

"I will—I will; you shall know all. You shall hear how she has treated me—how she has lacerated my feelings, and—"

"She! Who—whom do you mean?"

"My wife. Ah, you start at the mention of her, and well you may. Is it not terrible? Is it not agonizing?"

"What has she done? Do you mean to imply that your wife has—has—"

"Yes, yes—that is; she has—had had—she has blasted my hopes for the future, and sullied forever a hitherto fair and glowing name."

"Be calm, my friend, be more calm, and do not allow your feelings to master you. It is, indeed, as you hint, the blow must be a heavy one, I know, and you have my warmest sympathies. But endeavor to be composed."

"I will; yes, I will," replied the afflicted Skimboit, with a sudden sob.

"But see how this thing has worked upon me! Look into these sunken features—gaze upon this wasted form!"

"He arose, as he spoke, and turned completely around to exhibit himself fully to my view. Then he seated himself again, and rested his chin upon his hands, and looked me quietly and sadly in the face.

"You see how it is," continued Hiram, after a short but expressive silence; "and there was a sort of despair in his tone, which touched me exceedingly."

"You see how it is. I shall be a living skeleton before many weeks. I begin to feel ghouly already. I haven't had any appetite for three hours. Sometimes I think that reason is tottering upon her throne. Look here; is my hair of its natural color? Isn't it really beginning to turn white?"

"None, none, man; don't let any such fears work upon your mind. Your hair is quite as dark as ever it was, and, upon my word, I can perceive no alteration in your person. But explain yourself more fully; perhaps the case is by no means so bad as your imagination has pictured it."

Hiram Skimboit groaned.

"And I have in my little hope that she is innocent. No, no. She has proved false to me, and to her own honor, and recreant to the marriage vows she uttered at the sacred altar!"

"Is it possible?"

"It is almost certain."

"And how has this been brought about? What?"

"Who! ah, there you touch me to the heart! He is a most atrocious villain—a diabolical incendiary; further I know not, except that his name is Nobson, and that he is a manufacturer of patent pills!"

My friend mechanically wiped the perspiration from his face, and continued:

will not allow such an opportunity to pass unimproved."

Hiram Skimboit lives a good distance up town, in a neat cottage, somewhat isolated, vacant lots being numerous in the vicinity. It was a beautiful day, of which we reached the place, and we at once ensconced ourselves behind a pile of brick, nearly opposite my friend's house, and in one of the above-mentioned vacant lots. The night was tolerably dark, but a street-lamp directly before the door of the house made everything visible near by.

Very patiently we waited, but for a long time nothing occurred. A few pedestrians passed at intervals, and that was all. I began to grow weary of our occupation, and more than once so hinted to my jealous friend, but his impatient answers determined me, each time, to hold out a little longer.

At length the city clocks chimed the hour of midnight.

"Hiram," said I, as the sounds ceased, "you must be in error. Let us give up this business of spying, at once, for it will result in nothing if we remain here all night."

"No, no—I will not yet. I am as fully convinced as ever that I am in the right, and that this night will settle the matter. It may be that the young man has already entered—that he got the start of us; but I will wait and see."

At that very moment a footstep was heard approaching, and we were silent.

Immediately afterward the figure of a man was dimly seen stealing cautiously along the walk next to where we lay concealed. Arriving opposite the house, he paused, glanced up and down the street, and seemed to listen attentively for a moment. Then he glided across the street, and hastily surveyed the front of the dwelling. He made a movement as if to ascend the front steps, but, changing his mind, he opened the little gate and passing through the yard, disappeared around the corner of the house.

Skimboit's grasp was upon my arm, and at one time I thought he would stop the circulation of all the blood in my body, so greatly was he excited.

"I told you so," he hoarsely whispered; "let in my utmost heart, the assurance that he would come. It is he, Nobson! He feared to openly enter, lest some one should detect him; so he will let him in the back door. Wait! I will follow him."

"Be cautious," said I; "do nothing rashly; it may be that he is not the one you think, after all."

"Do you still doubt? But you are not a husband, and have no Maria Ann in your soul to be wounded. No, I will do nothing rash; you see, I am quite calm. Yet I must follow him for a moment; I will return immediately."

He crossed the street, observing the utmost silence, and was lost to sight for several minutes. He then joined me again.

"It's too true!" he cried; "he is indeed! Merciful heavens! what a rascal is mine. O, Maria Ann, little thought I such a porridge existed in your breast!"

"Did you enter?" I asked.

"No, there was no need of that. He was just closing the door behind him as I reached the back of the house, so I am sure they are together. No, I can witness no more, and then remain undisturbed to-night, for to-morrow the blow shall fall upon them. They shall be annihilated, both. They shall know what it is to feel the virtuous indignation of an injured husband. Come, let us fly from this spot—I can stay here no longer!"

Accordingly, we made our way as quickly as possible toward my place of abode, and a great part of the remainder of the night was spent by my friend in rolling restlessly upon his bed, and counting innumerable schemes of vengeance against the destroyer of his happiness.

It was late the next morning when Hiram left me to visit his home. There was a stern determination stamped upon his features, and an ominous gleam in his eye.

Mrs. Skimboit had just finished her breakfast, when her husband entered. She was surprised at seeing him, and openly expressed that surprise.

"How have you returned so soon?" she inquired. "You can not have made the journey you proposed?"

Skimboit carefully closed the door of the room, strode up in front of her wife, and seated himself, thrust his hands loosely into his pockets, and his eyes upon his wife's face, and smiled as sarcastic a smile as it lay in his power to do.

His wife looked at him in blank amazement.

"Why don't you tell me?" she asked; "have you been away?"

"To your confusion—to your eternal confusion, I have been to the city," answered he, in a higher tone.

"The lady was evidently alarmed.

"Then why did you deceive me?" she asked.

"That I might know the extent of your crimes. Let us understand one another at once—I know all—ah, madam, all. Did you expect your deep and damning hypocrisy could remain unknown to me? Ha, ha! know that I have been aware of your treachery all along!"

"What means this? What means this?" cried she, in a higher tone.

"Play the hypocrite no longer, woman; it is in vain, I tell you—you stand unmasked before me in all your moral dishonesty!"

Mrs. Skimboit sprang to her feet, surprise and indignation blended in her look.

"How dare you accuse me of this? What do you mean by such language?" she cried.

"Maria Ann Skimboit, your obduracy amazes me! That you should attempt to conceal your connection with that iniquitous person, when it is so apparent, I repeat amazes me!"

"Who is it you mean?"

"Who?" repeated Skimboit, "do you ask who? Well, Nobson, of course. Ah, you understand me now, I hope?"

"But, what of him?" exclaimed the lady, more than ever astonished. "You dare not accuse me!"

"I do accuse you! I wish it distinctly understood, Mrs. Skimboit, that I do accuse you of the basest of deeds!"

Mrs. Skimboit sank back upon the sofa and buried her face in her hands.

"Wretch!" she sobbed, "cowardly, slanderous wretch!"

the room. Her husband heard her utter an exclamation after she entered the parlor, and then he heard her passing from room to room. Very soon she returned; a deep flush was upon her cheek, and a singular sparkle in her eye.

"I wish you to understand, madam," began Skimboit, "that this affair—" "Stop!" almost screamed his wife, and it was plain to be seen that she was in something of a passion—"Hiram Skimboit, you are a fool! a great, stupid fool!"

Hiram was a little confounded at this sudden outburst, and his wife continued: "You watched last night, did you? You watched and played the spy upon your own wife! And you saw him enter to meet me! You saw all this, you say! Well, let me tell you, then, I did not stay in this house last night. At dark I ran over to your mother's where I remained till morning. And you, meanwhile, kept watch without, and allowed a thief to enter and carry off my jewelry, and all the money the house contained!"

"What!" gasped Skimboit, "staggering backward, 'you don't tell me!'"

"I tell you you are a fool!" The valuables are gone, and you assert you saw a person entering the house—it explains itself. And you have now the audacity to come and charge me with unbecoming conduct!"

"But," entreated the humiliated man, whose aspect completely changed, "but I was led to the belief that something was wrong from your intimacy with Nobson, whom I scarcely knew, and who—"

"Mr. Nobson, if it must be told you, is soon to be married to your sister Jane; she wished you kept in ignorance for the present."

It was long before the vexed spirit of his wife could be appeased, but his persuasive eloquence finally prevailed. The next step of Hiram was to cultivate the acquaintance of the malicious Nobson, and he was gratified to find in him a man after his own heart. They are brothers now.

Improper articles of food often cause the blood to become loaded with foul humors. Cleanse the blood with Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture and be healthy.

Important to Persons Visiting New York.

One of the best kept and most convenient Hotels for Merchants and others to stop at when in New York is the GRAND UNION HOTEL, nearly opposite the GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.

Left on the European plan—you take before only pay for what you eat. Everything is first-class, and prices moderate, and adapted to the stringency of the times. You save the expense of carriage hire, and by leaving your baggage check at the counter of the hotel, your baggage will be delivered in your rooms, fifteen minutes after the arrival of the cars, free of expense. We advise you to give the GRAND UNION a trial.

VEGETINE.

What is Accomplished by VEGETINE.

Vegetine will remedy the blood, give tone to the stomach, restore the liver to its proper action, stimulate the kidneys so as to enable them to perform the functions devolving upon them, carry off the putrid humors, regulate the bowels and restore the whole system to working order. This is precisely what Vegetine does, and this is the exact way through which it has accomplished so many wonderful cures, as may be seen by the following unquestionable evidence:

A Husband's Statement of the Great Suffering of His Wife.

HAWKING, MASS., Sept. 24, 1875.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: I feel it my duty to say a word in praise of Vegetine. My wife has been troubled with a bad humor for several years, which she inherited from her parents. We have tried several physicians and a great many different kinds of medicine with but little benefit. She was so much emaciated that we had almost despaired of her ever being any better. Hearing of the Vegetine we resolved to try once more, and she commenced using it last March, and has been improving in health ever since. From 100 pounds she has advanced to 150 pounds, has gained 31 pounds in seven months, and is now able to do about her work. In short, she believes that Vegetine has been the means of saving her life, and that she can not say too much in its praise. If it pleases you to make use of this statement you are at liberty to do so. She has taken fifteen bottles and is still using it, and I can safely recommend it as a great blood purifier.

Yours respectfully, JOSEPH L. BUTLER.

THE WIFE'S STATEMENT.

HAWKING, MASS., Sept. 24, 1875.

MR. STEVENS—Dear Sir: I feel I must say a few words about the Vegetine. The physicians said I had so many complaints they did not know what to give me. They said I had a bad humor and I had the kidney complaint, the liver complaint, my heart was very weak, and I don't think there is any one who suffered more with the piles than I did. The physicians said it was no use for me to take medicine, I could not live through the month of May. I truly think the Vegetine has saved my life, and my neighbors say that the Vegetine has really accomplished a wonderful cure in my case, and I tell every one whom I meet it is the best medicine in the world.

Yours, very thankfully, MRS. J. L. BUTLER.

VEGETINE.

Reliable Evidence.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: I will most cheerfully say my testimony to the great number of cures you have received in favor of your great and good medicine, Vegetine, or I do not think enough can be said in its praise; for I was troubled over thirty years with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such bad longing spells that it would seem as though I could never breathe any more, and Vegetine has cured me, and I do feel to thank God all the time that there is so good a medicine as Vegetine; and I also think it one of the best medicines for coughs, and weak, sinking feelings at the stomach, and advise everybody to take the Vegetine, or I can assure them it is one of the best medicines that ever was.

MRS. L. GORE, Corner Magazine and Walnut streets, Cambridge, Mass.

VEGETINE.

PREPARED BY H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON, MASS.

VEGETINE is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers, for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep.

VEGETINE.

PREPARED BY H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON, MASS.

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Table with columns: ATLANTIC & GREAT WESTERN, Depot, Fifth and Hoadly, Time, 7 min. fast, Depart, Arrive, etc.

Table with columns: DEPOT, PLUM AND PEARL, Time, 7 min. fast, etc.

Table with columns: DEPOT, FIFTH AND HOADLY, Time, 7 min. fast, etc.

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