The Cincinnati Star

THE DAILY STAR is served by carriers to their subscribers in the city of Cincinnati and in all important Western cities and towns, for **10 Cents** PER WEEK, payable to the carrier. Or the paper will be mailed, postage paid, to any part of the country, for **50 Cents** PER MONTH, **$6 00** PER ANNUM.

THE STAR is the only STRICTLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER published in Cincinnati. It is taken and read by people of all parties and shades of opinion, and it seeks to present the news of all kinds fairly and truthfully, with justice to all and with especial favor to none.

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Address **THE STAR,**
230 Walnut street, Cincinnati, O.

THE Michigan Republicans warmly endorsed Z. Chandler.

NORTH CAROLINA has a triple hanging to-day. It takes place at Goldsborough.

LOWELL says "the bobolink's the poet of the year." Out in Indiana they call a mule the "poet of the ear."

THE Ohio Republican Convention endorsed Hayes, and the party warmly endorse the work of the Convention.

IT rentz the bald-headed man's heart in twain to hear that Madame Rentz's female minstrels are going to Europe.

THE Combination Rubber Company, of New York, is rubbed out. Its liabilities, without stretching, were $115,000.

THE Czar's physicians ordered him to Kissengin. Few men would object to the gin, and fewer still to the kiss; provided, etc.

H. A. MUNRO-BUTLER-JOHNSTONE, M. P., has written a book. The great mistake of his life consists in omitting the name of Smith.

A CINCINNATI chiropodist made himself generally useful at the Somerset execution, and rewarded himself by silently stealing away with the rope.

SOME men must always challenge fate to teach them their sphere. A man at East Braintree, Mass., recently fell dead while helping his wife to set up the furniture.

THE street-lamps in Camden, N. J., are extinguished so long before daylight that physicians can not find their patients. The doctors, however, and not the patients, are complaining.

NEXT year the Italians propose to celebrate the eighteenth hundred anniversary of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii. That is a little like a man celebrating the death of his grandfather.

THE original jaw-bone with which Samson routed the Philistines is claimed to be among the relics of a Prussian church. This dissolves the theory of some people that it is wagging away in Congress.

"YE men of science, ye men of science," exclaimed the Dean of Chichester in a recent sermon, "leave me my ancestors in Paradise, and I do not grudge you yours in the Zoological Garden." It is a happy faculty which enables one to thus locate his ancestors.

OHIO stands ready to repudiate the Potter investigation unless Ampt or Governor Tom Young be put upon the stand this week. The only local interest we have been able to claim in the investigation up to this time is that which comes of the short residence of Anderson in this State, and we are willing to dispose of our stock in Anderson on very favorable terms. Call Ampt and Governor Tom and give Ohio a chance.

A CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

The Rev. Mr. Murray, of Boston, Mass., known to the world as Adirondack Murray, for his love of the sports of the forest and the trout streams—and, by the way, he is rather proud of the soubriquet—has very recently given his congregation and the public a plan for the construction of a new church. He did not give his proposed church any name, but it could, would or should be called a polyglot church. His plan in substance is this: The erection of an edifice with seating capacity for at least five thousand people, with a platform that would seat one thousand men, and an organ that would beat any other organ up to the present time constructed here or elsewhere. He would have a choir of at least one thousand voices composed of musical enthusiasts; also a choicely-selected quartet of rare ability; and in connection with the church there should be a choice musical library.

This church should be open every day in the week, and at a fixed hour on secular days there should be a free concert given of sacred and secular music. The best talent should be procured, and everything possible done to develop the musical tastes and genius of the people.

As regards the mere religious work to be done in this polyglot church, Mr. Murray would provide two preachers, who should conduct religious services each every Sabbath, and quite a degree of latitude and some degrees of longitude should be allowed as to the theology that might be promulgated by the preachers. The teachings should be adapted to the popular necessities, and therefore could be of no set character. That matter must be left to the Board of Management. The B. of M. would necessarily be vested with the slight responsibility of deciding from day to day just what kind of spiritual pabulum was necessary for the people that might assemble in this polyglot temple, without any regard perhaps to the wishes or pleasure or particular enunciation of the Almighty as expressed in His Holy Word.

Adirondack Murray would have this church open on particular occasions for all denominations. He even went so far as to say that "if a Roman Catholic priest, born in this city (Boston) a child of Puritan blood, had aught to tell us, which, being heard, would improve our habits, better our morals and inspire us to nobler living, then, if his ability warranted the invitation, the platform should be set apart some night for him."

After this comes in a long arithmetical interlude by the Rev. Adirondack Murray, in which he shows that by a very low charge for "sittings" in this polyglot church $58,000 per annum could be counted on with certainty, with possibility of raising it to $72,000, and that in a pecuniary light this church would be one of the churches of the future as well as a church of the prophets and possibly profitable to the stockholders, if not the world at large.

PERSONALS ABOUT LADIES.

Madame Pauline Lucca says she intends to settle in Victoria.

Nilsson buys many diamonds, but always drives a close bargain.

Miss Alice Hobbins, of the Inter-Ocean, aged seventeen, is a famous interviewer.

Miss Cary says that she manages Max Strakosch considerably more than Max manages her.

Mrs. Marian Lewes (George Eliot) has written a new poem with the title of "A College Breakfast Party." It will appear in July.

Mrs. Bright was one of the oldest and stanchest teetotalers in the United Kingdom, having tasted no spirits for forty years.

Miss Jay, the sister-in-law of Robert Buchanan, is the author of the novels "The Queen of Connaught" and the "Dark Colleen."

Mrs. Don Cameron, it is said, is called in Washington "The Donna," perhaps to distinguish her from the wife of the other Senator Cameron.

Miss Dr. Eliza F. Petrie has been admitted to membership in the Morgan County (Ill.) Medical Society. She is a regular graduate in medicine and a practicing physician.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart owns a solitaire diamond worth $35,000, which is said to be the largest in the United States. It would make a splendid pin for the clerk of the Hotel that was first intended for working women.

Madame Bonaparte is certainly a remarkable woman. At the age of ninety-six she enjoys excellent health, and is pleasantly sojourning at the residence of her grandson, Charles J. Bonaparte, at Baltimore. She has admirably filled the role of belle and heroine.

Mrs. Louisa Chandler Moulton has won a very enviable fame as a poet. Her volume, published a few months ago, has met with the heartiest reception in England, and every leading literary paper has given her the most cordial praise. As she is an accomplished and gifted American woman, we are glad of her success.

Mrs. Don. Cameron is still praised by the newspaper correspondents, and she certainly deserves to be. Only the other night she put her arms about the Senator's neck and said, pleadingly, "Please, Don., don't kill off the newspapers for a couple of months yet, will you? I know you hate them, but spare them yet a little while for my sake." And this is the reason so many of the newspapers still live.—[Buffalo Express.

The widow of the late Earl Russell has thought herself bound by the positive directions of the Earl's will to decline the offer which was made by the Queen and the Government of a state funeral in Westminster Abbey. Lord Russell's intentions are thus worded: "I wish my funeral to be as simple and as inexpensive as possible, without any hired mourners. I wish my body to be interred in the family vault at Chenies."

Mrs. Boucicault, it is reported by the London correspondent of the Hartford Courant, intends to visit America in the autumn. She is about to appear in London in a new drama called "Love or Life," written for her by Tom Taylor and Paul Meritt. The Boucicaults do not keep their cleverness to themselves. They have an eight-year-old son who has already produced a play in which the scene is laid at sea. His mother is first lady, and a little sweetheart of his also appears in it.

The Bishop of Manchester lately made a speech at the Co-operative Congress in England, recommending co-operative farming. He gave an account of a co-operative farm near Assington, which he visited in 1867, after it had been in operation for thirty-seven years. It was started by John Gurdon, the 'Squire of the village, in 1830. He rented to fifteen men sixty acres at $9 an acre per annum, and lent them $2,000 for tools, stock, manure, &c. In 1867 they had long previously paid the loan; had increased their shareholders from fifteen to twenty, and the amount of hired land from sixty to one hundred and thirty acres, for which they paid $1,000 a year. The farm was managed by a committee of four, chosen by ballot, a portion going out every year. The Bishop found the land in admirable order, and the animals and poultry in excellent condition. In 1854 Mr. Gurdon, finding the experiment very successful, started thirty chosen men on a second co-operative farm, each contributing $17 50. He also loaned them $2,000. They began with seventy acres, but by 1867 were hiring two hundred and twelve acres at a rent of $1,625 a year, and had $6,000 worth of stock, besides having paid off the $2,000 loan and supported their families. The Bishop thought that a class of co-operative agriculturists would be a most important and stable element in the commonwealth, and the Earl of Ripon, in a subsequent speech, said that he had also visited the farms, and fully agreed with him.

The Indianapolis News says: Miss Rosanna Johnson, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Washington Township, Rush County, disappeared from her home a few nights ago in a mysterious manner, and has not yet been heard from. Her friends have reason to believe that she has been abducted, and a warrant has been issued for the arrest of one of the suspected parties, but he has fled.

A Chicago chap advertises for several steady girls to help on pantaloons. And an envious scribe says that a fellow who can't help on his own pantaloons ought to be ashamed to want girls to do it.

My Mother's Hands.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they are fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
Those patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I always weep, as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think those dear hands rested not
While mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hands and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! the morning time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies out of sight
Those hands will folded be.

But, oh! beyond this shadow land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well those dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young and fair
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

A Night of Terror.

"Help! Help!"

Weird and wailingly sounded the terrified appeal, borne upon the whistling wind through the heavily falling rain. Over the level, sodden marsh until the despairing cry was swallowed up by the growing storm. Over the rugged, rock-strewn ascent until, repelled by the frowning cliff above, the agonized shriek, weirdly distorted by the whirling, tossing tempest, came back to the ears of the one whose lips gave it utterance as though mocking her dire extremity.

Again the shriek was whirled by the fierce wind across the low bottom-land through which was doggedly plodding a dripping horse, whose head, like that of its rider, was bent low against the pelting rain and the cold, biting wind; nor did the appealing cry pass unheeded. The horse abruptly halted, and both heads were uplifted in eager listening. Their pause was not of long duration. Once more the terror-stricken voice rang out, this time with unmistakable distinctness.

"A woman—in trouble!" cried the traveler, striking his armed heels into the horse's flanks.

Sinking deep into the spongy, porous soil, now little better than a bog, the willing animal plunged along the flooded road pausing only when its fore-feet touched the edge of the turbid, swollen stream that flowed along the base of the rocky precipice beyond.

The horseman peered eagerly through the pelting, blinding storm, protecting his eyes with one hand. He could see nothing but the whirling water, coffee-colored, streaked here and there with foam, dotted with drift-wood, with sodden logs, with trees the leafy tops and bristling roots of which told how lately they had been undermined by the treacherous flood. And as he gazed, breathlessly, a choking, strangling cry guided his eyes.

Near the centre of the stream stood a single, sturdy pile, sole remnant of the bridge for which the traveler had been heading. Pressed close to this he now saw a white, terrified face—the face of a fair young girl, whose arms were clasped around the slippery post with a grip of despair, as she cried:

"Save me—for the love of God!"

The traveler uttered an encouraging shout. Bending over he cut the martingales, then hastily knotted the reins loosely upon the horse's neck. He cast a hasty glance up the river, and saw that the coast was comparatively clear. Then he cried, aloud:

"I will come for you. When I shout *now*, turn around the post and trust all to me."

A faint cry came back in token that he was understood, and, fearing to wait longer, he made the truly desperate venture.

Though snorting and trembling with fear, the good horse was too well trained to disobey its master, and, at the encouraging cry, he plunged forward, floundering through the treacherous mud of the overflowed bank. Twice it seemed as though he would stall, but then the edge of the customary bank gave way beneath him, and they were plunged headlong into the swiftly-whirling waters.

A low cry of despair broke from the girl's lips as her last hope seemed to vanish, but then she saw the horse and its rider reappear, head toward her, and gallantly breast the powerful current to regain the advantage lost by that unfortunate plunge. It was indeed a hard task, but the good horse proved equal to it, aided by the steady hand and encouraging voice of its master.

At last—it seemed an age—the pile was neared, and the young man shouted aloud the signal. With a blind faith, the maiden allowed the current to sweep her around the post, and in an instant was torn from her hold by the hungry waters. But a strong hand closed upon her arm and held her head above the surface; then—

A sharp cry broke from his lips as he again lifted his eyes. A huge dead-wood tree, with wide-spread branches, was bearing swiftly down upon them—was within its own length before discovery, even less than the distance to the nearest shore. But one minute—one half minute later—and the good horse would have borne them to safety. Gallantly he struggled—but in vain. Still swifter came the drift—almost grazing them as it swept along. Then with an almost human cry, the horse whirled swiftly around and sank beneath the turbid waters. A sunken limb had struck his legs from under him.

Wisely the traveler had freed his feet from the stirrups, and though the struggles of his horse carried him under, he did not lose his grasp upon the girl's arm, and quickly fought his way to the surface. Tossing the dripping hair from his eyes, he took in the situation at a glance.

The furious current had swept them past the one practicable landing-place upon the nearest, or southern side of the stream. The northern bank no human being could have gained, at that point. By an abrupt bend in the river, the current swept across to the southern shore, beating fiercely against the rocky wall.

There was little time for thought. The man had just time enough to realize their peril, to change his position so that he might save the girl from the shock at his own expense, when the tumbling waters hurled them violently against the rock wall. Just how it was accomplished, the young man could never tell, but a few seconds later the young couple were crouching upon a narrow ledge of rock, almost blinded by the spray that dashed over them, only saved from being torn from their precarious foothold by the fierce wind that fairly pinned them to the wall

The twilight was fast waning, but it lasted long enough for the young man to assure himself that there was no method of escape from the ledge save by plunging into the angry flood at their feet.

"Courage!" he said, pressing the little hand that clung to his arm. "At least our lives are saved."

"If the storm would only break! but if it keeps on, the river will rise and wash us away!"

"We must hope for the best. It cannot rise much higher, for it is already beginning to overflow the other bank—"

He could say no more. With renewed violence the wind dashed fiercely upon them, crushing them against the rock with a force that took their breath away. Then came a sudden, whirling eddy that relieved the crushing pressure and caused them to totter upon the slippery ledge. For one horrible moment it seemed as though they must fall again into the merciless waves, to meet their death; but only for an instant. A second sharp gust forced them back once more against the wall.

"Better the spray than the flood," shouted the man, with a half-reckless laugh, as he crouched low down and drew the girl beside him. "Lucky we can't get any wetter; and it's safer this way."

The girl made no resistance as his arm was gently wound around her waist, drawing her close to his side. A warm glow filled the young man's heart as he saw how trustingly she nestled beside him, her chill hands clasping his arm, one cheek pressed against his dripping coat. He looked down upon her face, and saw that it was very fair—despite the lines of terror left by her fierce struggle for life with the mad waters. He felt her shiver as the fierce blast struck them, and when there came another lull, he gently removed her hands and took off his heavy coat, wrapping it tightly around her, despite her objections.

"If you refuse, I'll throw it into the river," he said, in a voice that told his earnestness, and she no longer refused, but pressed the closer to him that he might share the covering.

The night had fallen now, and the darkness became intense, unrelieved even by a passing gleam of lightning. The fury of the storm seemed to augment rather than decrease, and despite his confidently expressed belief, the traveler felt that the rising waters would soon sweep them from the ledge—to death inevitable. He knew that the water was drawing near them, for now the waves beat incessantly against their feet, more than once fairly covering their heads, and only by clinging desperately to the ragged points of rock could they retain their position until, during a brief lull, he drove his stout knife deep into a crevice in the wall. To this he fastened his belt, passing one arm through the loop, holding his companion closely with the other.

And thus that terrible night was passed—a night that will long be remembered by hundreds of the inhabitants of the Vermillion valley besides the two with whom this sketch deals. All night the furious storm raged. The river overran its banks, and when daylight came and the storm gradually died away, the entire valley was flooded from hill to hill.

But the first dim rays of the sun found the young couple alive, though pale and haggard from their long fight with death Ah! that was a blessed moment of joy—for they saw that the flood was beginning to sub-side, that the lapping waters barely reached the level of the ledge.

As the hours rolled on, they exchanged confidences, and during their enforced waiting, became more thoroughly acquainted than if they had passed an ordinary year together.

Her story was simple. Her name was Laura Weston. She had been spending a week at a friend's, but growing homesick, started off alone for home, knowing that if she spoke of her intention she would not be permitted to start out in the face of the gathering storm. Reaching the river, she found that the old bridge had been swept away, but determined to cross upon the pile of driftwood that had gathered against the remaining piles. When half-over, a heavy log came down and striking one loosened pile, set the entire drift free. She was plunged into the water, and swept against the lower pile, the force of the water upon her back enabling her to keep her position until she was rescued as detailed.

He, Edward Thompson, was spending his holiday in riding lazily through Kansas and the Indian Nation, and was hastening for F., when the storm overtook him.

It was late that afternoon when they were rescued by a party who were searching for stock that had been swept away, and half an hour later they were safe at Mr. Weston's.

The young man had no cause to complain of his reception at the hands of Laura's parents. Indeed he was so much pleased with it that he made more than one trip to F., just to—well, the last time he went, I know that he took with him a very pretty ring, and they *do* say that a short time after Ed. was seen in Marysville—and they *do* say that he left that lively town with a marriage license in his pocket.

CIGARETTE-MAKING IN HAVANA.

The principal cigarette factory is, as is well known, the factory of M. Sasini, "La Honoradez"—"Honoradez" signifying, in Spanish, honesty, the motto of the house. It consists of a series of irregular buildings, covering an area in space about equal to that occupied by the usual Broadway block. On the upper floor of the pricipal building we find a lot of tobacco, which has just arrived and is being prepared for inspection, the first requisite being to remove from it any leaves that are either dead or in any way injured. The tobacco lies loosely scattered over an immense wooden tray, which is kept continually moving, by means of machinery, from one end of a table to the other. Around this table are seated some twelve or fourteen Cuban workmen, all good judges of tobacco. Each one throws aside such leaves as he deems unfit for use, while the slow yet continual motion given to the tray brings each imperfection successively before the eyes of all. The next step is to free the tobacco from any particles of sand or earth that may adhere to it. This is done by moving the tray by machinery, until it is over a large bin, into which the tobacco is allowed to fall, being subjected in its passage to a powerful current of air induced by means of an immense fan, likewise worked by machinery. One step more, and a very simple one—that of drying—and the tobacco is ready for a change of form. The tobacco is dried by simply exposing it on the roof, for a few hours, to the heat of the sun. For cigarettes it can scarcely be too dry, or for cigars too damp. A Cuban would not think of smoking other than a damp cigar. In the factories one sees the workmen smoking cigars they have just rolled, and no native could understand why one should smoke dry cigars in which so much of the natural flavor has been lost. Thus far the process has been entirely one of cleansing or of freeing from impurities. The next step is that of cutting the leaves into fine particles in order to adapt the tobacco for cigarettes. The scattered leaves are first collected and subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, from which they come out looking for all the world like a pile of snuff-colored brick. The molded tobacco next goes to the cutting-machine, falling from thence into a sieve, the meshes of which pass only such pieces as have been reduced to the proper size. The remainder is passed into a hopper, and thence goes for a second cutting. One step more, and the tobacco will be issued to the "rollers." Some half a dozen Chinese enter the room, each carrying with him a small vessel containing an aromatic liquid, with which the loose tobacco is carefully sprinkled. The preparation of this liquid is not known. It is doubtless the desire to keep it secret that leads to the preference of Chinese over native labor. Before following the tobacco further, let us look at the remaining portion of the cigarette—the wrapper. The original envelope for the tobacco was doubtless composed of leaves, the followers of Columbus carrying back to Spain accounts of the strange custom existing among the natives of San Salvador—the smoking of tobacco wrapped in the leaves of the palm, which was doubtless the primitive cigarette. In France, to this day, new straws are much used, but generally paper has become the popular envelope. This paper must be especially manufactured. Most of it comes from Barcelona, where the making of cigarette paper constitutes an important industry. All that used at the "Honoradez" factory, after inspection, is carefully stamped with the name "Susini." By unrolling any of this brand of cigarettes this mark can be readily seen, and serves as the readiest means of detecting counterfeits. A portion of the paper is sprinkled with various preparations to give to it the flavor of tea, licorice, or such other taste as may suit certain customers. This explains the variation in the color of the wrapper, which is sometimes straw-color, sometimes brown, but more usually white, the latter color distinguishing the paper which has not been artificially flavored. In the cutting machine the paper is rapidly converted into the proper size for envelopes, while another machine close at hand is turning out little bits of pasteboard for such of the cigarettes as are to be made with a mouthpiece.—*The Galaxy.*

INDUSTRY is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and by all nations.

RAILROAD TIME

Corrected to Accord with Cincinnati Time.

CINCINNATI SOUTHERN RAILWAY.
Depot, corner McLean avenue and Gest street.

	Depart. Cin'ti.	Arrive. Cin'ti.
Somerset Ex	7:35 a m	6:15 p m
Danville Junction Ac	3:55 p m	11:25 a m

ATLANTIC & GREAT WESTERN.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly.

New York Ex	10:38 a m	5:08 p m
New York Ex. daily	9:23 p m	5:53 a m

LOUISVILLE & CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE.
Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Louisville Ex. daily	7:04 a m	8:04 p m
Louisville Ex	3:14 p m	12:51 p m
Louisville daily	8:14 p m	6:01 a m
Worthville Ac	6:14 p m	12:51 p m

MARIETTA & CINCINNATI.
Depot, Plum and Pearl.

Parkersburg Ac	5:53 a m	5:37 p m
Hillsboro Ac	5:53 a m	5:37 p m
Parkersburg Ex. daily	8:08 a m	6:13 p m
Parkersburg Ex. daily	9:53 p m	6:13 a m
Loveland Ac	9:03 a m	2:18 a m
Chillicothe Ac	3:38 p m	9:38 a m
Hillsboro Ac	3:38 p m	9:38 a m
Loveland Ac	5:08 p m	7:53 a m
Loveland Ac	6:08 p m	6:38 a m

The 8:08 a. m. and 9:53 p. m. trains connect for Jackson and Portsmouth.

BALTIMORE & OHIO, VIA PARKERSBURG.
Depot, Pearl and Plum.

Baltimore Ex. daily	8:08 a m	6:13 p m
Baltimore Ex. daily	9:53 p m	6:23 a m

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI.
Depot, Mill and Front.

St. Louis Fast Line	7:57 a m	8:42 p m
St. Louis Ex. daily	6:57 p m	7:27 a m
Cairo Mail	7:57 a m	8:42 p m
Cairo Ex	6:57 p m	7:27 a m
Evansville Mail	7:57 a m	8:42 p m
Evansville Ex	6:57 p m	7:27 a m
Kansas City Fast Line	7:57 a m	8:42 p m
Kansas City Ex	6:57 p m	7:27 a m
North Vernon Ac	.....	9:32 p m
Osgood Ac	5:12 p m	8:12 a m
Louisville Fast Line daily	6:42 a m	8:42 p m
Louisville Ex	3:12 p m	12:17 p m
Louisville Night Ex daily	6:57 p m	.....
Springfield Ex	6:57 p m	7:27 a m
Shawneetown Ac	6:57 p m	7:27 a m
Sunday Trains—		
Louisville Fast Line	6:42 a m	8:42 p m
Louisville Ex	6:57 p m	.....
St. Louis Ex	6:57 p m	7:27 a m

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly.

Dayton Ex. daily	9:23 p m	5:53 a m
Dayton Ac	5:23 p m	9:43 a m
Toledo Ex	8:23 a m	7:08 p m
Toledo Ex. daily	9:23 p m	5:53 a m
Lima Ac	2:23 p m	3:18 p m
Indianapolis Mail	7:08 a m	9:53 p m
Indianapolis Ex	5:23 p m	9:38 a m
Chicago Ex	7:08 a m	9:53 p m
Chicago Ex. daily	6:53 p m	8:43 a m
Hamilton Ac. daily	9:53 a m	5:58 p m
Hamilton Ac	4:13 a m	1:33 p m
Hamilton Ac	6:18 p m	7:38 a m
Hamilton Ac	11:23 p m	6:58 a m
Hamilton Ac	.....	8:33 a m

CINCINNATI, RICHMOND & CHICAGO.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly.

Chicago Ex	7:0 a m	9:53 p m
Richmond Ac	2:23 p m	1:33 p m
Chicago Ex. daily	6:53 p m	8:43 a m

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & INDIANAPOLIS.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly.

Indianapolis Mail	7:08 a m	9:53 p m
Indianapolis Ex	5:23 p m	9:38 p m

GRAND RAPIDS AND INDIANA.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly.

Grand Rapids Ex	7:08 a m	9:53 p m
Grand Rapids Ex	6:53 p m	8:43 a m
Ft. Wayne Ac	.....	1:33 p m

BEE LINE—(DAYTON SHORT-LINE ROUTE, C., C., C. & I. RAILWAY.)
Depot, Sixth and Hoadly.

New York Fast Line	6:53 a m	10:57 p m
New York Ex	10:38 a m	5:08 p m
New York Ex. daily	9:23 p m	5:53 a m
Springfield Ac	3:53 p m	10:38 a m
Manda Ac	6:23 p m	6:43 a m
Dayton Ac	.....	8:10 a m

DAYTON SHORT-LINE & COLUMBUS.
Depot, Sixth and Hoadly.

Columbus Ex	6:53 a m	10:57 p m
Columbus Ex	10:38 a m	3:18 p m
Columbus Ac	3:53 p m	5:08 p m

DAYTON SHORT-LINE & SANDUSKY.
Depot, Sixth and Hoadly.

Sandusky Ex	8:23 a m	5:08 p m
Sandusky Ex. daily	9:23 p m	5:53 a m
Kenton Ac	3:53 p m	10:38 a m

INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI & LAFAYETTE.
Depot, Pearl and Plum.

Indianapolis Mail	8:00 a m	8:15 p m
Indianapolis Ac	2:10 p m	4:00 p m
Indianapolis Ex. daily	7:00 p m	10:00 p m
Martinsville Ac	8:00 a m	4:00 p m
Lafayette Mail	8:00 a m	8:15 a m
Lafayette Ac	2:10 p m	4:00 p m
Lafayette Ex. daily	7:00 p m	10:00 p m
Chicago Mail	8:00 a m	10:00 p m
Chicago Ex. daily	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
St. Louis Mail	8:00 a m	10:00 p m
St. Louis Ex. daily	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Peoria Ex	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Quincy Mail	2:10 p m	4:00 p m
Quincy Ex daily	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Cairo Mail	8:00 a m	10:00 p m
Cairo Ex. daily	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Evansville Mail	8:00 a m	10:00 p m
Evansville Ex. daily	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Burlington Ex. daily	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Paris Ex	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Valley Junction Ac	11:25 p m	6:50 p m
Harrison Ac	8:00 a m	9:20 p m
Harrison Mail	4:05 p m	9:40 a m
Harrison Ac	6:10 p m	.....
Lawrenceburg Ac	9:30 a m	8:00 a m
Lawrenceburg Ac	5:10 p m	1:20 p m
Sunday Accommodation Trains—		
Lawrenceburg Ac	9:15 a m	1:40 p m
Lawrenceburg Ac	.....	6:45 p m
Harrison Ac	1:30 p m	6:45 p m
Harrison Ac	10:00 p m	10:30 a m

WHITEWATER VALLEY.
Depot, Pearl and Plum.

Hagerstown Ac	8:00 a m	9:20 a m
Fort Wayne Mail	8:00 p m	.....
Muncie Mail	8:00 p m	9:40 a m
Fort Wayne Ex	4:05 p m	9:20 p m

FORT WAYNE, MUNCIE AND CINCINNATI R. R.
Depot, Pearl and Plum.

Muncie Mail	8:00 a m	9:40 a m
Fort Wayne Mail	8:00 a m	.....
Fort Wayne Ex	4:05 p m	9:20 p m

LITTLE MIAMI, PAN-HANDLE, EASE
Depot, Front and Kilgour.

New York Ex. daily	8:33 a m	11:08 a m
New York Ex. daily	8:23 p m	7:53 p m
New York Ex	.....	6:23 a m
Columbus Ac	4:05 p m	2:53 p m
Zanesville Ac	10:48 a m	2:53 p m
Xenia Ac	7:23 a m	.....
Morrow Ac	5:13 p m	8:33 a m
Morrow Ac	.....	6:53 p m
Loveland Ac	6:23 p m	7:38 a m
Loveland Ac	11:23 p m	1:23 p m
Plainville Ac	8:03 a m	9:33 a m

The 8:33 a m and 4:05 p m trains connect for Yellow Springs and Springfield. The Church Train leaves Loveland Sundays at 9:03 a m, and returning leaves Cincinnati at 1:53 p m.

CLEVELAND, MT. VERNON & COLUMBUS.
Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Cleveland Express	8:33 a m	7:53 p m

CINCINNATI & MUSKINGUM VALLEY.
Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Zanesville Ex	10:48 a m	2:53 p m
Circleville Ac	4:03 p m	11:08 a m

CINCINNATI & EASTERN—BATAVIA NARROW-GAUGE
Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Winchester Ac	7:23 a m	6:53 p m
Winchester Ex	4:03 p m	9:33 a m
Tobasco Ac	5:13 p m	8:33 a m

KENTUCKY CENTRAL.
Depot, Eighth and Washington, Covington.

Lexington Ex	7:15 a m	6:30 p m
Lexington Ac	1:30 p m	12:00 m
Maysville Ex	1:30 p m	12:00 m
Falmouth Ac	3:45 p m	9:00 a m
Morning View Ac	5:50 p m	7:05 a m
Lexington Mixed	8:00 p m	4:20 a m

COLLEGE HILL NARROW-GAUGE RAILWAY.
Depot, Sixth and Hoadly.

Mt. Healthy Ac	7:08 p m	7:53 a m
Mt. Healthy Ac	9:53 p m	9:38 p m
Mt. Healthy Ac	2:23 p m	1:33 p m
Mt. Healthy Ac	4:13 a m	5:58 a m
College Hill Ac	5:23 p m	7:08 p m
Mt. Healthy Ac	6:18 p m	.....

CINCINNATI & PORTSMOUTH R. R.
Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Forrestville Ac	4:03 p m	8:23 p m
Kyle's Ac	5:13 p m	7:38 a m
From Columbia Junction—		
Kyle's Ac	7:03 a m	9:33 a m

CINCINNATI & WESTWOOD (NARROW-GAUGE).
Daily, except Sunday.

Leave C., H. & D. Depot, 8:53 a m, 6:18 p m.
Leave Robb's (Westwood), 5:48 a m, 7:38 a m 12:38 p m, 3:33 p m, 6:03 p m.
Leave Brighton, 6:43 a m, 9:03 a m, 2:08, p m 5:13 p m, 6:43 p m.
Sunday trains—
Leave Robb's (Westwood), 8:38 a m, 10:23 a m, 12:23 p m, 2:03 p m, 4:53 p m, and 6:33 p m.
Leave Brighton, 9:33 a m, 11:08 a m, 1:28 p m, 2:38 p m, 6:03 p m, 7:13 p m.