

The Commercial enlarged is even able to give old man Dalzell a chance.

We do not put much confidence in Mr. Randal's bright prospects for the Speakership of the next House of Representatives.

The Government receipts from Internal revenue sources run remarkably low, only reaching yesterday one hundred and sixteen thousand dollars.

The law as to the requirement for stamping bank checks may not be perfectly clear, but on all checks, whether they be used at once or not, the safe thing is to affix the stamp.

The railroad meeting at Ironton on the 20th is in the interest of an enterprise of great importance to this city, and should be attended by our most practical business men.

In the case of the clerks charged with complicity in the mail contract frauds on trial yesterday, the defendants' counsel introduced a singular line of defense. He claimed that there was a strong ring in the Department which always made it a point to break up the little rings, and that his client was a member of one of the lesser combinations.

The Texas Pacific Railroad schemers, it is announced, rely on the Ohio delegation in Congress to help their little project through next winter. They expect to secure the South solid and enough Northern Democrats to make the thing sure. Nothing could be done more to the interest of the Republicans than such a move by the opposition immediately on coming into power.

In this region the allurian prospect is most encouraging. Two weeks ago the severe winter retreated not to return except in due time, and spring has rapidly pushed forward her work. Three weeks ago it was supposed that the season would be two or three weeks later than usual, but the uninterrupted warm weather for ten days has pushed vegetation forward to its usual stage at this date.

When, in 1852, a company was formed for draining Lake Fucina, the Neapolitan government offering the drained land in the bed of the lake to the contractors, Prince Torlonia took part in the matter. He was one of the delays, bought out all the other shareholders. Now, considering that eighteen centuries since the Roman Emperors Hadrian and Claudius attempted the feat, and only partially succeeded; that for thirty-three years, between 1758 and 1816, the entire surrounding plain was inundated, the villages ruined, the inhabitants reduced to misery; that Ferdinand IV ordered surveys and studies, consulted all the academies in vain; that the famous Afan di Riera only succeeded in partially clearing the old Claudian emissary, and that in 1852 it was again rendered useless by the fresh deposits that encumbered it, it must be confessed that for a single individual to say "I will undertake the work and carry it to completion alone," he must have been a man of stout heart and long purse.

"THE BLESSED ARISTOCRACY OF THE WISEST."

Aristocracy originally signified a government by the best. It now means government by the worst. We do not say that the worst men are at the head of the State, directing the political machinery of government. We mean that government in its broadest social sense is in the hands of the worst instead of the best. Outwardly, the masters and mistresses of society do not seem to be the worst; but when the results of their government are considered, they are shown to be the worst. They ruin one class by misapplying excessive wealth to purposes of vanity, pride, genteel dissipation and fashionable depravities; and they ruin another class by inflicting upon them poverty and humiliation, and surrounding them with all the circumstances of debasement and degradation.

Instead of being governed by a true aristocracy our society is under the control of a kakistocracy government by the worst. Our kakistocracy is omnipotent over the fashionable world. It is well known that those women who reign at the center of fashion are the worst of their sex—utterly abandoned and corrupt—an indubitable kakistocracy. Their decrees are so potent by their own intrinsic energy, that the authority of all the great artists who have ever modeled a human form, the authority of all the great teachers of religion and masters of philosophy, together with the authority of all the physiologists, anatomists and physicians—all this in addition to every suggestion of common sense and common prudence, has not the weight of a straw against any decree that goes forth from the kakistocracy of fashion. And so woman, who might be the paragon of beauty, by obedience to these decrees, makes herself the most calamitous of deformities.

Then we have the kakistocracy of wealth. Those who reign in this department of government control the political policy of the country and keep up and aggravate all the legislative wrongs by which a few are enabled to accumulate the surplus wealth of the country which

is sponged out of the producer classes. This wealth pours out in profusion the "material aid" which fashion demands. These two kakistocracies are far more calamitous in this country than the kakistocracy of the old world, that is incorporated in their political constitutions and was originally founded and has been periodically nourished by consecration and legalized plunder.

The law that creates the distinction of rank, defines the metes and bounds of caste, and the mass of the people are saved from that fatal imitation and following of the kakistocrats which is so fatal to our own middle class.

What, then, is the true aristocracy? What does Carlyle mean by "The Blessed Aristocracy of the Wisest"? What he means may not be precisely clear to us; but we mean what the Master meant when he said, "He who would be greatest amongst you, let him be your servant." This text renders clear to us some of the leading characteristics of the "Wisest."

It means that those who are endowed with the largest understandings shall be the honest advisers of the rest of mankind, and by a disinterested use of their great powers secure such popular confidence and affection that all will voluntarily submit to their direction.

It means that those who become superior scholars shall make themselves the educators of the people on the same principle of beneficence, and think nothing of income beyond the means of a plain, democratic support, which will always be at their command.

It means that those whose great business capacity shall place them at the head of the mighty enterprises of the age, shall act in the same spirit and with the same good faith for the benefit of the whole people.

It means that all superior men and women, in whatever calling, shall make the highest possible good of the entire people the sole object of all enterprise, all study, all science, all art, all oratory, and all sociality.

Such is "The Blessed Aristocracy of the Wisest." When this government shall be installed, poverty and homelessness, vice and crime, ignorance and abasement will soon cease to curse mankind. No one would lose anything good by entering this aristocracy, while everybody would gain everything good and great and noble. All the poor, the weak, the ignorant and the vicious would be brought under the beneficent influence of the superior, and the whole people would be blessed by this "Blessed Aristocracy." Let there be a gradual but steady tendency in this direction.

Draining a Lake.

When, in 1852, a company was formed for draining Lake Fucina, the Neapolitan government offering the drained land in the bed of the lake to the contractors, Prince Torlonia took part in the matter. He was one of the delays, bought out all the other shareholders. Now, considering that eighteen centuries since the Roman Emperors Hadrian and Claudius attempted the feat, and only partially succeeded; that for thirty-three years, between 1758 and 1816, the entire surrounding plain was inundated, the villages ruined, the inhabitants reduced to misery; that Ferdinand IV ordered surveys and studies, consulted all the academies in vain; that the famous Afan di Riera only succeeded in partially clearing the old Claudian emissary, and that in 1852 it was again rendered useless by the fresh deposits that encumbered it, it must be confessed that for a single individual to say "I will undertake the work and carry it to completion alone," he must have been a man of stout heart and long purse.

The engineer presented two projects—the first for enlarging and restoring the old emissary, and the second for a new tunnel which should follow the line of the old, but of ampler and stronger build, thus to insure the permanent drainage of even the bottom of the basin, whatever rains might fall. The Prince accepted the latter plan, and the works were instantly commenced. The lake which lies about fifty miles eastward of Rome, in the Neapolitan territory, far away from any center of industry, is approached by but one road, that leading from Naples to Avezzano, and the expense and difficulty of bringing engines, men and material were enormous, while the work of demolishing the old tunnel in parts full of water, in parts falling in, was perilous in the extreme. But in three years the lower portion of the old had disappeared and was replaced by the new. At times, despite ten enormous pumps, worked incessantly by 200 hands, the rushing waters stopped the construction; at other times the gases and bad air threatened suffocation. The task for the most part had to be completed knee deep in putrid mud, frozen waters; in profound obscurity, and in the midst of the sepulchral silence that reigns 100 metres underground. Finally, in 1869, the tunnel was completed. It is 22,000 feet (6,333 metres) in length, and its axis being at a lower level than that of the old emissary, it allowed a discharge of 2,400 cubic feet to the second, whereas the Claudian tunnel, with a cross section of 100 square feet, allowed but a discharge of 424 cubic feet to the second.

The complete success of this enterprise gives 42,000 acres of fertile soil to agriculture. Where, eighteen years ago, equator, misery, filth and barbarism sated the stranger's eye, a population of 20,000, well housed, well fed, healthy and industrious, has risen up; and when all the drains, irrigating canals and roads are completed and the farm houses all built, Lake Celano will be counted as the model estate of Italy. Prince Torlonia owned the Roman Campagna he would have drained, irrigated and repopulated this stretch of dreary waste long ago, say the Italians. He has promised General Garibaldi that he will assist him in his work of creating the new port of Home by draining Lake Trajan (the model estate of Italy). Prince Torlonia owned the Roman Campagna he would have drained, irrigated and repopulated this stretch of dreary waste long ago, say the Italians. He has promised General Garibaldi that he will assist him in his work of creating the new port of Home by draining Lake Trajan (the model estate of Italy).

Mr. Robert Dale Owen, in spite of his humiliating experience with the Holmes family, still avows his belief in their powers of materialization. He says he knows they have the power, and that they supplement that power with fraud, but he does not know where one lays off and the other begins.

COURAGE YET.

Alone! A speck upon the boisterous sea Tossing its wild waves mockingly Flashing the sunlight blindingly In myriad gleams of gold.

Alone! A strong man wrestling warily Fighting a stern fight dauntlessly Bearing his burden cheerily With a heart as brave as bold.

Alone! Not long. For now the harbor light Gleaming upon his anxious sight, Calls to his mind the blue eyes bright Of his darling love of old.

At home! With her for whom he dared to brave Perils on Ocean's stormy wave. A recompense his soul shall have As the joys of home unfold.

CONSTANCE'S STORY.

When my husband, Roscoe Arnold, asked me to marry him, I felt it necessary to tell him that I did not love him as he loved me—that I understood his devotion, because I had felt it for another—that other, Ivan Gray—that to my husband I had to give only a grateful affection. Would that suffice?

He said that it would. He told me afterward that, through my weeping, he did not catch the name; that he thought I said also that my lover had died.

The subject was not a pleasant one—we did not refer to it afterward. From the first, Roscoe was a good husband. If I did not appreciate him then, I was not unhappy. I had a bright, beautiful home, which Roscoe named Herodias. The library was extensive, the conservatory luxurious. Books and flowers being my ruling passions, my husband had taken especial pains to gratify me. To-day I never smell heliotrope or tuberose without the memory of those first lovely years coming back to me.

After our boy was born, and everybody pronounced him a most healthy and beautiful child, Roscoe said to me: "Constance, are you happy?" "I looked straight into his honest brown eyes: "Yes, Roc."

He bent and kissed me with a delight I had never seen him show before. "Dearest, you are mine!" he murmured. "That was all he said. It was just two years after our marriage. A few days later he received a letter. I asked whom it was from. "My sister," he answered. "I never knew that you had a sister," I said, in surprise.

"No, I have never spoken to you of Ora. When my parents died in my boyhood, Ora was a baby, and was taken by an aunt down to New Orleans, where she was raised with her children. I have only seen her once since. She is very pretty," this letter tells me she is to be married.

He gave me the letter to read. It was written on delicate, fragrant paper, the penmanship easy and graceful, but rather too fine. Rather a brief communication, prettily expressed, asking us to come to the wedding. "New Orleans, in July! I am afraid to take baby, and I could not leave him!"

"I see that we can not go. It is impracticable. I will write and tell Ora." "And give her my love. Say that I hope she will be very happy."

I had been present at but one wedding in my life, and that was my own. I was six and twenty. It was very different from what I thought it would be when I was eighteen. At eighteen I had been betrothed to Ivan Gray; at twenty-six I married Roscoe Arnold.

The suggestion of another wedding brought back the past to me. When I was alone, and baby asleep in his basket, I went to a drawer in my private cabinet, and took out a packet of letters and a photograph.

The latter was a vignette—a face handsome as a Greek god's, with a perfection of contour that must ever be fascinating. As I looked at it, the peace of my heart fled away. The breath of the past, fragrant, warm, springlike, swept over me like a warm, imperious impulse of youth started to life in my blood. Ah, that only was happiness! That was bright morning—this was sultry midday.

"As starlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine," I murmured. I sat there on the rich carpet before the rosewood cabinet, the panorama of that sweet wedding before me, while the sunshine crept along the pearly wall, slipped across my lap, and illuminated my baby's little rosy face.

It woke him at last. He reached his little hands into the golden light, and lay cooing. I looked at the letters, but did not open them. They were mine, but I had learned the lesson only three years ago. The packet was small, and I sat with it held between my palms for nearly half an hour. But I put away letters and picture at last, and sat down by the open window, swinging the baby's basket to and fro.

Another year went by. I was surrounded by comfort, tenderly cared for. I resolved not to unlock the rosewood cabinet again. I was reading in the portico, one June morning, while Melissa, the nurse, was leading little Lyle along the garden-walks, when a carriage came whirling up the drive.

I sprang up, fearing something had happened to my husband. But by the time I reached the open hall-door, a lady, alone, was coming up the steps from the carriage. She was very young, richly robed, and instantly addressed me: "Are you not my brother Roscoe's wife?" she asked. "I am his sister Ora, from New Orleans."

"I don't remember how I welcomed her, but I threw open the drawing-room door, and she entered and dropped into a seat. "Where is Roscoe? I—I have come to stay with you," she said, her face pale as ashes.

I took a vague alarm at her appearance, but I endeavored to speak as usual. "You are tired—ill. Lay off your wraps and let me get you a glass of wine."

I went across the hall to a china closet. When I came back she lay in a dead faint upon the floor.

Roscoe had come out of town, and did not return until evening. I had had Ora taken to a room next to mine and put to bed. She was a mere delicate child when undressed, not more than seventeen years old.

"Oh, how good you are—how good you are!" she said, with heart-rending pathos. I brushed her tangles and rubbed her delicate limbs. I had studied medicine a little with my father, and I knew she was close upon a fever. At length she lay warm and quiet, and soon fell asleep.

I sat up until eleven o'clock, waiting for Roscoe. At length I heard his step in the hall, and I rushed to meet him. He looked astounded at my news. "Why, what does it mean?" he asked. The next morning Ora was in a burning fever. She talked incoherently—she did not know me. She lay very ill for three weeks.

was to kiss me, and murmur: "I love you!" At last she could sit up and talk a little. And then she told Roscoe and me her story. I will not repeat it here. It was a tale too sickening; of human passion inflamed by liquor; of man's tyranny; of woman's weakness. Her husband was false to her and to his manhood. She failed to him, pleading; he knocked her senseless at his feet. And before that, she had borne—oh, pitiful heavens, so much!

"He has killed my love for him," she said, white and shuddering. "I am afraid of him! I have a horror of him! I had rather die than live with him again! Let me stay here! Here, he will not find me. Oh, Roscoe—Constance, let me stay with you!"

We assuaged her—promised earnestly that she should stay, protected, beloved by us. For the conversation was most false to her, and nearly brought on a relapse of her fever.

And Roscoe wrote to his aunt, Mrs. Brompton, of New Orleans, asking further particulars of Ora's story, and announcing his determination to protect her against her husband. To which Mrs. Brompton replied as follows:

"I am glad Ora is with you. Her marriage was certainly turned out a most dreadful affair. Her husband here, but I blame myself that I did not inform myself concerning his principles. He is now avowed to have none—rather, he possesses the worst! The scandal is dying out here, but Ora wishes to remain with you for the present. She will better than returning to New Orleans. My love to her."

"AGUSTA BROMPTON." So I found what I had never had—a sister—and I think we made her as happy as she could possibly be after the terrible blight upon her youth. She had a taste of comfort in little Lyle, who was very fond of her, calling her "Lolo" in his soft, lisping accents. She was most unselfish and sympathetic in disposition, and this latter trait won from me, at least, a confidence.

She sat with me, sewing, in my chamber, one day. Roscoe had just sent out a pack of new books. For long I wished to see. We had looked them over—promised ourselves much enjoyment in the long winter evenings coming.

"What a splendid man Roscoe is!" Ora said, thoughtfully. "He is a companion—a friend—he is interested in everything you care for—he consults your wishes—he ministers to your tastes. Now, my husband never seemed to care for anything but to own me!" She seldom or never referred to her husband. It seemed to make her physically ill to do so. I hurried away from the subject.

"I know I have a good husband, Ora; I respect him, I admire him. But yet," I added, "I should have been happier if I had married another man."

Then I told her a tale of my youth. Of my exceeding beauty—of the tourist who wandered to my mountain home—of his beauty, his charm, his power—my passion for him. Of my invalid mother, who prayed me not to leave her—of the music that made me—of his departure—his subsequent desertion. Of how my mother died blessing me—how my conscience approved, yet my passionate longing for what I had lost. The hot tears rained down my face as I concluded—so deeply had my nature known this experience.

Ora listened with wide eyes, quickened breath; her work dropped upon her lap. When I had done, she said: "What was his name, Constance? You have not spoken it."

"Ivan Gray." "Have you a picture of him?" she asked, in a sharp, suppressed voice. I reached into a drawer, and took the photograph, placed it in her hand.

She glanced—dropped it as it stung her. "It is my husband, Constance." "I could only stare at her. "It surely is, Constance," she said, winding her arms about me. "When you first spoke of your girlhood's love in Blue Mountains, I remembered to have seen some sketches my husband made there, bearing date 1855. Eight years ago, Oh, Conny! what an escape you made that you did not marry him! To be the wife of Ivan Gray was reserved for my fate, she added, mournfully. "Was Mr. Gray's name Ivan?" I stammered.

"Yes," she answered. "I was forced to accept the truth. I rose, by-and-by, and put the letters and the photograph in the fire. And that night I talked alone with my husband. Through all eternity he will never doubt now that I love him. Ora is as well with us. Roscoe has taken measures to procure for her a divorce.

Corks are cut from large slabs of cork tree, a species of oak, which grows wild in the mountains of Europe. The bark of the tree is stripped of its bark at about sixteen years old; but before being stripped it off, the tree is not cut down, as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing, and the operation may be repeated every eight or nine years; the quality of the bark continuing to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off, it is singed in the flames of a strong fire, and after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weight in order to render it straight.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, went security for his brother, a boot and shoe dealer, and was held responsible in the sum of \$50,000. He is said to have assigned all his property, and even to have pledged his salary, for a year in advance, to the payment of the debt. The will, Leavenworth paper says, almost reduce him to poverty.

Court Gossip. In the United States Court the jury in the case of Peter Schwab's assignee, against John W. Carr, a suit brought to recover the value of a one-eighth interest in a distillery, could not agree and were discharged.

The jury in the case of Ashman & Souly against John Grueter rendered a verdict for the defendant. The suit, as is mentioned by us yesterday, was to recover upon an assessment for the Wado-street sewer.

A verdict in the suit of Sylvester Hand, assignee of Henry Hunterman, against Moses Goldsmith was returned for the plaintiff for \$2,835. In a former trial the verdict was \$1,869 for the plaintiff. The particulars of this suit were mentioned yesterday.

Robert S. Young has brought suit against the Andes Insurance Company, and the case is now in progress before Judge Tilden. The action is to recover \$2,895 for loss sustained by fire to the plaintiff's property in Baton Rouge, La. The plaintiff claims that the company issued to him a policy of insurance in November, 1871. The defendants claim delay in bringing the suit, and further that the plaintiff is not the party in interest, averring that he sold his claim to another party. The plaintiff, reaffirming his interest in the claim, avers that the cause of delay in bringing the suit was owing to an agreement with the defendants' agents to forbear suit to enable the defendants to tide themselves over the losses occasioned by the Chicago fire.

The testimony in the case of Mary Chandler and others against Longworth's executors and others is still proceeding in the District Court.

Real Estate Transfers.

Margaret E. Poor to George Haffor, lot 20 by 88 feet, on the north side of Longworth, 136 feet east of Mount street—\$1,500.

F. J. Schenck to Peter Kaufman, a triangular lot, 35 by 30 feet, at the intersection of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad and Second street, Twenty-fifth Ward, quitclaim—\$60.

Mary Lora to Josephine Kitch, lot 84 by 29 1/2 feet, on the east side of Sycamore street, 173 feet north of Broadway, in Harrison—\$400.

Samuel Kuhn and wife to J. R. Reynolds, leasehold, 20 1/2 feet, on the southeast corner of Fourth and Smith streets—\$3,800.

M. D. Hanover and wife to Agnes Hochstetter, lot 109 by 168 feet, on the southeast corner of Bellevue avenue and Oak street, Twelfth Ward—\$13,000.

Levi Campbell and wife to Thomas Gallagher, lot 17 in Campbell's addition to Camp Dennison—\$750.

Gabriel Netter and others to Jacob Seasongood, the undivided half of a lot 25 1/2 by 100 feet, on the north side of Third street, 194 feet west of Walnut street—\$1 and other considerations.

J. L. Stettinius and wife to Bernhard Jungling, lot 16 by 15 feet, on the west side of Broad street, 69 feet north of Fifteenth street—\$5,200.

J. W. McFadden to Ferdinand Vogel, leasehold, lot 16 1/2 by 10 1/2 feet, on the north side of Central street, 219 feet west of Freeman street—\$1.

Ferdinand Vogel to Emma McFadden, same property—\$1.

I. M. Woods to I. C. and C. L. Wilcox, five years' lease of the premises 34 by 100 feet, on the north side of Sixth street, 115 feet east of Central avenue, at an annual rent of \$1,500.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—FRESH SHAD—Arriving daily at KEITH'S, 77 W. Fifth street. ap14-2\*

FOR SALE—HOUSE—in Cumminsville, of six rooms, papered and grained, situated on the Hamilton Pike, one door above the railroad crossing. A very desirable residence, all in complete order; good cellar and cistern. See Inquire of S. F. ALAYS, on the premises. ap14-2\*

FOR SALE—CARRIAGES—New and second hand in great variety. For particulars call at 19 and 21 West Seventh street. GEO. C. MILLER & SONS. ap14-2\*

FOR SALE—5,000 old papers, in hundred packs, at this office. ap14-2\*

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—BOYS—Two good live boys at this office. ap14-2\*

WANTED—A WOMAN—to scrub. Call at this office. ap14-2\*

WANTED—BOARDERS—A few gentlemen can have board and lodging, also day boarders wanted, at 47 Harrison street. (ap. 14-2\*)

WANTED—TO SUPPLY—The public with good Photographs and Ferretypes at KELLER'S, 502 Main street, Cor. Lexington. Open every day. ap14-2\*

WANTED—PAINTING—C. F. Lautenschlager, house and sign painter, works for small profits. Try him. No. 12 W. sixth street, Covington, Ky. ap14-2\*

WANTED—YOU TO BUY—A nice stylish hat, public goat or lasting side-lace, our own manufacture, at the New York Shoe Store, No. 6 East Fifth street, one door from Main street. ap14-2\*

DON'T BUY.

Bogus Wheeler & Wilson Needles

Genuine Wheeler & Wilson Needles, 50 cents per dozen, 5 cents each, at Company's office, 55 West Fourth street. ap14-2\*

WANTED—TO RENT—An entire floor of THE STAR BUILDING, 509 Walnut street. Two fine storerooms, suitable for business or editorial rooms, and a large room in the rear, with the best of light, suitable for a composition room. These rooms present a superb location for a large publishing business. Will be rented with or without power. Press work can be done in the building. Inquire at THE STAR OFFICE. 14-2-11

WANTED—SITUATIONS.

WANTED—SITUATION—By a boy sixteen years old, in a Doctor's Office. Address J. H., this office. 12

WANTED—SITUATION—By a sober, industrious man, to do any kind of work. Address, W. E. L., this office. 12

OUR CHURCHES.

- METHODIST. Trinity Chapel—Ninth bet. Rock and Elm; Rev. D. H. Moore. St. Paul's Church—Cor. Seventh and Smith; Rev. C. H. Kays. Wesley Chapel—Fifth between Broadway and Sycamore; Rev. W. J. Fee. Blanchard Chapel—Spring Grove Avenue; Rev. David Graves. Auby Chapel—Webster bet. Main and Sycamore; Rev. G. E. Gilbert. Rockwood Chapel—Front street, 11th Ward; Rev. G. W. Kelly. Mt. Auburn Chapel—Mt. Auburn; Rev. J. H. Irwin. Means Chapel—Plum bet. Second and Front. East Pearl Street Chapel—Pearl bet. Broadway and Ludlow; Rev. A. Bowers. McLean Chapel—Ninth near Freeman; Rev. Wm. Young. Walnut Hills Chapel—Walnut Hills; Rev. A. B. Leonard. Grace Church—Avalon; Rev. J. T. Shott. Christa Chapel—Court bet. Mount and Cutter; Rev. James Murray. St. John's Church—Cor. Park and Longworth; Rev. T. Collett. Central Street Chapel—Corner Baymiller and York; Rev. A. N. Spahr. Fairmount M. E. Church—Fairmount; Rev. A. D. Haight. Findlay Chapel—Clinton bet. Cutter and Lane; Rev. E. McHugh. Race Street German Chapel—Race bet. Thirtieth and Fourteenth; Rev. J. L. Miller. Everett Street German Chapel—Everett street near Lane; Rev. G. Brantman. Buckley Street German Chapel—Buckeye east of Main; Rev. G. B. Brown. Grace Methodist Church—George bet. Cutter and Lane; Rev. John Scott. Welsh Methodist Chapel—College street bet. Sixth and Seventh. Allen Chapel (Colored)—Corner Sixth and Broadway; Rev. J. Arnet. Union Chapel—Seventh street bet. Plum and Central Avenue; Rev. G. H. Swercus.
- SWEDENBORGIAN. New Jerusalem Church—Corner Fourth and John; Rev. John Goddard.
- BETHEL. Union Bethel Church—No. 51 Public Landing; Rev. T. Lee.
- CONGREGATIONAL. Seventh Street Congregational—Seventh bet. Central Av. and John st.; Rev. Eben Halley. Vine Street Congregational—Vine street bet. Elm and Ninth; Rev. C. B. Brown. Welsh Congregational—Lawrence bet. Third and Fourth; Rev. G. Griffith.
- ROMAN CATHOLIC. St. Peter's Cathedral—Cor. Plum and Eighth; Rev. J. H. Dwyer. All Saints—Cor. High and Court; Rev. J. H. Bonner. St. Francis Xavier—Sycamore bet. Sixth and Seventh; Rev. L. D. Carroll. St. Thomas—Sycamore bet. Fifth and Sixth; Rev. S. Baselmans. St. Patrick's—Cor. Third and Mill; Rev. John Mackey. Holy Trinity (German)—Fifth bet. Smith and Mount; Rev. J. Schouffert. St. Ludwig's—Cor. Eighth and Walnut; Rev. A. Schweninger. St. Mary's (German)—Cor. Clay and Thirtieth; Rev. B. Kikumann. St. Rosa (German)—East Front near Torrence Road; Rev. G. J. Schmitt. St. John's (German)—Cor. Bremen and Green streets; Rev. Otto Jahn, General Vicar. St. Joseph's (German)—Cor. Linn and Laurel; Rev. E. Stehle. St. Paul's (German)—Cor. Spring and Abigail; Rev. Herbert Froelich. St. Philomena (German)—Pearl bet. Pike and Butler; Rev. J. J. Schmitt. St. Augustin's (German)—Bank street; Rev. F. Leopold. St. Michael's (German)—West side Millbrook; Rev. M. Deslauriers. St. Francis Saphorich (German)—Cor. Liberty and Vine; Rev. U. Webersinke. St. Anthony's (German)—Budd bet. Carr and Donnersberg; Rev. Gerhard Ullrich. Immaculate Conception—Mt. Auburn; Passionist Fathers. Church of the Atonement—Third bet. Central Avenue and John; Rev. M. Homan. St. Ann's Church—New street below Broadway; Rev. H. C. Brougnot. Church of the Holy Angels—Torrence Road, Seventeenth; Rev. Michael O'Neil. St. Francis of Sales—East Walnut Hills; Rev. Jno. Fisher. St. Bonaventura's Church—Fairmount; Rev. James J. Schmitt. St. Mary's Church—Mt. Healthy; Rev. H. J. Schmitt. St. James' Church—Mt. Albany; Rev. J. C. Kramer. St. Patrick's Church—Twenty-fifth Ward, Cumminsville; Rev. D. Crowley. St. George's Church—Covington; Rev. Father Wilhelm Ganspohr. St. Henry's Church—Flint street; Rev. Ulrich. St. Clement's Church—St. Bernard; Rev. Abarth. St. Carl Barromeum's—Carthage; Rev. Broening. St. Edward's Church—Clark street between Mount and Cutter; Rev. Robert F. Doyne. St. Agnes (Good Shepherd)—Bank st.; Rev. H. Koering. St. Boniface Church—Cumminsville; Rev. G. Tojmocler. Sacred Heart of Jesus—Camp Washington; Rev. H. Kemper.
- BAPTIST. First Baptist—Court street bet. Mount and Cutter; Rev. S. K. Leavitt. Ninth Street Baptist—Ninth bet. Vine and Race; Rev. C. Duncan. Mt. Auburn Baptist—Mt. Auburn; Rev. W. R. Benedict. Third Street Baptist—Pine street near Clark; Rev. F. J. Parry. Berean Baptist Church—Walnut bet. Fourth and Fifth (College Hall); Rev. J. E. Morris. Walnut Hills Baptist—Walnut Hills; Rev. F. A. Douglas. First German Baptist—Walnut street near Liberty; Rev. Peter Ritter. Baptist Church (Colored)—Mount street bet. Ninth and Richmond; Rev. Zion Baptist (Colored)—Ninth street between John and Central Avenue; Rev. J. F. Williams. Shiloh Baptist (Colored)—No. 305 Plum; Rev. Thos. Webb.
- GERMAN REFORMED. First German Reformed—Cor. Elm and Findlay; Rev. J. Kuehling. Church of the Cross—Cor. Findlay and Baymiller; Rev. F. C. Fughr. Third German Reformed—Cor. Orchard and Sycamore; Rev. J. Heckman.
- EPISCOPAL. Christ Church—Fourth street bet. Sycamore and Broadway; Rev. T. S. Youcum. St. Paul's—Fourth street bet. Main and Walnut; Rev. J. H. Moore. Emmanuel Church—East Front street; Rev. D. L. Edwards. St. John's Church—Plum and Seventh streets. Trinity Mission Church—Liberty near Broadway; Rev. A. Buchanan. Christ Church—Glendale; Rev. C. H. Young. Grace Church—College Hill; Rev. A. F. Blake. Grace Church—Avalon; Rev. A. F. Blake. Calvary Church—Clifton; Rev. Geo. D. Mortimer. St. Andrew's Church of the Advent—Walnut Hills; Rev. Peter Tinsley. Church of the Atonement—Riverside; Rev. W. W. Walsh. St. Philip's Church—Cumminsville.
- JEWISH SYNAGOGUES. Congregation Children of Israel—Cor. Eighth and Mount; Rev. Max Lichtenhal. Children of Jeshurun—Cor. Plum and Eighth; Rev. C. H. W. Moore. T. T. Moore. Children in Love—Cor. Melancthon and John; Rev. Dr. Goldammer. K. K. Adai Israel—Cor. Seventh and Walnut. Shearith Israel—Lodge street bet. Sixth and Seventh; Rev. Epstoin.
- GERMAN EVANGELICAL UNIONS. Zion Church—Cor. Bremen and Fifteenth; Rev. W. Behrend. St. Peter's—Cor. Thirtieth and Walnut; Rev. H. W. Polmeyer. St. Paul's—Cor. Race and Fifteenth; Rev. G. W. Eisenhour. German United Evangelical—Northwest corner of Elm and Liberty. German Evangelical—Clark near Freeman; Rev. Braemer.
- UNITARIAN. First Unitarian—Cor. Eighth and Plum. Second Unitarian—Cor. Sixth and Mount; Rev. Chas. Noyes.
- CHRISTIAN. Bible Chapel—Longworth bet. John and Central avenue; Rev. E. C. Abbott. Central Christian—Ninth bet. Plum and Central Avenue; Rev. W. T. Moore. First Christian—Longworth bet. Central Avenue and John; Rev. N. Summerfield. Richmond Street Christian—Cor. Richmond and Cutter; Rev. J. H. Hobbs. Cumminsville Christian Church—Fergus st. Cumminsville. Christian Church (Colored)—Harroon street east of Broadway.
- UNIVERSALIST. First Universalist—Plum bet. Fourth and Fifth; Rev. J. W. Adams.

Cincinnati Type Foundry