THE DAILY STAR

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The Cincinnati Weekly Star,

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THE STAR PUBLISHING CO.,
No. 230 Walnut Street,
CINCINNATI, O.

NEW ORLEANS Democrats speak of it as the "Overturning Board."

IT is to be hoped that whoever undertakes to run the Southern Railroad will not run it in the ground.

GENERAL GRANT, having now so short a time to occupy the Presidential chair, feels himself able to occupy that seat without his Cushing.

THE St. Louis Globe is urgent in its suggestion that if Gov. Hayes becomes our Chief Magistrate President Grant be made Secretary of War under him.

THE Brooklyn horror continues to grow more terrible as the details develop. It now appears that about one-third of the whole audience perished.

THE Shah of Persia now proposes, in imitation of Dom Pedro, to make a tour of Europe as a private gentleman. He will visit the Paris Exposition in 1878, and be known as "Beiglerbeigi i Iran."

THE Governor of Oregon, in accordance with the order of the day, makes a statement. It will be found in our news columns, and will be classed by Democrats under the head of "very interesting reading."

THE New Orleans Republican thinks the invitation to distinguished members of both political parties to go South should have been promptly accepted by Charles Francis Adams, as he can be properly classified as a distinguished citizen of both political parties.

ALTHOUGH the burning of the Brooklyn Theater occurred about 11 o'clock at night, not a single morning paper in the country the next day gave an intimation of what had occurred. The New York Times "feared several people were killed," the Tribune announced "many persons injured," the World headed its account "several persons slightly injured," and the Sun, with its recognized enterprise, published a double sheet that morning, in which the great catastrophe within fifteen minutes' walk of the office was [illegible] up in a column headed "Brooklyn Theater on fire—narrow escape of the audience." If some one of these enterprising papers had routed a foreign (?) correspondent from his comfortable quarters at the Astor House, or gone into the reportorial room and bounced the "Head of our Paris Bureau," or enlisted the services of the Commissioner that is accompanying the Servian army and sent him to Brooklyn at an expense of fourteen cents, and given its readers next morning an account of the terrible disaster, a journalistic achievement would have been made far exceeding most of their buncombe feats.

THE TELEPHONE.

Time was, years and years ago, when astonishment and surprise were regarded as just attributes of the American mind, but it is proper enough to observe that we experience them no more. No matter how remarkable an event may transpire it arouses within us no emotion of amazement, and whatsoever new or wonderful is presented to us we regard with as much coolness and fortitude as though it were a matter of course, and nothing more than we expected. This national *sang froid* probably arises from an over confidence in that Yankee genius which we believe is capable of anything in the way of invention, and which seems to be gradually overcoming all the powers of the elements, and mastering all the secrets of mechanics. The Keely Motor may be, and no doubt is, a humbug, but there is hardly an American who would be surprised if it should prove a genuine success. The flying machine and the navigation of balloons would occasion a wonderful stir among the inhabitants of the Old World, but the air might be black with aerial ships before the Yankee would admit to its being anything more than ordinary.

And so it is that when a system of autograph telegraphy is produced, whereby a merchant can sit in his counting-room and sign a check by electricity in a distant city, nobody looks on in amazement. That's nothing to brag about! Nor do gaping crowds stand back in awe when Prof. Bell steps to the front with his Telephone and conveys the human voice, with all its inflections and intonations, for hundreds of miles over a metallic wire. This, we say, is very clever, but it does not astonish the natives.

Some interesting experiments were recently made with Prof. Bell's invention at Boston, with most encouraging results. Conversation was carried on successfully between that city and Salem, in which the voices of the speakers were readily distinguished and recognized. Whispering was discovered to be perfectly audible, but from want of proper magnets, was not intelligible. The magnets used were those only intended for a twenty mile circuit, but even with these the tones of the voice were subsequently carried to North Conway, a distance of one hundred and forty-three miles.

One's mind can revel in delight over the probable advantages to be derived from this invention by society at large—when the eloquent divine shall sit in his study and lecture through the magnet to listening audiences gathered in many a city; when the sweet-voiced *primadonna* shall from her own parlor pour rich music into a hundred opera-houses throughout the land; when the Congressman shall sip his royal sangaree the while he delivers an oration to his beloved constituents at home, and when the absent lover shall take up the magic wire which links him to his *dulcinea* and breathe soft words into her eager ear, there will be no limit to its usefulness, and we can anticipate the time when a telephone will be established beneath every roof; when wires will stretch like cobwebs from house to house; when men shall argue politics and women shall gossip with the neighbors, all through the medium of this wonderful machine.

PERSONAL.

Sitting Bull is too wide-awake to be classed as a bull-dozer.

Jean Ingelow, who writes about buttercups, is fat and forty.

Prof. Swing says that a hat won on a bet "comes down over the eyes of the winner's soul."

George Rignold has sailed for England. He appears at Booth's Theater in the spring, however.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor is making the translations for her husband's "Book for Boys," which will be published in Germany.

Mrs. Stillians, the wife of a physician living in Clarinda, Iowa, has fallen heiress to property worth $3,000, left by a family in England.

Antonia Tamburini, the great baritone and last of the famed quartet consisting of Grisi, Rubini, Lablache and Tamburini, died at Nice in the early part of the past month.

Mr. J. F. Banks, son of Gen. Banks, approached death very closely the other day when an immense fly-wheel of the Sutro Tunnel, near Virginia City, burst into small pieces.

Aime Millet, the French sculptor, is untiring in his industry. He has already completed eighty works, and is very anxious to undertake a colossal Lafayette for the United States.

President Grant has bought a house in Washington. It is one which has just been erected at the intersection of Vermont and Rhode Island avenues, opposite the Thirteenth-street circle.

Prof. Boyesen, who has been staying a few days in this New York City, spent Saturday evening at the Century. He is about to publish in Scribner a serial story combining Norse and American life.

Mr. Carlyle said to Prof. Huxley not long ago: "You Darwinians are spending your lives in trying to prove that men are descended from apes—and it needs more than our civilization to prevent them being ogres."

Lady Sebright, of London, an amateur actress of considerable reputation, has declared her intention to go on the stage. Her friends are struck with consternation, and have interfered to prevent her intentions being carried out.

Sir John Lubbock, speaking with the calm prudence of a banker and a man of affairs, says that, as far as England's interests are concerned, it would pay the Government well to buy the western provinces of Asia Minor from Turkey.

Mrs. Marion Ward, a wealthy lady of Milton, Vt., lately received a threatening letter, written to extort money. She placed it in the hands of the police. The writer was arrested, tried, and sentenced to five years in the Penitentiary.

Dr. Hopkins, son of the late Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, has been complimented by the Church Congress, recently held in Boston, as a man of ideas and a strong, keen writer. Dr. Hopkins is the editor of Dr. Milo Mahan's works, and the author of a "Life of Bishop Hopkins."

Disraeli advises the Church to make heterodox clergymen into Bishops as soon as possible. "Look at Bishop Temple," he says. "When he was plain Dr. Temple he was troublesome, but now there is no more harmlessly orthodox man in the Church."

Ristori has been taking lessons in English. A correspondent who has heard her recite scenes from Lady Macbeth in the new tongue, says that her pronunciation is faultless in the impassioned speeches, but betrays some foreign peculiarities in quieter passages.

Dr. Channing was walking on the beach at Newport with a lady. "When I look," said she, "at the sweep of the ocean and its power, and think of the infinite range beyond, I feel myself so small as to be all insignificant. Do not you?" "My dear friend," said he, "when I look at the infinite ocean I do not think of myself at all."

Mr. Wm. M. Evarts has a patent process for solving the Presidential problem. He says there is no use in making such a fuss about the case; that the remedy is perfectly clear, and that the courts are constantly applying it. The thing to do is to put the Presidency into the hands of a receiver, with power to run the concern and collect the debts.

Dr. Armitage, a Baptist pastor in New York, undertook, in his Thanksgiving sermon, to propose a preventive of future political crises such as the one which now agitates the country. He would have votes cast both directly for President and indirectly through Electors. In case of a popular majority for any candidate, he would be declared elected; otherwise the Electors would be summoned to choose a President. The plan is perhaps more novel than feasible.

Bishop Doane, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Albany, at a late service, severely criticised modern church music. He thinks that it is given over to the hands of men and women who are only musical in a secular sense, and who are used, avowedly, to draw a multitude of listeners who prefer the kind of music they have learned to love in operas and concert halls. He considers the church music of to-day not only a bill of expense, but a bone of contention which the Rectors of parishes are unable to check or control.

An exchange says: "It is not generally known that boiled carrots, when properly prepared, form an excellent substitute for puddings. They must, for this purpose, be mashed, and passed through a coarse cloth or hair sieve strainer. The pulp is then introduced among the other ingredients of the pudding, to the total omission of the eggs. A pudding made up in this way is much lighter than where eggs are used, and is much more palatable. On the principle of economy this fact is worthy of the prudent housewife's attention.

A WOMAN.

Upon the hill she stood, and seemed
The hill-top's every grace to wear;
I, looking, listening, mutely dreamed
That then midsummer met me there.

For richness of the season's heart
Is on her lips and in her eyes,
In all its glow she has a part,
And all its peace about her lies.

Henceforth, for one whom fate up-brought,
The summer is more subtly fair,
And womanhood a deeper thought
Because the two so met me there.

Old Ticker's Proclamation.

They were young people just starting in life—Edward Dale and his wife Mary;—their home one of the snuggest little nests in the populous town of W——. Half modern, half quaint in its odd combination of easy chairs and lounges and book laden tables, with here and there a high-back chair and settee that belonged to a bygone generation.

Mrs. Dale was indefatigable in her search for "relics." She came of a good old New England family; so, by the right of inheritance, her taste for these "bits of the past" was quite warranted.

But though she was well satisfied with her possessions, one desire she had unfulfilled. "An old clock!—a veritable old clock that counted time for our forefathers. Oh! how I want one," the bright little woman would say, as she pointed out to her smiling husband the very alcove that seemed made for a tall, great, round, friendly-faced clock; "and then, its loud tick," Mary Dale was wont to add, "would be such company in the house, when you are away, Edward," and caressingly she pleaded: "Do let us buy a dear old clock to ring in for us the hours that are making up these happy days of our lives;" and gaily the young wife repeated:

"Oh precious hours, O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time,
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told."

And, happy little woman, she never thought, those days, of the after-part of the poet's song. Well, it was better so—better that, in the morning of life, as in the morning of the day, sunshine should rule.

It was after one of these talks that Edward Dale told his wife, if, for a moderate sum, she could find an old clock, she might make the purchase without consulting him. Thus it happened, before noon of the following day, Mrs. Dale's graceful little figure was flitting in and out like a bird from furniture warehouses and second-hand dealers.

Isaac Prindle's was the last place she sought, a dingy shop, crowded with a motley collection of valuable and valueless articles; and lo! in the darkest of all the dark corners, covered with dust, festooned with cobwebs, half hidden by a huge chest of drawers, Mrs. Dale spied the coveted possession.

"Old! Yes, I reckon it's been a counting time well nigh a hundred years," Isaac replied, to Mrs. Dale's eager inquiry: "Is it very old; and do you know its history?" adding; "There be a history, that's a fact. That 'er timepiece be old; ye see, I comed by it in this fashion: When old Squire Ritter's house was pulled down, a couple of years back, said the Squire's son—him that's Squire now—says he to me, 'There's lots of rubbish stowed away in the garret, I reckon; take it, Isaac, for what 'twill fetch.' He never had no notion, the Squire's son, to enter that old mansion. Ye see there was trouble when he went out of it—sore trouble. The story was jest this: the Squire's son was a headstrong lad, and high words was them that passed atwixt the Squire and him, high words and bitter, with which they parted never to meet agin in this 'er world. Folks do say the Squire and the Squire's wife forgave the lad and there was some talk of a letter that was writ a-biddin' him come home, and let bygones be bygones, but never a word of sich a letter did the lad receive, accordin' to his own account; and never did he put foot in that 're house, never in this 'er town, for that matter, till the old Squire and his good woman had been sleeping in the graveyard for more than thirty years; and then, the present Squire—he that was young and gay as a lark when last the townsfolks see him—come back all of a sudden; and though that was a dozen years agone, his hair was as gray, his step as slow, and the whole look of the man as gloomy as ye see it now,"—and old Isaac paused in his narrative to take breath, but only for a minute, for straightway he began again: "And that 'er timepiece ye've jist bought, it seems to have the knowledge of a live critter about them goings on I have bin a telling ye of. I had to stop its goin' arter I fetched it here to the shop, for its tick sounded for all the world like a human voice, a saying over and over: Forget—Forgive—Forget—Forgive. It well nigh crazed me; I could howise stand it; and says I to my old woman, I must jist put a stop to that thing. Then, ye see, too, most folks that come a-trading along with me have many a thing to forget and forgive, or leastways to be forgiven or forgotten; so says I, it'll never do to have that 'er old clock a dinning ever in their ears them words, for that's a duty folks ain't over-particular to be minded on."

After Isaac's story, Mrs. Dale was doubly delighted with her purchase, and with no delay her little hand, sparkling with jewels, placed three crisp, new bank notes in Isaac's brown, labor stained palm, saying: "Have it sent home immediately, Mr. Prindle, for to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day, and I surely want it to tick its first tick, ring its first hour for us—dear old clock! that has ticked so many minutes, rung out so many hours for other people—on the first Thanksgiving eve we have celebrated in our own home;" and she was so happy, that little woman, she forgot she was talking to old Isaac Prindle, the man reputated shrewd to drive a bargain, hard and close, for she added, "I think every day of our lives is a Thanksgiving day, we are so happy." And something in the words strangely touched old Isaac—old Isaac—the man, the gossips said, had no heart, except for bargaining; no heart except for money making and money hoarding, for—just for a moment—a dimness came over his eyes, while he gave a low chuckle, that was more like a sigh than a cough. Why was it? Had that old man, with the wrinkled face, and labor-marked hands, known days that were so happy? They were all thanksgiving days, too, God sends such days into almost every life, though they may be few, though they may come but seldom.

Old Isaac himself superintended the moving and placing of the clock, saying to Mrs. Dale, when all was in order: "Now, all ye've got to do is to touch it off." And an hour later, half in awe, half in play, Edward Dale set the old pendulum moving and through the house echoed the clock's loud tick.

"Did time go slower in those old days?" the young wife asked; and almost as though the solemn monotonous sound frightened her, she nestled closer to her husband, as she whispered: "It does really seem to have a voice, as old Isaac said. Surely it says, Forget—Forgive—Forget—Forgive.'

Edward Dale only smiled, as he led her back into their cheerful library; and then seated before their own hearth fire Mrs. Dale repeated Isaac's tale. As she ended, saying: "Hark! it is time for the clock to strike," but the tick went on and on, and yet no note of the passing hour did the clock ring out.

"Oh, will it never strike?" asked Mrs. Dale, anxiously, "is something wrong about it, after all?" And, manlike, Edward Dale, at once proceeded to investigate, and the "something wrong" was straightway found—a wisp of paper that had become entangled about the cord that held the heavy weight that had to do with its striking. Edward untwisted it in a minute, and before the next hour all was right, so right, that seven sharp strokes of its little hammer-bell rang out the hours so loudly, it could be heard from cellar to garret. Mrs. Dale, like a careful housewife, picked up the paper which her husband let fall, and was just about tossing it into the fire, when she exclaimed: "See, there is writing on it;" and then eagerly the two young people bent over the time-stained paper—and all the time the old clock went on with its monotonous tick, Forget—Forgive—Forget—Forgive. It was but a brief story the paper told, held in the following words: "Come home, my boy, come home; we will forget all, we will forgive all." It was a woman's hand that had traced the lines, a tremulous hand, and the lines were blurred as if by tears—tears that had fallen fifty years ago—fifty years ago!

Then followed in a bolder hand: "Come back, my lad, I forgive you; I will forget all," and firm and clear was the signature: "Your father, James Ritter." "It is the lost, lost letter!" cried Mrs. Dale, all aglow with excitement. "Oh, Edward, let us take it this very Thanksgiving eve to the Squire. Let it be our Thanksgiving celebration!"

Before the old clock struck again Edward Dale and his wife were hastening towards the Squire's new house on the hill, a dreary-looking house, as it stood sharply defined in the moonlight of that November evening. But no thought of the dreariness disturbed them, so glad were they on their Thanksgiving errand.

"I do believe," said Mary, in a low voice, as Edward pulled the door-bell, "there never was such a blessed Thanksgiving celebration as this granted us. Think, we are bringing a father and mother's forgiveness to an erring child!" And then the door opened, but what came after belongs to those many things in life—real life—that are too sacred, too tender, to be framed in these formal printed words.

But is there not a blessed, beautiful hint in it for us all—a Thanksgiving hint? Old Ticker's Proclamation: Forgive and Forget? Shall we pass lightly by? Ah! if all our broad land over it should be heeded on the Thanksgiving day, what a Thanksgiving it would make! Think of the weary hearts forgiveness would rest—forgetfulness comfort! Think of the hearts sinning, and the hearts sinned against—divided now, and yet loving still, that would be brought together! And, above all, let us ponder and accept that forgiveness we all so need fuller and freer, than any man can grant—though the man be a father—God's gift—forgiveness of sin—through Christ, whose love not only pardons, but "blotteth out our iniquities," "mentioning them no more, remembering them no more."

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LOUISVILLE & CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 4 min. fast.		
Louisville Ex. daily	6:00 A M	8:00 P M
Louisville	3:00 P M	12:55 P M
Louisville daily	8:10 P M	8:05 A M

MARIETTA & CINCINNATI.

Depot, Plum and Pearl. Time, 7 min. fast.		
Parkersburg Ex	6:00 A M	6:05 P M
Parkersburg Ex. daily	10:20 A M	6:50 P M
Parkersburg Ex. daily	10:30 P M	6:30 A M
Chillicothe Ac	3:30 P M	9:45 A M
Hillsboro Ac	3:30 P M	9:30 A M
Loveland Ac	9:20 A M	2:25 A M
Loveland Ac	4:45 P M	6:35 A M
Loveland Ac	6:20 P M	8:00 P M

BALTIMORE & OHIO, VIA PARKERSBURG.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 min. fast.		
Grafton Mail	6:00 A M	6:05 P M
Baltimore Ex. daily	10:20 A M	6:50 P M
Baltimore Ex. daily	10:30 P M	6:30 A M

BALTIMORE & OHIO, VIA COLUMBUS.

Depot, Kilgour and Front. Time, 7 min. fast.		
Baltimore Ex. daily	8:35 A M	10:55 A M
Wheeling Ex	8:30 P M	8:00 P M

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI.

Depot, Mill and Front. Time, 12 min. slow.		
St. Louis Fast Line	7:00 A M	8:55 P M
St. Louis Ex	7:00 P M	8:45 A M
Cairo Mail	7:00 A M	8:55 P M
Evansville Ex	7:00 P M	8:45 A M
Kansas City Ex	7:00 A M	8:55 P M
Kansas City Ex	7:00 P M	8:45 A M
Louisville Ex	7:00 A M	8:55 P M
Louisville Ex	2:30 P M	12:10 P M
Louisville Ex. daily	7:00 P M	8:55
Cochran Ac	5:00 P M	8:23 A M
Springfield Ex	7:00 P M	8:45 A M
Shawneetown Ex	7:00 A M	8:55 P M
Sunday Trains:		
St. Louis Ex	7:00 P M	8:45 A M
Louisville Ex	7:00 P M	8:55

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & DAYTON.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 min. fast.		
Dayton Ex. daily	9:40 P M	3:25 A M
Dayton Ac	....	9:45 A M
Toledo Ex	7:05 A M	10:10 P M
Toledo Ex. daily	9:40 P M	5:25 A M
Toledo Ac	2:30 P M	3:50 P M
Indianapolis Mail	7:30 A M	11:10 P M
Indianapolis Ex	1:45 P M	4:45 P M
Indian'p's Ex. (ex. Sat.)	6:50 P M	9:35 A M
Chicago Ex	7:30 A M	9:50 P M
Chicago Ex. daily	6:50 P M	8:55 A M
Hamilton Ac. daily	9:00 A M	5:50 P M
Hamilton Ac	4:15 P M	7:15 P M
Hamilton Ac	6:15 P M	8:00 A M
Hamilton Ac	11:00 A M	1:40 P M
Hamilton Ac	11:30 P M	6:45 A M
Middletown Ac	5:15 P M	....

CINCINNATI, RICHMOND & CHICAGO.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 min. fast.		
Chicago Mail	7:30 A M	9:50 P M
Richmond Ac	2:30 P M	1:40 P M
Chicago Ex. daily	6:50 P M	8:55 A M

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & INDIANAPOLIS.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 min. fast.		
Indianapolis Mail	7:30 A M	4:45 P M
Muncie Ac	7:30 A M	11:10 P M
Peoria Ex	1:45 P M	11:10 P M
Peoria Ex. (ex. Sat.)	6:50 P M	9:45 A M
Ft. Wayne Ac	1:45 P M	4:45 P M

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 min. fast.		
Grand Rapids	7:30 A M	9:50 P M
Grand Rapids	6:00 P M	8:55 A M

DAYTON SHORT-LINE & CLEVELAND.

Depot, Sixth and Hoadly. Time, 7 min. fast.		
Cleveland Ex	11:30 A M	4:50 P M
New York Ex. daily	9:40 P M	5:25 A M
Dayton Ac	9:30 A M	7:45 A M
Springfield Ac	4:20 P M	9:45 A M
Maud's Ac	6:30 P M	6:40 A M
Maud's Ac	8:10 A M	10:45 A M

DAYTON SHORT-LINE & COLUMBUS.

Depot, Sixth and Hoadly. Time, 7 min. fast.		
Columbus Ex	7:15 A M	11:00 P M
Columbus Ac	4:20 P M	4:50 P M

CINCINNATI & SANDUSKY.

Depot, Sixth and Hoadly. Time, 7 min. fast.		
Sandusky Ex	7:15 A M	11:00 P M
Sandusky Ex	11:30 A M	4:50 P M
Bellefontaine Ac	4:20 P M	7:45 A M

INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI & LAFAYETTE.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. City time.		
Indianapolis Mail	7:45 A M	4:50 P M
Lafayette Mail	7:45 A M	4:50 P M
Chicago Ex	7:45 A M	10:30 P M
St. Louis Mail	7:45 A M	1:30 P M
Martinsville Ac	1:30 P M	10:30 P M
Indianapolis Ex	1:30 P M	10:30 P M
Lafayette Ex	1:30 P M	10:30 P M
Indianapolis Ex. daily	7:00 P M	8:55 A M
Lafayette Ex. daily	7:00 P M	8:55 A M
Chicago Ex. daily	7:00 P M	8:55 A M
St. Louis Ex. daily	7:00 P M	8:55 A M
Peoria Ex	7:00 P M	8:55 A M
Quincy Ex	7:00 P M	4:00 P M
Kansas City daily	7:00 P M	8:55 A M
Peoria Mail	1:30 P M	4:50 P M
Harrison Ac	6:15 P M	7:05 A M
Lawrenceburg Ac	9:30 A M	1:40 P M
Valley Junction Ac	5:00 P M	6:00 A M
Valley Junction Ac	11:15 P M	10:30 A M

The Church Trains leave Valley Junction at 9:30 A. M., and Harrison at 5:55 P. M., and returning, leave Cincinnati at 1 P. M., Sundays only.

WHITEWATER VALLEY.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. City time.		
Cambridge City Ac	4:00 P M	10:30 A M
Hagerstown Ac	4:00 P M	10:30 A M
Harrison Ac	6:15 P M	7:05 A M

KENTUCKY CENTRAL.

Depot, Eighth and Washington, Covington. City Time.		
Nicholasville Ex	7:00 A M	6:00 P M
Nicholasville Ac	2:00 P M	11:30 A M
Nicholasville Mixed	7:30 P M	4:20 A M
Falmouth Ac	4:00 P M	9:00 A M

LITTLE MIAMI, PAN-HANDLE, EAST.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 7 min. fast.		
New York Ex. daily	8:35 A M	10:55 A M
New York Ex. daily	8:30 P M	8:00 P M
Columbus Ac	4:00 P M	3:15 P M
Zanesville Ac	6:45 A M	4:15 P M
Morrow Ac	5:20 P M	8:50 A M
Loveland Ac	12:05 P M	6:35 A M
Loveland Ac	6:30 P M	7:45 A M
Loveland Ac	11:30 P M	7:00 P M

The 8:35 A. M. and 4 P. M. trains connect for Yellow Springs and Springfield. The Church Train leaves Loveland Sundays at 9:10 A. M., and returning, leaves Cincinnati at 2 P. M.

CINCINNATI & MUSKINGUM VALLEY.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 7 min. fast.		
Zanesville Ex	6:45 A M	4:15 P M
Circleville Ac	4:00 P M	10:35 A M

COLUMBUS, MT. VERNON & CLEVELAND.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 7 min. fast.		