

had 130 miles of sewers and 496 miles of avenues.

Cincinnati is a quiet city, and one would barely believe that as late as twelve years ago it was the scene of one of the bloodiest riots that ever occurred in the United States; that the city was for several days under military law and that the streets were swept with grape shot, and many people killed; that the city hall and court house were totally destroyed and the records burned. But the circumstances of that dreadful affair will be remembered by the readers of the NEWS; how, through the repeated failures of the courts to sustain law and order, the people became frantic, rose in their indignation and burned to the ground the very temple of justice (?). But the awful destruction of twelve years ago only led to the glory of today; for, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of that ruin has sprung a magnificent and costly stone structure, whose oriental arches, marble halls and staircases, and mosaic floors bear no evidence and tell no tales of that terrible rebuke to judicial debauchery.

"Eden Park" is the nearest public resort to the business center and to the "blue-bloods" of Cincinnati; and here is located the city water works with its tower and reservoir, which greatly help to beautify the place, and the museum, containing some rare curiosities and works of art. From the top of the water tower can be seen a long stretch of the beautiful and tortuous Ohio river, and across its shining surface, and over in "Old Kentucky," lay the flourishing towns of Newport, Covington, (the town in which Secretary Carlisle was egged) Dayton and Fort Thomas. Your guide, if you have one, will direct you to a telescope of such power that you can see apparently just in front of your nose pairs of ambling lovers who have selected the lonely walks in the park, and whose actions clearly indicate that they imagine themselves beyond the reach of other eyes. Presently your guide says: "Right over there"—pointing to Fort Thomas—"was where poor Pearl Bryan's headless body was found." If a morbid curiosity takes possession of you, and you desire to closer inspect that locality, you can take an electric car, for five cents, and cross the Ohio into Kentucky, go to Uncle Sam's quarters—Fort Thomas—and the very spot, made notorious by that ghastly discovery, will be pointed out to you.

A queer relic of early days is the Miami and Erie canal. It was begun 1820, and traverses the city in a southeasterly direction to synamore street. At that point into an underground conduit and becomes Eggleston avenue sewer, and finally empties into the Ohio river. This canal has furnished a chapter for many a tragedy. If a child is lost, or a man or woman murdered, the canal is drained and searched from one end to the other within the city limits. Such a search was made for the severed head of Pearl Bryan, but without success. Her head could not be found, nor has it been found to this day. Only a short time ago the canal was

again drained to hunt for a missing man, but instead of finding his body they found that of a woman who two weeks before had mysteriously disappeared from her home.

It is interesting, however, to watch the method of transportation on this canal. Why, two old raw-boned nags can pull along a boat and cargo of probably 100 tons or more.

I was crossing one of the bridges recently while the canal was being drained, and saw several men vigorously digging a trench across the bed of the water-way, and immediately under the band rail.

"What are they doing?" I asked a bystander.

"Diggin' for gold," he answered.

"Gold!" I exclaimed with new interest.

"Well," said he, "You see its a habit of many people to stand on the bridge and talk and make business arrangements, and very often they accidentally drop money and jewelry into the water. Well, them fellers are 'on to it.' That head man's got two dollars and seventy-five cents already, and the ones behind him have something too." I watched the men for a short time, and, while I failed to see them dig out any gold, they were certainly pawing and scratching that dirt and mud with an eagerness that proved the truth of my informant's statement.

The canal cuts part way through the city from west to east, and on the north side, below Auburn Hill, reside many Germans. In fact the population there, which is dense, is almost entirely made up of people of that nationality. From this fact the north side of the canal was called "Over the Rhine," and for a long time that name was not understood to mean everything good; but as the great Music Hall, College Hall and School of Music have been built on the north side, and Cincinnati's four hundred are obliged to go "Over the Rhine" to hear classic music and oratorio, the society edict against this locality has been, in a great measure, set aside.

A noticeable feature about Cincinnati is the universal habit of beer drinking in the quasi-business districts. This may not be true, however, of the purely residence portions of the city. It is a common thing to see men, women and even children going to the nearest saloon with the "little crown jug" for some of that "drink that cheers;"—An odd custom, and one that does not speak well for a city's sobriety. Every wine house and beer hall has an "entrance for ladies" and they do say that the Gibson House "free lunch" is a delectable morsel that would tempt a king. Of course one has to drink to get the free lunch. To get even with the "palace saloons" nearly all the beer halls now have bawling in front of each establishment, the ravishly, tempting and illuminated sign: "A fried oyster with every drink;" and it is an open question as to how drunk a man would be before he could possibly get enough oysters to satisfy himself. I, however, have not attempted the solution of this problem.

Oh, the atmosphere of Cincinnati! A

picture of this city, taken on a clear day, looks like a photograph of the "middle of the night." I walked to Auburn Hill recently to get a good view; but when I turned around and looked back over the city it was one cloud of black, swirling smoke,—the only other things visible being the tops of the church spires, for which this city is noted. It looked like a view of burning bades, but the churches seemed to be in it all the same. This smoke is caused by the universal use of soft coal. It is breathed into the lungs and must certainly effect the health of the people, although the percentage of mortality is claimed to be no greater here than in other places. At a post mortem examination held at the city hospital last week, the lungs of two men operated upon were found to be entirely black. The physicians explained that this was entirely due to the smoky atmosphere of Cincinnati, and that all the residents here were probably as black-lunged as the cadavers who were being examined. So you see, besides her other great industries, this city has over 300,000 living, breathing, self-operating smoke-consumers.

Cincinnati boasts of one of the best appointed libraries in the United States. Its beginning was in 1853, when the state authorized a tax of one-tenth of a mill to be used by the commissioner of common schools for libraries and apparatus. This resulted in a number of small school libraries being scattered throughout the city. These, in 1855, were collected and placed in the rooms of the board of education. In 1867, cities of the first class were authorized to collect a tax of one-tenth of a mill for libraries, and the same year the public library of Cincinnati was christened. A few years ago a magnificent fire proof library building was erected in the heart of the city. Its dimensions are 80x130 feet; its capacity, 250,000 volumes; its cost, \$400,000. It has a reading room where the DESERET NEWS is always to be found; it has a magazine room, an art room, a catalogue and delivery room, and a main consulting room, besides the general office. On June 30, 1896, the library contained 215,596 volumes and pamphlets, secured by purchase and gift. The total use of the library for the year was 1,142,373 books and periodicals; daily average use, 3,434. It is supported by taxation and by gift bequests. Think of the inestimable value of such a library in any community! What would not Salt Lake City give for such a library? And that reminds me that I have not yet learned that the trustees of the Pioneer Library have bequeathed their valuable collection of books to our board of education. Get a move on you, gentlemen, and let Salt Lake add your names to her too small list of public benefactors! DOLLINGER.

MUST RE-ADVERTISE.

A new complication has arisen as a result of the decision of the Supreme court in the case of Lydia Y. Merrill vs John D. Spencer, collector. It will prevent the sale of city property upon