The Daily Gazette

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SUNDAY MORNING AUGUST 12.

FIRST EDITION.

THE LOUNGER.

I took a drive over the city a few days ago and was much impressed with numerous improvements now going on. South of the railroad on Tucker's Hill, more than a mile and a half from the court-house, I counted more than two dozen dwellings in course of erection. These houses are mostly cottages, inexpensive but neat, and seemed designed as homes for workingmen, but several of the pretentious mansions for which that locality is noted, are also going up. Improvements were also noted in most every portion of the city, notably the several massive, modern and expensive business houses being built on Houston street. Altogether, the money being spent for building purposes in the city this summer will aggregate many thousands of dollars, and add much to the appearance of the greatest and most wonderful city of the great and wonderful West.

Men are prone to get rattled when a storm of adversity comes upon them, and instead of fastening themselves to some principle of right and standing firm, allow themselves to be demolished. All this preface I make in order to bring in an anecdote to "point a moral and adorn a tale." During one of the recent tornadoes in Missouri, the twisting monster swept over a town where a circus was exhibiting, ripping off the canvas and demoralizing things generally. An old negro man and his wife were in attendance, he a hardened sinner and she a devout Christian and a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer. When the storm was at its height and loose boards and babies flying around promiscuously, the old man grabbed a stake, while his wife went down on her knees and commenced praying loudly. The old man stood it for a moment, and then shouted: "Hey, old woman, stop that yellin' and grab a center pole if yer don't want to git histed like a balloon." Under the circumstances the old fellow's head was level; its sometimes best to grab a center pole.

I was seated in a Houston street drug store when a poor woman, shabbily dressed, and with thin, cadaverous face and wild, strange looking eyes, came in and bought a dime's worth of morphine. After she went out, my friend, the druggist, said: "That woman is killing herself with opiates. She takes it as regular as she does her meals." I asked him if there was much morphine used in the city and this is what he said: "There are a large number of men and women who use opiates regularly, though the latter predominate. Nearly every prostitute in the city is addicted to the habit, and some of them lie for days in a stupor from its effects. Men who use morphine are, as a rule, hard drinkers, and take it to brace up. Very few negroes are addicted to the habit. There are several ladies moving in good society who are half drunk on opiates nearly all the time, and the wonder is how they manage to conceal it from their husbands. Sometimes they are detected and then there is a row. I have known several families broken up because of this weakness on the part of the wife. I don't think there is much opium smoking in the city. That evil has been greatly magnified by the local reporters."

One-half the world does not know how the other half live, nor does it know of the misery and poverty of thousands living in destitution almost at their very doors. Since my residence in Texas I have seen no such abject poverty as was presented to my gaze last Wednesday evening. Across the river, on the Cemetery road, are a score or more tents, and in them dwell a class of extremely poor but evidently contented people, because they never knew a better life. The sole possessions of these people are a dirty old tent, a few cooking utensils, a bed that a negro would not sleep on, half-a-dozen white haired, sore-eyed children, and two or three mangy curs. It was late in the evening when I passed the habitations of these people, and they were preparing supper. A fire was burning in front of each tent, and on it an oven filled with meat was frying and sputtering. The men were lying around on the grass, the children with matted and unkempt locks playing in the dirt, and the woman of the establishment busily engaged preparing the meal. All gazed at us with stupid eyes, eyes that showed less intelligence than the oxen that looked at us from a neighboring pasture. How these people make a living no one knows, nor cares. They are predatory in their nature, roaming from town to town, always living in tents. They are passably honest, but lazy and trifling. In fact they are of the class before the war known and scorned by negroes as poor white trash. And yet among them I saw one girl of sixteen possessing a petite figure and a pretty face.

Who said the Sunday law could not be enforced in Fort Worth? Two months ago, when City Attorney Swayne pluckily assailed this vice and violation of the law, I do not suppose there were a dozen men in the city who believed he would succeed as he has. But a consciousness of right and the support and encouragement of the Christians of the community nerved him for the task, and now the doors of all the saloons in town are sealed from twelve o'clock Saturday night until twelve Sunday night. And this is remarkable in a town of the population and character of this one in the West. No other city in Texas observes the Sunday law so rigidly. And what is the result? Where under the old order of things men who drew their pay on Saturday had spent it all in a drunken debauch before Monday, now are forced to remain sober, and start on the new week with at least enough to buy bread until next pay day. And if this is all that is accomplished it is enough. If one pang of hunger is prevented in poor women and children, it is enough to compensate for all the loss of business and life which the advocates of whisky claim is occasioned. And besides, the crowds of drunken hoodlums and roughs are no longer seen on the streets to insult good people passing to and from church.

Laying aside all sentiment, some of the speeches at the Confederate reunion at McKinney fairly slopped over with expressions of fraternal sympathy, while others were too full of bitterness and old rebel spirit to suit the occasion. But few of the orators struck the happy medium—more's the pity.

I am one of those who believe in giving the devil his dues, and making allowance for the action of individuals in proportion to what they encounter, or have to endure. But in one instance of late I think the city authorities have "strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel." Some days ago the marshal issued an order restraining abandoned women from riding through the streets in carriages before six o'clock in the evening. This was well, as these creatures were rendering themselves notorious by driving from one saloon to another and having drinks brought out to their carriages. But now, since they have been deprived of the privilege of driving in day time, they are worse than ever at night, and at all hours the streets are full of them. The other night two of them had a row ever on Main street, and the way billingsgate and choice epithets were thrown around was the delight of the one-horse gamblers, hack-drivers and loafers that infest that locality. The women are bad enough, but their male associates are ten times worse, and should be kept off the streets and if possible out of the city. What Fort Worth needs for a considerable class of her population is a moving van.

I took a drive out the Cemetery road a few evenings since, and while it is now somewhat rough from the work being done on it, will soon be in good condition and form one of the finest pleasure drives in the state. For near two miles it follows the river, hugging the bank closely, and shaded as it is by giant oak, poplar and sycamores, will form an attractive spot for the lovers of horseflesh to show the speed of their animals, besides being a good place for the young folks to go "a wooing." I drove up to the cemetery and found it in passably good condition. The holy calm peculiar to these cities of the silent dead pervaded all the surroundings, and the low descending sun shot its red rays through the interstices of the trembling oak leaves, lighting up the tombs standing ghastly white above the pulseless forms that had once been men and women with their hopes, fears and ambitions, love and hate. And this is the end of it all; a few feet of ground on a hillside, and a passing thought from the living of the busy world above. And yet, all the people on the earth are not as a drop of water in the ocean to those who sleep in its bosom.

A young friend of mine who is a ladies' man of the most approved fashion, related to me a little incident in which he was actor that occurred at a recent lawn party in this city. He had strolled away, in company with a girl he was a little sweet on, and found a rustic bench half hid by drooping syringas. He uttered soft nothings for some time, and then grown bolder by the artlessness of his companion, half inviting half repelling, stole one arm around her waist and toyed with the brown hair veiling her shoulders white. The rest of the incident and its results is best told in these verses, of which my friend is not the author.

A little "oh!" and a little "ah!"
And then a bit of a shiver,
As he caught her close in a warm embrace,
And kissed sweet lips and a blushing face
That August night by the river.

A little raising of half-closed lids
Bright eyes unveiled; then a warm white shoulder
Came peeping out from its nest of lace,
As her arm gave back the warm embrace,
And the darkness made her bolder.

A little rustle among the trees—
A sound as someone the twigs were spurning,
Was borne along on the evening breeze—
Then a decided nasal sneeze,
And the scent of tobacco burning.

And the little "ohs" and the little "ahs"
Were prudently hushed; and the little shiver
Suppressed by the knowledge that fond papas
Will sometimes walk with their mild cigars,
On August nights, by the river.

The shameful muss and quarrel among Republicans that has grown out of the Dallas post-office row serves to illustrate the true animus of Republicans in the South, and particularly in Texas, and shows clearly that desire for place is at the bottom of their party affiliations rather than principle. If they really desired the welfare of their party and the triumph of Republican principles, would they not seek harmony and the retention of good men in office, men who because of their personal popularity would render the party less odious, rather than be continually bickering and charging dishonesty and corruption upon one another.

After all the immigration from the North it is hardly probable the Republican vote in Texas will be increased at the next election. Men who come here avowed Republicans are so disgusted at the greed displayed for the few federal offices that they join with the great mass of population in demanding a change and consequent reform. From the eagerness to possess them, it would seem there is more in these offices than the salary indicates.

Now and then some rural rooster gains some local reputation in a peculiar line, and immediately imagines he cannot be excelled in the world. This seems to have been the case with Colt, the Dallas baseball pitcher. After defeating the Haymakers of this city and several country clubs, he had the gall to apply for a position in a professional nine. They gave him a trial. Result: The heavy hitters knocked his balls all over the field, and Colt returns to his rural home deeply impressed with the idea that he is not the best pitcher in the world.

The butterfly existence of the "dude" has come to an end, and his successor, known as the "fade," has made its appearance at the eastern watering places. The "fades" wear silver gray frock coats, silver gray tight-fitting pantaloons, broad brimmed hats and high collars. It is supposed they take their name from a desire to elude the pangs of death and gradually fade with the sunlight.

More strange faces are seen on the streets of Fort Worth in a day than in any other city in Texas. It is the great gateway to the limitless southwest, and few indeed are the travelers in that direction who do not spend at least a few days within our gates. They come here from all portions of the world, and from some of the numerous typical men of the land of lowing herds receive their first impression of the country. On the trains you hear nothing discussed without Fort Worth enters the conversation, and nine men of ten you meet are either coming from or going to the Fort.

"There goes another crank," remarked a Houston street merchant to the Lounger yesterday. "Where?" I enquired. "That pale old man in seedy clothes and a bundle under his arm." "Who is he?" "Oh, an inventor of something or other that is not and will never be of any practical use. He was once a good mechanic, owned a little home, a happy family, and was doing well at his trade. In odd moments he took to tinkering with this invention. Men who did not think what they were doing told him it was a good thing and his fortune was made. He believed himself a genius, and the result is his home and happiness are both gone; swallowed up by this invention that will never profit him a cent. He is almost an imbecile now, and bores every one he meets expatiating on the merits of his patent. I'll tell you, the invention mania is worse and does the business for a man quicker than morphine or whisky."

THE MAN IN THE TOWER.

His Society Notes, and how he Proposes to Down Sullivan, the Pugilist.

The old man in the tower greeted the reporter with a smile and said: "Did you hear the news about a refrigerating company coming to Fort Worth to refrigerate the town, and send the thermometer down to thirty-eight degrees and give the citizens the comfort of continued spring?"

The reporter told the old man he was off his base; that the Texas Beef Refrigerating Company of Victoria contemplated opening a branch establishment here for the purpose of supplying the cities of this and neighboring states with fresh Texas beef at reduced prices. The old man said that he had heard that they were going to refrigerate the town, but supposed the report got mixed in coming up to him.

"What's going on in society?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, there's going to be lots of fun here this coming season, said the old fellow, his face brightening, "the society of Fort Worth is excellent but lacks organization. I understand there is to be a general movement towards its organization by the ladies very shortly. Yesterday, a lovely young Miss, with the bloom and beauty of spring itself in her cheeks, came up in the tower and told me that the girls were going to exert themselves to make he Fort attractive this winter. She spoke of society notes in general and clapped her hands at the delightful visions of operas, sociables and the various entertainments in prospect. I asked her if there were any marriages to be announced soon, and she answered with a blush which set my old heart jumping like a quarter horse, "that she knew of at least one but nothing definite had been given to the public yet."

The reporter and his friend looked out on the square below and listened to the voice of an auctioneer as he sold a set of furniture

"I see by the GAZETTE," said the old man to the reporter, "that Sullivan knocked the Maori giant out, but there is something in Fort Worth can down the Boston boy."

The reporter was all anxiety to know who the old man referred to, and asked him who it was.

The tower man facetiously replied: "Let him come up in the tower some hot summer afternoon and listen to the musical strains of an alleged band which daily goes round this town in a four horse omnibus, and I'll bet the court-house against a prairie dog he gets knocked out in the first round.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Presbyterian services in the Business College Hall, corner of Houston and Fifth streets, the Fifth street side. Sabbath School at 9 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. All are welcome.

REV. HENRY BASKERVILLE.

Sermon at the First Baptist church this morning by the pastor, from Matt. II 2 Christ is King. At night from Isa. ix. 6, The Wonderful Name. Sunday school at 9 a. m. A cordial welcome to all.

J. D. MURPHY, Pastor.

There will be preaching at the Fourth-Street Methodist Episcopal church South at 11 a. m, and 8:15 p. m, to-day. The morning sermon is to parents.

HORACE BISHOP, P. E.

Presbyterian Church corner Fourth and Calhoun streets. Usual services to-day at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 8½ p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 8½ p. m.

REV. W. GEORGE, Pastor.

St. Andrew's Church, Rev. W. O Saltwell, rector. Twelfth Sunday after Trinity—Holy Communion at 7:30 a. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Morning prayer and Litany at 11 a. m. and evening service at 8 p. m. Seats free, strangers cordially welcome.

St. Paul's M. E Church corner Main and Ninth streets, Rev. P. H. Bodkin, pastor. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. Subject: "Riches." 8:15 p. m. a sermon to young men. A new and excellent choir has been organized and will furnish good music. Seats free; strangers welcome.

CASE OF INSANITY.

An Insane Wife Before the Court—Sent to the Asylum.

In the county court yesterday, P. J. Warren of this city appeared as complainant, charging his wife, Sarah A. Warren, with being insane, and demanding that she be placed under restraint. The husband in his testimony before the jury said that he had been married to his wife about twenty-six years; that she was forty years of age; that he had noticed no decided symptoms of insanity until about nine months ago, but that she had gradually been growing worse since then, until now she had become violent and dangerous to live with; that she had threatened to kill their youngest child, a daughter about eleven years of age, and had done many acts of violence, and had grown so violent that it was necessary to tie her to the bed yesterday morning. He asked the court that she be placed under restraint by the proper authorities.

John H Costello and his wife, a daughter of the Warren's corroborated this testimony.

The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts, and the unfortunate woman will be sent to the asylum at Austin. She presented a pitiful scene in court, and the unfortunate family had the sympathy of every one in the court-room.

County Commissioners Court.

Yesterday the county commissioners met as a board of equalization to pass upon the taxation of some city property. Sometime ago they met and selected considerable property in the city of Fort Worth which they thought was taxed too low, and testimony was heard by the board, and in most cases the taxation was increased nearly one-third of its present taxation. The regular term of the commissioners court convenes next Monday.

The Fourth Ward Alderman.

Candidates are thickening in the Fourth ward. For a time it was impossible to get anyone to run, and a convention was called for the purpose of nominating a candidate, and John A. Thornton was selected. Since then two other candidates have been announced, and the race will be an interesting one.

FREE DELIVERY.

An Effort to Establish the Carrier System in Fort Worth—Clearly Entitled to It.

There has been a great deal said about the free delivery of mail in this city for some time and it has been a question with the public as to the city's right to it.

A GAZETTE reporter called on Mrs. Burchill, our efficient postmistress yesterday to enquire as to the prospects of establishing the carrier system here and to learn what requirements were necessary to secure it.

"We are clearly entitled to it," she said, "but there are perhaps one or two other cities in Texas which excel us somewhat in revenue receipts."

"What amount of business must be done to secure it?"

"All post-offices whose revenue amounts to twenty thousand dollars, are entitled to it. I will show you the regulations concerning it."

The reporter read the law which says 'free delivery may be employed at every place whose post-offices produce a gross revenue or the preceeding fiscal year of not less than twenty thousand dollars."

"What were the receipts of this office for the preceding year?"

"The gross receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30th last were nearly thirty thousand dollars. I have made application for a free delivery to Mr. Hatton, and have also been promised the influence of several other gentlemen of influence in my effort to secure it. Under the laws we are entitled to it and would easily get it, if there were not other places in the state trying to get it whose revenue exceeds ours."

"This office does a large amount of business in the delivery and distribution of letters does it not?"

"The business is enormous. We have five or six thousand letters to distribute every morning."

"Would free delivery facilitate your work to any extent?"

"It would preclude the possibility of errors, which are at present occasionally unavoidable. There are in this city three persons whose names are identically the same, even their initials. If their letters were addressed to their places of residence they could always be delivered to the proper person and no confusion would follow. When a gentleman comes into the office and inquires for a letter for John Smith we are compelled to give the mail directed to John Smith, although it may be intended for another person who bears the same name."

Mrs. Burchill is quite anxious to secure the free delivery system for Fort Worth and will do all in her power to that end. A great many firms and banks would rent in their boxes of course, but it would be a great convenience to individuals and prevent much confusion. If the system is not secured immediately it will be in a short while.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Some of the Beautiful Scenery Shown a Reporter Yesterday.

The opera house is nearing completion very rapidly and will soon be ready for the grand opening. Mr. P. J. Toomey of the scenic firm of Naxon, Albert & Toomey, of St. Louis, arrived in the city last Thursday night direct from Des Moines, Iowa, where they completed and put in place the scenery and stage paraphernalia of the Harding New Grand Opera House, which is to be dedicated on the 27th of the month by the Emma Abbott Opera Company. Mr. Toomey has the supervision of placing in position of the scenery in our new opera house all of which was painted by his firm. He is also supervisor in the arrangement of the stage, which will be as complete as any modern theatre in the United States. There will be thirteen sets of scenery and ample set scenery for the correct mounting of all theatrical entertainments. The scenery consists of the following pieces:

Palace chamber, modern chamber, bastilion prison, rustic kitchen, perspective street, dark wood, landscape, garden, rocky pass, cottage flats, oak chamber, gothic chamber and horizon.

The set pieces are as follows: Pavilion, cottage, garden statues, garden flower vases, garden balustrades, rocks, waters, bridges, etc.

The stage is very large and commodious, and the scenery is painted in Noxon, Albert & Toomey's happiest vein. It is elegant and handsome in every particular, and is a credit to the skill of this well known firm of scenic artists, and sustains their reputation as gentlemen of ability in the art of scene painting.

The frescoing is also well under way. The ceiling is laid out, and as far as can be seen presents a rich coloring and very appropriate design. The stage is thirty feet deep from the curtain line and sixty-six feet wide and from the stage floor to the rigging floor the distance is fifty-eight feet. The footlights will consist of forty burners and there will be over head five rows of border lights of thirty-two burners each, and when lighted make the stage as bright as day. They of course can be lowered to produce any effect desired.

The crowning view will, however, be the beautiful drop curtain, which will be in place next Wednesday. We will at that time publish a full description of it and note the other improvements which will be completed at that time. The architectural arrangement by Messrs. J. B. McElfatrick & Son, the well known theatrical artists, is complete and perfect. The acoustics will be fine; there are ample fire escapes. Our opera house is certainly a grand and magnificent structure and our citizens should be proud of it.

Star Chamber.

The reporter for the GAZETTE was excluded from the meeting of the board of school trustees yesterday evening, hence we are unable to advise our readers this morning, what business was transacted. Just what reason can be given for excluding the representatives of the press from the meetings of the board, or what business they can have to transact that should be kept from the public will puzzle the most astute mind to devise. We presume the teachers will know who have been selected when they receive their appointments, and the public will know when the schools open. The public which pay the cost of these star chamber councils may be satisfied with this arrangement, but as one of the taxpayers, the GAZETTE demurs.

Appeal Cases.

The justices courts seem to be busy during the hot weather; there were thirteen appeal cases from Justice Furman's court, of this city, filed in the county court yesterday morning.

Don't forget to try SILVER LOAF BAKING POWDER.

The celebrated Diamond spectacles at Tully's jewelry store.

SILVER LOAF BAKING POWDER has never met its equal.

B. C. EVANS

SPECIALS FOR THIS WEEK!

NEW FALL PRINTS, HANDSOME STYLES

New Satins, All Shades, at Low Prices

NEW SILKS, ALL SHADES, AT LOW PRICES.

New Cashmeres, All Shades, at Low Prices

NEW STYLES. BASKET FLANNELS, ALL SHADES.

NEW CARPETS, ALL GRADES, HANDSOME STYLES

Odds and Ends of Summer Stock will be closed out at Great Bargains.

B. C. EVANS.

CANTRELL & DILLARD

DEALERS IN

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated

GOLD PENS AND SPECTACLES,

PIANOS, ORGANS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

We Will Duplicate St. Louis and Chicago Prices

REPAIRING FINE WATCHES A SPECIALTY.

New Jewelry Made to Order. Pianos and Organs Tuned and Repaired.

Very respectfully,

CANTRELL & DILLARD

511 Houston Street, Fort Worth, Texas.

DALBY SPRINGS.

The Future Saratoga of the Lone Star State.

[Sherman Courier.]

Our fellow citizens, Thos. W. Randolph and C. A. Andrews, Esq., came home Saturday from a short sojourn at this favorite watering place. We interviewed both gentlemen yesterday, and they speak in high praise of the healing virtues of the water. Mr. Randolph was in very bad health when he left home, but in the brief time he enjoyed the benefit of the springs, has very much improved him in every way, and he came home to take his family back with him in a few days. He is now arranging his affairs for an indefinite absence, and proposes to stay at Dalby until his health is fully restored. Mr. Andrews says he took some pains to investigate the effect of the water upon the afflicted visitors whom he met, and every person, whatever his ailment might be, claimed to have been greatly improved, or entirely cured. For dyspepsia, and kidney and liver troubles, and all physical derangement growing out of the disease of these organs, it is a specific, and has affected some miraculous cures. The conveniences provided for accommodation of visitors is all that could be desired. Large, well ventilated rooms for lodging, and a table loaded with an abundance of everything the market affords, with obliging clerks, and attentive servants, and above all, a cordial, hospitable landlord, makes Dalby an exceedingly pleasant place to spend one's time, and those taken in connection with the well established medicinal virtues of the springs has made that the favorite watering place of North Texas. Every invalid from our city who has once tried them, recommend these waters to their friends, and when they need a restoration of health and wasted vitality, always go back there for help. It affords us pleasure to testify to the improved appearance of all Sherman invalids who have returned from there this season, and we do not hesitate to encourage others to seek its benefits.

Tully makes a specialty of real fine goods and sells at prices to suit the times.

SILVER LOAF BAKING POWDER is guaranteed pure and fresh.

That Fan.

"What do you give for a fan like that?"

"Two dollars."

"Two dollars! Let me see. So help me goodness—it is precisely the same as mine, and I gave four dollars and seventy-five cents for mine the day before I left New York. See here; the same color and quality, the same flowers and the same bird. What store did you get this in?"

I bought it from Malone, Waller & Co. You see, they never charge a single thing to any one, but sell strictly for cash, and they do sell cheaper than any house in town, there's no two ways about that; besides, they are constantly receiving new goods, and their stock is always fresh."

"Yes? Well, say; go with me up there to-morrow, will you?"

The above is part of a conversation among some ladies at the Metropolitan Hotel as overheard by a GAZETTE representative some days since. One of them had been shopping, and made made most of her purchases of the popular dry goods establishment of Malone, Waller & Co. On her return to the hotel the parcels were overhauled by the group, and the quality of goods with the prices paid was an eye-opener for the entire party. That this house is justly entitled to the reputation they bear is to good taste, their system of doing business possesses them to position to give both retailers, and the continuous rush of customers necessitates daily shipments to supply the demand, hence their stock is always fresh and clean, and no old goods are ever carried over from one season to another.

Diamond pins and ear drops at Tully's.

Ask your grocer for a box of SILVER LOAF BAKING POWDER.

Saddlery and Harness.

The new firm of Ellis & Kellner received their first shipment of new goods on yesterday, and it is safe to say that a better lot of harness leather was never seen in the state than that which formed a part of their maiden shipment. Their stock of saddles will, without exaggeration eclipse anything of the kind in the city, and they have saddler's furnishing goods in abundance. Ellis & Kellner make a strong team. Both are practical workmen, clear headed business men, and clever and accommodating gentlemen, they have come to stay, and are in dead cold earnest when they say they mean to do business while in the city. Their stock will in a few days be more than double what it is at present. Several additions have been made to their corps of workmen, and all of their work is put up under the immediate personal supervision of Mr. Kellner, and such a thing as a "miscue" is never made. Anything from a pair of spurs to a $100 set of harness can be had at this house and at prices to suit the times.

Cantrell & Dillard are just receiving the finest line of diamonds, watches and jewelry ever brought to this market. Call and see them.

SILVER LOAF BAKING POWDER never disappoints the house wife.

Pianos and organs cheaper than ever before offered in the city at H. Tully's.

Notice.

We announce to the public that we have the agency of the celebrated "Linderman Pianos", "*Cycloid*," "*Grand*," "*Upright*," and "*Square*." (Factory established in Dresden 1821, in New York 1853.) We are able to prove beyond a doubt that these instruments are the *best* and *finest* made in the United States or Europe. The arch-like construction of the "Cycloid" gives not only to the whole instrument the greater solidity, and the most elegant and beautiful form, but gives to the *tone* such remarkable solidity, power and purity as can *never* be obtained in any square or upright piano. Our "Square, Upright and Grand's" have no equal. The rich and brilliant tone, the elasticity of touch, the elegance of finish and workmanship, and the durability of *all* "Linderman Pianos" cannot be surpassed. We invite the public, in a few days, to call, *examine our instruments and judge for yourselves*. We buy these instruments for "cash" and therefore propose to sell them at the lowest price compatible with their surpassing excellence. Catalogues mailed on application.

H. N. CONNER & CO.,
No. 297 Houston Street.

MORPHINE and WHISKEY sufferers! We advise you to write to Prof. R. C. Gowdey, Paris, Texas, sole agent Gold remedies. *Confidential.*

Try SILVER LOAF BAKING POWDER.

For a real fine organ at bottom rates go to Tully's.

Hotel Arrivals.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

Mrs M Woodson, Abilene
M H Sparrow, Louisville
S Brittain, city
A J Smith, Houston
A H Sywers, Paxon, Texas
L O Burrell, Henrietta
J J Carnes, Dallas
M J Lewe, Waco
S S Sherwood, Fort Worth
W S Phillips, Mc Pherson
T H Ashley, Henry co, Mo
J Halverson, Clifton
L Thompson, Joseph
J S Driskill and lady, Brownwood
Jo Johnson, Texas
F F Brown, Denison
E K Slaton, Point Lick, Ky
John B Saunders, Decator
P T Burns, Boston
Miss J A Kemp, Wichita Falls
J L Wood, Dallas
R J Alexander, Marlin
Mrs Burke, Dallas
John Kenly, city
C P Rider and wife, Henry co, Mo
W L Garrison & wife, Jackson
W F Buchman, Alvarado

Cantrell & Dillard are closing out their pianos and organs at cost for cash. If you want a bargain, give them a call.

Everything in the jewelry line from a gold toothpick to a diamond set at the popular establishment of Howard Tully.

Standard makes of pianos at rates at Tully's.

Stockmen's heavy gold watch chain, charm and slide to match at Tully's.

Have you noticed our window? Wouldn't it be wrong to say anything but fresh goods into our store? Don't you think we are sensible in inaugurating a fully conducting a removal sale? Don't you do? Thanks for your patronage. If you will come we will show you that we appreciate marks of favor. WASHER & CO. 58 Houston.

Carry home a box of SILVER LOAF BAKING POWDER.

For Alderman, Fourth Ward.

John A. Thornton is an candidate from the Fourth ward, is a nominee of the convention for that purpose a fearless man of sterling integrity and business qualifications will look after the interests of the city entrusted.

Use SILVER LOAF BAKING POWDER.

Our stock is diminishing. Our removal sale is certain of the fact that we want to sell but fresh goods into our new store. Now is the time to "catch" bargains in clothing, furnishing goods, etc. WASHER & CO. 58 Houston.

SILVER LOAF BAKING POWDER always gives satisfaction.

Small Fire.

The GAZETTE was informed last night by Mr. T. E. W. Smith that a small fire occurred yesterday east of the Missouri Pacific. The house was burning when would have been consumed but for prompt action of Mr. A. G. Smith. E. M. Daggett hose company ran quickly to the scene and a colored man just ran a hose into the water which was being used for being poured from the buckets ordered it thrown up on the house and the flames were soon extinguished with but slight damage.

The Martin-Brown Co.

The Martin-Brown Co. advertisement appears at the head of second page, is rapidly becoming most important factor in the dry goods trade of Northern and Western Texas.

It is an admirably organized institution, with large cash capital, direct from importers and manufacturers through their branches in the commercial centers of the United States, New York and Boston, to these advantages low rates by steamship and rail, and merchants, city and country, the practicability of purchasing in Fort Worth at New York cost.

The names of Capt. Martin and Jos. H. Brown are synonymous with honest fair dealing in the dry goods world, and are guarantees for the Martin-Brown Co. not an uncertain foundation. Mr. Darling, confessedly the best dry goods buyer in Texas, goes to New York last week, and his entire was preceded by the heavy shipments of the choicest and best selected stock of dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, notions ever offered in Fort Worth. Our merchants need not go to Dallas to buy goods. They can be bought as cheaply at home, the expense of a trip saved. The Martin-Brown Co. is not a new corporation. It is here to stay, takes both pride and pleasure in its steady rise and progress, and parcel of Fort Worth. The organization of far-seeing men and capitalists, alive to the rapid growth of Texas and of our city as a center, and we trust they will share of our future prosperity which now seems assured beyond shadow of a doubt.