TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Discourse on a Kind of Gospel In Which Few People Believe.

"HATH THE RAIN A FATHER?"

The Weather is a Common Object of Complaint and Fault-Finding, But Dr. Talmage Finds a Gospel in it, Which He Proclaims.

THE GOSPEL OF THE WEATHER.

Special to the Gazette.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 5.—Dr. Talmage's sermon to-day is on a kind of gospel in which few people believe. The weather is a common object of complaint and fault-finding, but Dr. Talmage finds a gospel in it, which to-day he proclaims from the the text: "Hath the rain a father?"—Job xxxviii., 28.

This book of Job has been the subject of unbounded theological wrangle. Men have made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical pugilism. Some say that the Book of Job is a true history, others that it is an allegory, others that it is an epic poem, others that it is a drama. Some say that Job lived 1800 years before Christ, others say that he never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job; others, David; others, Solomon. The discussion has landed some in blank infidelity. Now, I have no trouble with the Books of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible—because of a rule I adopted some years ago. I wade down into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot, then I wade out. I used to wade in until it was over my head, and then I got drowned. I study a passage of Scripture so long as it is a comfort and help to my soul; but when it becomes a perplexity and a spiritual upturning, I quit. In other words,

WE OUGHT TO WADE IN

up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No man should ever expect to swim across this great ocean of divine truth. I go down into that ocean as I go down into the Atlantic ocean at East Hampton, Long Island, just far enough to bathe; then I come out. I never had any idea that with my weak hand and foot I could strike my way clear over to Liverpool.

I suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know something about your parents, your grandparents, your great grandparents. Perhaps you know where they were born, or where they died. Have you ever studied the parentage of the shower "Hath the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the head of the universe. To humble and to save Job, God asks him fourteen questions about the world's architecture, about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the tides, about the snow crystal, about the lightnings, and then he arraigns him with the interrogation of the text: "Hath the rain a father?" With the scientific wonders of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister gets through with that kind of sermons within the first three years, and if he has piety enough he gets through with it in the first three months. A sermon has come to me to mean one word or four letters: "help!" You all know that the

RAIN IS NOT AN ORPHAN.

You know it is not cast out of the gates of heaven a foundling. You would answer the question of my text in the affirmative. Safely housed during the storm you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill. It first comes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountain torrents, and makes the traveler implore shelter. You know that the rain is not an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the wind. You know it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know that it is a flying evangel from heaven to earth. You know it is the gospel of the weather. You know that God is its father.

If this be true, then, how wicked is our murmuring about climatic changes. The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the week it was clear weather, but on the Sabbaths the old country meeting house looked like Noah's ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before a drenched pastor; but most of the farmers stayed at home and thanked God that what was bad for the church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in

DENOUNCING THE WEATHER.

Ministers of the gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths, or hot Sabbaths, or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that the same God, who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth his ministers to announce salvation, also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father?"

Merchants, also, with their stores filled with new goods, and their clerks hanging idly around the counters, commit the same transgression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the "weather probabilities" with more interest than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of blue sky. They went complaining to the store, and came complaining home again. In all that season of wet feet, and dripping garments, and impassable streets, they never once asked the question: "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturists commit this sin. There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or hay all ready for the mow dashed of a shower, or wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricultural disappointments. God has infinite resources, but I do not think he has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold; it is too wet, or it is too dry; it is too early,

OR IT IS TOO LATE.

They forget that the God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, also ordained all the climatic changes. There is one question that ought to be written on every barn, on every fence, on every hay stack, on every farmhouse, "Hath the rain a father?"

If we only knew what a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate weather for this world, we would not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts, at ten years of age, complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English Chapel. "Well," said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now, I say to you, if you do not like the weather, get up a weather company, and have a president and a secretary and a treasurer and a board of directors and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit all of us. There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the glare of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him. I like the sunshine; I cannot live without plenty of sunlight, so you must always have enough light for me. Two ships meet in mid-Atlantic. The one is going to Southampton, and the other is coming to New York. Provide weather, that while it is abaft for one ship, it is not a head wind for the other. There is a farm that is dried up for the lack of rain, and here is a pleasure party going out for

A FIELD EXCURSION.

Provide weather that will suit the dry farm and the pleasure excursion. No, sirs, I will not take one dollar of stock in your weather company. There is only one being in the universe who knows enough to provide the right kind of weather for this world. "Hath the rain a father?"

My text also suggests God's minute supervisal. You see the Divine Sonship in every drop of rain. The jewels of the shower are not flung away by a spendthrift who knows not how many he throws or where they fall. They are all shining princes of heaven. They all have an eternal lineage. They are all the children of a King. "Hath the rain a father?" Well, then, I say if God takes notice of every minute raindrop, He will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me. We look up into the night-heavens, and we say: "Worlds! worlds!" and how insignificant we feel! We stand at the foot of Mount Washington or Mount Blanc and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves: "Though the world is so large, the sun is one million four hundred thousand times larger." "Oh!" we say, "it is no use; if God wheels that great machinery through immensity, He will not take the trouble to look down at me."

INFIDEL CONCLUSION.

Saturn, Mercury and Jupiter are no more rounded, and weighed, and swung by the hand of God than are the globules on a lilac-bush the morning after a shower. God is no more in magnitudes than he is in minutiæ. If he has scales to weigh the mountains, he has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can no more see him through the telescope than you can see him through the microscope; no more when you look up than when you look down. Are not the hairs of your head all numbered? And if Himalaya has a God, "hath not the rain a father?" I take this doctrine of a particular Providence, and I thrust it into the very midst of your every-day life. If God fathers a rain-drop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that? When Druyse, the gunsmith, invented the needle-gun, which decided the battle of Sadowa, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident? When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be affianced to Miss Millbank, was it a mere accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Christian army was besieged at Beziers, and a drunken drummer came in at midnight and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment arriving

WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?

When, in one of the Irish wars, a starving mother, flying with her starving child, sank down and fainted on the rocks in the night and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so? God is either in the affairs of men, or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it away from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, give us a secular book, and let us, as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of parliament, in his last hour, cry out, "Read me the eighth book of Virgil." O! my friends let us rouse up to an appreciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a King's command, and under a Father's watch. Alexander's war horse, Bucephalus, would allow anybody to mount him when he was unharnessed; but as soon as they put on that war horse Bucephalus the saddle and the trappings of the conqueror, he would allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a soulless horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult in the fact that we are owned by a King? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again, my subject teaches me that God's dealings with us are inexplicable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand how the water should get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or falling, why it should come down in drops.

MODERN SCIENCE

comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and the one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water may no longer be held in vapor, and it falls. And they tell us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as a man's hand, and to be almost quiet in the heavens, are great mountains of mist 4000 feet from base to top, and that they rush miles a minute. But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton, and Saussure, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every rain-drop, and God says to-day as he said in the time of Job: "If you cannot understand one drop of rain, do not be surprised if my dealings with you are inexplicable." Way does that aged man, decrepit, beggared, vicious, sick of the world, and the world sick of him, live on, while here is a man in mid-life, consecrated to God, hard-working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding among the street about everybody's business but her own, have such good health, while the Christian mother, with a flock of little ones about her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother who you think could not be spared an hour from that household—why does she lie down and die with a cancer? Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on

ADDING FORTUNE TO FORTUNE,

consuming everything on himself, continue to prosper, while that man who has been giving 10 per cent of all his income to God and the church, goes into bankruptcy? Before we make stark fools of ourselves, let us stop pressing this everlasting "why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question, "why?" and follow it far enough, and push it, and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks and more exclamation points. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a rain-drop, how can you expect to understand God's dealings? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again, my text makes me think that the rain of tears is of divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black, and they are gorged, and they are thunderous. They are more portentous than Salvator or Claude ever painted—clouds of poverty, or persecution, or bereavement. They hover over us, and they get darker and blacker, and after awhile a tear starts, and we think by an extra pressure of the eyelid to stop it. Others follow, and after awhile there is a shower of tearful emotion. Yea, there is a rain of tears.

"HATH THE RAIN A FATHER?"

"Oh," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted py the lachrymal gland—it is only a sign of weak eyes." Great mistake. It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world. There are people in Blackwell's Island insane asylum, and at Utica, and at all the asylums of this land who were demented by the fact that they could not cry at the right time. Said a maniac in one of our public institutions, under a gospel sermon that started the tears: "Do you see that tear? That is the first I have wept for twelve years. I think it will help my brain." There are a great many in the grave who could not stand any longer under the glacier of trouble. If that glacier had only melted into weeping they could have endured it. There have been times in your life when you would have given the world, if you had possessed it, for one tear. You could shriek, you could blaspheme, but you could not cry. Have you never seen a man holding the hand of a dead wife who had been all the world to him? The temples livid with excitement, the eye dry and frantic, no moisture on the upper or lower lid. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud, but no rain. To your Christian comfort, he said: "Don't talk to me about God, there is no God; or if there is, I hate him; don't talk to me about God; would he have left me and these motherless children?" But a few hours or days after, coming across some lead pencil that she owned in life, or some letters which she wrote when he was away from home, with an outcry that appals, there bursts the fountain of tears, and as the

SUNLIGHT OF GOD'S CONSOLATION

strikes that fountain of tears, you find out that it is a tender-hearted, merciful, pitiful and all-compassionate God who was the father of that rain. "Oh," you say, "it is absurd to think that God is going to watch over tears." No, my friends. There are three or four kinds of them that God counts, bottles, and eternizes. First, there are parental tears, and there are more of these than any other kind, because the most of the race die in infancy, and that keeps parents mourning all around the world. They never get over it. They may live to shout and sing afterwards, but there is always a corridor in the soul that is silent, though it once resounded. My parents never mentioned the death of a child who died fifty years before, without a tremor in the voice and a sigh, oh, how deep-fetched, it was better she should die. It was a mercy she should die. She would have been a life-long invalid. But you cannot argue away a parent's grief. How often you hear the moan, "Oh, my child, my child!" Then there are the filial tears. Little children soon get over the loss of parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where is the man that has come to thirty or forty, or fifty years of age, who can think of the old people without having all the fountains of his soul stirred up? You may have had to take care of her a good many years, but you never can forget how she used to take care of you. There have been many sea-captains converted in our church, and the peculiarity of them was that they were nearly

ALL PRAYED ASHORE

by their mothers, though the mothers went into the dust soon after they went to sea. Have you never heard an old man in delirium of some sickness, call for his mother? The fact is we get so used to calling for her the first ten years of our life we never get over it, and when she goes away from us it makes deep sorrow. You sometimes, perhaps, in days of trouble and darkness, when the world would say: "You ought to be able to take care of yourself"—you wake up from your dreams finding yourself saying: "O, mother! mother!" Have these tears no divine origin? Why, take all the warm hearts that ever beat in all lands, and in all ages, and put them together, and their united throb would be weak compared with the throb of God's eternal sympathy. Yes, God also is Father of all that rain of repentance. Did you ever see a rain of repentance? Do you know what it is that makes a man repent? I see people going around trying to repent. They cannot repent. Do you know, no man can repent until God helps him to repent? How do I know? By this passage: "Him hath God exalted to be a prince and a Saviour to give repentance." O! it is a tremendous hour when one wakes up and says: "I am a bad man, I have not sinned against the laws of the land, but I have wasted my life; God asked me for my services, and I haven't given those services. O! my sins, God forgive me." When that tear starts

IT THRILLS ALL HEAVEN.

An angel cannot keep his eye off it, and the church of God assembles around, and there is a commingling of tears, and God is the Father of that rain, the Lord, long suffering, merciful and gracious. In a religious assemblage a man arose and said: "I have been very wicked man; I broke my mother's heart; I became an infidel; but I have seen my evil way, and I have surrendered my heart to God; but it is a grief I never can get over that my parents should never have heard of my salvation; I don't know whether they are living or dead. "While yet he was standing in the audience a voice from the gallery said: "Oh! my son, my son!" He looked up and he recognized her. It was his old mother. She had been praying for him a great many years, and when, at the foot of the cross, the prodigal son and the praying mother embraced each other, there was a rain, a tremendous rain, of tears, and God was the father of those tears. Oh! that God would break us down with a sense of our sin, and then lift us with an appreciation of his mercy. Tears over our wasted life. Tears over a grieved spirit. Tears over an injured father. Oh! that God would move upon this audience with a great wave of religious emotion!

The king of Carthage was dethroned. His people rebelled against him. He was driven into banishment. His wife and children were

OUTRAGEOUSLY ABUSED.

Years went by and the king of Carthage made many friends. He gathered up a great army. He marched again toward Carthage. Reaching the gates of Carthage, the best men of the place came out barefooted and bare-headed and with ropes around their necks, crying for mercy. They said: "We abused you and we abused your family, but we cry for mercy." The king of Carthage looked down upon the people from his chariot and said: "I came to bless, I didn't come to destroy. You drove me out, but this day I pronounce pardon for all the people. Open the gates and let the army come in." The king marched in and took the throne, and the people all shouted: "Long live the king!" My friends you have driven the Lord Jesus Christ, the king of the church, away from your heart; you have been maltreating him all these years; but he comes back to-day. He stands in front of the gates of your soul. If you will only pray for his pardon, he will meet you with his gracious spirit and he will say: "Thy sins and thine iniquities I will remember no more. Open wide the gate; I will take the throne. My peace I give unto you." And then, all through this audience, from the young and from the old, there will be a rain of tears, and God will be the father of that rain!

FINANCIERING.

It Should be Left to Conservative Statesmen to Apply Established Rules of Action.

Editor Gazette:

A Democrat may express some surprise at a leading politician of his party advertising for an essay on the best method to get additional legal tender from the treasury of the United States into the channels of trade. It would seem as though the noxious vapor of an economic fallacy has become well diffused.

If he had advertised for an essay to show the best manner of getting legal tender into the treasury for the purpose of paying the expenses of an honest and economical administration it would have been more in keeping with the spirit of Democratic institutions.

A government that undertakes to manage financial affairs outside of its legitimate operations of supplying revenues to meet its appropriations has transcended the limits of its legitimate power, and in the end will bring financial disaster upon the people.

At the present time there is almost a universal cry for inflation. Some want a silver coinage, some a paper circulation, it is all the same. A number of people have been caught in the trap of hasty and badly managed speculations, and are appealing to the sympathies of the people to help them out.

There are greenback schemers, sub-treasury schemers and men that have no scheme, but would like to buy one. The government is supposed to be endowed with miraculous power,—to be able to make something out of nothing. To make 5 cents worth of paper into $5000 of wealth; to make a certain quantity of silver equal to a certain quantity of gold when silver is the cheaper metal.

The magic wand is flat. One hundred dollars for the man who knows how to use it. A new plank for a Democratic platform. Fiat, like all other magic, is delusion. The credit of a government does not depend upon any abstract theories of its powers, but upon its ability to raise revenue to pay its debts according to contract.

A government might issue millions of paper and of silver dollars so long as the persons who possessed them could exchange them at will for gold ones. But the moment the gold dollars had fled the credit of the government would be gone, the silver dollar would be down to its bullion value, and the paper floating somewhere between the value of currency on black Friday and the present worth of a Confederate bill.

That a government can issue gold coin and some silver and paper is a fact, but it must be on the same basis as a banker lends out his deposits, and the amount carefully adjusted according to the quantity of gold in circulation and the amount of its specie reserves. Suppose an enormous issue of silver coin, suppose difference in the bullion value of gold dollars and silver ones to make the exportation of gold coin profitable, how much gold would be left us in the space of a few years? There are millions and millions of Federal, state county and municipal and private indebtedness payable in gold coin. What must follow either a change in the laws to make these debts payable in silver and a repudiation of the original contract, or a financial catastrophe that would involve universal insolvency.

Suppose the printing press at work. Legal tender pouring from the treasury according to the best essay, money to loan on realty, on cattle, on crops. What would such money be worth when it was used to purchase the necessities of life? The money question is a great one. It is not to be settled by school boys, writing essays or politicians trying to teach the people what they do not understand themselves. It is only to be adjusted by conservative statesmen applying the well tried and established rules of finance to the temporary emergencies of occasions, and leaving the waters of commerce free to flow without government interference.

A high protective tariff causes our gold to go to Europe in exchange for the products of Asia, Africa and South America and the European manufacturies to go to these markets in place of American productions. The Democratic party will do well to insist on tariff reduction, and leave granger theories and $100 essays for the edification of Dallas statesmen. FREE LANCE.

BANKING SYSTEM.

The National Banking System the Best in the World—Perpetuate It on 2 Per Cent Bonds.

Editor Gazette.

The country at large, and the farmers in particular, seem to think the great need of the suffering poor is more money, and to get that they propose the sub-treasury bill. Of the merits or demerits of the bill I have nothing to say. No one can deny that the national banking system is the best banking system this or any other country ever had. Then, why not perpetuate it? I would suggest that congress authorize the secretary of the treasury to issue a bond running not less than fifty years and drawing 2 per cent interest per annum. Let congress then abolish the tax on circulation on condition that all national banks substitute the new 2 per cent for such as they may have, and require all national banks accepting the 2 per cent bond, to issue the full limit of circulation, that is 90 per cent. Never letting it come below that, so that no combinations may be made by which the circulating volume of currency may be contracted. If this would give the country more money than business would demand, creating a possibility of depreciation, then let either the per cent of circulation be reduced, or the number of banks be limited. I would also suggest that the new 2 per cent bonds be issued only to banks, and in part to take the place of the 4½ per cent, maturing next September. Issuing only to banks would always keep the bonds at par, thus preventing speculation. These crude ideas are advanced merely that they may be considered and improved upon. It occurs to me that it would be much better than making the government a warehouse. The plan I suggest all would derive a benefit, whereas, in the sub-treasury scheme, only the wheat, corn and cattle raisers could hypothecate their crops. The cotton men, truck raisers and that class of people could not derive any benefit, therefore it would be somewhat of a class legislation.

Respectfully,

Denver, Col. E. N. BAKER.

A TERRIBLE STORM.

Wind, Thunder, Hail, Rain and Lightning Do Terrible Work.

MANY PEOPLE KILLED.

Houses Wrecked and the Inmates Buried Alive—Changes Made in the Dreibund Agreement—Decisive Chilian Battle Looked For.

Frightful Loss of Life.

BERLIN, July 2.—A terrible storm of thunder, hail and rain passed over a large part of Germany last night, causing immense damage to property and loss of life in the villages of Suchtellenrade and Sittard. In the Crefeld district, also near Dusseldorf, the storm was especially severe, and the thunder and lightning was terrific. Many houses were completely wrecked and the inmates buried in the ruins. Thirteen bodies have already been recovered. The army pioneers have been sent to the scene of the disaster to aid in the work of rescue. It is yet too soon to form any estimate of the total number of lives lost. Every hour is adding to the story of disaster, and but few places in the path of the storm seemed to have escaped.

GRASSHOPPERS.

THEY STOP A ROCK ISLAND PASSENGER TRAIN.

They Cover the Track for a Distance of Five Miles—Fears that They will Hurt the Kansas Corn.

Special to the Gazette.

TOPEKA, KAN., July 5.—Last night about 12 o'clock grasshoppers stopped the Rock Island passenger train at Lyman, Col., about fifty miles west of the Kansas line. They covered the track for a distance of five miles and the wheels of the engine revolved helplessly. Another engine was procured at Lyman which pushed the train through the five-mile column, it taking two hours to accomplish this even with two engines. The grasshoppers have been hatching out for two weeks and are not yet matured enough to rise. Fears are entertained that they will be able to rise before the corn is hard enough to be safe and be blown into this state by the northwest winds from the mountains. They were in such quantities that they covered the rails. It is not known how much territory they extend over.

MACHINE TESTIMONIALS.

FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

TULIA, TEX., May 5, 1891.

To the Fort Worth Gazette:

GENTLEMEN—The High-Arm sewing machine is all you claim for it. It is first class in every respect. It is as good as one my son paid $65 for on the same day I received it. No one can be dissatisfied with it at the price paid for it. Truly yours, J. A. SCOTT.

DELIGHTED WITH IT.

TULIA, TEX., May 11, 1891.

Democrat Pub. Co., Fort Worth, Tex.:

GENTS—I have one of your High-Arm premium sewing machines. My wife is delighted with it. It is neat, well finished, light running, and gives entire satisfaction. I like it better than anything I have had offered at from $35 to $45. Respectfully, F. FAULKNER.

AS GOOD AS ANY $50 MACHINE.

DEKALB, TEX., May 10, 1891.

Fort Worth Gazette:

I received your High-Arm premium sewing machine. We have tried it thoroughly, and find it first class. It is as good a machine as the people have been paying $50 for. There is no humbug about it. Respectfully, J. D. O. BEAR.

SATISFIED AFTER THOROUGH TEST.

JOSHUA, JOHNSON CO., TEX., May 10, 1891.

Democrat Pub. Co., Fort Worth, Tex.:

GENTLEMEN—I received the High-Arm premium sewing machine in good order. My wife has given it a thorough test; she finds it to be everything represented, and is well pleased with it. I will say to all that want a good machine, subscribe for the Weekly GAZETTE and get a premium machine. The paper is just splendid. Yours respectfully, W. P. FLACK.

ALL THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT.

BOX 65, VERNON, TEX., March 23, 1891.

Democrat Publishing Co., Fort Worth, Tex.:

GENTLEMEN—The No. 4. High-Arm premium sewing machine was received in good order, and my wife finds it to be all you claim for it, and is quite satisfied that it is equal to any other machine of twice the price you ask for this one. The case, too, is exceedingly handsome and very well finished. I am yours truly E. L. MOURANT.

WELL PLEASED WITH IT.

POLOSA, KAUFMAN COUNTY, TEX., April 20, 1891.

To the Gazette:

SIR—My machine arrived in due time and is all or more than you recommended. My wife is well pleased with the work that it does. Your respectfully G. M. PITTMAN.

WELL PLEASED WITH IT.

ROANOKE, TEX., May 21, 1891.

The Democrat Pub. Co., Fort Worth, Tex.:

SIRS—I received the High-Arm premium sewing machine in due time and am well pleased with it. It does excellent work, and is a novelty of cheapness. Yours respectfully MRS. M. E. REYNOLDS.

$20 TO $25 CAN BE SAVED.

HOWE, TEX., May 12, 1891.

Democrat Publishing Company, Fort Worth, Tex.:

DEAR SIR—In answer to yours of recent date in regard to sewing machine bought of you, can recommend the machine. As to work, it does equal to any high-priced, and is neatly finished, runs light, and we can recommend the machine to all those in need of a good machine. You can save $20 to $25 by one of hese machines, and you will be well pleased with your bargain. Yours truly, Howe, Tex., Box 31 A. G. MARVEL.

AS NEAR PERFECTION AS POSSIBLE.

PLATONIA, TEX., May 13, 1891.

The Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.:

The machine received in good order and is pronounced a jewel by myself and neighbors. It is as near perfection as it is possible for anything to be. In fact only one fault could be found, and that is the thread post is too short. Yours respectfully, MRS. A. HANOVER.

SO MUCH MORE THAN EXPECTED.

VERNON, TEX., March 21, 1891.

The Democrat Pub. Co., Fort Worth, Tex.:

GENTLEMEN—The machine came all O. K. It is a good one, so much better than was looked for at so small a price. It is just as good as my $45 one, and looks better to-day, and does just as good work as any machine. Thanks for the bargain in it. Good luck to THE GAZETTE. Respectfully yours, R. P. SANDERS.

ALL THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT.

BOX 65, VERNON, TEX., March 23, 1891.

Democrat Publishing Co., Fort Worth, Tex.:

GENTLEMEN—The No. 4. High-Arm premium sewing machine was received in good order, and my wife finds it to be all you claim for it, and is quite satisfied that it is equal to any other machine of twice the price you ask for this one. The case, too, is exceedingly handsome and very well finished. I am yours truly, E. L. MOURANT

AS GOOD AS HIGH-PRICED MACHINES.

MOODY, TEX., March 28, 1891.

Democrat Pub. Co., Fort Worth:

GENTS—The machine I ordered from you arrived safe, and, after a thorough test, my wife says she likes it fully as well as any of the high-priced machines on the market now. Respectfully, R. L. LAPP.

BEYOND HIS EXPECTATIONS.

TULIA, TEX., April 6, 1891.

To the Gazette:

GENTLEMEN—I received THE GAZETTE machine in good order. It is beyond my expectations in finish, and is simple in construction and convenience. I have shown it to several, and they say it can't be beat. J. F. SCOTT.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

ONLY $23!

Why Squander Your Money? Why Throw Away $30 to $35? Why Not Read and Save Money?

ONLY $24 WITH WEEKLY GAZETTE ONE YEAR.

A Sewing Machine is a Household Necessity, and the Wise Man Will Not Pay $50 to $60 for an article that can be Bought for $23, Especially if the Article at $23 is in Every Respect the Equal of that Which Costs from $50 to $60.

THE FORT WORTH GAZETTE

Has been offering as a premium to its subscribers a Sewing Machine with its weekly edition one year for $21.25, that for the ordinary sewing of the average family was in all respects the equal of machines that cost double the money. But the Gazette was solicited to supply a demand exceeding the ordinary needs of the average household, and the great problem to the Gazette was how to get a machine equal in all respects to the high priced machines, and yet put it to the people at a

PRICE WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

The Gazette solved the problem by having a High-Arm No. 4 Machine

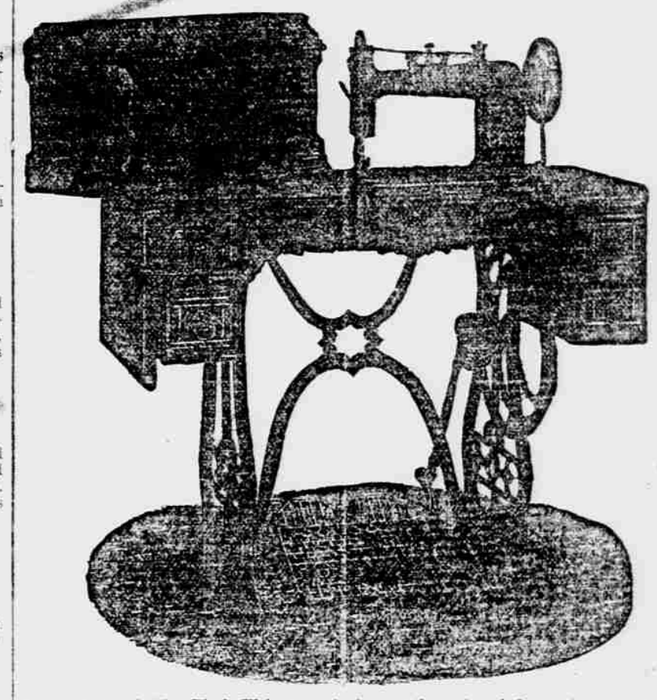
MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR IT

Equal to any $60 machine on the market, and which can be sold to the people at

LESS THAN HALF THE PRICE

Of the high-priced machines, because in buying the Gazette's Improved Singer the people are not asked to pay agents' commissions and expenses in handling machines.

THE GAZETTE'S NEW HIGH-ARM MACHINE



Is manufactured either Black Walnut or Antique at the option of the purchaser, at the same price, and with each of these machines we furnish one Ruffler, one Tucker, one set Hemmers, one Foot Hemmer, one Screw Driver, one Wrench, one Oil can and Oil, one Gauge, one Gauge Thumb Screw, one Extra Throat Plate, one Extra Check Spring, one Paper Needles, Six Bobbins and one Instruction Book, and

These Articles are All Included in the Price Named.

We offer to the public our New High-Arm Machine with the utmost confidence that it will meet with popular favor and a general demand, as it really is the style and kind of a machine now so generally desired by the people.

Bear in mind that the factory is fully equipped with the very best and latest improved machinery, and that its machines are thoroughly made and of first-class workmanship.

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

It is for your interest to buy where you can do the best, and the best machine at the least price is what we propose to give you. Remember that the

GAZETTE'S IMPROVED HIGH-ARM SINGER MACHINE

Is of the finest workmanship, nicely adjusted and first-class in every respect. All orders will receive prompt and careful attention. The Gazette invites examination of its new Singer Machine and has no apprehension of the result.

It will do the work of any $65 machine and cost no agents' commissions and expenses.

HOW TO GET THIS SPLENDID MACHINE.

Any present subscriber to either of the editions of the Gazette can secure this $24 machine by sending $23 to the Gazette. To persons who are not subscribers, this $24 machine will be sent with the

WEEKLY GAZETTE ONE YEAR FOR $24

—OR WITH THE—

DAILY GAZETTE ONE YEAR FOR $33

—OR WITH THE—

SUNDAY GAZETTE ONE YEAR FOR $25.

No machine can be sent to any person who is not a subscriber to the Gazette. When the order is received it is at once forwarded to the factory with instructions to ship in

BLACK WALNUT OR ANTIQUE OAK

As the subscriber elects, and the machine is immediately shipped, the subscriber paying the freight. All that is necessary is that the person ordering the machine shall be a subscriber to the Weekly or Daily Gazette. Send subscriptions and money to

THE GAZETTE, Fort Worth, Texas

☞ Sample Machine at Gazette Business Office.