INFLUENCES FOR GOOD.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage Preaches an Out Door Sermon at Winfield, Kansas, to a Big Crowd.

He Points Out the Means by Which People May be Turned to Righteousness from Wicked Ways.

The Charm of a Bright Example—Christian Admonition—A Christian Worker is Like a Star.

Special to the Gazette.

WINFIELD, KAN., June 24.—Uncounted multitudes were present to-day at a great outdoor meeting held in this place, where the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., was the preacher. Not only this, but adjoining states were represented in the congregation, and the occasion will be long remembered. The text was: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."—Daniel xii, 3; and the sermon was, "The Constellations of the Redeemed." Dr. Talmage said:

Every man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth; his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot. His silence often is thunder, and his life is an anthem or a doxology. There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or making it worse, on the Lord's side or on the devil's making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment; and we have already done a mighty work in peopling heaven or hell. I hear people talk of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some evil that he expects to do, or a man who has saved an empire might as well talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have already consigned infinite values, or you have, by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms for God.

I, would be absurd for me to stand here and, by elaborate argument, prove that the world is off the track. You might as well stand at the foot of an embankment, amid the wreck of a capsized rail train, proving by elaborate argument that something is out of order. Adam tumbled over the embankment sixty centuries ago, and the whole race, in one long train, has gone on tumbling in the same direction. Crash! ers it! The only question now is, by what leverage can the crushed thing be lifted? By what hammer may the fragments be reconstructed?

I want to show you how we may turn many to righteousness, and what will be our future pay for so doing.

First, we may turn them by the charm of a bright example. A child coming from

A FILTHY HOME

was taught at school to wash its face. It went home so much improved in appearance that its mother washed her face. And when the father of the household came home and saw the improvement in domestic appearance, he washed his face. The neighbors happening in, saw the change, and tried the same experiment, until all that street was purified, and the next street copied its example, and the whole city felt the result of one schoolboy washing his face. That is a fable by which we set form that the best way to get the world washed of its sins and pollution is to have our own heart and life cleaned and purified. A man with grace in his heart, and Christian cheerfulness in his face, and holy consistency in his behavior is a perpetual sermon; and the sermon differs from others in that it has but one head, and the longer it runs the better. There are honest men who walk down Wall street, making the teeth of iniquity chatter. There are happy men who go into a sick room, and, by a look, help the broken bone to knit and the excited nerves drop to calm beating. There are pure men whose presence silences the tongue of uncleanness. The mightiest agent of good on earth is a consistent Christian. I like the Bible folded between the lids of cloth, or calfskin, or morocco, but I like it better when, in the shape of a man it goes out into the world—a Bible illustrated. Courage is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a man with all the world against him confident as though all the world were for him. Patience is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a baffled foul calmly waiting for the time of deliverance. Faith is beautiful to read about; but rather would I find a man in the midnight walking straight on as though he saw everything. Oh, how many souls have been turned to God by the charm of a bright example!

When, in the Mexican war, the troops were wavering, a general rose in his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's lines, shouting, "Men, follow!" They, seeing his courage and disposition, dashed on after him and

GAINED THE VICTORY.

What men want to rally them for God is an example to lead them. All your commands to others to advance amount to nothing so long as you stay behind. To affect them aright, you need to start for heaven yourself, looking back only to give the stirring cry of, "Men, follow!"

Again: We may turn many to righteousness by prayer. There is no such detective as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hand on the shoulder of a man ten thousand miles off. It alights on a ship mid Atlantic. The little child cannot understand the law of electricity, or how the telegraphic operator, by touching the instrument here, may dart a message under the sea to another continent; nor can we, with our small intellect, understand how the touch of a Christian's prayer shall instantly strike a soul on the other side of the earth. You take ship and go to some other country, and get there at 11 o'clock in the morning. You telegraph to New York and the message gets here at 6 o'clock in the same morning. In other words, it seems to arrive here five hours before it started. Like that is prayer. God says: "Before they call, I will hear." To overtake a loved one on the road, you may spur up a lathered steed until he shall outrace the one that brought the news to Ghent; but a prayer shall catch it at one gallop. A boy running away from home may take the midnight train from the country village, and reach the seaport in time to gain the ship that sails on the morrow; but a mother's prayer will be on deck to meet him, and in the hammock before he swings into it, and at the capstan before he winds a rope around it, and on the sea, against the sky, as the vessel ploughs on toward it. There is a mightiness in prayer. George Muller prayed a company of poor boys together, and then he prayed up an asylum in which they might be sheltered. He turned his face toward Edinburg and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward London and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward Dublin and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds off the sky, it was dry weather. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds together, and it was wet weather. Prayer, in Daniel's time, walked the cave the sun by its golden bit, and stopped it. We have all yet to try

THE FULL POWER OF PRAYER.

The time will come when the American Church will pray with its face toward the west, and all the prairies and inland cities will surrender to God; and will pray with face toward the sea, and all the islands and ships will become Christian. Parents who have wayward sons will get down on their knees and say: "Lord, send my boy home," and the boy in Canton shall get right up from the gaming table, and go down to the wharf to find out which ship starts first for America.

Not one of us yet knows how to pray. All we have done as yet has only been pottering, and guessing, and experimenting. A boy gets hold of his father's saw and hammer, and tries to make something, but it is a poor affair that he makes. The father comes and takes the saw and hammer, and builds the house or ship. In the childhood of our Christain faith, we make but poor work with these weapons of prayer, but when we come to the stature of men in Christ Jesus, then, under these implements, the temple of God will rise, and the world's redemption will be launched. God cares not for the length of our prayers, or number of our prayers, or the beauty of our prayers, or the place of our prayers, but it is the faith in them that tells. Believing prayer soars higher than the lark ever sang; plunges deeper than the diving bell ever sank, darts quicker than lightning ever flashed. Though we have only used the back of this weapon instead of its edge, what marvels have been wrought! If saved we are all the captives of some earnest prayer. Would God that, in desire for the rescue of souls, we might in prayer lay hold of the resources of the Lord Omnipotent.

We may turn many to righteousness by Christian admonition. Do not wait until you can make a formal speech. Address the one next to you. You will not go home alone to-day; between this and your place of stopping you may decide the eternal destiny of an immortal spirit. Just one sentence may do the work. Just one question. Just one look. The form I talk that begins with a sigh and ends with

A CANTING SNUFFLE

is not what is wanted, but the heartthrob of a man in dead earnest. There is not a soul on earth that you may not bring to God if you rightly go at it. They said Gibraltar could not be taken. It is a rock, 1630 feet high and three miles long. But the English and Dutch did take it. Artillery, and sappers, and miners, and fleets pouring out volleys of death, and thousands of men reckless of danger, can do anything. The stoutest heart of sin, though it be rock and surrounded by an ocean of transgression, under Christian bombardment may be made to hoist the flag of redemption.

But is all this admonition, and prayer, and Christian work for nothing? My text promises to all the faithful eternal lustre. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever."

As stars the redeemed have a borrowed light. What makes Mars and Venus and Jupiter so luminous? When the sun throws down his torch in the heavens the stars pick up the scattered brands, and hold them in procession as the queen of the night advances; so all Christian workers, standing around the throne, will shine in the light borrowed from the Sun of Righteousness—Jesus in their faces, Jesus in their songs, Jesus in their triumph. Christ left heaven once for a tour of redemption on earth, yet the glorified ones knew He would come back again. But let Him abdicate His throne and go away to stay forever, the music would stop, the congregation disperse, the temples of God be darkened, the rivers of light stagnate, and every chariot would become a hearse, and every bell toll, and there would not be room on the hill-sides to bury the dead of the great metropolis, for there would be pestilence in heaven. But Jesus lives, and so all the redeemed live with Him. He shall recognize them as His comrades in earthly toil and remember what they did for the honor of His name, and for the spread of His kingdom. All their prayers and tears and work will rise before Him as he looks into their faces, and He will divide his kingdom with them; His peace—their peace; His holiness—their holiness; His joy—their joy. The glory of the central throne reflected from the surrounding thrones, the last spot of sin struck from the Christian orb, and the entire nature a-tremble and a-flush with light, they shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall be like the stars in the fact that they have a light independent of each other. Look up at the night, and see each world show its distinct glory. It is not like the conflagration, in which you cannot tell where one flame stops and another begins. Neptune, Herschel and Mercury are as distinct as if each one of them were

THE ONLY STAR;

so our individualism will not be lost in heaven. A great multitude—yet each one as observable, as distinctly recognized, as greatly celebrated as if in all the space, from gate to gate, and from hill to hill, he were the only inhabitant; no mixing up—no mob—no indiscriminate rush; every Christian worker standing out illustrious—all the story of earthly achievement adhering to each one; his self-denials, and pains, and services, and victories published. Before men went out to the last war, the orators told them that they would all be remembered by their country, and their names be commemorated in poetry and in song; but go to the graveyard in Richmond, and you will find there six thousand graves over each one of which is the inscription, "Unknown." The world does not remember its heroes, but there will be no unrecognized Christian worker in heaven. Each one known by, all grandly known, by acclamation; all the past story of work for God gleaming in cheek and brow and foot and palm. They shall shine with distinct light as the stars for ever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall shine like the stars in clusters. In looking up, you find the worlds in family circles. Brothers and sisters—they take hold of each other's hands and dance in groups. Orion in a group. The Pleiades in a group. The solar system is only a company of children, with bright faces, gathered around one great fireplace. The worlds do not straggle off. They go in squadrons and fleets, sailing through immensity.

So Christian workers in heaven will dwell in neighborhoods and clusters. I am sure that some people I will like in heaven a great deal better than others. Yonder is a constellation of stately Christians. They lived on earth by rigid rule. They never laughed. They walked every hour anxious lest they should lose their dignity. But they loved God; and yonder they shine in brilliant constellation. Yet I shall not long to get into that particular group. Yonder is a constellation of small-hearted Christians—asteroids in

THE ETERNAL ASTRONOMY.

While some souls go up from Christian battle, and blaze like Mars, these asteroids dart a feeble ray like Vesta. Yonder is a constellation of martyrs, of apostles, of patriarchs. Our souls, as they go up to heaven, will seek out the most congenial society. Yonder is a constellation almost merry with the play of light. On earth they were full of sympathies and songs, and tears, and raptures, and conwords took fire; when they sang the tune could not hold them; when they wept over a world's woes they sobbed as if heart-broken; when they worked for Christ they flamed with enthusiasm. Yonder they are—circle of light! constellation of joy! galaxy of fire! Oh, that you and I, by that grace which can transform the worst into the best, might at last sail in the wake of that fleet, and wheel in that glorious group, as the stars for ever and ever!

Again: Christian workers will shine like the stars in swiftness of motion. The worlds do not stop to shine. There are no fixed stars save as to relative position. The star most thoroughly fixed flies thousands of miles a minute. The astronomer, using his telescope for an Alpinestock, leaps from world craig to world craig, and finds no star standing still. The chamois hunter has to fly to catch his prey, but not so swift is his game as that which the scientist tries to shoot through the tower of an observatory. Like petrels in mid-Atlantic that seem to come and go from no shore, and be bound to no landing place—flying, dying—so these great flocks of worlds rest not as they go—wing on wing, age after age, for ever and ever. The eagle hastes to its prey, but we shall in speed beat the eagles. You have noticed the velocity of the swift horse, under whose feet the miles slip like a smooth ribbon, and as he passes the four hoofs strike the earth in such a quick test your pulse take the same vibration. But all these things are not swift in comparison with the motion of which I speak. The moon moves 54,000 miles in a day. Yonder,

NEPTUNE FLASHES

on 11,000 miles in an hour. Yonder Mercury goes 109,000 miles in an hour. So like the stars the Christian worker shall shine in swiftness of motion. You hear now of father, or mother, or child sick 1000 miles away, and it takes you two days to get to them. You hear of some case of suffering that demands your immediate attention, but takes you an hour to get there. Oh, the joy when you shall, in fulfillment of the text, take starry speed, and be equal to 100,000 miles an hour. Having on earth got used to Christian work, you will not quit when death strikes you. You will only take on more velocity. There is a dying child in London, and its spirit must be taken up to God: You are there in an instant to do it. There is a young man in New York to be arrested for going into that gate of sin: You are there in an instant to arrest him. Whether with spring of foot, or stroke of wing, or by the force of some new law that shall hurl you to the spot where you would go, I know not; but my text suggests velocity. All space open before you, with nothing to hinder you in mission of light, and love and joy, you shall shine in swiftness of motion as the stars forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers, like the stars, shall shine in magnitude. The most illiterate man knows that these things in the sky, looking like gilt buttons, are great masses of matter. To weigh them, one would think that it would require scales with a pillar hundreds of thousands of miles high, and chains hundreds of thousands of miles long, and at the bottom of the chains basins on either side hundreds of thousands of miles wide, and that then Omnipotence alone could put the mountains into the scales and the hills into the balance. But puny man has been equal to the undertaking, and has set a little balance on his geometry, and weighed world against world. Yes, he has pulled out his measuring line, and announced that Herschel is 36,000 miles in diameter, Saturn 79,000 miles in diameter, and Jupiter 89,000 miles in diameter, and that the smallest pearl on

THE BEACH OF HEAVEN

is immense beyond all imagination. So all they who have toiled for Christ on earth shall rise up to a magnitude of privilege, and a magnitude of strength, and a magnitude of holiness, and a magnitude of joy; and the weakest saint in glory become greater than all that we can now imagine of an archangel.

Brethren, it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Wisdom that shall know everything; wealth that shall possess everything; strength that shall do everything; glory that shall circumscribe everything! We shall not be like a taper set in a sick man's window, or a bundle of sticks kindled on the beach to warm a shivering crew; but you must take the diameter and the circumference of the world if you would get any idea of the greatness of our estate when we shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Lastly—and coming to this point my mind almost breaks down under the contemplation—like the stars, all Christian workers shall shine in duration. The same stars that look down upon us looked down upon the Chaldean shepherds. The meteor that I saw flashing across the sky the other night, I wonder if it was not the same one that pointed down to where Jesus lay in the manger and, if having pointed out His birthplace, it has ever since been wandering through the heavens, watching to see how the world would treat Him. When Adam awoke in the garden in the cool of the day he saw coming out through the dusk of the evening the same worlds that greeted us on our way to church to-night.

In Independence Hall is an old, cracked bell that sounded the signature of the Declaration of Independence. You cannot ring it now; but this great chime of silver bells, that strike in the dome of night ring out with as sweet a tone as when God swung them at the creation. Look up at night, and know that the white lilies that bloom in all the hanging gardens of our King are century plants—not blooming once in a hundred years, but through all the centuries.

The star at which the mariner looks to-night was the light by which the ships of Tarshish were guided across the Mediterranean, and the Venetian flotilla found its way into Lepanto. Their armor is as bright to-night as when,

IN ANCIENT BATTLE,

the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. To the ancients the stars were symbols of eternity. But here the figure of my text breaks down—not in defeat, but in the majesties of the judgment. The stars shall not shine forever. The Bible says they shall fall like autumnal leaves. It is almost impossible for a man to take in a courser going a mile in three minutes; but God shall take in the worlds, flying a hundred thousand miles an hour, by one pull of his little finger. As, when the factory hand slips at night-fall from the main wheel, all the smaller wheels slacken their speed, and with slower and slower motion they turn until they come to a full stop, so this great machinery of the universe, wheel within wheel, making revolution of appalling speed, shall by the touch of God's hand slip the band of present law and slacken and stop. That is what will be the matter with the mountains. The chariots in which they ride shall halt so suddenly that the kings shall be thrown out. Star after star shall be carried out to burial amid funeral torches and burning worlds. Constellations shall throw ashes on their heads, and all up and down the highways of space there shall be mourning, mourning, mourning, because the worlds are dead. But the Christian workers shall never quit their thrones—they shall reign for ever and ever. If, by some invasion from hell, the attempt were made to carry them off into captivity from heaven, the souls they have saved would rally for their defense, and all the angels of God would strike with their sceptres, and the ride down the foe, and all the steep of the sky would resound with the crash of the overwhelmed cohorts tumbled headlong out of heaven.

ARANSAS PASS.

A Letter From Barney Gibbs on the Subject of Deep Water.

DALLAS, TEX., June 24, 1888.

To the Editor of the Gazette.

I desire to call your attention to the following facts: The editorial in the Galveston News of June 22, telegraphed to the Dallas News of the same date, contains assertions that should not go unchallenged. After characterizing the coming Fort Worth convention as a "self constituted body" and stating that it is folly to assume that it could have any weight or receive the approval of the engineer's department at Washington, it proceeds to make the astounding declaration that the engineer's department has practically settled the matter so far as the department is concerned by "one little report" of Major Ernst. How the News could be forgetful of the report of that celebrated engineer, General Newton, published in its columns March 2, 1886, I cannot conceive. In this report General Newton states that the bar at Galveston has been sounding and extending into the gulf at the rate of 100 feet per annum since 1851, or 3500 feet in thirty five years, and he concludes his report in these words:

"I invite particular attention to the conclusions of the board that a great contraction of the channel by jetties would but slightly increase the velocity of the currents and extreme depth in the channel, while it would on the other hand, ruin the harbor of Galveston as well as expose the city to destruction."

This is the report of a board of governmental engineers, carefully made upon full data and the most thorough examination. How does this report square with the assertion of the News that the engineers' reports are more favorable to Galveston than other points?

The News relies on Major Ernst's answers to a few skillfully formulated questions propounded to him by Mr. Willis; questions constructed on the plan of the old nigger's coon trap, "to ketch 'em a gwine and a comin'." These answers are so fairly and forcibly met by the Corpus Christi Caller that I beg to quote it:

"The answer shows 1304 acres of twenty-four-foot curve inside Galveston bar against sixty acres of the same curve inside Aransas bar. This is but half the truth, yet Major Ernst should not be held accountable for its issuance in that shape. The whole truth is that Galveston harbor has less of twenty-four-foot curve than Aransas harbor has. Nearly all of Aransas anchorage is behind St. Joseph Island, and is a completely land-locked, smooth water anchorage, while nearly all of the twenty-four-foot anchorage at Galveston is in the open sea outside of the cost line, or in Bolivar Roads, and therefore as fully exposed to the gulf storms as though lying off St. Joseph's Island. No land lies between the anchorage at Galveston and the Gulf of Mexico. The Galveston bar is five miles out at sea, and this anchorage is made up by measuring everything which lies between that bar and the coast line, therefore, if an ocean pier were run out from Padre Island it might with equal truth be claimed that there were 100,000,000 acres of thirty-foot anchorage available at Padre Island. * * * * But even this is not all. Vessels drawing twenty-four feet of water can to-day lie along Harbor Island the entire length of the harbor; in other words Aransas can offer three miles of dockage where a twenty-four foot vessel can lie in perfectly smooth water. Galveston has not a spot where a single ship drawing twenty-four feet could lie at a dock even if she could get over the bar."

Since July 11, 1870, the United States government has expended in appropriations on Galveston harbor $2,279,000 of the people's money. The statement of a committee of the most distinguished Galveston citizens, who went to Washington last year to present her cause before Congress, was that the expenditure of this vast sum of money had not deepened the bar at Galveston one single inch.

There can be no wharf monopoly at Aransas Pass, as the present constitution prevents it, and would have regulated the Galveston Wharf Company except for the decision of a committee of its ablest members that it could not be regulated. There can be no land monopoly, as the four or five hundred people living there own in different amounts more than one-half the town lots. The people interested expect their profit from the large volume of legitimate commerce to the north and south of Aransas Pass. B. GIBBS.

GRAPEVINE.

Harvesting About Completed—A Candidate for the Legislature.

GRAPEVINE, TEX., June 21, 1888.

To the Editor of the Gazette.

Harvesting is about over, except a few very late oats. Wheat, where the stand was uninjured by the winter's freeze, is good, some crops promising as high as forty bushels per acre. Oats will average about eighty bushels. Corn and cotton are very promising. A huge yield of corn is a certainty, and the acreage is unusually large. The worms have left the cotton, and most of the farmers have their crops chopped out and in nice condition.

The Fort may expect a fine trade from Grapevine. The Cotton Belt will prove to be a boon to us, as well as to recover to Fort Worth all this trade that used to go to Dallas.

Politics is getting a little interesting and candidates are numerous. The friends of Mr. G. E. Bushong will present his name to the convention for the Legislature. Some are a little ruffled on account of the report having been circulated (gratuitously) that he would not run. He will make a strong candidate before the people.

Harrold.

Special to the Gazette.

HARROLD, TEX., June 22.—The shipping season has commenced here. Among the shipments made being those of Foley & Davis and Messrs. Waggoner & Son, the latter firm loading all their cattle at this point. Mr. W. T. Waggoner is here superintending the loading of the cattle, and expects to send many trainloads of fat cattle to market next month.

The farmers are resting after harvest and expect to commence threshing next week. Three threshers will start out from this point. Corn is needing rain.

What's in a Name.

Washington Critic.

Before breakfast: Wife—"This is the sixth time I've called you, Joseph, and I don't want to do it again." Husband—"All right, wifey mine; charge it to Joe, and go ahead; I'm not so dignified as to be disagreeable."

A number of society girls in Mobile recently organized themselves into a minstrel troupe, and blacked their faces, donned the professional wigs, and gave a performance for the benefit of a charitable society.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Gossip About the Texas Delegation. Characteristics of Its Congressmen and their Families.

The Assistance Rendered their Husbands by Mrs. Reagan and Mrs. Abbott. The Lanham Household.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—Senator Reagan, who was one of the Congressional visitors at the closing exercises at West Point, is emphatic in his praises at the way the national military school is managed. He was a close observer of the examinations, and says there is no college or university in the land where the mental discipline is more perfect or the system of instruction more thorough and scientific. "A grand feature of the course at West Point," said the Senator, "is the splendid physical training the cadets get along with their book learning. The theory of a 'sound mind in a sound body' is rigidly adhered to, and the feats the young men are able to perform are really astonishing. I think any of them, if failing in a military career, might easily make a living as an acrobat. The horseback exercises were beautiful, and the evolutions of the riders would have made a band of Comanches sick with envy." Senator Reagan has a son, a young man of splendid promise, who will shortly enter West Point. The youngest child, Mills, a bright boy of twelve, is attending school here. * * * There is no harder working member of the United States Senate than John H. Reagan. Besides attending to the varied requests of a constituency scattered over all Texas, he keeps track in his characteristic, watchful manner of every measure coming before Congress. His long experience and thorough knowledge of public affairs enables him to form rapid and correct conclusions on the merits of a question, and he never hesitates to express his convictions from his place in the Senate chamber. Despite the fact that it is his first term in that august body, and that there is a sort of tradition that a first-term Senator is not expected to cut any prominent figure in senatorial proceedings, he went to the front from the start, and quickly came to be recognized by his colleagues as a man of ability, well equipped by nature and a magnificently stored mind to hold his own in debate on any subject.

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Senator Reagan has a splendid assistant in certain departments of his work in his talented wife. When it comes to a thorough knowledge of politics both local and national, there are few ladies in the land who would take precedence over Mrs. Reagan. She is of a lively temperament, a clever conversationalist, and entertains company with a charming hospitality. The Reagans live in a handsome three-story brick mansion, in the northwest part of the city, which the Senator recently purchased. It is more than a mile from the Capitol, yet Mr. Reagan usually walks the distance twice daily. To ignore the chief ornament of their home, however, would not be just, as all who have the pleasure of Miss Mollie Reagan's acquaintance will admit. She is a highly cultured, an exceedingly pretty and a very amiable young lady, and proud to call herself a Texas girl. She is the only young lady in society, belonging to the family of any of the Texas delegation, and is a general favorite. Miss Reagan is a brunette and is well posted on political topics.

It is notorious that southern boys walk off with academic honors whenever they leave northern or eastern institutions of learning. Joseph D. Sayers, Jr., a nephew of Congressman Sayers and a son of Major Sayers of Gonzales, took the class medal for scholarship a few days ago at Emerson Institute, a famous school for young men in this city. The class numbered over thirty, and as the professor handed over the gold emblems of distinction, he highly complimented the blushing Texas youth amidst the cheers of his classmates.

Mrs. Abbott, wife of the able and popular representative from the Fort Worth district, spends a good deal of time with an aunt on the eastern shore of Maryland, the salubrious air and fine climate of that section having greatly improved her health. Mrs. Abbott is another one of those ladies who are almost invaluable to their husbands, if the latter happen to be in politics. To help them with their correspondence, keep their papers straight, assist in sending out documents, and various other services, are duties that the helpful wives of national legislators soon become expert in performing. Mrs. Abbott, like most of the Texas ladies here, much prefers the quiet and comparative retirement of her comfortable home to a residence in Washington, yet derives pleasure in the occupation referred to above. She is a lady of the finest intelligence and possessed of the gentlest and most winning manners.

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Colonel and Mrs. Lanham live in a cozy home of their own on New York avenue, one of the handsomest residence streets in the city. Mrs. Lanham is a South Carolina lady, of decided intellectual force. As the helpmeet to one of the most active, busy, conscientious and able Congressmen that ever came to Washington, Mrs. Lanham is conspicuous, and without her aid no doubt the gentleman who so ably represents ninety odd counties, would often feel as if his task was too heavy for endurance. There are three boys, brim full of jollity, and at the same time uncommonly clever in their books, who, with a sweet-faced little girl make plenty of sunshine about the Lanham household. It is no exaggeration nor in the way of fulsome praise to say that Colonel Lanham has made a record here for ability and energy that reflects credit not on him alone, but on the entire state. He is now at the head of an important committee, and if he is re-elected, as his merits eminently justify, he will continue to grow in usefulness among his collegues and his constituents.

ANTI MILLS.

Navarro County Convention of the People's Party—All Anti-Democrats Participate.

Special to the Gazette.

CORSICANA, TEX., June 23.—The county convention of the People's party met here to-day. About 150 voters were present. L. B. Havnie of Rice was elected chairman. Nine-tenths of those present were Prohibitionists, Republicans, Greenbackers, Union Laborites and every other party known to politics opposed to Democracy participated. Ex-Lieutenant Governor Marion Martin met the caucus last night in the Union Labor hall in secret session and assisted in arranging the programme. Nothing was done by the convention except to pass a general resolution against corporations and unjust laws and appointing a precinct chairman to act with the county chairman. The party will make a fight against the Democratic party in this county. The whole convention was anti Mills and pro Martin.

These are by no means the "melancholy days, the saddest of the year," simply because the blue fish have come again.

The Pills For All Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Most in demand are Ayer's, because they are at once powerful and harmless. Being purely vegetable, and containing no calomel nor any other deleterious drug, they are the best **Family Medicine** for Old or Young. "We have sold Ayer's Pills for years. They always give satisfaction, and are deservedly popular; in fact, for no others is the demand so extensive."—John E. Gullick, Druggist, Whitgville, Ohio.

"I have used Ayer's Pills from childhood. They have been our family medicine for years, and are indispensable in the medicine chest."—Mrs. C. E. Clark, Tewksbury, Mass.

"We have used Ayer's Pills many years, and think them a very safe and excellent family aperient."—A. B. Foster, Children's Home, Westville, Conn.

Capt. Mueller, of the steamship "Delhia," New York, says: "For several years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else in the medicine chest, to regulate my bowels and those of the ship's crew. These Pills are not severe in their action, but do their work thoroughly. I have used them, and with good effect, for the cure of Rheumatism, Kidney troubles, and Dyspepsia."

Dr. George P. Spencer, Unity, N. H., writes: "I consider Ayer's Cathartic Pills far superior to any others known to the medical profession."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Diseases of the **Liver, Stomach, and Bowels**, Ayer's Pills are the best. "After a varied experience with many so-called cathartic remedies, I am convinced that Ayer's Pills give the most satisfactory results. I rely exclusively on these Pills for the cure of Liver and Stomach complaints."—John B. Bell, Sr., Abilene, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills cured me of **Liver Complaint**, two years ago."—T. W. Clack, Jefferson, Tenn.

"For **Dyspepsia**, Ayer's Pills are invaluable. I have never known them to fail."—W. T. Hayes, Mexia, Texas.

"By the use of Ayer's Pills, which a friend advised me to administer, my daughter was cured of a severe attack of **Erysipelas**."—James Ferguson, Acowa, Ga.

"In several cases of **Chronic Diarrhœa** I have prescribed Ayer's Pills with excellent results."—Dr. M. A. Gregg, Beam's Mills, N. C.

"Owing to a **Salt-Rheum** humor, I had, for three years, severe trouble in my hands. By the help of Ayer's Pills I am now well."—Mrs. L. C. Waity, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I suffered from **Constipation** which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Cathartic Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

THE PLATFORM.

Opinion of Politicians at the National Capital Regarding the Chicago Convention's Work.

The Republicans Already Claim to Smell the Air of Victory—Breaking the Solid South—Notes.

Special to the Gazette.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—All eyes are centered on Chicago and but little of interest is transpiring here. The hotel lobbies are crowded with anxious politicians waiting the result of the convention. The general feeling here to-night is that Blaine will capture the nomination. Your correspondent met Senator Hawley to-night on Fourteenth street, carrying a bunch of fine fans evidently trying to keep cool over the prospect of being struck by political lightning this torrid day. The Republicans are overjoyed with the platform. They claim to smell

THE AIR OF VICTORY

and they even say that North Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia will bolt the Democratic party. This is sheer nonsense, and although these states may be close they will not go back on their traditions.

Mr. Mills is highly elated with the Republican platform as are the rest of the Texas delegation. Mills characterizes it as a bold declaration against any reduction of taxation, and says that Republicans have now put themselves on record in favor of free whisky and an increase of taxation, as against any reduction on the necessaries of life. "The lines are now drawn more distinct than ever before, and we are satisfied to go to the country next fall and let the people judge between us."

Mr. Johnston of North Carolina said: "The platform is a fraud and

AN OUTRAGEOUS FRAUD,

because they pretend to favor the repeal of this tax. They will repeal the internal tax, they say, if the surplus continues. Now the policy of the Republicans is to use up the surplus by extravagant appropriations and by trying to force the passage of such bills as the arrears of pensions bill, which would prevent any reduction of taxation or the repeal of the internal revenue taxes, which they pretend to favor. Their platform will not deceive North Carolina when it is explained to the people."

Congressman Crain will address the Tammany Society of New York at their jubilee on July 4.

The President predicts that Allison will finally receive the nomination at Chicago.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.

The State Missionary Meeting in Session at Waco.

Special to the Gazette.

WACO, TEX., June 21.—The state missionary meeting of the Disciples of Christ, in Texas convened to-day in the Christian church, and was called to order at 9:30 a. m. by Spencer Ford, president, of Bryan. Devotional services were conducted by John Ferguson of Bastrop. W. H. Bagby of Waco delivered a very able welcoming address to the convention on behalf of the church and citizens of Waco. Response by G. A. Ferrish of Weatherford. Committee on enrollment, time and space of next meeting on finance, on nominations and future work, and resolutions, and rules, were appointed consisting of the prominent ministers of this convention. The evangelists, O. McPherson, S. R. Ezzell and B. B. Sanders and A. J. Bush, general evangelists, made reports of progress in their work in this state and Mexico.

The president, Spencer Ford, delivered a very eloquent address to this association upon the subject of mission work.

The convention was called to order at 2 o'clock by the president. Devotional services were conducted by Mr. Denton of Weimar, Tex.

Resolutions were passed to secure the report of the several evangelists and to instruct the business committee to buy tents suitable to hold large protracted meetings, these tents to be under control of the evangelists.

Several committees appointed this forenoon reported, and their reports were adopted.

Dr. J. W. Lowber of Fort Worth addressed the convention to-night on the subject of the mission field. This was a very able and comprehensive address upon the mission subject, and was delivered in a masterly manner.

F. R. Raines of Kansas made an earnest appeal to the churches represented in the convention to contribute to the mission fund for the coming year. About $10,000 was raised. There was great enthusiasm displayed in raising the amount, which was done without trouble.

SETTLING THE STATE.

Farmers from Colorado — Colonization Schemes in the East.

Special to the Gazette.

DENVER, COL., June 21.—To-morrow morning the farmers' excursion to Texas, over the Fort Worth road, leaves Denver. Quite a number of people will take advantage of the cheap rates to look over the Panhandle country.

This morning General Cameron returned from an extensive trip in the east, having visited Illinois, Iowa and Missouri in the interests of the Fort Worth Immigration department. He says during his absence he worked up a colony at Lincoln, Ill., which will locate in Hartley county and will commence to move right away; also another organization scheme is being worked up in Kansas City. The Emmettsburg colony of Iowa, worked up by him some time ago, located in Salisbury, Hall county, and is said to be prospering finely. Other colonization schemes are in progress, which give promise of assisting in materially settling the state.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the postoffice at Fort Worth, Tex. Monday, June 25, 1888. To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "advertised letters" and give the date of the list; also, all letters advertised shall be charged with 1 cent, in addition to the regular postage, to be accounted for as part of the postal revenue as per section 500, page 246 United States postal laws.

Ladies.

Arnold, Eveline
Allen, Julia
Allen, Annie
Alexander, Mary
Bates, Mrs S J
Beall, Mollie (2)
Beall, Mary
Bell, Mrs P V
Blackwell, Ella
Boggs, Mary
Bound, Jennie
Brown, Larrow
Brown, Malissa V
Bertos, Leanda
Cardwell, Maggie O
Chamberlain, Fanny
Copeland, Mrs Joe
Cooper, Fannie
Greens, Mary J
Grose, Mollie
Creed, Mollie
Hamilton, Fannie
Haralson, Mrs A
Harris, Mrs J S
Hosfeldt, Millie
Jefferies, Mrs D P
Lowery, Annie
Lytle, Bell
Mallory, Mrs E S
McCarby, Mary
McAnally, Dora
Newell, Ida
Nelson, Lacey
Odem, Rosa
Polk, Mary
Parsle, Mrs A E
Riley, Ellie
Simpson, Mrs R P
Sallal Clar, Jennie
Stegaul, Lizie
Turner, Mary M
Thompson, Sallie
Venmor, Grace
Wiggard, Simie L
Wesnshoper, Josaline
Watson, Sallie
Walker Iron
Wright, Jeannette

Gents.

Allemon, George
Alexander, J R
Almo, T G
Anderson, W D
Back, L
Bass Buck
Barker, Israel
Barber, J W
Behning, H J
Birdells, L (col)
Blair, T A
Blahw, Chust
Blackman, H
Bradford J H
Bradford, Jam
Brown, Leonard
Bronley, L H
Brooks, Chas
Bushong, Prof L
Caruthers, F
Calburne, Perry G
Chaman, E B
Cox, Will
Covington, H
Cook, Prof Harry
Crawford, Earnest
Crissey, T L
Day, J Roland
Dallen, George
Davis, J M
Davis, G W
Dent, J
Dobby, James
Dooley, H J
Duval, Willie
Edward, R
Evans, A L
Ecker, N
Faker, F A
Folse, Robert
Fox, Chas D
Fleming, H G
Stasker, Fred
Hall, Buck
Haberlingrouh, F L
Harris, J H
Wilson, C G
Hicks, Bobt
Holden, Dennis M
Hon, J H
Hodey, Albert
Howeny, E
Jamerson, T A
Jackson, Louis
Johnson, W J
Johnson, J O
Joplin, Robert
Kaizenberger, John
Kirk, James
Kingsberry, Wm
Lewis, Maj J
Loyd, A M
Lyng, Peter
Mack, M
Mahoney, E J
Mabry, Sam
Milton, M D
Maroney, Jas R
Morr s, John
Martin, Charles
Martin, A A
Marshall, William T (2)
Moore, Lee
McCartner, Geo
McKinnis, S D
Olson, Olaf
Owen, J R
Pierce, H C
Porter, Samuel
Perry, P B
Perry, H
Reed, Joe
Ridgway, S O
Richardson, E B
Richardson, J M
Roberts, M A
Rainey, William
Soleman, J W
Smith Tom
Smith, Philip C
Smith, Mark M
Smith, H H (4)
Stiles, Jessie
Saxton, Alvin
Scott, Windeld
Turner J J
Tobey, W W
Thompson, Luke
Thomas, Allen (col)
Taitn, Walt r
Taggart, Frank
Vance, Frank
Woodliff, Henry L
Womack, A C
Wilson, C G
White, T W
Williams, Thos
Williams, Prof Jas W
Williams, James H
Winston, John W
Winders, M D L
West, Master Harry H
Ward, Wm E
Webb, Cuthbert
Whipple
Wilson, J

JULIAN FIELD, P. M.

El Paso Ratifies.

Special to the Gazette.

EL PASO, TEX., June 24.—The Democratic club held an enthusiastic ratification meeting in this city last night. The meeting was addressed by Hon. Peyto F. Edwards, Judge Crosby and Willis Caldwell. The platform adopted by the national convention at St. Louis was endorsed with enthusiastic cheers.

The Wrong Ring.

Puck.

"There's a ring about every one of these magazines," said the young poet, "and they won