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Prompt information of events and news happenings of general interest solicited, and will be properly compensated.
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DEMOCRAT PUB. CO.,
Fort Worth, Tex.

Branch Offices of The Gazette.
DALLAS—725 Main Street, W. W. Hayward, Agent.
WACO—Percy Burleson, Agent.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Mr L. Calhoun is the only regular authorized traveling agent for THE GAZETTE, and this office will be responsible for subscriptions, etc., paid to him only. Our local agents are known in their respective localities, and are responsible to the subscriber until he gets the paper. Parties wishing to subscribe for THE GAZETTE are, therefore, advised to pay the money to the local agent or send it direct, and shun all so-called agents who are not known to them as being reliable. THE GAZETTE cannot be held responsible for the actions of those who have no authority or permission to represent it.

DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING CO.

REAL estate in Fort Worth is climbing upward.

ADVICE: Whenever you meet a blizzard give it the road.

BLIZZARDS in the north and east, and sunshine and shirt sleeves in Texas.

LOUISIANA will have the honor of sending a Hero to the next Republican national convention.

WEST bound Texas Pacific trains are crowded these days with men returning home from California.

A GREAT many people believe that the tree from which Eve pulled the forbidden fruit was a chestnut.

MR. CLEVELAND, Texas has 100,000 majority for the man who will veto the Blair bill if it passes Congress.

THE San Antonio papers deny vociferously that Dan Driscoll, the recently executed Whyo chief, ever lived in that city. No need of denying it. If Dan had ever lived there he would be there yet. The Alamo City is a town after Dan's own heart.

THE Supreme court of Louisiana has just decided that keno playing is not gambling. "All pegged? First ball is 26."

A GOOD many of our exchanges are lambasting Fort Worth on account of her $600 Mayor. This is all wrong, gentlemen; it is a $600 Council that is to blame.

THE man who cannot see that Fort Worth is destined to be the city of the Lone Star state has not sufficient perspicacity to keep him from trying to sell snowshoes in Florida.

THE San Antonio Express says that those editors who discuss the Blair bill so voluminously have never read the measure. Blabbing the secrets of the profesh this way is what keeps editors from wearing silk underclothes.

SOME of the northern papers refer to Miss Josie Holmes as "the young lady who made herself famous" by her affiliations with Harper of the Fidelity bank. Josie may be a daisy, but at this distance it looks as though she had made herself infamous.

FORT WORTH IS A LEADER.

Fort Worth led in the work of securing railroads. Fort Worth led in the work of street improvements. Fort Worth led in the work of providing a supply of pure water from artesian wells. Fort Worth led in the work of securing big union stock yards. Fort Worth led in the work of providing wool scouring mills. Fort Worth led in the work of inaugurating an immigration boom for Texas. Fort Worth will now lead in the work of erecting five and six-story buildings. Fort Worth is a leader.

AULD LANG SYNE.

A gentleman from Nashville, Tenn., sends THE GAZETTE a copy of the Fort Worth Democrat, dated December 14, 1879. It recalls old times, when every man in Fort Worth had two pair of boots, one for fair weather and one for the black waxy when its courage had been screwed to the sticking point by heavy rains, for there were no gravel and sidewalks in those days.

December 14, 1879, only eight and a half years ago, and the Democrat's time table reported only the schedule of the old reliable, the Texas and Pacific, while now THE GAZETTE (the lineal descendant of the Democrat) reports the schedules of more railroads than center at any place south of St. Louis.

Captain Paddock was editor of the Democrat in those days, and yet, strange to say, there was not a single allusion to Dallas in the issue before us, but there was a vigorous discussion of the bell-punch law.

Many of the names of the advertisers in the Democrat of 1879 may yet be seen above the doors of Fort Worth business houses, but many more are gone; some to El Paso, some to heaven, but none to Dallas.

This old Democrat is full of suggestions of the rapid growth of Fort Worth, and it is a pleasure to know that its editor is still with us, working now, as in 1879, to push the proud young city along.

THE DELUSIONS OF HOPE.

From the tone of the Journal of United Labor it would appear that the chances for a settlement of the Reading strike were not increased, and that the struggle between the dollars and the stomachs would terminate adversely to the latter. The Journal is usually conservative and plain, but in discussing the situation indulges in sanguine hopes that have allured and deluded mankind since the foundations of the world were laid. After quoting the arguments of capital, the Journal says: "The inexorable logic of events will sweep all such sophistry away and the blazing brightness of the wisdom of the Man of Calvary will enlighten and emancipate the world—'As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.'" There are few who would not hail with joy the arrival of such a time. The religions of all the world have endeavored to teach the doctrine of the Man of Calvary in this respect, for centuries before His mission on earth was completed; but it is not clear that any considerable success has been the reward of the efforts made, nor do we see any indications to warrant the belief that the looked for time is any nearer at hand now than it was 1000 years ago. Man is a selfish animal and always has been. He preys upon all other animals and upon everything on earth and under the waters, not excepting his weaker fellow. He extorts from the soil sustenance, from the forests shelter, from the seas their inhabitants and, burrowing deep into her bowels, from the earth her hidden treasures. He has beautiful theories for the Sunday-school and the home circle and humane theorems "to civilize barbarous natures" just as long as his self interest is not assailed, but in the practical affairs of life he leaves these gossamer fancies behind him, and as the saying is, "goes in to win." As the Journal says, it may be that: "Men die, systems die, nations die, but the eternal justice of God reigns supreme forever." We all know that some of this is true and hope it all is, but of what benefit to its constituents is the statement that "with abiding faith in that justice whatever of temporary trial may be endured, we know that victory will come in the end and the toiler will be free?" These dreams and yearnings, while they honor the heart from which they come, are too vague, impractical and visionary for the meterless prose of every day life. It is a virtuous weakness ordinarily to "indulge in the illusions of hope"—to long and look for the good time coming, to be hopeful and beartful, but it is not as beneficial as a sturdy and sensible disposition of the present. "Victory will come and the toiler will be free?" This is an old conceit, the offspring of tenderness and hope. What Robert Buchanan says of his "Old Politician":

"—But, 'patience, she's coming,' said he.
Courage boys! Wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

Is not merely the stray saying of one man, but the picture of that strange quality in human nature which makes us look through the blinding storms or murky mists of the present to a brighter day; just as most people think of the "good old times." The blessings of the present are forever minimized and rendered contemptible by familiarity and those of the future magnified by glowing anticipations. The occupant of the meanest hovel can disindividualize himself and enjoy, in day dreams, the luxuries of the wealthy. The "some one" who was always on the way to make a fine lady of the little doll's dressmaker has his auxiliary in various forms. The lash of oppression now being applied to the backs of these "protected" laborers increases their dissatisfaction with present environments, and their pathetic longings for that "better day" swell out in mournful cadences. The propugner of labor should not encourage the delusion. He shall teach and preach self-reliance and strength for the present time and inculcate the doctrine that life is merely what it is made. These roseate drafts drawn by the imagination upon future bliss will never be honored. Men who have to toil will never enjoy the millennium, and those who toil for great corporations may expect a continual struggle.

JUTE CULTURE.

A neat little pamphlet published by the Weatherford Native Jute Rope Manufacturing Company of Parker county, comes to THE GAZETTE office as a welcome harbinger of one of the most important industries ever started in Texas, and one that can be engaged in by our people with but little expense. The fact that Texas possesses unlimited quantities of soil suitable for the cultivation of this plant has been demonstrated practically by successful experiments made at various times, and the perfection of the jute decorticator facilitates its saving and conversion into marketable rope and cordage at a cost which renders competition hopeless. The company referred to have entered largely into the manufacture of this class of goods and is offering liberal inducements to those who desire to engage in jute raising by furnishing not only the machinery necessary, but a market for the raw material as well. The twine that is used in Texas in the harvest fields, in stores and mercantile houses; the rope and cordage used annually in this state alone amounts to such a considerable sum that manufacturing them at home instead of sending the purchase money elsewhere is a step in the onward march of Texas progress by no means contemptible. The company will furnish these pamphlets, giving full and thorough instructions concerning jute culture, to those applying, and to the farmers of Parker county it proposes to furnish seed and machinery free of cost, an offer that will doubtless be accepted by many. In a short time Texas will not only furnish her own people this commodity, but will be prepared to extend her trade and furnish the trade elsewhere, while in many sections of the state the one crop idea will be exploded and the long reign of King Cotton will be brought to an end.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY — February, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston.

Among those writers who claim to be unappreciated by the masses is George Meredith, who has been writing poetry and fiction since 1853. If the object of writing is to mystify, and not to be understood by the public, he has in some degree a claim to the place assigned Browning and Landor. George Parsons Lathrop has, in the February number of this monthly, made a careful review of the writings of Mr. Meredith, and gives a just criticism on his methods, completing his estimate of him by assigning to him ground between realists and romanticists.

"The Second Son" is concluded, the Japanese story of "Yone Santo" culminates in the marriage of the fair Jap, and Charles Egbert Craddock is contributing one of her characteristic stories, "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove."

No small part of the good work done by monthlies like the Atlantic is that of bringing to the notice of those who are busy in the business of life pure gems culled from the rich treasure houses of ancient drama. Scholars are familiar with Euripides but it is to such critics as Mr. Lawton that the common people are indebted for glimpses of their brightness. The article, "Medea of Euripides" is full of quotations from this great tragedian who wrote 480 years B. C. and yet portrays so faithfully the great drama of human life. Listen to this utterance of Medea, true of woman in all ages:

This trouble unforeseen befalling me
Has crushed my soul; and since the grace of life
Is wholly lost, I long to perish, friends.
For he who was my all—thou knowest well—
My husband is revealed most base of men.
* * *
Of all created things endowed with soul
And sense, we women are the wretchedest;
Who, first, with overplus of gold must buy
Our lord, and take a master to ourselves.
* * *
Entered on novel ways and customs, each
Must needs divine, if she has never learned,
How best to live with him she weds.
* * *
A man when vext with those within his home,
Goes forth and frees his heart of weariness,
Betaking him to comrades, or a friend,
While we may look but to one single soul.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE — February. Published monthly by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The song of a poet may lodge in the heart of a friend, but "Songs Without Words" have brought their divinely gifted author Mendlessohn into the inner chamber of the hearts of all who have listened to their magical sweetness; so strong has been the hold of these entrancing strains that the personality of the great composer has become inexpressibly dear, and Mr. Apthrop has done a good work in familiarizing an appreciative public with the simple life of this musical genius as is portrayed in his letters to his friend Moschelles as well as the sketches of his pencil, that show him to be no mean artist in other departments of art. The selections from the matter submitted show the writer's judgment aside from that of musical criticism, in which he is pre-eminent. Readers of the first paper will eagerly await the concluding paper to be published in the March number.

Students of physiology cannot fail to be interested in a paper from the eloquent pen of Professor James on "What the Will Effects." This mental problem is yet unsolved, and has taxed the wisdom of philosophers from the days of Seneca until now. There can be no general rules for its exercise, nor bounds prescribed for its limitation, for to each individual the power of willing is the power of doing.

The non-speculative will find pleasure in the concluding part of that well illustrated and entertaing article, "The Man at Arms." Probably the last armor was worn by the pioneers of civilization in New England, and finds its only analogy in the present in the armored ship, that may, as invention goes on in designing each year superior projectiles, itself become a thing of the past, as is its prototype.

"The Law and the Ballot;" a paper read last winter before the Commonwealth Club of New York, advocating certain measures to break down the machine rule, deserves a careful reading, in view of coming elections.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, New York. No 3 East Fourteenth street.

Lawrence Barrett contributes in the February number of this review a paper on "The Vicissitudes of the Drama," a subject which he is eminently well calculated to discuss. Starting with the proposition that a high standard of dramatic excellence is a testimony to the culture of a nation, he fortifies his position by a rapid review of history in connection with this art, and shows that the palmy days of Athens and Rome were when actor and dramatist were closely allied with the masters of the kindred arts of painting, sculpture, poetry and history, and that the decadence of the drama dated from that period when the early church in its crusade against pagan literature outlawed the theatre. He dwells fondly on the glories of the Elizabethan period, when Shakespeare lived and drew his inspiration from the learned men of that time, and looks hopefully to a future for the legitimate drama in the growing education and culture of this nation. If actors and dramatists are keenly alive to the hopes that inspire true lovers of dramatic entertainment, the prejudice that has so long existed must give place to enlarged views, and ere long will be seen the drama becoming, as it should be, the handmaiden of culture, refinement and elevated morals.

"Serpent Myths" may prove profitable reading to those who are pleased to sneer at the snake story in Genesis; at least, it will tax the ingenuity to account for the traditions that are not limited to any land, race or people, but are found in Norse legend as well as African mysticism, and to explain the "why" of serpent symbolism among all nations of whatever religious belief.

THE WRITER—A monthly magazine for literary workers, Boston. One number, 10 cents or $1 per annum.

Persons engaged in journalistic work can scarcely afford to be without this unpretentious monthly, so full is it of hints and suggestions to a writer, while the subjects under discussion are always those that are of importance in the work to which this monthly is devoted.

The opening article by F. R. Burton is to be specially commended to ambitious novices who dream of success by entering into literary work in large cities, and are indulging in the pleasing fiction that "there is always room on a great paper for a good man." The author shows clearly that it is not kissing alone that goes by favor, but that influential friends are needed in this also to open the way to success, although the aspirant be a man of talent. A proper understanding of the discovering elements in journalistic success in large centers will, if it does not deter one from the venture, at least, inform him of the difficulties he may expect to encounter, and in pointing out these Mr. Burton has done well, at the sametime showing that success is not impossible; gives courage to those who are ambitious for the topmost rung. His closing words are: "Look the thing all over, and if you have a sure thing at home don't come."

The advisability of signed editorials is engaging the attention of newspaper men, and the majority will doubtless agree with Forrest Morgan who proves conclusively that more would be lost than gained should the editorial opinion become an individual opinion as it would necessarily if the writer's name should in every case be appended.

The January number is the first of the second volume, and its past value to all who write for publication is sufficient guarantee for the future demand.

REV. AARON CLEVELAND—By Benjam'n Rand, Ph. D. David Clapp & Son, Printers, 35 Bedford street, Boston.

Believing with Dr. Holmes, that no man is the worse for having five generations of gentlemen behind him, this Cambridge doctor of philosophy has hunted up the forbears of our worthy President, and in the great great-grandfather of Grover Cleveland finds good premise for his belief. This short account of the busy life of a primitive home missionary abounds in interesting facts relative to early colonial history, and is by no means an exclusive biography of the President's justly honored ancestor.

At the close of a useful life he died on August 11, 1757, at the house of Benjamin Franklin, in Philadelphia, who bestows upon him this noble tribute:

"He was a gentleman of a humane and pious disposition, indefatigable in his ministry, easy and affable in his conversation, open and sincere in his friendship and above every species of meanness and dissimulation. His death is greatly lamented by all who knew him, as a loss to the public, a loss to the Church of Christ in general, and in particular to that congregation who had proposed to themselves so much satisfaction from his late appointment among them, agreeable to their own request."

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN—D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; $1 a year.

It is a happy talent that enables a caterer for the mental appetites of the juveniles to so flavor, sweeten and spice wholesome food as to make it desirable to the epicurean tastes of the youngsters who are so greedy for stories and have so little relish for knowledge.

In the story of Captain John Smith as given in this number there is a bit of colonial history. "A Wise Dog" and "Little People of the Plaza" shows some of the traits peculiar to the dog, emphatically man's closest friend among animals, while "Tiny Folk in Armor" carries the reader into that realm of natural history devoted to the study of entomology.

The illustrations are captivating to an older eye than the children's, and many a boy will laugh at the perplexity of the lads, each of whom failed to count himself and could not make the number twelve but eleven, and will not marvel that such boys become afterwards "the wise men of Gotham."

Books Received.

BABYLAND—D, Lothrop & Co., Boston; 50 cents a year.

THE POULTRY MONTHLY—January. Published by the Ferris Publishing Company, Albany, N. Y.; price $1.25 per annum.

ST. NICHOLAS—February. The Century Company, Union square, N. Y.

MILLIONAIRE FOREIGNERS

A Look at the Crœsuses of Many Lands--Some Curious Rothschilds and Their Hobbies.

A Duke Who Gets Fifty Dollars Every Minute and a Marquis Whose Rents Equal $2,000,000 a Year.

How Nobility Follows Wealth—The Richest Men of Russia—Worth and His Millions Made in Fancy Dresses.

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Special Correspondence of the Gazette.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The Rothschilds are said to be the richest family in the world. They have banks in the leading capitals of Europe, and kings and governments are among their customers. The Paris branch of the banking firm is said to keep a capital of $300,000,000 at its command, and hardly a war is begun in Europe for which the funds are not furnished by this family. Still five generations ago the blood which now rules these millions was selling old clothes in the Jewish quarters of Frankfort on the Main, and when Madison was President the first Millionaire Rothschild died leaving only $5,000,000.

I once visited the home of all the Rothschilds at Frankfort, and looked at the little banking house where years ago Anselm Meyer Rothschild began to take articles on pawn and to shave notes for so much per cent. It is in the dirtiest part of Frankfort, and it has about the same surroundings as Five Points, New York. The street is dirty, its inhabitants are second-hand clothiers and it bears much the same aspect now as it did when the mother of all the Rothschilds gave birth to the financier who laid the foundations of this immense wealth. The Rothschilds own their old property here to-day and their bank still has a branch here.

When Anselm Rothschild died leaving this $5,000,000 to his five sons he made them promise to keep the fortune in the family and to carry on the business together. They kept their oath and it is this policy that has been the mainspring of their success. Through generations they have worked together, married together, and their millions have bred faster than their families. One of these boys stayed at Frankfort, another went to Paris and established a bank there, a third, Nathan, settled in London, a fourth settled in Vienna and the fifth opened a bank in Naples. All of them made money very rapidly, and Nathan at London made his millions breed faster than Australian rabbits. He went to the continent during the Napoleonic wars and from the knowledge there gained speculated in the rise and fall of stocks. He witnessed the battle of Waterloo and by relays of horses and a fishing smack reached London in advance of all other messengers. The telegraph was then unknown and his news was the first brought in. The news he gave out was that Napoleon had conquered, or at least this was the news that spread all over London after his arrival. Stocks went down like a shot, and Nathan was offered loads of them. He refused to buy, but had his agents quietly purchasing all the time. The next day the true news came and stocks jumped upwards. Nathan Rothschild made, it is said, $5,000,000 by the deal.

The Rothschilds hold high social positions in the various countries of Europe. They have nobles among them and their money has bought them titles. They are a family of intellectual and artistic tastes, and with all their wealth they have been somewhat charitable. The idea prevails among the Israelites that it is their intention at some future time to buy Palestine and give it back to the Jews, and they have already established hospitals at Jerusalem. Some of them have been horse lovers and a Baron Rothschild owned Favônia, one of the famous horses who have won the Derby. They believe in enjoying their wealth, and like to have nice things about them. One of the Frankfort Barons not long ago paid $160,000 for a silver cup which he wished to use as a center piece of a table service which he was making up and one of the Vienna Baron Rothschilds has a stable which cost him $80,000. This stable has marble floors, encaustic tiles painted by distinguished artists, and its walls are frescoed with scenes done by well known painters. The rings, chains and fittings of the stable are silver, and one box stall for a favorite horse cost, it is said, $12,000. The income of the owner of this stable is about $5000 a day.

The biggest income of any single man in England is said to be that of the Duke of Westminster, who has miles of tenement houses and many square miles of agricultural land. He is said to receive $50 a minute the year round, or $3000 an hour, or $72,000 a day. Queen Victoria has also a nice income and it is estimated that she has received nearly one hundred millions of dollars since she ascended the throne. The Dukes of Devonshire and Norfolk and the Marquis of Bute, have each rents amounting to $2,000,000 per year, and the Duke of Portland, after extravagancies like those of Monte Cristo, accumulated $10,000,000 of unentailed property during his life.

The tax of England is largely an income tax, and it is possible to tell something of the fortunes of her citizens from the amount of income returned. Of course this is always less than the real amount received. Still it makes one's eyes open to know that Lord Durham owns $13,000,000 of personal property, that the Duke of Portland gets $1,000,000 a year from his real estate alone, and that the two largest returns of personal property were made by men who do not belong to the nobility. Mr. Crassy, a railroad contractor, acknowledged to having $30,000,000 personalty and Mr. Morrison, a dry goods man, $20,000,000. Lord Dudley, one of the large owners of England's coal mines, had for years an income of over $5,000,000 from this source alone and the Duke of Buccleuch gets $1,130,000 a year from his lands. In 1872 there were more than 1500 men in England who had incomes of over $25,000 a year and there were 857 men who had incomes ranging between $50,000 and a quarter of a million yearly. It is said that there are more large fortunes in the United States than in England and that the English millionaires spend their incomes more freely than do the Americans. This may be true, but I doubt it.

One of the richest men in Cuba was Terry who died lately leaving his baby and widow a fortune of $30,000,000. The richest Chinaman is said to be How Qua of Canton, who is worth all the way from $50,000,000 upward and the Chinese Minister to the United States is worth millions.

There is a young English Jew in Naples who has been attracting considerable attention in Italy since the cholera plague. He is a millionaire and is adding to his wealth by the business which he is carrying on in that city of the beautiful bay. He came to Naples a consumptive and during the cholera he went about through the infected districts doing all the good he could both with his money and with his own personal strength. He took the 3000 men from his iron mills and had them help him, and he joined with King Humbert and the Cardinal San Felice in their every effort to aid the sufferers. He told the Cardinal he would become a Catholic if the Lord would cure his lungs, and he once paid his attentions to the shrine of the Virgin on Monte Vergine. He is much loved in Naples, and the city is full of stories about him. He still keeps up his charities, and like a number of our millionaires has men investigate such cases of destitution as are brought to him before giving.

Some of the biggest fortunes made abroad are those founded on liquors. In Dublin the Guiness family, who make the stout which is sent to all parts of the world, are worth their millions, and one of them was knighted by the Queen some years ago. Hennessy, the noted maker of Cognac brandy, died rich; and there are beer millionaires, wine millionaires, and saloon millionaires everywhere. In Glasgow the most of the saloons are owned by one or two men, and these have paid their owners fortunes.

Speaking of rich Jews we all read not long ago of the death of Sir Moses Montefiore. He left nearly two millions, and a great part of this went to charities among which were $75,000 to charitable institutions in Jerusalem and the Holy Land.

Coal oil makes fortunes wherever it is found, and the two Noble brothers of Russia are said to be worth $400,000,000. They are the standard oil men of Russia and they control more petroleum than any oil company in the world.

If this estimate of their wealth is correct they are the richest brothers in the world and they have an income greater than the Czar himself. The Czar of Russia gets $10,000,000 a year from his private estates, and at 10 per cent. is a low rate for oil profits the Noble brothers ought to receive $20,000,000 each. The millionaire Steiglitz, who was for years the richest private party in Russia, had only $9,000,000 when he retired, and if all the Rothschilds had as much in proportion to their number as these two brothers they would be many times as rich as they are.

One of the most enterprising of the Russia millionaires died in 1880. He was the Alfred Kruppe of that country. He had rolling mills and mines, and he built guns and gunboats. He made a fortune during the Crimean war, though he was simply a naval officer at its beginning, and before he died he owned 40,000 square miles of mineral lands, and among his works were those at the mouth of the Neva, which employed 5000 men, and which made more than $3,000,000 worth of steel rails a year. This millionaire's name was Nicoli Ivanovitch Putiloff, and he was the most enterprising manufacturer and capitalist Russia has had since the days of Peter the Great. Nothing was too big for him, and he dealt in millions.

Kruppe has the largest private business in the world. His works at Eisen cover 500 acres and he employs about 20,000 hands, and 65,000 people derive their support from him. He owns more than 500 iron mines, and his establishment has some of the surroundings of the Pullman village outside of Chicago. He has steamers and railroads of his own, and his works comprising among other things, a chemical laboratory, a printing press and forty miles of telegraph wire. By the census of 1887 he pays the highest income tax in Prussia, and his tax amounts to more than $37,000 a year.

This represents an income of more than $1,000,000 yearly, and among the other big tax payers of Prussia is the Baron Bleichroder. This Baron pays more than $17,000 in taxes every year. He is a Jew banker and is a close friend of Bismarck. He is almost blind and his eyes look at you out of blue glasses. He is as much toadied as a prince, and the diplomats dine and court him. He might be called the Jay Gould of Berlin, and he stands next to Baron Rothschild of Frankfort as the richest Jew in Prussia. This Frankfort Rothschild has a taxable income of about $500,000, and he pays $26,000 a year of an income tax. Of course this does not represent anything like his net receipts, for incomes are always under estimated when they are detached.

Speaking of German millionaires reminds one of Millionaire Strousberg who was also a Jew. He left Prussia early in life and made a fortune in England. He came back to Germany and astonished the people by the vastness of his projects. He was for a time the railroad king of Germany, but Bismarck had plans which conflicted with his, and the Franco-Prussian war ruined him.

Speaking of the rich men of France their name is legion, and the Rothschilds lead the list. In Paris alone it is estimated that there are at least 8000 persons who have incomes of not less than $10,000 a year each, and the millionaire bankers, merchants and nobles are many. The milliner Worth is worth $1,000,000, but he is an Englishman with a French wife. He makes his money out of fine dresses, and his home in the Parisian suburbs is as big as a New York city block and covers several acres. It is gorgeously furnished and full of rare curiosities. Once a year Worth throws it open to his employes, and the fete lasts for a day and a night. Upon this day each of the ladies among his dressmakers is permitted to select a dress from Mr. Worth's stock and it is made up for her according to her directions. Pasteur, the doctor, is not a poor man, and he is making a fortune off of mad dogs, and Doctor Evans, the American dentist, at the French capital, has taken nuggets of gold out of the pockets of his patients, while he has put atoms of the same metal into their teeth.

The eighth richest man in the world was an Italian who died a year or so ago. It was the Prince Torlonia, who had an income of nearly $2000 a day. The property was left to his daughter and grandson, and it comprised some of the oldest estates of Italy. While in Genoa a few years ago I was told a story of a poor man who had made a million in the corn trade there, and it is said that one of Torlonia's ancestors began life as a peddler. His father made a fortune in the war of Napoleon, and it is said that the Prince did great good with his money. He had at one time the tobacco monopoly in Italy, and he was a banker of wide influence. He gave balls at which the visitors were expected to tip the servants and Torlonia's enemies used to say that these tips were turned into the rich banker's treasury. However this may be, it is certain that the Prince was one of the most charitable of the rich men of Italy and that he is still greatly mourned in Rome.

Speaking of charity I see that Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, a Parsee millionaire of Bombay, has given away $1,000,000 in twenty years, and that he is about to establish a female college there at the cost of $75,000. This man made his money out of cotton, and his fortune swelled rapidly during the civil war in the United States. He is the W. W. Corcoran of the east, and he was knighted on accounted of his charity. Another Indian millionaire was Jaydowjee, who died lately, leaving an immense fortune to his grandson only eight years of age, and Dhuleep Singh, however well off he may be now, has been very wealthy.

A number of the rich men of the United States are foreigners and there is a Chinaman at Laporte, Cal., who is said to be worth $2,000,000. Ah Lin Sin, the richest Cainaman in San Francisco, is a millionaire, and there is a Russian in California who is worth a million. As to the German millionaires of the United States their name is legion, and Englishmen with fortunes are found everywhere. The millionaire is a plant which grows in almost any kind of a soil, and it is the seed and not the ground that produces the fruit. The money making faculty is as much of an inheritance as the poetic one and nine-tenths of our millionaires are as nine-tenths of the poets, born and not made.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

The Speed of Heat and Cold.

It has been asked which travels faster, heat or cold, and answered heat, because anyone can catch a cold. It therefore follows that every one should keep Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, which will cure coughs, colds and consumption.

McCulloch County's Report In.

BRADY, TEX., Jan. 25, 1888.

To the Editor of the Gazette.

In a special of January 18 from Austin, published in THE GAZETTE of the 19th, giving a list of counties that had not sent in a report of the school fund as the law directs, McCulloch county was represented as one that had also failed to send in her report of said fund. The attention of our county judge was called to the dispatch, and he remarked that he thought very strange of it, as he had a certificate from the state superintendent that his report had been received and filed. He afterwards showed the certificate dated September 22, 1887, to your correspondent, and asked that the correction be made.

Everybody is bragging on the celebrated Ceres flour, Fort Worth Grocer Co., sole agents.

The Great Success

Of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is due to the fact that it meets the want of the people, being economical, pure and always reliable and effective. Its ingredients are the best, and their combination the result of profound study and skill. Thus, for all diseases originating in impure blood, Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands unrivaled.

"As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system," says Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth ave., New York, "I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Mrs. Eliza A. Clough, Matron of the M. E. Seminary, Tilton, N. H., writes: "Every winter and spring my family, including myself, use several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Experience has convinced me that, as a powerful blood-purifier, it is superior to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla."

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives better satisfaction than any other blood medicine I handle." Geo. W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Indiana.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS.

All persons seeking employment who can not afford to pay may advertise in this column for situations free of charge.

FINANCIAL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

I am now prepared to loan money in any sum desired on pastures, improved farms or ranches. Will also buy vendor's lien notes. W. F. SOMMERVILLE, 508 Main st., Fort Worth.

MONEY to loan on real estate in Tarrant county. Newton H. Lassiter, lawyer, corner Pike and Main, Fort Worth.

WANTED—FEMALE HELP.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework at 315 Pecan street. Call at J. P. Taylor's I. S. T. P. confectionery store, 511 Houston street.

SITUATION WANTED—MALE.

SITUATION WANTED—In office as cashier, bookkeeper or general office work, by a young man with good business knowledge. Excellent references. Security if necessary. Address "C," care J. B. Mitchell & Co.

SITUATION WANTED—By German family, man doing chores, wife wash and cook, or man alone as janitor. Enquire 1318 Main st.

SITUATION WANTED—FEMALE.

A NATIVE MATRON is very desirous of obtaining employment in a respectable private family, where she could teach and instruct young children, assist with household duties, or, for sake of employment, wait on an invalid. Respectable reference given. Address, Miss A. M. F., 618 Second street.

WANTED—MALE HELP.

WANTED—Capable and sober miners at the Honto shaft, opposite the San Felipe del Rio Sabinas, State de Coahuila, Mexico. Take Southern Pacific Railway to Eagle Pass, thence Mexican International Railroad to Sabinas and San Felipe. Coahuila Coal Company.

WANTED—Six good quarrymen at once. Apply to L. H. Marston, contractor, Belton, Tex.

FOR RENT—DWELLINGS.

FOR RENT—Five room house, 512 Florence st; also one furnished or unfurnished room. W. T. E. Whittaker.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Rooms, furnished or unfurnished, on second floor of the Commercial Club building. Apply at the club rooms.

FOR RENT—Neat four room cottage in splendid neighborhood on South Side. Apply to J. P. Ness, with R. W. Williams & Co.

FOR SALE—DWELLING.

FOR RENT OR SALE—Eight-room, plastered dwelling, bath room, cistern, large yard, splendid location. Apply, E. E. Fosdick, 403 Main street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO RENT—In Cleburne, two story brick store house, east