FT. WORTH GAZETTE.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

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LARGEST TEXAS CIRCULATION.

LARGEST SOUTHERN CIRCULATION With Three Exceptions.

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Atlanta—Exposition News Co., Kimball House news stand.
Kansas City—W. A. Rode, 613 Main street; Van Noy Bros.
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NOT OWNED BY THE TRUSTS.

BY THE DEMOCRATIC STATE BI-METALLIC CONVENTION.

Resolved, That we hereby indorse The Fort Worth Gazette as an able and fearless exponent of Democracy, and, commending its course in the past, we recommend that the friends of silver give it their cordial and active support.

TO POSTMASTERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

The Gazette desires to be informed whenever an issue reaches its patrons later than the regular time for arrival. Any information on this subject will be gratefully received.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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STATE PRINTING CO.,
Fort Worth, Tex.

Subscribers in any part of the city who fail to receive the Daily Gazette at any time will confer a favor by notifying the city circulator at the Gazette office. He will, upon being notified by telephone or otherwise, immediately deliver a copy of the current number of the paper, when a subscriber has been overlooked by a carrier.

D. T. COPHER,
City Circulator.

FOSTER'S LOCAL FORECASTS.

The storm waves will reach this meridian and the other chances will occur at and within 100 miles of Fort Worth within twenty-four hours of 8 p. m. of the dates given below:
January 10—Threatening.
January 11—Changeable.

IN EUROPEAN HANDS.

The encroachments of nations of Europe on African territory have been carried on on such an extensive scale during late years that a very large part of the inhabitable portion of the dark continent is now under European influence, and native kings and princes retain their rule only under the sufferance of the European powers.

The area claimed by the principal states is as follows:

	Square miles.	Population
Great Britain	2,579,962	40,761,000
France	2,962,621	28,788,000
Portugal	341,695	5,416,000
Spain	222,727	427,000
Germany	822,000	5,950,000
Italy	602,000	6,300,000

The Congo state, with an area of 865,400 square miles and a population of 15,000,000, is the property of Belgium. Egypt and Tripoli, with a population of 7,000,000 and an area of 834,000 square miles, are nominally under the control of the sultan, but practically they are British possessions. Swaziland, which is under the protection of the Boers, includes 6378 square miles, with a population of 60,000. Liberia, the black republic, has an area of 37,000 square miles and a population of 1,000,000. The South African republic has about the same population, though its territory embraces 162,619 square miles. There remain unappropriated about 12,000,000 square miles on the continent.

England is using every endeavor to strengthen her power, especially in South Africa, where the gold mines are located, but an alliance of France, Italy and Germany would be able to check further aggressions on the part of Great Britain, and such a combination may not be improbable if British filibustering is not discontinued.

A TIMELY WARNING.

The country is indebted to Mr. Grant, chairman of the state executive committee of the "regular" Republicans, for the interesting information that the "vampires" of his party, the "pirates after the loaves and fishes," have already started a movement to control the Texas delegation to the Republican national convention. It is not stated who is to receive the benefits of their labors, but as Chairman Grant declares for McKinley it is just possible that he attributes this wicked scheme to an emissary of Thomas Brackett Reed. It may be that Mr. Cuney, who has expressed a preference for Allison, could throw some light on an interesting situation if he would.

It is not for a Democrat to advise what should be done in such an emergency. We merely wish to call the attention of Mr. Thomas Platt, manager of the Morton boom, and Mr. Harrison, manager of the Harrison boom, and other managers whose pass may not have been given on Texas, to the statement on the high authority of the chairman of the state executive committee that there is danger of the delegation to St. Louis being "fixed." Our duty as a watchman on the tower is discharged. They must do the rest.

It was a misfortune that the statehood convention at Oklahoma should go to pieces because of the division between the "single" and the "double staters," but this incident ought not to affect the action of congress on the subject. Either single or double statehood is preferable to the conditions under which the people of the two territories now live.

The young woman of Frankford, Ind., who a little over a year ago married a widow man to reform him was recently sent to the reformatory for helping her husband steal poultry. Some people will never recognize the truth of the old adage about evil communications until they have a personal demonstration of it.

A meeting was held in Chicago recently at which resolutions were passed urging Queen Victoria to espouse the cause of the Armenians and incidentally assuring the queen that the meeting would support her in the course. With such assurance, Queen Vic doubtless will not hesitate to begin immediately the extermination of the Turks.

The bestowal of knighthood upon Mayor Lewis of Freetown, Sierra Leone, by Queen Victoria was the first instance of the court honor being granted to a pure-blood negro. It was probably due to some pressure of colonial politics.

Ex-Senator Gorman, a politic-spirited citizen of Wawbash's, has presented that thriving little city with a suitable and valuable park site near the center of the town. What a blessing it would be to posterity if his example should become contagious.

The Austin correspondent of the Houston Post has asked Mr. Gibbs as an independent candidate for governor. What has that other eminent citizen of Dallas, Mr. Jerome Kearby, to say to that?

Ignatius Donnelly wants the Democrats, Republicans and Populists to unite in Minnesota and nominate a fusion ticket. If Ignatius could secure a nomination on such a ticket he might possibly be elected.

It is an open secret that Emperor William has never been affectionately inclined toward the maternal side of his family, and the Transvaal trouble will not tend to increase his regard for his English relations.

The gold men are counting on Senator Mills to vote against the free coinage substitute for the bond bill. They didn't elect Mr. Mills, but they care precious little about that if they can control his vote.

It comes through Wall street sources that J. Pierpont Morgan knows what he is doing and that his syndicate will get the new issue of bonds. Is the "popular loan" a one-act spectacular performance?

Mr. Huntington is quoted as saying that the wharf company killed Galveston. Does Mr. Huntington know that from observation or did he get it from the Galveston News?

It is whispered that W. K. Vanderbilt will marry again soon after his ex-wife weds Oliver Belmont. Gossip wants to know whether he will get a new strutter.

Even poetic license will hardly permit Alfred Austin to immortalize the expedition of Dr. Jamieson as a second charge of the light brigade.

Pictures of Gov. Krueger represent him with a beard as unkempt as that of Senator Peffer, but that seems to be the only point of resemblance between the two men.

If the Cubans keep up their victories a little longer they will have to be recognized as free citizens of the Cuban republic rather than belligerents.

It wouldn't be hard to convince Mr. Reed that Chairman Grant's wing is the tag end of the Republican party of Texas.

The new bond issue may be popular with Wall street syndicates, but the average citizen can't see it that way.

Great enterprises move slowly. The new union depot for Fort Worth belongs in this category.

If a few gold fields were discovered in Armenia, British protection would come fast enough.

It is about time the Democratic nomination for the presidency should begin to seek the man.

An octopus instead of a lion would be an appropriate national emblem for Great Britain.

The president would be more than grateful if the senate would pull down its Vest.

To be a state or to be two—that's the question with Oklahoma.

Dr. Jamieson has doubtless got tired of Boer-hunting.

Crescent City Races.

New Orleans, Jan. 9.—One mile—Sir John won; Pulsilam second; Momus third. Time, 1.50.

Three-year-olds, one mile — Metaris won, Ben Johnson second, Newhouse third. Time, 1.47 1-2.

Mile and seventy yards—La Grand won, Spendolin second, Ashland third. Time, 1:54.

Three-year-olds and upward, one mile—Prig won, Davis second, Constantine third. Time, 1.49 1-2.

Mile and seventy yards—John Cychia won, Tuscarora second, Burrell's Billet third. Time, 1.59.

Entries for Today.

First race, three-fourths mile; selling—Miss Nutting 101, My Hebe 104, Carrie B., 104, Glendiana 106, Semele 107, Minnie Mackin 107, Lena 107, Imp. Marden Pet 107, Blacksmith 109, Tradesman 112, Arkansaw Traveler 112.

Second race, three-fourths mile; selling—Lottie 108, Sister Rosalind 109, Favorita 103, Burley Leaf 101, Peanuts 104, Crusader 101, Kirk 111, Wm. Duke, Jr., 111; Princess Yama, 117; John Stewart 113, Fiddler 110, Albert S. 117.

Third race, three-fourths mile; selling—Festival 104, Spiritualist 108, White Wings 107, Vida 107, Teeta May 107, Henry Owsley 109, Will Elliott 109, Senator Vest 112, Imp. Monarch 112, Balk Line 112, Elberton 112, Ashland 112.

Fourth race, one and one-sixteenth miles, handicap—Domingo 109, Lillian E (Roller's entry) 95, 99, Nikita (Roller's entry) 95, Chignut 95, K. C. 106, Lonsdale 104, Roosevelt 101, St. Leo 108, Overella 104, Constantine 94, Rose Latta 114, Proverb 108, Jean Carey 106.

Fifth race, one mile—Anna McNairy 103, Venire 104, Frankie D. 103, Imp. Hazleton 109, Roosevelt 108, Harney Aaron, Jr. 111, Sark Overton 111, The Sculptor 111, Judge Cook 111, Chattanooga 111, Sauntmore 114, Royal Prince 114.

SCHOOL TERM BEGUN.

Pittsburg Schools are Overflowing. Opera House Is Used.

Pittsburg, Tex., Jan. 9.—(Special)—The public free school opened here Monday under the efficient management of Prof. W. S. Burks with a matriculation of 325.

The fact of the school building not being large enough the trustees were forced to rent the opera house and Miss Spivey, with her forty little fellows, will use that.

Pittsburg is the least of the best school in east Texas.

NEW TELEPHONE LINE.

Cisco and Eastland to Be Connected. New Business Houses.

Cisco, Tex., Jan. 9.—(Special)—Frank Vernon, proprietor of the Cisco Round Up, is preparing to build a telephone line from Cisco to Eastland, connecting this city with the county seat. Ride have been advertised for and the line will be completed by the middle of February.

R. T. Davis of Clifton will soon open up his stock of dry goods in the building now occupied by the bank.

Another saddle and harness house is in prospect for Cisco.

Clifton Steward of Odessa, Mo., is visiting his brother, J. L. Steward, for a few days.

AUSTRALIAN BALLOT WANTED.

City of Sherman Wishes An Election For That Purpose.

Sherman, Tex., Jan. 9.—(Special.)—A petition is being circulated and will be presented to the commissioners' court asking them to order an election to determine whether Sherman shall have the Australian ballot system.

The residence of Hon. C. B. Randell was burglarized last night. Few articles of any value were taken. No clue to the burglars.

PURSUED BY A DEMON.

How many suicides, think you, reader, have been committed by persons driven distraught and hunted to their doom by the demon of chronic ill health? Countless. For instance, we know, do we not, that hypochondriasis is a monomania—a sort of mimic mania preying by night and by day upon its victim? Again, insomnia, or sleeplessness, often a result of the same cause, culminates in a derangement of the reasoning faculties. It is, therefore, of momentous consequence to prevent the arrival of disease at its chronic phase, when it daily and nightly scourges the sufferer to a dangerously unsettled goal. No medicine known to science, or a means of arresting the maladies to which it is adapted, exists equal to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Among these complaints are chronic indigestion and biliousness, kidney and rheumatic ailments, constipation and liver trouble. Appetite is improved by the Bitters, the blood fertilized, and bodily substances and vigor increased by it.

Through Sleepers.

The International route in connection with the H. and T. C. and Rock Island route is running a daily line of Pullman sleepers between Kansas City, Fort Worth and San Antonio. Connection is made at Garrett by passengers to and from Dallas, forming the best route between points in the Republic [illegible] Through sleeping car service. Following list of privateers, held the place of honor. Flanking him were Jean Bart and Paul Jones, supported by a dozen other freelances of the sea, some the heroes of yesterday and some of Huguenot times, rigid in ruff and corselet.

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In these last words her sharp accents flattened to a senile whine, that told of failing wits. But she soon recovered her unnatural vigor of voice and action, and, being once started, she needed no spurring of her visitor to keep her clatter at a trot. Still, do what he would, he could get nothing from her but the same crazy panegyric of her son and a rambling relation of his past enormities by land and sea.

The disgust of her rose in his throat like choking, and, at last, rather than endure such company, he resolved to seek his man where he most feared to meet him. In another moment he would have awakened the sleeper had not the old woman, on a sudden, ceased her gice and her stirring to cry beneath her breath:

"What's that? What!"

At first the American could hear nothing for the crackling of the fire and the ticking of the clock. Then came the confused murmur of a crowd in excitement, and the woman said again in her sharp whisper:

"What is it? I don't understand."

She moved quickly from the fire, and, in a stealthy silence, crouched at the door like a dog that watches. The sounds were clear enough to hear, and the American laid his hand softly on the sleeper's shoulder.

"Starboard battery, stand by!" cried Curtis hoarsely, fighting his action again 'twixt sleep and waking.

The American shook him roughly till he opened his eyes. "Danger!" said he.

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The American took out his pistol, examined the priming and put it back.

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The American marked his care with satisfaction and presently followed his example, with the best face he could.

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"They cry for me, too," whimpered Mme. Farechol. "What does it mean? I am afraid."

She slank away to the corner farthest from the door, and high above the tumult came women's screams of "Vive Mme. Farechol!" and roars of drunken laughter.

The old woman's terror was no inspiriting thing to see, and the American seized the moment to recover his position. He put on his hat, and then, buttoning his cloak round him, said to his companion:

"It is our man. Come!"

He strode resolutely to the door, threw it open and stepped out, the sailor at his heels. It was no wonder he stepped dead at the sight that met his eyes.

All round the yard were ranged a throng of the lowest sort, raging with laughter and ribald cries. Many carried torches that flared upon the faces, and one or two

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The world he made for him was one bred in the salt spray and fed with stories that were the common food of all French boys, and, above all, if they lived in the sound of the sea. It was of the desert island type, where the garden house played many parts—first, as the hut of a castaway, merging afterward into a stronghold of buccaneers; but, in spite of constant developments, it was always something far away in a lusty atmosphere of wind and spray. Lately, as his foot trod the threshold of manhood, the pirate dynasty had passed away, and his land began to betray the presence of colonists, who, with muskets in their hands and Rousseau in their heads, had fled from an effete world and were striving with patient enthusiasm to return to a state of nature.

The realm, on the other hand, which Lucile's fancies had created for her dreams would be better placed among the old kind of fairylands. For her, too, their temple had been many things in turn—an enchanted castle of the fairy period, and again a tower of Paynimry, which paladins besieged with grandiloquent defiances and an occasional assault, and sometimes a pavilion, where she sat aloft and in the lists below beheld, so serenely as a recurrent desire to share the fun would allow, a beardless youth spinning from their saddles truculent old warriors of atrocious antecedents, and all for her sake.

But latterly its tendency was to become a trysting place, and in her day dreams very gallant gentlemen, irreproachably mounted, came riding to her between the trees.

A Mean Cook

Would have no excuse for poor coffee if she used Breakfast brand. See you

Chapter I—The story opens at the period of the French revolution. An American named Colonel Pococke arrives at Fangeport. Accompanied by a sailor named Ducket, Colonel Pococke sets out to find Captain Farochol, an ex-pirate and a local leader of the Jacobins. The town is deserted, and he fears that the chateau of the family he has come to warn is destroyed.

II—Ducket refuses to go farther than Farochol's gate, but the American gains an ally in Lieutenant Curtis, an escaped Anglis's prisoner, to whom he explains his mission.

CHAPTER III.

THE PIRATE'S MOTHER.

"Softly, my dear, softly," cried an old woman's voice within. "I am coming. There is no need to knock so loud. The old mother is not deaf yet. She has got her ears still, the Lord be praised for his mercy!"

A sound of bolts being actively withdrawn punctuated her chatter, until the door opened and displayed a lean little old woman, with bright eyes and thin white hair that struggled from under her cap.

"Who are you?" she cried sharply, as the light streamed on the American's portly figure. "What do you want?"

"I desire to see Captain Farochol," said the American.

"He is not here," she answered making as if to shut the door in his face.

"But he lives here, I am credibly informed," said the American.

"He is away on business," she objected. "You had best come tomorrow. He will be tired when he comes back; very tired, and rough as a bear."

"My business is pressing," said the colonel. "I must see him tonight. He will be back soon, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," the old woman answered. "He will be back soon. But you came for ill, I doubt. There's few wish him well, the Lord be praised!"

"I come in the name of the republic," said the American.

"Oho!" exclaimed the woman, her black eyes glittering. "They want him at last, do they?"

"Madam," returned the colonel, with a really fine air, "my business is with Captain Farochol."

"He is not here, I say," she answered, returning weakly to her first position before the imposing attitude of the American.

"Then I will wait within till he comes back."

"No, no!" she cried, barring the way. "No one enters here."

"In the name of the republic, one and indivisible," said the American, as, with a solemnity that was irresistible, he stepped across the threshold.

The old woman retreated, fairly overcome, but before the American was well into the room she turned on him again, fixing him with her black eyes.

"Ain't ye afraid?" she said suddenly.

"Madam," he answered, as he removed his hat and passed his fingers through a

"I come in the name of the republic,"

mass of iron gray hair that was now displayed, "the servants of the republic do not even understand the phrase."

She was quite abashed again, and could only say in a grating tone:

"Wait till he comes home then. Wait, if you will, but 'tis not many who would—not many—not many."

She went chuckling grimly to the door to shut it, but, seeing Curtis for the first time, cried out:

"My orderly officer," explained the American. "He will wait too."

"With your kind permission, madam," said Curtis, bowing gravely to her as he entered. "I should be much pained to intrude, but I am cold and wet, as you see, and the warm heart you wear upon your sleeve will not deny me. Thirsty, did you say? Yes, I am thirsty, too, and here is claret, if I mistake not. And of the best, I'll wager."

He poured himself out a bumper from a flagon that stood on the table and tossed it off.

"Yes, of the very best. And what an elegant apartment you have!"

The American eyed his new ally with some anxiety as he proceeded to parade the room and annotate with free compliment its contents. While he passed from one point to another the old woman, too, stood watching him as closely with a look of bewildered cunning.

His tour of inspection occupied some time, for it was a large room, half kitchen, half parlor, which, although the house must clearly have had other rooms, was evidently the chosen dwelling place of the owner. His existence was written large upon the floor with stains of tobacco juice, and everywhere dust and dirt betrayed the continued presence of a sloven. Here and there were a few pretentious pieces of furniture in gilt and velvet, things common enough to see at that time in France among uncouth surroundings. They told too plainly of the spoils of some chateau, and, like the rest, were worn and soiled. In one corner was a hard ticking clock, florid with gilt and baroque decoration, and beneath it a battered seaman's chest, contrasting grimly with the bravery of its fellow piece. Hard by upon such another chest lay a few weather beaten folios of charts, an old log or two and a few other sea stained volumes.

Nor were these all that told of the occupant's career. Upon the walls were many pictures—all except one or two sentimental subjects connected with maritime warfare. A portrait of Du Guay Trouin, prince of privateers, held the place of honor. Flanking him were Jean Bart and Paul Jones, supported by a dozen other freelances of the sea, some the heroes of yesterday and some of Huguenot times, rigid in ruff and corselet.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

I am offering at cost

—THE—

A. J. ANDERSON

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