

# Fort Worth Daily Gazette.

DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, MONDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1885.

VOL. XI, NO. 76.

Gorgeous Display of New Fall and Winter Fabrics

## B. C. EVANS CO.

Such times as this, when money is so dearly earned, and you hesitate spending a dollar, it is not a matter of unusual importance that you should find a place where your money will secure the largest return. We have many real bargains in every department, and can assuredly benefit to you if your wants run in our line.

Our Millinery Department We Lead In Styles, In Prices, In the Assortment and In Exclusive Novelties.

Trimmed hats and bonnets. 75c to \$2.00

Jersey hosiery, in the latest shapes. 25c to 5.00

Ladies' dresses and children's frocks. 40c to 2.00

FANCY FEATHERS AND REAL OSTRICH TIPS.

Large bunch of three feathers, very stylish. 75c

Made plumes from the up. 15c to \$1.25

Double French Plumes. \$1.25 to 4.50

RIBBONS ! RIBBONS !! RIBBONS !!!

Show the most fashionable styles and grades of plain, fancy or staple ribbons to be seen in Fort Worth. We keep a complete assortment of five distinct brands in satin, Gros Grain ribbon.

Ordinary and Unprecedented Bargains in Our GLOVE DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' black and colored French Kid gloves. 25c

Jersey gloves, all colors and black. (sold last year at \$1.00) 50c

Taffeta gloves " " never sold for less than \$1.00 60c

Jacquard gloves in all the leading colors. 50c

Children's Jersey gloves. 30, 40 and 50c

Matchless Values, Equal Values

THIS DEPARTMENT CANNOT BE FOUND IN THIS OR LARGER CITIES.

Children's Kid gloves of a high grade (softest you ever wore \$1.00) 50c

Black kids (can't be had) for less than \$1.00 50c

Black " " gloves (sold at a large store at \$1.00) 50c

OUR HOSIERY DEPT.

Over-shadowed by an Exhibit in the State. We can only give a few prices in this department, but all grades are represented.

Wool " " (double) full slash, size 6, 7, 8 (advertised elsewhere at \$1.00) 25c

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### THE LORD'S RAZOR.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's Sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle Yesterday Morning.

Edifice Filled to Overflowing—All Convinced that They Must Take a Shave.

"In the Same Day Shall the Lord Shave With a Razor that is Hired, Namely By Them Beyond the River."

HOW MUCH FOR A SHAVE?

Special to the Gazette.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 11.—Dr. Talmage preached this morning on the subject: "The Lord's Razor." The Brooklyn tabernacle here were present people from all parts of this land and from foreign lands. One characteristic of the audience is the great number of clergymen present. Before the sermon to-day Dr. Talmage read and expounded the xxv. chapter of the First Book of Samuel, the story of David slaying Goliath, his enemy, to escape, taking only a piece of his robe by which Saul might afterwards see that David had him in his power. The opening hymn was:

"The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of men are waking  
To peaceful slumber."

Dr. Talmage's text was from Isaiah vii. 20: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely by them beyond the river, by the king of Assyria." He said:

"The Bible is the holiest book ever written. There are no similitudes in Ossian or the Iliad or the Odyssey so daring, its imagery sometimes seems on the verge of the reckless, but only seems so. The fact is that God would startle and arouse and propel men and nations. A tame and limping similitude would fail to accomplish the object. While there are times when He employs in the Bible the gentle dew and the morning cloud and the dove and the daybreak in the presentation of truth, He often find the iron chariot, the lightning, the earthquake, the spear, the sword, and in my text, the razor.

Now the razor is hired.

This kneaded instrument has advanced in usefulness with the ages. In Bible times and lands the beard remained uncut save in the seasons of mourning and humiliation, but the razor was always a suggestive symbol. David says of Doeg, his antagonist: "Thy tongue is a sharp razor working deceitfully," that is, it pretends to clear the face but is really used for deadly incision. In this morning's text this weapon of the toilet appears under the following circumstances. Judges needed to have some of its properties cut off and God spoke against it three Assyrian kings, who, after Nebuchadnezzar, had been three sharp invaders that cut down the glory of Judah, are compared to so many sweeps of the razor across the face of the land. And those circumstances were called a hired razor because God took the kings of Assyria, with whom He had no sympathy, to do the work and paid them in palaces and spoils and excitements. These kings were hired to execute the divine behests. And now the text, which on its first reading may have seemed trivial or insignificant, is charged with momentous import.

"In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely by them beyond the river, by the king of Assyria."

Well, if God's judgments are razors, we had better be careful how we use them on other people. In careful sheath these domestic weapons are put away, where no one by accident may touch them and where the hands of children may not reach them. Such instruments must be carefully handled or

NOT HANDLED AT ALL.

But how recklessly some people wield the judgment of God! If a man meet with business misfortune, how many there are ready to cry out, "That is a judgment of God upon him, because he was unscrupulous, or arrogant, or over-reaching, or miserly. I thought he would get cut down! What a clean sweep of everything! His city house and country house gone; his stables emptied of all the fine bays and sorrels and grays that used to prance by his door. All his resources overthrown, and that he prided himself on tumbled into demolition. Good for him! Stop, my brother, don't sling around too freely the judgments of God, for they are razors. Some of the most wicked business men succeed, and they live and die in prosperity, and some of the most honest and conscientious are driven into bankruptcy. Perhaps his manner was unfortunate and he was not really as proud as he looked to be. Some of those who carry their head erect and look imperial are humble as a child, while many a man in sooty coat and slouch hat and unblacked shoes is

AS PROUD AS LUCIFER.

You cannot tell by a man's looks, perhaps he was not unscrupulous in business, for there are two sides to every story, and everybody who accomplishes anything for himself or others gets off disastrously indebted. Perhaps his business misfortune was not a punishment, but the fatherly discipline to prepare him for heaven, and God may love him far more than he loved you, who can pay dollar for dollar and are put down in the commercial catalogue as a L. Whom the Lord loveth He gives \$100,000 and lets die on embroidered pillows! No; whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. Better keep your hand off the Lord's razors—lest they cut and wound people that do not deserve it. If you want to shave off the pride of the bristling pride of your own heart, do not, but be very careful how you put the sharp edge of them on others. How I do dislike the behavior of those persons who, when people are unfortunate, say: "I told you so—getting punished—served him right." If those I-told-you-soes got their deserts, they would long ago have been pitched over the battlements. The note in their neighbors' eyes, so small that it takes a microscope to find it, gives them more trouble than the beam



The Great cause of the Republican Party is that the Negro of the South is intimidated.

which obscures their own optics. With all sometimes supercilious and sometimes Pharisaical, and always blasphemous, they take the razor of divine judgment and sharpen it on the bone of their own hard hearts, and then go to work on men sprawled out at full length under disaster, cutting mercilessly. They begin by soft expressions of sympathy and pity and half praise, and rather the victim all over before they put out the sharp edge. Let us be careful how we shoot at others, lest we take down the wrong one, remembering the servant of King William Rufus, who shot a deer, but the arrow glanced against a tree and killed the king. Instead of going out with shafts to plow and razors to cut, we had better imitate the Israel of Richard Coeur de Lion, who, in the war of the crusades, was captured and imprisoned, but none of his friends knew where. So his disciple went around the land from penitentiary to penitentiary, and sang at each window a snatch of song that Richard Coeur de Lion had taught him in other days, and one day coming before a jail where he expected his king might be incarcerated, he sang two lines of song and immediately King Richard responded from his cell with the other two lines, and so his whereabouts were discovered, and immediately a successful movement was made for his liberation.

So let us go up and down the world with the music of kind words and sympathetic hearts, surrounding the unfortunate and trying to get out of trouble men who had noble natures, but by unforeseen circumstances have been incarcerated, thus liberating kings.

MORE HYMN-BOOK AND LESS RAZOR.

Especially ought we to be apologetic and careful toward those who, while they have great faults, have also great virtues. Some people are barren of virtues. No weeds verily, but no flowers. I must not be enraged at a nettle along the fence if it be in a field containing forty acres of ripe Michigan wheat. At the present time naturalists tell us there is on the sun a spot 20,000 miles long, but from the brightness and warmth I conclude it is a good deal of a sun yet.

Again, when I read in my text that the Lord shaves with the hired razor of Assyria the face of Judah, I bethink myself of the precision of God's providence. A razor swung the tenth part of an inch out of the right line means either failure or laceration, but God's dealings never slip, and they do not miss by the thousandth part of an inch the right direction. People talk as though things in this world were at loose ends. Cholera sweeps across Marsellion and Madrid and Palermo, and we watch anxiously. Shall the epidemic sweep Europe and America? People say: "That will entirely depend on whether the inoculation is a successful experiment; that will depend entirely on quarantine regulations; that will depend on the early or late appearance of frost; that epidemic is pitched into the world and it goes."

HEXAMER ACROSS THE CONTINENT, and it is all guesswork and an appalling, perhaps. My friends, I think perhaps that God had something to do with it, and that His mercy may have in some way protected us, that He may have done as much for us as the quarantine and the health officers. It was right and a necessity that all caution should be used, but there has come enough mazarin from Italy, and enough grapes from the south of France, and enough rags from tattered millions, and hidden in these articles of transportation enough choleraic germs to have left by this time all Brooklyn mourning at Greenwood, and all Philadelphia at Laurel Hill, and all Boston at Mount Auburn. I think all the doctors and quarantines, but more than all, and first of all, and last of all, and all the time, I think God. In all the six thousand years of the world's existence there has not one thing merely "happened so." God is not an anarchist, but a King, a Father. When little Toldi the son of President Lincoln, died, all the land sympathized with the sorrow in the White House. He used to rush into the room where the cabinet was in session, and while the most eminent men of the land were discussing the questions of national existence. But the child had no care about those questions. Now God the Father, and God the Son and God the Holy Ghost are in perpetual session in

regard to this world and kindred worlds. Shall you, his child, rush in to criticize or arraign or condemn the divine government? So the cabinet of the eternal Three can govern and will govern in the wisest and best way, and there never will be a mistake, and, like a razor skillfully swung, shall cut that which ought to be cut and avoid that which ought to be avoided. Precision to the very hair-breadth. Fairly thin pieces may get out of order and strike wrong, saying it is 1 o'clock when it is 2, or 2 when it is 3. God's clock is always right, and when it is 1 it strikes 1 and when it is 12 it strikes 12, and the second hand is as

ACCURATE AS THE WESTER HAND.

Further, my text tells us that God sometimes shaves nations: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired." With one sharp sweep he went across Judah and down went its pride and its power. In 1260 God shaved another nation. We had allowed to grow Babylonian desolation and oppression and blasphemy and fraud and impurity, and all sorts of turpitude. The South had its sins, and the North its sins, and the East its sins, and the West its sins. We had been warned again and again, and we did not heed. At length the sword of war cut from the St. Lawrence to the gulf, and from Atlantic seaboard to Pacific seaboard. The pride of the land, not the coward but the heroes, on both sides went down. And that which we took for the sword of war was the Lord's razor. In 1842 again it went across the land. In 1861 again. In 1864 again. Then the sharp instrument was ceased and put away. Never in the history of the ages was any land more thoroughly shaved than during those four years of civil combat, and, my brethren, if we do not quit some of our individual and national sins, the Lord will again take us in hand. He has other razors within reach besides war: epidemics, droughts, deluges, plagues—grasshopper and locust—or our over-towering success may so far excite the jealousy of other lands that, under some pretext, the great nations of Europe and Asia may

COMBINE TO PUT US DOWN.

This nation, so easily approached on north and south and from both oceans, might have on hand at once more hostilities than were ever arrayed against any one power. We have recently been told by skillful engineers that all our fortresses around New York harbor could not keep the shells from being hurled from the sea into the heart of these great cities. Invaded China, the wealthiest of all nations, as will be realized when her resources are developed, will have adopted all the modes of modern warfare, and at the Golden Gate may be discussing whether Americans must go. If the combined jealousies of Europe and Asia should come upon us as we should have more work upon hand than would be pleasant. I hope no such combination against us ever will be formed, but I want to show that, as Assyria was the hired razor against Judah and Cyrus, the hired razor against Babylon and the Huns, the hired razor against the Goths, there are now many razors that the Lord could hire if, because of our national sins, He should undertake to shave us. In 1870 Germany was the razor with which the Lord shaved France. England is the razor with which very shortly the Lord will shave Russia. But nations are to repent in a day. May a speedy and world-wide coming of God hinder on both sides the sea all national calamity. But do not let us as a nation, either by unrighteous law as Washington or bad lives among ourselves, defy the Almighty. One would think that our national symbol of the eagle might sometimes

SHED A FEW FEATHERS.

that which ancient Rome carried in the talons of that eagle were clutched at one time Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Dalmatia, Sardinia, Noricum, Pannonia, Moesia, Dacia, Thrace, Macedonia, Greece, Asia Minor, Assyria, Phoenicia, Palestine, Egypt, and all Northern Africa, and all the islands of the Mediterranean; indeed, all the world that was worth having, a hundred and twenty millions of people under the wings of that one eagle. Where is she now? Ask Gibbon, the historian, in his prize poem, the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Ask her gigantic ruins straggling their sadness through the

aves, the sweep owl at windows out of which world-wide conquerors looked. Ask the day of judgment, when her crowned debauchees, Commodus and Pertinax, and Calligula and Diocletian, shall answer for their infamy? As men and as nations let us repent, and have our trust in a forgiving God rather than depend on former successes for immunity! Out of thirteen greatest battles of the world Napoleon had lost but one before Waterloo. Pride and destruction often ride in the same saddle.

But notice once more, and more than all in my text, that God is so kind and loving that when it is necessary for Him to cut He has to go to others for the sharp-edged weapon. "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired," God is love. God is pity. God is help. God is shelter. God is rescue.

There are no sharp edges about Him, no thrusting points, no instruments of laceration. If you want pain for wounds, He has that. If you want sin for divine eyesight, He has that. But if there is sharp and cutting work to do which requires a razor, that He gives. God has nothing about Him that hurts save when dire necessity demands, and then He has to go clear off to some one else to get the instrument. This divine gentleness will be no novelty to those who have considered the Calvary massacre, where God submerged Himself in human tears, and untraced Himself from punctured arteries, and let the forestal and infernal worlds read Him until the chandeliers of the sky had to be turned out, because the world could not endure the intensity. Illustrations for love He must have been to take all that as our substitute, paying out of His own heart the exorbitant price of our admission at the gates of heaven. King Henry II. of England crowned his son as king, and on the day of coronation put on a servant's garb and waited, he, the king, at the son's table, to the astonishment of all the princes. But we know of a more exorbitant scene, the King of Heaven and Earth offering to put on you, His child, the crown of life, and in the form of a servant waiting on you with blessing. Extol that have all painting, all sculpture, all music, all architecture, all worship! In Dresdenian gallery let Raphael hold Him up as a child, and in Antwerp cathedral let Rubens hand Him down from the cross as a martyr, and Handel make all his oratorio vibrato around that one chord: "He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquity." But not until all the redeemed get home, and from the countenances of all the pile-up galleries of the redeemed shall be revealed the wonders of redemption, shall either man or seraph or archangel know the height and depth, and length, and breadth of

THE LOVE OF GOD.

At our national capital a monument, in honor of him who did more than any one to achieve our American independence was for scores of years in building, and most of us were discouraged and said it never would be completed. And how glad we all were when, in the presence of the highest officials of the nation, the work was done! But will the monument to Him who died for the eternal liberation of the human race ever be completely finished? For ages the work has been going up: evangelists and apostles and martyrs have been adding to the heavenly pile, and every one of the millions of the redeemed, going up from earth, has made to it contribution of gladness, and weight of glory is added to the top of other weight of glory, and layers of bosomus on layers of bosomus, higher and higher as the centuries go by, higher and higher as the whole millennium toll, sappires on the top of jasper, sardonyx on the top of chalcidony, and chrysolite above topaz, until for beauty shall be the sardonyx and topaz and domes of the great capital, a monument forever and forever rising, and yet never done. "O to Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood and made us kings and priests forever." Alleluia, amen.

THE DEAD CARDINAL.

Arrangements Making for the Funeral

New York, Oct. 11.—The arrangements for the funeral of Cardinal McCloskey have not yet been completed. The clergy are in a quandary as to how the casket should be trimmed, certain rules in that regard being laid down for the burial of a cardinal. A telegram has been sent to Rome. The casket has been ordered. There were numerous callers at the palace to-day and telegrams of condolence were received by Archbishop Corrigan from the archbishops of Halifax and St. Louis and the bishops of St. Joseph (Mo.), Chattanooga (N. C.) and Vincennes (Ind.), and a telegram of condolence was received from Cardinal Simeoni, provost of the propagation of the faith at Rome. The deceased prelate will be buried in the hall cardinal's robes and mitre, and while lying in state, will be guarded day and night by delegates from the St. Vincent de Paul society. The cathedral will be draped in mourning and the sanctuary in purple velvet, emblematic of his position. He will lie in the vault underneath the church in a crypt, adjoining the one which now contains the remains of his predecessor and Archbishop Hughes.

Many visitors came to the cardinal's palace to-day, but outside of the clergy, men and the members of the different religious orders, none were admitted. At the high mass in the cathedral, there was an unusually large attendance. The rosary for the dead was recited at the conclusion of the mass. The remains of Cardinal McCloskey were removed from the bedrooms to the south parlor, where they rested on a catafalque. He is dressed in his robes of office, with mitre and all the insignia of office, and shows no traces of his long illness. The office for the dead was celebrated in the cathedral this afternoon. All the arrangements for the funeral will be announced to-morrow. In the various Catholic churches throughout the city to-day prayers were said for the dead cardinal, and in many of the churches of other denominations 1000g petitions were made to his demise.

Not a Threat.

There will be no Galveston News within twelve months from to-day. This is a prediction.

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