

AT THE GRAVE OF GOV. HOGG

Austin, March 29.—(Special to Fort Worth Record.)—Standing uncovered by the gray granite shaft that marks the spot where the great commoner of Texas sleeps that last sleep that comes to mortals, the great commoner of the nation pronounced these words in eulogy:

"Truly he was a great and good man," and then he laid his tribute of flowers upon the grave.

The visit of William Jennings Bryan to the grave of James Stephen Hogg was a feature of the visit of the great national character to Austin that was full of human interest and touched every emotion of the human heart. It was a quiet, unostentatious tribute of a friend living to a friend dead. It was brought about by Mr. Bryan's own request—and the first request he made after reaching Austin, and it was unaccompanied by a crowd of sightseers or curious people. Only Mr. Bryan and those who, by official designation, are his hosts on this occasion were present, and the visit to the quiet city of the dead was but a short one.

Mr. Bryan expressed to Judge James H. Robertson his desire to visit the grave of former Governor Hogg, and it was arranged that when the party left the mansion to go to the university that the drive should be through the cemetery.

Mr. Bryan was accompanied by Governor Campbell, Lieutenant Governor Davidson, Speaker T. B. Love, Senators Skinner, Veale and Faust, and Representatives Wolfe, Baskin, Holshousen, Davis of Brazos, and Robertson of Travis. When the carriage had stopped by the side of the family lot in the cemetery, Mr. Bryan walked forward with bared head, while the others grouped about him. He said:

"Truly he was a great and a good man," and then calling for a box of flowers which he had left in the carriage, he walked within the enclosure and laid upon the graves of the former governor and of Mrs. Hogg gorgeous lilies and then flowers of rare beauty of other growths.

It was with reverent hand he placed his tributes upon the grave of his friend, and those with him stood in silence as they watched the testimonial that was being paid.

"If I had been called away before him, there would not have been a more sincere mourner than he," said Mr. Bryan.

Stepping back, the great commoner's eye caught sight of a growing twig in the corner of the burial lot, and quietly asked, "Is this the pecan?" and was told that it was.

Judge Robertson, for many years the close associate and law partner of the former governor, said:

"I will say here in the presence of my friends and that Mr. Bryan may hear that when Governor Hogg was so sick in Fort Worth and I was called to his bedside—it was at the time I wrote his will—he had been sick on his back for sixteen days. He said to me: 'Robertson, I am at the forks of the road. The doctors think I am going to die, but I believe I will weather it through, and I am going to make a fight for it, but if I do die, I have so lived my life that I am prepared for the future and have no fear, and when I do pass over I will not land in a briar patch.' I asked him if he wanted to be buried in the state cemetery and he said no, that he wanted to be laid by the side of his wife, and that if he had his choice no cold marble would mark his grave, but he would have a walnut tree planted at his head and a pecan tree at his feet, and in after years, when his friends would visit the spot, they could gather the fruit and send it to their friends

and be satisfied in their memory of his life."

"That reminds me of an incident in Japan," said Colonel Bryan. "It is a custom there for a devout Buddhist to place a stone lantern in the temple yard as a sign of devotion, but there was one so poor that he could not afford the stone lantern, so he brought little slips of trees and planted them on the roadside, and that road is one of the most beautiful today because of those growing trees. He could not afford the expense of the stone lantern so he went into partnership with nature."

"It is the same thought," said Judge Robertson.

"Yes, it is the same thought on the other side of the globe," answered Colonel Bryan. "The works of men live after them and we are realizing now this great man's value."

With a reverential bow at the spot of sacred memory Mr. Bryan turned to his carriage and, the others following, the party was driven at once to the university.

TALE OF BAD EGGS

"What becomes of all the bad eggs?" asked the reporter. "I never thought of that. Do they go to waste?"

"Indeed they don't," the dairyman replied. "Bad egg dealing is a business in itself. All bad eggs go to tanners and papermakers."

"These eggs are carefully opened by hand and the whites are separated from the yolks—unpleasant, smelly work, but work that no machine can do. The yolks are mixed with flour and salt, and this dough is sold to the leather men, who size and dress hides with it."

"The whites are used in the sizing of finer paper. Care must be taken that they are properly separated, as the least bit of yolk in them would cause a yellow streak upon the paper's surface."

"Confectioners used to buy slightly stale, flavory white, too, but since the pure-food bullabuloo these men have only used fresh whites in their candies."—Kansas City Post.

THE CZAR'S OPPORTUNITY

All appears to depend on the social democrats and their willingness to unite with the more moderate constitutional democrats in the proposals which both rightly regard as essential. One of these is political amnesty. It is a subject on which the whole of Russia is profoundly moved. From both doumas and from all parts of the empire the cry for amnesty has continually gone up to the czar. It is another opportunity which fate has granted him to save his dynasty and perhaps the country from ruin. Will he take it? By one word he could secure the respect if not the affection of his people. But as yet he has flung away the opportunities one after another. If he flings this away he will immensely strengthen the hands of the extremists.—London Chronicle.

SETTING THE DATE

An author was once called upon to pay a bill he owed. The creditor spoke strongly, and insisted upon some definite date being mentioned for settlement. "Certainly," the author replied, "though there seems to be a rather unnecessary commotion about this trifle. I will pay the bill as soon as I think of it after receiving the money which a publisher will pay me in case he accepts the novel which I will write and send him just as soon as I feel in an energetic mood after a really good idea for a plot has occurred to me."—Birmingham Post.

THE PRIMARY PLEDGE

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