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**The Daily Light**

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**JAMES STEPHEN HOGG.**

Throughout the length and breadth of Texas the news of the death of Ex-Governor James Stephen Hogg will be received with the deepest sorrow. After a long struggle with afflictions death claimed this much loved, respected and honored citizen at Houston this morning at 11:30 o'clock. For many years James Stephen Hogg has been a prominent figure before the people of Texas, and in the council of democracy his voice has been heard and heeded. From a printers devil in a country office Jim Hogg has risen to national prominence, and through all his walks and varied career the confidence of a trusting people has never been misplaced. He was the soul of honor—the embodiment of all that was great and good in man—and while there are those who may have differed with him there is not one who can dare impute to this fallen citizen, friend, statesman, other than purest motives and most upright life. The writer knew Jim Hogg—what man in public life did not—and we may have differed in things political, but a friend to the people has gone, a party counselor is taken, a born leader of men is removed whose place can never be filled. We loved James Stephen Hogg for his greatness and genuine goodness—all Texas loved him.

The heartfelt sympathy of an entire state goes out to the bereaved family.

That the railroads will fight the Williams intangible asset law is not in the least surprising, but it will be an agreeable surprise to Texas if the act proves invulnerable to the assault of constitutional lawyers. Most every other law passed by the Twenty-ninth legislature was defective.

Report has it that the grand council of the Woodmen of the World may be moved from Nebraska to Texas. That would be a step in the right direction. The "shoppers" need room to spread and Texas is roomy enough to accommodate them.

About six o'clock Friday evening Meridian, Miss., was swept by a fearful cyclone, following which angry flames caused further devastation. Numerous lives were lost, many were seriously injured.

Judging from weather reports "Old Crimp" has the Northwest in a fair-weather grip. Here's hoping that forecasts will confine his further attentions for this season at least to that apparently favored section.

A good subject for Sunday meditation: Do the greatest good to the most people by getting in line on the sidewalk question.

The Powell oil field seems to be developing strength. Two more good producing wells were brought in Thursday.

**THE EVERLASTING REPUBLIC.**

Without searching the annals for specific information, it may be safely asserted that history furnishes no parallel for the act of the American congress in ordering the marking of Confederate graves.

Forty years is a long time in the life of an individual, but it is a mere moment in the life of a nation, in the growth or decay of a prejudice of patriotic sentiment, and we believe that no such effacement of animosity would be possible with estranged factions of any other people in the world.

In the Union view secession was rebellion; in the Confederate view the civil war was conquest. From one standpoint the moving spirit of the South was treason; from the other standpoint the moving spirit of the North was tyranny. In the deeper statesmanship of both sides ran a more plausible and defensible philosophy of government and duty. But peoples are controlled in the mass more by the superficial and the emotional than by the profound and the logical. At least the superficial and the emotional are long in squaring with the profound and the logical. For the most part the governing spirit of the conflict and its aftermath was, on the one hand, a resentment of rebellion and treason; on the other, a hatred of conquest and tyranny.

So, it is these extreme expressions of popular feeling, rather than these underlying philosophies of government, that have been reconciled, and therein lies the marvel of history.

Even a few years ago, when the prejudice seemed to have smoldered into ashes, it leaped into a roaring flame when President Cleveland attempted to do so simple a thing as to return to the South the captured flags of the Confederacy. Indeed, if we mistake not, Mr. Foraker, who is the author of the present bill, was so vehement in denunciation as to win the derisive soubriquet of "Fire Alarm Foraker."

It would be difficult, if not improper, to undertake to say who of our public men is most responsible for this final and complete triumph of American fraternity. General Grant's "Let us have peace," President Hayes' withdrawal of Federal troops from the South, President Cleveland's calling Confederates to the cabinet, President Harrison's friendly attitude, President McKinley's original suggestion to do what is now done, President Roosevelt's visit to the South—all of these men and these acts and hundreds of others have contributed to the end which has at last come to pass. But more effective than any and more forceful than all put together is the great heart of the American people, the unconcealed admiration and unsparring praise of one set of brave men, the great love of country and countrymen, which moves the man of Maine and the man of Texas alike.

Perhaps the Spanish-American war hastened it, the goings and comings of the people on pleasure and business promoted it, and a manifest self-interest did its share, but in the last analysis it was possible only because it was the outpouring spirit of a great and generous people.

And upon this same American spirit, which is incapable of enduring hatred or continuing injustice, we build our faith in the everlasting republic of equity and fraternity. In the Providence of God, or in the ordination of a fated destiny coming out of the error and stress of human strivings, like the calm after the storm, here has arisen the best government upon the earth; and here shall be wrought out, with increasing wisdom and efficiency, the paramount commonwealth of all the ages. —Fort Worth Record.

**Mrs. Plumbhoff Entertains.**

Mrs. Geo. Plumbhoff entertained the drill team of the Woodmen Circle yesterday afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock. Koffee Klatch.

The parlors and dining room were beautifully decorated with the Grove colors. The letters L. P. W. R. were artistically arranged in the room, and some letters were used in a very interesting contest. The captain of the team, Mrs. Tom Cook, won first prize. The entertainment consisted of music, refreshments and the contest, and was very much enjoyed by all present. All departed feeling grateful to Mrs. Plumbhoff for the manner in which she entertained.

**"Brown's in Town."**

"Brown's in town," the laughing farce will be the attraction at the opera house March 8. It is in line with the very best comedies of the day. Its lines are said to be terse, the music catchy, the dances pretty and the situations are well handled.

Altogether it is one of the farces calculated to please without burdening the mind with an after thought. Its keenest satire is on the question of matrimony at an early age, and the possible incidents are cleverly developed. The fun is said to be effortless and irresistible, and the company includes many clever people.



**And Great Was the Fall Thereof.**

—From Ellis County Mirror.

**OSAGE FARMER GOLD BRICKED**

FOUND MYSTERIOUS CHEST.

Sedan, Kan., March 3.—An old tradition of the Osage Indians concerning vast treasures of hidden wealth in the northern part of their reservation has been recalled by one of their number being "goldbricked" a few days ago. For many years it has been a well known fact, or at least so considered among the Osages, that in the great gold excitement days of 1849 and the early '50s some Colorado miners on their way across what is now the Osage reservation with vast amounts of gold were waylaid by the Indians and all but one of their number killed.

They were bound for Missouri, according to the often-told story, and had secured their gold in the far West. After his companions had been killed the one remaining miner buried the gold somewhere southeast of Elkton, Kan., and went toward Missouri. That was the last ever heard of him and the massive and the story of the hidden gold became tradition.

For several years past Joseph Boulanger, a farmer living southeast of Elkton, in the southeastern part of this county, has seen lanterns dodging about the creeks and canyons of his place. Upon investigating he would invariably find where holes had been dug the night before. This continued for a long time.

Prepare to Dig Up Gold.  
Mr. Boulanger became strong in the belief that men were looking for the hidden gold in his place, so when two strangers came to his place a few weeks ago with a proposition to produce the gold on shares, after locating it with a machine which they had, they found a man ready and keen for a trade. They related to Mr. Boulanger the old story of the Osage gold and he had already heard of it. A deal was quickly made by the terms of which the strangers were to bring on their machine for locating the gold and in return were to get a liberal share of the treasure.

One of the men was from Missouri and this, of course, recalled to Mr. Boulanger's mind the fact that it was a Missourian who, according to the story, had lost his wealth years ago. This strengthened his credulity and braced up the weak points of their story. They brought their machine and took it out into the timber. It had a sort of compass attachment. This part of it whirled mysteriously about several times and then pointed toward a certain spot.

Thither went the three men armed with all kinds of tools for quick excavating. They dug down two feet and stopped by a flat rock. The rock was removed and there was the treasure, strongly protected by an iron box. In it were six

chunks of metal shaped like the proverbial gold brick. Loading them into the wagon, they went back to Boulanger's house.

Here the fine hand and cunning of the Missourian set in their work on the old farmer. Sitting by the fire that night in Boulanger's home they discussed their find. "It will not do to let this find be known," said the Missourian. "The Osage land is not yet allotted and the government might claim part of the money. Then, too, the man who buried it might have heirs who, hearing of the affair, would come forward with claims for part of the fortune."

**Sells Out to Boulanger.**  
"There's just one thing for you to do, Boulanger," continued the Missourian. "That is for you to buy my interest in this thing and then you go away where you are not known and sell the bricks." This was readily agreed to by Boulanger, who gave the Missourian \$400, the best team he had on his farm and a note for a considerable sum.

The Missourian disappeared. Mr. Boulanger took the metal to Pawhuska, deposited five of the bricks in a bank there and had a local jeweler assay the other, only to learn that it was brass. Still he did not believe that he had been "goldbricked," so he decided to take them to Kansas City and have a better test made. This was done and all six were pronounced brass.

It was known that one of the strangers was from Pawhuska. He has helped locate the Missourian and a warrant has been sworn out for him. The Pawhuska man's defense is that he merely guided the stranger to the Boulanger farm, not knowing who he wanted to go there. The whole thing seems to have been well planned, for the lights had been noticed on the place for some time. Mr. Boulanger now believes that several years have been used in getting him ready to be taken in, although he is one of the best educated and shrewdest Osages in the tribe. Sympathy is about equally divided between him for the loss and the Missourian for finding victims in this day and age for the gold brick business.

**AN OHIO FAKIR.**

Was Kicked Out of Jail at El Paso by Indignant Citizens.

El Paso, Texas, March 3.—One of the biggest takes ever attempted in this city to raise sympathy and money was worked by John Smith of Columbus, Ohio, but it failed utterly and now he is wandering somewhere else in the West, probably to work the same or similar racket on some other community. Smith came from California and said he was one of the unfortunates in a stranded theatrical troupe; that he was out of work and was willing to do anything to raise a few dollars to take him back to his home at Columbus. He was given a job at Hotel Angelus as pantryman.

Two weeks later he reeled into the kitchen one morning with a letter, dated Columbus and signed "Joe Smith" with the news that his father mother and sister had been burned in a fire. Holding out the letter to his friends, he fell to the floor, apparently in a faint, and from that time forward for several days he was to all intents violently insane.

There was much sympathy for the unfortunates, as he had told a story of previous hard luck that had already aroused the sympathy of those who had grown to know him. He said he had been in the Philippines in the Ohio volunteers and had been wounded, and also that he had fought at San Juan and been carried from the field almost dead with fever. His acquaintances believed that these, connected with his latest misfortune, had unbalanced his mind, and he received every attention.

Then it struck them that they had best write to Columbus for the details of the fire that had made him an orphan and telegrams were sent to 512 Hamilton avenue, the address which he gave as his home. Word came back that no Smith family lived there, inquiry as to the fire developed the fact that there had been no fire.

Finally there came a letter from Mrs. John Taylor of 512 Hamilton avenue, and she said that Smith's

parents had been dead since 1892, and that he had no brother Joe. She asked for further particulars and added that John had been in the West for several years; that he was a brother of her late brother-in-law, and described him minutely, even to a scar under the left eye, which he said he had received in the Philippines.

Then the officers searched Smith's effects at the hotel and found several sheets of paper corresponding to the one on which the letter was written by "brother Joe." The officers asked him to write a telegram to Joe asking for further particulars and he did so. The writing was the same as that in the letter and proved that he had written and mailed to himself the epistle that had thrown him into apparent convulsions and had aroused the public's sympathy for his sorrow. He was either insane or shamming, they said, and he was taken to the county jail and examined by a board of physicians. They pronounced him sane and asked him why he had written the letter.

Then he broke down, when cornered, and confessed. He first said he did not remember having written the letter, but, when pressed, said, through tears: "I wanted to get back to Columbus, where I knew I could get a job in a band, and I thought the people would give me the money if I showed that letter."

The officers asked him what he could play and he said a trombone. A trombone was brought to the jail, but he could not make a note on it. He was forthwith kicked from the jail as about the worst impostor it had ever harbored and he took the next freight train out of the city.

**SUNFLOWER SERMONS.**

Atchison Globe.

Some people are like a worthless team of horses: Always have to be helped when it comes to pulling a load up hill.

Pay a man of fifty a compliment, and when he walks away he will carry himself as if he were ten years younger.

They say that a woman is whatever age she looks. Well, here is a sign she is over forty: Her hat is always on crooked.

A man overtakes new ways for spending money every day, and about once a month a new way for saving it overtakes him.

When a woman can talk beautifully of faith in a husband, it is a pretty good sign she never has been called upon to use it.

There is one way of starting on the pathway to get rich which is seldom traveled these days: Running a store and living over it.

A mother always has an excuse for her son's failure to do anything for her: Either he is too young or his wife won't let him.

If you claim that you caught your bad cold in a church, the church members who hear you consider that you are not above slander.

It is strange that women who have no trouble picking out a crochet pattern find it impossible to pick anything out of a timetable.

When a woman comes into a restaurant with her husband she looks at the other men as much as to say: "Where are your wives?"

**Announcement.**

To the People of Waxahachie and Vicinity.

I wish to call your attention to the fact that I have opened a new bakery on the corner of North Rogers and Water streets. Everything brand new. Bread delivered to any part of the city on regular routes.

W. C. HOOPER

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