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Baylor Students Tribute.

Philomathesian Hall, Baylor University, Jan. 8, 1898.—
 Into this world of joy and sorrow of hope and fear, come good, noble and heroic men to sustain the virtues of mankind. With bosoms heaving with the silent tumult of nature's loftier passions, they live and men rejoice. And without a warning to dependent hearts, they leap from the embrace of glory to the clasp of the grave. Such a soul, in its coming and its living and its passing, was that of Lawrence Sullivan Ross. Nature was kind to him, life was sweet to him and death—though seemingly cruel at last—often willed him retrieve. He is dead! The great Texan is dead and we are mourning! May the sympathy of our saddened hearts aid to soothe the afflicted ones who are shocked by closer ties, and may the institution, endeared through closer relations to this departed father, read in our outward expression the deepest sorrow of brother love.

Minor L. Moore,
 R. H. Hamilton,
 W. M. Grimmer,

The Last Moments.

Waco, Texas, January 4.—Dr. Frank Ross relates the following incidents of the last moments of his father. "Father had been lying in a stupor for some time and we were intently watching him. I summoned several physicians and we had worked with him incessantly without eliciting a favorable symptom. About 6 o'clock he suddenly roused up and looked around. He seemed to recognize all of us and Dr. Fountain asked, "Governor, how do you feel? He glanced at Dr. Fountain, and then, closing his eyes, he said, 'Well, I feel like a new man, and I guess I am one.' Those were the last words he ever uttered. In five minutes he was dead. Just about the time the last breath left him his hounds, kenned in the back yard, began howling. They kept it up for some time, as if they knew of the great calamity and were mourning for their master."