

Historian Bancroft's hair and beard are white as snow, but his eyes are clear and his wit keen.

George Gould is beginning to be afflicted with his father's tormenting complaint of neuralgia.

Each of the Georgians who attended the fair declared that this was not his last trip to Texas. High and low, great and small, Texas captures them all.—Dallas News.

Miss Amanda Delmas, a creole who was brought up to a life of indolence and was then thrown on her own resources, is one of the most successful sugar planters in Louisiana.

Georgia marketed 7,800,000 melons this season, for which the farmers netted \$200,000 or three cents apiece; the railroads took \$800,000 for freight, or 12 cents apiece, and something like \$500,000 went to commission men. The former got 3 cents and the consumer paid 20 cents. In plain English the farmer and the consumer got it in the neck.

Buck Taylor, king of the cow boys in Buffalo Bill's Wild West combination, lauded the affections of a Baltimore beauty and heiress. He rounded her up and had his brand put on her by a Washington minister. When the original owner came after his one ewe lamb, Taylor showed his certificate of ownership and promised to keep her on good range, with plenty of feed. The paternal blessing followed in due order.

A squirrel attacked Mr. J. Taylor while he was sitting reading a newspaper near his home in Santa Anna, Texas. The animal dropped from the top of the house, and after it had bitten him several times, Taylor threw it to the ground, but it sprang back on the old gentleman, biting him more severely than ever. He was bitten through both ears and on the neck, and it was necessary to call in a physician to treat the wounds. It is now feared that the squirrel, which Mr. Taylor finally killed, had hydrophobia.

Dr. W. L. Dudley has been conducting some experiments with cigarettes in order to determine their effect upon smokers. His conclusions are: 1, carbonic oxide is the most poisonous constituent of tobacco smoke; 2, that more injury results from cigarette than cigar or pipe smoking, because, as a rule, the smoke of the former is inhaled; 3, that cigarette smoking without inhaling is no more injurious than pipe or cigar smoking; 4, that the smoke of a cigar or pipe, if inhaled, is as injurious as cigarette smoke inhaled; and 5, that the smoke from a Turkish pipe, if inhaled, is as injurious as that of a cigarette inhaled.

Most of the Utes are gamblers and know all the arts that make up the popular civilized game known as draw poker. Pairs, threes, flushes, straights and full hands they have learned better than their A. B. C's and agriculture. They play with either American or Mexican cards. A good poker player down East will find a foe worthy his hand in the stoical face of the Southern Ute. You can't tell from his face whether the Indian holds a bobtail flush, a pair of deuces or a full hand. They are passionately fond of poker, and in playing this game they are adepts in all the arts and ways of the more civilized pale-faced.

A missionary who settled in the Province of Sz-Chuan, Central China, and visited the great Buddhist peak, Mount Omei, describes the temple as still showing many wonderful works of art, notwithstanding conflagrations, devastating war and rebellions. Near the foot of the mountain is a pagoda of bronze, thirty feet high, in fifteen stories, covered with an immense number of figures delicately cast. Of figures of Buddha there are no less than 4700, some of which have been mutilated by collectors of relics. The lower portion of the pagoda has been rubbed a good deal, because Chinamen believe that a copper coin rubbed against it acquires the merit of a talisman.

MILLIONS OF MONEY.

HOW IT WAS ACCUMULATED BY THE FAMOUS "BIG FOUR."

Flood, O'Brien, Mackay and Fair and Their Great Luck in the "Glorious Climate of California" as Seekers After Pure Yellow Gold.

In the early part of this century there were born, in Ireland, under the humblest circumstances, all within the space of ten years, four bonanza kings. They weren't bonanza kings when they first opened their eyes, and began to look at things in general on the Emerald Isle. But all the same they had it in them; and when they began to play tag and mumble-te-peg they commenced to dream, in a vague sort of way, of bonanzas, and when they became men they all struck the greatest bonanza the world has ever known. The story reads like "Monte Cristo."

One of this quartet was named James



MACKEY, FAIR, FLOOD, O'BRIEN.

Clair Flood. He was known for many years, owing to his profession of blonde locks, as the "Golden Irishman." He was a carpenter by trade. Another was named William S. O'Brien—always called "Billy" O'Brien for short. He had no trade, but was what is known in these days as a hustler. Ireland wasn't rapid enough for these two. They were high spirited, confident young fellows, and they just asked to get into the swim and swirl around a little. They yearned for velocity. One day they said to themselves that they thought they knew their gait pretty well, and they guessed they'd go to America just to look around a little. They did not know each other, and met for the first time on board ship. They did a good deal of talking on the voyage, and when they landed in New York they were fast friends, and struck up a partnership that was not dissolved till death.

When they arrived in New York, and had a chance to take in the town, they came to the conclusion that, after all, it was too big. They wanted more breathing space. Then they contracted the mining fever, as mostly every one did in those days. So, in 1851, they took passage in the good ship Elizabeth Ellen, doubled the bolsters Horn and landed at Yerba Buena, now San Francisco.

They were in the El Dorado of the world, treading the golden sands of California, the end of the glittering vista through which the eyes of the world were gazing with longing. The fever was at its height. Men were going wild with excitement. Every ship brought crowds of eager adventurers, and fortunes were being made in amazingly short times—weeks, days, even hours. Flood and O'Brien were as eager as the rest.

What did they do? Did they cavort around, shriek, invent the little cash they had in wildcat mining schemes? Go to! Not much. They started a modest place of refreshment in a log cabin and they called it the "Auction Lunch." The made money. They kept right still. They weren't saying a word. By and by they commenced to lay out a part of their profits in small mining ventures. They accumulated some more money. Their place was frequented by all sorts and conditions of men—wrecks who, with high hopes, had come to the mines and lost everything; reckless miners who spent their dust like water; gamblers, adventurers, all stamps of men.

It was at this time that the quartet—



FLOOD'S SAN FRANCISCO HOME.

later known as the "Big Four"—was made complete. Among the occasional frequenters of the saloon was a bright young Irishman, named John W. Mackay. He had been among the mines for some time, had been sifting and picking the gravel in running streams, tramping alone with his blanket and tools, but somehow he never managed to strike it rich. But he was an experienced miner, and was chock full of ideas and nerve. He didn't have any money, but Flood and O'Brien thought his experience would be worth a good deal to them. They formed a compact. Mackay knew another young Irishman, a clever engineer, experienced in mines. His name was James G. Fair. He didn't have a cent, but he, too, was made a partner.

By this time Flood and O'Brien were pretty well off. Mackay and Fair took their hits and went off to prospect. They were not very successful for some years, and just managed to get along. By and by came the rumor across the Sierras that great veins of quartz carrying a strange black metal, which experts said was silver, had been discovered. Mackay and Fair went there from the placer diggings in the valleys to the quartz lodes high up in the ice and snow and Arctic winds which pour down from Manitoba with a biting intensity nobody who has not spent a winter in Virginia City can imagine. The two made money for themselves and for Flood and O'Brien, their quiet, industrious partners, "way down in Frisco." Mackay's wife kept a miners' boarding house in Virginia City.

Then they struck "Consolidated Virginia," in whose shares servant girls soon after made fortunes and rich men lost them. The way they struck it was curious. A young miner came to Mackay and Fair one evening and said he had a good claim which he didn't have either time or inclination to work. If they

would look at it and liked it he would sell it to them cheap. They looked at it, liked it, sent to Flood and O'Brien for a few hundred dollars, the claim was bought, the young man took the money to Sacramento and drank it up, and Mackay soon discovered that he and his partners owned the Consolidated Virginia, which was destined to become the most famous mine in the world. Then began the search for the treasure. For a long time the quartet firm, with all its mining property, took out but little money, but Mackay kept steadily at work.

The persistence, endurance and skill required in hunting the ore body was something to discourage most men. Experienced miners abandoned the project in despair, declaring that it would never pay for its trouble and expense. But Mackay and his associates refused to be discouraged. The old shaft of the central mine was utilized, and they pushed a drift northward from the 1,100 foot level of the Gould and Curry, across the Best and Belcher and into the old "Virginia ground." The distance was more than 1,200 feet, through rocks of the most difficult character. In October, 1875, a fire destroyed the buildings and all the valuable machinery of the company. The damage was soon repaired, and work again pushed. Meantime the public watched its progress with little faith, even ridiculing Fair, O'Brien, Mackay and Flood.

Suddenly the report came that rich ore had been struck. The stock shot up to fabulous figures, and all the world was eager to obtain it. The quantities of ore taken justified the enthusiasm of investors. The product of that mine and the "California" has simply staggered the world. In six years they yielded in gold and silver \$172,275,270, and from 1875 to 1879 the dividends which they paid were \$75,000,000. In the height of their prosperity the Consolidated Virginia and the California company turned out a gross product of \$5,000,000 a month. Each of the bonanza partners drew from them at one time about \$750,000 a month as his individual share of the profits. In six years the Comstock lode—of which these two mines were but a part—yielded more than \$300,000,000 in ore!

This is a true story of the marvelous careers of four Irish lads. Their history since they struck the great bonanza is well known. O'Brien died in 1879, noted for his charities and beloved by all. Flood's San Francisco palaces, his family and his munificence have been matter of common report in the newspapers for many years. Fair has been a United States senator, and is a great traveler. Mackay's daughter, Eva, married the head of one of the greatest Italian houses, Prince Colonna. His wife, who, as has been said, kept a boarding house in Virginia City, is one of the society queens of Europe, the courted of courts. It is a remarkable romance.

A WOMAN FOR GOVERNOR.

The Equal Rights Party Names Miss Linda Gilbert in New York.

The Equal Rights party of the United States is making progress—that is if the making of nominations be accounted progress. Very few of any grade of intelligence have failed to hear of Belva Lockwood's candidacy for the presidency. Now comes Linda Gilbert's candidacy for governor of the Empire state.

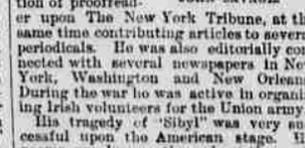
Linda Gilbert was born in Rochester, N. Y., May 13, 1847. With her parents she removed to Chicago when she was but 4 years old, and was educated at St. Mary's convent in that city. Early in life she became interested in the condition of prisons and prisoners, and has devoted her time for many years to efforts for the removal of "conditions that produce crime by a wholesome system of industry and culture." In pursuance of this object she has endeavored to place libraries in prisons for the use of those incarcerated, and has succeeded in so placing 30,000 volumes in lots of from 1,500 to 2,000 volumes each. Twelve years ago the Gilbert Library and Prisoners' Aid society was incorporated in New York state, Miss Gilbert becoming president of the board of managers. Although lack of funds has prevented the society from continuing its work since 1883, Miss Gilbert has continued to labor as an individual.

Linda Gilbert is also an inventor, having patented several industrial devices, including a noiseless rail for railroads and a wire clothes pin. The money she has made on her inventions has been used for philanthropic purposes, as has also the income resulting from "Linda Gilbert's Tax and Trade Record."

John Savage, the poet, who died not long ago, was chiefly noted for his numerous stirring war songs, among which is the famous "Starry Flag." He was also the author of several prose works of note, among them "The Struggles for Irish Nationality," "Picturesque Ireland" and "Fenian Heroes and Martyrs."

He was born in Dublin, Ireland, Dec. 13, 1828, and studied in the art school of the Royal Dublin society. He took an active part in the revolutionary movements of 1848, editing two journals and placing himself at the head of an armed band of peasants. He was pursued, and had to take refuge in flight. After many exciting adventures he escaped to New York, where he obtained the position of proofreader upon The New York Tribune, at the same time contributing articles to several periodicals. He was also editorially connected with several newspapers in New York, Washington and New Orleans. During the war he was active in organizing Irish volunteers for the Union army.

His tragedy of "Sibyl" was very successful upon the American stage. His poems are known throughout the world wherever an Irish heart beats or love of liberty exists. His most famous poem is that entitled "Shane's Head." The poem was inspired by the ignominious death of Shane O'Neil, the famous Ulster chief, who, with his followers, was treacherously butchered by the English at a feast given him by the Scotch Macdonnells, of Antrim, on the night of June 2, 1607.



JOHN SAVAGE.

The Waco Furniture Company.

Waco Furniture Co. Farewell WARNING A good thing for everybody who want to buy furniture. We will extend our closing out sale ten days longer. Now is your time to buy furniture; you can afford to buy at the prices we offer, whether you need it or not. Give us a call at once as we must make room for our new stock en-routed, and after that time we will have the largest, best assorted and most complete stock of furniture ever shown in Central Texas, at prices to suit everybody. UNDERTAK'RS DEPARTM'NT We Carry a Full Line of Coffins, from the Cheapest to the Best. Also a line of cloth covered caskets. Metallic cases, and a full line of robes for gents, ladies and children. Arterial Embalming a Specialty. Prices to Suit Everybody. Waco Furniture Co.

The Waco Furniture Company.

EVENING NEWS Published - Every - Day - Except - Sunday. PRICE 50 CENTS PER MONTH.