

WACO EVENING NEWS.

VOL. 1

WACO, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1889.

NO. 159.

SANGER BROS.

«GREAT»

DIVIDEND SALE

SOME EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

— FINE SHOES. —

GENTS' SHOES.

We are closing out several makes and offer same at very Low Prices.

Best French Calf, Lace, Button and Congress in French and London toe, Best Hand-sewed, reduced from \$7.50 to \$6.05 a pair.

Hand-sewed Kangaroo and French Calf Congress Shoes, reduced from \$7.00 to \$5.45 a pair.

Cordovan French Toe Congress, Hand-sewed, reduced from \$6.00 to \$4.10 a pair.

Hand-sewed London Toe Bals, Best French Calf, reduced from \$6.00 to \$4.55 a pair.

Best French Calf, Patent Leather Dress Shoes, in Congress and Bals, reduced from \$6.00 to \$4.00 a pair.

Our entire stock of L. Boyden's regular \$5.00 Shoes are reduced to \$3.50 a pair for this sale. They include the Best \$5.00 Shoe ever sold, and are a Great Bargain.

New Orleans Box Toe Congress, Crimped Vamps, reduced from \$6.00 to \$3.70 a pair.

BOYS' SHOES.

Boys' Best Calf London Toe Bals, a Splendid School Shoe, reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.90 a pair.

Boys' French Calf London Toe Lace Shoes, reduced from \$3.50 to \$2.45.

A Big Drive in Boys' Bals, Button and Congress Shoes, reduced from \$1.75 to \$1.20 a pair.

Youths' Dress Shoes in French Calf, reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.85 a pair.

FELT SHOES AND SLIPPERS BELOW COST.

Men's Felt Slippers reduced from \$1.85 to \$1.35.

Men's Felt Slippers reduced from \$2.25 to \$1.65.

Men's Felt Toupists reduced from \$1 to 70 cents.

Men's Felt Slippers reduced from \$1 to 65 cents.

Men's Wool-lined, Leather Solo Slippers, reduced from \$1.75 to \$1.10 a pair.

One Lot of Medicated Flannel-lined Shoes, Leather Soles. People with Rheumatism should wear them. Extra sizes for swollen feet, reduced from \$2.25 to \$1.35 a pair.

SHOES HAVE NEVER BEEN OFFERED AT SUCH PRICES AS WE ARE SELLING THEM AT DURING THIS SALE. EARLY PURCHASERS WILL GET THE BENEFIT OF BEST ASSORTMENT.

«EVERY DEPARTMENT IN OUR»

LARGE ESTABLISHMENT

Is now prepared for this Great Sale and Reduced Prices rule throughout. Be sure and get some of the Bargains offered in this

GREAT DIVIDEND SALE.

SANGER-BROTHERS.

Order your groceries, grain, feed, wood and coal from Geo. W. McLaughlin. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Wood and coal from 5 cents to a car load at Geo. W. McLaughlin's.

Buy feed at Duvall's 309, Franklin;

Go to see the great production of Walter Standish, Theodora.

Go to W. D. Jackson and get a photograph of yourself and children.

40,000 first-class cigars at I. C. Meek's Commission and Auction House 318 Austin street.

RETAIL DEPARTMENT Lessing, Solomon & Rosenthal,

Our Sales prove that Moderate Prices will eventually bring trade, and we propose keeping the prices down to the lowest limit.

This week you who are in need of a good Suit of Clothes can save from \$2.50 to \$10 on a Suit by visiting our Clothing Department

A Good Suit for \$5.00,
A Better Suit for \$7.50.
An all-wool Stylish Suit for \$10 that's worth \$15

Just Examine our line of Stylish Garments at

\$12.50, \$15.50, \$18.50, and \$20.

This Stock is entirely too large, and we must reduce same, no matter what this sacrifice may be.

We are showing the most elegant line of TROUSERS ever brought to this city.

Lessing, Solomon & Rosenthal,
Cor. 5th and Austin Streets.

T. F. JONES.

We are still selling the best 10 Cent Kid Gloves.

We are still selling the best 60c. Kid Gloves.

We are still selling the best 90c. KID GLOVES.

We are still selling the best 10c. Hose.

We are still selling the best 12 1-2c. Hose.

We are still selling the best 20c. Hose.

We are still selling the remainder of our Cloaks and Wraps at

Sixty Cents

On the Dollar.

In fact, we are still Selling and will Continue to sell our goods at the

Lowest Prices,

Which will always be found just a little Lower Than Other Houses.

Lessing, Solomon & Rosenthal,
Cor. 5th and Austin Streets.

W. H. JONES.

JONES : BROTHERS, REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

WACO, TEXAS,

BUY AND SELL ALL KINDS OF
REAL ESTATE.

LOAN MONEY

On Farm and Wild Lands on Long Time, at Low Rates of Interest,

All Business will have Prompt Attention.

- Mayfield - THE PAWNBROKER

Will cash your Lottery tickets,
Will lend you Money on your Diamonds, Watches or Jewelry.

A fine line of Unredeemed PLEDGES For Sale at a GREAT BARGAIN.

For good meals go to the Silver Moon.
For meals go to Joe Lehmann.

Call for Looorine to cure bruises and sprains at J. E. Sears, 425 Austin street.

REDDY'S BIG HAND.

A "COLD DECK" THAT MADE IT VERY WARM FOR THE "RAISERS."

A Game of Poker That the Old Sports of California Remember—Three Aces Was His Weakness, but Somehow He Caught the Fourth That Time.

In the early days of California, in the good times before the ranchmen and Judge Sawyer came there with their injunctions to put a stop to hydraulic mining, and a stopper on the men of the mountains who first lifted California out of the hide and tallow trade and placed her in the sisterhood of states; in those days when the honest miner was digging his bushels of money out of the gulches and hills, and making life possible and profitable to those on the ranches in the valleys, gold coin and gold dust were not held with the throttling grasp characteristic of this horticultural and bucolic era. Then the eager and alert eye of the calculating rancher sought out the miners as he descended from the heights of the Sierras, and his hand was extended in welcome, while the man of nuggets and "chips" was still afar off.

In those days of old, and days of gold, Reddy and Andrews (Tom Andrews, a man known to all the old time Pacific coast sports), found immensely rich diggings at Forest City, Sierra county. They frequently cleaned up from \$20,000 to \$30,000 at one time. When a clean up was made one of the partners would take the dust to the mint in San Francisco.

HE FOUGHT THE "TIGER."

In making these trips they generally took turns. It was before the days of the railroads; was in the old, romantic, sociable, happy times of the steamers lines on the rivers of the Golden state. It was the regular habit of the partners on getting off the rolling, thumping mountain coach, to stay all night at Sacramento, taking the boat the next afternoon for San Francisco. When it was the turn of Andrews to go down to the bay with the dust he frequently did battle with the "tiger" while lying over at Sacramento, but Reddy's strong suit was poker. Three aces was his big hand. When he held three aces he would bet his "bottom dollar" and go his liver and lights blind. This was so well known that it had passed into a proverb among the Sacramento sports. On one occasion, when Reddy had been playing all night with some Sacramento men and quit \$3,000 ahead of the game, it was concluded to follow him up. In pursuance of this plan some of the sports with whom he had spent the night—Charlie Dawson among the number—told Reddy that they had concluded, just for the fun of the thing, to take a little run with him down the bay.

The boat had not proceeded far down the river before, as the most natural thing in the world, a poker game was started. In the game were Reddy, Foster, a hotel keeper from one of the southern counties; Charlie Dawson, and two other sports. A job had been put up to raise a cold deck and give Reddy his favorite hand of three aces. The game proceeded, and at the proper time Dawson raised the deck. The cards were dealt, and Reddy got his three aces, Dawson three kings and the others indifferent hands. In the draw Dawson got the other king, and Reddy drew two cards, but, having his three aces, he felt strong enough to fight an army, and he did not pick up or look at the two cards he had drawn. Betting began, and Foster and the two sports with Dawson did not come in. Having four kings, and being confident that Reddy had only three aces, Dawson went it strong, and, having his three aces, Reddy felt that nothing could whip him. He was so sure that he was right that he paid no attention to the cards lying by his side which he had got in the draw.

DOMINGO JOE'S SONG.

The betting very shortly became red hot. Most of the loungers about the boat were soon gathered around the two men, watching the game with breathless interest. Among the lookers on was Domingo Joe, a nervous and restless little sport who was Dawson's friend and chum. Joe—a Portuguese or Spaniard—was skipping back and forth in a restless way that seems characteristic of undersized men—mannikins—peeping over the shoulders of the two men at their cards as often as an opportunity offered, his eyes sparkling and dancing with excitement.

He felt confident that the cards had been properly stacked, yet he would have given whole handfuls of gold for a single peep at those which Reddy had not yet picked up. Several thousand dollars had already been bet, and finally, as a stumper, Dawson went \$3,000 better. Reddy promptly saw the raise and said, "I go you another \$3,000 better." Quite absent minded he then picked up the two cards that had all along been lying unnoticed at his side. The weasel eye of Domingo Joe detected the other ace as the cards were lifted. Instantly an ashy pallor spread over his wizen visage. It seemed as though he had been stricken by death. However, the stroke paralyzed him for only a moment, and almost instantly he recovered his self possession, and thrusting both hands into his trousers pockets and assuming an indifferent air, he sneered off from the party, and carelessly sauntering up and down the boat he sang:

And the other folks fell in, too, boys,
And the other fell in there, too.

That was enough for Dawson. The words of Domingo Joe's pretended song came to his ears as a death knell. He turned pale, then red, threw down his cards and said: "Take it all. I squeal." As Reddy raked down the whole pile he threw a glance around the circle of pale and silent spectators, and sang as though the words of Domingo Joe just reached his ears:

And the other fell in, too, boys,
And the other fell in there, too.

—New York Press.

Leave orders for coal and wood with McLaughlin.

Fish and game of all kinds, at the Silver Moon.

Beaten to Death.

TEXARKANA, January 10.—A. B. McCarty, the man who was beaten so cruelly weeks ago, it is charged, by two negro women while a negro man named Charlie Williams held him down, died at 8 o'clock this morning, after a period of great suffering. He was a railroad laborer and had just received a month's wages, and was locked up on a charge of intoxication. In the jail were Emma Logan, Emma Harrell and Charlie Williams, all colored, who were charged with disturbing the peace. Williams has frequently figured in the courts. About six months ago he is said to have shot his wife, and recently he was accused of having carved another negro with a pocket knife. When McCarty was lodged in jail the women were in a bad humor and they soon managed to pick a quarrel with him, it is alleged, and when Williams held him down, as charged, they, it is said, beat his head into a jelly with empty whisky bottles. The trio were at once removed to the county prison and held without bail to await the result of McCarty's injuries, a physician having pronounced them probably fatal.

Plymouth Church.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—The Post says the financial affairs of Plymouth church are just now in a critical condition, and there are indications that there may be great difficulty in meeting current expenses of the society and conducting its mission work. This was strongly brought out at the annual meeting last evening. The receipts during the past year have been only a little over \$20,000, and the expenditures have exceeded that amount by \$2000. In concluding a long article on the condition of Mr. Beecher's old church, the Post says: In the face of this showing, Drabatt, who was paid \$5000 last year, wants his salary raised to \$10,000 a year. For Plymouth church, which once raised \$98,000 from the sale of her pews, and averaged \$40,000 for many years, the future does not look extremely prosperous in view of these facts.

A Horrible Accident.

PARIS, Jan. 10.—Mrs. Louise Hancock, aged 80 years, was the victim of a horrible accident here this afternoon. She had taken, to mend her shoe, a small box from the mantelpiece, in which her son kept some awls, wax, thread and other articles, and in which were some cartridges, when a spark of fire fell into the box, causing an explosion, burning her horribly about the face and hands. Mrs. Hancock is in a critical condition, and it is feared she cannot survive the shock and pain owing to her advanced age. Mrs. Hancock and her husband, who is dead, were among the first settlers of Lamar county, and she is now one of the oldest citizens of Paris. The accident has caused universal regret in this city, where the lady is well known and loved by all.

The Oklahoma Invasion.

WICHITA, Kan., Jan. 11.—Pawnee Bill, in spite of the wishes of some of his constituents, will move upon Oklahoma on the date first fix for the invasion. He says he wishes first to learn the action of congress on the Springer bill, and this will be known by February 1st, which date has been fixed for the advance. He is daily receiving support and encouragement in the movement, and says letters of inquiry from all over the United States continue to come in great numbers. He states that the different colonies will enroll over 15,000 persons, all of whom will be ready for movement by the date fixed. He regrets greatly the recent weak attempt, and believes it will have a tendency to cause people to lose confidence in him.

Vesuvius a Success.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—A dispatch was received at the navy department this morning from Lieutenant Combs, at Philadelphia, stating that the dynamite cruiser, Vesuvius, at the third official trial yesterday, attained a speed of 21.84 knots an hour, an express of 104 knots over the speed required by the contract. The trial took place in deep water in the Delaware Bay over a two and a half mile course, the vessel running back and forth. The vessel will undoubtedly be accepted by the government.

Why It Went Out.

"Keep your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen," said a theatrical manager, "there is no trouble whatever, but for some inexplicable reason the gas went out."

Then a boy shouted from the gallery: "Perhaps it didn't like the play."—New York Sun.

Call on G. W. McLaughlin for wood and coal.