

GONE TO HIS REWARD

Mike Brannigan, the Hack-
man, Died Suddenly Last
Night

WAS WIDELY KNOWN

He Numbered His Friends and Ac-
quaintances Among Millionaires
and Could Secure a Pass on Any
Road in the United States.

Colonel Mike Brannigan, the hack-
man and one of the best known resi-
dents of El Paso, died suddenly this
morning at four o'clock of heart failure
at his residence on North Oregon
street.

Mike, as he was familiarly called by
all his friends and acquaintances, was
slightly ill yesterday and Dr. Justice
called to see him during the day and
left a prescription. The sick man com-
plained of pains in his left side in the
region of his heart, but the trouble was
not considered serious.

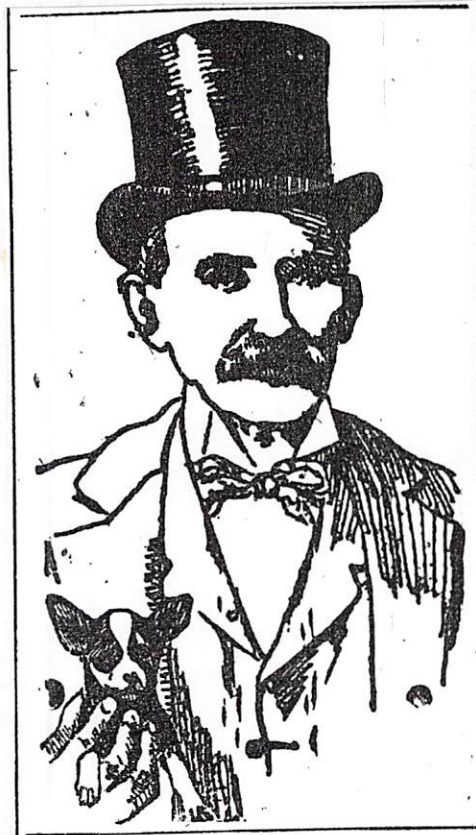
Last night he was restless until
about 3 o'clock. He talked constantly
about the business of the morrow and
was up and down during the
night.

"Just about 4 o'clock," said Mrs.
Brannigan, "I told him he had better
leave a sofa in which he was sleeping
and get in bed. A few minutes later I
heard him breathe heavily and went to
him. I shook him violently and told
him to get up, but he did not stir and
continued to gasp for breath.

"I ran to a neighbor's and awakened
them and asked them to send for a
priest, but before the priest arrived
poor Mike was gone."

The funeral will take place tomor-
row morning under direction of Em-
erson and Berrien. It will be held at the
Catholic church, at 8 o'clock, and re-
quiem mass will be said.

Deceased came to this city from Cal-
ifornia and had been a resident 13
years. He was born in Ireland and
was 70 years old. In 1846 he landed in
New Orleans and during the gold ex-
citement in California left New Orleans
for that state and was there during the
rush of '49 and '50. Mike was known
from San Francisco to New York and
had friends among all the millionaires



who prospected in California in the
early days. He and millionaire John
W. Mackay were boon companions in
1849 and whenever he passed this point
he and Mike always spent a social
hour together talking about old times.

Mike was intimately acquainted with
the late Senator Hearst and some time
ago the widow presented the hackman
with a double harness trimmed with
silver on account of the friendship ex-
isting between him and her husband.

It was Brannigan's boast and pride
that he could get a pass over any rail-
road in the United States on account of
his influence with millionaire railroad
men.

Brannigan leaves a widow, but no
children. He was married 24 years
ago in Galveston. His nephews, Ed-
ward and Pat and Jim Sexton will ar-
rive from Chihuahua and John Sexton
from Casas Grandes to attend the
funeral.

EVENTFUL LIFE.

"Mike Brannigan was a man with a
heart as big as a house," said Mr.
Berrien this morning, after he had
called at the residence of deceased to
look after the body.

"He was known to every man, woman
and child in El Paso, and nobody ever
asked him for a favor and was turned
away empty handed. He was lacking
in education, probably, but he had
many noble qualities."

Mike Brannigan led an eventful
career in the early days in California,
if reports be true. Prior to the time
he married and settled down his life
was full of exciting incidents.

He was a gold digger in '49 and not
meeting with any great amount of suc-
cess concluded to seek his fortune in
another direction. He owned and
operated hacks both in Sacramento
and San Francisco, California, and
made money. Mike was of
a turbulent and restless dis-
position when he was young,
however, if reports be true, and got in-
to some trouble in California, when the
population was unsettled and lawless,
and was given notice by the vigilantes
to leave town. He went to New York
and the entire press of the country was
in an uproar about it. Mike was inter-
viewed by reporters of all the leading
papers and quickly became widely
known. He threatened to sue the city
but nothing ever came of it. He after-
wards came to El Paso and located and
during his residence here has been ex-
ceedingly hard working and attentive
to his business and made money while
his competitors slept.

He used to tell a good story on him-
self about selling a Chihuahua dog to a
tourist. He had a little Newfoundland
pup and sold it for a fancy price to a
man who wanted to buy one of the fa-
mous Chihuahua dogs. The man took
the dog east and it grew to be the size
of a bruro.

Months afterward he came to El Paso
and upbraided Mike for deceiving him.
Mike said:

"Faith, if you had kept that dog in
Texas it would have been a Chihuahua
dog, but I couldn't guarantee that it
wouldn't grow any bigger, if you took
it east."

The tourist had to laugh and admit
that the joke was on him.