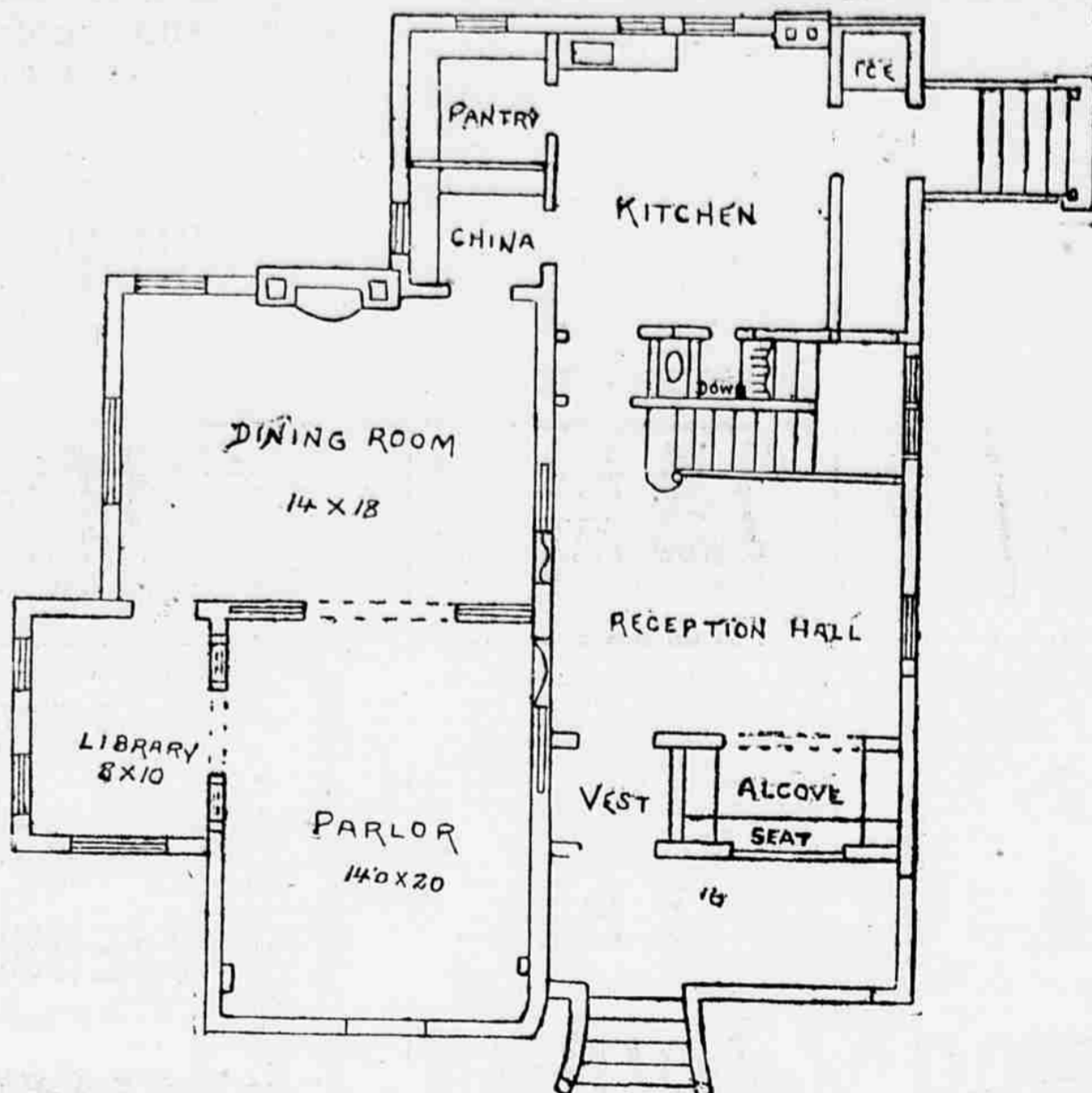
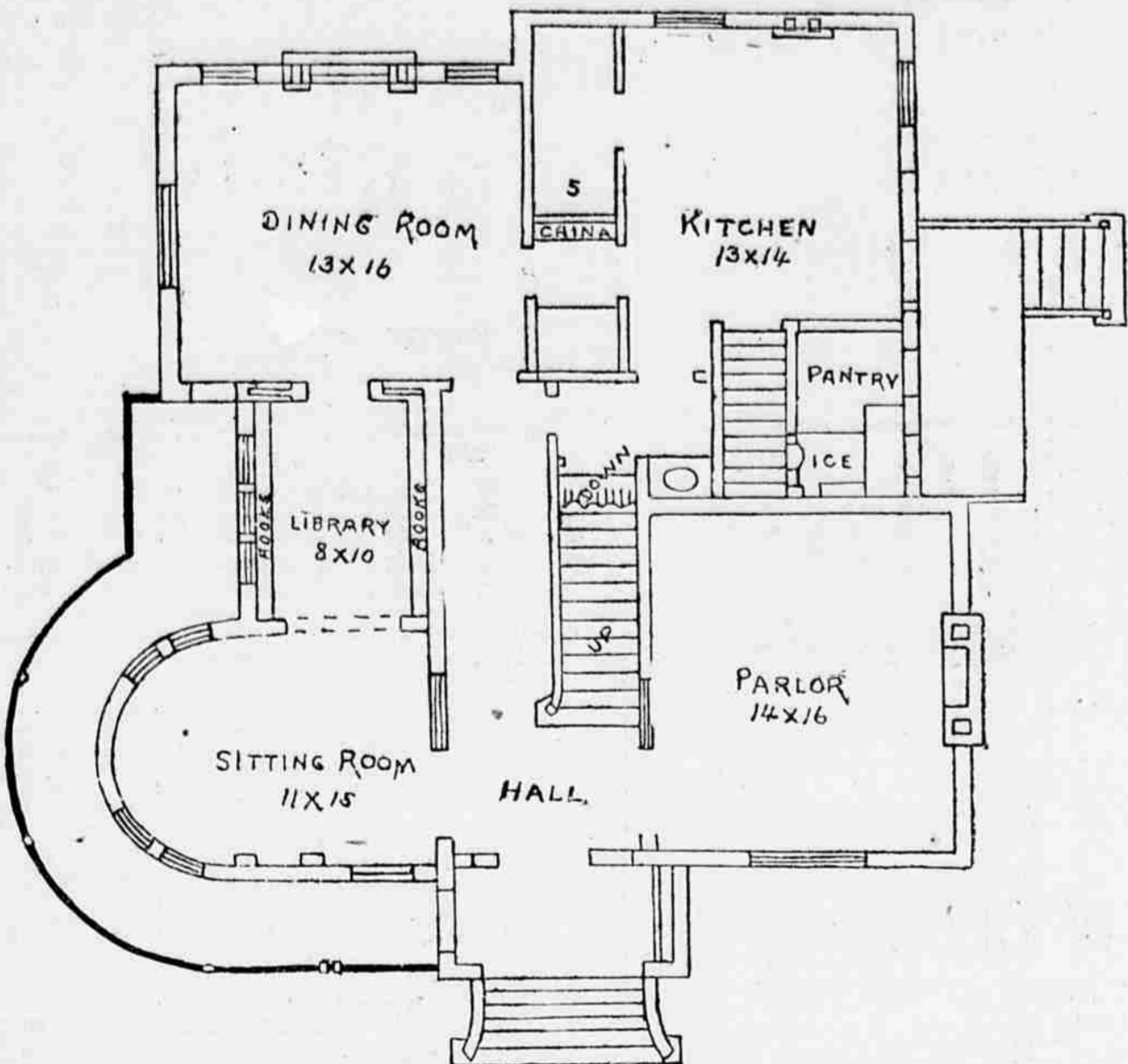


TO PERSONS DESIRING THEIR OWN HOMES.

The undersigned will Build You a House, with all the Modern Improvements, on Easy Payments, Opposite the Palatial Residence of Dr. Mercer, in Walnut Hill.

Lots are 50x150 feet in size with a 16-foot alley in the rear. Positively no residence built to cost less than \$1,500.00. This is the finest residence portion of Omaha and now is the accepted time.

Mercer Avenue Investment Company



For Particulars, call on M. H. Sloman, Rooms 216 First National Bank Building or J. G. Salisbury, Room 610 Paxton Building.

LINCOLN'S FUNERAL CAR.

Where it Originated and Where its Solemn Duties Ended.

ITS FIRST PLEASURE JOURNEY.

The Ignoble Uses to Which the Martyr's Imposing Coach Has Been Put in These Degenerate Days—Etc., Etc.

A Funeral Coach. Car 04, which is now used for outfitting purposes by the Union Pacific, has a remarkable record. It was once the property of the Pennsylvania railroad. At the time, the people throughout the world were shocked because the news was flashed along the wires, that Abraham Lincoln, then President of the United States, had been assassinated by John Wilkes Booth.

A few days later, preparations were made for the removal of the remains of the martyr from Washington to Springfield, Illinois.

This coach, 04, was selected as the funeral car.

After the remains had been laid to rest at the early home of the honored dead, the Union Pacific company purchased the car as a memento of the lamented chief. It was brought to this city, decorated with the funeral drapery which distinguished it during its solemn journey to the grave. It was carefully stored away in a little building constructed for its shelter in the lower yards at this place. There it was one of the principal features noted by tourists who visited this city.

Though it remained there several years, old-time residents state that not a day passed without bringing some curiosity-seeker to see the great memento.

But the advances of time is marked with many changes in railway as well as in other circles. One day a party of official tourists desired to make a trip, and there being no available coach on the Union Pacific for the purpose, the Lincoln car was pressed into service. The drapery was laid aside, and the wheels, which had remained motionless and silent so long, moved again.

Another trip was taken later, then another, and finally the car dropped into usage in common with all the others.

The shed was then torn down, and the fact of the existence of the memorial coach lived in the memory of those who loved the past.

At present the car which, as has been referred to, was converted to outfitting purposes, is on the western section of the Union Pacific, where it recalls only to those who are well posted, the hallowed memories which cluster about its walls.

Within the past fortnight over a score of conductors on the Union Pacific have been ushered before the officials of that road. It is not a secret that the boys avoid coming in contact with their superiors as much as possible, but when they are confronted with "Your presence is desired by—" they involuntarily become the guests of the author. Just at present the knights of the punch are experiencing the result of expert accounting. As yet, none of them have been released, but small discrepancies have been found in the cash balance in the accounts of some of them, which may result in their being "furloughed" for an indefinite time. In one case a shortage of 20

cents was found by the man with the microscopic eye. This was in the case of the dismissal of an old-time conductor whose face is very familiar on the streets of Omaha. His reports were subjected to the closest scrutiny, and with the above result. After a lengthy consideration, the defect was classified as a "matter of circumstance," and the conductor was allowed to resume his run, after the horrors of the penitentiary and living in Canada had been pictured to him in graphic terms.

"Restore my name to good standing, and wipe it from the black list or I'll blow out your brains."

This was the command that escaped the lips of a young man as he addressed a Union Pacific official in the latter's rooms at the Paxton hotel not many years ago.

Owing to the present standing of both parties no names are mentioned. Neither have they appeared in the papers up to this time. A few years ago a gentleman, well-known in Omaha, at one time holding an official position with the Union Pacific and now associated officially with the Missouri Pacific, caused the discharge of a young man, who, at that time, was one of the chief clerks of the former road. He charged the young man with being too intimate with his spouse, who, at that time, was prominent in society circles here.

The official was not satisfied with ousting the young clerk from his position, but also had his name engraved upon the black list—a book in which all the names upon which final judgment has been pronounced, is written.

Once, the name written in this book, no employment or favors will be shown the owner, and, if found in a position with any other company, in serious cases, will warrant the handing over of the record to the latest employer. To be blacklisted, therefore, means a boycott on one's services.

The young man vacated his chair and contented himself with the hopes of soon finding as good, if not a more desirable position. He had about made arrangements for a position with the Burlington, and was requested to "call again in a few days," after having given references as to his former field of labor.

The "few days" rolled by and the young man put in an appearance only to be informed that the Burlington did not make a practice of furnishing employment to blacklisted men.

This aroused the labor seeker's anger and made him desperate. He was firm in his belief that, had his name not been on the black-list of the Union Pacific, he would have been given the position. He resolved to remove the stigma and, that night, repaired to the apartments of the official, and upon entering, drew his revolver and uttered the words above quoted.

The official, say the officers, promised to withdraw his charges, but on the black-list ledger of the Union Pacific to-day stand the words: "Discharged for good cause."

The facts have never been made public, although the mere mention of the names would set gossip into a lively whirl.

The young man may occasionally be seen in Omaha, but has no longer here an abiding place.

In that relation in a prospectus issued within a day or two.

Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson is employed in the university of Denver, Col., at a salary of \$3,300. The authorities do not feel that she should have less money because she is a woman. The ladies of Colorado are proud of an endowment fund of \$10,000 for a chair to be always filled by a woman.

The importance of the study of hygiene is becoming recognized each year more and more. One gentleman has offered to give \$25,000 toward the endowment of a chair of hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania on condition that a like sum be raised to complete the sum of \$50,000.

The endowment of Wesleyan university has just received two substantial additions. Daniel Ayres, M. D., L. D., has given \$25,000 to the chair of biology, and \$30,000 to the general fund of the college from the Hollis estate. It is rumored that at this year's commencement several large gifts will be announced.

Senator Leland Stanford is expected to visit Cornell this term for the purpose of studying the methods and equipment of the university, and perhaps, as the Era intimates, with the object of securing several of the Cornell professors for the faculty of the new Stanford university in California.

The new president of the Michigan agricultural college, vice Edwin Willits, assistant commissioner of agriculture, will be Oscar Clute of California, who has been teacher, editor and minister. He is forty-eight years old, and a graduate of the Johns Hopkins university. The trustees have determined to invite Prof. James Russell Lowell to be the first lecturer on this foundation. They have also elected Prof. Griffin of Williams college, professor of the history of philosophy and dean.

President Gilman of Hopkins has announced that an emergency fund of \$100,000 for the benefit of the university has been contributed by a number of persons, so that during the next three years the university will be able to find only seven cents in the record to the latest employer. To be blacklisted, therefore, means a boycott on one's services.

IMMITIES. There are people who pray so hard that they have no breath left for active well-doing.

A western religious sect locates heaven near Rockford, Ill. This is a blow between the eyes for Chicago.

If the serpent in the Garden of Eden had been a human race might yet be in a state of primeval happiness.

An Ohio church deacon exclaimed: "Ours is it all to Texas!" and the verdict of the church investigation was: "Not guilty, but in bad taste."

"The weight of the transgressor is light," is the way Johnny's mother put it when he came back from the butcher's with an alleged two pounds of meat.

Massachusetts must be a highly religious state. A prominent civil engineer has been able to find only seven cents in the state which are liable to break loose.

The Chinese mission: Teacher—And now, Hong Foy, can you tell me the meaning of the words "Go to so frequently found in the holy scriptures? Hong Foy:—Yess, ma'am! Him allee samley "Come off."

A queer world is this. The Camden inmates register with horror at the prospect of running the street cars in that city on Sunday, and yet most of them will assist in auditing the Pennsylvania marriage license law and accept wedding fees on the Sabbath without ever stopping to ask if they are helping people to become bigamists.

REVOLVER SHOTS IN TEXAS

Still Resounding in the Ears of a Traveling Manager.

THE BRUTAL MURDER OF PORTER

A Lively Fustiate in the Dark at the Uttermost Ending of a Perigrinating Magician's Entertainment—Etc., Etc.

In the Lone Star State. For twenty years W. J. McKinney has been on the road as agent and manager of theatrical attractions. He is well known and greatly admired all over the country. Everywhere he goes warm friends meet and greet him. He has a retentive memory, strong powers of observation, and is an interesting talker. His mind is a perfect storehouse of breezy reminiscences, and he takes great delight, when requested to do so, in detailing them. While in the city one day last week, en route to San Francisco, Mr. McKinney was solicited by a reporter for THE BEE to chat, and very willingly devoted an hour weaving stories about some of the more exciting events in his career.

"I think," he began, after lighting a "Sweet Caporal," "that there are not five men of my profession who can say they have witnessed as many thrilling episodes as your obedient servant. I am not an old man yet you see my hair is white. Once I chanced to stop at Calvert, a tough little town in Texas, run by bowboys, and during my sojourn I got into a scrape and came very near being murdered."

"Robert McWade was playing the town and his treasurer, Walter Berry, asked me to watch the door a few moments, which I readily consented to do, and took my station. Directly a great, big, dirty, extremely hard-looking individual approached and was going to walk right in. I demanded his ticket."

"Haven't got any ticket," he growled it out in the most approved prize-ring style.

"Can't go in here without one," said I.

"Oh, y-a-s, I kin, an' I'm goin' in."

"What claims have you that entitle you to passage, without something to show for it?"

"I know the show people."

"Guess you're not very well acquainted with this company, or some of them would have given you a pass."

"Well, I'm goin' in an' see this show, or there'll be trouble."

"The fellow put his hand back and was going to pull a gun. I looked around, but could see nobody, and, desiring that the performance should not be disturbed, and thinking, also, that my life was worth more than a dollar, I told him it was all right, and he could go ahead."

"A few moments later I looked in and the brute was perched on the back of a bench smoking an old black pipe. Just then the town marshal walked over to where I was and inquired whether there had been any trouble. I told him about the bully. The marshal walked in, took that fellow by the coat collar, and threw him bodily, with an accompanying kick, out of the house. The tough gave me a very black look when going down the stairs."

"After the performance, McWade, Berry and I were standing at the hotel

bar, when this same fellow came in carrying a long knife and undertook to assault me. As I turned around facing him he made a slash and cut my hair rim in two. The point of the knife just nicked the end of my nose. I jumped back quick enough to save being badly wounded. The men with me caught and held him until I could make my escape. That was the closest call I ever had."

Only a short time previously, B. C. Porter, the actor, was deliberately shot by another cowboy, just such a specimen as this villain of mine, consequently would be cut and sewed. It was in disposition in me to fight. And, by the way, let me say to you that the true animus with which Tom Curry was prompted to kill Porter has, to my knowledge, never been written. It was at Marshall that the murder occurred. Curry posed there as a bully and had every man, woman and child in the town with the exception of Ed Jackson house keeper, who, in size and general appearance, was a perfect match for Jack Haverly. At one time when Jackson was away, Curry went into his place, destroyed everything he could and cut a wild swath. On returning home, and being informed of Curry's conduct, Jackson called the desperado down and gave him to understand that, if he ever repeated the act, his friends would be cut and sewed. On the next day, and you will not die in your stocking feet, either, was the little gambler's significant warning. Curry was big enough to eat Jackson, but he didn't do it."

"The night he shot Porter, Curry heard that Ed had gone out of town, and, thinking the time appropriate to get even, he again visited the gambling shops, determined to ridle it. I think he had kicked over a table, when Jackson opened a side-door and stood in front of him with a cocked revolver drawn."

"I will give you two minutes to leave here," said the owner, "and if you don't, your dead body will be carried out."

"Curry knew that Jackson meant it and didn't linger to argue the question, but got into a hurry. After reaching the street, where he heard people talking how a little runt of a fellow had made him run, Curry became enraged and was in a frame of mind to do anything desperate. He walked over to the depot cursing everybody that came in his way. Porter, Maurice Barrymore and Ellen Cummings were at the lunch counter eating. Curry went up to Ellen and commenced calling her all kinds of vile names. Porter and Barrymore interfered, whereupon Curry whipped out his revolver and commenced firing. The first bullet struck Porter in the stomach, the second grazed Barrymore's left arm and a third grazed Miss Cummings' head. Curry was arrested, tried and acquitted, but it cost his brother, a wealthy New Orleans banker \$200,000. He afterwards emigrated to Arizona where a cowboy put an end to his existence."

"Remember a very funny incident," continued McKinney, "that occurred a few years ago at Columbus, Barlow, Primrose & West's minstrels were touring through Texas and had Eddie Fox, the popular little red-haired violinist with them as the performance he went into a saloon carrying his violin and called for something to drink. A strapping big ranger inquired what he had in that baby coffin, and being informed invited Eddie to open it."

"No, not here," replied the leader.

"Yes, you will," quickly observed the ranger, and as he spoke a large navy six-shooter dropped on the counter."

"Eddie's teeth began to chatter, and

he opened the box to let his new found friend see what was in it."

"Give us a tune," commanded Mr. Texas."

"I can't do that," protested Fox, "my contract with the managers says I shan't play outside of the theater."

"Give us a tune," repeated the other, and he made his demand more forcible by cocking his "navy."

"Eddie stood, and as a result the gang kept him playing until 4 o'clock the next morning. I don't think he has ever been in Texas since that trip."

"I was going one time from San Antonio to Houston, and on account of an accident to the engine our train was detained several hours at Magnolia, a small station. It was dark when we stopped. I saw a brightly lighted school house near the depot and went over to see what was going on. The attraction proved to be a sleight-of-hand performance given by some fakir and his wife. The audience was composed entirely of noisy cowboys, but them partly drunk. They were simply raising hell. Harry, and the magicians were so frightened they could do nothing. It was not long until one of the boys drew his revolver and shot a light out. A signal seemed to be the signal, and they all commenced shooting. I sneaked, made a wide detour to keep out of the range of bullets, and got back to the train."

McKinney assumes the management of Eddie Kessler's company at Portland, to-morrow. He has managed "Sam'l of Posen," "Mlle Rhea, Richard Mansfield, Rose Coghlan, Roland Reed, Clara Morris and others. He is the only man who ever succeeded in getting Miss Morris to go through her season without losing a performance."

THE WESTERN IRON TRADE.

Exceedingly Quiet this Year—What May Happen in the Future.

For several years the month of April has not been characterized by an active condition of business in the west, says the Iron Age. But each year there were peculiar circumstances affecting the consuming interests and interfering with trade prospects which were thought exceptional in their nature. For instance, in 1886 the eight hour agitation was a prominent factor in unsettling business enterprises, in 1877 the railroads precipitated a condition of chaos by their rearrangement of freight rates in order to comply with the provisions of the inter-state commerce act, and in 1888 the railroads were again engaged with causing an unsatisfactory state of trade by their controversies with their employees. In each case the opinion was generally entertained that if the special disturbance had not occurred business would have been a fair volume of business and prices would have dropped. This year, however, the exceeding quietness of trade can not be ascribed to any such special cause, yet the dullness is much more profound and far-reaching than during the periods previously cited. There are no strikes in progress which affect any considerable number of workmen. Of course the dullness must be accounted for in some other way, and the railroads afford a convenient scapegoat. They are purchasing very sparingly, and as long as they are so economical business must perforce be dull.

Assuming that this view of the case is thoroughly sound, especially as it is so well fortified by corroboratory circumstances, it simply puts April of this year in line with April of last year and the year before, and so on. No matter what the cause may be, April seems predestinated to be a dull month, whether one thing or another must happen to

make it such. We ignore the fact that February and March were months of reasonable activity in iron circles, even though the railroads were buying as sparingly then as in April. With the quietness of previous corresponding periods intensified this year, the month of April has seen lower prices for most iron and steel products than were ever before known in the west. Competition between sellers has been very bitter, notwithstanding the comparative insignificance of the prizes contended for in the shape of small orders. At the present writing there is less business transacting in heavy material than at any time of the year for several years, and prospects are not bright for a speedy improvement.

But what of the future? It is just such a condition of affairs as now obtains that the foundation for a rapid appreciation of values are laid. Manufacturers get discouraged and withdraw from a business in which they are merely storing their substance instead of increasing their accumulations. A movement of this kind has already begun, and the voluntary withdrawals are accompanied by others, whose retirement has been hastened by logical process. A continuance of this depression throughout May and June would result in such a decided restriction of production that the supply would be found unequal to the demand, and the usual after-harvest activity in all branches of business would send prices upward with a bound.

Considering the excellent financial condition of the country, the abundance of unemployed capital, the absence of disturbing influences generally, and the progressive nature of our people, it is impossible that trade should continue to go from bad to worse until we reach a flimsy of universal ruin. The downward current will be checked, and probably be checked very suddenly, as is the case with all reactions. Then there would be danger of a "boom," which is to be feared, and, if possible, avoided.

The boom of 1875-1880, with its wild excesses and extravagant transactions, was a serious blow to legitimate business, whose effects were felt for years. We desire and need prosperity, but not of such a violent character. Yet with all the dullness existing at present this prospect looms up in the future. If the railroads are really as bare of necessary supplies as they are represented to be, and are in as great need of track materials and rolling stock as is reported, they will all be in the market about the same time, and their purchases will enormously stimulate trade. It is a time for caution and conservatism by manufacturers, particularly in making contracts for long-time deliveries. Materials of all kinds are low, wages in western mills are not likely to be raised, and it appears altogether incredible that six months from to-day the prices now prevailing will seem high.

Attacked by Five Snakes. William Swartz, of Boale, was out buying cows for the eastern market, says the Philadelphia Enquirer. When he arrived at a certain place in the road he was attacked by five huge black snakes of the racer species. They attacked by flank, front and rear. One mounted the shafts and made desperate efforts to secure their victim. Mr. Swartz had no other weapon than a small stick, with which he succeeded in killing three of them.

The Baptist denomination has 193 chartered institutions of learning whose property and endowments amount to \$19,678,879. They have 1,989 professors, and 17,552 students. The richest is Brown university, with its \$2,875,000, and the poorest is—well, we decline to name it.