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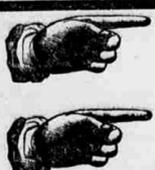
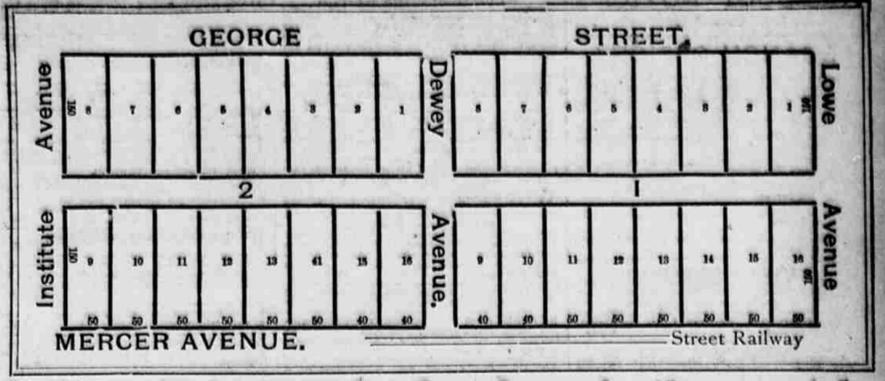
The western part of this city, containing the most beautiful grounds in Omaha, has been built up with the best homes, and is looked upon as the most aristocratic and finest built portion of the city.

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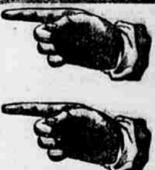
Will build houses, any plan desired, on monthly payments, upon a limited number of the most desirable lots in WALNUT HILL, Opposite the Palatial Residence of Dr. Mercer.

Lots are 50x150 feet, 16 foot alley in rear. No residence built to cost less than \$1,500.

- Now is Time!** As no better offer was ever made than the inducements of this company.
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- Examine at Once.** That you may obtain a choice of locality, and before all lots are taken.
- Remember.** The number of lots is limited.
- Realize.** This will be the most beautiful property in Omaha.
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- 2d. It relieves you of all the worry and detail of building and irresponsible contractors.
- 3d. As we make contracts for many buildings, we can build you a home for less than you can build one for yourself.
- 4th. It will guarantee you against mechanics liens.
- 5th. It will give you a definite contract for the time you have to pay.
- 6th. Instead of paying rents to others, you add a little more and buy your own home.
- 7th. As this company only employs competent laborers, the buildings erected will be strictly first class.
- 8th. It purchases material in large quantities, pays cash for same and is thus enabled to get lower figures.



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OMAHA'S EARLY JOURNALISM

The Birth and Growth of a Political Organ.

DR. MILLER'S REMINISCENCES.

A Limited Subscription List—Early Conflicts and Contests—Its Attitude on the Questions of the Day.

An Editor's Retrospection.

I have already given you in other sketches of the early newspapers and newspaper men enough to bring down the relation to the life of the Republican, and I will now talk about the Herald, which I founded in association with Mr. D. W. Carpenter, of Council Bluffs, in October, 1856. I want to make this so far personal to myself as to say that the idea that the Herald was started as any part of the Nebraska, which was finally published by a man named Jackson, is a mistake. That paper died a natural death in the office which the Herald was printed in immediately afterwards. The Herald proprietors merely occupied the room in which the Nebraska had been published, and they had nothing of its good will, material, or any interest whatsoever, connected with any paper that had preceded the Herald, and I will go further into the matter and say that the motive of the founding of the paper was not purely political. The need of a democratic paper being felt here, and probably my desire for congress by the late Senator Hitchcock, and also the fact that I had tried my hand at newspaper writing both in Omaha and St. Joseph in former years, led to the starting of the Herald.

I turn to its files and look at the first copy now with something like astonishment not unattended by chagrin. It was a very weak sister, so to say, in its earlier days. I was its editor and wrote on all sides of the paper, Mr. Carpenter handling the business interests. The office consisted of a few cases of type and a very cheap hand press, and the first issue of the paper was had on the corner of Thirtieth and Douglas streets, west of the Millard.

I take a curious interest in the comments and predictions that were made as to how long the Herald would last under my editorial control. Various times for its death, longer or shorter as the case might be, were fixed by its opponents, and it had plenty of them, even outside the republican party. The war had just closed and the bitterness of partisan feeling was intense, and it may be said without any stretch of the truth that the political controversies and conflicts that grew out of the Herald were quite lively for a good many years.

One of the prominent facts about the matter is that the Herald did not die, and another is that it did not reach up to the standard that a more competent editor would have given it for the first ten or twenty years of its life under my control. It is unnecessary to look for the fault that caused the failure. All the responsibility is taken by me cheerfully, now as I look over the long period in which I labored on that journal. But of one thing I think I can be sure, and that is that the intention of the proprietors and editor, with respect to its work in the state of Nebraska and the city of Omaha was never mistaken.

I do not propose to sound any praises of the paper which I founded, and conducted during the better years of my

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life. The verdict of an intelligent and discriminating public, after making allowances for mistakes, is perfectly satisfactory to Mr. Richardson, I believe, as it is to myself. It gained a reputation in the state, may say, and in the country of having opinion, and it could have attained distinction only by having expressed them without reference to any consequences that might accrue from its independence. I don't think that on any question of principle it ever went wrong, either by accident or design.

In a minority state where the dominant party was two-thirds in majority over a helpless minority it seemed strange to many that adhesion to principle could ever bring with it any return to the small democratic band in our state who upheld it, but the fact was, and the fact is, that a state in an organization of either of the parties is always a force in the national councils of any party. It takes the minority states in national conventions, always, to formulate principles and to decide upon the nominations of candidates. It is enough to say, however, that our party under the lead of the Herald asserted its influence in more than one convention, and convictions the Herald followed. It is often a mistake to say that leaders lead in political affairs in the United States, and much more correct to say that we are led successfully by public men when they simply wisely follow the better opinions of the men whose views they reflect.

The chief interest in the Herald as a political paper grew out of the fact that the passions of the war and the organization of the dominating power seemed to make it impossible that a partisan paper in opposition to the republicans could live at all in the community that this was at the close of the war, the first time that the Herald, that it was less of a political sheet, although always steadily democratic, than any other newspaper that could be called its rival. The special work of the Herald was to respect the interests of the Union Pacific railway and the material welfare of this city and section. The labors which it performed in that direction were very constant and led it into a great many difficulties, especially over local affairs and interests. I am not aware, however, that it ever yielded a conviction as to what was best for this city or its clamor or difference, and the result is satisfactory to the proprietors of the paper.

There are a great many episodes in the history of the Herald short as it has been under my control that were full of interest, especially to the one person who had the final responsibility, but I refer especially to the strikes and struggles of the laboring masses against corporations which resulted in mob violence, or the threat of it, on various occasions, proved very costly to the Herald's pocket.

The circulation of the Herald when it began, as nearly as I remember, was fifty-three. I don't think of that number, but it was a very small number for it, but it grew until it finally had a hearing, and, I think, was reasonably respected in the state and west.

There is much of personal reminiscence that might be recalled in connection with the publication of the Herald from 1855 to 1889, but this might as well be omitted. Of course, it was thrown in very force antagonism to its contemporaries at times, and the personal folly of personal journalism, but I can say one thing for the Herald in closing this sketch of its history: so far as I

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know or remember it was never provoked into interfering with any man's purely private affairs. It maintained a strong regard for the institutions that belong to the better civilizations, and especially those under the guardianship of the Christian religion, and never failed in all those years to uphold a liberal toleration of all differences in religious matters, and to advocate whatever would do religious institutions good.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

A rash intruder—measles. Undertakers should be happy as the berry season approaches.

"It's a long time between strawberries," says this season's shortcake.

A photographers' trust is in process of formation. Will it become a negative evil?

Learn the brick mason's trade if you wish an occupation in which you can lay up something.

The postage stamp in lurid hue rivals that of the early apple that appeals so feebly to the small boy.

Now that the bustles are going out of fashion, it to be hoped that the Indians will leave off their war whoops.

Lillie Devereux Blake asks: "Is it a crime to be a woman?" It is a crime to make so much noise over the fact.

If you want to give pleasure to a pretty woman, don't talk to her own beauty, but of the ugliness of other women.

Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, and his brother, Rev. Arthur Brooks, of New York, exchanged epistles.

Don't make an (!) if you meet a girl of the (?) bearing a huge parasol with a handle that looks like an (!), because they're fashionable.

"The young lawyer graduate is nowhere beside the sweet girl graduate," says a piece of comparative anatomy. But he will be beside her when she is resting content.

A month hence American tourists will be found everywhere in Europe except on the thrones of the various more or less effete monarchies or that interesting continent.

Ben Butler and Admiral Porter are still raking up each other's record with a fine-tooth comb. It must be confessed that they are bringing to light some very queer things.

Yale is to have another professor. What a senseless and useless expenditure of money! Why not a new eight-oared shell, or a professional pitcher? A new professor! Bah!

There are many ways of acquiring celebrity; you can paint a picture, write a poem, solve several hundred people from a wasy grave, or eat fifty-three fried eggs at one meal.

A St. Louis literary man declares that "the Americans are undoubtedly the most melancholy people in civilization." Life from a St. Louis standpoint is very melancholy, for a fact.

Admiral David D. Porter will celebrate his seventy-sixth birthday June 5. No coincidence is violated in stating that the name of Benjamin F. Butler is not on the list of invited guests.

The collapse of the Oklahoma boom has been sudden, but complete. Property can now be bought anywhere in the Oklahoma country at prices as cheap as those prevailing in the southern California boom towns.

New York is now looking for a pot of money with which to build a marble rainbow at Washington square. The city thinks that if it can find Captain Kidd's treasure it will succeed in carrying out its laudable design.

Mr. Calvin S. Bruce seems in a fair way to be made chairman of the national committee. If he succeeds, all that will be needed to complete the circus in 1893 will be the nomination of David Bennett Hill.

"Every male child born in America," says a writer, "stands a chance of becoming president of the United States." Is this his ambition? What's the matter with his becoming a curve pitcher!

Something entirely new in tea-gown was a costume having five straight-breasted fastenings from neck to foot and only confined by a yoke girde that is pointed in front and opens 'v' shape in the back. The girde curves down under each arm, and is held together in front by large bows.

GREATEST OF THE MATADORS

The Distinction Enjoyed in Mexico By Ponciano Diaz.

HE'S WORTH A ROUND MILLION.

A Graphic Description of One of His Brilliant Performances During Cinco De Mayo—A Wonderful Somersault.

King of Bull Fighters.

MEXICO CITY, May 18.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—An ordinary bull fight is not such an extraordinary affair as it is usually cracked up to be by visiting tourists and correspondents. But once in a while one occurs that makes the whole town talk, and such was the case on the occasion of the recent Cinco de Mayo celebration here. The bucaneri ring, owned by Ponciano Diaz, the champion bull fighter of Mexico, was the scene of the contest, as the natives term it. Diaz has made over \$1,000,000 in the bull fighting business, and when he honors the "colmena" or "colony" rings with his presence he gets \$250 for his services as "matador." He is a very handsome young fellow and the Mexicans adore him. His habits are good; he neither drinks nor gambles, and he sticks closely to business; he has had little difficulty in accumulating his large fortune, which he has judiciously invested.

On entering the Bucarelli ring you find two classes of seats—those in the shade and those in the sun. The shady ones are marked "sombra" (shadow), and you pay \$1.50 for the privilege of sitting on a board bench without a back. But you soon lose all sense of your discomfort in contemplation of the scene before you.

The ring is about thirty feet in diameter, and has two large and four small openings, the two large ones being near the entrance and the small ones equidistant from each other, around the circle. The small gates are protected by plank screens, which offer a retreat for the fighters when too closely pursued by the bull. The large gates are for the entrance and exit of the bull. The ground has been packed hard and sprinkled, so there can be no dust. It looks almost as clean and smooth as asphalt.

The day is cinco de mayo and FIFTEEN THOUSAND SPECTATORS are present. Men, women and children, all are in holiday garb, and the laughing and chattering of the multitude almost upsets a stranger's nerves. Two thousand soldiers are present in full uniform, and they are so stationed that if they were to fire their shots would cross at right angles and do very deadly work. They are here to quell anything like a riot, and the people all know that they would not hesitate to shoot if the command were given by the officer in charge.

There is a momentary hush in the crowd, the band strikes up the national air, the people rise to their feet and a grand cheer is given. In a box—just beneath the pole on which floats the Mexican flag—appears a gentleman in light clothes, accompanied by a bugler, in uniform. It is the "judge" of the fight, an appointee of the city. Quickly the crowd is seated and a long, clear blast of the bugle summons

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the bugle rings out clear and sweet. The butcher in charge of the gate catches his forehead in military salute with his right hand, while with his left he springs the bolt, the gates fly open, and "el toro," the bull, comes rushing into the ring. He is a magnificent beast, Spanish bred, and raised especially for the purpose of bull fighting. His horns run to a sharp point, and are wide apart—a sure sign of a particularly ugly and vicious brute. For an instant only he paws the earth, for he catches sight of a red cape in the hands of one of the capadores, and he dashes at it. The man, just as the bull seems about to toss him in the air, jumps dextrously to one side, and flaunts his "cape" over the bull's head. But "el toro" is not to be so easily gotten rid of, he turns quickly and the man makes a bee-line for the enclosure.

THE BULL IS IN HOT PURSUIT.

The capador drops his cloak in the shade of the animal's tail, and retreats, but the ruse does not avail. The hot breath of the infuriated bull touches the calves of the capadores legs as the sharp horns are lowered to toss the unfortunate in the air. It is good step to the plank fence which separates the ring from the small enclosure in which the paraphernalia of the fighters is kept. By a superhuman effort the man reaches the fence and vaults it, just as the

BULL'S HORNS GRASP HIS THROAT, drawing a little blood. But El Toro is too much infuriated to give up the pursuit, and with a magnificent bound he clears the fence and comes in upon the capador, who is resting, and the assembled spectators. There is a wild cheer of delight from those not in danger, and a scattering of those near the animal; a section of the fence is broken, and the bull returns to the ring, while the capador retires to dress his wounded limb.

And now the bull catches sight of half a dozen men, dressed in yellow flash and gold lace, mounted on horses. These animals have a leathern apron of gaudy red to protect them from the bull's horns, but they are such skilful, worn-out specimens of horse-flesh, you almost involuntarily hope they will get killed. With lowered head el toro charges upon the nearest horseman who receives him with a short lance, the point of which is only long enough to cut through the skin without producing a deep wound. Either the lancer's skill was deficient or the bull particularly fierce, for the next instant the horse was completely dismembered and the rider lay beneath him with a broken leg. The crowd cheered lustily and the band struck up A LIVELY WALTZ.

This seemed to encourage the bull to

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fresh endeavors and within a space of five minutes four other horses were killed, the riders escaping by what seemed like miracles. The one picaдор who saved his horse and resisted with his lance, or pica, the charge of the bull, was cheered as he left the ring.

Again the judge's bugle sounds and four men, on foot, appear in the ring. In the mean time the bull has been resting and now looks as fresh as when he first came in. The men carry in each hand a bamboo stick about two feet long, gaily ornamented with colored ribbon streamers. In the end of each stick is a barb, the size of a large fishhook, just enough to sustain the weight of the sticks, which are called banderillos. The rules of the ring permit the fighters to place the banderillos in the bull's neck only when he is changing upon the fighter with head down. Some idea of the dexterity required to do this may be formed when it is remembered that the barbs must be inserted simultaneously, one on each side of the neck, first in front of the fore shoulder. The first two were successful but the third got caught on the bull's left horn and was carried out insensibly. He is now convalescing in the hospital. What cheering there was as the poor fellow was taken

PAINT AND BLEEDING FROM THE RING.

Several men and women in hearing declared it "one of the most interesting fights of the season."

And now the bugle sounds for the last act, and Ponciano Diaz steps forth. He carries in his left hand a red satin cape thrown over a light bamboo rod, in his right the Matador's sword, a long, curved weapon with a double edge. He bows to the judge, throws his hat in the ring as a

SIGN OF DEFIANCE TO THE BULL,

after which he bows to the animal and steps out to the center of the ring. That scarlet satin cape is more than the bull can tolerate and in an instant he is after it. Diaz is a most accomplished athlete, and the way he plays with the bull causes the spectators' heart to stand still many a time. The rules of the ring require that the bull shall charge three times before he may be killed, and that he must not be touched with the sword except when he is in the act of charging, with lowered head. The rules also designate that the sword must enter at a certain specified point, just ahead of the forehead and must cross the lungs and heart, so as to cause speedy death. With a wide-awake, Spanish bull this is something of a contract to undertake, but Diaz walks out with such a self-assured air that you remember he has already

KILLED MORE THAN EIGHT THOUSAND BULLS.

and he proposes to do this one up in the most approved style. Look at that! The bull has come with lowered horns to smell of the cape and to investigate. He may not be killed under such circumstances as the matador suddenly places one foot between the animal's horns. The bull tosses his head quickly. Diaz turns a complete somersault and STANDS FACING THE ASTOUNDED ANIMAL.

Again the red cloak is flaunted, and this time the bull comes to his death. Diaz has retreated twenty or thirty feet, and as the animal's horns touch the scarlet cape, there is a flash of steel through the air—so quick you can scarcely see it—the matador leaps lightly aside, and you see that the sword is buried to the hilt, and that already the animal is dropping to its knees in the throes of death. The matador bows to the judge, and amid the wildest of cheering hundreds of hats, silver dollars, cigars and other valuables are thrown to Diaz's feet. He puts

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the hats, one at a time, on his head, and throws them back to the owner. His valet gathers up the money, cigars and other things and takes care of them. It is a great honor to have Diaz put your hat on his head, and some men are willing to pay him to thus favor them.

The butcher has come forward while the honors are being showered on Diaz, and severed the bull's spinal column, attaching a rope to his hind legs. The yoked horses now appear, the bull is dragged out and the man with the wheelbarrow smooths any inequality in the ground caused by the piling of the brute.

THE FIRST FIGHT

is then over. Four more follow, but they are very much like the first, except that in one Diaz puts in the banderillos on horseback, riding without saddle or bridle. The fourth bull that was brought in seemed to lack courage and would not show a sign of fight. Diaz came into the ring, stood with his back to the bull and stooped him by both hind feet the first fling. Of course several other men were hurt, and all in all it was quite a brilliant afternoon even for Cinco de Mayo.

CHAS. H. WELLS.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Judge Park, of Norwich, Conn., granted twelve divorces in one day recently. Chicago had better look to her laurels.

The divorced wife of a Chicago man has married a baron, which shows there are better things in life than being a nobleman.

A young lady named Baker, who died recently at her home, near Freehold, N. J., left a good portion of her property to the gentleman to whom she was engaged to be married.

Gardner Carr, a Wyoming county widower of seventy, in visiting Dalton, Luzerne county, Pa., for the first time, met Mrs. Gray Adams, a widow, and in three days they were married.

A dispatch from New Haven relates that a couple were recently married in the highway in the town of Harwinton, Conn., under circumstances which show the genius of young people on marriage day.

The rector of a church in Oriskany Falls, N. Y., eloped with the belle of the town and got married, and the couple are now spending their honeymoon in Syracuse. The bride who is only nineteen, is said to have money.

A romantic couple in Indiana were married on horseback in the middle of the road, and then they took a gallop into the country in lieu of a bridal trip. The bride, who is only sixteen, suggested the horse fiasco, and insisted that both animals be cold black. There was no opposition to the union.

A young Baltimore lady who married what she took to be a German baron last fall is about to ask a legal riddance of him. He appears also to be a victim of misplaced confidence, for he thought she was wealthy and she isn't. On their way to Europe, after the wedding in Baltimore, the "happy couple" had their marriage ceremony performed in this city by the mayor for civil purposes.