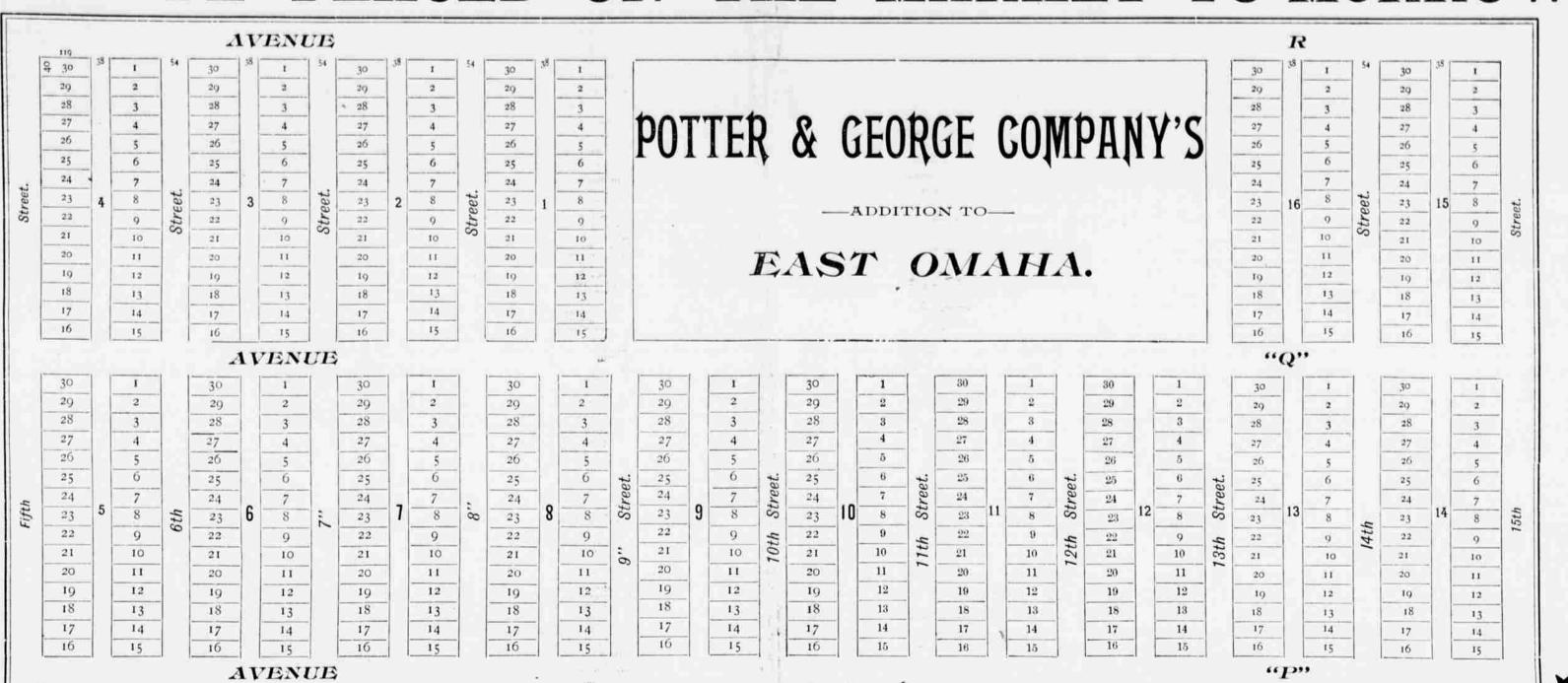
NUMBER 607.

BE PLACED ON THE MARKET TO-MORROW



from the Postoffice.

the manufacturing center of East Omaha.

This point is 21/2 miles | EAST OMAHA LAND CO'S. PROPERTY | This point is I mile from the point is 21/2 miles | EAST OMAHA LAND CO'S.

Adjoins on the South.

ation, and five other enterprises will begin the construction of their buildings within the next few weeks, so that altogether twelve in-dustries are located in East Omaha and others will soon follow.

The manufacturing town is started and growing rapidly and realty values in the locality cannot help but increase correspond-

Purchasers of lots in South Omaha when the town started a few years ago made large profits on their investments: so will purchasers of property in East Omaha make safe and profitable investments if they buy now, they cannot help it.

the manufacturing center of East Omaha.

Prices on our new addition to East Omaha will range from \$325 to \$375 per lot. Terms, about one-third cash; a part of the remainder within one year, and the balance on or before three years at 7 per cent annual interest. Every lot sold in this addition will be accompanied by a complete abstract showing good title, and will bear a certificate of one of the best abstract firms in the city.

For further information call on or address

POTTER & GEORGE COMPANY, S. W. Cor. 16th and Farnam Sts.

THE HATFIELD-M'COY FEUD.

Thrilling Incidents in Connection with the Famous Family Vendetta.

HOW ELLISON MOUNTS WAS HANGED

Reminiscences of an Omaha Newspaper Man who Witnessed the Execution and Read the Death Warrant.

Recently THE BEE's telegraph columns contained the announcement of the conclusion of the famous McCoy-Hatfield fued, which for three decades was waged with such bloody results in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. Of the many vendettas which have originated throughout the south during the present century none have been conducted with such unrelenting fierceness or productive of more heinous crimes than the one just ended. More than a score of lives were sacrificed to the bitterness engendered, and two generations of the families implicated were almost annihilated.

Origin of the Feud. The origin of the bloody family war antedates the fall of Sumter. The disposition to commit murder by the wholesale, however, did not develop thoroughly until after the south had lost, as all male members of both families, by mutual consent, had buried their personal differences to calist in the cause. But the surrender of Lee saw the Hatfields and McCoys industriously preparing to carry on the war on a smaller scale

The McCoys occupied large farms on the extreme eastern boundary of Kentucky, while Immediately beyond in West Virginia, the Hatfields were located. Both families were wealthy in lands, slaves and cattle, their property interests being separated by Tug river, a siuggish stream which empties its waters near the source of the Big Sandy. The periodical spring rise permitted small steamers to make their way into the moun-tain fastness, and in this manner the surrounding country communicated with civili-

Started Over a Hog.

It was on the occasion of the annual arrival of a steamer that the slight meident occurred which caused the indiscriminate murder of men, women and children. The McCoy slaves were engaged in loading swine on the steamer, when some that had previously been placed aboard on the Vir-ginia shore by Hatfield's men, escaped from their pens and scampered off among the Ken-tucky hills. All were captured but one old back. The animal could not be and the Hattield slaves insinuated that McCoy's negroes had secreted the

From the gossin of the slaves the matter extended to both households until finelly Anse Hatfield, afterwards known as "Devil Anse," for the flendish murders in which he participated, armed his four sons with Win-chesters and notified "Old" Randall McCoy that on a certain day he was coming after that hog and would have it or blood. Now if there was anything Randall thought his numerous six foot sons could do to his entire satisfaction, it was to manipulate a good Friendship of years standing was for gotten in a moment and preparations were made for giving the Hatfields a warm recep-

Kept the Appointment.

Anse and his boys were prompt in keeping their appointment. Scarcely had they crossed Tug river, however, when they found them-selves covered by a half-dozen rifles in the

hands of the McCoy boys. No ceremony was indulged in, but every man hunted a big oak and industriously endeavored to kill some-body. Very little powder was thrown away, body. Very little powder was thrown away, and when the engagement ended there was a vacant seat in the boat's crew. But Anse considered that he had broke even, for Randall's favorite on was known to be lying a short distance up the Kentucky mountains

This property joins East Omaha on the north; is only two and

three-fourths miles from the Omaha postoffice, and one mile from

This addition comprises eighty acres of the finest land in or around East Omaha, every acre of it is high and level, consequently every lot in the addition is a good one. The big contract for grading streets in East Omaha is being pushed with a large force of men; Locust avenue is being prepared for the building of the motor line,

seven of the manufacturing industries located in East Omaha

already have their buildings ere cted, and most of them are in oper-

with half of his head shot off.

News that Sumter was taken
and that Jeff Davis ruled the
south instead of "Abolition Abe," as Lincoin was commonly known among the slave-owners of that community, produced a temporary

peace.
"When we whip the Yanks we will settle
this hog matter," explained Anse Hatfield to
a McCoy slave who had been sent to receive
the peace message, and Randall replied that "guessed that mout be fair." For several years after the war there was only an occasional killing among the two

Numerous shots were exchanged across Tug river. Every year saw two
or three of each side laid to rest
as a result of the quarrel. But
another generation was approaching
and the males were thoroughly impressed with the importance of avenging past mur-ders and continuing the vendetta. The civil authorities made no effort to interfere for the very good reasons that both families were powers in the politics of their respective counties, and those who were not naturally in sympathy with one of the leaders, were easily induced to remain passive through fear.

The Acme of Atrocity. The day of the presidential election of 1880, witnessed the most atracious act of the entire feud, Bob, Frank and Randolph, jr., of the McCoys crossed the river and intercepted "Deacon" Hatfield so called on account of the fact that he had once attended divine services at some remote time and "professed" reli gion. While the boys were engaged in backing the deacon to pieces with their knives, their passtime was interrupted by the arrival of a Hatfield gang and they were made prisoners That night a court was convened upder th reading branches of an oak and the young Kentuckians were "tried!" "Devil Anse" was chief justice. The jury was composed of Captain Hatfield. Charley Gillespic, Ellison Mounts, Jim Robinson, "Old!" Jim Vance, Ton Adams and a number of others who had been especially active at that time in shoot-ing United States revenue officials who were endeavoring to destroy their "moonshine

The trial was not to determine the guilt or innocence of the McCoy boys, but to stills the question of when, where and how they should die, Finally scouts were sent acress the river into Kentucky and finding no McCoys near to interfere the prisoners were taken as near their father's house as practicable, tied to trees and their bodies riddled with builets. The crime was committed on Kentucky soil as they knew the governor of West Virginia

could not be prevailed upon to honor a requi

Randall buried his murdered boys and prepared for revenge. He organized a gang to invade the enemy's country. Two dozen des-perate fellows were found in addition to his our remaining sons to undertake the raid Randall led the party. They were gone six days and succeeded in killing Tom Miller, Jim Robinson, Tom Adams and Charley Gil-They lost one man and several

An Occasional Killing.

After these murders there was nothmore startling than an occa-d killing until New Year's t 1888. "Devil Anse" Captain Hatfleid, Jim Vance and several others concluded they would put an end to the feud by woldly crossng the river and killing old Randall McCoy and his entire family.

The family was surprised and the house

fired before Kandall and his son Bud, the only one left, could get their rifles ready for ac tion. When the house was observed to be on fire Miss Alaphia McCoy, a beautiful girl of eighteen, was sent out with a churn full of milk to extinguish the flames. They did not believe the women and children would be

killed, but scarcely had the girl stepped into the light of the burning building, when "Devil Anse" and Ellison Mounts fired two Winchester bullets into her heart. She sank forward dead on the doorstep and the body was burned with the building. At the same moment the rifles of Bud and his father began to crack and Jim Vance got a bullet in his brain. But the others got behind trees and calmly waited until the family should be of the back door and try to escape. The child had scarcely made his appearance when he was shot down. The roof was now falling in and the mother was told to run for the forest while the son and father covered her forest while the son and father covered her retreat with their guns. She lived to take ten steps when a half dozen nullets pierced her body. At the last moment father and son sprang from their home, firing as they ran. For a moment it looked as if both would reach the shelfer of the woods, when suddenly a rifle half struck Bug and he fell deed. ball struck Bud and he fell dead. "Old" Randall's Escape.

Randall McCoy alone escaped, and though terriply wounded reached a neighbor's house. The little boy who was shot was struggling in the throes of death when "Devil Anse" Hatfield walked farward, and picking the little fellow up in his arms coolly ossed him into the glowing embers.

But Randall McCoy was not yet cowed He obtained from Governor Buckner war rants for the arrest of the murderers of his family and with a determined posse of Ken-tuckians again invaded West Virginia. The Hatfields were ready for the affray and an Hatfields were ready for the affray and an engagement in which several fell on each side followed their meeting. To the great satisfaction of Randall McCoy, Ellison Mounts, one of those who had killed his daughter, was captured. The old man insisted that he should be taken to Pikaville, Ky., and tried. He was hung February 1s of last year, surrounded by the friends of the McCoy's who stood with ready rifles during the execution stood with ready rifles. stood with ready rifles during the execution repel any attempt on the part of the Hat fields to rescue the condemned. Of the many executions which occurred on both sides during the thirty years the feud exist ed, this was the only one having legal sanc

The writer of this sketch, now a member of THE BRE staff, was a witness to this last act in the feud, and stood at the side of the illiterate country preacher who offered conso-lation to the condemned man in his dying mo-ments. The writer was the only man in the party who could read and in the absence of the sheriff who had been hurt in the skir mish read Ellison Mounts' death warrant.

Poetry and Reality.

Microcy's Weekly, -Eastern Tourist (on the prairies)—But don't you, in the midst of this solitude, have an instinctive feeling to commune with na ture! These great plains, the emerald foll-aged banks of the brooks, the wide expand-Cowboy-Solitude, stranger? Why, there's a station only twenty-five miles away that's

A Sad Tale. She—I haven't seen you for five years, Mr. Barker. How's that little romance of yours with Miss Henderson? Barker-Miss Hender She-Whati Dendi Miss Henderson is no more.

runnin' two rival saloons.

Barker-No; married, She-Ha! ba! You are still friends Barker-No. She married me.

Object Lesson in Church.

"The effect of Rev. Mr. Harkin's sermon on the terrors of Hades was lost," "The church was as cold as a barn, and the prospect he held out was rather agreeable.

A noted belle stated the other day that she owed her beautiful and soft complexion to the use of Spanish Court

DOOM OF THE GRAND CENTRAL.

Scaled by a Candle at the Top of the Elevator Shaft.

NEBRASKA'S GREATEST FUNERAL PYRE.

Some of the Steps Which Led Up to Its Formation and Some of the Mea Who Survive It.

The autumn of 1878 was one of the most beautiful experienced in this section of the country. As had not been the case for several years previously, the season opened with dry, warm days, and nights of almost Italian mildness. After the worry and fatigues of the day, people sat in their doorsteps and enjoyed the cooling breezes and the rest and

quiet of ideal nights. The season, however, had not far advanced when on one of the most lovely of nights, Omaha experienced a loss of thousands of dollars, a wealth of human life which, will long be lamented. In the starlight, smoke was seen issuing from the mansard roof of the Grand Central hotel. By sunrise the next morning the great hostelry lay in rules and five brave firemen—volunteer firemen—had surrendered their lives in the mammoth

At the time Omaha had reached the era of only three story brick buildings hough the high school, the Union Pacific readquarters and the Grand Central claimed greater altitude, the last-mentioned equalling in every way the largest hostelry of the

The hotel had been closed for several weeks, George Thrail having retired. The Kitchen brothers, James, Charles, and "Dick," as everybody knew him, now, alas! removed by death, having secured the lease. The place was in the hands of the painter and upholsterer, whom the new lessees had given orders to furnish and decorate it in keeping with the hotel in which every leading Omahan had a pecuniary interest and every more humble Omahan a local pride. On the evening of September 4 of the year

nentioned, from the heart of town to the con fines almost of Douglas county, the news spread that the structure was on fire. How the catastrophe occurred, nobody knows. It was known, however, that the flames originated near the roof. Then people accepted the story that a carcless carpenter, who had worked during the day on the elevator, had, at eventide, gone to his family, leaving a lighted candle in a rude socket affixed to one of the sides

of the shart, hence the conflagration.

In fifteen minutes after the alarm had been sounded there was not a street leading from any section of the city which was not filled with young and old, friends and lovers venerated structure was to be injured by the

They found confusion in the ascendant, Volunteer firemen-men who had spent the day in the torrid heat of the Union Pacific shops; who had tolled wearily over ledgers from early morn; who had left unfinished suppers beneath the parental roof, were struggling through the crowd The rotunda was full. Nearly everybody was a self-constituted fire chief. Up the stairs started several pipemen. It was a long climb to reach the top of that building. Willing hands seized the inert hose. Round the Newell posts, across platforms, up flights of steps, kinking the hose at every angle, sped the pipemen. "Will they ever reach the attle?" shouted

"Why in thunder don't they turn on the vater (" excitedly inquired another.
Out of the rotunda dashed another busy-

body and rushing toward the nearest engine yelled: "How do you think those men can put out a fire with the wind in the hose?"

That settled it. Into it the engineer shot he water. The inert hose became a thing of life. It squirmed like a reptile. It bulged like a chord in the muscle of a giant. Its vitality increased until-it reached the pipemen. It stayed their progress. No half a dozen humans could pull that mighty writh-ing mass up around all those curves. Still the fire was burning. The rafters of the mansard were succumbing. The roof was falling in. Countless myriads of golden sparks were regretfully leaving as if certain that the fate of the structure was sealed. The tangle of the hose was unraveled and dilatory water was at length cast upon the flames. Then came another another and another stream. Then one of them ceased forever. Then came a crash. The roof had fallen in. Beneath it dropped the top floor. Soon the next floor resigned itself to the flames. Then upon the third floor rested all the coals which had done their work above. Meanwhile firemen, civilians, busybodies took a hand at the hose. Some were moved by curiosity, others by daring and others still by duty: Now and then a brave lad. overcome by the heat or gases or overexertion would retire, but some other equally brave took his place. Thus the fight continued many of the men remaining in dangerous po-sitions, especially those who fought the flames in the dining room. At length down upon them came the upper floor and down, down into the cellar by degrees went three mangled and charred remains never more to

be recognized on earth by friend or loved Without, a throng surrounded the pyre on Farnam and Fourteenth streets. The en-gines rattled industriously, but only when they had water with which to assault the flames. When that necessary fluid gave out, they stood motionless like beautiful mortals from whom the spark of life has departed forever. A thousand tongues voiced the regret of the sorrowing citizen. A thousand almost tearful eyes expressed a sorrow which

words could not describe. Finally, nothing was left but bare and ragged walls. The glory of Omaha's hosteiry had departed. The genius of the Gate city wept and could not be comforted.

Into that quiet night were crowded hosts of incidents which have gone down into local history, and some which have never been given the immortality of print. Some of the actors in the weird spectacle are dead. Some are dying, and others still fondly, like ivy to a ruin, cling to the memories which only death

can dissipate.

The Grand Central would never have bucket of water when the flames originated, It would never have burned had the pipemer been able to reach the flames before the latter got beyond their control. It was burned. however, and this article does not attempt to hold anybody responsible for its destruction or the later holacaust.

In those days Omana had three engines and a hook and ladder. No. 1, Omaha, took up a position at the disternation on Fifteenth street in front of what is now Poppendick's saloon. Within thirty minutes she burst a cylinder and went to the repair shop.

No. 2, the high sounding monarch, Fire Ning stook over the disternation.

King, stood over the cistern at Fourteenth and Farnam streets within shadow of the burning building. Having exhausted the re-ceptacle it went to the cistern at Fourteenth and Howard streets and filled the cistern it had just abandoned. It then returned to its first love and exhausted it again, when it filled it a secodn time by emptying the cor-ner of Fourteenth and Capitol avenue. No. 3, the Nebraska, found a cistern back of what is still Milton Roger's store and made

The Durant, of the Union Pacific shops, also put in an ar-pearance under the redoubt-able Charley Fisher, worked at a cistern on Thirteenth street, south of Farnam.

While No. 2 was drawing water from the stern at Fourteenth and Capitol avenue, Council Bruffs sent over a hand engine, the Rescue, and a steamer, the Bluff City, by means of the Chicago & Northwestern rail way. Both were received with eneers by the multitude. The Rescue, mounted, so to

speak, the cistern at Fourteenth an Farnam which was being filled by No. 2. A hundred willing hands manned the brakes. The sup-ply of hose reached only to the alley south of the Grand Central. There, upon a platform of large dry goods boxes, the pipemen stood and directed the stream from the squirt gun into the dining room furnace. They might as well have tried to dampen the coals of

The Bluffs City worked at Thirteenth and Harney streets and rendered valuable service in filling the cisterns near the hotel from which the others fed.

The structure was doomed. The streams within had no effect upon the flames. It was useless therefore, to expect that those without could stay its progress. Frequently they could not mount to the desired altitude. When they did, however, it was only to glisten for a moment like diamonds, the moment to be reduced to vapor in the fur-nace beneath.

Before the first crash took place, a half dozen doves who had made themselves a, home in the northeast corner of the building circled about as if impatient of the disturb ance and as if anxious to retire. When the roof fell, however, they took wing and were

Succeeding the crash, came the overturn succeeding the crash, came the overturn-ing of the fire cistern on the upper floor. This was empty. Had it been full of water, it might have saved some of the structure. The fall pinned Louis Faist in an unpleasant position on the fifth floor, as it did also another fireman ramed Joannes. These gentlemen would have lost their lives had been for the present Sheriff Boyd and Ge rre Jewett who dragged both of them from their dangerous positions. Other willing hands lent assistance and the insensible firemen were carried to the saloon of McNamara & Lucas, where A. B. Davenport is located now. Both McNamara & Lucas are dead but their asphyxiated friends survived, Louis Faist is now as he was then, a mower. of beards, and none the worse for his thrilling

experience Al Hartly, one of the pipemen of No. 3, ost control of his stream, and was dashed down a flight of steps. He waiked like a unatic to the office of Dr. Dinsmoor, where Bliss' store is now on Farnam street, and it was thought his brain had been injured. Joseph Sheeley who is new struggling with the grip, and for many years an enthusiastic

ireman, was struck with a plank and in-Charles Withnell, Charles Florio and John Ralph were also bruised. The miraculous escape, however, was that of William Henry Gailigan, a brother of the present chief of the fire department. The immense cornice and facade on the east entrance, bringing with it hundreds of brick.

ell, bearing Galligan on to the ground. He was immediately carried to Ish's drug store. A thousand people sought admission, is dead, but that night was as lively as a cricket. Sheriff Guy mounted guard at the door. Only the reporters, and Drs. Leisenring, Morcor and eabody were admitted. Galligan was fearfully bruised and cut, but survived, although for weeks a shoulder and part of his back

was as black as that of a Ethiopian.

Shortly after this episode Sam Donnelly, then the local reporter for the Heraid, was importuned by a fireman to go into the burning building and see what was doubtless, as described, a roaring bell. Donnelly felt dis-posed to accept the invitation, but was dis-suaded therefrom by the writer. A few moments later the floor went down which swal-lowed the firemen. Later Donnelly went to New York, secured a place on the Sun and was killed at a fire, a large ladder falling on him. Had he accepted the invitation of that

fireman, however, he would never have gone to Gotham to meet his death. When morning dawned hundreds of people lingered round the ruins, the walls re-sembling the rugged irregularity of the sawtooth mountains. Portions of them which were considered dangerous were pulled down Then occaus of water were with ropes, poured upon the redhot bricks and the awful search for the missing firemen was begun. Nobody expected to find them, Nobody was consequently disappointed. First was found the blackened trunk of one

then another in close proximity. They had died together. Then were found some his bones of one man and the pelvis of another, Then they came across another fragment of humanity and lying beside it was a collar-button of William McNamara, one of the missing men. In all that remained of a pocket of another was found the watch of John Lee. The time-piece had escaped injury, while its owner had yielded up his ife.
The charred remains were borne to the

undertaking rooms of John Jacobs. The horrible holacaust cast a cloud over the city. Business was almost enturery sus-pended. By common consent the town went into mourning, and when, two days later, the heroes were laid away, on a day of sun hine which could not dispell the funereal of thousands of hearts, there was not a business house in Omaha which wasn't hung in mourning.
That was a solemn procession which left

the heart of the city. At the head marched Mayor Wilber. The remains of four of the victims were laid in Prospect Hill cemetery, Poor McNamara was interred in Hoty September.

John Lee, one of the unfortunates, was a member of No. — and workel for Morse, the grocer, who was then in business on Dodge immediately opposite the court house. Henry Lockfelt was a member of the same ompany and was an employe of Irvin & Elis then in the hardware business. Lewis Wilson was also a member of No. 3

and drove wazon for Harris & Fisher, a meat firm which exists no longer. William McNamara was the only member of No. 2. He was engineer of the Grand Central hotel. He suggested in the begin-

ning of the engagement that water be shot through the stand pipes and all the floors flooded, which would certainly have had some beneficial effect. The tiling contractor, how-ever, objected because that would injure his work. His objection perhaps caused him to lose everything Lon Randall was the fourth member of No.

3 and worked for "Charley" Goodrich, now the comptroller, who then ran a wholesale and retail toy store on Farnam street opposite the Boyd. Frank Kleffner, now a block watchman on

Thirteenth street, was chief of the fire lepartment. But he had no more to do with the fire than had half a hundred others, Barney Shennon, a character in his day, and a member of the council, commanded; so did the fire and police committee of the coun-ell; so did the mayor; so did the owners of the hotel; in fact, so did everybody. Be-tween them all the ruin was occasioned. All the members of the veteran firemen's

association who were in town at the time took part in the great struggle, and several of the heroes of that night are now on the paid fire department, which gradually evolved out of the chaos of half-pay and three-quarter volun-

teer service.
Chief Galligan worked that night, and in the following October was elected chief by the council. Assistant Chief Salter now, was then engineer for the Herald; Coulter also worked for the department, as did also Cap-tain Windheim, now of the Harney street

The lesson of that dreadful night has not

yet been forgotten, nor the weight of woe re-moved which it east on many hearts.

Encouraging Outloo'

Epoch.
"Well prisoner," said the prison chaplain to the convict whose time was nearly up, "I hope your punishment has done you good," Yes, sir, it has," returned the prisoner, "It's put me in bully trim to go back to town and knock thunder out of the witnesses who

All for Sister.

How much money have I got in my bank! Forty-five cents, stranger—only want five cents more. What will I do then, stranger! Why, you see, sister has such a terrible cough, and people say it will be bad on her if she don't get better soon, and the folks tell me Hatter's sure cough syrup will care it right up; so you see-five cents! Thank you