

The Alliance Herald.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

Official Publication of Box Butte County.

T. J. O'KEEFE, EDITOR.
JAMES WILCOX, EDITOR.

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The City of Alliance.

Alliance is a thriving, pushing, growing little city of 5000 souls, with a future full of promise—indeed, so bright is the outlook, it is freely predicted that within five years it will have a population of from 8000 to 9000. In all of Northwest Nebraska there is no town, in point of population and volume of business, that can approach it. Its railroad facilities are the best, being located on the main line of the great Burlington and Missouri River railroad system; and its schools and churches are not surpassed anywhere. Its people are hospitable, enterprising and intelligent. Its climate is healthful, invigorating and inspiring. In short, no town in Nebraska presents superior inducements for men of capital, enterprise and push to locate within her borders. Letters of inquiry addressed to the ALLIANCE HERALD will be answered promptly and in detail.

Fusion Ticket.

STATE.

For Governor—W. H. THOMPSON,
Of Hall County.

Lieutenant-Governor—E. A. GILBERT,
Of York County.

Secretary of State—JOHN H. POWERS,
Of Hitchcock County.

Auditor—C. Q. DEFRANCE,
Of Jefferson County.

State Treasurer—J. N. LYMAN,
Of Adams County.

Superintendent Public Instruction—CLAUDE SMITH,
Of Dawson County.

Attorney-General—J. H. BROADY,
Of Lancaster County.

Land Commissioner—J. C. BRENNAN,
Of Douglas County.

CONGRESSIONAL.

For Congressman, Sixth District—GEN. P. H. BARRY,
Of Greeley County.

The fight is on in this, the "Big Sixth," and thus far Pat Barry, the old soldier, is leading Moses P., the tricky lawyer, by several lengths.

"OUR MAN MICKEY" is making no speeches, because he can't. A glance at his picture which hangs in the north and east window of the Times business office tells why. It's the shape of his head.

A SPECIAL dispatch from this city to the Lincoln Journal states that the presence here of Col. John S. Mosby has occasioned considerable uneasiness among the stockmen of this section. There is no occasion for uneasiness. Those who have fences around government land were long since apprised of the fact that those fences must come down, and Col. Mosby is here in accordance with the wishes of the interior department to see that the law is complied with. His mode of procedure will be, as the HERALD understands it, to notify parties who have fenced in any part of the public domain, to remove said fencing within sixty days after notification. The immediate cause of Col. Mosby's presence in Alliance is a speech delivered at the cattlemen's convention held in this city last February, by President S. P. Delatour, in which the statement was made that in the Alliance and Sidney districts there were over 6,000,000 acres of government land under fence. But be that as it may, there's nothing to be made by protesting against the inevitable and growling about the hardships and inconveniences that will accrue. Uncle Sam says these fences must come down, and that settles it.

The Difference.

In one of the fairest little cities in the great state of Iowa—the population of which is but little, if any, greater than that of Alliance—there are published three semi-weekly newspapers, making their appearance on successive days, so that on every day in the week, except Sunday, the inhabitants of the Iowa city are privileged to read the home happenings of interest. One of these publications is a straight-out democratic newspaper, published by a man who is utterly fearless and dares to tell the truth, though the heavens fall. Another is equally pronounced in its advocacy of republican doctrine, whose editor is a gentleman, whenever and wherever you meet him; and the third is what some people call a conservative sheet, with a slight leaning toward republicanism, and whose editor is also a good man. The three move smoothly along, their relations perfectly amicable and each striving to enhance the personal welfare of their friends and supporters and the material interests of their town. And all this is exactly as it should be. How different, though, is the situation in the Nebraska city. And who is responsible for it? This is a free country and no man has the right to imagine that it is his privilege to monopolize business in his line in a given territory because he was there first, and because he can't do it, to get mad and display a littleness and peevishness that is foreign to the character of a manly man.

SENATOR HANNA is going to make a personal campaign in Cleveland, determined to overthrow Mayor Tom L. Johnson if he has to talk to every voter in Cuyahoga county between now and election day. He has even intimated that on a pinch he might kiss the babies.—Omaha Bee.

Yes, but he won't content himself with talking and kissing the babies. He never does. He will take with him, when he goes to Cleveland, thousands and thousands of dollars, as he did when he went to South Dakota to accomplish the defeat of Pettigrew, which he boasted in the senate chamber he would do, if it cost him one hundred thousand dollars of his own money. But the old corruptionist will have need of every dollar he can command for such a purpose when he pays his contemplated visit to Cleveland. And then he will fail to corrupt the friends and supporters of Tom L. Johnson, the laces of whose shoes—from the standpoint of principle, honesty of purpose and genuine manliness—Mark Hanna is unfit to tie.

"Let Us Have Peace, If We Have to Fight for It."

Those are the words of the immortal Abraham Lincoln, and ever since we knew their meaning we have pinned our faith to them. The war is over and peace reigns supreme in this bright corner of the earth. It is to be a lasting peace, says the man who threw the first stone. This is as it should be, and exactly the result the HERALD had hoped for. There was absolutely no occasion for the beginning of the unpleasantness. The HERALD never spoke of the associate editor of the Times other than in kindness until he made it necessary. Every reader of the HERALD knows this to be true. All in God's world the HERALD is desirous of it to be let alone. There is ample room for the Times, the Grip and the HERALD in Alliance, otherwise this paper would not be here. Two months before the proprietor of the HERALD invested his money and became a citizen of Alliance the Times and the Grip joined hands and began a series of assaults that they foolishly imagined would prevent the coming of the HERALD to this city, and ever since then they have been throwing out sneaking innuendoes and doing all in their power to strew the HERALD'S path—not with roses—but thistles and thorns that were meant to impede its progress. But they have ignominiously failed in their purpose. Such underhanded methods always fail. The HERALD has prospered and will continue to prosper, despite the predictions of those who do not like the paper or its editors. The HERALD is willing that the dead past shall bury its dead. And it means exactly what it says. Right here and now let it make this statement: The name of the Times, or its editors, will never again appear in these columns in other than respectful terms, until compelled, in defense of its own interests, or those of its friends and supporters, to refer to them otherwise. Isn't this fair? What fairer treatment could a fair-minded man ask for? There is room for you, gentlemen, and room for us, in Alliance. Keep on your side, and we'll keep on ours. And we feel just this way toward Bro. Broome—only a good deal more so. Deep down in our heart we like the man and always have; and it has hurt us to say what we have said about him. But until he makes it plain that he will attend to his own knitting and rises above the position he has taken—that of a jealous-hearted, narrow-minded, childish competitor, and like the editor of the Times, avows his intention of letting the HERALD severely alone, why, we'll just have to keep on throwing the harpoon into him, that's all. We would have it otherwise if he would be good. How about it, Bro. Frank, anyhow?

ABOUT the best all around county seat weekly in Nebraska is the ALLIANCE HERALD.—Exeter Enterprise.

That's short and sweet, brother, and mightily to the point. But it's a whole lot more than we claim for our little paper. A thousand thanks, just the same.

HARRY TRACY, the most desperate and daring man of whom the public has taken cognizance in recent years, who has held at bay and defied the authorities of a dozen counties since the date of his escape from confinement, June 9, has at last succumbed to the unequal struggle. He was surrounded in a wheat field near Spokane, Washington, on the evening of Wednesday, August 6, and after a desperate battle, in which his leg was broken, and realizing that the end was near, placed the muzzle of his pistol to his forehead and blew out his own brains. The aggregate of the various rewards offered for his capture, dead or alive, amounted to near \$5,000. His marvelous nerve was the cause of his undoing. How illy proportioned things are in this world, anyhow. Here was a man with nerves of steel, who feared not man nor devil, yet possessed of neither judgment or the slightest sense of right. Suppose he had had these, together with an education, what might he not have achieved in an ordinary life-time? "Pity 'tis, 'tis pity," that such things can be.

Priest Attacks Trusts.

Rev. Father O'Brien of Toledo, Ohio, delivered an address in that city on June 6 which created a genuine sensation. His subject, "The Anarchy of Wealth." He said:

"I cannot shut my eyes to the dangers that threaten our republic. The greatest danger I can see now is the anarchy of wealth. The union was saved and slavery abolished by an army of poor men from the generals down to the privates. Now we see the wealth of the country in the hands of a few men who never risked their lives for the flag. The agricultural and mineral resources of our magnificent country have been cornered by a few men with money, and every bite of meat we take is doubly taxed by the beef trust. If our government is ever changed from a republic to a monarchy or empire, it will be done by men of wealth, not by poor workmen. In pagan times the man who would corner provisions to raise the price of living for the poor would have been put to death. That was good, natural pagan justice. The millionaires who have cornered our provisions and raised their price on the working people deserve the same fate.

"Veterans, let us pray that God preserve the work that the Grand Army has done, but if our officials and legislators do not relieve us from the unjust and unlawful burdens imposed on us by the trusts the time may come when we will be obliged to take the law into our own hands and demand our rights at the point of the bayonet. The American workmen are patient, but will not submit to the tyranny of wealth forever.

"May God avert for us the horrors of war, and may the white-winged angel of peace continue to hover over our beloved land."

WHAT would the people of Des Moines, Burlington, Sioux City or any other Iowa town do if a Nebraska corporation lawyer should venture to interfere in their local politics and appointments? Would they not have just grounds for resenting it as a piece of impertinence? Yet that is precisely what John N. Baldwin's defensive alliance with Dave Mercer means for Omaha.—Omaha Bee.

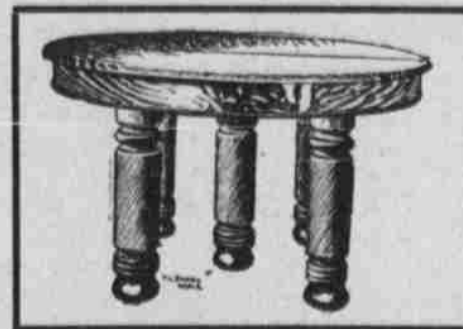
The Bee should be consistent. Why deplore the methods of Baldwin in one instance, and endorse them in another? If Mercer is bad for Omaha, "Our Man Mickey" is bad for Nebraska. Both are the servile creatures of tax-shirking, dictatorial aggregations of wealth that fatten and grow sleek on that to which they have not a scintilla of right. Why condemn Mercer and laud Mickey? If one is unworthy of confidence, the other must be. They represent identically the same interests.

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ATTORNEYS.

WILLIAM MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY
AT LAW,
ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA.

OFFICE PHONE 180. RESIDENCE PHONE 203.
R. C. NOLEMAN,
ATTORNEY
AT LAW,
Rooms 1, 2 and 3, First National bank building, Alliance, Neb. Notary in office.

W. G. SIMONSON...
Attorney at
Law...
Office Up-stairs Over Postoffice

L. A. BERRY,
ATTORNEY
AT LAW,
ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA.

SMITH P. TUTTLE. IRA E. TASH.
TUTTLE & TASH,
ATTORNEYS
AT LAW.
REAL ESTATE.
North Main St., ALLIANCE, NEB.

W. M. IODENCE,
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Practices in all the courts
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Holsten Building, - ALLIANCE, NEB.

L. W. BOWMAN,
PHYSICIAN AND
SURGEON.
Office in First National Bank block. Alliance, Nebraska.

G. W. MITCHELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND
SURGEON.
Office in Lockwood Building. ALLIANCE, NEB.
Day 'Phone 335. Night 'Phone 37.

J. E. MOORE, M. D.
FLETCHER BLOCK,
ALLIANCE, NEB.
Calls answered from office day or night. Telephone No. 62.

Sheriff's Sale.
By virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of Box Butte county, Nebraska, upon a decree rendered by said court in favor of T. M. Lawler, plaintiff, and against Lena Wegener and Mr. Wegener, her husband, first named defendant, William Wiggins and Ann C. Wiggins, defendants, I will on the 12th day of August, A. D. 1902, at 10 a. m. on said day, at the west front door of the court house in Alliance in said county, sell the following described real estate, to-wit: the southwest quarter of section 30 in township 25 of range 47 west of the 6th principal meridian in Box Butte county, Nebraska, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said order of sale in the sum of \$70.58 and interest, costs and accruing costs.

IRA REED,
Sheriff of Said County.
(By Frank Martin, Deputy.)
WM. MITCHELL, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Order of Attachment.
In justice court of L. A. Berry, one of the justices of the peace in and for Box Butte county, Nebraska.
J. E. Joder vs. S. R. Barnett.
S. R. Barnett will take notice that on the 18th day of July, 1902, L. A. Berry, a justice of the peace, of Box Butte county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$14.00 in an action pending before him, wherein J. E. Joder is plaintiff and S. R. Barnett, defendant, that property of said defendant, consisting of money in hands of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad company has been attached under said order. Said course was continued to the 7th day of August, 1902, at 9 o'clock a. m.
J. E. JODER, Plaintiff.
WM. MITCHELL, His Attorney.

Druggists and Pharmacists.

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