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The City of Alliance.

Alliance is a thriving, pushing, growing little city of 3500 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 5000 to 8000. 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 beautiful, 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.

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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.

THREE times and out, Moses.

AFTER the people have spoken next November we will have heard the last of Mickey—"Our Man Mickey."

THE glad tidings come from Omaha that Dave Mercer's star has set—that this servile tool of corporation greed is destined to never again take his seat in congress to misrepresent the people of this great commonwealth. The everlasting glory and credit for this certain-to-be-achieved result will belong to organized labor.

JOSEPH FAIRFIELD, of Minatare, has a column in the Scottsbluff Republican in which he clumsily undertakes to explain why the farmers of the Platte valley should support Kinkaid and turn down Barry. The Bayard Transcript copies and endorses the article, as might have been expected, regardless of its absurdity. Let us think backward a moment. In years gone by an individual by that name of Fairfield, hailing from that same territory, came to attend the races at Alliance, and incidentally to deal faro and manipulate other skin game devices. Wonder if it is the same individual? Evidently it is, because this one is engaged in the same disreputable—we might say criminal—practice of buncoing the unwary.

THE International Typographical Union asks for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people. Printers are always right.

THE "big guns" of the g. o. p. aggregation of falsifiers are being turned loose in every state of the union and commanded to go forth and speak as they have never spoken before, to avert an impending calamity that threatens the source of supply of their corruption fund. They see plainly the setting in of a tide that threatens to engulf the trusts; that the election of a democratic congress this fall is among the possibilities, and they know that such an event would mean interference with an unholy tariff law that is alone responsible for the combination of capital in the interests of the classes and to the detriment of the masses—responsible for the trusts that curse this fair land today, and creates conditions favorable for the organization of countless thousands more. The republican party needs to send fourth its most eloquent speakers, for if ever there was a time when the people were being awakened to an unjust discrimination against them it is now.

THREE old veterans of this immediate vicinity—republican wheel-horses, too—have thus early in the contest announced their intention of supporting Patrick H. Barry. Straws are indicative of the way the wind is blowing, you know, gentlemen of the Moses P. Kinkaid stripe.

NOR long since, at a largely attended gathering of the butchers of the country, a resolution was passed demanding the abolition of the tariff on cattle and meat, knowing full well that such abolition would remove the props that sustain the beef trust. But republican speakers rush to the rescue of their foundling and tell us that this would mean the dumping upon the country of a surplus of cattle from Mexico and all South America in such numbers as to ruin the farmers—the small stockgrowers—but would not affect the packers, who are sufficiently strong to still maintain present prices and continue to rob the consumer. Then if there be truth in such logic there is no escape for us. We are bound hand and foot—are as helpless as the slaves of ante-bellum days. The grip of the slave owner was loosened, and so may that of the packer be shaken off when the people become sufficiently aroused, by the same process, if need be.

DO you hear the glad hosannas reverberating from every nook and corner of Nebraska? Do you know what their import? Do you catch the words, "Twill be Thompson!" "Surer than fate, 'twill be Thompson!" This is what they are saying; the handwriting's on the wall. None are so blind as those who won't see.

Can You Do It, Old Soldiers?

The subsidized press of this district—and we use the word understandingly—tell us that General Patrick H. Barry is already beaten in his race for congressional honors; that Moses P. Kinkaid is as certain of being elected as if the people had already spoken. Knowingly, and with no other motive but to deceive, they indulge in misrepresentation. They tell us, for instance, that General Barry was born in 1834, attempting thus to create the impression that the heroic old soldier is too old to send to congress—that he has outlived his usefulness and is, in fact, in his dotage. The truth is General Barry was born in '44, and is as hale and hearty, physically, as the average man ten years his junior, with a mind as clear and bright and strong as ever aided in the guidance of our great ship of state. How well does every man who is acquainted with General Barry know this to be true. But carried away with party success, the receipt of pecuniary assistance and the positive assurance of more, the men who control the columns of the republican newspapers of this district will stop at nothing in order to secure the success of the man who represents corporation greed. They tell us that the old veterans will not support General Barry, and to prove their assertion true, quote some "old soldier" who wears the insignia of G. A. R. membership, but who in truth bore scant part in the terrible struggle to prevent the dismemberment of the union. Well they know that all this is false, but like the drowning man who grabs at a straw, they hope to avert the death—political death—of their candidate. But they reckon without their hosts. What real defender of an inseparable union can grasp General Barry's hand, look into that scarred face and let his eye rest upon that empty sleeve, without feeling his blood tingle, and without experiencing a sense of pride of comradeship, of admiration for this heroic brother whose person tells how grandly and heroically he acted out his part in that memorable and terrible time when brother fought against brother, each feeling that his cause was holy? Let the HERALD tell you something, old soldiers of Nebraska. Let it tell you how Patrick H. Barry received those facial scars. It was on the 12th of May, 1864, at the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, when General Barry's regiment had charged and been repulsed, and the dead and dying were all around and about the stubbornly retreating living. Finally they made a stand, the enemy was checked and the tide was turned. Exploding shells had started a forest fire, in the midst of which lay the wounded boys in blue. Volunteers were called for to attempt their rescue. Among the first to respond was young Barry. Gallantly and with that courage that belongs only to the born hero, the boy fought his way through smoke and flame till he reached a fallen comrade. Gathering the dying soldier in his arms young Barry started on his perilous backward trip bearing his precious burden. The awful flame had reached into the limbs of the trees, but through it went the living and the dying. Patrick H. Barry succeeded, and as he laid his comrade down, out of the reach of the cruel flames, death mercifully ended his suffering. But at what a fearful cost to the rescuer! His life had almost been the sacrifice. The skin was burned from his neck and face, and writhing in agony and tottering and exhausted from his superhuman effort, proud comrades bore him to a place of rest. And this is the man—this is the hero—that we are told is not competent, is not worthy, is too old to represent us in the halls of congress. Who are we asked to honor instead? Moses P. Kinkaid, a mediocre lawyer, chronic office-seeker, corporation servitor and smooth-tongued apologist for greedy, unprincipled monopolists. Can you do it, old soldiers? Can you stultify yourselves? Not in a thousand years could you be guilty of such treachery! And right well the HERALD knows it.

THE question to be settled next November is whether the people or the railroads are to control. Who can doubt the manner of its settlement?

WHAT did Moses of old do? He smote the rock, instead of speaking to it, as he had been directed to do, in consequence of which he was denied the privilege of ever entering the promised land. What has our Moses done? He has disgusted the people by his insatiable greed for political preferment, and as sure as they have the power the people will forbid him to enter through the enchanting gates of the nation's capital. You cannot hope to escape the fate of your ancient ancestor, Moses P. Haven't you heard of the scriptural saying that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the son, even unto the thousandth and two southandth generations?

REFERRING to the proposed visit to this country of the Boer generals, Dewet, Botha and Delarey, the Bee says that the welcome which awaits them will have more than a personal significance. "It will honor the cause for which they fought not less than their patriotic devotion and heroism." Yes, these heroes will be warmly welcomed, but the time for "honoring the cause for which they fought" has gone by. That time was when the struggle was on. Had the people, instead of an unpatriotic, monopolistic gang of imperialists been in control of affairs in this country, England would not today be smacking her blood-thirsty, gluttonous chops in gleeful anticipation of the feast that is in sight, and the life of two young and promising republics would not have been ruthlessly crushed out. In the welcome to be extended to these South African heroes, no man who endorsed the attitude of this government toward them during their heroic struggle should be permitted to participate. But these are the very fellows, from the head of the government down, who will be first to extend their hypocritical hands, and shout themselves hoarse in honor of men whom they helped to defeat, and principles they aided in trampling under foot.

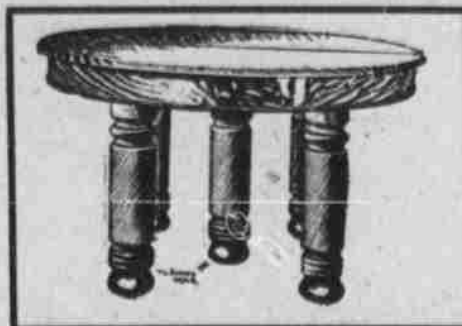
THE republican machine in Dave Mercer's district is in dire distress. Pour your filthy lucre into that unfortunate and benighted strip of Nebraska territory, ye fatted, glut-toned trust breeders, ere one of your unprincipled, boot-licking henchmen is wiped off the face of the earth. Can't you hear his appealing cries? Won't you listen? In heaven's name speed ye to his rescue.

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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.

Scalloped Bananas. Bananas are good enough in their ordinary simplicity, but some persons there are who like bananas made into a sort of scallop in this way: Cut half a dozen bananas into half inch slices. Cut some bread into small pieces and place a layer of these in the bottom of a pudding dish. Add a layer of bananas, two table-spoonfuls of sugar and one table-spoonful of lemon juice. Repeat these layers until all have been used, having bread as the topmost. Put over the top a table-spoonful of melted butter and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake half an hour in a quick oven.

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