

Farmers'



Alliance.

"THERE IS NOTHING WHICH IS HUMAN THAT IS ALIEN TO ME."—Terence.

VOL. I.

Notice to Subscribers.

EXPIRATION.

As the easiest and cheapest means of notifying subscribers of the date of their expiration, we will mark this notice with a red pencil, so that they may see their subscription expires. We will send the paper two weeks after expiration. If not renewed by that time it will be discontinued.

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THE FARMERS' OWN PAPER!

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THE ALLIANCE has been started as the official organ of the Nebraska State Farmers' Alliance. It has already taken a high place among the papers of the country, and is gaining patronage which promises to make it a brilliant success.

It will be conducted SOLELY IN THE INTEREST OF THE FARMERS AND LABORING MEN OF THE STATE AND NATION.

J. BURROWS,

its Editor, is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Farmers' State Alliance. He has had long experience in newspaper work. He will bring to his aid able men in different spheres of thought, and will make **THE ALLIANCE** one of the ablest papers in the west.

MRI. THOMPSON, the Associate Editor, is Secretary of the Nebraska State Alliance.

THE ALLIANCE will be absolutely FEARLESS AND UNTRAMMLED in the discussion of all public questions. It accepts no patronage from railroads or corporations, and its editors have no free passes. NO MONEY WILL BUY THE OPINIONS OF THIS PAPER.

THE ALLIANCE will be found in the front ranks of the opposition to all trusts and combinations to throttle competition, and extort from the producers and laborers the lion's share of the fruits of their toil.

We shall advocate the free coinage of silver the same as gold, and its restoration to its old time place in our currency;

The issue of all paper money direct to the people on land security, and an increase of its volume proportioned to increased production and population;

Government ownership of railroads;

The U.S. postal telegraph;

The restriction of land ownership to the users of land, and its reasonable limitation;

The exclusion of alien landlords;

The election of U. S. Senators by a direct vote of the people;

And all other reforms which will insure to the benefit of the Farmers and Workingmen.

Now Brother Farmers and Workingmen, it remains for you to prove that the often-made assertion that you will not stand by your own friends, is false. We appeal to you for support. Give us your support and we will give you a grand paper.

Every member of the Alliance, and every Farmer, should make the success of this paper HIS OWN INDIVIDUAL CONCERN.

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A Socialist Riot.

BERLIN, Feb. 4.—During the Democratic meeting at Staatsburg while Deputy Heinle was speaking, an overflow from the meeting collided with the police and a free fight followed. Knives and stones were used. The police fired with blank cartridges without effect. Ball cartridges were then used, and one woman was killed and several wounded. A number of police were stabbed.

The Work of Tramps.

BOSTON, Feb. 2.—Shortly after midnight this morning the dwelling house, 250 261 North street, occupied by Maurice Rubey's clothing store on the first floor and by lodgers, chiefly Italian families, on three upper floors, was gutted by fire, which is supposed to have originated in the store. The flames nearly cut off a escape by the back door of the building, but the building had no means of saving their lives, except by jumping from the windows. Nine persons were burned to death, three were fatally injured and six were seriously if not mortally wounded. One man who had a quantity of the property which he had secured night burglars and seven others at that place. Among those in pose were John Seaman, a clothier, who had several suits of clothes stolen, and a hardware store owner who had been robbed of about twenty-five dollars. There were also ten carriages. On visiting the camp, Seaman observed that his missing clothing was worn by several of the tramps. On attempting to recover them, they produced the revolver and defied the police. Finally three of those wearing the stolen clothes were captured. No one was injured in the fight except Policeman Smith, who received a slight wound on the head. Eighteen of the tramps escaped.

That Swamp of Death.

Will Carleton in Harper's Weekly, Sept. 17, 1881.

Yes, it's straight and true, good preacher, every word that you have said; Don't think these years unusually—they're the first that I have shed.

But they kind of pressed and pounded on my aching heart and brain.

And they would not be let go of, and they gave me extra pain.

I'm an ignorant day worker—work for food and rags and sleep—

And I hardly know the object of the life we slave to keep.

But I know when days are cheery, or my heart is made of lead; I know sorrow when I see it—and I know my child is dead.

No, she isn't much to look at, just a plainish bit of clay.

Of the sort of perchured children you are seeing every day;

And how she could break a life up, if she were slow to understand;

But she held mine, Mr. Preacher, in that little withered hand.

I am just a laboring man, sir, of the kind that digs and delves,

But I've learned that human natures cannot stay in themselves; They will wander out for something, be it good or be it bad,

And my heart with her had settled, and the girl was all I had.

There are lots of pretty children, with a form and face more fine;

Let their parents love and get them—but this little one was mine!

There was no one else to cling to when we two were cut apart,

And it's rough—this amputation of the strong arms of the heart!

Tis consulting, Mr. Preacher, and it's maybe as you've said—

God loves children while they're living, and adopts them when they're dead;

But my brain won't quit contriving, do the very best I can,

That was not God's mercy took her, but the selfishness of man.

Why, she lay here, faint and gasping, moaning for a bit of air,

Choked and strangled by the foul breath of the fiends who never sleep;

For it crept through every window, and it crept beneath the door.

And I tried to bar against it, and she only choked the more.

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