

SOME OF JOE BURNS' RECORD.

How he and Dan Lauer Stole the School Land. A Stool Pigeon For the B. & M.

Allow me to call your special attention to the 117 acres of land near the asylum that was fraudulently stolen from the state by this man and his friend Dan Lauer. In December 1890 the county commissioners of your county were ordered to appraise said n. w. 1/4 9-9-6 for leasing purposes.

On the 12th of January 1891 the land was sold to the following persons:
 Lot 1, 18.09 acres, Fannie Wright.
 " 2, 18.20 " " " "
 " 3, 18.19 " J. Dan Lauer Jr.
 " 4, 19.06 " Frank Hubbard.
 " 5, 37 " Not sold.
 " 6, 19.25 " Wm Robertson
 " 7, 18.18 " Joe Burns.

110 acres sold for \$2,822.52 or the appraised value as set by the county commissioners for leasing purposes. There never was any notice to the public of sale. There was no competition as shown by the amount of bonus paid, \$1. on each lot.

The records in the office of commissioner public of lands and buildings show the following ownership: Fannie Wright (Dan Lauer's servant girl,) lots 1 and 2; J. Dan Lauer Jr. lot 3; Paul Lauer lot 4; Joe Burns lots 6 and 7. This land is known as the "Oakley" farm. Land adjoining it has sold for \$125.00 per acre. Burnham is selling land 160 rods from it for \$150.00 to \$200.00 per acre. This land averaged less than \$26.00 per acre, a \$10,000 STEAL.

Again when the saline lands were offered for leasing, Joe Burns was the "stool pigeon" for the Land commissioner Steen and Sec'y. State Cowdry and the B. & M. R. R. Co., in leasing and assigning the saline lands adjoining this city.

There is a 40 acre tract adjoining the city on the west which was leased to Burns and the records show that the ex-commissioner and ex-secretary of state each have a 1/2 interest, and it is appraised at \$609.00. The records show the same in regard to land near the "Burlington Beach." What object has the "Burlington Beach" gang in getting "Joe" in the legislature? Only one: To steal the state lands west of the city and do the dirty work of the corporations.

Weaver at Grand Island.

Ed Hall of the Grand Island Democrat is an old line greenbacker who is trying to edit a democratic organ at Grand Island. But occasionally the truth and sincerity that is in him breaks out in spite of the democratic clothes he wears. Here is what he has to say of Weaver's meeting:

General J. B. Weaver, the people's independent party candidate for president of the United States, delivered one of his great speeches in Grand Island last Tuesday. It was a great meeting and a great speech. Notwithstanding that a cold rain set in Monday and continued throughout the entire day Tuesday 2,000 people gathered at the sugar palace building and listened two hours to this gifted orator tell them of the wrongs they had sustained at the hands of the republican administration and point out the remedies the people must adopt if they would be free and enjoy the profits of their labor, or the wealth they produced. He told of the false financial legislation which had concentrated the wealth of the country into the hands of the few and why the people had revolted. It was the truth every word that he uttered and it was told in an eloquent and convincing way. He told of his travels in this campaign and the interest of the people were taking in the new political religion. He is a great man and he patriotically represents a great cause—the cause of common humanity. When time shall have spanned another generation posterity will do honor to the name of General James B. Weaver as the present generation does to the name of a Wendell Phillips or a William Lloyd Garrison. He is an abolitionist in the lead, giving his time, his energy and ability to the work of abolishing a slavery a thousand times worse than the African slavery

to which Phillips and Garrison devoted their lives. His cause is just and will eventually triumph and while he may never live to be the people's choice for president his name will live in the hearts of his countrymen as long as history and time shall last. He went from here to Lincoln where he delivered a speech Wednesday. He then goes back to Iowa to finish the campaign and will await the result next Tuesday with the knowledge and consolation of having discharged his duty to his fellowmen and discharged it well.

PADEREWSKI'S DRIVER.

An Interesting Experience With a Maryland Hackman.

An interesting story is told of Paderewski when on his way to play one afternoon at Baltimore. Shortly before reaching the city he left the train to buy some fruit, and chancing to find a friendly Pole in the vender of fruit, stopped to talk, and when he returned to the station found the train gone. He was perplexed to know what to do, as he was entirely unacquainted with that locality, and besides knew what a tempest would be raging when his agent failed to find him on the train. Glancing about the station he caught the eye of a hackman standing near by, who immediately accosted him with:

"Carriage, sir?"
 "Yes, if you will drive me immediately to Baltimore without delay."
 The hackman whistled. "To Baltimore! Why, sir, that is fully fifteen miles."

"Never mind. I must be there for a concert. Are you willing to whip your horses?" This, of course, in broken English.

The hackman grinned as he eyed his two sorry specimens. "Oh, they can stand it. But where to, sir?"

At this the great artist looked puzzled. "Why, I don't really remember." Then, brightening up: "Oh, I know; the opera house."

"But there are eight or ten, sir. Which one?"

"Well, drive to a music store and find out, but don't stand there talking."

The man whipped up his horses, but the roads were poor, and it was some time before they reached the city.

Arriving at the music store the hackman got out and marching in demanded: "There's a gent here as wants to know where that piano man is going to play—Paddy'ski or something."

"Paderewski? Oh, that concert is just around the corner at — opera house. But it's half over by this time, and you can tell your gent it's hardly worth while going now." Then, taking down one of the huge photographs of the "Chrysanthemum Head" from the window he said to the boy waiting: "Here, Bill, this can come down as the tickets are all sold."

At sight of the photograph the hackman stopped short and exclaimed: "And is it him is going to play? Why, he's my gent in the carriage!" —and rushing out he drove frantically to the place designated, fortunately in time to prevent the audience from dispersing.

As Paderewski hurriedly paid him his money the man hesitated and then said awkwardly: "Please sir, I like a tune with the best of them. Could I make so bold as to hear you play?"

The kindly face of the great artist beamed upon him in assent, and they went into the hall together, side by side. It is needless to say that there was not one of the vast audience so generally astonished and delighted by what he heard that afternoon as Paderewski's hackman.

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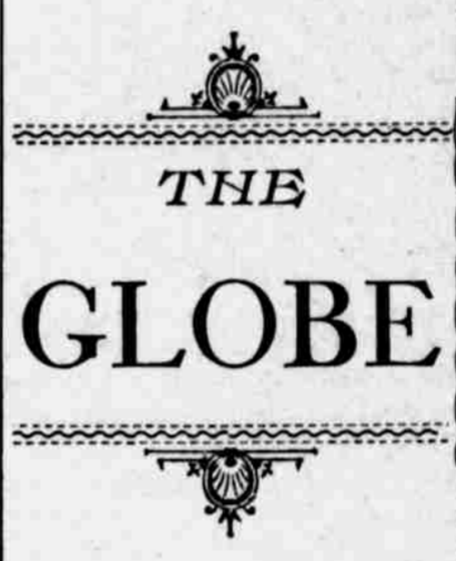
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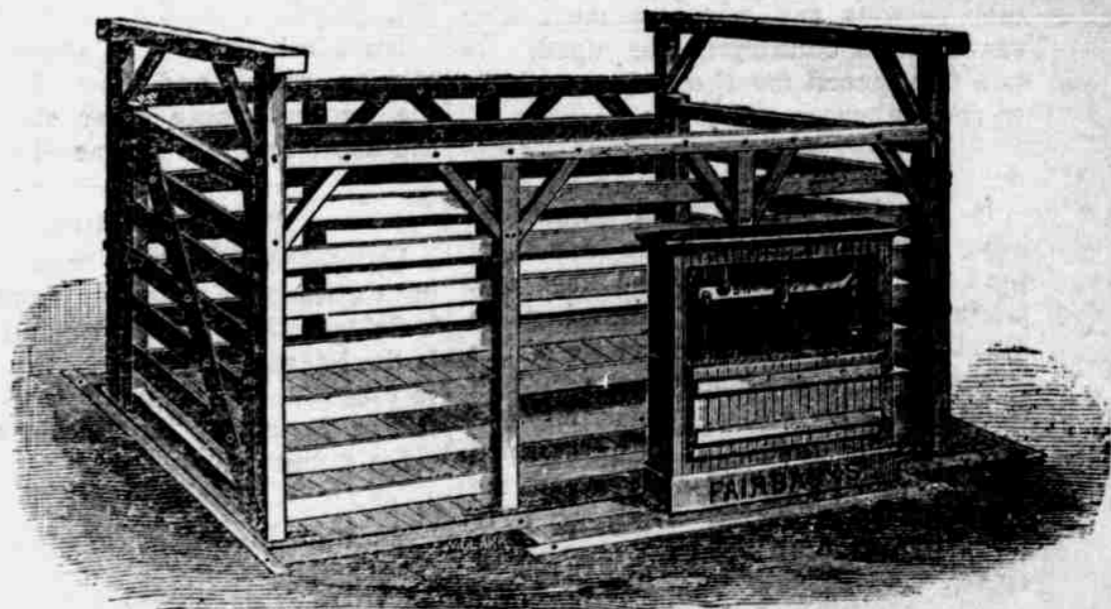
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