

ALLIANCE DIRECTORY

Nebraska Farmers' Alliance. J. H. POWERS, President, Cornhill. W. A. FORTNER, Vice-Pres., Albion.

Personal.

Congressman Kem passed through Lincoln on his way to Washington on Monday. He will spend most of this week in Chicago taking in the World's fair and the great silver convention.

Mayor Weir left for a business trip to Cleveland, Ohio, on Saturday evening. He took in the silver convention on his way back.

Congressman McKeighan has been spending a couple of weeks at Hot Springs, S. D. He returned to his home on Monday much improved in health. He leaves for Washington this week.

Judge Holcomb of Broken Bow passed through Lincoln on his way to the World's fair on Tuesday.

J. W. Dorland of Council Bluffs, well known to the alliance people of Antelope county, spent Sunday in Lincoln. He is now out soliciting for the Alliance Publishing Co.

J. H. Teachman of Saunders county paid us a call on Saturday last. Bro. Teachman is one of the faithful with a big F.

E. H. Northrop of Elm Creek, Buffalo county, is talked of as good timber for a county office. Certainly there is no man in that county more fit or deserving.

PROF. JOHNSON of Lincoln wrote to the secretary of the treasury a few days ago to ascertain whether silver certificates had been redeemed in gold. He received an answer from the assistant secretary saying that silver certificates are redeemed in silver only; and adding that the popular error arises from confounding the treasury notes of 1890 with silver certificates. This is the error referred to in our last issue.

ODDITIES AND VARIETIES.

One out of every 180 inhabitants of the United States owns or rides a bicycle. It is said that nearly 15,000 people die of consumption in New England every year.

A man at Belfast, Maine, who recently advertised for a servant girl, found it necessary to add, "No whist player need apply."

The London zoological society has offered \$2,500 for five musk oxen (two males and three females) delivered alive and in good condition in London.

At a dinner of the Philadelphia Clover club in New York, General Horace Porter said he was surprised to see plates at the dinner, because in Philadelphia he noticed in several dentist windows the sign, "Teeth Without Plates."

Photographs of growing plants show some marvelous results, especially among the climbers. The young stems are said to move in a succession of irregular circular or elliptical curves, which vary in every direction. These movements are due to the irregular growth in various parts of the stem.

The natives of the southern part of West Virginia have a queer way of conveying the idea of distances. The traveler who asks how far it is to a certain point is likely to be told that it is "a couple o' looks," or "two looks an' a hoot." A look is as far as you can see, and a hoot is the distance a human voice is supposed to carry.

A large python from West Africa, in the Zoological gardens at Breslau, Germany, is said to have recently swallowed a box, which measured seven feet in length, a correspondingly thick. The circumference of the box throughout its length was from twenty-three to twenty-eight inches, and its skin was padded to double its usual size.

The poet Campbell, on one occasion, retiring to rest with his thoughts full of a new poem, after a little uneasy slumber, suddenly awoke about 2 o'clock and found himself repeating the words, "Events to come cast their shadows before." He called at once for lights and a cup of tea, and before daybreak had completed a portion of "Lochiel's Warning."

COMIC CHATTER.

Jimson—Where are you going? Billson—Only off for a day's shooting. Jimson—Great snakes! With that carload of freight? Billson—Those boxes contain books, the latest and most complete compendiums of the game laws of the state. I don't want to shoot anything out of season.

Youth—Wha—what is your father stamping around for? Maiden—I told you you wanted to marry me, and I'm afraid he's looking for his cane. Youth—Oo! Go tell him it's all a mistake, and I don't want to marry you. Maiden—Horrors, no! Then he'd go rushing around for his gun.

First Train Robber—Well, what did you get? Second T. R.—Lemme see. Twenty-seven pawn tickets, a half peck of picture cards, sixty cents in silver, and a plated watch chain with a nail tied to the pocket end of it. That's all. First T. R.—I told you it wasn't no use to hold up a train comin' from Chicago.

"How did the carmen come in this morning?" asked Mrs. Hooglesnapper of her husband. "They came flying through the air each man astride of an ear," replied Mr. Hooglesnapper with great contempt for the foolishness of the question. "O, said Mrs. H. thoughtfully, then they must have had their ears feathered. I read something about that in the paper." And Mr. Hooglesnapper breathed hard and looked at his wife closely, but she never turned a hair.

Judge of the Supreme Court.

As one of the people and a firm believer in the principles of the people's party it appears to me that in the coming election nothing can be more important to us as a party and especially to the toiling masses than the selection of a proper person to fill the all-important position of supreme judge of the State of Nebraska. We talk flippantly very often of the three coordinate branches of the government viz, the executive, legislative and judicial, and imagine that said branches are independent of each other; and of the three are apt to flatter ourselves with the idea that, inasmuch as the two branches of the legislature are elected by, and go direct from, the people to make laws, therefore this branch of the government is the most important and necessarily the most powerful.

This conception is for all practical purposes a mere delusion, for the truth is that the supreme court makes more laws than the legislature.

It is true that we send members to our state and national legislatures to frame laws, but when framed, the courts decide whether or not said laws correspond to their interpretation of the constitution, and said interpretation as a rule entirely depends upon the influence that was most powerful in placing the judges on the bench.

Nothing is more patent than this: That whenever the ruling powers come in direct conflict with the just demands of the people, as a rule the courts are with the oppressors. It has been so from time immemorial. It was so in the days of Jeffries. It was so in the mad days of Judge Gary, when capital demanded a sacrifice to intimidate labor. It was so in days when the "Slaveholding Oligarchy ruled the nation." It had its Taney. Today the B. & M. and their g. o. p. cappers have their Post and Norval.

Whenever the question of a judge of the court is mentioned we are nauseated with the stale clap-trap of non-partisanship, when all history confirms the fact that the ruling powers have always made it a point to have the judiciary crinate saturated with the very quintessence of partisanship, and in many cases where there was a doubt as to the opinion of the bench they have adopted the policy of Jim Fiske, not to fee the lawyers, but to buy the judges. Let us as populists lay aside this tomfoolery of parrot-like echoing this senseless cry of a non-partisan judiciary. Let us be brave and true, and state clearly what we want, and what we propose to have; and, whether the time be long or short, we will "keep in the middle of the road" till we get there.

In the first place we want a man fully identified with us in letter and spirit; who stands committed in favor of all the principles that, as a party, we declare and advocate; who, at all times and under all circumstances, has the courage of his convictions; who honestly affirms he endorses the Omaha platform; and who in said endorsement fully expresses as a man and judge his sense of what constitutes justice to those who claim no more, and yet who as a rule have heretofore been denied it. Such being my conception of what are the essentials for a judge of our supreme court, I would have him lean earnestly and tenderly near to the great earnest heart of the common people, and let us relegate to the barbarous past every vestige or semblance that reminds of the Jeffries and Norburrys of England and Ireland, the Taney, Gary, Post and Norvals, of our country, and enter on a new era of judicial power that will render just judgment in behalf of the people.

In order to do this we must not play the foolish part that was enacted when many were wild to nominate Judge Graham as our standard bearer at Omaha, which we will do, and which there are those who are trying hard to do in seeking the nomination of Judge Maxwell, who, though in some respects is a good man, and for which we accord him all honor, is still a republican, uncommitted to a single plank in our platform, and has done nothing only what any man with a spark of integrity in his nature could not help doing regarding impeachment of state officials, for even Post had to concede their guilt.

Then again Judge Maxwell has held the position for 18 years, and is in very easy circumstances from the greatness of his law books. Nebraska has done him honor, and now in his physical decrepitude, it would be more than injudicious to continue him in position by our votes.

What we need is a man of middle age, with large experience as a lawyer, a wide-awake man, with courage, with a clean insight into all the tricks, subtleties and hypocrisies of the enemy, who will do justice though the heavens fall and plutocracy fall with it.

We have the timber, we know the man, and when the bell of the people rings the hour his name will be given to them. Till that time comes, let us lay aside all trifling in going outside our own ranks. We have our Weaver's, Allen's and McKeighan's, and it is even more important that we have for supreme judge a man fully identified with us in all the essential elements that go to make up the full grown populist.

GEORGE LYNN.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Live Stock. CHICAGO, Aug. 2, 1893. Cattle—Receipts 14,000 head; market lower; good to choice steers \$4 50 to \$5 00; others, \$3 00 to \$3 50; Texans, \$2 00 to \$2 50; cows and heifers, \$1 50 to \$2 00.

Omaha Live Stock. OMAHA, Aug. 2, 1893. Cattle—Good to choice steers, \$4 50 to \$5 00; others, \$3 00 to \$3 50; cows and heifers, \$1 50 to \$2 00.

Wanted—To lease an independent paper. Address Geo. E. Vawter, Lincoln, Neb.

COMMONERS FIGHT.

BLACK EYES AND BLOODY NOSES IN PARLIAMENT.

MEMBERS PUNNEL ONE ANOTHER.

The Closing of the Home Rule Debate Precipitates the Most Disgraceful Scene Ever Witnessed in the House of Commons—Chamberlain's Fierce Attack on Gladstone's Cause.

LONDON, July 29.—The debate on the home rule bill was brought to a close last night. Joseph Chamberlain Unionist, in protesting against Mr. Gladstone's enforcement of closure, compared him to Herod. T. P. O'Connor, Irish member, hissed "Judas" at Chamberlain which the other Irish members repeated in a chorus several times.

Then came a scene unprecedented in Parliamentary history. Mr. Mellor gave in a weak voice the customary directions. The Conservatives, however, flatly refused to quit the house. Vicary Gibbs, Gibbon Bowles and William Hanbury shouted to the chairman that he must first call Mr. O'Connor to order for having called Mr. Chamberlain names. Mr. Mellor protested that he had not heard the epithets in question. Nobody told him what Mr. O'Connor had said, so he sat helpless and unenlightened before the house, while the members crowded forward in excited groups, shaking their fists and shouting their demands.

Meantime half of the Unionists had climbed to the benches and were shouting "Gag!" "Gag!" Others were struggling in the aisles or between the benches with Radical, Liberal or Irish antagonist. Curses, yells of pain and gross insults were heard on every side.

John Logan, Liberal, ran down to the first opposition bench and began upbraiding Edward Carson, a Tory. As he shook his fist under Mr. Carson's nose, George Wyndham and William Fisher jumped to the assistance of their party colleague, seized Mr. Logan by the neck, threw him to the floor head first and then bunched him under a bench. Somebody smashed Tim Healy's high hat down over his eyes. Healy tore off the hat and sprang into the aisle in full fighting posture, just as Mr. Hanbury, still shouting that the chairman must name Mr. O'Connor, was trying to get by. Mr. Hanbury was knocked over a bench by the force of the collision before Mr. Healy got in a blow. A free fight then broke out at the gangway.

The center of it was William Redmond, Parnellite, who had taken advantage of the general license to push over Colonel Sanderson, the champion of the men of Ulster. Sanderson was rescued and led the attack on the Parnellites. Blows were struck right and left. Members fell and were picked up by their friends to fight again. The whole space between the front benches was filled with a struggling, cursing mass of members, striking, clawing and upsetting each other. Manful efforts were made to separate the combatants. Both sergeants-at-arms forced their way through the thick of the fight, but as fast as one group was pacified another came to blows.

Eventually Mr. Gladstone begged Edward Majoribanks, a sturdy Liberal, to do something to stop the fighting. Mr. Majoribanks dug his way through the tangled mass of belligerents and by repeated appeals in the name of the premier succeeded in stemming the conflict. Colonel Sanderson emerged first from the crowd of fighters. He was holding a bunch of keys to his black eye. Others followed in more or less damaged condition.

Mr. Gladstone, sitting upright, had watched the scene with inflamed face and an expression of sorrow, indignation and astonishment, which will never be effaced from the memory of those observing it.

Chairman Mellor sent for Speaker Peel as soon as order was restored. When the speaker entered several Conservatives rose and pointing to Mr. Gladstone exclaimed: "There sits the author of it all."

While Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Mellor conferred as to what should be done, the combatants were comparing notes. Not a few of them showed the effects of rough handling. Tim Healy had received a hard blow in the face and one cheek was badly swollen. William Redmond also had a bad spot on his face.

The hum of voices died out as Speaker Peel, stern and dignified, took the chair. A slight cheer was given for him and then Mr. Mellor, as chairman of the committee, reported to Mr. Peel, as speaker of the house, what had occurred, and the speaker at once appealed to the party leaders to tell him further what occurred. Cheers and calls for Mr. Gladstone brought the premier to his feet. He said: "I regret to say that neither my eyes nor ears enable me to give a very clear account of the affair."

Mr. Peel then said: "I have arrived at the conclusion that the expression alleged to have been used was the original cause of the disorder. I feel certain that the gentleman who used the words did so in the heat of irritation of the moment. If he were simply to say he regrets having used them I am quite certain it would be my duty to take no further notice of the affair."

Amid conservative cries of "withdraw," Mr. O'Connor humbly apologized to the speaker.

The new clause was adopted by a vote of 31 to 291. The two other financial clauses were carried without division. When the committee rose and Chairman Mellor reported to Speaker Peel, presiding over the house, the home rule bill as amended by the committee, cheer after cheer was given, and all hats were waved for Mr. Gladstone by the Liberals and Irish, who were answered by the Unionists with counter cheers. The report stage was fixed for August 7. Adjourned.

THE CRAFTY NORMAN.

How a Farmer Turned the Tables on the Baker.

By way of illustration of the proverbial craftiness of the Norman peasantry, an amusing story is related, which, if not in strict accordance with fact, has at least the merit of originality.

A certain baker, in business in a small town, obtained his supply of butter from a farmer in the neighborhood. One fine day he discovered that the pats, which were supposed to weigh three pounds each, were not up to the standard, and further examination revealed a steady diminution in the daily provision. At last the baker lodged a formal complaint against the farmer, and the affair was brought before the local court. "Have you any scales?" inquired the magistrate. "Yes, monsieur le juge," was the ready reply. "And have you any weights?" continued the judge. An answer this time in the negative was as promptly given. "But how do you manage to weigh your butter?" asked the magistrate.

Then the farmer related that ever since the baker had taken his butter he had returned the compliment by buying his bread. The baker supplied him with three-pound loaves, and he used them as weights for his butter. "It is his fault, not mine, if the weight is not correct," added the farmer, who was speedily acquitted and left the court in triumph with an escort of friends and admirers. Since this trial the farmer is said to have been supplied with more than his due provision of bread, but he has taken good care not to fall into the opposite error, and the baker has now his three-pound pats of butter full weight, but not an ounce more.

SHE WAS A DAISY.

And She Had Nerve Enough to Analyze the Drug Store Clerk.

"I want to use your telephone," said a stylishly dressed woman, with a laughing air, entering a drug store. "Certainly, madame," said the clerk courteously.

The woman called up another drug store three blocks away. "Is this Fettle & Mortar's?" she said. "It is? Well, this is Mrs. So-and-so of Twenty-six" street. You understand? "I want you to send around, at a way, a bottle of that tooth powder I use. Do you hear me? And two pounds of castile soap. Got that down? And some soothing syrup for baby; yes, soothing syrup. And half a dozen two-grain quinine pills—yes, quinine pills, I said. Are you deaf? And—that's all! Send them around immediately—don't forget now!"

And she hung up the receiver and started from the drug store which she had been using as an ordering depot for a rival concern, without so much as "Thank you." At the door she stopped to say in withering tones to the clerk:

"You ought to have that telephone fixed. It works miserably."

EIGHT MILLIONS COMING.

That Amount of Gold Ordered for Shipment to America From London.

New York, Aug. 2.—Wall street was more cheerful to-day than for months past. It was announced that \$4,400,000 gold had been withdrawn from the Bank of England for shipment. Of that amount \$300,000 is consigned to the First National bank of Chicago, \$500,000 to the Illinois Trust company of Chicago, \$450,000 to the Bank of Nova Scotia of Chicago and \$250,000 to a Boston bank. It is estimated that the total shipments from London and the continent for the week will reach \$8,000,000.

Fifty Thousand Idle in Colorado.

DENVER, Col., Aug. 2.—State Labor Commissioner J. W. Brentlinger estimates the number of unemployed persons in Colorado to be fully 50,000. In March when he issued his annual report he found 10,000 out of work. Since that time business in all lines has dropped off to a degree hitherto unknown in the history of the state. A little over 500 persons were fed yesterday at Camp Relief. The number is gradually decreasing, 300 having been sent out during the day and night.

Revolution in Argentine Now.

Buenos Ayres, Aug. 2.—Radical forces concentrated around La Plata are preparing for an attack. The governor has 3,000 men and is confident of his ability to hold his own. Several thousand colonists have joined the insurgents marching on Santa Fe. The radicals have been victorious at Rosario.

Justice Blatchford Laid to Rest.

New York, July 13.—The body of Associate Justice Samuel Blatchford of the United States supreme court was laid away in the family vault at Greenwood cemetery at noon to-day. The pallbearers and relatives of the deceased came to Brooklyn from Newport on a special train last night.

Whisky Trust Troubles Settled.

PEORIA, Ill., July 13.—The announcement may be expected at any moment that the troubles in the whisky trust over the rebellion of Samuel Woolner has been settled and a truce declared. Negotiations to this end were undertaken some days ago, and it is believed the directors have ratified the action.

Missouri's Sunday Schools.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., July 13.—The Missouri State Sunday school convention was called to order this morning in Stone chapel, Drury college, with about half the delegates present, the rest being expected to-night. The Rev. J. P. Pinkerton welcomed the delegates.

Modern Composer—I've got a new stage song that's bound to make a hit. Manager—Any sense in it? "None at all." "Any fun in it?" "Not a bit." "Any music in it?" "Not a note." "Whoop! We'll take the town."

J. W. HARTLEY, State Agent

Will supply you with the best barb wire made at \$2.75 per 100 lbs. The Ell weighs less than one pound to the rod.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including different types of tobacco, soap, and other household items.

These soaps are less than ever sold in this state. We sell Kendall & Smith's "Zar" flour at \$1.25 per 100 lbs. Our Gem at \$1.25 per 100 lbs. Silver Leaf at \$1.50 per 100 lbs., and the finest Patent at \$1.00 per sack.

TEAS—Uncolored Japan 25 cents per pound. Extra uncolored Japan 30 cents per pound. Finest imported 50 cents per pound. Sugar at lowest market rates.

A Tattooed Man.

Martin Reifferschild, a fugitive from German justice, has kept tattooed on his body a record of his varied career as soldier, gambler, circus clown and Lothario. The warrant out for his arrest describes this curious autobiography thus: On the breast, "I cannot change my fate, 1885;" on the right forearm, woman's hand, rifle, lance, sword, cannon ball, and "Whoever loves must suffer, 1889;" on the right shoulder, cross, heart, anchor, clasped hands, and "Everlastingly faithful;" on left shoulder, clown on a chair, 1887; on the left forearm, "Long live the caddy," horse's head, whip, clasped hands, "True love, 1890."

Which Was the More Sincere Mourner?

When a Philadelphia man was killed by accident the other day two women appeared, each claiming to be his widow. After some consultation they came to an amicable agreement, whereby one took possession of the body of the dead and the other of his life insurance of \$500. Persons fond of sociological studies can temporarily abandon such problems as "The Lady or the Tiger?" while they decide which of the so-called widows was the more sincere mourner.

STRUNG TOGETHER.

It is a fashion now to carry babies to the christening font in baskets.

A Philadelphia publisher says he paid Mr. Blaine the last money he received for literary work. It was \$5,000 for about 12,000 words in a work dealing with Columbus.

Cottage life in the Catskills, is one of the most delightful and healthful ways of spending one's summers, and hundreds of people who a few years ago lived during the season in some mountain hotel now own cottages. These people are thoroughly independent, and know no rules but their own comfort.

Another man has jumped from the Brooklyn bridge. He took his mad leap at night, just outside the New York tower. He probably thought he was jumping into the water, but he fell too near the shore and landed on top of a pier shed. Of course he was killed. His object was plainly suicide, and not to gain the glory of Steve Brodie. In his pocket was a coffin plate, that of his wife, or some woman he loved.

The World's Fair.

It is not necessary to be an athlete in order to see the world's fair to advantage.

All these things—an elevated electric railroad, a moving sidewalk, several hundred wheel chairs, a score of gondolas and half a hundred electric launches—have been provided for the purpose of enabling visitors to get around the grounds without unduly exerting themselves. And there are hundreds of pleasant places on the grounds where you can rest just as long as you please. The great fair is for all sorts of people; the needs of both the weak and the strong have been carefully considered.

Ask Bonnell, at B. & M. depot; or Ziener, corner O and Tenth streets.

YOUR CHANCE TO HELP.

We know that there are several hundred of our readers who would be glad to help in the work of re-organizing our company and putting THE ALLIANCE-INDEPENDENT on a solid footing, but who do not feel able to put in as much as ten dollars. In order to give all such an opportunity to help, we run the following subscription blank. We want every subscriber who feels able to advance one dollar or more to cut out this blank fill it properly and send it to brother Wolfe. We also want friends who are willing to sacrifice a few hours time to cut out these blanks and do a little canvassing for us. Especially do we want canvassers at every rally held on July 29th.

Friends, will you help us? You will never have a better opportunity to show your patriotism and loyalty to the cause. These subscriptions are not for stock, but simply pay in advance for the paper.

Subscription Blank.

J. V. WOLFE, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Find enclosed for which please have THE ALLIANCE-INDEPENDENT sent to the following addresses according to the amounts set opposite their names; this amount to be held by you till the proposed reorganization of the Alliance Publishing Co. has been made:

Table with columns for NAMES, POSTOFFICE, and AMOUNT.