

W.R. BENNETT CO.

Omaha, Neb.

This will give you an idea of our prices.

We now give 20 pounds of granulated sugar for \$1. Other sugars in proportionate value. OUR PRINCIPLES OF BUSINESS: 16 oz to the pound. Goods exactly as represented. Every one treated alike and fair, straightforward dealing in every respect.

Grocery Department.	Hardware Department.
Parlor Matches per box.....	\$0 01
Oil Sardines.....	5
French mustard.....	5
Potted ham.....	5
Star lye.....	5
Large bottle blue.....	5
Bottle catsup.....	5
Peas, can.....	5
Bottle lemon extract.....	5
" vanilla.....	5
" almond.....	5
" raspberry.....	5
Sugar corn, can.....	6
Succotash, can.....	6
Wax beans, 3 for.....	6
Strawberries, 3 for.....	6
Red Cherries, 3 for.....	6
Tomatoes, can.....	6
Gallon apples.....	6
French Apple can.....	6
55 bars B B soap.....	1 00
7 bars Fern soap.....	25
Good tea.....	25
Fair coffee.....	25
Extra good flour per sack.....	1 15
Seek No Further.....	1 35
Graham flour per sack.....	1 35
Door bolts.....	10
Nutmeg grater.....	50 01
Key ring.....	1
Harness snap.....	1
Pie tins.....	1
Lock clasp and staples.....	1
Tacks per box.....	1
1 pint pan.....	2
Tin cup.....	2
A B C plate.....	2
Tin table spoons 6 for 10c, each.....	2
Curry comb.....	2
Biscuit cutter.....	2
Lid lifter.....	2
Screw driver.....	2
Good dipper.....	2
Fry cake pan.....	2
Egg cage hooks.....	2
Tack hammers.....	2
2 foot rule.....	2
Best can opener.....	2
Silver steel fork.....	2
Good shears.....	2
Paint brush.....	2
Thumb latch.....	2
Mincing knife.....	2
Chair seats.....	2
Whitewash brush.....	2
Door bolts.....	2
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INDUCEMENTS.—With every pound of tea we give a present. With every pound of Snow Flake Baking Powder, which we guarantee to be pure and sure, to please you, we give you a piece of cake, or a quarter Pounder in a Kettle. Price of the Powder, 30 cents per pound.

WHOLESALE.—We carry all goods in quantities, and we invite dealers and peddlers to give us trial.

A WORD TO FARMERS.—We solicit consignments of good butter and eggs. We will give you the highest market price of the day. We have made arrangements with a reliable commission man, who will take all the grain, hay, or poultry we send him, so consign all your shipments to us.

WE PAY NEARLY NOTHING, but anything we do not keep we will get for you. Dry Goods, Cleaning, Agricultural Implements, Gun Pianos, or in fact anything that is present in Omaha. We will buy for you just as if we were buying for ourselves, and send them to you at exactly the prices we pay for them. This Mail Order Department is under the management of a gentleman of very great experience, who will be pleased to act as your agent in this connection.

HOW TO ORDER.—Write name and initial letters. State how you wish goods sent, by mail, express or freight. We require the full amount sent with the order, but if you desire goods sent C. O. D. 20 per cent. of the probable amount of the bill must be sent with the order as a guarantee of good faith. Thus if the bill comes to \$10 we should expect \$2 in advance.

W. R. Bennett Co., Omaha.

IN "THE CITY OF GOLD."

CUZCO, ANCIENT CENTRE OF THE INCAN EMPIRE.

A Region of Flowers, Fruits and Precious Metals—Wonderful Works of the Incas—Millions of Wealth Were Looted.

Cuzco, capital of the Incas, was the City of Gold and a wonderful city it must have been. But the Incas, too were wonderful. This ancient empire extended from about the second degree north latitude to the thirty-seventh degree south, embracing all the modern republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile. Its western boundary was of course the Pacific, but its eastern has never been clearly determined. In some places it spread out far beyond the Andes, and in others the territory of barbarous tribes came down to within a few miles of the coast.

As for the Andes, the early Peruvians dubbed these stupendous heights "Copper Mountains." Antes (meaning copper) being the original word which the Spaniard corrupted into "Andes." Their western steps, with splintered and precipitous sides of granite and porphyry, and the higher regions wrapped in snows that resist even the equatorial sun and melt only under their own volcanic fires, do not offer a more encouraging field to the farmer than the deserts where rain seldom falls, that stretch between them and the ocean. Yet every rod was utilized, and in order to waste no available inch of soil the Incas buried their dead in caves and built their own dwellings upon rocks.

They terraced every hill and mountain to its summit, the terraces being often narrow as the steps of a staircase and walled with stones; and they filled every crevice in the rock with soil where there was room for a stalk of corn to grow. These evidences of their patient toil are still plainly to be seen, and often the aerial gardens lie on such steeples that one wonders how anybody could have found foothold to cultivate them.

The irrigation system of the Incas was perfect, their ditches extending hundreds of miles and curving around the hills, here sustained by high walls of masonry, there cut through the solid rock, or carried over the valleys on enormous embankments. Massive dams and reservoirs were built to collect the floods that came from the melting snows of the mountains, and this supply was conducted to innumerable localities.

Here at Cuzco I have this day seen the ancient fortress known as Sachahuanman says Fannie B. Ward in a letter to the Philadelphia Record. This stronghold is said to have been built about the year 1113, is a remarkable piece of work, and held the same relation to Cuzco that "the Rock" does to Gibraltar or the Acropolis did to Athens. It consists of three terraces, 767 feet higher than the city, reached by a winding road which was so constructed that it could be easily defended. Military men say that its walls were built in accordance with the best engineering science of modern times.

Sachahuanman's walls were composed of immense blocks of limestone, and each salient had one of these at its end. Blocks measuring 15 feet long, 12 feet wide and 10 feet thick are common in the outer walls, and there is one great stone 27 feet high, 14 feet wide and 12 feet thick piled upon another of almost equal dimensions. Remembeing that these enormous masses were hewn from the hills, and fashioned into shape by a people ignorant of the use of iron; that they were brought from distant quarries without the aid of beasts of burden, raised to their elevations in the steeps and adjusted with the nicest accuracy without machinery, one is filled with astonishment. Twenty thousand men are said to have been employed for this great structure.

The best idea of how the old capital must have looked before the conquest may be gained in the street now named Triunfo. The remains of several ancient palaces are incircumated

in the

BEAUTY OF FORM.

The Charm of Proportions in Both Men and Woman.

Beauty of the human form is to-day exactly what it was in ancient Greece; it is the same through all the centuries, however blind we are to its characteristics through ignorance. The census of ages is a true verdict, and classic forms become safe models. Greek sculpture was wrought when the body received its highest cultivation, and was so beautiful as to be called divine.

This sculpture should be carefully and continuously studied, as well as pictures of good nude figures. They are to be made familiar, that one may learn why they are good, why they deserve admiration. Most people fancy they admire these classic models, but it must be in imagination only, else why should they allow themselves to exemplify false standards of form, and positively distort their own God-given bodies?

Searching for the highest standards of human form, we discover that manly beauty and womanly beauty differ essentially. It is agreed that the type of many proportions includes a comparatively large head, wide shoulders, rather square a torso tapering to a contracted pelvis; while the whole may be $\frac{7}{8}$ heads in height, or an additional half-head added to the length of the legs, giving a particularly elegant figure.

On the other hand, fine proportions for a woman are a small head, shoulders rather sloping and narrow, the torso full and widest at the hips; while the front line from the sternum over the abdomen should show first a gentle, and then a full outward curve.

The conventional figure of the day is at variance with this type. Every effort is made to imitate masculine characteristics. The shoulders are thrust up high and square, or made to appear so, the torso is made to taper in, and everything under heaven is done to make the waist look small. The front line is forced to take an inward curve below the bust, and the side lines to form an awkward angle, and the hollow of which voluminous skirts are hung.

The charm of womanly proportion is in the long curve from armpit to ankle, which is so different from the beauty of a manly figure. The depression at the so-called waist line—the meeting of two large muscles which in a beautiful woman should be slight—would better be ignored in the clothing, for the sake of the greater beauty of the whole sweep.

It is to be understood that the long curves are made up of shorter contours, one gently melting into another. A form made up of graceful sweeps alone would be a weak, nerveless, insipid thing.

These proportions should be so understood and so thoroughly appreciated, as to be always in mind, else a beautiful human form will not be recognized. Use physical exercises to attain the perfection of these curves. Hang pictures showing them where they may grow into your thoughts.—Harper's Bazaar.

Bismarck and His Dogs.

Many will remember that the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck, lost his favorite Tyro, called the Berlin dog, some two or three years ago. Among the remarkable achievements of this "Realm dog," it was recorded of him that on one occasion, little more than ten years ago, two delegates from Altona, charged with the presentation of a petition to Prince Bismarck, were received by him one morning in a special audience. After shaking hands with them the chancellor resumed his seat in his own particular rocking chair, by which his faithful Tyro lay stretched out silent by observation, and the delegates sat down on a leather couch facing his highness.

It so happened that one of them held a roll of paper in his right hand, and being an energetic speaker and accustomed to emphasize argument by gesticulation he waved his scroll about while addressing the chancellor, unmindful of the circumstances that his movements elicited several successive utterances of disapprobation from the watchful bairn.

Presently Tyros rose to his feet with an ominous snarl, whereupon Bismarck unceremoniously interrupted his interlocutor's remarks, exclaiming: "Do put down that scroll, I beg of you. My dog, like myself, entertains a profound aversion to every kind of a paper. He believes it is a deadly weapon." The deputy's compliance with this request was doubtless prompt.

It is the successor of Tyros in his master's favor, who is now ill, and that is why Bismarck is looking careworn.

But He Didn't Pay.

A chap recently addressed the following communication to a music dealer in St. John, Me.: "Seven years ago I stole a concertina from your workshop, which was getting repaired. Sometime ago I joined the Salvation army, and Christ has pardoned all my sins. I think it right I should let you know. May God bless you, and meet me in heaven." A man who is too mean to pay for a stolen concertina, says a local paper, isn't likely to make an angel who may be safely trusted with a golden harp.

The Books We Borrow.

There is much negligence shown in the matter of returning borrowed books and this often by persons of whom one would expect better things. For months after a book is read, it is allowed to lie about the house, and no especial effort is made to return it to its owner. That a book should be returned as soon as read, just as particularly as one would return a coat after using it or a garment after wearing it, would appear to go without saying. Yet it is not always the case.—Harper's Bazaar.

Poor Tib.

Tippoo Tib is to be a social lion in London next season. Poor old white headed Tib! By the time you have been to a couple of lawn fêtes and receptions you will yearn for the jungle and starvation without tantalization.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

Any Man Can Do It.

Goldsbags (looking out at the tenebres): "Alas! It must be very hard to be poor." Wentman: "On the contrary, it's confoundedly easy to be poor."—American Grocer.

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OUR COMPETITORS CAN'T HELP IT--Neither can we. We are not doing business for a Day, but for All Time.

We deal with our customers, Man, Woman or Child, in such a manner that we can do business with them the second time—Yes, Continually.

We determined upon a certain course—that course square dealing, Honest Goods and Bottom Prices—and in that course we are anchored to stay. Every department of our establishment is replete with variety, complete in point of quality, and unexcelled in value and utility. Do not be misled by envious imitators, but call and inspect.

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ROOMS 94, 95 AND 96 BURR BLK.

SNOWSHOE POST-ROUTES.

PERILS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN MAIL SERVICE.

CARRIERS WHO BRAVE MANY DANGERS IN SUPPLYING MINING CAMPS—THEY MUST KNOW THE PEAKS, PASSES AND CANYONS.

The most welcome of all in the mining camps far up the Rocky Mountain peaks are the mail carriers. They are that climb the peaks on snowshoes, delivering the mail and many precious packages that always fill the pouch. Delivering the mails in the mountains in midwinter is a difficult and dangerous work. Sometimes the carrier is swept away by a snowslide, and nothing of the mail carrier. Searching parties went out on the trails, but there was nothing to be seen or heard of the lost carrier. During the summer the search was continued by one or two friends, but still there was nothing learned of the fate of Swan. Another year rolled round, and during the summer another search was made, and on August 13, 1885, at the bottom of a snowbank the picks and shovels of the searching party uncovered the body of Swan Nilson, and still strapped to his back was the old pouch with Ophir Christmas mail. The lock was rusty, and the pouch had to be cut open. The wax on the currency package had rotted a hole through the greenbacks. Some of the mail was moldy, but a part of it could be read quite easily. Recently I was looking over the old mail pouches that have been stored away in the inspector's department of the Denver post office.

The carrier in the frontier of the Rocky Mountains straps the mail sack on his back, puts on his Norwegian snowshoes, and, with a long guiding pole, starts on his weary climb over the range. Usually there is a crowd at the postoffice to wish him good luck. Only men of known strength and courage can do this work, for twenty-five pounds of letters, papers, and packages become very heavy and burdensome in climbing the mountains.

These carriers know the peaks, passes and trails as well as the city carriers do the streets and numbers of their districts. But sometimes the storms are so severe that even the old mountain carrier grows weak with his heavy burden and sinks almost exhausted in the obscure trail. With a compass in his hand, he carefully feels his way along the precipices and dangerous places, and often the storm is so severe and blinding that he is compelled to find shelter under some friendly cleft or dig for himself a bed in the snow banks. Although their great overcoats and clothing may look rough, yet their underwear would please the fancy of the aesthetic. The most of them have silk underwear. On reaching the summit of the mountains the carrier shoulders the pole, and, placing his snowshoes close together, begins his decent.

The old-timers on the trails will go down the mountain with the swiftness of the wind, a mile a minute. But worse to the one who is inexperienced, for out slips the guiding pole, up come snow-shoes, and the unfortunate carrier falls and goes rolling down the mountain. Sometimes the ice and snow are as hard and smooth as glass.

The perilous trip brings him to some little mining camp nestled in the mountains. What a joyful greeting he receives! There are people there from the East, far away New England, and the sunny South. Sometimes he is delayed by the storm on the range, and already the men of the camp have been searching for him, fearing that he had been lost or swept away by the terrible snowslide. The village collects and all are eager to learn the latest news and read their letters. Perchance the carrier has other points to reach. The pouch is opened and the mail poured out on the floor. The frontier postmaster picks out what belongs to his office, and the rest is put into the pouch, to be carried still further to its destination.

Swan Nilson, the Swede mail carrier of the San Juan, was lost in a snow slide, Dec. 23, 1882, and was not found for nearly two years. His route was from Silverton to Ophir. Only the bravest would attempt the trip through a storm. Nilson was warned against making the attempt. A terrible storm was raging between Silverton and Ophir, and those who had been longest in the rocky mountains told him he

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