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We now give 20 pounds of granulated sugar for \$1. Other sugars in proportionate value. OUR PRINCIPLES OF BUSINESS: 10c on the pound. Goods exactly as represented. Every one treated alike and fair, straightforward dealing in every respect.

Table with two columns: Grocery Department and Hardware Department. Lists various items like Parlor Matches, Oil Sardines, French Mustard, etc., with their respective prices.

INDUCEMENTS. With every pound of tea we give a present. With every pound of Snowflake Baking Powder...

A WORD TO FARMERS. We solicit consignments of good butter and eggs. We will sell you the highest market prices of the day. We have made arrangements with a reliable commission man...

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...

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...

They terraced every hill and mountain to its summit, the terraces being often narrow as the steps of a stairway 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...

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...

Here at Cuzco I have this day seen the ancient fortress known as Sacsahuaman, says Fannie B. Ward in a letter to the Philadelphia Record. This stronghold is said to have been built about the year 1113...

A Successful Strategem. Among the hill tribes of the Anglo-Indian frontier cunning is quite as highly esteemed as personal prowess; but even these masters of stratagem are occasionally outwitted. A Hindoo traveler who had occasion to pass through their country recently laid out all his money in several large diamonds...

Its modern houses, among them the House of the Virgins of the Sun. There is a sort of crescent-shaped platform, which is believed to have been the principal altar of sacrifice in the Sun temple...

Remains of many other temples, fortresses and palaces may be found in the neighborhood of Cuzco. There are villages whose people live in stone caverns that were erected five or six centuries ago.

Various delightful excursions may be made from Cuzco without incurring great fatigue. It is a pleasant horseback ride of only twenty-four miles to Lake Huatipo, on the road to Urbamba.

From Urbamba to Ollantaytambo is twelve miles, under the shadow of wide-spreading trees which during half the year are a mass of scarlet blossoms, while a mountain river ripples on each side of the way.

Presently Tyrus 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."

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."

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...

Any Man Can Do It. Goldbugs (looking out at the tenements) "Alas! It must be very hard to be poor." Wentman—"On the contrary, it's confoundably easy to be poor."—American Grocer.

BEAUTY OF FORM.

The Charm of Proportions in Both Man 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...

Search for the highest standards of human form, we discover that manly beauty and womanly beauty differ essentially. It is agreed that the type of manly proportions includes a comparatively large head, wide shoulders, rather square, a torso tapering to a contracted pelvis...

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 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...

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 Bazar.

Bismarck and His Dogs. Many will remember that the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck, lost his favorite Tyrus, called the Realm dog, some two or three years ago. Among the remarkable achievements of this "Realm dog," it was recorded that on one occasion, little more than ten years ago, two delegates from Altona, charged with the presentation of a petition to Prince Bismarck...

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, until his movements elicited several successive utterances of disapprobation from the watchful band.

The Old-timers on the trails will go down the mountain with the swiftness of the wind, a mile a minute. But woe to the one who is inexperienced, for out slips the guiding pole, up come snow shoes, and the unfortunate carrier, mail sack and all, 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 snow slide.

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 to the Rocky Mountains told him he

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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. Brave, hardy fellows 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.

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 mountaineer 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 precipitous and dangerous places, and often the storm is so severe and blinding that he is compelled to find shelter under some friendly cliff 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 descent.

The old-timers on the trails will go down the mountain with the swiftness of the wind, a mile a minute. But woe to the one who is inexperienced, for out slips the guiding pole, up come snow shoes, and the unfortunate carrier, mail sack and all, 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 snow slide. The village collect, 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 postman 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 to the Rocky Mountains told him he

could not reach Ophir in that mountain tempest. But Nilson would not listen to their warnings, and even if it were perilous he must go.

At Ophir the miners of the camp were waiting and longing for the appearance of the faithful letter carrier. Christmas eve came, but still Swan Nilson had not been espied on the mountain trails, where many an anxious eye had been turned.

And thus, while those at Silverton were anxious, the miners at Ophir were becoming apprehensive at the delay. Christmas came and went, and still 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.

"Here it is," said the inspector, pulling out from near the bottom of the pile the old mail pouch of Swan Nilson. A card had been tied on the pouch; near the old rusty lock, which was written the following: "This pouch was in a snow-slide on the dead carrier's back for twenty months, near Ophir."

Hard to Match. "Why don't you get a wig, Perkins?" "I would, but my hair is so hard to match."—Drake's Magazine.

A Scrub to the End. The boy that is given a scrub education is very apt to develop into a scrub man. He rents or buys a scrub farm, invests in scrub stock, buys scrub implements and raises scrub crops. His pleasures and enjoyments of life are all of the scrub order, and his poor wife, as she drudges wearily through life, seems in her daily rounds to be sounding the sad refrain of her life, scrub, scrub, scrub!—Western Plowman.

Fapa's Privilege. Little Elsie (stamping and dancing about the room in a rage): "I wish I was my papa! I wish I was my papa!" Aunt Ada: "What is the trouble, Elsie?" Elsie: "Toxzer's chewed my Christmas dolly's eyes into the back of her head, and I'm just crum full of little sweats, and mamma won't let me say 'em."—Chicago Juvenile.

Asking Questions. Little Dot: "Mamma, what does 'trans-atlantic' mean?" Mamma: "Across the Atlantic, of course." Little Dot: "Does trans always mean across?" Mamma: "Yes. Now, don't bother me any more, I shall put you to bed." Little Dot: "Well, mamma, does trans-pareant mean a cross parent?"

Arithmetic. "A man paid \$1 for a barrel of apples. He sold half of them for \$2.35, and the rest decayed on his hands. How much did he lose?" asked the teacher. "He didn't lose nothing," hawled out a farmer's boy in the class. "He worked 'em up into cider."—Farm, Field and Stockman.

Catch the cross-pick and a quarter at 1124 O street.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

Table listing various business services: THE RACKET, MONUMENTS, BROKERAGE, MUSICAL. Includes descriptions and contact information for each.

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