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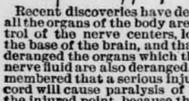


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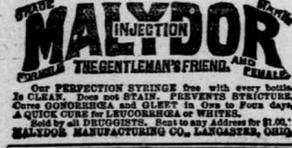
Recent discoveries have demonstrated that all the organs of the body are under the control of the nerve centers located in or near the base of the brain, and that when these are deranged the organs which they supply with nerve fluid are also deranged. When it is remembered that a serious injury to the spinal cord will cause paralysis of the body below the injured point, because the nerve force is prevented by the injury from reaching the paralyzed portion, it will be understood how the derangement of the nerve centers will cause the derangement of the various organs which they supply with nerve force.

TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS.

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THE LITTLE BROWN WREN.

There's a little brown wren that has built in our tree, And she's scarcely as big as a big bumblebee. She has hollowed a house in the heart of a limb And made the walls tidy and made the floor trim With the down of the crow's foot, with, tow and with straw, The coziest dwelling that ever you saw. This little brown wren has the brightest of eyes And a foot of a very diminutive size. Her tail is as trig as the sail of a ship. She's demure, though she walks with a hop and a skip, And her voice—but a flute were more fit than a pen To tell of the voice of the little brown wren. One morning Sir Sparrow came sauntering by And cast on the wren's house an envious eye. With a strut of bravado and toss of his head, "I'll put in my claim here," the bold fellow said. So straightway he mounted on impudent wing And entered the door without pausing to ring. An instant—and swiftly that feathery knight, All tumbled and tumbled, in terror took flight. While there by the door on her favorite perch, As neat as a lady just starting for church, With this song on her lips, "He will not call again. Unless he is asked," sat the little brown wren.—Clinton Scollard in Harper's Young People.

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

Dick and I had quarreled and parted. I cannot tell you how it all began, or why it ended in this serious fashion, but I can assure you I felt very miserable as I saw him striding away over the fields, although I had told him to go myself. Still I never thought he would have taken me at my word. "What shall I say to Aunt Maria?" I thought as I turned my steps homeward. This was a very serious reflection indeed, for it had been the dream of Aunt Maria's existence to see me united to Dick Johnson, the handsome only son of our wealthy neighbor, Sir Henry. Dick and I had played together as children, danced together, flirted together, and finally fell in love with each other. We were to have been married in a month, and now I had sent him away and told him I never wished to see him again. "What was to be done—and, oh dear! what should I say to Aunt Maria? There was no help for it, however, but to go home and explain the situation to the best of my ability, and accordingly home I went. Aunt Maria was in the drawing room, and I stole softly in and took up a book, hoping that she would not notice me. But she saw me directly and inquired: "Where is Dick?" "He has gone home," I replied, trying to assume an unconcerned manner and failing most signally in the attempt. "Gone home? Why! Did you not tell him I expected him to dinner?" "Yes." "Then why is he not coming?" "He had an engagement," I mumbled. "For goodness' sake, child, speak out! Come here where I can see you. How red your face is! What is the matter?" I rose obediently and stood before my aunt, who fixed a relentless gaze upon me. "You have been crying," she said. "Now, just tell me the truth at once, Daisy. Have you and Dick quarreled?" "Yes," I faltered. "And what about, pray?" "I don't know." "You don't know!" This in a very sarcastic tone. I remained silent and fumbled for my pocket handkerchief. "Who began it?" pursued Aunt Maria sternly. "I don't know." "Have you broken off your engagement?" "Yes," I burst forth. "I hate him, and I will never speak to him again." Then I began to weep copiously. "If you're going to howl," said Aunt Maria, with bitter irony, "you had better leave the room. I shall require a full explanation tomorrow from both you and Mr. Johnson." I fled up stairs and did not appear again that evening. I passed a wretched night and had a fearful scene with Aunt Maria the next morning. She stormed and expostulated, but I remained firm in my resolve to return Dick's ring and presents that very day. Accordingly I spent a couple of hours in crying over them and packing them up. After luncheon Aunt Maria announced her intention of visiting some pensioners of hers in a village about three miles distant and ordered me to accompany her, which I prepared to do with a very bad grace, I fear. We walked for about half an hour without exchanging a word, and a more thoroughly ill tempered pair of pedestrians could hardly have been found anywhere. Our way led through some fields, and on reaching the first gate I noticed a man leaning against it. As we came up he opened it for us and politely raised his hat. He looked like a gentleman and was dressed in a well fitting suit of blue serge. I saw that he was a stranger and wondered where he came from, as strangers were rare in our secluded part of the world. A little way further on I looked back and observed that he was following us. He overtook us before we reached the next gate, passed us and opened this one also, again lifting his hat as we went by. I thought this rather odd, but having resolved not to speak to Aunt Maria until she addressed me I held my peace. At the third gate the same performance was repeated, but this time the stranger did not fall behind. He walked to Aunt Maria's side and asked, "May I offer you my arm?" "Certainly not, sir," was the indignant rejoinder. "I have not the honor of your acquaintance, nor do I desire it." "At least you will permit me to carry your umbrella," continued the stranger unabashed. Aunt Maria merely snorted, and clutching her umbrella more firmly marched on at an increased pace. "Is there no little service you will allow me to render you," pursued our unwelcome companion in tragic tones. "Go away, sir!" said my aunt furiously.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

"We do not wish for your company. Your having spoken to us at all is a piece of the most unwarrantable impertinence." "Do not drive me from you," was the reply. "I love you. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. You are the only woman I have ever loved." And with these words this most extraordinary individual threw himself on his knees right in Aunt Maria's path. At this point a light broke in upon me. There was a large private lunatic asylum in the neighborhood. This must surely be one of the patients who had eluded the vigilance of his keepers and escaped. "He's mad," I whispered to Aunt Maria. "For goodness' sake humor him or he will murder us both. I have always heard they must be humored." Aunt Maria, however, paid no attention, and I almost doubt if she even heard me. "Let me pass, this instant, sir," she gasped, crimson with wrath. "Never! never! till you promise to be mine." At this point, I regret to say, my aunt lost her temper altogether, and raising her umbrella she brought it down on her sutor's head with such force that she quite crushed in the top of the bowler hat he wore, and which fortunately protected his skull. For a moment he seemed petrified with astonishment. Then he sprang to his feet, and seizing Aunt Maria in his arms lifted her bodily from the ground and carried her along the path. She struggled violently, and I followed, screaming for help. The lunatic strode on until he reached the gate which led into a field, on one side of which ran a rather high stone wall. Upon the top of this wall he placed my unfortunate aunt and then stood and calmly surveyed her. "Take me down! Let me go!" she shrieked. "Not till I have your promise to marry me," replied the lunatic. "I am quite prepared to remain here until tomorrow morning if need be," he added, with great coolness. "Oh, aunt, do say 'Yes,'" I implored, but at this our persecutor turned upon me. "Will you have the goodness not to interfere?" he said, so fiercely that I was terrified and shrank back. For about 10 minutes Aunt Maria sat on that wall and raved. Then she burst into tears. At this juncture I perceived a man's figure in the distance. Was he coming this way? Oh, joy, he was! As he drew nearer I saw to my mingled delight and dismay that it was Dick, and seeing that the lunatic had his back to me I ran to meet him. "Oh, Dick," I shouted as I came up to him, "we have been so terribly frightened by a madman! He has put Aunt Maria on the wall and says she can't get down until she promises to marry him. Do come and save her!" Dick ran quickly to the spot, and the lunatic turned and faced him. "You rascal!" cried Dick. "Stand back and let me take that lady off the wall." "You shall not touch her," said the lunatic fiercely. Dick took him by the coat collar and flung him aside with such force that he stumbled and fell. The next instant Dick had lifted Aunt Maria safely to the ground. He had scarcely done so when the madman leaped upon him, and a terrific struggle followed. Suddenly I saw the lunatic place his hand in the breast of his coat, and the next instant there was a flash of steel. He had drawn a knife. "Oh, Dick!—oh, my darling!" I screamed, "he will kill you!" In that moment I forgot our quarrel. I forgot everything except that I loved him better than anything in the world, and that he was in peril of his life, and rushing forward I grasped the madman's arm and hung on to it with all my weight. Aunt Maria screamed lustily for help, and as I spun round with the combatants I caught sight of two men running across the field. Aid was near, so I clinched my teeth and held on like grim death. In a few seconds—it seemed like an eternity to me—the men were on the spot, and after a brief struggle the lunatic was secured and disarmed by the two keepers, who had been searching for him all day. As for me, the danger being over, I promptly fainted away. When I came to myself, Dick was kneeling beside me, supporting me in his arms. "Are you all right?" he asked anxiously. "Yes," I replied, with a smile, "I am quite well." We all three walked home together, and Dick dined with us that evening. Afterward, when I accompanied him into the hall to bid him good night, he asked as he held me in his arms, "Tell me, Daisy, would you have been sorry if that fellow had killed me today?" "Don't talk about it, dearest," I answered, with a shudder. "It would have broken my heart." "Then you cannot live without me after all?" I leaned against his breast in silence, and he kissed me very tenderly. Dick and I have never quarreled since, and I do not believe we shall ever quarrel again as long as we live.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Misfit Quotation. An attaché of a religious bookstore in this city has spent so many years of his life among theological volumes that he is Scriptural or nothing, but he sometimes evolves a misfit. When his attention was called the other day to a rose neatly attached to the lapel of his coat and an insinuation thrown out that a lady friend might have had something to do with it, he paralyzed the insinuator by saying, "No, sir; I gathered that rose from my own vine and fig tree."—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

Business Scheme. Clerk—Might I ask what you intend to do with these 500 young men you are advertising for? Shoe Dealer—I am going to give one away with each pair of women's shoes to keep them—tied.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE JANE CLUB.

An Organization of Jolly Working Girls in Chicago and What They Do. What kind of girls really compose this remarkable Jane club? To tell it briefly: Working girls—girls who earn their own living by good, diligent, honest work—some as stenographers, others as cloak-makers, bookbinders, milliners, dress-makers, shirtmakers, shoemakers, typewriters. In age they range between 18 and 28, all excepting the mother of Miss Kenney, who is 60 or more and who has been a member of the club from the beginning. In looks they are something above the average. Three or four are positively handsome. They nearly all dress well, and as far as manners and speech go they do not differ from other well bred women you meet in this town. Some are jolly and lively and talkative, and some are not. Some are—but what is the use of enumerating any more qualities? They're just about what you'd expect a lot of nice young women to be, except that they're not as well off in the matter of money as they themselves and their best friends might wish. For the larger part, they're not native Chicago girls. Nearly all hail from the interior of this state, from Wisconsin, Michigan or Iowa, and they have fathers and mothers, brothers and sweethearts left behind there, about whom collectively they care a good deal and whom they visit as often as circumstances will permit. Sweethearts? Most assuredly. They're not a parcel of old maids. Far from it. The best proof of that is that one of their number, Miss Annie Barry, married no later than last week, and that Cupid, the little rascal, has in fact played quite a deal of havoc in the ranks of the Jane club within the year of its existence, a score or so of the members succumbing to his power and marrying some fellow probably not half worthy of them. Besides, you have only to look at the girls as they pass you by to feel sure that the Jane club will need at frequent intervals new members to take the places of those who have left it for husbands. But those who were the charter members of the Jane club—the original seven—have so far remained faithful to it. But there is of course no telling what may happen. These seven are Miss Mary E. Kenney; her mother, Mrs. Kenney; Miss Reda Doering, the present president, and her sister, Miss Femie Doering; Miss Toomey, Miss Mannie R. Sullivan and Miss Kelly. They're having, of course—that much will have become quite apparent to every one by this time—a real pleasant, good time, those members of the Jane club. With a nice home, with pleasant surroundings and good company all the while and with excellent and palatable food, why shouldn't they? But besides that they give entertainments from time to time, where everybody is bound to enjoy himself or herself. Little informal hops—for which the two large connecting parlors are just the thing—occur frequently enough, and there are any number of girls among them who can play with some proficiency, such as Miss Gast, who has been a pupil at Colonel Ziegfeld's conservatory for several years, and Miss Searle and Miss R. Doering, and there are others who can sing, and thus they get up informal or formal musicales at a moment's notice. Once in awhile, too, they entertain on a larger scale, as when the typographical unions had their national convention here a couple of months ago the Jane club gave the delegates a delightful reception at their own home and then adjourned over to the Hull House, where a regular ball was given in the large gymnasium.—Chicago Herald.

A Motherly Cat. "I have frequently heard of hens raising young ducks, but for the first time I learned today of a cat that is now nursing puppies," said E. Briggs, president of the Pacific Kennel club to a Call reporter. "My friend, Billy McEllicott, who is employed at 650 Market street and who resides in East Oakland," continued Mr. Briggs, "is the fortunate owner of a motherly cat which is devotedly attached to well behaved puppies. "A few days ago a thoroughbred fox terrier, which McEllicott had imported from New York last year, gave birth to seven frail youngsters. The mother be-

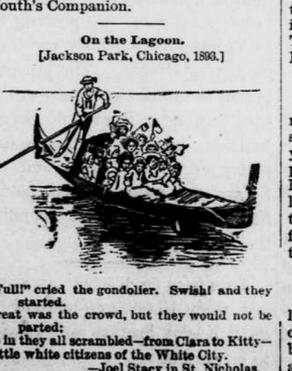
ing in an enfeebled condition the young man from East Oakland decided upon drowning some of the little fellows, and was in the act of carrying out his intentions when a neighbor suggested that he place some of the puppies in the care of a cat that was nursing a number of kittens in his back yard. "The suggestion was acted upon. McEllicott took two of the suckling terriers from their mother and consigned them to the care of the cat after the latter's progeny, with the exception of one cute little kitten, were stolen and drowned. "Now, the strange feature resulting from the experiment of raising thoroughbred terriers under a foster mother is that the two little growlers are more fancied by the feline rat catcher than is her own little kit, which chums side by side with the terriers under the watchful eye of 'Mrs. War Cry,' the name which the cat is known by. "McEllicott stated," continued Mr. Briggs, "that the puppies which the cat is nursing are much stronger and in far better condition physically than the ones which are being nursed by their mother."—San Francisco Call.

A Baby at the North Pole. When Lieutenant and Mrs. Peary left for the north pole some time ago, they took with them, besides good things to eat and plenty of fur robes, a little tin bathtub and a baby's cradle. Besides these there were ever so many baby's dresses and some little knitted shoes, which looked as if they would fit a little boy very much smaller than you are. A baby's wardrobe and a cradle are queer things to take to the north pole, are they not? And what do you suppose that they are for? Why, for a baby, to be sure! Suppose, way up at the north pole, where nobody has ever been, that Mrs. Peary should find a baby! And suppose that the baby had no clothes and no one to take care of it! Think what a sad thing it would be! Now, if Mrs. Peary finds such a baby at the north pole she can dress it in nice little dresses and can rock it to sleep in a little cradle. And when she returns to this country two years from now, she will bring the baby along, and then you will all say, "How very fortunate that those clothes and that cradle went along!"—New York Ledger.

A Wicked Boy's Hot Day Joke. A woman who lives in the suburbs of Brooklyn usually places a large tin pan on her front doorstep to receive the ice that the iceman delivers to her each morning. During a recent hot spell her little grandson, who is full of mischief, thought that he would play a joke on his grandmother. The next morning, when the pan was put on the step, he filled it partly with water and then yelled "I-o-e!" It was nearly five minutes before the grandmother started to take the ice into the house. She was surprised to find that the ice had melted so quickly. Meantime the iceman had come and saw no pan for the ice. He did not leave the usual piece, and the grandmother was telling her neighbors of the unusual heat until the other day when the young hopeful told his big brother about the joke he played.—New York Sun.

Looking In Mother's Eyes. Pierre and Maurice are French children. Pierre is the elder brother. It never has occurred to him to be jealous of the last comer, Maurice, or to be troubled about "his nose being out of joint." He is very fond of his small brother and seems to feel it his duty to see that he is never neglected or forgotten. One day he was looking lovingly in his mother's face, when he happened to glance at her right eye, and to his delight he saw his image reflected in it. "Oh, there is Pierre!" he cried. Then he looked eagerly into the left eye and exclaimed in sorrow and surprise, "Why, where is Maurice?"—Youth's Companion.

On the Lagoon. [Jackson Park, Chicago, 1883.] "Full!" cried the gondolier. Swish! and they started. Great was the crowd, but they would not be parted. So in they all scrambled—from Clara to Kitty—Little white citizens of the White City.—Joel Stacy in St. Nicholas.



her methods of doing good are practical.

Miss Gould is a member of Dr. John R. Paxton's church and thoroughly identifies herself with all of its religious and benevolent work. Up to the present time she has never been a social figure in New York society, but if all reports prove true her debut into fashionable life is not far off.—New York Letter.

A Picture of Mrs. Lease. There were cries for Mrs. Lease. She was not down for a speech, but she responded in an eloquent manner, for her voice is eloquent. Her style is manly, her voice manly; everything about her except her appearance is manly. As for her appearance, she is in that rather womanly. She dresses in plain black, with but a gold chain to relieve its sobriety. Her hair, dark brown, is parted on the side in front. The characteristics of her face are a high forehead, small but brilliant eyes, a large nose and a strong chin, ending in high cheek bones. When she is speaking, she stands very erect and gesticulates frequently with a full arm movement, adding thereby a great deal of impressiveness to her words.—Sylvan Beach Cor. Syracuse Standard.

A Successful Woman Composer. Miss Blanche Everett has for the last year or more been before the public as a composer, and her songs have met with much success. Miss Everett and her sister have received a most careful musical education in Brussels and Paris, and the great natural gifts inherited from the maternal ancestors—a Venetian family settled in Corfu—have thus been cultivated to a high degree of perfection. Their father, Colonel Everett, is a distinguished officer and was for many years military consul in Kurdistan, where he was the victim of a terrible attack by brigands, who slashed and wounded him terribly, but he eventually recovered.—London Queen.

Hatpins Superseding Spoons. The spoon craze has well nigh run its course. Women who have 100 or 200 spoons of different shapes, sizes and designs have turned their backs on the fad, and now it languishes. But a new one is springing up in its place—as silly a fad as ever tempted the soul of woman to extravagance. It is the collection of hatpins. Many of these pins would serve for daggers, 'tis true, but the usefulness of the dagger is after all circumscribed. It would perhaps be just as well if the hatpin craze were punctured with one of its own weapons.—Exchange.

The Sensible Girl of the Period. The fin de siècle girl has tabooed tight lacing. She no longer possesses an 18 inch waist, but is proud to acknowledge that her waist measures 22 inches. In the matter of gloves and shoes she has also reformed—no more pointed toes and high heels or gloves that split at the thumb. The feminine world seems to have given up most of its barbarous customs, earrings included, and set to work to be comfortable and healthy. May they long continue in these sensible ideas.—Philadelphia Stageland.

Women In One Kansas Town. The returns from the school elections held throughout Kansas show that the increase in women's votes in one year was nearly 100 per cent. The elections were held in the country districts and show that the farmers' wives and daughters are abreast of the equal suffrage movement. At Sunnyside, Lincoln county, all the women but three attended the annual school meeting, and they cast 43 per cent of the vote.—Boston Woman's Journal.

But One Man Objected. The W. C. T. U. Bulletin of Colorado Springs says that Miss Stockton of Grand Junction, in circulating a suffrage petition, found but one man in over 100 who declined to sign, and he had recently come to the state. At Lake City a recent lecture upon franchise brought out the two pastors of the place as well as a general expression in favor of the proposed change in state citizenship.

In Favor of Women Preaching. Dr. Parkhurst of New York, in a discourse on "Gospel Preaching" at the Lexington (Ky.) Chautauqua, said that he was in favor of women preaching if the people want them; that women should enjoy this right as well as men, and that his pulpit is open to women who have the gift of prophecy.

Mrs. Stowe Nearing the End. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is so feeble that the announcement of her death would cause no surprise. The gifted authoress lives in Hartford, surrounded by loving friends, rich in years and honors, passing her few remaining days in peace and comfort.

When Miss Sybil Sanderson was singing at Paris the other day, she noticed a child imitating her. As her song died away she listened to the echo of the child's voice and was so fascinated by its sweetness that she has decided to educate the little singer.

Miss Thornton, Queen Victoria's oldest servant, who has been state house-keeper at Buckingham palace, has just resigned at the age of 80 years. She had been 40 years in her majesty's service.

At a recent dinner of journalists in London the gallant toast, "Woman—The Fairest Work In All Creation; the Edition Is Large, and No Man Should Be Without a Copy," was proposed.

Women are heroic in crises, petty about trifles. The same woman who worries her husband about the way he wears out his clothes would lay down her life for him with a smile.

Mrs. Annie Besant is coming to this country on her way to India to represent theosophy at the parliament of religions in Chicago.

The only earrings admissible are the finest things you can get, and they must be screw ones.

Chocolate Ice Cream.

Two quarts of cream, half pint of milk, 4 ounces of chocolate, a pound of sugar, a tablespoonful of vanilla and the yolks of 4 eggs. Scald milk and one-half pint of the cream; add the grated chocolate. Beat yolks and sugar together till light, add to scalded milk, stir and beat till smooth. Strain while hot through fine muslin bag, add the remainder of the cream and the vanilla, cool and freeze.

Bacon and Sweet Potatoes.

Broil thin rashers of breakfast bacon, lay on a hot dish and broil thick slices of cold boiled sweet potatoes. Brown on both sides, heap in the middle of a dish and lay the bacon around.

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