

**SUSPENSE OF OFFICE-SEEKERS.**

Ex-President Harrison Tells the Trials of One of His Friends.

At the beginning of every administration Washington fills up with persons who desire some office either in the states, in the departments or in the foreign service, says Mr. Harrison in the Ladies' Home Journal. Many of these persons have a limited purse, and as the days pass on this is exhausted, and impatience and ill-temper come in. Many of these persons are deserving, and well fitted to fill the offices they desire. But it is impossible to find places for all the deserving and the position of the president is full of trial. The suspense and uncertainty that the office-seeker suffers is illustrated by the case of a man from my own state, who thought he had good reason to expect an appointment from President Garfield. After he had been weeks in Washington, and had brought to bear all the influence he could command, I met him one day on the street and asked him how he was getting along. His answer was: "Very well, very well, but there is nothing focal yet." It was wonderfully expressive, and has remained in my memory as a type of the state of uncertainty which accompanies office-seeking. "Nothing focal yet," but a hope that is hard to kill.

There are few offices at Washington the salaries of which enable the incumbent to save any money, and the average experience of those holding places in the departments, I am sure, if they would express it, that private business offers better returns and gives a better chance for advancement.

**Marriage by Wholesale.**

A wholesale marriage ceremony was performed in Odd Fellows' hall at Hockessin, a few miles from Wilmington, Del., the other afternoon. Eight couples of colored people were married simultaneously by the Rev. William Jason, president of the State College for Colored Students. The ceremony was witnessed by more than 300 people. Explaining the circumstances which brought the about wedding Mr. Jason said: "God must know that when I went among these people and tried to bring them to God they were a bad lot. At first I did not get much encouragement, but after I had labored with them for several months I saw that even the hardest ones were touched. In nearly every instance where a man and woman were living together no marriage ceremony had been performed between them. I told them that it was wrong and sinful; that it was a violation of the civil law and an offense against divine law. That's why I performed this wholesale marriage. At first they objected; but when one couple who had been living together for four years consented to let me marry them the others gave in, and I hope in time that all the rest will follow in their footsteps."—*Baltimore American.*

**Waiting for a Kiss.**

A well-known member of the Illinois legislature has a little daughter who has the making of a great financier in her. One day her father called her to him. "My dear," said he, "a man this morning offered papa his room full of gold if he would sell little brother. Now, that means good enough to fill this room from floor to ceiling. If I sell little brother for that sum I shall be able to buy everything in the world you want. Shall I sell him?" "No, papa," answered the little girl, promptly; and then, before her delighted father could embrace her for expressing so much unselfish affection, she went on: "Keep him till he's bigger. He'll be worth more then."

**Kings in Exile.**

An interesting book could be written telling the story of the African Kings, or rather great chiefs in exile. There is an Arabi in Ceylon, and Zobeir, who was sent to Gibraltar. Then there is Ja-Ja, whom the English dispatched to the West Indies with a badly selected lot of wives, as he complained pathetically, and Behanzin of Dahomey, who was lately indebted to the French for a passage to Martinique. The English, too, have Zulu chiefs interned at St. Helena—Gungunhana and Premebeh—whose future place of residence is still to be decided.

**A Hospital Experiment.**

A hospital physician in Paris had a large number of charity patients under his charge, all suffering from the same disease. To one-third of them he gave nothing to one-third he administered bread pills, and the other third he gave the regular remedies of his school. The best results were had with the bread-pill patients, the next best with those who got nothing and the worst with those who were regularly medicated according to the books.

**Hostile Sciences.**

Of all scientific professions once allied with theology, astronomy and medicine have, perhaps, become most hostile. It was a common priestly saying in the middle ages that where there were three doctors there were two atheists, and it has been aptly pointed out that in all the starry host of heaven there is not a planet or star called by the name of saint or angel.

**The Evidence There.**

The last red rays of the setting sun lingered longingly upon the beauties of paradise complete. "Adam," faltered Eve, "am I the first girl you ever really loved?" He looked into her liquid eyes and sighed. "How can you doubt me?" he murmured, somewhat reproachfully.

**Knows Evil When She Sees It.**

A young woman of Stockton, Kan., who occasionally takes a flyer after sundown in male attire, writes "pieces" for the papers on the evil of dancing.

**MAINE'S TALLEST MAN.**

Fights Horses Without a Ladder—He Also Rides a Bicycle.

The tallest man in the state of Maine rides a bicycle, says the Lewiston Journal. He's also general repairer of bicycles for the village of Phillips. These two facts may not especially belong together, but they immediately answer a vague question that arises in the mind of the reader. If the bicycle gets discouraged at any time Maine's champion tall wheelman can do his own doctoring.

Mr. W. H. Kelley, of Phillips, is a modest man. Although he has many accomplishments and in his character of head surgeon of the village repair shop, can mend anything from a watch to a figger wagon, he doesn't boast of his acquirements. But as to his height he feels that he can safely lay claim to being the champion giant of Maine.

Many tall men have come and seen and braced shoulders and chalked with him on his shop door until the scratches of the interangled lines look like a spider web. But loftily above them all is the scratchmark of the towering man of the house. He never yet has to look up to gaze into the eyes of a man standing on his level except once when a circus brought a giant to town. The giant heard that there was a citizen outside who was taller than he. So, by his request, Mr. Kelley was passed in. The circus giant stood on the vantage ground of an ascending slope, he wore a bearskin cap, high-heeled shoes, and had his shoulders padded elaborately. But even under the disguise the bystanders could see that he was not a fair match for the local Polyphemus, had he stripped off his plumage and "come down off his perch" on the embankment.

Mr. Kelley, dressed for the street, measures from the ground to the top of his head six feet and ten inches—as near seven feet as any man in Maine has ever grown. He is symmetrical, too, weighing considerably over 200 pounds, yet without any superfluous flesh.

Mr. Kelley is a muscular man, and some feats of strength that he has performed surprised even his townsmen. At a lifting match not long ago the weight was a stone post weighing 225 pounds. Several alleged strong men had tackled it and had wiggled it along a few feet at a hitch. Mr. Kelley, however, grasped the iron link, affixed to the post and walked nearly 200 feet with the weight, finally tossing it carelessly a considerable distance. "I could have carried it further," said he, nonchalantly, "but I thought 'twas far enough for a sample."

Mr. Kelley's workshop is fully as interesting as its owner. He is a mechanical genius with a knack for fixing anything that may be brought to him, and he can make almost anything that he is requested to, whether he has ever seen it before or not.

For instance, much of his machinery was improvised by him. The little, two-horse power marine engine has been rigged up to drive a hand-saw that plays over two widely dissimilar wheels. The upper is a bicycle wheel with ball bearings, the lower is one of the wheels of a mowing machine, the combination working excellently. Mr. Kelley also has his grindstone rigged on ball bearings, and has recently completed a sand-papering machine that is exciting the admiration of all the neighbors.

Besides his general work of repairing Mr. Kelley is a painter, and it is on record that he painted the side of one cottage house in the village without using a ladder.

All of the Phillips giant's shop appurtenances are suited to his height and the benches, horses and vices are as long-legged as a giraffe.

**Painter of Harrison's Portrait.**

J. Collin Forbes, who is painting ex-President Harrison's portrait in Indianapolis, has for some years made his residence in New York, where the reputation he won with his Gladstone portrait in 1890 has gained him many important commissions in portrait-painting. Recently he has had a studio in the Sherwood, where he sought refuge after the fire that completely burned him out in the Castle Hotel a year ago. In that fire Mr. Forbes lost his choicest possession, his own portrait of his father. He is a man of medium height and rather slender physique, with black hair and beard.

**Cup and Cup-Bearer.**

The cups of the Assyrians closely resemble our saucers. Every nobleman and gentleman had his own cup and cup-bearer, the latter of whom always accompanied him to a feast, carrying before him the cup of gold, silver, crystal or marble, which his master used only on state occasions. Saucers for cups were introduced in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and at first greatly ridiculed, the person who employed them being said not to be able to drink without having two cups.

**Perpetuating the Species.**

There is a stringent law in Japan that when one camphor laurel is cut down another must be planted in its place. The tree is hardy and long-lived, attaining to an enormous size. It is covered with a small leaf of a vivid color. The seed or berries grow in clusters, resembling the black currant in size and appearance. The wood is employed for every purpose from cabinet making to shipbuilding.—Exchange.

**The Book of Books.**

I have heard preachers argue that in these times of wide thinking a man who keeps close to one book will narrow himself. It may be so with other books, but the minister who sticks close to the Bible has a wide knowledge of the whole range of history. It deals with all human experience.—Bishop C. W. Foss.

**BRIGAND LEVIES TAXES.**

He Also Preserves the Peace and Protects Property.

Brigandage is still rampant in many rural districts in Italy," said Dr. Ravogli, the resident Italian consul to Cincinnati Enquirer reporter. "From advices I receive occasionally I keep in touch with home affairs and a letter from a friend in Trieste contains a reference to Tiburzi, one of the most picturesque of these freebooters. Tiburzi is about 48. At the beginning of his career he was as bad as others in the same vocation in life. In 1872 he was caught, convicted of highway robbery and murder, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He escaped in 1874 and took refuge in a wood, near Viterbo, where he lived in security in spite of the seventeen warrants and a large reward for his arrest. The reason of this security is simple enough. He was good to the poor—a peasant in need of help could always get a gold coin from Tiburzi—and he punished traitors. Consequently the peasants were ready to assist him against the police or government emissaries, and those who would willingly have given information were afraid to do so. After his escape Tiburzi altered his method of gaining a living. He caused it to be made known to all the well-to-do people in the district that if they paid him an annual contribution he would not interfere with them and would protect them from molestation by others. It was considered advisable to agree and Tiburzi has been for years in receipt of a large income, one man alone paying him £150 a year. Crime has considerably diminished in the district; the smaller fry dare not molest Tiburzi's proteges, for he is still a good shot with his English repeating rifle. Tiburzi does what the government cannot do; he collects taxes without trouble and he keeps down crime. It must not be supposed that he hides in the woods all day. He can walk about the whole district without fear of capture and he lives in good style. He goes to Rome sometimes, presumably in disguise, and has even been abroad. Will he ever be arrested? Time alone will tell."

**ONLY ONE LOVED HIM.**

Napoleon's Foster-Mother Had a True Affection for Him.

Mason states in his memoirs of Napoleon that the "Little Corporal" bitterly regretted that no woman had ever really loved him. Even Mme. Walewka married as soon as Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, proving conclusively that her course of action was prompted by the love of her country, and not for any tenderness that she may have felt for the great general. Nevertheless, if Napoleon was a failure as a "lover and husband," according to Mason he succeeded in retaining the adoration of his foster-mother to the end. The deepest affection existed between Mammuccia Caterina and her nursing. She came to Paris to see him crowned emperor, and when told by Napoleon to ask him for any favor, begged that she might be introduced to the pope. The old lady so amused his holiness with accounts of her "garcon," as she was wont to call the emperor, that he forgot in her society the difficulties of the situation. Mammuccia Caterina nearly died of grief when she heard of her garcon's downfall. And nothing could be more forcible than the terms with which she denounced Marie Louise for not following Napoleon into exile. Mammuccia Caterina, despite her great age, was preparing to go and comfort her garcon at St. Helena when she died. During his prosperity Napoleon heaped favors upon her and her family. Today her descendants bear the title of barons and are received in the best society of Paris. Their family name is Saverlas.

**Would Be Interesting.**

"I dunno," said the gripman of the cable car, as he toyed impatiently with the brake. "I dunno about it, after all."

"About what," inquired the talkative passenger.

"About this new woman business. I'd hate to see them doing the work that men are drawing salaries for at the present time. But just out of curiosity I'd be willing to give up my situation."

"You'd like to see how the experiment would work, eh?"

"Yes. I'd like to see just what a lady gripman would do or say if she was sixteen minutes behindhand on the trip, with a car full of passengers to unload, and a lady passenger was to stand with one foot on the step, taking her time to give her friend a recipe to make raspberry jam."—Washington Star.

**Not Likely to Pay the Debt.**

An east ender, who has a six-year-old boy, was surprised by a somewhat remarkable question which the youngster fired at him a few evenings ago.

"Papa," he said, "do you think this has been a good winter for ice down in the bad place?"

The father looked at the serious little face and checked the impulse to laugh.

"My dear boy," he gravely remarked, "why do you want to know?"

"Cause," the youngster replied, "'cause Johnnie White said that when they cut this winter's ice down there he'd pay me that nickel he borrowed last week."—Cleveland-Plain Dealer.

**Despondency.**

Almost all men of great and stirring deeds have had their seasons of discouragement and doubt. All life is a struggle, and doubts and difficulties seem to be the necessary concomitants of life and progress.—Rev. J. W. Lyell.

**George Elliot's Memorial.**

George Elliot's memorial at Nunanton, her native place, is a steam fire engine named after her. Her admirers, who do not like the association with a fire extinguisher, wish to substitute a free public library in her name.

**EFFICACY OF TWO BIG TOES.**

A Vermont Man Cures Sprains in Man and Animal Eccentrically.

The little town of Jacksonville, Vt., is receiving a great deal of attention at present because of the wonderful healing powers which one of its inhabitants is said to possess, but if the testimony of well known and reliable people is worth anything at all, Jacksonville will not be allowed to enjoy this fame any longer without a rival, says the Springfield Union. Williamstown has also a man who claims to have been given a gift of healing, but he does not ask any one to take his word for it. He refers to many people, whom he says he has cured, for substantiation of what he claims he can do. He does not pretend to accomplish so many different, wonderful cures as the Jacksonville Newell, but confines his powers to healing sprains in human beings and horses. He does assert, however, that he stands unrivaled in curing these things, and he is backed up by several people in town whose testimonials cannot be disregarded.

The name of this man is Alfred Seney, and he resides at Williamstown Station, that part of the village in which the depot of the Fitchburg railroad company is located. He uses no instruments in effecting his cures, gives no medicine and asks no questions, further than the pointing out of the afflicted part. The secrets of his success are his two big toes and three words which he utters in prayer, and which he refuses to make public, since his power would be taken away if he did so. He rubs these toes on the afflicted spot, repeats the short prayer and the cure is accomplished. He does not claim the power of making the blind see, the deaf hear and everybody that is afflicted well but he does make the assertion that he can affect within a day or two a cure upon all sprains, no matter in what part of the body they may be. His two wonderful big toes appear to have strange powers. Should he meet with a railroad accident and lose both of his feet, or even one of them, he would be compelled to withdraw his assertion, for without these big toes he could do nothing.

This power, Mr. Seney says, has been evident for a long time, but he did not put it to use for several years after he became aware that he was endowed with it. He is a Frenchman by birth, having been born in Canada, thirty-six miles east of Montreal, fifty-nine years ago. He lived there until twenty-seven years ago, when he came to North Adams, where he lived nine years. He then came to this town, where he has resided ever since, living at present on Elm street, or in what is better known as "French row." While in North Adams he effected a cure upon a prominent merchant there of the name of Smith, who had sustained a bad sprain by falling, while returning from his store. Mr. Seney was one of his customers at the time and the merchant happened to hear of the great powers which the toes of his customers' foot contained, so he sent for him and asked him to manifest what he could do. The merchant sat in a chair at the time, with his sprained ankle on another chair, suffering great pain, and though he had no faith in the cure, he knew it could do no harm to allow the Frenchman to go through with the treatment. Great was his surprise to find a decided relief when the big toe of Seney touched his ankle. The next day he put on his boots and walked to the store, a distance of a quarter of a mile.

**The Turn of Napoleon's Fortune.**

If there be a time when the turn on Napoleon's fortunes is evident it is the spring of 1808. Between the determination to complete his system of commercial offense in western Europe and the contempt which he entertained for the Spanish throne, he fell into a deadly snare—that of despising Spanish nationality. With the first manifestation of national sentiment in Spain began the process which ended in his overthrow; Spain, Prussia, and Austria successively became aware that a dynasty is not a nation, that energy, high principle, and organizing power reside after all in the people. This consciousness once awakened, the longing for unity grew to be a passion with them as it had been with France; their dynasties became the ministers of the popular will, the forces of modern life were set free, and the overthrow of Napoleonic imperialism became only a matter of time.

**A New Antiseptic.**

A new antiseptic has been discovered in Germany. In general use it is called antimonin. One part of the substance is from 1,500 to 2,000 parts of soapuds is destructive to all the common parasites injurious to plants. It destroys all bacteria. Yeast used in brewing remains fresh for a long time when treated with it and can endure a solution as strong as 5 per cent of the substance. It is odorless and very cheap.—Exchange.

**She Was Accomplished.**

Mother—I can't see how it happened that the Kechem girl out of all your Chasing-Dish club managed to get that attractive Mr. Merriman. All the rest of you girls are so much brighter and prettier. Didn't you tell me she scarcely ever spoke a word?

Maud—Yes, mother, but she did the cooking.—Harper's Bazar.

**About Pens.**

When a pen has been used it appears to be spoiled place it over a flame (a gaslight, for instance) for a quarter of a minute, then dip it into water, and it will be again fit for use. A new pen which is found too hard to write with will become softer by being heated.

Maynooth college has received from the pope authority to confer degrees in theology and philosophy.

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