GIVES VIM, VIGOR AND VITALITY.

"KOLA-BAC" CURES THE TOBACCO HABIT MAKES THE WEAK STRONG...

IT CURES THE CRAVINGS.

KOLA-BAC is both a wonder and a wonder worker. It is a preparation of the extract of the Kola Nut, specially for tobacco users and those addicted to the alcohol habit.

This wonderful Kola Nut the natives of Africa prize more than gold and in some regions worship it as a God, on account of the strength and courage it gives them. They have used it for ages, but it has only recently been introduced in civilized lands.

It has been adopted by the French and German governments for army use in forced marches, or under other conditions calling for especially hard and fatiguing exertion. The athletic clubs of Europe and America have found it invaluable as a stimulant to the greatest exertion with no after weariness. The champion bicyclists and oarsmen use it to enable them to put forth their highest efforts.

It is the latest and highest triumph of medical and chemical science. It is the greatest tonic the world has ever known. It is endorsed and prescribed by the most eminent physicians, and the medical journals are filled with the reports of the marvelous results of its use. It increases the appetite and aids digestion.

It also has many specific uses and benefits. It is of vital and helpful service to those desirous of giving up tobacco or drink, or both.

Price, 50 Cents a Box, or Six Boxes for $2.50, and a Cure guaranteed. *Ask your Druggist for it, OR SENT PREPAID BY*

It is a powerful stimulant, with no reactionary effects.

It is an energizing nerve food and a speedy and unfailing antidote for the tobacco, alcohol and morphine habits.

It totally eradicates the harmful tastes and furnishes a potent and pleasant substitute until the cure is wrought.

It takes away all desire for tobacco, and positively and permanently cures.

KOLA-BAC is an absolute cure for all forms of nervous prostration, no matter what the cause. It cures weakness and irregularity of heart action and restores steady and vigorous circulation of the blood.

It is the most powerful nerve tonic known, with no injurious effects, a speedy and permanent cure for nervous debility and sexual weakness.

It gives restful and refreshing sleep at night; bright and fruitful activity throughout the day.

It invigorates the system exhausted by disease or dissipation, and restores the full power of all the bodily organs. It thrills enfeebled manhood with new life.

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THE MOST SKEPTICAL.

Kongo Kola Supply Co., 126 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO

How to Cure Yourself While Using It.

The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is to severe a shock to the system, as tobacco is an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. "Baco-Cure" is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, and its formula is now compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin physician, who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure. It is purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want while taking "Baco-Cure." It will satisfy you when to stop. We give a written guarantee to cure permanently any case with three boxes, or refund the money with 50 per cent interest. "Baco-Cure" is not a substitute, but a scientific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as free and free from nicotine as the day you took your first chew, or smoke.

Cured By Baco-Cure, and Gained Thirty Pounds.

From hundreds of testimonials, the originals of which are on file and open to inspection, the following is presented:

Clayton, Nevada Co., Ark., Jan. 28, 1895.
Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., LaCrosse, Wis.—Gentlemen: For forty years I used tobacco in all its forms. For twenty-five years of that time I was a great sufferer from gastral dolitis and liver disease. For fifteen years I tried to quit, but couldn't. I took various remedies, among others "No-To-Bac," "The Indian Tobacco Antidote," "Health Chloride of Gold," etc., etc., but; none of them did me the least bit of good. Finally, I received, purchased by mail, one box of your "Baco-Cure" and it has entirely cured me of the habit in all its forms, and I have increased thirty pounds in weight and am relieved from all the numerous aches and pains of body and mind. I could write a quire of paper upon my changed feeling and condition.

Yours respectfully, F. H. MARBURY.
Pastor C. P. Church, Clayton, Ark.

Sold by all druggists at $1.00 per box, three boxes, (thirty days' treatment), $2.50; and iron clad, guaranteed cure, or sent direct upon receipt of price. Write for booklet and proofs. Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis., and Boston, Mass.

THE PAISAN'S VENTURES

BY JOHN NICHOLSON

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

And amid strong degree of passion lends, even to the dullest, the forces of imagination. And now as he dwelt on what was probably awaiting him at the end of his disreputable road—John, who as a rule, little, remembered them less, and could not have described them at all, beheld in his mind's eye the garden of the Lodge, detailed as in a map; he went to and fro, to it, feeding his terrors; he saw the hollies, the snowy borders, the paths where he had sought Alan, the high, conventual walls, the shut door—and, as the door shut, by fancy, truly, he had shut it—shut in his money, his future life—shut it upon himself, hand and, none could now open it. He woke in a cold sweat, and, like one in a nightmare, turned and turned in his brain, and sat as stunned.

And then he woke again, terror jarring through his vitals. This was no fiction to dwell on, he might be up and doing. He must be at the end of this ridiculous cruise; once at the Lodge door, there should be nothing for it but to turn the cab and trundle back home, and, if he was lucky, to find another feature of suspicion to a case already so suggestive? Why, not turn at once? It was easy to say, turn, but whither? He had nowhere now to go to; he could never—he saw it in letters of blood—he could never pay that cab he was saddled with that cab, forever. Oh, that cab! his soul yearned and burned, and his body writhed. Why, then, so far? He rid of it. He forgot all other cares. He must first quit himself of this ill-smelling vehicle and of the human beast that guided it—first do that; do that, at least, and then he could think out the rest. And then the cab suddenly stopped, and there was his persecutor rapping on the front glass. John let it down, and beheld the frost-white countenance inflamed with intellectual triumph.

"I got it, sha ye are!" cried the husky voice. "I mind ye now. Ye're a Nicolson. I dinna ye to Hermiston to a christening party, and ye came back on the box, and I let ye drive."

It is a fact. John knew the man; they had been even friends. His enemy, he now remembered, was a fellow of great good nature—rendiness good nature—with a boy; why not with a man? Why not appeal to his better side? He grasped at the new hope.

"Great Scott! and so you did!" he cried, as if in a transport of delight, his voice sounding false in his own ears. "Well, if that's so, I've something to say to you. I'll just get out I guess. Where are we, anyway?"

The driver had fluttered his ticket in the eyes of the branch-toll keeper, and they were now brought to on the highest and most solitary part of the by-road. On the left, a row of feldside trees bended it; on the right it was bordered by naked fallows, undulating down, hill to the Queensferry road; in front, Corstorphine Hill raised its snow-hilloed, darkling woods against the sky. John looked all about him, drinking the clear air like wine; then his eyes returned to the cabman's face to be met, not unsolicitously, awaiting John's communication, with the air of one looking to be tipped.

The features of that face were hard to read, drink had so swollen them, drink had so coarsened them. In tints that varied from brick red to mulberry. The small gray eyes blinked, the lips moved, with greed, greed was the ruling passion, and though there was some good nature, some genuine kindliness, a true human touch, in the old toper, his greed was now so set afire by hope, that all other traits of character by distinct, and stood there a monument of gluttonous desire.

John's heart slowly fell. He had opened his lips, but he stood there and uttered nought. He sounded the well of his courage, and it was dry. He groped in his treasury of words, and it was vacant. A devil of dumbness had him by the throat; the devil of terror babbled in his ears; and suddenly, without a word uttered, with no ceremonious purpose formed in his will, John whipped about, tumbled over the roadside wall, and began running for his life across the fields.

He had not gone far, he was not past the midst of the first field, when his whole brain thundered within him, "Fool! Fool! You have your watch!" The shock almost tripped him, and he faced once more toward the cab. The driver was leaning over the wall, brandishing his whip, his face empurpled, roaring like a bull. And John saw (or thought) that he had lost the chance. No watch would pacify the man's resentment now; he would cry for vengeance also. John would be had under the eye of the police; his tale would be unfolded, his secret plumbed, his destiny would close on him at last, and forever.

He faltered a deep sigh; and just as the cabman, taking heart of grace, was beginning to think of climbing the wall, his defaulting customer fell again to running, and disappeared into the further fields.

CHAPTER X.

THERE he ran at first, John never very clearly knew; nor yet how long a time elapsed ere he found himself in the, by-road near the lodge of Ravelston, propped against the wall, his lungs heaving like bellows, his legs leaden-heavy, his mind possessed by one sole desire—to lie down and be unseen. He remembered the thick coverts round the quarry-hole pond, an untrodden corner of the world where he might safely find concealment till the night should fall. Thither he passed down the lane; and when he came there, behold! he had forgotten the frost, and the pond was alive with young people skating, and the pond-side coverts were thick with lookers-on. He looked on awhile himself. There was one tall, graceful maiden, skating hand in hand with a youth, on whom she bestowed her bright eyes perhaps too patently; and it was strange that with anger John beheld her. He could have broken forth in curses; he could have stood there, like a mortified tramp, and shaken his fist and vented his gall upon her by the hour—or so he thought; and the next moment his heart bled for the girl. "Poor creature, it's little she knows!" he sighed. "Let her enjoy herself while she can!" But was it possible, when there was need to smile at him on the Braid ponds, she could have looked so fulsome to a sick-hearted bystander?

The thought of one quarry, in his frozen wits, suggested another; and he plodded off toward Craig Leith. A wind had sprung up out of the northwest; it was crud keen, it dried him to the bone, and rackled his heart-strings. In brought clouds, too; pale, swift, hurrying clouds, that blotted heaven and filled gloom upon the earth. He scrambled up among the hazeled rubbish heaps that surrounded the opening of the quarry, and lay flat upon the stones. The wind searched close along the earth, the stones were hurting, and John could have hazels scratch out his eyes. And soon his after cold reaction began to be vocal with those strange and fantastic horrors that frighten now, pelt when fancy turned to Joanna, thinks to a harrowing impatience and blind desire of change; now he would roll in his harsh lair, and when the flints abraded him, was almost pleased; now he would crawl to the edge of the huge pit and look dizzily down. He sho a spiral of the descending roadway, the steep crags, the dinging bushes, the peppering of snow-wreaths, and far down in the bottom, the diminished crane, like an insect, still at his toil. But it somehow did not take his fancy.

And suddenly he was aware that he was hungry; ay, even through the turns of the cold, even through the frosts of despair, a gross, ferocious longing after food, no matter what, no matter how, began to awake and sgur him. Suppose he pawned his watch? Why, no, on Christmas day—this was Christmas day—the pawnshop would be closed. Suppose he went to the public house close by at Blackhall, and offered the watch, which he was worth ten pounds, in payment for a meal of bread and cheese? The incongruity was remarkable; the good folks would either put him to the door, or only let him in to send for the police. He turned his pockets out, one after another; some Jan Francisco tram-car checks, one cigar, no lights. One pass-key to his father's house, a pocket-handkerchief, with just a touch of scent; no, money could be raised on none of these. There was nothing for it but to starve; and after all, what mattered it? That also was a door of exit.

He crept close among the bushes, the wind playing round him like a lash; his clothes seemed thin as paper, his joints burned, his skin crackled on his bones. He had a vision of a high-lying cattle-drive in California, and the bed of a dried stream with one muddy pool, by which the vaqueros had encamped; splendid sun over all, the big bonfire blazing, the strips of beef browning and smoking on a skewer of wood; how warm it was, how savory the steam of scorching meat! and he began to remembered his manifold calamities, and burrowed and groaned in the sense of his disgrace and shame. And next he was entering Frank's restaurant in Montgomery street, San Francisco; he had ordered a pan-stew and venison chops, of which he was immoderately fond, and he was eat, waiting. Mundoe, the good attendant, brought him a whisky punch; he saw the straws were float on the delectable cup, he heard the ice chink about the straws. And then he awoke again to his detested fate, and found himself sitting, humped together, in a windy combe of quarry refuse; clothes thick about him, thin flakes of snow flying here and there like rags of paper, and the strong shuddering of his body clashing his teeth like a harpsichord.

We have seen John in nothing but the stormiest conditions; we have seen him reckless, desperate, tried beyond his moderate powers, of his daily self, cheerful, regular, nay authority. We have seen nothing; and it may thus be a surprise to the reader, to learn that he was studiously careful of his health. This favorite preoccupation now awoke. If he were to sit there, and die of cold, there would be mighty little gained; better the police call and the chances of a jury trial, than the miserable certainty of death at a dikeside before the next winter's dawn, or death a little later in the gaol-lighted wards of an infirmary.

He rose on aching legs, and stumbled here and there among the rubbish heaps, still circumvented by the yawning crater of the quarry; or perhaps he only thought so, for the darkness was already dense, the snow was growing thicker, and he moved like a blind man and with a blind man's terror. At last he climbed a fence, thinking to drop into the road, and found himself staggering among the iron furrows of a plowland, endless, it seemed, as a whole county. And next he was in the wood, beating among young trees, and then he was aware of a house with many lighted windows. Christmas carriages waiting at the door, and Christmas drivers (for Christmas has a double edge) becoming swiftly hooded with snow. From this glimpse of human cheerfulness, he fled like Cain. He wandered in the night, unpiloted, careless of whither he went; fell, and lay, and then rose again, and wandered further; and at last, like a transformation scene, behold him in the lighted jaws of the city, staring at a lamp which had already donned the tilted night-gap of the snow. It came quickly now, a "Feeding Storm;" and while John stood blinking at the lamp, his feet were buried. He remembered something like it in the past, a street-lamp crowned and caked upon the windward side with snow, the wind uttering its mournful hoot, himself looking on, even as now; but the cold had struck too sharply by his wits, and memory failed him as to the date and sequel of the reminiscence.

His next conscious moment was on the Dean Bridge; but whether he was John Nicholson of a bank in a Californian street, or some former John, a clerk in his father's office, he had now clean forgotten. Another blank, and he was thrusting his pass-key into the door-lock of his father's house.

Hours must have passed. Whether crouched on the cold stones or wandering in the fields among the snow, was more than he could tell; but hours had passed. The finger of the hall clock was close on twelve; a narrow peep of gas in the hall-lamp shed shadows; and the door of the back room—his father's room—was open and emitted a warm light. At so late an hour, all this was strange; the lights should have been out, the doors locked, the good folk safe in bed. He marveled at the irregularity, leaping on the hall-table; and marveled to himself there; and thawed and grew once more hungry, in the warmer air of the house.

The clock uttered its premonitory catch; in five minutes Christmas day would be among the days of the past—Christmas!—what a Christmas! Well, there was no use waiting; he had come into that house, he knew how; if they were to thrust him forth again, it had best be done and at once; and he moved to the door of the back room and entered.

Oh, well, then he was insane, as he had long believed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NORWAY'S STRANGE BANK.

Most Independent Financial Institution in the World.

The most independent and aristocratic bank in the world is the Norges, or National bank of Norway. Socially, the bank is of considerable importance. The directors meet twice a week, and these friendly gatherings are said to be most enjoyable affairs. Loans and discounts form the chief subjects of conversation. No loan or discount can be made without the approval of three of the directors. The directors are to hold a meeting one day, and you want to borrow 1,000 on Monday. You apply to the Norges bank and are told to come back next week. It is taken under consideration at the directors' meeting on Thursday. It does not matter in the least that you want the money on Monday and not on Thursday; you simply have to wait. The origin of this institution is as peculiar as its management is unusual. Soon after the nominal union of Norway and Sweden in 1814, the latter country began to feel the need of greater money facilities to meet the demands of the rapidly-increasing commerce. The problem of securing the necessary capital for a great national institution was a very simple one for the Norwegian government. It raised stockholders for the bank just as it had raised soldiers for the army. Every well-to-do citizen was compelled to take so much stock. He was always at liberty to take more if he chose, but always in amounts definitely by five.

The national bank is also a national pawning shop. It is authorized by the law to lend money on any nonperishable goods, provided they can be deposited in the bank and kept under lock and key. For this service it charges rather less than the usual pawnbroker's interest, which may, perhaps, account for the rarity of private pawnshops in Norway.—New York Journal.

COLORADO HOTEL ETIQUETTE.

Gentlemen Guests Are Prohibited from Doing Lots of Things.

A gentleman, of Carrollton, who has lately returned from the west, has brought with him a copy of some of the rules he found posted in a hotel dining room.

The hotel was the "Rustlers' Rest," at Little Cayuse Creek, Col. The "Rules for the Guidance of Guests" follow.

"All gents with shooting-irons or other weapons must check them before entering the dining room. Whiters are too scarce to be killed.

"Gents are requested not to attract waiters' attention by throwing things at them. This is too dear mode asthym.

"Seven kinds of pie are given with every dinner.

"Tablecloths are changed every Sunday.

"Our food is all of the best quality. Our milk is pure, eggs new laid and the butter speaks for itself.

"Guests tipping waiters must pay funeral benefits in case one shinds die from heart disease.

"No more than six eggs will be given each at a sitting. Any guest found trying to work off shells on a neighbor will be fired from the table.

"Biscuits found riveted together can be opened with a chisel supplied by a waiter. The use of dynamite is strictly forbidden.

"Disputes over articles of food must be settled outside.

"Don't bawl the waiters, because the gamey who can't throw the rope will be at a disadvantage.

"Gents can take off their coats if they want, but they must keep on their vests."—Baltimore Sun.

To Wash Blankets and Flannels.

Take a hot, breezy day for it. Half fill your tubs with water, barely luke-warm, and dissolve in each a half-pound of good borax; then make the water into lather with borax soap. Put in the flannels a few at a time, squeeze and lave them about; then pass them into the second tub, and repeat the process. When all have gone through both suds, rinse twice in water of the same temperature. Never let either soap or hot or cold water touch any woolen article a second time; never pass them from hot water into cold, nor vice versa. Do not wring them hard, and hang where they will dry fast. No iron should never touch them—so hang them as smooth as possible.

How Snakes Move.

The vertebrae of a snake are fitted together by a kind of ball and socket articulation, which, however, is capable of only lateral or side-to-side motions. A snake moves by propelling himself on the points of his scales, which, to him, answers the purposes of ribs. A snake does not climb a tree or a bush by coiling around it, as most people who have not investigated the matter believe, but by balancing himself very evenly and holding on with the points and edges of his scales. A snake on a piece of glass or other polished surface where the scales cannot take hold is almost perfectly helpless.

Information Wanted.

"Gracious!" said the summer boarder. "What is that tower with the great wheel on top of it?"

"That there is a windmill," the farmer explained.

"Really? About how much wind will it turn out in a day?"

Went Below.

The ground under the city of San Salvador is full of caverns of unknown depths. A man was once digging a well there. The last stroke he gave with his pick, the bottom fell out and he and his pick fell through, nobody knows where.

And Occasionally Preaches.

"There's a young theological student in Middletown, Conn., who raises the needful by acting as night clerk in a hotel, helping a local barber, waiting on table at the hotel, and occasionally preaching."

Kennebunkport's Woeful Fright.

Kennebunkport, Me., has had a skeleton scare over the discovered bones of a horse and dog. The latter was taken for a man fondly mur-r-r-dered.

Touching.

An obituary notice in a western paper contained the touching intelligence that the deceased "had accumulated a little money and ten children."

IT'S CURES THAT COUNT.

Many so-called remedies are pressed on the public attention on account of their claimed large sales. But sales cannot determine values. Sales simply argue people buying, shrewd pufferyl or enormous advertising. It's cures that count. It is cures that are counted on by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its sales might be boasted. It has the world for its market. Its sales prove nothing. We point only to the record of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as proof of its merit:

50 YEARS OF CURES.

"The New Woman."

Battle Ax PLUG

The "new woman" favors economy, and she always buys "Battle Ax" for her sweetheart. She knows that a 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" is nearly twice as large as a 10-cent piece of other high grade brands. Try it yourself and you will see why "Battle Ax" is such a popular favorite all over the United States.

Proper Tires

We have made a study of tires—pounded them year in and year out by thousands on our wheel-testing machine, tested them for elasticity for speed, for durability—had reports from riders and agents everywhere. Result is the wonderfully elastic and durable Hartford Single-Tube Tires used on

Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Hartford Tires are easiest to repair in case of puncture, strongest, safest, best.

Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of all Columbias, and of Hartford Tires, trustworthy machines of lower price, free from any Columbia agent; by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

Look Out

For Imitations of Walter Baker & Co.'s Premium No. 1 Chocolate. Always ask for, and see that you get, the article made by

WALTER BAKER & CO., LTD., Dorchester, Mass.

SLOMAN'S DIAMOND WEDDING WHISKEY.

S. A. SLOMAN & CO. SOLE PROPRIETORS CINCINNATI OHIO

RIPENED, AGED AND MELLOWED IN WOOD. ABSOLUTELY PURE AND FREE FROM DRUGS. A STERLING AID TO DIGESTION. INVIGORATES FEEBLE CONSTITUTIONS, RENEWS LIFE AND ARRESTS DISEASE. A DELICIOUS AND NUTRITIOUS TONIC. CHEMISTS CERTIFICATE OF PURITY ON EACH PACKAGE. TRY IT ONCE YOU'LL WANT IT AGAIN.

SUPPLIED BY ALL LEADING DEALERS AND DRUGGISTS.