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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.

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

Kongo Kola Supply Co., 120 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

It is a powerful stimulant, with no reactionary effects.

It is an energizing nerve food and a speedy and gratifying 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 brought.

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Cured By Baco-Cure and Gained Thirty Pounds.

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THE GRAY FALCON

BY

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"But you cannot imagine how keenly I suffer," sobbed she.

"Can I not? ah, my child, you little guess how thoroughly I read every thought, how I bleed over every inward pang."

"And you do not blame me? Say you do not think I am wrong."

"Not wrong, my precious one, but like the imprisoned bird beating itself uselessly against the bars, very unwise. What is unavoidable must be accepted with the best grace possible. Spare yourself unavailing agony."

"And if I could help it," was Felicie's indignant reply.

"At least, my love, you might try to look upon it in a pleasanter light." Who knows but the marquis may prove your ideal hero? For I am sure there's no real love. I have watched you jealously enough, I hope, to make sure of that."

Felicie's eyes flashed angrily.

"I cannot like him. I detest him—to seek a defenceless, unwilling bride for the sake of her wealth—if he were a person devoid of all the graces I should abhor him."

"Now, my daughter is unreasonable," was the mild remonstrance.

"But, papa, mamma, is not this way of contracting marriage barbarous and revolting?"

"Yes, my dear, exceedingly so. It is the fault of many years' growth. We in France do not look upon human beings as so many souls, worthy or unworthy; but we rate rank with rank, whether it joins great hearts and pure natures or otherwise. It is a great evil, yet you and I, Felicie, cannot alter it. Your father approves of it, sees no harm in it. You know how thorough an aristocrat he is. I have bitterly tried to conceal from you the pain it gave me to see his lack of sympathy with those below us. It seems the time has come now when your happiness depends a better understanding."

"I do not need this explanation at least—from a child I have seen the difference in your care for our people, and my father's. I have not always failed to notice the grateful glance of adoring love which follows you from cottage to cottage, nor the angry scowl, or sullen apathy which greets my father's appearance," replied Felicie, gravely.

The countess was silent, lost in a painful revery.

"Oh, mamma, don't think I have not appreciated your noble nature, your generous delicacy, that would never hint to me, nor allow me to refer to, my father's failings. Do you know, I have often wondered how you came to have him, you who must have been so grand and beautiful in your girlhood—"

Felicie spoke timidly, expecting the reproof she immediately received.

"Hush, my child! I cannot listen to a disparaging word. He is your father, my husband. I would indeed he had a more generous forbearance for the down trodden peasant; but we are all sinful in some way—we must forget, we must overlook each other's faults."

"As if there were any fault in your character!" exclaimed Felicie warmly, sinking down into her seat again—her excitement somewhat exhausted.

"Alack, Felicie, if you knew what constant struggling I have endured! But it is of you I am thinking. I have been painfully anxious concerning this engagement; but I build all my hopes upon the marquis; I have only heard favorable accounts of him. Oh, my child, you must learn to love him, you must subdue this wilful objection to one you have never seen, or your happiness will be wrecked. Heaven save you from all I have undergone!"

"You, mamma!" exclaimed Felicie, in astonishment, quite forgetting her own grief in pity for the storm of emotion which the question brought to her usually calm and gentle mother.

"Hush!" said the countess, regaining her composure with a powerful effort. "They are coming with the refreshment tray."

The servants entered, spread out the tiny table with a dainty repast, lighted the scores of candles in two silver candelabra, and vanished again.

"Now, then, you must tell me about it, mamma!" said Felicie when they rose from the table.

CHAPTER III.

THE countess thanked, but scarcely touched the food, her face grew sad, as she drew her daughter to her side, and pillowing the bright, young head upon her shoulder, answered:

"Nothing else but your happiness, Felicie, could tempt me to unseal this long closed volume of my experience. Now it seems that a knowledge of my trials will give force to my advice. Will teach you to rely upon my sympathy, and, I hope, induce you to follow my instructions. If I thought any effort of mine could induce the count to relinquish this marriage contract I should still keep silent—but I am convinced that, fond as he is of you, he would break your heart before he would forego his ambitious plans for you."

Felicie shuddered and nestled closer in her mother's arms.

"There was a time, my Felicie, when your mother's heart throbbed and beat restlessly against just such an announcement as you have received tonight—but how much more hopelessly, you may imagine, when I tell you her whole affections were given to another—and that the startling revelation only came to her upon the command to receive a husband from her own station."

The daughter reached up to kiss the quivering lips, which spoke these words falteringly.

"My poor little Felicie! you thought I knew not how to pity you, while you are so fortunately ignorant of the fiery pages which I have suffered. There was a pleasant boy, who was a foster brother of my cousin Henri's, and who shared Henri's home and education, who even accompanied him to Germany to the college. It was done with the desire of giving the poor, sickly child of nobility a companion to cheer, amuse and help him. And all Henri lacked Emile possessed. He had a swift, keen intellect, a splendidly developed frame, a wonderfully gentle, refined, and knightly soul. He was absolutely necessary to the comfortable existence of the feeble invalid, and he shared all the advantages of wealth. He dressed like a gentleman, he had an education far above the average, his manners were elegant, his soul was pure. I was constantly with the household. I thought it was a pity for poor Henri, and affection for my cousin Annette, which drew me there, into that happy circle. I never discovered that it was love for Emile, until I was informed, by my father that he had accepted the suit of Count Languedoc."

"I cannot tell you what strange impulse impelled me to hurry away into the little arbor where Annette and Henri sat listening to Emile's melodious tones as he read to them some old poem, and break upon them the announcement in the most tragic tone. My eyes were upon Emile's face. I saw it turn deadly pale; I saw the spasm of agony shake his strong young frame into the helplessness of childhood. Wretched and selfish that I was, I took a glow of joy to know that he loved me—that the blow which pierced mine struck home to his heart. He said not a word, but threw down his book, and walked away. Annette looking frightened, went after him, and I threw myself, weeping bitterly, beside Henri. Poor boy! he tried to comfort me—but he had read that one swift look exchanged between Emile and myself, and well understood the depth of my wretchedness. Too well he knew, who had known such a true nobleman with nature's signet, instead of an earthly monarch's, on his brow, could have no heart for a lower union of soul."

"My poor, poor mother!" sighed Felicie, as she wiped away the streaming tears.

The countess smiled drearily.

"It is of the past I am telling you, my child—not of the present, dearest. Emile found means to speak with me alone. He was nearly crazed with grief. He talked bitterly and wildly; also, truthfully, also, as I pelt knowledged then and now. What was a paltry coronet, he asked, beside a lifetime of love and happiness? He was not noble born, but he should never be poor. His education, his strength, his talents were an unfailing mine—he would make me happier, as his wife, than the count could with a palace and a crown. I could not contradict him. Then he frantically besought me to fly to the new world, just in the glory of its independence. Oh, my child! Heaven spare you the terrible conflict which shook my very soul! It was a terrible temptation—to leave the harsh, unpitying father, who would wreck my happiness so needlessly, to fly with the one my whole heart clave to. But I was spared the decision. My father had somehow obtained an idea of the cause of my reluctance to fulfil his wishes. He had watched our meeting in the summer house between the two estates. He came upon us like a roaring lion; he heaped upon Emile the most abusive language, the most abhorrent revilings. Emile was like a marble statue, only the nostrils were curved with fiery indignation, and the eyes glowed like balls of fire. He answered not a word—but coming to me, held out his hand, and the hollow despair of the tone haunts me now.

"It is needless to struggle longer against fate,' said he slowly; 'farewell, Marguerite. Heaven give me all the bitterness, and leave you peace.'

"And before I could speak, he was gone. My father's anger with me was terrible. I was so crushed beneath it, I made no effort to save myself, and more like a corpse than a bride, was brought hither by your father, only two months after Emile's farewell."

"Oh, mamma, mamma, my angel mamma!" sobbed Felicie; "and you have lived till this time—"

The countess smiled mournfully.

"Dear child, grief does not always kill. Moreover, I found a kind friend, just the comforter I needed. The Abbe Recaled is dead now; you will no longer wonder that I hang a wreath every Christmas upon his grave when I tell you he taught me to be at peace again.

"It was useless to repine, nothing could relieve me now—why not try, to find some happiness," said he, 'since heaven had sent me such a lot?'

"And I saw the wisdom and goodness of the suggestion. Even before you came, my treasure, my jewel, my happiness, I had grown calm and cheerful. I had shut the past from my mind as much as possible, and sought out the pleasures of my lot. Never should I have revealed it to you, but that it seemed to me you needed the lesson. It is even more hopeless now to attempt to escape from your father's will; I can appeal to the king, and compel you to marry as he wishes. For you, my Felicie, is no such trial as I have stated; you understand why I have put you in such strict retirement, why I have watched over you so jealously to prevent your forming any attachment before seeing the marquis—I judged it best, also, that you should not see him before. My child, seek, I implore you, for your own sake—seek to be pleased with him.

Felicie was not ready to return to her own case.

"That noble, generous Emile!" said she; "have you ever seen him since?"

The countess frowned a little, but answered calmly:

"Twice, once when our horse took fright in Paris he rescued me from almost certain destruction; but he never spoke, he thrust me into the count's arms, and vanished in the crowd. Your father does not know of his existence."

"And again, the second time!" persisted Felicie.

"It was here at the chateau. I was leading you down the garden walk when I saw him—grown older and sterner looking—but with the same deep, melancholy eye, standing at the gate watching us."

"And you spoke to him?"

"No, my child, I went away at once, I did not forget that I was Count Languedoc's wife."

"Poor Emile!" sighed Felicie; "I think I should try to comfort him a little if it were me that he loved."

"And the marquis—" said the countess, anxiously.

"Don't talk about him, I pray you. I promise, if my father will not listen to my pleadings, to try to like him. Till then, give me the privilege of detesting him."

CHAPTER IV.

FOOLISH child! ah, you little comprehend a mother's feverish anxiety," sighed the countess.

Felicie turned, and kissing her fondly, said earnestly:

"My dear, dear mamma, do not distress yourself for me. I will try to please you—I will promise to obey you. This recital has indeed deepened your authority, as well as increased my love for you. Let us put away the subject until at least there is no escape from it. Have you heard the strange stories afloat around the chateau concerning a visitor to our little forest? whether human or ghostly remains to be determined."

"Certainly not. What can you mean?" replied the mother, looking extremely interested."

"Old Jeannot was my chief reliable authority. Victoire came in the other evening, chattering with fear, saying that some calamity was about to befall our family; that all the peasants had seen a dark figure hovering around, which always vanished into air the moment it approached by any one. I tried to reason her out of the belief, and finding it useless to reprove her firm conviction, I demanded who had set the stories afloat. She named two or three—but Jeannot was a steady, faithful old man, I selected him from the number, and went at once to accuse him of frightening the silly women. To my astonishment, instead of being ashamed and repentant, he persisted in declaring it was all true."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CANINE FRIEND IN NEED.

How the Greyhound Rescued the Little Spaniel.

"Talk about the sagacity of dogs," remarked Jenkins, as he scornfully surveyed the records of the good deeds done by canines in general. "Why, I saw something the other day which beats the world—something which, in addition to proving the reasoning powers of dogs, showed also that some of them at least possess a great capacity for affection for their own kind. A friend of mine uptown owns several dogs, among the lot being a magnificent greyhound and a diminutive spaniel, the two dogs, notwithstanding the disparity in size, being warm friends. The other day the dog-catcher wagon was making the rounds and, as usual, missing the curs while corralling the animals which do well when left alone. It happened that my friend's front gate had been left open, and the two dogs mentioned escaped into the street just as the wagon turned the corner. There was a grand rush by the rear of the catchers, who grasped their nets and made a scramble for the little spaniel, not seeming to like the idea of tackling the big greyhound. The poor little spaniel realized her danger, and attempted to escape. She flew like one possessed in every direction, only to be headed off by the men with the nets and a score of small boys. She finally halted, panting, in the middle of the street, and one of the men approached her with his net. It seemed that the little thing's doom was sealed. Suddenly there was a fierce bark and the big greyhound came leaping into the crowd, scattering the small boys and compelling the catchers to take to the wagon. The hound reached the side of the spaniel and, taking in the situation, reached down, grasped his wee companion in his capacious mouth, and was off down the street like a shot. He didn't stop for the gate, but with a great, graceful leap, was over the fence, fled their enemies, while the spaniel on the ground, stood wagging his tail, as if knowing that he had discomfited their enemies, while the spaniels gamboled and made the welkin ring with her shrill barks. If that wasn't a great thing, I don't know."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Cheerful Prospect.

A nervous young minister was filling the pulpit for a country charge that was without a regular pastor. A part of his experience is touchingly related by the local paper. A very pious old lady at whose house he stayed, in showing him his room, said: "It ain't everybody I'd put in this room. This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on. "My first husband died in that bed with his head on three pillows, and my poor Mr. Jenks died sittin' in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him sitting there still. My own father died lyin' right on that lounge right under the window there. Poor pa he was a spiritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room after he died and sometimes I am foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night you'd better not tell me. It'd be a sign to me that there was something in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet there belonging to him, and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer. If you are up early and want something to amuse yourself before breakfast just open that cupboard there and you will find a lot of dead men's bones. My poor boy thought a lot of them. Well, good night, and pleasant dreams."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Aluminum Not Poisonous.

Recently two healthy and robust physicians, aged twenty-six and thirty-five years, were selected by the Imperial German Health Bureau to undergo an interesting experiment in order to ascertain whether aluminum is poisonous or not. These two gentlemen, in order to test the non-poisonous properties of aluminum, volunteered, every morning for one month, to swallow fifteen grains of aluminum tartrate with their lunch. At the end of the trial neither of them had lost flesh or appetite or experienced the slightest discomfort during the entire period of their metallic lunch. It was found that the metal was not adapted, however, to contain for a long period brandy, whisky or wine. After a time these liquids turn turbid, and, although perfectly harmless, are not inviting, to say the least, although for two or three days' journey they are not appreciably acted on when carried in aluminum flasks. A correspondent writing in the London "Electrical Engineer" on the subject states that he has used cast aluminum cooking utensils for over twelve months and that they have given both the cook and the consumer every satisfaction without any fear of poisoning, as when copper utensils were employed. Dental plates are also now made of aluminum, which, besides having only a fraction of the weight of gold plate, possess the additional advantage of producing no disagreeable taste in the mouth.

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