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Those Who Lack Energy
and are Unsuccessful
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"I am only thirty years old, yet for almost two years I have felt more like seventy-five. I have found it difficult to sleep at night and in the morning feel so depressed and heavy that effort was difficult. My hands were always clammy and perspiration on slight effort would break out all over me. It was not unnatural that I should begin to brood over the chance that I should soon be unfit to do my work, and this dread made my sleepless nights perfect misery. After repeated trials of medicine and mixtures Dr. Hamilton's Pills gave me the first gleam of hope. From the very first I could see they were different in action from other pills. They didn't gripe and acted as naturally as if nature and not the pills were cleansing my clogged up system. My spirits rose, I felt much better, the sluggish action of the system gave way to normal activity. Dizziness and headaches ceased, appetite, good color, and ambition to work returned and have remained. I am like a new man and I thank Dr. Hamilton's Pills for it all."

This was the experience of J. E. Parkhurst, a well-known grocery dealer in Jefferson. Follow his advice, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills for your stomach, kidneys, and liver, and you'll enjoy long life and robust good health. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills in yellow boxes. 25c. per box, from The Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

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The barking of a dog is the last sound which the balloonist hears from the earth, and unless favorable circumstances have been heard at an elevation of about four miles.

A FATHER'S GIFT

Being a Story of Paris
In 1870

By MAURICE ROUGET

The Marquis de la Ferriere was in his cabinet in his residence in the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris. The Prussians had been victorious at every point and had captured the Emperor Napoleon III. The marquis was pacing back and forth with his hands clasped behind his back, evidently much agitated. A servant entered, announced "Maitre Jousseur" and was followed by a man of a professional cut.

"Jousseur," said the marquis without even inviting the lawyer to be seated, "we are to have terrible times. The Prussians are sure to capture Paris, for there is nothing that can successfully oppose them. When they have squeezed out of us all the blood there is in us and have withdrawn we shall again be at the mercy of the mob that slaughtered our fathers when the monarchy fell. I am old and feeble and doubt if I shall live through the coming storms. My son, Victor, is with his regiment at the front. I wish to execute a paper that will turn over my property to him."

"Why not make a will?"
"Because at my death relatives are sure to dispute any will I may make. When I die my property must pass from me to my son through the courts, and in this intermediate state it will be vulnerable. If I give it to my son now he will possess it, and you know that possession is nine points in the law."

"Well, marquis, all you need to do is simply sign a paper by which for a consideration you transfer all your property to Victor."

Taking up a slip of paper, the attorney wrote what he had stated and in about as simple form. Jousseur



AT A GLANCE HE RECOGNIZED THE PAPER, affixed his notarial seal, and domestics were called in to witness the signature. Then the lawyer, who was in a hurry, as every one in Paris was at that time, went away at once. The marquis followed him to the door. At the same moment a door or window in another part of the house was opened, and since the day was blustery a strong draft swept through the cabinet. When the marquis turned to his desk he found most of the papers on the floor. Gathering them up, he placed them in a tin box, from which they had been removed, and put the box in his safe.

The next visitor the marquis received was Mlle. Natale Villaret, a young lady about twenty years of age and of prepossessing appearance.
"My dear," he said, "I have done something today of which I wish to inform you. Knowing that Victor's life would be blighted if he should be unable to claim you for his wife and having a strong feeling that I shall not live through the terrible times upon which we are entering, realizing that should Victor be deprived of my property, which should be his at my death, and knowing further that in that event your father would not consent to your marriage with my son—realizing all these as I do, I have signed a paper putting him in possession of all my property from this day. In case he lives to return and finds that I have succumbed tell him that he will find the paper in a tin box in the safe."

"Oh, marquis," exclaimed the young girl, throwing her arms around the old man's neck, "how thoughtful you are for our happiness! Banish these

forebodings. I certainly expect to have you at our wedding."

"No; my grandfather died on the guillotine during the reign of terror. My father, who in '48 was an invalid, was so worked upon by his fears, remembering what he had passed through as a child, that he was overcome by mental distress. When we got rid of the Prussians—if we ever do—there will be more trouble, and I do not care to live to see the end of it."

A shudder passed over Mlle. Villaret, for she, too, realized that when the coming storm had blown over many a family in France would be left in mourning. Indeed, her lover was even

now constantly meeting the perils of war.

The German army had marched through Paris and was on its way back to the fatherland. The communists had sacked Paris and burned many public buildings, including the historic palace of the Tuilleries. The republic had been established, and once more quiet was restored to France. The Marquis de la Ferriere had succumbed to the horrors of the commune. His son had returned, had been wounded in the defense of Paris, had been nursed by Mlle. Villaret and had recovered. The day for the wedding of the young marquis and his fiancée had been fixed, and the shadow that hung over France in their case had been brightened by their coming nuptials.

When the day arrived for the marriage settlements Victor went to his father's safe to get the paper that had put him in possession of his inheritance. A suit had already been commenced to deprive him of it, but he had no fear but that when it became known that he had been the owner for some time before his father's death it would be withdrawn. Opening the safe, he took out the tin box and began to hunt for the paper he wanted. It was not to be found. Again and again he went through everything in the box, but nothing transferring any property to him appeared. Beside himself with anxiety, he examined every document in the safe. Not a scrap of a pen either transferring or bequeathing property to him was there.

Hastening to Natale, he asked her if she had not been mistaken in the place his father had told her she would find the transfer. She replied that she was positive the marquis had said it was in a tin box in the safe.

When M. Villaret was apprised of the fact that Victor must gain possession of the estate as heir-at-law through the courts, that a suit for it had already been commenced by Victor's cousins, he refused to give his consent to the marriage. Natale would have been willing to wait till the inheritance was decided, but suits in chancery are long drawn out, and unless the estate involved is a very large one it is usually eaten up in litigation. Victor was too honorable to permit her to remain tied to him with so desperate a prospect before him.

But the love between Victor and Natale was too strong to be broken, though their union was given up. The courts permitted the young marquis to retain temporary possession of the family residence in the Faubourg St. Germain, and Victor spent many an hour in his father's cabinet trying to conjure up some reason for the non-appearance of the missing paper which his father had evidently mislaid instead of putting away in the box, as he had supposed he had done.

The old world has not, or at least had not at that time, done away with many of its ancient usages. The La Ferriere residence was a very old one. In the cabinet was a huge fireplace with one of those enormous chimneys requiring to be cleaned at stated times. The chimney sweep, with his smock frock and sooty face, even to this day, is an institution in parts of Europe. Victor was sitting in his cabinet one day when his major-domo ushered in a sweep and told him to clean the chimney.

So wrapt was Victor in trying to solve the problem of the missing paper that he was unconscious of any one having entered the room. Suddenly he looked up to be confronted by the black face and white eyes of the sweep, who stood before him with outstretched hand, in which there was something yellow and black. Victor took a crumpled paper from the sweep, smoothed it out and at a glance recognized the paper for which he had been hunting.

When, a few moments later, he ran out of the cabinet, meeting the major-domo in the hall, the latter thought some accident had happened to his master, for Victor's face and shirt bosom were covered with soot. He had embraced the sweep. He was seizing his hat to go to inform Natale of the find when the servant held him and begged him to look in a mirror before leaving the house. He did so and saw that he must delay to wash the soot off his face and put on clean linen.

There was rejoicing in the two families at the recovery. Its possession forced Victor's opponents to with-

draw their claims as heirs of his father and begin all over again as heirs of the late marquis' grandfather. Discouraged, they were ready to listen to a proposition Victor made them to pay the costs of the suit, which had already become considerable.

When Maitre Jousseur was informed of the recovery of the transfer he had executed he remembered that when he opened the door to leave the late marquis' cabinet a draft had swept the papers off the table. His theory was that the paper the marquis had just signed had been carried into the chimney, where it had lodged in a crevice. Fortunately no fire had been made there since. The chimney was being cleaned preparatory to its use in the approaching winter. The marquis who was greatly agitated at the time, had doubtless supposed the instrument was among the papers he had picked up off the floor. Those interested were obliged to be content with this explanation since the marquis was alone when he replaced the scattered papers and was the only person who could have given any account of the matter.

As soon as the suit against Victor's estate had been withdrawn M. Villaret settled a hundred thousand francs on his daughter, and the nuptials with the young marquis were celebrated.

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PESTS IN GRAIN BINS.

Must Be Killed Before Storage of Harvest if Damage is to Be Averted.

A few cents' worth of carbon bisulphide will kill the insects hiding in the cracks of your bins waiting for the new grain. Insects injurious to stored grains, says G. A. Dean, a bug specialist at the Kansas Agricultural college, work so vigorously that the farmer must either kill them, dispose of his grain or sit still and allow them to damage it. Killing these pests before the grain is stored prevents much damage in the fall and winter, he says.

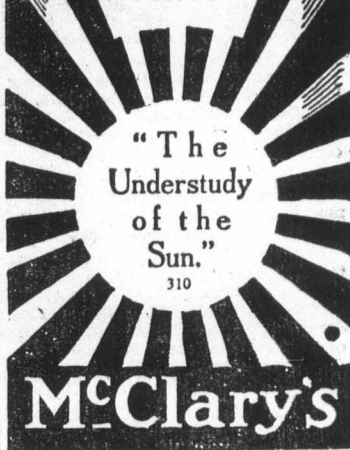
Dust, dirt, rubbish, refuse grain, flour and meal serve as breeding places for these pests. Fresh grain should not be exposed to attack by being placed with the old which already is infested. Throw this out. Unless the old grain was badly infested with any one of the four or five common injurious insects it may not be necessary to fumigate now, but a thorough cleaning of the floor, walls and ceiling should not be neglected. To avoid infestation in the stack the grain should be thrashed as soon after harvesting as possible. Considerable damage has been done by these insects to stacked wheat and oats in Kansas in the last four or five years.

One pound of carbon bisulphide when the temperature is about 90 degrees will fumigate 500 cubic feet of space. At 80 degrees 400 cubic feet will be thoroughly treated. The building and bins must be as nearly air tight as possible while fumigating. The carbon bisulphide should be placed in shallow pans at the top of the bins or building. Evaporation is rapid, the vapor settling to the bottom of the bin and poisoning the insects. If the grain is not to be used for seed it is well to allow the vapor to remain in it for forty-eight hours. Doors and windows should be opened wide after the fumigation and the bins aired thoroughly one or two hours before entering.

One should be very careful in handling carbon bisulphide, as it is highly inflammable. Electric lights must not be used, since when turning them on or off there always is danger of producing a spark. It is not safe to have heat of any kind in the building when the fumigation is in progress.

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