

PART OF THIS PAGE MISSING

# THE ATHENS REPORTER, JAN. 9, 1894

## MAN.

### Lord's Time Piece.

drove up to a long, narrow table, and, as he sat down, he said: "This was a very nice dinner, and I was a little surprised to find it was a tavern, and I was forward to receive the... you, gentle—very glad... in the way of dinner... don't expect much."... convenience for washing... of the men went to the land... he replied: "I've never mind gettin' the dirt off. I've... over two years and haven't... ones. We don't put on any style... about to sit down to dinner... a shot was fired out doors and the... Lord came into the room to say: "Sorry to bother you, gentle, but as I wait... at the table myself you'll have to hold on... for a few minutes. There's a cuss out here... who wants to be shot, and as I'm all ready... it won't take over five minutes."... He seized his gun and went out, and after... a couple of shots the "cuss" was hit in the... of baked beans, corn bread, a little bacon... and corn coffee, and as the landlord served... it out he said: "Sorry I can't offer you more grub, but... my Mexican cook got impudent last night... and I had to plant him. I was just heaping... up the grave on the other side of the road... as you came in sight. Eat hearty, gentle."... Some tried to, and some lost their appetites... Observing the latter, the general host... observed: "Better fill right up, gentle, as this stage... will probably be stopped at Red creek by... road agents, and they may keep you standing... around till tomorrow."... Something was said by the kicker of the... party about the absence of napkins and... tablecloth, and the landlord promptly replied: "Yes, I know. I did start in with table... cloths, but the neighbors came and begged... 'em fur shrouds fur people killed by the In... dians, and I've clean run out. Sorry about... it, but we have to help each other out here... you know."... "Meat seems to be pretty scarce with... you," observed a passenger who had failed... to get a taste. "Yes, rather, but only at the present... time. Last week I had oceans of meat, but... I got into a row with the feller who was... freighting it down for me, and he's planted... just beyond the Mexican."... When we went out to settle for the meal... the landlord said it would be \$4 apiece. There... was a general kick about the price, and he... threw up his hands and exclaimed: "Great... lands! but what is this country coming to... anyway? A month ago I had to shoot a... traveler for insisting on having white sugar... in his coffee. Two weeks ago I had to kill... another for kicking about a looking glass. Last... week I plunked a man from Chicago who... wanted a hairbrush, and now I've got to kill... the five of you at once to get what that dinner... actually cost me! Do you fellows imagine that... all I have to do out here is to dig graves and... shovel back the dirt?"... He seemed so hurt in his feelings that we... paid him the \$4 apiece and went our way, but... in the course of half an hour something...

## THE DANCE OF DEATH.

### A Reminiscence of the Hurricane on Long Island in 1856.

The recent devastation by storm along the Mississippi and the Gulf coast is a terrible reminder of that stupendous storm of Aug. 10, 1856, when so many lives were lost and so many southern homes made desolate. Lost Island was a favorite summer resort and was crowded with people of wealth and fashion. The storm had increased in fury day by day, but still the gay throng heeded not. At the end a ball was in progress, and after that came death. The story of that awful night is thus graphically pictured by Lafcadio Hearn in "Chita—A Memory of Lost Island."

The steamer Star was due from St. Mary's that fearful morning. Could she come? No one really believed it—no one. And nevertheless men struggled to the roaring beach to look for her, besting hope is stronger than reason. Perhaps it was such a feeling that forced men on the 10th day of August, 1856, to hope against hope for the coming of the Star and to strain their eyes toward faroff Terrebonne.

"Great God!" shrieked a voice above the shouting storm. "She is coming!" It was true. On she came, swaying, rocking, plunging, with a great whiteness wrapping her about like a cloud and moving with her movement—a tempest whirl of spray. The excitement on shore became wild. Men shouted themselves hoarse; women laughed and cried; all marveled at the madness of the captain. The captain knew the Star was running a race with death. "She'll win it," he muttered. "She'll stand it. Perhaps they'll have need of me tonight."

She won. The brave little vessel rode at last into the bayou. And still the wind increased its paroxysmal power. Cottages began to rock. Some slid away from the solid props. A chimney tumbled. Shutters were wrenched off, verandas demolished. Light roofs lifted, dropped again and flapped into ruin. And still the storm grew louder and blacker with every passing hour.

The Star rose with the rising of the waters, dragging her anchor. Then one of her hog chains parted, then another. Then

## THE GRIPPE EPIDEMIC.

### A SCOURGE MORE TO BE DREADED THAN CHOLERA.

Medical Science Powerless to Prevent its Spread—It is Again Sweeping Over Canada With Great Severity—How its Evil Effects Can Best be Counteracted—Only Prompt Measures Can Ensure Safety.

It is stated on high medical authority that an epidemic of la grippe is more to be feared than an outbreak of cholera. The latter disease can be controlled, and where sanitary precautions are observed the danger can be reduced to the minimum. But not so with la grippe. Medical science has not yet fathomed its mysteries, and is powerless to prevent its spread. Three years ago an epidemic of la grippe swept over this country, leaving death and shattered constitutions in its wake, and now once more it has appeared in epidemic form; not so severe, perhaps, as on the former occasion, but with sufficient violence to cause grave alarm, and to warn the prudent to take prompt measures to resist its inroads.

When, a few months ago, it was announced that cholera had broken out in Grimsby, one of England's important seaports, it was feared that it would reach this continent, yet this once dreaded scourge was checked and exterminated with a loss of not more than half a dozen lives. That la grippe is more to be dreaded than cholera is shown by the fact that in London last week upwards of an hundred deaths were due to this trouble, and medical science is powerless to prevent its spread, and can do nothing more than relieve those stricken with the disease. At the present moment thousands of Canadians are suffering from la grippe and the misery it has caused would be difficult to estimate. Even when the immediate symptoms of the disease disappear it too frequently leaves even the most robust constitution shattered. The after effects of la grippe are perhaps more dangerous than the disease itself, and assume many forms, such as extreme nervousness, distressing headaches, pains in the back, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, shortness of breath on slight exertion, swelling of the limbs, an indisposition to exertion, a feeling of constant tiredness, partial paralysis, and other distressing symptoms.

feeling better than I have done before in years.

Mr. W. A. Marshall, principal of the Clementsport, N. S. Academy, says: "I had a bad attack of la grippe which left me weak, nervous and badly used up. I suffered almost continually with terrible headaches, backache and pains through the body. I tried many remedies without receiving any benefit until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the use of seven boxes has made me feel like a new man, as I am now as strong as I was before my sickness. I can heartily recommend them to others so afflicted."

Mr. B. Crouter, Warkworth, Ont., brother of Rev. Darius Crouter, who some years ago represented East Northumberland in the House of Commons, says: "Two years ago I had an attack of la grippe which nearly cost me my life. My legs and feet were continually cold and cramped, and I could get little or no sleep at night, and you can understand what a burden life was to me. One day I read of a remarkable cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I made up my mind to give them a trial. When I began using the Pink Pills there was such a numbness in my feet that I could not feel the floor when I stepped on it. As I continued the use of the pills this disappeared; the feeling returned to my limbs, the cramps left me, I felt as though new blood were coursing through my veins, and I can now go to bed and sleep soundly all night. When I got up in the morning instead of feeling tired and depressed, I feel thoroughly refreshed, and all this wonderful change is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I believe Pink Pills have no equal for building up the blood, and I strongly recommend them to all sufferers, or to any who wish to fortify the system against disease."

Scores of other equally strong recommendations might be quoted, but the above will suffice to prove the undoubted efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in removing all the evil effects of la grippe or influenza, and those who have in any degree suffered from this dangerous malady should lose no time in fortifying the system by the judicious use of Pink Pills. They are the only remedy that strike at the root of the trouble and thoroughly eradicate its bad effects. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and do not be persuaded to try something else. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Co., Medford, N. J.



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