THE
Athens Reporter
IS ISSUED EVERY
TUESDAY AFTERNOON
—BY—
B. LOVERIN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SUBSCRIPTION
$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE, OR
$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN THREE MONTHS.

☞ No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid except at the option of the publisher. A post-office notice to discontinue is not sufficient, unless settlement to date has been made.

ADVERTISING
Business notices in local or news column, 10c. per line for first insertion and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
Professional Cards, 6 lines or under, per year, $3.00; over 6 and under 12 lines, $4.00.
Legal advertisements, 8c. per line for first insertion and 2c. per line for each subsequent insertion.
A liberal discount for contract advertisements

Advertisements sent without written instructions will be inserted until forbidden and charged full time
All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil—12 lines to the inch

HOW TO CHOP A TREE.

What an American is Taught by Experience in the Forest.

A "green" hand cuts a sorry figure when sent into the woods alone to do almost any piece of work. There is very much to be learned about even so simple a matter as working in the woods is generally considered to be by those who know nothing about it. For instance, one would think that there could be no science involved in chopping down a tree. The fact is, to do this to best advantage requires experience, combined with excellent judgment. Let a foreigner come here who knows nothing about chopping, and send him out to cut down a tree, and he would be most likely to chop all round the trunk, with no idea of which way it would fall until he saw it going; and then it would be a matter of luck if he did not lose his head and get out of the way of it instead of getting crushed. The experienced chopper first decides where it will be most convenient to have the tree fall, then stepping a few paces away, takes the end of the ax handle between the thumb and forefinger, raises it up, poises it, uses it as a plumb and line, squints across it and views the tree from end to end. In close cases he makes this observation from several points. He has to take into account any leaning of the tree, if there is an excess of weight of branches on either side, and direction of the wind, if any.

Having decided the probable effects of all these, he proceeds to the base and chops square across on the side it is to fall, about half way through the tree, and then turns to the other side and chops across about two inches higher than the first cut. He will throw a tree nearly every time in the spot where he designed it should go. Poor choppers usually do not chop straight across the stump, but at an angle. By looking at a stump an old chopper can tell whether the tree was cut by a novice or one skilled in the business. A good chopper soon learns to chop both "right-handed" and "left-handed" equally well. To saw down a tree, the first cut should be on the side the tree is to fall, as in chopping, and the second on the opposite, but a little higher. If even with the first, when sawn through, the tree is apt to "gig back" in falling and crush the saw and perhaps injure the men. I saw a large tree cut in this manner; it slid backward about a rod, broke the saw and came very near killing one of the workmen. The most dangerous part of woodchopping is cutting off saplings just bent over by a falling tree. At the first stroke they usually split up and one portion fly back or sideways with power sufficient to knock a horse over or pierce him through. Choppers have lashed their axes to poles and cut from a safe distance.

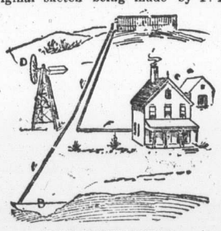
Another dangerous operation is to cut down a tree when another chopped-off tree leans against it, for it cannot always be told what way the two will fall; and then the leaning tree is likely to drop at any moment and catch the chopper as in a "dead fall." In such a case the chopper must "keep his eye peeled" and "look out for breakers."

When a tree has fallen the chopper's first business is to look up and around among the standing timber in the vicinity, and see if any branches have been broken off and lodged loosely, which would be likely to drop. Many have been killed by not taking this precaution. —Galen Wilson, in Country Gentleman.

FARM WATER SUPPLY.

A System Whose Introduction Does Not Require Much Cash.

A system for furnishing a house and barn with a constant supply of water from a spring at some distance is shown in the accompanying illustration, the original sketch being made by F. B.



FARM WATER SUPPLY.

Briggs, of Maine. The reservoir (A) on the hill is fifty feet above the buildings and connected with the spring (B) by the 1-inch pipe (E). The distance between spring and reservoir is 1,400 feet. Midway along this line of pipe is the windmill (D), which pumps the water into the reservoir. In the same drain with pipe (E) is laid another returning from the reservoir to the buildings. In the upper part of each building is a smaller reservoir. These are supplied from the larger one on the hill. Where it is impossible to place the large reservoir high enough to make use of gravity as a means of returning the water to the smaller ones the water can be pumped direct from the spring to the reservoirs in the buildings. In this case it is best that the reservoirs be larger than where they are supplied from one of the mammoth size.—Farm and Home.

A Lonely Empress.

The Empress of Austria has been leading a lonely life in Algiers. During her stay there she breakfasted at 6.30, and dined at five, taking all her meals alone. Six hours of the day she spent in walking. Frequently she would linger among the graves in the Mohammedan cemetery, watching the old women seated near them and the Friday gifts of milk and bread placed on the graves. Except the Bishop of Algiers and the Archduke Louis Salvator, who come from Majorca to visit her, she receives no one.

An Important Detail.

"Well, Jane, have you found the rose for my hair yet?"

"Yes, madame, but now I cannot find the hair."

BY THE HOLY SPIRIT.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ELOQUENTLY ON TONGUES OF FIRE.

They Who Have Received the Divine Presence In Their Hearts Are Lifted Above Sorrow and Misfortune—Labors of Noted Evangelists.

New York, March 24.—When Dr. Talmage ascended the platform of the Academy of Music this afternoon he faced an audience quite as large as any that had assembled in the great building since these services began, while several thousand other were outside unable to secure seats or even standing room. He took for his subject, "Tongues of Fire," the text selected being Acts xix, 2, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"

The word ghost, which means a soul or spirit, has been degraded in common parlance. We talk of ghosts as baleful and frightful and in a frivolous or superstitious way. But my text speaks of a ghost who is omnipotent and divine and everywhere present and ninety-one times in the New Testament called the Holy Ghost. The only time I ever heard this text preached from was in the opening days of my ministry, when a glorious old Scotch minister came up to help me in my village church. On the day of my ordination and installation he said, "If you get into the corner of a Saturday night with out enough sermons for Sunday, send for me, and I will come and preach for you." The fact ought to be known that the first three years of a pastor's life are appallingly arduous.

No other profession makes the twentieth part of the demand on a young man. If a secular speaker prepares one or two speeches for a political campaign, it is considered arduous. If a lecturer prepares one lecture for a year, he is thought to have done well. But a young pastor has two sermons to deliver every Sabbath, before the same audience, beside all his other work, and the most of ministers never recover from the awful nervous strain of the first three years. Be sympathetic with all young ministers and withhold your criticisms.

My aged Scotch friend responded to my first call and came and preached from the text that I now announce. I remember nothing but the text. It was the last sermon he ever preached. On the following Saturday he was called to his heavenly reward. But I remember just how he appeared as, leaning over the pulpit, he looked into the face of the audience and with earnestness and pathos and electric force asked them in the words of my text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" The office of this present discourse is to open a door, to unveil a Personage, to introduce a force not sufficiently recognized. He is as great as God. He is God. The second verse of the first chapter of the Bible introduces him. Genesis i. 2, "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters"—that is, as an albatross or eagle spreads her wings over her young and warms them into life and teaches them to fly, so the eternal spirit spreads his great, broad, radiant wings over this earth in its callow and unfledged state and warmed it into life and fluttered over it and set it winging its way through immensity. It is the tiptop of all beautiful and sublime suggestiveness. Can you not almost see the outspread wings over the nest of young worlds? "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Another appearance of the Holy Ghost was at Jerusalem during a great feast. Strangers speaking seventeen different languages were present from many parts of the world. But in one house they heard what seemed like the coming of a cyclone or hurricane. It made the trees bend and the houses quake. The cry was, "What is that?" And then a forked flame of fire tipped each forehead, and what with the blast of wind and the dropping fire a panic took place until Peter explained that it was neither cyclone nor conflagration, but the brilliance and anointing and baptismal power of the Holy Ghost.

That scene was partially repeated in a forest when Rev. John Easton was preaching. There was the sound of a rushing, mighty wind, and the people looked to the sky to see if there were any signs of a storm, but it was a clear sky, yet the sound of the wind was so great that horses, frightened, broke loose from their fastenings, and the whole assembly felt that the sound was supernatural and Pentecostal. Oh, what an infinite and almighty and glorious personage is the Holy Ghost. He brooded this planet into life, and now that through sin it has become a dead world he will brood it the second time into life. Perilous attempt would be a comparison between the three persons of the Godhead. They are equal, but there is some consideration which attaches itself to the third person of the Trinity, the Holy Ghost, that does not attach itself to either God the Father or God the Son. We may grieve God the Father and grieve God the Son and be forgiven, but we are directly told that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost which shall never be forgiven, either in this world or in the world to come. And it is wonderful that while on the street you hear the name of God and Jesus Christ used in profanity you never hear the words Holy Ghost. This hour I speak of the Holy Ghost as Biblical interpreter, as a human reconstructor, as a solace for the broken hearted, as a preacher's reenforcement.

The Bible is a mass of contradictions, an affirmation of impossibilities, unless the Holy Ghost helps us to understand it. The Bible says of itself that the Scripture is not for "private interpretation," but "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost"—that is, not private interpretation, but Holy Ghost interpretation. Pile on your study table all the commentaries of the Bible—Matthew Henry and Scott and Adam Clarke and Albert Barnes and Bush and Alexander—and all the archaeologies, and all the Bible dictionaries, and all the maps of Palestine, and all the International series of Sunday school lessons, and if that is all you will not understand the deeper and grander meanings of the Bible so well as that Christian mountaineer, who Sunday morning, after having shaken down the fodder for the cattle, comes into his cabin, takes up his well worn Bible, and with a prayer that stirs the heavens asks for the Holy Ghost to unfold the book.

No more unreasonable would I be if I should take up The Novoe Vremya of St. Petersburg, all printed in Russian, and say, "There is no sense in this newspaper, for I cannot understand one line of all its columns," than for any man to take up the Bible and without getting Holy Ghost illumination as to its meaning say: "This book insults my common sense. I cannot understand it. Away with the incongruity!" No one but the Holy Ghost, who inspired the Scriptures, can explain the Scriptures. Fully realize that, and you will be as enthusiastic a lover of the old book as my venerable friend who told me in Philadelphia last week that he was reading the Bible through the fifty-ninth time, and it became more attractive and thrilling every time he went through it. In the saddle bags that hung across my horse's back as I rode from Jerusalem down to the Dead sea and up to Damascus I had all the books about Palestine that I could carry, but many a man on his knees in the privacy of his own room has had flashed upon him more vivid appreciation of the word of God than many a man who has visited all the scenes of Christ's birth, and Paul's eloquence, and Peter's imprisonment, and Joshua's prowess, and Elijah's ascension. I do not depreciate any of the helps for Bible study, but I do say that they all together come infinitely short without a direct communication from the throne of God, in response to prayerful solicitation. We may find many interesting things about the Bible without especial illumination, as how many horses Solomon had in his stables, or how long was Noah's ark, or who was the only woman whose full name is given in the Scriptures, or which is the middle verse of the Bible, and all that will do you no more good than to be able to tell how many beanpoles there are in your neighbor's garden.

The learned Earl of Chatham heard the famous Mr. Cecil preach about the Holy Ghost and said to a friend on the way home from church, "I could not understand it, and do you suppose anybody understood it?" "Oh, yes," said his Christian friend, "there were uneducated women and some little children present who understood it." I warrant you that the English soldier had under supernal influence read the book, for after the battle of Inkerman was over he was found dead with his hand glued to the page of the open Bible by his own blood, and the words adhered to his hands as they buried him, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though dead, yet shall he live."

Next consider the Holy Ghost as a human reconstructor. We must be made over again. Christ and Nicodemus talked about it. Theologians call it regeneration. I do not care what you call it, but we have to be reconstructed by the Holy Ghost. We become new creatures, hating what we once loved and loving what we once hated. If sin were a luxury, it must become a detestation. If we preferred bad associations, we must prefer good associations. In most cases it is such a complete change that the world notices the difference and begin to ask: "What has come over that man? Whom has he been with? What has so affected him? What has ransacked his entire nature? What has turned him square about?" Take two pictures of Paul—one on the road to Damascus to kill the disciples of Christ; the other on the road to Ostia to die for Christ. Come nearer home and look at the man who found his chief delight in a low class of clubrooms, hiccoughing around the card table and then stumbling down the front steps after midnight and staggering homeward, and that same man one week afterward with his family on the way to a prayer meeting. What has done it? It must be God. It must be the Holy Ghost.

Notice the Holy Ghost as the solacer of broken hearts. Christ calls him the comforter. Nothing does the world so much want as comfort. The most of people have been abused, misrepresented, cheated, lied about, swindled, bereft. What is needed is balsam for the wounds, lantern for the dark roads, rescue from maligning pursuers, a lift from the marble slab of tombstones. Life to most has been a semifailure. They have not got what they wanted. They have not reached that which they started for. Friends betray. Change of business stands loses old custom and does not bring enough custom to make up for the loss. Health becomes precarious when one most needs strong muscle, and steady nerve, and clear brain. Out of this audience of thousands and thousands, if I should ask all those who have been unhurt in the struggle of life to stand up, or all standing to hold up their right hand, not one would move. Oh, how much we need the Holy Ghost as comforter! He recites the sweet gospel promises to the hardly bestead. He assures of mercy mingled with the severest. He consoles with thoughts of coming release. He tells of a heaven where tear is never wept, and burden is never carried, and injustice is never suffered. Comfort for all the young people who are maltreated at homs, or receive insufficient income, or are robbed of their schooling, or kept back from positions they have earned by the putting forward of others less worthy. Comfort for all these men and women midway in the path of life worn out with what they have already gone through and with no brightening future. Comfort for these aged ones amid many infirmities and who feel themselves to be in the way in the home or business which themselves established with their own grit.

The Holy Ghost comfort I think generally comes in the shape of a soliloquy. You find yourself saying to yourself: "Well, I ought not to go on this way about my mother's death. She had suffered enough. She had borne other people's burdens long enough. I am glad that father and mother are together in heaven, and they will be waiting to greet us, and it will be only a little while anyhow, and God makes no mistakes," or you soliloquize, saying: "It is hard to lose my property. I am sure I worked hard enough for it. But God will take care of us, and, as to the children, the money might have spoiled them, and we find that those who have to struggle for themselves generally turn out best, and it will all be well if this upsetting of our worldly resources leads us to lay up treasures in heaven," Or you soliloquize, saying: "It was hard to give up that boy when the Lord took him. I expected great things of him, and, oh, how we miss him out of the house, and there are so many things I come across that make one think of him, and he was such a splendid fellow, but then what an escape he has made from the temptations and sorrows which come to all who grow up, and it is a grand thing to have him safe from all possible harm, and there are all those Bible promises for parents who have lost children, and we shall feel a drawing heavenward that we could not have otherwise experienced." And after you have said that you get that relief which comes from an outburst of tears. I do not say to you, as some say, do not cry. God pity people in trouble who have the parched eyeball, and the dry eyelid, and cannot shed a tear. That makes maniacs. To God's people tears are the dews of the night dashed with sunrise. I am so glad you can weep. But you think these things you say to yourself are only soliloquies. No, no. They are the Comforter, who is the Holy Ghost.

Now, my hearers, let 500 of us, whether clerical or lay workers, get such a divine visitation as that, and we could take this world for God before the clock of the next century strikes one.

How many marked instances of Holy Ghost power! When a black trumpeter took his place in Whitefield's audience proposing to blow the trumpet at a certain point in the service and put everything into derision, somehow he could not get the trumpet to his lips, and at the close of the meeting he sought out the preacher and asked for his prayers. It was the Holy Ghost. What was the matter with Hedley Vicars, the memorable soldier, when he sat with his Bible before him in a tent and his deriding comrades came in and jeered, saying, "Turned Methodist, eh?" And another said: "You hypocrite! Bad as you were, I never thought you would come to this, old fellow!" And then he became the soldier evangelist, and when a soldier in another regiment hundreds of miles away telegraphed his spiritual anxieties to Hedley Vicars, saying, "What shall I do?" Vicars telegraphed as thrilling a message as ever went over the wire, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." What power was being felt? It was the Holy Ghost.

And what more appropriate for the Holy Ghost is a "tongue of fire," and the electricity that flies along the wires is a tongue of fire? And that reminds me of what I might do now. From the place where I stand on this platform there are invisible wires or lines of influence stretching to every heart in all the seats on the main floor and up into the boxes and galleries, and there are other innumerable wires or lines of influence reaching out from this place into the vast beyond, and across continents, and under the seas, for in my recent journey around the world I did not find a country where I had not been preaching this gospel for many years through the printing press. So as a telegraph operator sits or stands at a given point and sends messages in all directions, and you only hear the click, click, click of the electric apparatus, but the telegrams go on their errand, God help me now to touch the right key and send the right message along the right wires to the right places! Who shall I first call up? To whom shall I send the message? I guess I will send the first to all the tired, wherever they are, for there are so many tired souls. Here goes the Christly message, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary, and I will give you rest." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will be to the fatherless and widows, and here goes God's message, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." Who next shall I call up? I guess my next message will be to those who have buried members of their own families, and here it goes, "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will go to those who think themselves too bad to be saved. Here it goes, "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and unto our God, who will abundantly pardon." Who next shall I call up? I guess it will be to those who may think I have not yet touched their case. Here it goes, "Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever will let him come."

And now may God turn on all the electric power into this gospel battery for the last tremendous message, so that it may thrill through this assemblage and through all the earth. Just six words will compose the message, and I touch the key of this gospel battery just six times and the message has gone! Away! Away it flies! And the message is, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"—that is, do you feel his power? Has he enabled you to sorrow over a wasted life, and take full pardon from the crucified Christ, and turned your face toward the wide open gates of a welcoming heaven?

We appeal to thee, O Holy Ghost, who didst turn the Philippian jailer, and Saul of Tarsus, and Lydia of Thyatira, and helped John Bunyan out of darkness, when, as he describes it, "Down fell I as a bird shot from the top of the tree into fearful despair, but was relieved by the comforting word, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' and helped John Newton when standing at the helm of the ship in a midnight hurricane and mightier than the waves that swept the decks came over him the memory of his blasphemous and licentious life, and he cried out, "My mother's God have mercy on me!" and helped one nearer home, even me, De Witt Talmage, at about eighteen years of age, that Sunday night in the lovely village of Blawenburg, N. J., when I could not sleep because the questions of eternal destiny seized hold of me, and has helped me ever since to use as most expressive of my own feeling:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

Not In the Libretto.

It was at a critical dramatic moment long ago that the prima donna heard the tenor warbling in Italian:

'Oh, my friend, what on earth shall I do? My coating is ripping up the back, and I dare not embrace you!"

Quick as lightning she warbled back, "Stand still, keep your face to the audience, and I will come and throw my arms around you."

'Tis told that she did so, and with a pin puckered the coat's wound together and revived the tenor's courage to finish the scene.—Boston Transcript.

Remarkable Fire Screens.

The Sultan of Turkey is said to possess a fire screen made of tanned human skin, exquisitely embossed and over 200 years old. The skins were those of twelve faithful servents who rescued one of his majesty's ancestors from a blazing wing in the palace, afterwards succumbing to the effects of their burns. A less grewsome but almost as remarkable fire screen is made up, not of skins but of human faces, these faces, 197½ in number, all photographically portraying Sir Augustus Harris at different times of his career.

The First Coined Money.

The first coining of money is attributed to Pheldon, king of Argos, in the year 895 B. C., Coined money was first used in western Europe twenty-nine years before the opening of the Christian era. Gold was first coined in England in the seventh century, and the first round coins were not made until 100 years later. —St. Louis Republic.

The Central Presbyterian Church of Detroit has decided to extend a call to Rev. Marcus Scott, of Campbellford.

ROAD EDUCATION.

Some of It Is Needed by Every Man and Woman in the Country.

That the subject of good roads is interesting people in all parts of the country is not surprising, considering what loss of energy, comfort, time and money is sustained by all classes on account of bad roads, or at least roads not nearly as good as they might be even with the appropriations made by towns and cities for building and sustaining public highways.

That several systems new in vogue, experience proves to be unsatisfactory, expensive and bad, there is no doubt.

Most of the loss sustained in maintaining roads is from want of knowledge as to the best methods.

Commissioners should be appointed by the several state governments, composed of men of the highest scientific and practical attainments on the subject, and by their reports, lectures and other means give public instruction, and to local road commissioners, and whose duty it should be to examine different localities and advise as to the most practical and efficient means of improvement in each locality, as different conditions and requirements need different methods of building and repairing roads.

The practice of many towns in allowing all who wish to work out their highway tax is but little better than highway robbery.

The use of road machines while apparently doing a large amount of work does not do the best work, as they do not discriminate in the material applied in grading the road, for they scrape up what happens to be at the roadside, which is usually loam or sand, that in wet weather makes mud and in dry weather dust, and soon finds its way back to where it comes from.

Doubtless a macadamized road is the best, but the cost makes them impractical in some states, except in cities and main streets of large towns.

There is no way by which money can be expended to better advantage than by putting in tile drains in the center of the road, particularly where there are spring hills or a moderate descent, and emptying into a culvert at the lowest points. It is surprising that this plan is not more generally adopted.

Our fathers of seventy-five or a hundred years ago built long lines of turnpikes straight over hills and along valleys. It has since been ascertained that it is often nearer round a hill than over it, and affording an opportunity for a comparatively level road.

It has been suggested by many that the general government should build the principal highways in a thorough manner "to save the expense to the people." But when it is considered that the people are taxed in some way to meet government expenses, and that our general government does work in the most expensive manner for the ends accomplished, it may be well to look at this scheme from a more economical standpoint.

It is believed that with the amount of money annually appropriated for highways, if intelligently and honestly expended, our roads should be infinitely better than now, and this would lead to a recognition of the great comfort and advantage, to all classes, of good roads, and thus encourage greater appropriations to meet the demand for still more improvement. Hence the need of more knowledge in road building.—Benjamin P. Ware, in Good Roads.

Airing the Cellar.

Rural life says that the object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake. A cool place should never be ventilated, unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within or is at least as cool or but a very little warmer. The warmer the air, the more moisture it holds, and the cooler the air the more this moisture is condensed and precipitated.

When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day, the entering air is chilled by cooler air with which it becomes mixed, the moisture is condensed and deposited on the cold walls, and the cellar becomes damp and mouldy. To avoid this the windows should only be opened at night and late—the last thing before retiring. The cool air enters the apartment during the night. The windows should be closed before sunrise and shaded through the day. If the air of the cellar is damp it may be thoroughly dried by placing in a peck of fresh lime in an open box, and, The National Builder adds, a peck of lime will absorb about seven pounds, or more than three quarts, of water, and in this way a cellar or milk house may soon be dried even in the hottest weather.

Truth in a Nutshell.

Nothing that one can think of would promote the welfare of our country, in its broadest sense, as good roads.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

A STRANGE TALE TOLD BY A WELL KNOWN MINSTREL.

The Painful Results of an Injury Received Many Years Ago—Was Treated in the Best Hospitals of Two Continents, but Pronounced Incurable—A Fellow Patient Pointed Out the Road to Recovery.

From the Owen Sound Times.

The marvellous efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has again been demonstrated in this town. The Times referred to the astonishing cure of Mr. Wm. Belrose, a well known citizen. This was followed a few weeks ago by the remarkable cure of Mrs Mounell, of Peel street, whose life had been despaired of by herself and family and friends. A few days ago the Times reporter was passing along Division street, when it was noticed that a new barber shop had been opened by Mr. Dick Cousby, a member of a family who have lived in Owen Sound for nearly half a century. Knowing that Mr. Cousby had been seriously ailing when he came from England, a few months previous, and at that time had little hope of recovering his health, The Times man dropped in to have a chat, and before the conversation proceeded very far, it was evident that there had been another miracle performed by the wonder-working Pink Pills.

"Well, let us start at the beginning of my troubles," said Mr. Cousby, when the Times began probing for particulars. "Twenty-one years ago I left school here and joined a minstrel company. Since that time I have had parts in many of the leading minstrel companies as comedian and dancer. In the spring of 1897 I thought I would try a summer engagement and took a position with Hall & Bingley's circus, then playing in the Western States One morning during the rush to put up the big three-pole tent, I was giving the men a hand, when the centre pole slipped out and in falling struck me across the small of the back. While I felt sore for a time, I did not pay much attention to it. After working a week I began to feel a pain similar to that of sciatic rheumatism. For a year I gradually grew worse and finally was laid up. This was at Milwaukee. After some time I went to St. Paul and underwent an electric treatment, and thought I was cured. I then took an engagement with Low Johnston's Minstrels and went as far west as Seattle. About three years ago I made an engagement with Bowes and Farquharson to go on a tour through Europe in the great American Minstrels Before sailing from New York I suffered from pains between the shoulders, but paid very little attention to it at the time, but when I reached Glasgow I was scarcely able to walk I remained in this condition until we reached Manchester, where I obtained temporary relief from a doctor's prescription.

For two years the only relief I had was by taking this medicine. In May of 1893 while at Birmingham I was taken very bad and gradually got worse all summer. An engagement was offered me as stage manager for Onsley's Minstrels and I went out with them, but in three months' time I was so bad that I had to quit. At this time I was consulting a physician who had been recommended as a specialist, but without any relief. Hydropathic baths and other similar treatments were resorted to without avail. Finally there was no help for it and I went to Manchester, and on Dec. 12th, 1893, went into the Royal Hospital, where the physicians who diagnosed my case pronounced it transverse myelitis, or chronic spinal disease. After being in the hospital for five months I grew worse until my legs became paralyzed from the hips down. Dr. Newby, the house surgeon, showed me every attention and became quite friendly and regretfully informed me that I would be an invalid all my life. For a change I was sent to Barnes Convalescent Hospital, Cheadle, having to be carried from the hospital to the carriage and then on to the train. After a week there, a patient told me of a cure effected on himself by the use of Dr. William's Pink Pills. Being thoroughly discouraged, I asked for my discharge and I was sent back to Manchester, where I began taking Pink Pills. After the use of a few boxes I recovered the use of my legs sufficiently to walk several blocks. I then concluded to start for Canada and join my friends here. I continued taking the Pills, constantly getting stronger. I have taken no other medicine since I began the use of the Pink Pills, and I have no doubt as to what cured me I now feel as well as ever and I am able to take up the trade of barbering, at which I worked during the summer months. When I remember that the doctors told me I would be helpless all my life, I cannot help looking upon my cure as a miracle." As Mr. Cousby told of the wonderful cure, his good-natured countenance fairly shone with gratitude. He is so well known here as a straight-forward respectable citizen that The Times need say nothing in his behalf. His plain, unvarnished statement would go for a fact with everyone who knows him.

These Pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood, or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. William's Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

CATARRH RELIEVED IN TEN TO SIXTY MINUTES.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. 60 cents. At J. P. Lamb's.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by J. P. Lamb, druggis

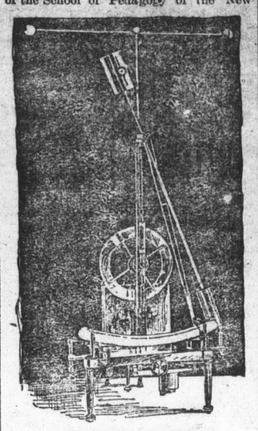
TO MEASURE THOUGHT.

THE NEW AND WONDERFUL CHRONOSCOPE AND ITS WORK.

An Instrument That is Very Simple, Yet Withal Records the Very Finest of Muscular Impressions—The Time Taken in Determining Colors—Its Use in Athletics.

What is claimed to be the most wonderful timing instrument in the world is called a pendulum chronoscope, and has excited widespread interest in the scientific world. It measures accurately down to the one-thousandeth part of a second, and is expected to take the place at once of the old-style chronoscopes in scientific laboratories.

The idea of the instrument was originally suggested by Prof. Charles B. Bliss, of the School of Pedagogy of the New



THE NEW CHRONOSCOPE.

York University. The machine was made and perfected by J. J. Hogan, the head of the Mechanical Department of the Physchological Laboratory of Yale.

It can be used with the quickness of a stop-watch, and neither electrician nor mathematician is needed to operate the instrument.

Constructed on the pendulum principle, it measures the reaction time between sight, hearing or the operation of the will in muscular movement.

The instrument is a mechanical one with simple electrical attachments. The speed of a cannon ball can be determined by the new timer, and it will tell the lapse of time between the firing of a revolver and the starting of a runner, or determine how long it takes a sparrer to deliver a blow. The new instrument is about two feet high and is mounted on silver and nickel. It cost about $200 to construct it.

A simple description of this new instrument is that it consists of a pendulum and a pointer swinging independently on the same axle. The tip of the pointer swings along the face of a curved scale or indicator, which is so graduated that it shows the thousandth of a second.

To measure the time required for the transmission of any given impression, a button is pressed and this sets the pendulum in motion and registers the result on the scale.

It has been demonstrated that on an average the reflex action for sound occupies 0.130 of a second.

In making a slight test when the pendulum comes in contact with the pointer a black shutter is raised from a light disk. As the disk flashes on his sight the subject touche the button and the pointer is at once stopped. It has been found that .300 of a second is the average time between the exposure of the disk to the sight and the pressure of the button.

When a test for discrimination is made the lifting of the shutter may show either a blue or yellow disk. The button is to be pressed by the subject if the dial is blue; if it is yellow the button is not to be touched. Tests show that on an average it requires about .010 of a second additional to discriminate colors.

The Hipp chronoscope is the one that has hitherto been in use, but it is controlled by delicate clock-works and is easily disarranged.

Some scientists, among them Prof. Scripture of Yale, maintain that muscular movements are in the domain of psychology proper. Quickness, steadiness and accuracy of movements are regulated by the will, and Prof. Scripture said that students should be trained to be quick of thought.

Baseball, football and other athletic games he includes in psychology. "One of the greatest psychological studies," he said, "was the game of football." The reason a certain college was defeated for so many years was because of the bad effect on the wills of the players of previous defeats and the conviction of the onlookers that that team would be defeated.

The Power of Imagination.

Dentists have a splendid opportunity of studying the power of imagination. A Toronto practitioner by way of illustration tells about one of his women patients. She entered, accompanied by her husband, and pointing to her swollen face asked the dentist to extract the offending tooth. He placed her in the chair and taking the small hand glass which dentists use put it in her mouth for the purpose of examining the molar which was to be extracted.

The glass had no sooner touched the tooth than she uttered a frightful scream and, bounding out of the chair, rushed out into the waiting-room, crying that her jaw was broken. The united efforts of her husband and the dentist were for some time unable to persuade her that the tooth was not extracted and that she could not possibly have been hurt. After examining her mouth with the aid of the glass she finally became convinced that the tooth was still in its place. Taking her seat in the chair again she submitted to the operation of extracting the tooth without a murmur and expressed her surprise that the pain was so slight.

Burning Coal Dust.

An apparatus for burning coal dust has been invented and brought out in Germany, which is said to consume the most inferior class of material with no smoke, while the heat produced is so intense that the apparatus has been adapted in Berlin for smelting purposes, with excellent results.

Leaf-Blight of Strawberries.

The Connecticut experiment station thus describes the leaf-blight of the strawberry and treatment they would recommend:

This disease is characterized by the appearance of reddish areas on the upper surface of the leaves. Later there appear in the centre of these discolored areas gray or whitish spots, upon which in autumn and winter are developed several forms of the productive bodies or spores of the fungus which causes the discoloration of the leaf.

By annually renewing the settings, and planting only in deep and thoroughly drained soil, the loss from blight will be very largely diminished. Removing and destroying all the old leaves after harvesting, followed by cultivation, and the application of a quick fertilizer, is a process which has produced good results.

A more simple method which has been adopted with complete success by certain growers is as follows: As soon as the berries are picked, run a mowing machine over the bed, cutting all the leaves close above the ground. As soon as the leaves and old mulch are dry enough, set fire to them and burn the bed over. If necessary, loosen up the old mulch a little with a fork before burning and put on more where it is scanty, in order to secure as even a burn as possible. Unless a severe drought follows the plants soon put up a new, vigorous, and healthy growth; mulch as usual in the autumn. In a dry season this method must be used with caution, but if the burning is followed by rain, the process has in all cases proved a complete cure for the "leaf-blight."

THE
MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY
FOR MAN OR BEAST.
Certain in its effects and never blisters.
Read proofs below:

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
Box 5, Carmen, Henderson Co., Ill., Feb. 25, '94.
Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs—Please send me one of your Horse Books and oblige. I have used a great deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with good success; it is a wonderful medicine. I once had a mare that had an Osselt Spavin and five bottles cured her. I keep a bottle on hand all the time.
Yours truly, CHAS. POWELL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
CLINTON, MO., Apr. 5, '93.
Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs—I have used several bottles of your "Kendall's Spavin Cure" with much success. I think it the best Liniment I ever used. Have removed one Curb, one Blood Spavin and killed two Bone Spavins. Have recommended it to several of my friends who are much pleased with and keep it. Respectfully,
S. E. HAY, P. O. Box 363.

For Sale by all Druggists, or address
Dr. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY,
ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT.

THE "OLD RELIABLE"
Tailoring Establishment
A. M. Chassels, Prop.

The undersigned begs to take this opportunity of thanking his many friends for past favors, and would draw attention to the fact that he has added to his stock of Cloths a fine line of

GENTS' OUTFITTING
Consisting of
Shirts, Collars, Tie.
Caps, Overalls,

Having had long experience in business, gentlemen entrusting him with their orders can rely upon having them executed in first-class style.

His stock is now complete for the ensuing season with all the latest novelties, including

Fancy Worsted Cloths, Scotch, English and Canadian all-wool Tweeds

from the best manufacturers, at very lowest cash prices.

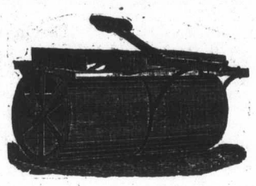
Gentlemen are cordially invited to inspect our rare value offered before purchasing elsewhere. Yours truly,

A. M. CHASSELS.
MAIN ST., ATHENS.

P.S.—A trial order solicited.

CONFECTIONERY ESTABLISHED 1882
H. H. Cossitt & Bro.
(Successor to J. L. Upham)
Fruit and Commission Merchant
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
BROCKVILLE - ONTARIO
OYSTERS IN SEASON Two (2) STORES—TELEPHONES 244a & 244b

LYN AGRICULTURAL WORKS



LAND - ROLLERS
READY FOR DELIVERY
Better and Cheaper than Ever.

SUGAR-ARCH CASTING
"Champion" Pattern, will save their cost in wood in one season.

G. P. McNISH, Lyn Ag'l Works

THRESHERS
USE LARDINE MACHINE OIL
The Champion Gold Medal Oil, which cannot be Excelled.
McCOLL'S CYLINDER OIL
HAS NO EQUAL MANUFACTURED BY
McColl Bros. AND Co., Toronto
Ask your Dealer for "Lardine" and beware of imitations.
For sale by all leading dealers in the country.

IT IS TIME TO BUY
AXLE GREASE
CASTOR OIL and
MACHINERY OILS
AND GET THE BEST ON EARTH FROM
The Samuel Rogers Oil Co.
OTTAWA

NERVOUS, DESPONDENT, DISEASED MEN.

Emissions, Varicocele, Seminal Weakness, Self-Abuse, Syphilis, Gleet, Stricture, Unnatural Discharges