

BILL NYE ON NICOTINE

SOME ADVICE TO THOSE WHO USE THE SEDUCTIVE WEED.

He Does Not Think Missionaries Should Stop Smoking Just to Please Some Epicurean Cannibals—Rather Let Them Indulge.

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"Died.—Yesterday at his residence on Montgomery avenue, Shake Rag, N. C., after a lingering illness, brought on by the excessive use of tobacco, Cicero Ledbetter, husband of Mary Ellen Ledbetter, 1846, Ella Margaret Ledbetter, 1851, Viola Hope Ledbetter, 1853, Realization Ledbetter, 1865, and Pomme d'Terre Ledbetter, 1871, aged 109 years, 6 months and 11 days. Funeral private. Relatives of his late wives are cordially invited.

"Has our husband went away after such a lengthy stay? Yes, he's found the land he sought, And he knoweth what is what, For, no matter what he did, Now he knoweth quid est quid."

The above notice tells its own sad tale. Such truths as these come home to us with crushing force. They say in language which cannot be misunderstood, Beware of tobacco, tea, coffee, chocolate, etc., or some day you will be a corpse.

I am glad to notice on the part of the friends of humanity a strong effort to encourage those who wish to quit the use of tobacco. To break off the use of this weed is one of the most agreeable methods of relaxation. I have tried it a great many times, and I can safely say that it has afforded me the deepest joy.

To violently reform and cast away the weed and at the end of a week to find a good cigar unexpectedly in the quiet, unostentatious pocket of an old vest affords the most intense and delicious delight.

Scientists tell us that a single drop of the concentrated oil of tobacco on the tongue of an adult dog is fatal. I have no doubt about the truth or cohesive power of this statement, and for that reason I have always been opposed to the general use of tobacco or esoteric research among dogs. Dogs should shun the concentrated oil of tobacco, especially if longevity be any object to them. Neither would I advise a man with canine tendencies to use the concentrated oil of tobacco as a sordid. To those who may feel that way about tobacco I would say shun it by all means, shun it as you would the deadly upas tree or the still more deadly whiffletree of the tropics.

In what I may say under this head please bear in mind that I do not refer to the cigarette. I am now confining my remarks entirely to the subject of tobacco.

The use of the cigarette is, in fact, beneficial in some ways, and no pest-house should try to get along without it. It is said that it is very popular in the orient, especially in the lazar houses, where otherwise life would become very monotonous. Most all the lepers in the orient, especially social lepers, use the cigarette.

Scientists who have been unable to successfully use tobacco, and who therefore have given their whole lives and the use of their microscopes to the investigation of its horrors, say that cannibals will not eat the flesh of tobacco using human beings.

And yet we say to our missionaries, "No man can be a Christian and use tobacco."

I say, and I say it, too, with all that depth of feeling which has always characterized my earnest utterances, that in this we are committing a great error.

What have the cannibals ever done for us as a people that we should avoid the use of tobacco in order that we may sit well on their ungodly stomachs? In what way have they sought to ameliorate our condition in life that we should strive even in death to tickle their palates?

Look at the history of the cannibal for past ages. Read carefully his record, and you will see that it has been the his-



FINDING A GOOD CIGAR.

story of a selfish race. Cast your eye back over your shoulder for a century, and what do you find to be the condition of the cannibalist?

A new missionary has landed a few weeks previous perhaps. A little group

has gathered about on the beach beneath a tropical tree. Representative cannibals from adjoining islands are present. The odor of sanctity pervades the air.

The chief sits beneath a new umbrella looking at the pictures in a large Dore Bible. A good plug hat is hanging on a tree near by. An empty bottle marked "Pectoral" is lying at his feet. Turning to Chaucey M. Teo Loo, who sits on his right, the chief asks if he will have some of the light or some of the dark. That is all.

Far away in England the paper contains the following personal:

"Wanted.—A young man to go as missionary to fill vacancy in one of the cannibal isles. He must fully understand the appetites and tastes of his parish, must be able to reach their inner natures at once, must seek to agree with them and must not use tobacco. One of these islands has been depopulated by the use of a missionary who used tobacco. Communicate by letter or in person at once, as the cannibals have been out of a missionary for three weeks and subsisting on huckleberries and old people."

Is it strange that under these circumstances those who have recently gone there to aid in the spread of the gospel



SCENE IN THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

have sought to accustom themselves to a peculiarly pungent and searching brand of tobacco?

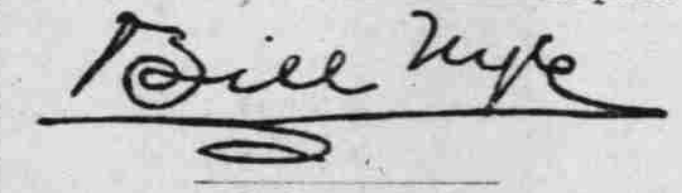
I wot not. To me the statement that tobacco tainted human flesh is offensive to the cannibal does not come like a deluge of Sad.

Perhaps I am not so fond of my fellow man as the cannibal brother is. I know that I am selfish in this regard, and I use tobacco some, so the cannibal brother, if he should wish to polish off my wishbone while I am engaged in spreading the gospel, must take me as he finds me.

Do I ask the cannibal to break off the use of missionaries who have a brimstone flavor, so that I can have cannibal pie or heathen chops to suit me? No, a thousand times no!

Let the cannibal flavor his sirloin to suit himself. I'd like it, of course, if he would subsist more on anarchists and less on human beings, but he must suit his own taste in those matters.

My own idea would be to send to those people a class of men with the good tidings in one hand and a plug of navy in the other, so full of their theme and nicotine that this great Caucasian chowder would cause such weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth and such regret and remorse and repentance and such gastric upheavals that it would be as unsafe to eat a missionary as it would to eat a dish of philanthropical ice cream made for the children of the poor.



Advice From a Frenchman.

A gentleman in England made an adaptation of a French play and forgot to submit it to E. F. S. Piggott, the late censor. Consequently at the last moment the license was refused. The adapter hurried up to London to argue with Piggott, who was not to be trifled with. He thought the piece highly improper and refused to sanction its production.

"But," said the gentleman, "my wife, who has never seen the French original, has read my play and considers it a most interesting and unusual work."

"Then," said Mr. Piggott, ending the interview, "if I were in your place, I would give up adapting French plays, go straight home and keep an eye on my wife."—New York World.

The Way He Reasoned.

"This doesn't look like Cambridge," said a lady passenger in a car, peering through the windows into Chelsea square. "No, ma'am," replied the urbane conductor, "this is Chelsea. Well, how came I to take this car?" "I don't know, but suppose it was because it had 'Chelsea' on both dashers, 'Chelsea and Boston' on both sides and 'Washington Avenue' on the roof sign." Exit the lady.—Boston Transcript.

As to His Own Knowledge.

"Banks," said Rivers, "speaking about the finances, isn't there what you call a 'better feeling' now?" "No, Rivers," replied Banks, absently exploring his vest pocket with his thumb and finger. "There is no improvement in the feeling."—Chicago Tribune.

HARD WORK.

But the Tramp Had to Get His Daily Bread.

The tramp slipped over the garden wall and cautiously approached the kitchen door. Pausing a moment before it, he knocked timidly, and on the instant the cook appeared.

"Well," she asked, with vehemence, "what do you want?"

"More than is dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio," he replied in softest cadence.

"My name isn't Horatio," she said, with a cold stare.

"Nor yet again, I fancy," he murmured, "is it Tribby, nor even Sweet Marie."

"I said, 'What do you want?'" she replied to this.

"And I said, 'More than is dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio,'" he crooned to her, "but what I really want is something to eat."

"How would a cake of soap strike you?" she sneered.

"Inasmuch as you are a woman," he smiled, "if you threw it at me, it wouldn't strike me at all."

"Well, don't be gay," she cautioned him.

"Do I look like an object of gayety?" he asked as he surveyed his ragged habiliments with an eye of sadness.

"Are you much hungry?" she asked in a kinder tone.

"Oh, I am not so hungry as I may be this time next week, if all the ladies I meet are as cruel as you are," he said languorously.

"I suppose the ladies break their necks waiting on you," she said, with great irony.

"No," he answered in a reminiscent voice, "I can't recall that any of them ever broke anything except their hearts, and that wasn't waiting on me."

"No, you don't say?" she grinned.

"No," he twittered, "it was waiting for me."

"I like that," she said.

"They didn't," he answered.

"Now, look here," she began in another key, "how would a barrel of champagne and a washtrubful of terrapin fit your case?"

"Well, really," he admitted, "it hadn't occurred to me at all. This ain't heaven."

Then she went in and brought him out a platter of pie, and as he sat down on the step to eat it he murmured to himself, "And still they say we don't have to work for our daily bread."—Detroit Free Press.

Unkind.



Our Minor Poet—I believe I should enjoy my holidays much more if I went incognito.

Friend—Travel under your nom de plume, old man!

Didn't Like the Anthem.

Fifty years ago the Presbyterians of Scotland insisted that the service of praise should be expressed by singing to plain, simple tunes the Psalms of David in "Rouse's Version," or in "metea." This custom, which may be regarded as a precept of worship, explains the following anecdote:

An old Scotch lady who had no relish for modern church music was expressing her dislike to the singing of an anthem in her own church one day, when a neighbor said:

"Why, that is a very old anthem! David sang that anthem to Saul."

To this the old lady replied, "Weel, weel! I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."—Youth's Companion.

A Question of Expense.

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter.

"Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the cautious customer with the brimless hat and faded beard.

"No."

"Then cook 'em with a nice slice o' ham," said the customer, greatly relieved.—Chicago Tribune.

Try Again.

Mrs. Plankington—I sewed the buttons on your trousers, so you can go away easy in your mind.

Plankington—You had better sew them on over again, my dear. I am going to be away a day longer than I expected.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Extreme Treatment.

Mrs. McSwat—If your head aches, dear, you'd better soak your feet.

Mr. McSwat—What good do you suppose that will do, Lobelja? When there's anything the matter with my feet I don't go and soak my head, do I?—Chicago Tribune.

The Ruling Passion.

The romantic young clerk in the dry goods emporium had fallen profoundly in love, and every day was a dream of delight to him, and every night was an opalescent fantasy.

It is so often that way with the young before marriage.

He had waited in the residue of his salary on such condiments for the season afforded and thought, after several weeks of this lavish liberality, that he had quite identified himself with all her future interests.

He wasn't sure, however, so on this evening he was to make a test of it. Everything, as far as he could see, being favorable when he arrived at her domicile, he at once threw himself forward by platoons, and in an impassioned onslaught told her what he thought of her, and, oh, how fondly and truly he loved her, and how he could conceal nothing from her of all his great feeling for her.

"Oh, Mr. Gingham," she replied, "I am so sorry that I cannot reciprocate your feeling for me, but it is impossible, and I am sure if I had thought you were going to say these things to me I should have insisted that you kept them concealed from this painful exposure."

The romantic young clerk gasped and gagged. It was so unexpected, but he recovered himself quickly.

"Oh, don't mention it," he responded as he gathered himself together into his old time self once more. "Don't mention it, I pray. It's no trouble, I assure you, to show goods. Is there anything else today?"

And for a month after he thought his Adam's apple was a watermelon, such a lump there was in his throat.—Detroit Free Press.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised Druggist and get a Trial Bottle, Free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills Free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, Free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. For sale at O. M. Royster's Drug Store and G. A. Norman's Drug Store.

Prevailing.

Nawvice—I don't quite understand football and couldn't follow the game very well. How can I distinguish the defeated team? I mean, what are their colors?

Freshman—Er—black and blue.—Tit-Bits.

A Strong Fortification.

Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice, biliousness and all kindred troubles. "The Fly-Wheel of Life" Dr. Tutt; Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life. J. Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col. Tutt's Liver Pills

A Prisoner in a Hurry.

Judge (to prisoner)—Have you anything more to say?

Prisoner—No my lord; only I would ask you to be quick, please, as it is near the dinner hour, and if I am to go to prison I should like to get there in time for the soup.—Petit Francois Illustr.

Deferring to Her Ideas.

Miss Budd—But you must not expect a girl to accept the very first offer she gets, Mr. Gaskett.

Mr. Gaskett—Well, Miss Budd, I'll offer myself every day for a week if you'll promise to accept me at the end of that time.—Detroit Free Press.

Aggravated Into It.

Mrs. Smallwort—I have to have a pair of shoes. I guess those kind that you can get for \$2.48 will do.

Mr. Smallwort—Those kind?

Mrs. Smallwort—Oh, very well I'll take that kind that costs \$7.49 then.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Advertisement for Mother's Friend, a medicine for women's ailments. Includes text: "MOTHER'S FRIEND... LESSENS PAIN—INSURES SAFETY TO LIFE OF MOTHER and CHILD..."

Getting it Fine. Collector—It appears from these figures that your income amounts to \$4,000.50. Taxpayer—That's the way I figured it. Collector—Um—er—ah—um— Taxpayer (interrupting)—Can you give me change for a cent?—Detroit Free Press.

Too Much. Miss Newera—I don't see you hanging about the Pilliken mansion any more. Miss Newage—No. Pilliken pere seemed too anxious to show off the attractions of the fair young Alfred. Deliver me from those matchmaking papas!—Chicago Tribune.

Culpable. "That blamed laundryman is getting these collars and cuffs terribly mixed up." "What's the matter?" "They all have the same name marked on them."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Advertisement for Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, featuring an illustration of a man and text: "BEGINNING EARLY is half the battle. Don't wait for your cough to run into Consumption..."

Truly, your friend, William D. Lang

Advertisement for Mitchell's Eye-Salve, featuring an illustration of an eye and text: "NO MORE EYE-GLASSES. No More Weakened Eyes."

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas's \$3 and \$4 shoes, featuring an illustration of a man's face and text: "W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST FIT FOR A KING..."

Advertisement for The Southern Magazine, featuring text: "The Southern Magazine WITH THE PRESS AND CAROLINIAN. Both for \$2.00 Cash in Advance, one year."

Advertisement for The Atlanta Weekly Constitution, featuring text: "A WEEK'S READING FREE FOR SIX FAMILIES. Send a postal card with your name and six of your neighbors for a sample copy of The Atlanta Weekly Constitution..."

Advertisement for Bradfield Regulator, featuring text: "BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., For Sale by all Druggists. ATLANTA, GA."