

BILL NYE REPLIES.

HE TELLS A CORRESPONDENT WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT WOMAN.

Beginning With His Own Fall, With a Few Remarks About the Business Manager, He Goes on the Right Side of the Question.

(Copyright, 1895, by Edgar W. Nye.) WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hon. Edgar W. Nye: DEAR SIR—I am willing to pay you any reasonable price to write me out or give me any infamation where I can get some good argument on the negative side of this: "Resolved, That the women of the United States should be allowed to vote." I am on the negative and need some literature, which I will freely pay for if I can get it. Do not slight me. Tell me what it costs, and I will pay in advance anything reasonable.

My YOUNG FRIEND—There was a time a few years ago when I would prostitute my great gift of word painting to almost anything at a price.

I fell in the summer of 1876 when a sad looking man came in and laid on my desk the statement that "Brignoli, Jr., will be along here in about a week and remain a little over a fortnight."

In a moment he had gone, having thoughtlessly left a square package containing a box of cigars. I was glad to get the cigars and tickled that Brignoli,



THE GIFT OF CIGARS.

Jr., thought enough of me to send cigars to me, probably on his father's account, for I had been one of his father's "standing room only" at one time.

In the flash of the eye the foreman had the little note out in the composing room and the printers—the foreman and a small soiled boy—took several of the cigars, and we were quite merry, yet I felt that I was doing a wrong, for the man who owned the paper was away for much needed rest and change of scene eating wild meat up the canyon and corresponding with the sheriff regarding a criminal act on the part of the editor by means of which he had thoughtlessly reduced the Democratic majority and then "flew as a bird to his mountains."

But it was the beginning of my fall. I had also turned when trodden upon some weeks before by being sent to board on a bad account, which sowed the seeds of gastritis and things. So I began to be less technical about wedding cake and other little acts of kindness which any child may show.

But, oh, how meanly I felt when those cigars were all gone and Brignoli, Jr., came and turned out to be a great big coarse horse with a hoarse voice and no expression to it. Then we printed some full sheet colored work for him and got \$6 for it, and through our literary influence the horse was sold for \$200 more than he was worth.

Since that time I have fallen over and over again. My life has been a complete somersault.

But lately I see on the municipal press a gross being with a blue pencil, and he marks out beautiful word pictures regarding hotels and railroads that pass in the night. Does the business manager see in my work a paragraph that dwells with tender sentiment on the beauties of the Christian life, he pulls out a big blue ship carpenter's pencil, and marking out my noble paragraph he calls up the tube to the editor's room and says:

"Is Eccema there, the man that did our soap work last year?"

"Yes, he's here, reading a paper."

"Well, send him down here. I want to see if he can't go to the Throne of Grace for a two column ad. Nye speaks highly of it."

That shows that the business manager suspects me. I paid a visit to the president a few weeks ago and spoke kindly of him and his family. It was cut out, and in a week the position which I had thought some of taking was given to the business manager's niece.

I cannot, therefore, write up your argument for the press or otherwise, Perry, for it will not appear. It is said that kind words can never die, but if in the business manager's office on a warm day you will notice something that is not a dead letter. It will generally be some kind word that I have said about a "scenic route," or the toothsome viands at some hotel where I have tarried.

There is more "dead matter" and proud flesh in the waste paper basket of the average, great metropolitan paper than along the tail of a trolley car. That is not all, Perry. Do not rush to the funny man or the reputed funny man to get argument against the legal rights of women. I was on that side of the question once while at Yale. I sat up all night with Blackstone and Coke and the constitution and a jug of milk and with red eyes—eyes full of unshed tears.

As soon as I could get my laundry I went home (a little piece at a time), pausing now and then to help some busy farmer.

I learned in later years that my failure with the great question was that there was no negative to it.

The question, Perry, is not shall we or shall we not allow women to vote, but about how much longer shall we deprive her of that right?

But perhaps I do not quite understand your question.

You say, "I will pay you any reasonable price to write me out or give me any infamation where I can get some good argument on the negative," etc.

The spelling at your college is so quaint that I have had to prune it a good deal, and possibly where you speak of getting infamation, you mean to secure some highly injurious or defamatory points against women generally, and of course including your mother and sisters with the rest. But, seriously, you negative chaps must spell better or you cannot get the full benefit of your more powerful arguments, and it is hurting the rising generation on your side, too, if the young student buys his argument. What would your mother say if she knew you wrote me to prepare an abusive article about her, maybe while she's praying for you?

For your stupid and ignorant letter I pity you. For your insult and misjudgment of me I despise you, and for the sake of the mother who bore you I hereby conceal your name from the world.

But times have changed now and the "negative" on this question. The ablest orator of our country said the other day, "The meaner a man is the better he considers himself than a woman."

In the early days you will find this legend existed, according to Washington Irving: "At first there were no women, but wandering on one occasion by a distant lake these pure and happy little gillies, fresh from the hand of the Creator, living on a purely vegetable diet and free as a bird, came upon a covey of women who had never seen a bargain day in their lives."

Therefore, Mr. Irving says, they were very slippery, and not having received calls from these gents they left word that they were not in or not dressed and then lit out with wonderful alacrity. The men became curious and ran after them like a lot of guests from a burning hotel. But these mysterious sprinters, these strange living pictures, couldn't be caught. They were too agile and eely. So they hired some men with rough and leprous palms to overtake and secure some of these smooth yet evasive girls. Four were secured, and they became the mothers of our race. I have always been clear on the origin of our forefathers, but Mr. Irving has now set my mind at rest regarding our four mothers.

This origin of the Easter hat, as I may call it, may be found in almost the same language, except where I have taken the liberty to soften down and correct the harsh language in Irving's "Life of Columbus," volume 1, page 421.

Alexander says in his "History of Women," volume 1, page 1, "The Hindoos have a legend which says that men were created with tails, and that the affair being rather ugly, and also in the way, catching in doors, and painful when the better classes got to docking their slaves, the Creator cut off these tails, and not wishing to throw away anything in the great economy of nature he fashioned, with man's consent, these nubbins of the gifted yet charitable man into woman."

So they felt as one does who has tried to sit on a mallet handle arranged on the top of a croquet post in the early fluff and bloom of life's young springtime.

In those days physical force ran the world, and, as Copernicus once said in a speech in the grove back of his house, "woman cut no ice wid him."

No man knoweth whence came woman. The rib roast that the press has given her is wholly unworthy of her



ON THE POST.

goodness and her greatness. But each of us knows how one woman came into our lives and took us just as we were and stuck by us.

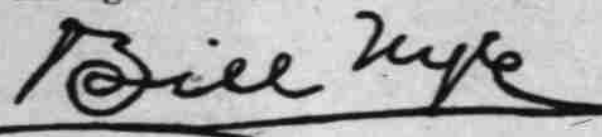
Well do I remember how my wife came to me some 87 summers ago, when the country was new. I can remember as if it were yesterday.

I subscribed for her, and she came. But what would you think of a party like Chryseston, a man of standing in his time, too, going on about women this way:

"I pronounce woman to be a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic, a deadly fascination and a painted ill."

If Chrys had lived in these days and talked that way, his Christmas tree

would have looked like a holocaust in a hoopskirt factory. I did not intend to say a word on this subject, but if you're on the right side it's real fun to do it.



THE INQUISITIVE CLERK.

He Finds a Customer Who Is Too Much For Him.

The inquisitive clerk is everywhere and everybody has had an experience with him. One of the genus was "called down" in a remarkably funny manner in a west end drug store this week. A tall, solemn looking man came in and asked for a half dozen six ounce bottles.

"Bottles?" asked the clerk. "Yes, bottles," responded the man. "With or without corks?" asked he. "With corks," was the response. "Want 'em empty?" "Certainly." "And new?" "Do you suppose I want bottles you've been keeping strychnine in?"

The clerk said such an idea had never entered his mind, and then asked: "What do you want them for?"

"To break," responded the impatient customer promptly.

"What?" The customer beckoned to him to lean over the counter and caught hold of the lapel of the clerk's coat and whispered:

"I wouldn't want the neighbors to get onto it, but I rather like to hear 'em crack. Just a whim of mine. It's better than breaking windows and gives me just as much pleasure, but my supply has given out, and I want a few to hold me over until the next carload arrives."

The clerk looked at the customer doubtfully.

"Oh, well, of course! It's nothing to me," he said.

"Then what made you ask about it?" demanded the customer.

The clerk made no reply, but got the bottles. As he was making change, however, the spirit moved him to ask:

"What do you do with the corks?"

"Chew 'em," was the reply. "It's good for the digestion. Try it some time."

Then the customer walked out, and the clerk shook his head and tapped his forehead, but he asked no more questions.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Between Two Millstones.

"I am about to have gas put into my house," said the citizen. "Is it necessary to get a permit?"

"Yes, sir," replied the city hall official. "It will cost you \$10."

"Ten dollars! What's that for?"

"The street's paved, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, the \$10 is for tearing up the pavement."

"But the men that are working for the gas company do all the tearing up."

"Certainly. The \$10 is to guarantee that they'll replace the pavement in as good shape as it was before."

"Why don't you hold the gas company for that?"

"The work is done for you. You are the party responsible."

"Does the city ever inspect a pavement after it has been torn up and laid down again?"

"Not that I have ever heard of."

"Do you know that I had to pay for the laying of that pavement in the first place?"

"I presume you had."

"And that I have to make a stiff deposit with the gas company before it will begin this work of putting in the gas?"

"Very likely."

"Then I have to pay the city for a permit for the gas company to tear up my own pavement; I can't hold the gas company responsible for the way in which it is done; the city gives me no protection, and I'm bled in advance by the city and the gas company both for the privilege of becoming a contributor to the coffers of the gas company. That's the regular thing, is it?"

"That's about right."

"Do you call it a square deal?"

"My friend, you don't have to put gas in your house if you don't want to. Would you mind stepping to one side? You're in the way of that man that wants to get a permit to move a house."

—Chicago Tribune.

Unprofessional.

"But you've got to take into consideration," urged the officer in citizen's clothes, "the fact that 20 men of good repute are prepared to swear the prisoner was not within 50 miles of the scene of the crime when it was committed."

"I don't have to take it into consideration at all," replied the great detective. "It doesn't fit my theory of the case."—Exchange.

A Distinction.

"In all my career," said the eminent statesman, "I can say that I have never done anything to be ashamed of."

"You mean," sneered the cynic, "that you have never done anything you were ashamed of?"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Hopeful Outlook.

"Well, my dear madam, and how are you today?"

"Oh, doctor, I have terrible pains all over my whole body, and it seems impossible to breathe. Of course I can't sleep at all, and I haven't a particle of appetite."

"But otherwise you feel all right, don't you?"—Texas Siftings.

Growing Onions.

The so called new method with onions is little more than extension of their growing season by starting the plants early in the season under glass, writes W. E. Farmer, in the American Cultivator. But this innovation is sufficient to stamp the work as new, and really worth all the talk about it. By adopting this method we are pretty sure to make the crop a success. Bad season, late season, and other unfavorable conditions cannot do much harm to the crop, or at least the injury from these causes is reduced to a minimum. Where the soil is suitable, the large white onions are the most profitable, for the demand for them is always in excess of red and yellow, and the prices paid are sometimes nearly double. In the Eastern States the white onions reach their perfection, and they sell from \$1 to \$2 per barrel more than the red and yellow ones do from other sections. This is due to the peculiarity of the soil and coast climate, and farmers have developed the industry in that section by persistent study of the needs of onions. But the red and yellow onions prove profitable enough in any section where the land is suitable for their culture, and far more so if the so called new method is adopted. The seed should be sown in the hot-beds six or eight weeks before ordinary planting in the fields, and by the best conditions possible can generally be given a fine start in life. They should not only be started early, but they should be kept in constant growth until ready for transplanting. If the season is late they should be kept in the hot beds until it has grown warmer and dry. There is no particular need of hastening the time, and nothing is thus lost. The field should be well prepared for the onions. They need a soft, well-drained, sandy loam soil, being the best for the work; especially if it is full of decaying vegetable matter. Fertilize and pulverize thoroughly. Stony ground is not so good for onions. They need a soft, pulverized mellow soil, so that the dirt and fertilizers can surround the bulbs and give them nourishment. The onions should be transplanted into rows one foot apart and three inches in the rows. Set the plants firmly in the soil and exterminate all weeds that have attempted to start and there will be labor saved. Careless transplanting generally has to be gone over again several times making the work more than double.

Secret of Beauty

is health. The secret of health is the power to digest and assimilate a proper quantity of food. This can never be done when the liver does not act it's part.

Doyou know this?

Tutt's Liver Pills are an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, torpid liver, piles, jaundice, bilious fever, biliousness and kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills

CASH HOUSE FULLY INSURED.

The Total Loss Estimated to be About \$9,000.

The Cain house which was burned at Morristown Wednesday morning, 8th inst., removes one of the old landmarks of that place as well as East Tennessee. The house was erected in 1869 and was for years the only hotel in the town. It was perhaps known better than any other house along the entire road. Only a small portion of the furniture in the house was saved and the fire burned on till everything in its reached had been consumed. The loss is about \$9,000 or perhaps not so much, being covered by an insurance policy much larger, said to be, \$12,000.

MOTHERS FRIEND



To Young Mothers. Makes Child Birth Easy. Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain. Endorsed by the Leading Physicians. Book to "Mothers" mailed FREE. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The remarkable intelligence of Englishmen concerning all things pertaining to Americans, as so often illustrated in the comments of English newspapers, is fairly shown in the following extract from the Herald of Manchester, in reference to Bob INGERSOLL's recent trouble with some New Jersey ministers: "EX Senator Ingalls, of Kansas who it will be remembered, ran against Mr. Blaine for President in 1884 and derisively bestowed upon him the title of "Plumed Knight," has recently been experiencing great difficulty in delivering his lecture on the Bible. Mr. Ingalls is known as an authority on theological matters, but owing to that he would take no part in the World's Fair festivities at Chicago, upon the ground that the entire affair had an immoral tendency, the American people have turned against him, and now no opportunity to persecute him is neglected."

IT'S A MILLSTONE



About a young man's neck to be a sufferer from nervous exhaustion, nervous debility, impaired memory, low spirits, irritable temper, and the thousand and one derangements of mind and body that result from, unnatural, pernicious habits, contracted through ignorance. Such habits result in loss of manly power, wreck the constitution and sometimes produce softening of the brain, epilepsy, paralysis, and even drend insanity.

To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunates to health and happiness, is the aim of the publishers of a book written in plain but chaste language, on the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. This book will be sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents in stamps, for postage. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 633 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

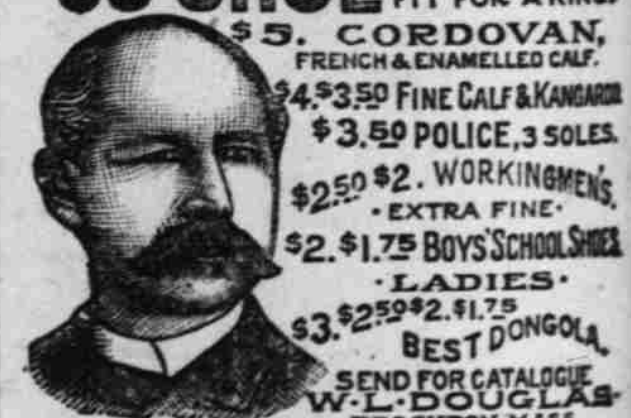
NO MORE EYE-GLASSES



MITCHELL'S EYE-SALVE

A Certain Safe and Effective Remedy for SORE, WEAK and INFLAMED EYES. Producing Long-Sightedness, and Restoring the Sight of the old. Cures Tear Drops, Granulation, Stye Tumors, Red Eyes, Matted Eye Lashes, AND PRODUCING QUICK RELIEF AND PERMANENT CURE. Also, equally efficacious when used in other maladies, such as Ulcers, Fever Sores, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Burns, Piles, or wherever inflammation exists. MITCHELL'S SALVE may be used with advantage. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 25 CENTS.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE



IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. \$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 \$2. WORKINGMENS, EXTRA FINE. \$2.175 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES. \$3.25 \$2.4175. BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes. All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by Shuford, Setzer & Co. Hickory, N. C. Moore & Hoke, Granite Falls, N. C.

The Southern Magazine WITH THE PRESS AND CAROLINIAN.

Both for \$2.00 Cash in Advance one year.

ATLANTA! ATLANTA! —THE— ... EXPOSITION CITY ... OF 1895.

YOU NEED THE NEWS OF THE Cotton States and International Exposition this year. You are coming to visit it. You want information of the section it is in to secure the advantageous investment of your money or to accept some profitable employment in the South. You will get it all in a nutshell—get it regularly every week for the year in The Atlanta Weekly Constitution. Besides such news, you will also read the biggest, brightest, best Southern newspaper. Special offers of premiums for \$500. Send for catalogue and for sample copy free. Give the names of six of your neighbors and help out your community. THE CONSTITUTION, Atlanta, Ga.