

# Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1894

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## CORRESPONDENCE

[For the Advertiser.]  
"Wattentoy" Writes a Letter to His Nephew's Folks and Thanks Them for the "Taters."

DEAR JOSEPH, CALLINE, AND LITTLE MISS BETSEY: The Bible says, "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy," but I wish I had planted them seed 'taters on Sunday A. M. you were so good, prompt, and kind in sending to me. It is said that "cold 'taters on ones own table is better than roast meat on his neighbor's," but I fear I won't have hot nor cold 'taters for our table if she and the little ones don't let them seed 'taters alone. You see as how it was this way: One of our little ones had been quite sick for a few days and none of the family went to church Sunday except your "Nunkie" and you see the 'taters arrived late Saturday P. M. and it took some half dozen or more raw ones to satisfy the little ones, right away. And Sunday for dinner she had baked 'taters, 'tater po, (but they were rich 'taters) 'tater pudding, and 'tater custards, and I only remarked at the dinner table (for we had company), I believe I would have had a few fried 'taters and a few roasted 'taters. And then I begin to think, and I thought a man can't prosper till he gets his wife's leave, and a thifty wife is better than a great income, and a good wife and health is a man's best wealth. Bless their hearts, what would we do without them? And it is said they like to have their own way, and the proverb says: "A wife ought to have her will during life, because she can not make one when she dies." And a true wife is her husband's better half, his lump of delight, his flower of beauty, his guardian angel, and his heart's treasure. She is the light of his home and the comfort of his soul.

So I eat 'taters like the balance of the family Sunday, 'taters for breakfast, 'taters and 'taters and 'taters for dinner, and 'taters for supper. And one of the little ones woke up in the night and cried for 'taters, or the 'taters made it cry, I don't know which, (but I think it was the last "which") as it eat several raw ones, poor little thing. And we all dreamed of 'taters, and I dreamed I had one lying across me as big as friend Dan Ouzts, and in a desperate effort to get it off, I woke and quietly (or as quietly as I could, for I was considerably disturbed) I got up and took what few seed 'taters there were left and carried them to a secluded spot away under the hill on the extreme corner of my little farm and there I placed them under the ground for future reference. And now she and the little ones are sorely perplexed to know what become of the balance of them seed 'taters.

Now, in conclusion, for there must be an end to everything, to simply say "Thanky" doesn't seem would exactly do. And to wish you all may enjoy much of this world's good, as we did the 'taters, wouldn't exactly do for great inconveniences followed the pleasurable enjoyment of that bountiful feast of 'taters, caused no doubt by the quantity eaten and not the quality of the 'taters (for they were exceedingly fine). But it is said all sweets have their bitter. And now quiet, or comparative quiet, once more is had at "Wild-Woods." But I do say, may a kind Providence grant unto each and all of you great success and happiness in and through this life and eternal rest and peace in the sweet bye and bye. All send love to you all, and believe me, very truly, respectfully, and fondly,

Your Nunkie,  
WATTENTOY.

P. S.—She says and the little ones say, "Come to see us and I would be proud, glad, yes come please, and I would shave, kill a goat, keep the little ones home from school, and all take holiday, even to the cream-filly, "Ginger-Snap." The old roan "Ellick" he is gone.

Truly,  
W.

The strong man held up the piano on his chest. He also had the strength to support the player—but then! Alas! The player played "Daisy Bell," and with a groan the strong man collapsed. It was too much for his strength. The last straw had broken the camel's back.

## OFF FOR A PROMISED LAND.

Colored People from Atlanta on their Way to Liberia.

REV. B. GASTON THEIR PROPHET.

Recently Acquitted on a Charge of Swindling Negroes, He's Now Hailed as "the Master."

Thirty-eight Georgians arrived in New York Thursday midnight on the steamship City of Augusta. They are colored and are bound for the "Promised Land." At least that is what Daniel Brown, President of the African Emigration Movement, who is at the head of the party, calls Liberia, where they expect to settle.

"It is the best country this side of heaven," said Mr. Brown.

About half of the party are men, the other half women and children. Most of the men are old, while the children are very young. All come from Atlanta. They left that city Monday, and 3,000 people were at the station to see them off. The Rev. B. Gaston, who has lived in Liberia from 1886 to 1891, and who has been busy for nearly three years in the South inducing people of his race to emigrate to the "Promised Land," was to meet them here and take charge of them on the long sea journey.

At noon Friday the entire party was still on board the City of Augusta. The men and women were looking very solemn. The Rev. B. Gaston, their promised guide and mentor, had not appeared. For hours groups of men, women, and pickaninies watched on the ship deck, gazing at the city and the sea. Then a big, thick-bodied, bushy-whiskered black man stepped up the gangway. The crowd uttered a shriek of delight that startled the deckhands. There was a rush for the newcomer. A tall young woman got to him first. She threw her arms around him and squeezed him and kissed him a half-dozen times.

"The master's come! The master's come!" she shouted. "Oh, he's here! He's here! He's here! He's here! He ain't forgot us! He's come! He's here! Mr. Gaston's come!"

Then she released Mr. Gaston, and ran around and shook hands with her companions. All the others, men as well as women, hugged and kissed Mr. Gaston, and he returned the hugs and kisses. He was complete master of the crowd. They hailed him as a Messiah, and were ready to follow him to the North Pole if he said so. So melancholy a half hour ago, they beamed all over with unctuous delight now.

"Bless you, my children, bless you," said the Rev. Mr. Gaston. "You're all here, bound for the Promised Land. The Lord don't forget his children. He watched over you, an' he will watch over you until your long journey ends. We are in the hands of the Lord, an' he will protect us."

It was evident that Mr. Gaston was a master spirit, and there was no more sadness on the City of Augusta after his arrival. The entire party sailed Saturday morning for Liverpool in the American liner City of Berlin. At Liverpool they will be transferred to a vessel of the British and African Steam Navigation Company, which will take them to Liberia. They pay \$75 apiece for the journey from Atlanta to Liberia.

The Rev. B. Gaston is pretty well known in this country. He was recently tried in Atlanta on the charge of swindling negroes, but was acquitted. It is said that he is closely watched now by the Atlanta authorities, who intend to see whether he is deluding the negroes. He told a reporter that all the Liberian immigrants were bappy, which statement differs from some of the reports from that country. He said that the people would go to work raising coffee and fruit.

## How to Kill Nut Grass.

John Astell.  
I have seen several inquiries lately for a method of killing nut grass. I used to think the only way to get rid of it was to move off and leave it but I have found a better method of treating it. I had about one acre of very rich garden land thoroughly seeded

down with it. I could raise a winter or early spring crop but it would choke out any corn or cotton crop I could plant.

Five years ago I raised a crop of Irish potatoes on it, then planted it in corn. Before it was large enough to hoe, it was a mass of green nut grass, and to get it out of the hill I pulled up nearly all the corn. It was very dry at the time, and by the time I was through, my corn was nearly all dead, but the grass was doing finely. I concluded to try heroic treatment on it. So I took a Planet (Jr.) cultivator and tore up every blade of corn and grass in the field, using a hoe around the fences.

In about four days a new crop came up. Then I cultivated it the other way, always in the hot sun. The fourth time I plowed it deep, and I got another pretty good crop of grass started, which I cultivated as before.

In one month, I think, I had sprouted and killed every vestige of it, as not a stalk has appeared since, and it has been planted corn or sweet potatoes every since.

You can take this for what it is worth, but the only way to get rid of it is to keep it from seeding, either top or root, and cultivate and germinate all dormant seed and kill them by cultivation in the dry hot weather of May and June.

## SKINNED HIM ALIVE.

A Negro Literally Flayed and Burned in Kentucky.

BARBOURVILLE, Ky.—From Harlan County there comes a reliable story detailing the terrible torture which Len Tye, a negro was compelled to suffer for his inhuman crimes.

Tye is the brute who, about a year ago, murdered Miss Bryant on the railroad between Jellico and Williamsburg, and for which he was hanged only long enough to try and make his confession. He did not confess at the time, however, and was allowed to go, and little has been heard of him since until this report comes from Harlan County. Tye went there since that time and kidnaped a young girl, a farmer's daughter, and kept her secreted for a long time, until a party of hunters found her in the woods tied to a tree. They lay in wait for the fiend, and were soon rewarded by his appearance, when they tied him and proceeded to skinn him alive.

Before he was dead his last victim built a fire upon his head, and thus he was roasted alive while his skin was being peeled from his body. Tye confessed to the murder of Miss Bryant, it is said and also having taken three other girls in Kentucky and Tennessee, and kept them the same way he did the Harlan County girl until they died for want of shelter and protection.

## Railroad Taxes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 14.—Mr. Dearmond (Dem.) of Missouri, from the Committee on Judiciary, reported to the House to-day, with the recommendation that it pass a bill to prevent interference in the collection of State county, and municipal taxes assessed against corporations. The measure, the report says, is designed to put corporations that are in the hands of receivers appointed by judges and courts of the United States in the same condition with respect to the collection of these taxes as if no receiver existed.

## Rank Treason.

The Columbia State says: "If the statement attributed to President Cleveland that the passage of the Bland bill will be destructive of the repose which now surrounds the financial condition of the country was really made by him, it is an unfortunate remark. The 'financial repose' of the country is the repose of stagnation. The money centres may be satisfied with this 'repose' but the rest of the country isn't, and the sooner the President understands that the better it will be for him and his party. A veto of that bill, approved by four-fifths of the Democrats in Congress will give an impetus everywhere. The repeal of the State bank tax may be objected to on the same ground; but it has to come. Prosperity for the country is better than 'repose' for Wall street."

He—What a sad face that woman has.  
She—Yes, poor dear. She must have either loved and lost, or loved and got him.—The Waterbury.

## IT COMES AT LAST!

A Grand Victory for Governor B. R. Tillman.

OLD MAN SIMONTON HAD TO COME

To Time My Son—Hutrah for B. R. Tillman and the Reformers.

CHARLESTON, March 13.—The State gained a decisive victory over the railroads in the United States Circuit Court to-day, when Judge Simonton filed a decree in the much litigated railroad tax cases. Last year the assessment on all the railroad property was arbitrarily raised by the board of equalization. The railroads refused to pay the taxes on the increased assessment and carried the case into the United States courts. They, however, tendered the amount of taxes on the old assessment. The case decided to-day was brought by D. H. Chamberlain, receiver of the South Carolina Railway, to test the constitutionality of the assessment made by the board of equalization. The court, in a lengthy opinion, decided that the assessment was not unconstitutional and orders the receiver to pay to the State the balance due and also costs of the action.

## THE JUDGMENT.

A Vivid Picture of the Great Day, by a Negro Preacher.

The most wonderful sermon I ever heard, said a business man recently, in conversation with a Pittsburg Dispatch reporter, "was delivered by a colored preacher in South Carolina, shortly after the war. I happened to drop into a large gathering of colored people one night and was informed that a new preacher was about to try. The preacher arose back of a pulpit that had been improvised from a barrel turned bottom upward, on which was a lighted candle stuck in a bottle. He began to read the Bible, but stumbled at every word, spelling some throughout before pronouncing them. A man in the rear said, 'Go ahead with your sermon, and the preacher ceased reading. He stood up at length, and in the dim flickering light of the lone candle looked more like an apparition than a man. His subject was "The Judgment." Here came in that wonderful imaginative power for which the colored race is noted. In going about during the war he had become imbued with the military spirit, so he began by giving a vivid word picture of the hosts of heaven lying in their tents asleep the night before the judgment day. Then he worked up to a point where the bugle sounded to prepare for the descent upon a sinful world. He pictured the heavenly hosts hurriedly running out of their tents to form in line of battle with the Great Commander in front. Then he described the stillness that reigned when all was ready, awaiting the command to advance. By this time the whole congregation, including myself, were sitting with nerves strained, excited in the extreme, and as the preacher described the tramp, tramp of the mighty host approaching the earth. I saw several members, terrified, get under the benches. He then followed a courier coming down from the distance, who reported, "Death on a white horse" as having appeared far away. When the preacher described the Commander detailing a squad of his soldiers to "Go capture Death," a terrified groan came from the audience. Finally he brought the army of heaven down to earth just before day break, and had them resting on their arms, awaiting Gabriel's trumpet. He pictured at length how quiet everything was, then putting his hands to his mouth he imitated the bugle call, which so terrified and completely unstung his audience that the greater portion of it arose hurriedly and rushed out of the building. In all my life I have never heard a sermon that had such a startling effect upon congregation.

He—What a sad face that woman has.  
She—Yes, poor dear. She must have either loved and lost, or loved and got him.—The Waterbury.

## PEACE REIGNS IN RIO NOW.

Admiral Da Gama Escapes on a French Steamer.

ADMIRAL MELLO HAS DESERTED

His Followers—If Caught They Will in all Probability be Court Martialed.

RIO DE JANEIRO, March 14.—Florino Peixoto is triumphant. The insurgent vessels surrendered last night without having answered with a single gun shot the commanding force from the hill to batteries.

The report that Admiral da Gama had fled was confirmed this morning. He sought safety on the French cruiser Magan.

The American officers of the government war ships came ashore this afternoon. They report that the crews of the vessels are well and delighted that they got through without a fight. Excepting the officers, nobody aboard Peixoto's men-of-war seems to have been eager for a battle.

In coming up the harbor this morning the government fleet saluted the United States flag and Rear Admiral Benham. The United States fleet will disperse soon.

The men aboard the American war ships are in excellent health. The end of insurgent power in the harbor has been welcomed with joy in the city. Exchange has improved 25 per cent. Business is as usual. Not a symptom of disorder has appeared in the city.

The people are preparing to celebrate the collapse of the insurrection. The Aquidaban and Republica, which constitute about all that is left of the insurgent cause, are reported to be in South Brazilian waters. Both are said to be disabled.

Admiral Mello has just been seen in the streets of Montevideo. He has deserted his followers as Admiral da Gama deserted his officers and men on the harbor fleet.

The insurgents sailors here will be pardoned. The officers will be court martialed.

## How Jimmy Tended the Baby.

I never could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of it. All it can do is to cry, and pull hair, and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house but they are always going on about the baby, and saying, "Ain't it perfectly sweet?"

The worst thing about a baby is, that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterwards. Folks say, "Here, Jimmy, just hold the baby a minute, there's a good boy," and then, as soon as you have got it, they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him! That boy will kill the child! Hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch!" It's pretty hard to do your best, and then be scolded for it; but that is the way boys are treated. Perhaps after I'm dead, folks will wish they had done differently.

Last Saturday, mother and Sue went out to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a base-ball match, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only a little while, and if the baby waked up, I was to play with it, and keep it from crying, and "be sure and not let it swallow any pins." Of course I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out; so I left it just a few minutes while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman, I wouldn't be so dreadful suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back up stairs again, the baby was awake, and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy, to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of French polish, with a sponge on the end of a wire that Sue uses, to black her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular brush. The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read a paper. The next time I looked at

him, he'd got out the sponge, and about half of his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came she would say the baby was spoiled and I had done it. Now I think an all black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all white baby, and when I saw that the baby was part black, I made up my mind that if I lacked it all over it would be worth more than it had ever been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased, so I hurried up, and gave it a good coat of black.

You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get baby dressed again, when mother and Sue came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language. When you've been called a murdering little villain, and unnatural son, it rankles in your heart for ages. After what they had said to me, I didn't even seem to mind father, but went up stairs with him almost if I was going to church, or something that didn't hurt much. The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctor says it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took, and I can tell you it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometime think it is hardly worth while to live in this cold unfeeling world.

## How They Loved Him.

Washington Post.

"Gen. Robert E. Lee once told me of an ovation he received that touched him more than any demonstration ever made in his honor," said the venerable Judge White, of Virginia, to a Post man at the National. Following closely on the surrender of the Southern army, the commander-in-chief of the Confederacy went to pass a season at the home of his particular friend, E. R. Cooke, who last November ran as the Populist candidate for Governor against Col. O'Ferrall. After a few weeks of the most hospitable and elegant entertainment General Lee was called to the presidency of the Washington and Lee University. Bidding his kind friends adieu he started for Lexington on horseback and alone. He had gone some miles and was passing through a rather dreary stretch of wooded country, when he espied a plain old countryman mounted on a sorry nag coming toward him.

As they passed each other both bowed as is the fashion when strangers meet in out of the way places, but the old farmer in the homespun suit started hard at the soldierly figure as though not quite certain of recognition. He went his way a little further, then turning his horse around, cantered back and soon came up with the General again.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but is this Gen. Robert Lee. Did I ever meet you before, my friend?" "Then the old Confederate grasped the chieftain's hand and with the tears streaming down his face said: 'General Lee, do you mind if I cheer you. The General assured him that he did not mind, and there on that lonesome pine bordered highway with no one else in sight, the old rebel veteran with his swinging hat lifted up his voice in three ringing rounds of hurrahs for the man that the Southland idolized. Then both went their way without an other word being spoken."

## BANK OF CHESTER ASSIGNS.

Depositors Protected and Stockholders Will Lose Nothing.

COLUMBIA STATE.  
CHESTER, March 13.—The Bank of Chester made an assignment to-day to protect the creditors at large. It was through due consideration of the directors that such a course was taken. The depositors will be paid off in full and the stockholders will not suffer, as the assets are sufficient to protect all the liabilities. President J. J. McLure had just returned from New York where he had gone to raise the necessary cash funds to carry on a satisfactory business and the inability to procure enough funds to tide over the summer months caused the assignment. Owing to the tightness and scarcity of money, collections on the notes maturing at this time of the year could not be made. The assignees are John J. Hemphill, and J. Lyles Glenn. The action of the board of directors is approved of by the whole community.

## MAY LYNCH GOV. WAITE.

The People Worked Up to a Frenzy.

WILL HOLD THE HALL IF IT TAKES

Dynamite to do It—The Military Gathering from all Over the State.

DENVER, March 15.—The political fight waged by Gov. Waite culminated to-day in the most exciting scenes, and mob violence was imminent many times during the day. Fortunately the common citizens was calm and collected, and the prompt action of leading citizens, in leaving their business and appearing in solid bodies to be in time to consider the situation carefully, caused a delay that probably prevented bloodshed, and the probable assassination of Gov. Waite. In all probability, had a shot been fired, a mob would have quickly formed, and have captured the Governor before official assistance could have reached him.

At 6 o'clock the intelligence that the Governor had called upon Gen. McCook, to preserve the peace, settled all fears of a contest between the militia, and the police, backed by as fearless a lot of deputies, sworn in by the sheriff as could possibly be gathered together. Soapy Smith's crowd of sports had been sworn in as deputies, and they were placed at the hall to await orders.

From 2 o'clock until long after dark a dense mass of humanity packed in front of the City Hall, and upon the streets adjacent. They cheered and chafed and joked, yet did not hesitate to express indignation at the situation.

## IN MOTION TO ATTACK.

On Fourteenth street the First Regiment of the Colorado National Guards stood flanking the Chaff Light Artillery, consisting of four battalions, with cannon, filled with ammunition. Their position commanded the entire front of the hall, and once the militia was under motion for the attack on the hall, when Secretary Lorenz arrived with a message from the Governor to stay the attack for half an hour, to permit a conference looking toward a peaceful settlement.

From that time until the United States troops were called out, the most intense anxiety prevailed. All sorts of rumors floated about. The sheriff issued an order to arrest the militia and take their arms away. A friend of the deposed members of the fire and police board went out of the City Hall to apply for a warrant to arrest the Governor.

A committee of the most influential citizens were arguing with the board, with the militia, with the Governor and with the police, but nothing was accomplished. The Governor declared he would order the militia to fire upon the City Hall regardless of crowds of spectators, and the police board within maintained their position to resist attack.

"What is your name?" asked the police magistrate. The prisoner: "I stutter a little and with your Honor's permission I'll spell it—O, double t, i, double you, e, double l; double you; double o; dee," whiskers on the prisoner were shorter than the moss on this chestnut, but the clerk made the proper entry without any trouble, and so can you.

The new pastor of a country church said to one of his Deacons: "I find that Brother Linkum has very liberal religious views." "Yes," replied the Deacon, "Brother Linkum is more liberal in his views than in his contributions."—Chicago Standard.

## W. N. BURNETT

Successor to GEO. B. LAKE,  
CYCLONE & FIRE INSURANCE.

Office over Bank of Edgefield.

## Peterkin-Cluster.

PETERKIN-CLUSTER COTTON SEED, for sale or exchange. Apply to R. H. BUTLER, Edgefield, S. C., or ADVERTISER'S Office.

GEO. W. CROFT. JAS. H. TILLMAN.

## Croft & Tillman,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS,  
EDGEFIELD, (North Building) S. C.

Will practice in all Courts of South Carolina and Georgia.

## FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

SELECTED.

Egotism is an unhatched devil. To a mule's ears a mule's voice is music.

Read about Jesus, how he suffered and died for you.

Believing the word of God will always give rest and peace.

There is no such a thing as the right use of a wrong thing.

It is the one who will not forgive who is always in the wrong.

It takes dark days to show us that we really do trust in God.

Trials never weaken us. They only show us that we are weak.

No man can have a Daniel's God who is not willing to go to the lions den.

All cannot be rich, but all may become well off by being contented.

Days which begin in darkness and storm often end in a glorious sun-set.

God has promised that the man who will have mercy shall receive it.

Faith is the one thing that makes the Christian seek after he has lost everything else.

Living without a plan is as foolish as going to sea without a compass in the ship.

Paul preached resurrection as a truth, lived it as a fact, and waited for it as a hope.

You can never pay your debt to God by money you have stolen from your neighbor.

Don't be always asking who Cain's wife was. It is none of your business. Don't be always hanging around the whale that swallowed Jonah. If Jonah had minded his own business the whale would not have touched him. If you don't mind yours you will be swallowed by a worse whale.

## Tillman's Fidelity to Duty.

Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Governor Tillman of South Carolina is by no means an ideal personage, but he has displayed some qualities as an executive which must commend him to the approval of law abiding citizens. His course in reference to the enforcement of the Dispensary law has certainly shown that he is absolutely fearless in the performance of what he conceives to be his duty. This law has been stubbornly resisted in Charleston, where something in the nature of a conspiracy against it and the officers with its execution has been organized by the liquor interest. It is said that spies and spotters dog the steps of the constables and harass them with threats of personal violence; that this defiance of the law is encouraged in more influential quarters; and it is this state of affairs which provokes Governor Tillman to aggressive action. He meets the bulldozing of the liquor sellers with this declaration: "The law will have to be obeyed. I will stop illicit whiskey-selling in Charleston if it takes all the military and constables in the State to do it, and even if we have to kill a few of these Italian cut-throats and bulldozers." There is no mistaking the meaning of this declaration. The Governor is not wise, perhaps, in his talk about killing, but he is right in his determination to maintain and enforce the laws, and if he should actually employ the military, as he says he will if necessary to do so, and those who defy him should become victims of his displeasure and their own folly, right-minded people would overlook his intemperance of speech in their approval of his fidelity to official duty.

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