A Tender Hearted Tyrant.

Some twenty years ago, when John A. Ellis, Esq., was manager of the Academy of Music in Cleveland, there was a man connected with a stock company in the capacity of heavy villain, while he was a good actor, had an insatiable fondness for sack, to draw it mildly, which he never did. We will call him De Budge, which is safer than to give his real name, for he is living yet, we think. At least we will give ourselves the benefit of the doubt.

De Budge was a very tender hearted man when full of his name. He would weep profusely over any tale of woe, no matter how remote it might be from his own time and environment. He used to say that he couldn't hurt a fly, and he couldn't when the bar keeper put it in his lemonade, as he generally did.

One afternoon when in his cups De Budge was discovered weeping as though his heart would break. When asked the cause he said he was thinking how cruel it was to make the Egyptians cross the Red sea in pursuit of the Israelites without first supplying them with life preservers.

You can gather from the above what kind of a heavy villain De Budge was when loaded to the guards.

One night when the play was "William Tell," De Budge was cast for the tyrant, Gessler, an equally heavy but more temperate villain appearing as the hero of Switzerland.

De Budge had been budging pretty heavily during the afternoon and when he came to his dressing room to dress for his part it was observed that he was full. However, he managed to pull through very well until they came to the scene where Tell is commanded to shoot the apple from his child's head.

"Ferocious monster!" exclaimed Tell. "Make a father murder his own child!"

De Budge's chin began to shiver, but he managed to stammer:

"D——d—does he consent?"

Tell—With his own hand! Murder his child with his own hand!

De Budge's eyes filled with tears, and it was evident to those who knew him that he would soon begin to blubber.

Tell—The hand I've led him when an infant by! 'Tis too much for flesh and blood to bear.

"Thash sho," blubbered De Budge. "Don't shoot, Tell, don't shoot! I know jish how you feel."

The prompter cursed at the wing and tried to set him right, but Tell, hoping that the paroxysm would pass over, went right on with his part:

"Sir, have you no children?"

This gave the finishing blow to De Budge. He shrieked:

"Yes I have, Bill—two splen' boys! I love'm (hic) like er life's blood. Don' sh—, sh—thi-oot, Bill; don' sh-h-oot!"

And he stumbled forward, attempting to throw himself into Tell's arms, that he might weep upon his breast.

It is hardly necessary to add that De Budge was seized and dragged off R. U. E. and the curtain rung down P. D. Q.—Texas Siftings.

His Anxiety Explained.

An unpleasant contretemps took place at the opera Tuesday night. A young gentleman, who had made the most desperate sacrifices to take his girl to the glittering show, had his attention attracted by a person immediately behind him, who, every few minutes, persisted in stroking his shoulder. "Gustavus," whispered the lady, "either that man is insane or he wants to abstract your collar button. "If he touches me again," replied the youth, fiercely, "I'll brain him with my binoculars." A minute afterward the intruding hand was felt upon his shoulder. The indignant dude stood up, turned around and froze the insolent fellow with an awful glance. Then, as he sat down with a complacent expression, as if to say, "I've fixed him now," the wretch hissed in his ear in a stage whisper: "Please, sir, you've got the tails under you, and this is the first night that coat has been out." With a hollow groan the hapless boy read the story of his disgrace in his charmer's eyes, and when they buried Aida alive he would gladly have shared her fate.—San Francisco News Letter.

The Law and the Porter.

"See here, porter, I gave you a dollar a few minutes ago, an' you have given me only ten cents change. You can't come that on me. I'm too old a kind of a traveler to be taken in that way."

"Sorry, sah, but the new intostate railroad law, yo' know, sah. We darsen't violate hit, yo' know, sah, undah penalty."

"How are you violating the interstate law?"

"Don't you know, sah? The new law says fo'a sho't haul de railroad am only entitled to sho't haul pay, but fo' a long haul it must charge de long haul price. Yo'se rode with me all the way from New Yo'k. Dat am a long haul, an' d'ye s'pose I'm gwine ter bring de law down on my po' head by makin' only a sho't haul out'n dat dollah? Sorry, sah, but my o'dahs is to respeck de intostate railroad law to de very lettah."—Chicago Herald.

Young Love's Dream.

Lovely Girl (at a restaurant)—My dear, order what you please for both; I don't feel hungry a bit.

Affianced Young Man—I can't eat a mouthful, my darling.

"Nor I. I haven't eaten anything hardly for weeks. By the way, what was the rent of that house we were looking at?"

"One hundred dollars a month."

"That's just your salary, so that won't do."

"No: the other one alongside of it is eighty dollars."

"Let's take that."

"But twenty dollars won't buy coal and pay a girl's wages."

"A girl! Dear me, I forgot all about that. We must get a cheaper house because there must be enough over to buy something for the girl to eat, you know."—Omaha World.

A Shaky Institution.

"That house is mighty shaky," remarked a man on Washington avenue as he pointed to the place of business of a well known wholesale firm. "I'd hate to have anything in it."

"What's the matter? Been speculating?"

"Oh, no."

"Trying to do business on too little capital?"

"No, but the building is so old that it trembles all over every time you talk above a whisper."—Minneapolis Journal.

Just Like the Men.

Pretty Kansas Wife—Yes, I voted at the late election, but I shall never do so again. The men crowded around me when I went to vote, and nearly smothered me.

Kansas Old Maid—Law sakes! They all left the polls when I went to vote.—Newman Independent.

A contemporary says of a sick man that "his death is only a question of time." This is a safe assertion.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Explain This Fact.

New York has Italian restaurants, French restaurants and Russian, Chinese and Spanish restaurants, but there is not an Irish restaurant in all these blessed United States. Some great thinker should arise and explain this wonderful fact, for of course it is significant of something.—Kinderhook Rough Notes.

With a little fresh milk as a starter young pigs can soon be taught to take slop made of mill feed.

May Days.

The baseball nuts are shouting and a-swingling in the bar;
The maiden bloometh forth in a forty dollar hat;
The dude doth walk abroad with his legs done up in bagging,
And the dog doth bask in sunlight with his little tail a-wagging.
Spring lamb is on the market, and some grass is on the soil;
Green peas wax somewhat cheaper—about $1.10 a peck;
The silence of the city is broken by the sweet,
Melodious sound of "Strawberries!" from huckasters on the street.
And from mansions of the proud a dich, resounding thwack
Tells tales of carpet beating in the little yard a-back.

Oh, yea!
'Tis May!

—Boston Traveler.

Pob Had Evidently Had a Few Nips of It.

A few days ago C. T. Bob Ingersoll sent an old friend a very old jug of rare whiskey. With it were the following lines in the colonel's well known chirography:

"I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drove the skeleton from a feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dews of night, the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the "Harvest Home," mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it and you will feel within your blood the star-led dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of many perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man."

A Deluded Man.

Woman's Suffrage Man—You have rooms to rent, I believe?

Omaha Landlady—Yes, sir; walk in, sir. I sincerely hope I can suit you. I usually require references, but——

"I can give plenty of them, madam. My name is DeKnight. I have been laboring for ten years in the interest of downtrodden womanhood and am at last seeing the fruits of my labors in such states as Kansas"——

"Noble man! The very gates of heaven will open wide at your approach and all the angelic bands will—will"——

"Yes, madam, I know the gratitude you feel. I think this room will exactly suit my wife."

"Wife!"

"Yes, madam."

"I let rooms to gentlemen only, sir. Catch me having any more women in my house. I've had enough of their petulance and impertinence. Good day, sir."—Omaha World.

A Novel Way of Popping the Question.

A young Aberdonian, bashful, but desperately in love, finding that no notice was taken of his visits to the house of his sweetheart, summoned up sufficient courage to address the fair one thus:

"Jean, I was here on Monday nicht."

"Ay, ye were that," replied she.

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht."

"So ye were."

"And I was here on Wednesday," continued the ardent youth.

"Ay, an' ye were here on Thursday night and a'."

"An' I was here last nicht."

"Weel," she says, "what if ye were?"

"An' I am here the nicht again."

"And what aboot it, even if ye came every nicht?"

"What aboot it, did ye say? Div ye no begin to smell a rat?"—New York Sun.

Inquisitive, but Not Excessively So.

Blumenthal—Mishter Rosenburg, you talks so much about how you keeps holy dot Chewish Sabbath, dot I vants to ask you a kervshtun.

Rosenburg—Veil, vot ish den dot kervshtun?

"Suppose dot Sabbath day on you finds dot street in a pig pag full mit terventy tollar gold pieces, vould you desbegrate dot holy day by takin' away dot mounish?"

"Does yer really vant ter know vat I vould do?"

"I does so."

"Veil, den, next Sabbath, choost you drop von of does pags of gold, and you vill find out."

"I dells you vat I vould like to know, but I vasn' choost eaten oop mit curiosity."—Texas Siftings.

Thoroughly Qualified for Jury Duty.

Attorney—Now, sir, you say your name is Stanislow Boukoffsky, and you keep saloon at No. — Cherry street. Do you know defendant, Jacob Sharp?

Subject—No, shur-r.

A.—Have you read anything about this case in the newspapers, or anything about bribery or the city government?

S.—No, shur-r.

A.—Do you read any papers?

S.—No, shur-r.

A.—Do you know anything about this case or any other case of this kind?

S.—No, shur-r.

A.—Do you know anything much about anything?

S.—No, shur-r.

A.—Take your seat in the jury box.

She was Ready for Him.

It is an error as old as poverty to suppose the rich are happy. The other evening, for instance, Miss Goldlace, the beautiful and talented daughter of Col. Silverbrick Goldlace, the millionaire, was sitting in the drawing room of her father's Nob hill mansion, reading Mr. Royce's "Feud of Oakfield Creek." But this was not all. A liveried servant entered with an embossed silver tray and bowed six times. Miss Goldlace ignored the menial, but picked the card from the silver. She blushed vividly, started up, glanced around in a rattled way, and then began pulling bell ropes like the pilot of a river steamboat.

Servants trooped in.

"James," she cried to one, "turn that picture of Andromeda to the wall. "Jennie," to another, "turn that 'Alone at Last' quick. "William," to a third, "throw something over that statuette of Venus, and push the 'Greek Slave' behind the curtain. There, that will do."

Then she sat down on an olive plush lounge and composed her countenance. "Show him in," she said in her queenly fashion to the liveried menial. And he came in.

It was Mr. Bennett, secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who staid and spent the evening.—San Francisco Post.

Wells in the Desert.

Respecting the plan of Col. Landas for fertilizing the African desert by means of wells, Sir R. Lambert Playfair, in the course of a consular tour in Tunis, has visited the ground where the first well was sunk, and reports most favorably as to the success of the project. A space of 373 acres has been cleared and sown with cereals and lucerne, a vegetable garden been made, and a nursery of young trees planted. Two other wells are being sunk, which on completion will irrigate 7,500 acres of land. The bey of Tunis has conceded to the company 25,000 acres of land, which they can select themselves from districts which are at present of no value.—Chicago Times.

25¢ A BOTTLE
SALVATION OIL
KILLS PAIN

"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain." Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Stiff Neck, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Pleurisy, Sores, Frost-bites, Backache, Sprains, Sore Throat, Sciatica, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, etc. Price 25 cts. a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Caution. The genuine Salvation Oil bears our registered Trade-Mark, and our facsimile signature. A. C. Meyer & Co., Sole Proprietors, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure your Cough at once. Price only 25 Cts. a bottle

BURDETTE.

Editorial Jealousy—Sleepy Deacon—An Incubator Hatched Chicken.

"Yes," said Mr. Slumwit, as they were walking home, "I do enjoy the theatre; I once wrote a play myself." "Oh, Mr. Slumwit," she exclaimed, with genuine enthusiasm, "did you really, though? And what was it about, and when did you write it, and was it a success, and did I ever see it played?" "I don't know that you ever did," he said, in slow, conscientious tones. "It was only a short, one act play; it was a play upon the word 'fair.' I rung in something about the fare charged by the fair at the fair not being fair. I cannot tell a lady what the editor called me, but I can never forget it. And not ten days afterward I saw that very same thing in his paper as original." "I believe all editors are jealous of other writers," said Miss Giddigirl, "because once pa wrote an article nominating Mr. Cleveland for president, long, long before anybody else thought of him, and signed it 'Taxpayer'—that's pa's nom de plume; he writes all these articles signed 'Taxpayer'—and after election he went to find it to settle a dispute, and the editor had cut the whole copy of that paper out of the file, and said they never published a paper on the 5th of July; and everybody knows it is the 4th of July is the holiday, and not the 5th; pa told him so, too, and the editor said if pa didn't get rooms in an icehouse he wouldn't keep through the summer."

"I don't see why you can't keep awake in church," said the pastor. "I am there as long as you are and I don't have to sleep half the time." "Oh, well," replied the deacon, "you just sit down in the pew and let me preach and I'll bet a new organ you couldn't keep your eyes open ten minutes."

"You say you stumped Texas for the Prohibition ticket. What peculiarity of your audiences struck you most forcibly?" "Well," said the missionary, "the chunks of clay and pieces of brick struck me most forcibly, but the eggs stayed by me the longest."

A French scientist, who divines character by a simple inspection of noses, says that "the quick, passionate, sanguine person has a strongly colored nose of a uniform shade." This gives us a most accurate estimate of the character of the American tramp, whose strongly colored nose does not vary its uniform shade with season or climate. And yet he has never been accused of being quick. Perhaps it means that he is quick not to work.

"Where have you been all day?" asked Mr. Tret. "Down town," replied his wife. "Gossip and tattle, I reckon?" "No, sir; financial politics; I've been reducing the surplus." "You don't know anything about it," snarled the old man; "you're just like any woman when she tries to talk politics; you've been increasing the deficit, that's what you've been doing."

AN INCUBATOR'S OFFSPRING.

I am a lone, unfathered chick,
Of artificial hatching;
A pilgrim in a desert wild,
By happier mothered chicks reviled,
From all relationships exiled.
To do my own lone catching.

Fair science smiled upon my birth
One raw and gusty morning
And now the sounds of barnyard mirth
To lonely me have little worth;
I am alone in all the earth
An orphan without borning.

Seek I my mother? I would find
A heartless personator;
A thing brass hided, man designed,
With steampipe arteries intermined
And pulseless cotton batting lined—
A patent incubator.

It wearies me to think, you see
Death would be better, rather—
Should children e'er be born to me,
By fate's most pitiless decree
My little ones, alas, would be
With never a grandfather.

And when to earth I bid adieu,
To seek a greater,
I will not do as others do,
Who go to join the ancestral crew,
For I will just be gathered to
My incubator.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Men-of-Warmen's Gossip.

"Speakin' of birds," said old Tom Topsail, "I don't see why people make such a fuss about English sparrows. If they was Mexican crow canaries, now, there'd be some sense to it."

Tom stopped, well knowing that he would be asked for an explanation.

"Why," resumed Tom, when the expected question had been asked, "crow canaries are birds found only in Mexico. They are about the size of a crow, and have yellow bodies and black wings. Forty or fifty years ago a German ship that had about 10,000 canaries on board was wrecked off Campeachy. The canaries, most of 'em, got away, and took to the woods. There were only common crows there before, but now the crow canaries are as common as bells on a Dago's jacket. They are beautiful birds, and sing bass. Tell you, a big flock of 'em, when they get into a tree and tune up, sound like so many bass viols. Mighty curious thing to hear, and breaks a man all up the first time he hears it."

The crowd said they should think it would.

"But it ain't so scary a thing, after all, as to hear a chorus of crocodiles singing in the moonlight. When we was in the Amazon, whenever the ship's band struck up, the crocodiles would put on full cry, and, though the bandmaster put all his men on bass drums, the crocodiles would drown 'em out every time. Crocodiles are knowing, but they will go to sleep on the sand when the sun's hot. Then is your time to catch hold of 'em, and, with a quick motion, over with 'em. I turned one over, and we manacled him and got him on board ship. I cut my name and the date—'T. Topsail, 1862'—on his hide, and when we got him into New York I sold him to Barnum." "Well, I'll be goblarned!" said Ben Pipeclay, the old soldier, who had served twenty-five years in the regular army. "I saw him in Barnum's museum in 1863 with your name on him, but I never thought I should know you. Shake!"

And the alliance of the two services was cemented on the spot.—Boston Transcript.

If you would be truly happy, my dear, said one lady to another, you must learn to take things coolly, and when you get a cold, to take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, which is the greatest of all known remedies for coughs and colds.

Connecticut has passed a law forbidding the running of railroad trains between 10:30 a. m. and 3 p. m. on Sundays.

"'Tis not for mortals always to be blest," but a little practical knowledge of how to take care of themselves will help them immensely. When beset with headache or other pains, they should use Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain.

The Michigan vote on local option shows forty-seven counties in favor and forty-six against.

Hop Plasters cure pain and soreness, strengthen weak parts and do it quickly, too. 25 cents.

"ROUGH ON RATS."
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, beetles, insects, skunks, jack rabbits, sparrows, gophers, moles, moles. Ile druggists.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." Quick relief, complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions. 15c.

"ROUGH ON ITCH."
"Rough on Itch" cures skin humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains, itch, ivy poison, barber's itch. 50c. Druggists or mail. E. S. Wells, Jersey City.

"ROUGH ON CATARRH"
Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases; also unequalled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c

All hope of an early settlement of the coke strike in western Pennsylvania has disappeared.

If you would enjoy your dinner and are prevented by Dyspepsia, use Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are a positive cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. We guarantee them. 25 and 50 cents. Frank H. Cebientz, corner Market and High streets.

Burglar Jimmy Hope has arrived in New York from San Francisco, and been lodged in jail.

The good opinion of the public, in regard to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, is confirmed by clergymen, lawyers, public speakers, and actors. All say it is the best remedy for affections of the throat and lungs.

Parnell has returned to London much improved, and has called a conference of his party.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale by F. A. Garwood.

The fifth gas well has been "shot" at Fort Wayne, Ind., at a depth of 1,415 feet.

"0 Years Record. "An Invaluable Medicine for Woman."
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
Is a Positive Cure
For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers and Daughters.
IT IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.
It is pleasant to the taste, effectacious and in perfect safety in its effect.
It is a very great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular menstrual periods.
OVER 1000 LADIES IN PHILADELPHIA alone, testify as to its good qualities. It is a delicate matter to testify about but we have their names.
For all weaknesses of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the Kidneys it is the Greatest Remedy in the World.
PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.
Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of the sick and the relief of pain, and it does all it claims to do.
It will cure entirely all Ovarian or Vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
WEARY WOMEN PRAISE IT.
It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is permanently cured by its use.
AN ANGEL OF MERCY.
It is absolutely a safe cure for all female weaknesses, including leucorrhœa, irregular and painful menstruation, inflammation and Ulceration of the womb, flooding, prolapsus uteri, &c. It contains no substance that is harmful. Is safe and sure.
$1. (6 for $5.) In Liquid, Pill or Lozenge Form.
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
All these world-wide celebrated remedies are manufactured at Lynn, Mass. The Compound in form of lozenges and pills, Liver Pills and Sanative Wash can be sent by mail on receipt of price.
"All Sold by Druggists."
Send stamp for Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" and Confidential circular, with description of case and symptoms of weakness. Mention this paper.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
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EHRET'S BLACK DIAMOND PREPARED ROOFING
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THE NEW QUININE.
GIVES GOOD APPETITE, NEW STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.
A POWERFUL TONIC
That the most delicate stomach will bear.
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THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER, superior to quinine. Mr. F. A. Miller, 55 East 125th street, New York, was cured by Kaskine of extreme malarial prostration after seven years suffering. He had run down from 175 pounds to 95, began on Kaskine in June, 1886, went to work in one month, regained his full weight in six months. Quinine did him no good whatever.
Mr. Safford Thompson, the oldest and one of the most respected citizens of Bridgeport, Conn., says: "I am ninety years of age, and for the last three years have suffered from malaria and the effects of quinine poisoning. I recently began with Kaskine, which broke up the malaria and increased my weight 22 pounds."
Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
The Agent of KASKINE has on Public Exhibition a remarkable MANIKIN, or model of the human body, showing the Stomach, Heart, Lungs, Liver, Spleen, Kidneys and the other organs and parts in Health and in Disease. By an inspection the afflicted can see the nature and location of their troubles and learn how Kaskine relieves and cures them.
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