Cause for Alarm.

A young man had been courting a girl for nine years. "Jennie," he said, one evening, "I read the other day that in 50,000 years Niagara falls would dry up."

Jennie clutched his arm excitedly.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Why, you promised to take me there on our bridal trip. Don't you think you had better be a little careful that it does not dry up before we get there?"

Hog Cholera.

The greatest drawback to the hog industry which breeders in this country have to contend with is what is known as "hog cholera" and "swine plague."

Hog cholera is a highly contagious disease and unless checked is liable to carry off a great number of hogs in a very short time.

Mr. A. P. Williams, of Burnetts Creek, Ind., tells of an experience which he had with some hogs that had the cholera. "Five years ago," says Mr. Williams, "I was in the employ of Mr. J. D. Richardson, Lafayette, Ind., as his barn foreman. Some fine hogs that I was feeding took the cholera. I gave them Sloan's Liniment and did not lose a hog. Some were so bad they would not drink sweet milk and I was compelled to drench them. I have tried it at every opportunity since and always find it O. K."

Write for Dr. Sloan's free book on the treatment of Horses, Cattle, Hogs, and Poultry. Address: Dr. Earl S. Sloan, 615 Albany Street, Boston, Mass.

The "Patrolium" Wagon.

The telephone in police headquarters rang.

"Is this the police station?" inquired a woman's voice.

"It is," said C. E. McVey, the desk sergeant.

"Well, I wish you all'd send the patrolium wagon over to Fourth and Oak streets right away. Ole Bill's got drunk again and he's just raising Cain. And say," the voice added, "if you all don't send that wagon mighty quick you all might as well send a hearse, 'cause I'm goin' to hit that fool nigger in a minute."

The wagon made a "hurry" run, but returned empty a few minutes later. The driver reported that he could find no trouble.—Kansas City Star.

DIFFERENT EFFECT.

Mrs. Goodsole—My boy, it makes me sick at heart to see you smoking.

Kid—Dat's funny. It seems to ketch me right in the stummick.

OLD SURGEON

Found Coffee Caused Hands to Tremble.

The surgeon's duties require clear judgment and a steady hand. A slip or an unnecessary incision may do irreparable damage to the patient.

When he found that coffee drinking caused his hands to tremble, an Ills surgeon conscientiously gave it up and this is his story.

"For years I was a coffee drinker until my nervous system was nearly broken down, my hands trembled so I could hardly write, and insomnia tortured me at night.

"Besides, how could I safely perform operations with unsteady hands using knives and instruments of precision? When I saw plainly the bad effects of coffee, I decided to stop it, and three years ago I prepared some Postum, of which I had received a sample.

"The first cupful surprised me. It was mild, soothing, delicious. At this time I gave some Postum to a friend who was in a similar condition to mine, from the use of coffee.

"A few days after, I met him and he was full of praise for Postum, declaring he would never return to coffee but stick to Postum. We then ordered a full supply and within a short time my nervousness and consequent trembling, as well as insomnia, disappeared, blood circulation became normal, no dizziness nor heat flashes.

"My friend became a Postum enthusiast, his whole family using it exclusively.

"It would be the fault of the cook who brewed the Postum, if it did not taste good when served.

"The best food may be spoiled if not properly made. Postum should be boiled according to directions on the pkg. Then it is all right, anyone can rely on it. It ought to become the national drink." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Good Jokes

A BASHFUL SWEETHEART.

A sharp-featured, determined little woman popped her head out of the door and indignantly demanded the business of a bashful young man, who had been hanging around the house for hours in a pitiless downpour of rain, hoping against hope that his adored one would invite him in.

"Now then, young feller, what do yer want here? Tryin' to wear the pavement out, or what?" she demanded, sarcastically.

"I reckon I've come a-courtin' your daughter," the shamefaced youth admitted.

"Oh, ye're after Lizzie, are yer? Then take my advice, young man, an' run away an' lose yerself. My gal ain't goin' to marry a chap that ain't courage to knock at the door an' ax for her—not likely! Why, when my husban' came a-courtin' me and found the door locked, he climbed the backyard wall, strangled the bulldog, an' knocked the old man silly wi' a clump on the jaw. Then he grabbed hold of my hand and shoved a ring as big as a cartwheel on my finger, and told me that the banns were published last Sunday. That's the sort of husband I want for our Lizzie—not a shiverin' milksop that ain't got sense to come in out of the rain!"

A HOPELESS CASE.

Mabel—After years of effort, I have succeeded in learning how to pronounce "Goethe."

Tom—Well, are you satisfied now?

Mabel—No; every time I say it somebody corrects me.

Paying Invention.

Inventor—I have here a new life-saving appliance, which needs only capital to—

Capitalist—I'm busted. Haven't a cent left. Going to the poorhouse next week. Good da—

Inventor—Let me show you one more thing, also my invention—a new patent self-feeding rotary cannon, warranted to kill 10,000 men a second.

Capitalist—Gee Whittaker! I'll give a million dollars for a half-interest!—N. Y. Weekly.

Insured His Repose.

Benedick—I don't think that duffer, King Solomon, could have been very wise.

Henpeck—Why not?

Benedick—He married a thousand wives.

Henpeck—That showed his wisdom—he knew they'd keep each other busy.

The New Dance.

No doubt the dancing masters use the "hay foot, straw foot," method of teaching the new barn dance—Detroit Free Press.

LONG-FELT WANT.

Brotson—Some genius has invented an alarm clock that will arouse its owner and also fire the furnace.

Woodson—Hum! Why can't they invent one with enough nerve to fire the cook?

NOT COMPLETE.

Bacon—This paper says the dragon fly moves through the air either backward or forward.

Egbert—Of coure, we know it must move one way or the other; but why doesn't it tell us just which way it does move?—Yonkers Statesman.

DIDN'T MISS MUCH.

Mr. Churchleigh—You miss so much by not attending church more regularly.

Mrs. Wise—Oh, no; I have subscribed for two additional fashion magazines.

The Usual Experience.

Mr. Younghusband—I suppose you remember the pony and phaeton I bought of you when my wife and I set up housekeeping. Well, I sold the pony some time ago to pay doctors' bills, and now I'd like to sell the phaeton.

Livery Man—I can't spare the money to buy, but I'd be willing to trade, if there is anything in my line you want.

Mr. Younghusband (after long thought)—I'll trade for oats, if you'll grind 'em up. I believe oatmeal is good for children.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Difference.

An enterprising gentleman of the breezy west, who superintends the railroad eating house in his town, has recently hung out a sign that furnishes considerable amusement to those who pass by. It reads:

Pies like mother used to make.... 5c
Pies like mother used to try to make.....

—Judge.

PLAIN CLOTHES, INDEED!

"Look, Maria; that's the new policeman."

"Lor, so it is. I 'ardly recognized 'im in 'is plain clothes!"—Cassell's.

Better at Collaboration.

The Widow (after selecting headstone)—Poor Henry always took great interest an' pleasure in these here comic eppytaps. P'raps if you could think up one uv them you might put it on the stone.

The Dealer—I ain't very lit'ry, ma'am, but I've had a little experience in lim'rick contests, so if you'll compose part o' the verse, I guess I could fill in a missin' line or two.—Judge.

The Ruling Passion.

Fathead—My dear fellow, how did you get your face cut so terribly?

Tartly—I hired a dumb barber to shave me.

Fathead—And he didn't know how to shave, eh?

Tartley—Yes, he did; but he persisted in trying to talk to me with his hands while he was doing it.

Two Accounts Closed.

Family Retainer—Oh, sir, something terrible has 'appened! Your daughter, Miss Gwendolyn, sir, has eloped with the chauffeur, sir, an' they're off in the motor-car, sir.

The Old Man—Thank the lord! Maybe I can save a little money now that the girl and the machine are both gone.—Puck.

HIS LECTURE ON JOB.

Brother Dickey Thinks He Was Overrated as Patient Man.

"I dunno what dey call Job a patient man fer," said Brother Dickey, "kaze of all de growlers I ever hearn tell on he sho' wuz de growlinest. But he sho' did have enough ter make him growl—dat he did. De devil say: 'Looky yere, Job, you in my power, now, an' I gwine ter 'flict you wid a few biles.' An' Job say: 'All right; I kin stan' it ef you kin.' But de biles commence ter break out so thick an' fas' dat Job say: 'Looky yere, man, dese ain't no biles—dis de smallpox, sho' ez you bo'n.' An' he eetch and eetch so dat he had ter scratch hisse'f wid a goat's head. Den de devil git in a high win' and blow down Job's house; an' dat wuz too much. So ol' Job lif' up his voice an' he say: 'Looky yere, I bargain fer biles, but I didn't want no harricane th'owed in fer good measure.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

Champ (savagely)—Your dog has [illegible]

Sharpe (ditto)—Confound it! I wanted to bring him up as a vegetarian.

Comments.

Gertie—He tried to kiss me!

Mollie—How impudent!

Gertie—But he was interrupted!

Mollie—How annoying!

It is her winning ways that often enable a woman to get the better of a man in the matrimonial game.

Goethe: There is nothing more frightful than ignorance in action.

Some silence may be golden, but much of it is ironical.

Young: None think the great unhappy but the great.

RESOLVED TO SNUB EVE.

Mrs. Intheswim Intended to Draw Social Line in Heaven.

The minister had dropped in to tea, and the conversation had drifted through various channels to the question of whether or not we should know each other in heaven. Presuming that our physical beings would be perpetuated, and that recognition would be assured, the minister had asked various ones at the table among whom the Biblical characters they would be most interested in recognizing.

Some mentioned one prophet and some another, but one lady, noted for her social exclusiveness, had not spoken. Turning to her the minister said: "And who would you like to meet in heaven, Mrs. Intheswim?"

Mrs. Intheswim pursed her lips. "I really don't know," she said, "but there is one thing I do know, and that is that I shouldn't care to meet Eve. In fact, I don't know that I would speak to her if I did!"

Give Them Titles?

By granting titles of nobility to American men we might stop the flow of good American money into the coffers of titled foreigners who marry American girls, but the remedy would be worse than the disease.

His First Banquet.

Friend (in whisper)—The toastmaster wants you to get off a good joke.

The Bashful Man—Beg pardon—er—I didn't know I was on it.

The Wicked Husband.

"Why does a man lie to his wife?" asks a woman writer. Dear me; does he?—Duluth Herald.

The average man's idea of a good sermon is one that goes over his head and hits one of his acquaintances.