

# Jasper Weekly Courier.

VOL. 58. JASPER, INDIANA. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1916, No. 21.

**Left Till Called For.**  
When Wilkinson went to his office one day last week he felt calm and contented. He hadn't any need to worry about his wife's loneliness any more, for he had bought a capital watchdog for her.

But, alas, when he arrived home his wife met him with the deplorable news that the dog had gone.

"Eh?" said Wilkinson. "Did he break the chain, then?"

"No," she replied, "but a great ugly looking tramp came her and acted so impudently that I let the dog loose. But instead of tearing the tramp to pieces the nasty dog went off with him."

"Great Scott!" said Wilkinson. "That must have been the tramp I bought him from!"—London Express.

**A Peculiar Couple.**  
Conversation had turned to the subject of two men, utterly dissimilar, who nevertheless roomed together. One of these men was generally conceded to be a "freak." His name was John.

"John and anybody are certainly a queer pair," somebody said.

"John and anybody are a queer pair," somebody else said.

Poor John!—Exchange.

**Professional Insight.**  
Dr. Sann—Will the patient be operated on?  
Dr. Flint—I tickled him with the tip of this X-ray picture. Harper's Weekly.

**Allice Knew.**  
Edith—I don't know what it is that draws me to that fellow Huggerty.  
Allice—I do. It's his arm.

**Proven Her a Flirt.**  
Senator Penrose at the dedication of Pennsylvania's splendid capitol at Harrisburg said of a certain speech that had been made at a private dinner before the dedicatory ceremonies.

"That speech was pronounced with meaning. It revealed a very sentence its a very character. Brief and full and it reminded me of the young lady who wore it here one afternoon and I was uncertainly on a street."

"What a bore!" for the life of me I can't remember whether it to meet Morris in Tasker street or Tasker in Morris street.

**The Marvels of Science.**  
Amateur Hypnotist—See, I make up cases—one-two-three. Now try to step back. You can't do it!—Pick-Me

**A Lively Chill.**  
The old time dandy had a great admiration for high sounding words and phrases. He also had a deep respect for a man who has the boldness to devise innovations of speech.

"I just tell you Massa Rawson had a pow'ful control ob language," said one old plantation negro thought fully on his return from a neighborly call. "I 'spect to learn some 'ting every time I hear him talk. He was telling Major Williams 'bout his wife being taken sick after dat dog bite she had, an' 'stead ob saying in respects to her shaking fit she had dat she 'shook like she had de ager, same as most folks would say, what figur' is you s'posing he used?"

"I dunno," said the old man's wife sulkily from the ironing board.

"He said she 'shook like an ash pan.' Dat's his figur', an' I sin't gwine forget it."—Youth's Companion.

**Buttermilk a Life Saver.**  
A French medical man advises people to drink buttermilk for long life. He says that the lactic acid dissolves every sort of earthy deposit in the blood vessels, keeping the veins and arteries so supple and free running that there can be no clogging up, and hence there is no deposit of chalky matter around the joints or of poisonous waste in the muscles. It is the stiffening and hardening of the blood vessel which bring on old age. Buttermilk is likely to postpone it ten or twenty years if freely drunk. A quart a day should be the minimum, the maximum according to taste and opportunity.

**He Knew It Was Found.**  
A clergyman while going to church one Sunday morning lost a pocketbook containing valuable papers. After the service he made known his loss and said that whoever found the pocketbook and restored it to him would be well rewarded.

An old man immediately rose up at the back of the church and cried out:

"It's found, sir!"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, my man!" said the clergyman. "Have you got it with you?"

"No, sir," answered the man, "but I comed that way myself after you did, and it wasn't there then."—London Answers.

**Caught in the Rain.**  
"Oh, isn't it jolly?" said Picky to Wally.  
"I wonder why people complain. If we are together, what matters the weather?"

I love to be out in the open.  
No, not of the rain, but of the sun.  
Dolly:  
"We're not made of dough or salt!"

**Illustrated Phrase.**  
Going against the grain.—Chicago Journal.

**Mary's Wedding.**  
A Maryland man recently married off his fourth daughter, the ceremonies touching whose wedding were given much attention by the "society editors" of the country papers in that region.

A week or two after the wedding a friend who had been north for some time met the father, to whom he made some jocular reference in regard to the recent "event." "I see by one paper," said he, "that Mary's wedding 'well nigh beggared' description."

"Well," said the old man, "I don't know about that, but I do know it well nigh beggared me!"—Lippincott's.

**Generally.**  
Doleful Donald—Some of my brightest thoughts come to me when I am asleep.  
Thirsty Gus—Troubled with insomnia, ain't you?—New York Mail.

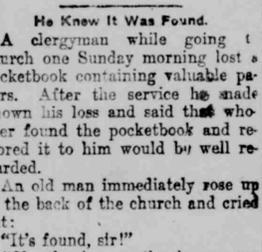
**The Prince of Grumblers.**  
When Mr. Beeton asked if he did not find many unreasonable people among his summer boarders Farmer Joy quickly assented.

"Lots an' lots are never satisfied," he said. "No matter what's done for 'em there'll always be something wrong somewhere."

"Now, last summer," he went on with a gleaming eye, "we had a man here that was so fond of grumblin' that one day he actually called for a toothpick after he'd had a glass of milk!"—Youth's Companion.

**Washing Embroideries.**  
Bran water baths are good for worsted and cotton embroideries. They should be made by adding a quart of fresh bran to three quarts of water. Boil this for half an hour, strain and then pour into a couple of bowls, add cold water until it is lukewarm, put in the embroidery and rub till clean, rinse in clean water and then place in the second basin of bran water, drying the article as quickly as possible. Always iron on the wrong side.

**Butter From Birds.**  
In South America is to be found a bird from which a species of butter can be obtained. This animal is known as the "oil bird," and one of its favorite haunts is the island of Trinidad. It breeds in rocky caves on the mainland, laying its eggs in a nest constructed of mud. The young birds are extraordinarily fat, and the fat, having been melted down in clay pots, produces a kind of butter, says London Tit-Bits. This butter is used by the natives. The caves inhabited by these oil birds are usually accessible only from the sea, and the hunting of these feathered creatures frequently affords exciting sport to the adventurous in spirit.



At the Zoo—Good gracious! How heavy my burrow is today.—Von Vivant.

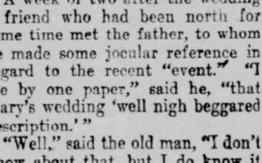
**Jenner as an Eater.**  
Dr. Jenner, the famous English physician, was a great tea drinker and very abstemious, never taking any stimulant except a measured glass of brandy when he had indigestion. Once for that cause he lived on stewed chops and rice for luncheon and dinner, with tea, for a couple of years, but ordinarily he was a great feeder.

"I recollect," said his friend, Dr. Cooper Bentham, "on one occasion Reynolds came to see him. Jenner was at dinner. He had soup, fish, the greater part of a chicken, and he was in the middle of a huge rice pudding when Reynolds entered and asked him how he was. Jenner drew a pitiful sigh and replied, 'I am not at all well—no appetite.'"



Before I engage you I must tell you my husband is very particular and very cross.  
"Don't fear. Between us we'll manage him."—Filleaganda Blatter.

**More Than Enough.**  
"I fear you have not had enough experience."  
"Not 'ad 'nuff experience? Why, I've ad ten paces to the last wouth."—London Tatler.

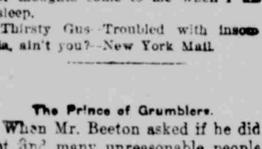


Wisdom of the Young.  
"I never saw such a child! You don't seem to know enough to come home!"  
"Well, dat's just wot ma says about you!"—New York World.

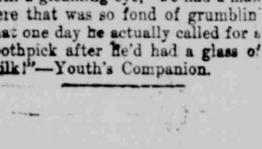
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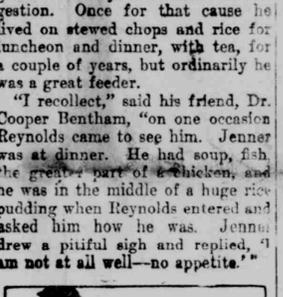
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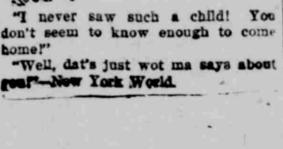
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**A Sure Investment.**  
You have never yet made an investment Where you didn't expect to win, But you sometime have found to your sorrow You've beautifully taken in. You may have laid down your good money For a brick which you found wasn't gold, Or met the Bohemian oats swindler, When you, with your oats, have been sold. If asked by a friend to play poker, You'd experience, no doubt quite a shock; Then never join hands with a fellow Who makes money by watering stock. Now if you would like an investment In which you can't possibly lose, Suppose a few dollars in one of Ed. M. Egg Fine Tailored Suits. Cor. 5th and Jackson Street

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