Fair, Frank, Fearless and Free.

JASPER COURIER.

An Independent Democratic Newspaper that says what it pleases without asking your permission.

The Ben Ed Boone Job Printorium is unexcelled for Fine Commercial printing.

JASPER, IND.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Jasper Cemetery Association will be held at the cemetery near Kalberville.

MARTIN THIELING, Trustee.

Jasper, Feb. 5, 1908.

SOUTHERN RY., TIME TABLE

Trains in Effect Sunday Feb. 21 the Following is to Union Daily and is not Guaranteed

EASTBOUND

No. 5	DAILY	9:34 A. M.
No. 17	"	3:55 P. M.
No. 11	"	8:10 P. M.
No. 13	SUNDAY ONLY	6:50 A. M.

WESTBOUND

No. 12	DAILY	9:50 A. M.
No. 14	"	11:31 A. M.
No. 2	"	7:25 P. M.
No. 20	SUNDAY ONLY	11:05 A. M.

Time shown at Huntingburg.

EASTBOUND

No. 1,	DAILY	4:37 A. M.
No. 9,	"	9:20 "
No. 3,	"	3:52 P. M.
No. 28,	"	4:42 "

WESTBOUND

No 2,	DAILY.	12:55 A. M.
No. 4,	"	11:29 "
No. 24,	"	11:50 A. M.
No. 10,	"	7:56 P. M.

V. K. Claycomb, Agt, Jasper

For Sale.

On account of bad health I offer for sale my unoivided half interest in the United States Hotel, Saloon, Stable, etc at a very reasonable price. Apply to PHILIP KRESS, Jasper, Ind

LEGAL BLANKS.

Warranty Deeds, Quit Claim Deeds, Chattle Mortgages, Real Estate Mortgages, Inventoies Suponeas, Warrants, Reports etc for Sale at the COURIER OFFICE

FOR SALE

Story-and-half seven room house. Good lot, 50x100 ft., alley in rear; graded street, good pavements, good well and cellar. Must be sold at once. No reasonable offer refused Apply Courier office.

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.

Rossini's Resting Place.

For years Rossini's body rested in Pere Lachaise, and then city of Florence asked that it might be transferred to the Church of the Holy Cross in that city, where the bodies of Galilei, Michelangelo, Machiavelli, Alfieri and other great Italians are entombed. Consent was received from the municipality, but the master's widow, Dona Olympia, would consent to the translation only on condition that when her time came her body might be placed next to that of her husband. This request was bluntly denied, for the reason that only Italians "who had achieved greatness" could rest there. In 1878 the widow died and before her death consented in writing to the removal of her husband's body to Florence, provided her body be placed in the grave from which his would be taken in Pere Lachaise, and after a long time for consideration this was done.

Prudence and Zabed.

[Copyright, 1907, by A. C. McClurg.]

Prudence Smith and Zabed Winters met at spelling school and were impressed with each other. Zabed would have married her if the Widow Penrose hadn't sifted in. She wanted the young man for herself, and in awesome whispers she imparted the information that Prudence Smith was knock-kneed and would never be able to stand at a washtub or run up and down the cellar stairs. The young man was at once impressed. He ceased to spark Prudence on Sunday nights and seemed not to be inclined to jump over precipices for her sake, and of course she regarded it. She went about with her chin in the air and asked for no explanations, and so relations were strained for many long months. Then Mrs. Snyder found out what was the matter with him and set him right. The widow had lied. Zabed made it up with the girl. The doves cooed and a rift and turtled, a new date was set for the marriage, and Farmer Smith reached out his horny hand for a shake and said:

"Zabed, gol darn your buttons, you're gittin' the real thing, and you orter be the happiest man in Woodchuck county."

Zabed was for about two weeks. Then Deacon Gray, who was a widower and wanted Prudence for his second wife, gave up some information about Zabed. When he had sworn her to the most awful secrecy he confessed that the young man had a live frog in his stomach and would probably go mad within two years and cut the throat of his wife if he had one. The frog had jumped down Zabed's throat one day when he was drinking from the horse pond, and, though thousands of inducements had been held out to him, nothing could prevail upon him to jump out.

Well, where is the young girl, no matter how her heart tunks with love, who is going to marry a young man with a live and growing frog in his stomach? She can't be found. She wasn't found in this case. Prudence Smith cooled off on Zabed Winters, and he went about with his chin in the air and was too proud to ask for an explanation. It was a year before one came. Then a lightning rod man stayed overnight at Smith's, and after supper he got to talking about frogs. Seeing he was posted on the subject, Prudence made bold to ask him if he had ever heard of a frog taking up inside quarters, and he answered that such a thing was absolutely impossible and beyond belief. Zabed Winters had probably swallowed a small fish and the fish might be growing, but if left alone he could in time be fished for and caught. That settled the frog question, and Zabed was invited to come around and make up. He got a hustle on him, and the turtledoves sang soft and low, a new date was appointed, and Farmer Smith stopped chopping wood long enough to extend a hand and say:

"Zabed, you gol durned idiot, don't you know when you've got a good thing? Don't fool around any more."

Zabed didn't want to, but before it had been decided which minister should marry them old Mrs. Snyder struck his trail. She was too old to marry, but not too old to utter a warning for the benefit of a young man who had put in a day hoeing her garden and refused to take pay for it. She told him right straight out that Prudence Smith snored like a steam engine, that she had six toes on her right foot and only four on her left, that she had had St. Vitus' dance when a baby and that it was sure to come back on her some day. It might not be a year after marriage that Zabed would come up from the cornfield some afternoon and find her dancing all around the dooryard and kicking as high as a fence. That settled Zabed. He wanted Prudence, but he didn't want a dancing dervish. More coldness, more strained relations. It was a full year before old Mrs. Snyder was proved a liar, and it took three months longer to make up and set another date. Things had run smoothly to within a fortnight of the date when a tin peddler came along and bought a sheepskin of Zabed and then told him that Prudence Smith was deaf in the right ear, nearsighted in both eyes and would be tongue tied before she was two years older. Zabed hadn't noticed the deafness or blindness, but he believed in tin peddlers and at once grew frigid. Result, another year lost.

Fate was still in the game, however, and when everybody, including the two principals, had made up their minds that there would be no marriage she came loafing around to do her duty. Farmer Smith and his daughter were in the village one day buying calico and brown sugar when Zabed Winters appeared. He had eggs to sell for hickory shirting. The lovers were brought face to face, but they didn't speak. They thought of frogs and St. Vitus' dance and six toed feet and were turning away when Father Smith reached out one hand for his daughter and the other for Zabed and said:

"Say, are you two gol durned idiots?"

"Um!" replied Prudence.

"Um!" replied Zabed.

"If you wasn't you'd come along with me to the preacher and git married and her this turnashun thing settled to once and fur good and all."

Prudence looked at Zabed.

Zabed looked at Prudence.

Then they smiled and edged up nearer each other, and an hour later they were man and wife.