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ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

Directions For Dry Cleaning Delicate Laces—Domestic Gossip.

Delicate or fine old laces may be dry cleaned at home if they have not been allowed to get too soiled by means of breadcrumbs or a mixture of equal parts of flour and magnesia. When using bread, rub the crumbs in with a soft cloth, changing crumbs and cloth directly they look soiled. In the method of using flour and magnesia rub the mixture well in with cloths and allow the lace to stay a few hours before shaking and brushing it. Pull into shape, tack down on a piece of white paper and leave under a weight.

Lace handkerchiefs may be finished successfully on the window pane. Pull into shape and lay on the glass, pressing out every wrinkle. They will dry smooth and ready for use.

Renovating Ostrich Plumes.

The whole secret in renovating feathers is starch, raw, not boiled, as that would act like glue. Take three tablespoonfuls of raw starch to one pint of cold water, into which put the feathers. After they have been washed and rinsed press in a dry cloth with the hands, squeezing as dry as possible, then hang in a draft to dry. When quite dry, shake thoroughly. As the starch flies off in a cloud every flue will rise, and the plume will be just as full and rich as when new. Hang over steam of a boiling kettle. Do not curl near the stem, as it gets too narrow that way. When curling have the forefinger of the left hand parallel with the stem.

To Remove Moles.

Moles must be very carefully touched. They are apt to turn into troublesome sores if tampered with. Mix equal parts of white vaseline and salicylic acid and apply to them at night. In a few days they will become a little sore and in time drop off. If very prominent, tie a bit of white silk thread tightly around close to the face. This takes all nourishment from the mole, and it will dry up and drop off. Do this only one at a time. Be careful not to pick them.

Hair Curling Lotion.

A very nice curling fluid is made of five-eighths of a dram carbonate of potash, a quarter dram powdered cochineal, half dram ammonia water, one ounce glycerin, three-quarters of an ounce rectified spirits, half a pint violet water and two drams violet extract. This should stand a week and then be filtered. The hair must be very clean and dry. Moisten with this lotion and put up on kids or ribbons.

Freckle Remover.

A lotion of one part good Jamaica rum to two parts lemon juice and a little glycerin is one recipe for removing freckles. Another one, which is prepared easily, requires one ounce of alum, one ounce of lemon juice and one pint of rose water. Rose water and lemon juice are excellent for removing tan—one spoonful of lemon juice in a half pint of rose water.

For Swollen Feet.

A bath that quickly relieves tired, swollen feet is to mix half an ounce of powdered alum, an ounce of sea salt and one of borax and put a teaspoonful in a foot tub. Soak the feet a quarter of an hour. Dry, pass a white ribbon under the foot, bring it over the instep and pass around the ankle. This prevents swelling and is a great relief.

Lamp Lighting Machines.

A clever device, it is said, has just been invented in Birmingham, England, that will light street lamps by clockwork. The invention, it is announced, is so nicely adjusted that the gas will be lighted at a different moment each day in the year, according to the varying seasons. Another remarkable feature of this wonderful machine is that while at the proper time it turns on the gas at night, it also turns it off in the morning. When once adjusted the apparatus will do its daily duty through the winding of the clockwork attachment once a week.

Not Guilty.

Teacher—Johnny, don't you know that there is no whispering allowed in school?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am. I wasn't whisperin' aloud.—Detroit Tribune.

TIME.

Its Divisibility and Its Relation to the Speed of the Planets.

Napoleon, who knew the value of time, remarked that it was the quarter hours that won battles. The value of minutes has been often recognized, and any person watching a railway clerk handing out tickets and change during the last few minutes available must have been struck with how much could be done in those short portions of time.

At the appointed hour the train starts and by and by is carrying passengers at the rate of sixty miles an hour. In a second you are carried twenty-nine yards. In one twenty-ninth of a second you pass over one yard. Now, one yard is quite an appreciable distance, but one twenty-ninth of a second is a period which cannot be appreciated.

Yet it is when we come to planetary and stellar motions that the notion of the infinite divisibility of time dawns upon us in a new light.

It would seem that no portion of time, however microscopic, is unavailable. Nature can perform prodigies not certainly in less than no time, but in portions of it so minute as to be altogether inconceivable.

The earth revolves on her axis in twenty-four hours. At the equator her circumference is 25,000 miles; hence in that part of the earth a person is being carried eastward at the rate of 509 yards per second—that is, he is moving over a yard, whose length is conceivable in the period of one five-hundred and-ninth part of a second, of which we can have no conception at all.

But more, the orbital motion of the earth around the sun causes the former to perform a revolution of nearly 600,000,000 miles in a year, or somewhat less than 70,000 miles an hour, which is more than 1,000 miles a minute. Here, then, our second carries us the long distance of about nineteen miles. The mighty ball thus flies about a mile in the nineteenth part of a second.

AIR SICKNESS.

Accidents apart, traveling by aeroplane is calculated in some directions to be a healthy mode of getting about from place to place. The vehicle will rise above the impurities contained in the air of the streets and may even reach a level far removed from the madding crowd of microbes. The aeroplane, it may be assumed, will soar, it need not be at a very great height, yet nevertheless into regions of the air purified by light, ozone and the process of sedimentation. All this sounds ideal; but, on the other hand, there will be a diminution of pressure which may unfavorably affect the heart's action, for the pulse rate increases as the atmospheric pressure is withdrawn. Secretions are diminished, while evaporation from the skin and the lungs is decidedly augmented. At extreme heights there are swellings of the veins and bleeding from the nose, and there is a sense of being unable to use the legs and arms. The distressing symptoms of mountain sickness may even be simulated during a journey in an aeroplane. Doubtless, however, all these evils could be avoided by keeping the aeroplane at the proper level.—London Lancet.

A Puzzler.



First Diner Out—I shay, ole chap, d'you know Wilson? Second Diner Out—No. Whatsh ish name? First Diner Out—I dunno.—Tatler.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Story of a Suburbanite Who Forgot What He Forgot.

"Wait a minute," said the suburbanite. "I've forgotten something." "What?" asked the man who was generally his running mate. "I forgot what I've forgotten." "That's plain enough." "Too bad I can't remember it." "My dear fellow, can't you see how impossible it is to remember what we forget or what we've forgotten?"

"That's all right, but what'll my wife say when I tell her I forgot to get what she told me to? And she'll be still sorer if I tell her I didn't forget to get it, but that I had forgotten what I was to get. I can't tell her I knew I had forgotten to get what I had forgotten, but that I remembered I forgot, can I? She'll tell me I should have forgotten to forget it."

"Oh, come on! Forget it."

"You mean I should forget that I forgot what I had forgotten."

But just then the car came along, and as he took his seat near the stove he remarked to his neighbor, "I remember now."

"Remember what?"

"I remember what I've forgotten."

"Look at the impossibility of that proposition. How can you remember what you have forgotten any more than you can forget what you remember?"

"But I do remember. It was coffee. Can't you see how I've forgotten what I remember? And I remember what I had forgotten I had forgotten."—Chicago Journal.

Jilted.



Mag—Billy, I regrets ter say dat our engagement has got ter be broke off.

Billy—Wot's de trouble now?

Mag—Me ma won't leave me wear yer ring no more, 'cos it makes me finger black.—Leslie's Weekly.

Sarcasm.

"Shorry I'm so late, m'dear," began Dingle apologetically, "but shome fresh jokers stopped me an' wouldn't lemme go!"

"Indeed!" interrupted his wife. "Why didn't you take the brick out of your hat and hit them with it?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

How He Won Her.

"The man I marry," said the girl in the parlor scene, "must be but a little lower than the angels."

"Well, what's the matter with me?" queried the young man as he dropped on his knees at her feet. "You see, I'm a little lower than one of them."—Houston Post.

R assuring Him.

Cholly—Doctor, tell me the worst. Am I suffering from a brain storm?

His Physician—Calm yourself, my dear fellow. You have some of the symptoms, but the conditions are totally lacking.—Boston Transcript.

Infallible Sign.

"That man," said the great detective, "is evidently a genius."

"Why do you think so?" queried the ordinary person.

"The fringe is beginning to form on the bottom of his trousers," explained the G. D.—Chicago News.

Cutting Up.

"Archibald is so delightfully eccentric," confessed the pretty girl, blushing deeply. "Why, after he had been calling for some time he used to cut a little notch in the old sofa every time he kissed me. Then at the end of each month I used to count them."

"And you count them now?" asked her chum.

"Oh, dear, no! There—there isn't any sofa."—Chicago News.

THE RUBY'S SECRET.

From Berlin the news is cabled that a chemist there has just discovered how to manufacture rubies so perfectly that it is impossible to distinguish them from natural ones. The chief material used is said to be thermite, which is composed largely of aluminium. How to make rubies, however—stones that not only look like rubies, but which, when subjected to chemical analysis, actually respond with all the constituents of the real ruby—was actually discovered some little time ago, and the manufacture has already become an industry in Paris.

The French maker begins with a solution of common alum, to which a trace of chrome alum is added as the ultimate coloring constituent. Ammonia is added, and there results a gelatinous precipitate of the hydrates of aluminium and chrome.

Secret of Happiness.

We each of us possess within ourselves the true source of happiness. Enjoyment is contained in our imagination, not in the book we read; in our appreciation of beauty, not in the picture; our musical culture, not in the instrument played. Our enjoyment of nature does not depend upon the charm of our surroundings, but upon ourselves. Some men will find more joy in the prairie than others in the Alps; some more joy in the desert than others in the flowers and forests of fertile lands. Is it the rich, the powerful, the popular that obtain the greatest happiness? We look about us and we know that this is not true, though we act as if it were. Blessed are the poor in spirit. This we know is true, though we act as if it were not. No one is truly happy who has not happiness as a well of water springing up within himself into everlasting life.

CONDENSED STORIES.

When Senator Foraker's Courtesy Was Tried to the Limit.

Senator Joseph Benson Foraker of Ohio, who is very much in the limelight just now, is noted for his courteous treatment of newspaper men. He is particularly kind to young reporters and often puts himself out to assist them in obtaining material for "copy." Out at the Republican national convention at St. Louis in 1896, however, the senior Ohio senator had his patience sorely tried by an unusually raw reporter.

The senator and the members of his party reached the Mound City late at night and went to their rooms immediately upon their arrival at the hotel. They were all hot, dirty and tired and consequently not in the best of humor, but nevertheless Mr. Foraker consented to receive a reporter who sent up his

A John D. Rockefeller Yarn.

Mr. Rockefeller is something of a dialect expert, and some of the stories he regaled us with were of the Hibernian, German and southern type, writes Victor A. Watson in the New York American. One of the former was:

"An old lady went to a haberdashery and called for a 'cravat' (cravat). The clerk said he thought she meant a 'cakie' and directed her to the next counter.

"'Oi want a cravat for me husband,' said she to the second clerk.

"'Don't you mean a necktie?'

"'Sure, an' t'—a phwat Oi sed.'

"'Well, I'll recommend this beautiful green one for you. Your husband will like it.'

"'Sure, an' me husband will have no choice i' th' matter. He's a corpse.'

Before Longfellow Died.

The breeziest reminiscence of Longfellow is this extract from one of the poet's letters which his grandson has been reading in public:

"As I was standing at my front door this morning a lady in black came up and asked, 'Is this the house where Longfellow was born?'

"'No, he was not born here.'

"'Did he die here?'

"'Not yet.'

"'Are you Longfellow?'

"'I am.'

"'I thought you died two years ago!'"—Boston Herald.

Modern Forestry.

One of the curiosities of modern forestry is the care of beautiful old shade trees. The amputation of diseased or dead limbs is as carefully performed to prevent further decay from the elements as in surgical operations on human beings. Decaying cavities are cleaned and filled with a preserving cement, as is done by the modern dentist. And the latest advance is to build a tin roof along the upper surface of wide spreading branches, where little hollows might hold dampness and promote decay. Some handsome patriarchs well deserve it.

The Deepest Gold Mine.

Australia now possesses the deepest gold mine in the world. The shafts at the New Chum railway at Bendigo, Victoria, have been sunk to a depth of over 4,300 feet, and the quartz there tapped has been sampled and crushed, with the result that a yield of gold equal to an ounce per ton has been obtained.

The operations in the mine have been tested by government officials in view of the fact that never before in the world's history has gold been obtained from so low a depth as three quarters of a mile.

Patience—That painting doesn't look like one of the old masters.

Patrice—No, it's not. The artist belongs to the new school of simplified painters.—Yonkers Statesman.

To Get Rid of Cockroaches.

A housekeeper who was recommended to try cucumber peeling as a remedy for cockroaches strewed the floor with pieces of the peel, cut not very thin, and watched the sequel. The pests covered the peel within a short time so that it could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. The second night that this was tried the number of cockroaches was reduced to a quarter, and none was left alive on the third night.



"WHO IS HALSTEAD?"

card. A very young man appeared, who immediately produced a formidable looking notebook and pencil.

"You are from Ohio?" he said briskly. Mr. Foraker admitted the charge.

"Your name, please." Then, upon being told, he added, "How do you spell it?"

The Ohio senator smiled a weary smile, but patiently spelled out his name.

"Mr. Foraker," said the scribe, "who is Ohio's candidate for vice president?"

"Young man," was the reply, "Ohio has no candidate for vice president. We have a candidate for president, William McKinley by name, and we expect to see him nominated. The constitution, you know, says that the president and vice president must not be from the same state."

"Oh."

"I will give you the names of the members of our party," Mr. Foraker resumed wearily.

"Charles Emory Smith."