

Jasper Weekly Courier.

VOL. 51.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1908.

No. 9.

Grim Humor.



Don't Speak to Your Horse.

Caress must promptly reward performance and the voice be never used—the horse does not understand your words, and if you are angry your tones will only further disconcert him—while if you are eternally talking to him you simply render him careless and inattentive. Caress the spot you have just addressed nor think that he understands a pat on the neck as reward for something he has just done with his hind quarters. Go direct to the spot, and where two parts have been addressed caress them both, as in back, the hind quarters and the sides where the legs came, etc.—and do the same thing in biting. Do not pat the neck if you asked him to yield his jaw. "Don't reward your daughter for your son's successful geography lesson"—that is the idea in a nutshell.—From "Directing the Saddle Horse," by F. M. Ware, in *Outing Magazine*.

Taking No Chances.



Young Wife (who has cooked the dinner for the first time)—Whatever will my husband say when he sees that I have quite spoiled the joint? Come, Anna, we will toss who shall take it in to him.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

His Limitation.



"Your friend D'Auber is an artist, isn't he?"

"Yes, that fellow can draw anything."

"Indeed! I have heard it said that he hasn't drawn a sober breath for years."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Division of Labor.



"Excuse me, my good man, but are you sure you know the difference between edible mushrooms and poison ones?"

"Oh, that's nothing to me! I don't eat 'em; I sell 'em!"—*Souire*.

To the Point.



Percy Bore—Love you? Why, girl, I love you from the word "go."

Miss Sharp—Then please go.

CONDENSED STORIES.

A Young Minister's Verbose Brings Pointed Reproach.

When the Rev. J. B. Gould, D. D., was pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church in Bangor, Me., he accepted an invitation to deliver an address at some sort of an evening gathering in Brewer, just across the Penobscot river.

A young minister was invited to make a few introductory remarks,

and do the same thing in biting.

Do not pat the neck if you asked him to yield his jaw.

"Don't reward your daughter for your son's

successful geography lesson"—that

is the idea in a nutshell.—From

"Directing the Saddle Horse," by

F. M. Ware, in *Outing Magazine*.

Corruption of Names.

The name of Applecross, the old Ross-shire seat of the Mackenzies, is a modern corruption of Abercrosan, meaning "at the mouth of the Crosan," the little river which there flows into the Atlantic. The names of many places in Scotland have undergone changes as curious and confusing. The thousands of travelers who weekly alight at the fine station of St. Enoch, in Glasgow (called after the neighboring church), no doubt identify the name in some vague way with the patriarch Enoch, mentioned in an early chapter of Genesis. It is really a corrupted form of St. Thenog, or Thenaw, who was the mother of Kentigern, Glasgow's first bishop and patron saint and who is the subject of as quaint a legend as any to be found in mediæval sacred history.—*Modern Society*.

Paid Back.

A man at a hotel in a loud tone of voice called his friend back just as he was leaving the dining room and then whispered to him, "How far would you have got if I hadn't called you back?"

The other, straightening himself up, replied in a tone loud enough for all to hear: "No, sir; I won't lend you £5. I haven't got it on me, and if I had I wouldn't let you have it until you have paid me what you borrowed two months ago."

His friend will never call him back in a public dining room again.—*London Express*.

A Fish Scale.

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 pregnant with meaning. It revealed in every sentence its author's character. Brief and full and illuminating, it reminded me of the beautiful young lady who murmured to herself one afternoon as she paused uncertainly on a street corner:

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

The Mark.

Eva—Yes, Harold Hatband brings Ethel violets at \$2 a dozen and candy at \$5 a box.

Edna—Gracious! I suppose that is a mark of affection?

Eva—Yes, an easy mark of affection.—*Boston Transcript*.

A Favorite at Court.

At the reception today his majesty honored me by graciously singling me out to speak to me in person! His majesty tapped me on the cheek and said, "Are you here, too, you old numskull?" You can imagine, Adelheid, how envious all the others were!—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

An Easy Task.

In his day Herr Lauterstein had been a busy instructor of many music students. Promptness and economy were two of his watchwords. Now that he had grown old and taught but sparingly his habit of speech often caused a stammer.

"What time shall I come for my lesson tomorrow?" asked one of his few pupils.

"You come when you get ready," said the music master. "But be prompt, so as not to waste my time nor your own. Understand?"

Not Lost.

A bus conductor was shouting "This way for Olloway! Olloway!" when a would be witty jester on the pavement called out: "Stop, conductor! You've dropped one of your 'itis'." There was a titter inside and outside the bus, but the conductor quickly retorted, with a broad grin: "Never mind, sir. I'll pick it up again when we get to the Hangel"—London Answers.

Going Him One Better.

Chatty Old Gentleman (as they pass the asylum)—We get an excellent view of the asylum from the railway. Escaped Lunatic—Ah, but yo' ought to see the railway from the asylum—Sketch.

Chatty Old Gentleman (as they pass the asylum)—We get an excellent view of the asylum from the railway.

Escaped Lunatic—Ah, but yo' ought to see the railway from the asylum—Sketch.

Reassuring 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*.

Real Need for Hurry.

A Gentleman with the Bonnet Box—Don't stop me, old chap! Don't stop me! I've got a new hat for my wife in here, and if I'm not quick it'll be out of fashion before she's worn it!—Drawn by H. M. Bateman in Sketch.

Most men and many women, for that matter, carry watches. To nearly all who use them they are a necessity and not a luxury. The business of hundreds of thousands of persons compels them to buy watches. All such will be interested in the following from the St. Louis Republic:

The consignment of watches received at headquarters of the Democratic congressional campaign committee in Washington will be an instructive object lesson in the methods by which the American consumer is robbed under the benign protection of the Dingley act.

These watches were made in the United States, but they were not bought in this country. They were bought in Europe at \$7.98 each, whereas the lowest price at which the watch trust would sell them to American dealers is \$10.58 apiece. The difference is \$2.60 on each watch.

The Dingley tariff, therefore, enables the watch trust to charge the American dealers exactly one-third more for the watches it makes than it is willing to take for the same articles in countries where the tariff does not give it the power to levy tribute upon people who want to know the time of day.

"By the time the retailer's profit is counted in, this tribute of \$2.60 amounts to \$3.50 or \$4 on each watch of this grade carried in an American pocket. It is paid by railroad conductors, engineers and other train hands, by railroad station agents and telegraphers, by streetcar conductors and motormen and by hundreds of thousands of others whose business requires them to carry a serviceable but not too costly timepiece."

"I jes' tell you Massa Rawson has a pow'ful control ob language," said one old plantation negro thoughtfully on his return from a neighborhood call. "I 'spect to learn something every time I hear him talk. He was stellin' Major Williams 'bout his wife being tooken 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'posin' 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 ain't gwine forget it!"—*Youth's Companion*.

WONDERFUL MOVING VINE.

One of the Most Interesting of Ant Phenomena on Record.

Near the bank of the Guadalupe river I saw something green upon the ground and, hurrying forward, found a lovely vine with leaves smaller than those of the similar, of a pale, tender green. The vine had its root about five feet from the trunk of a towering cottonwood tree and spread out on the ground four or five inches wide, becoming a little narrower as it approached the tree. I could see no stems or tendrils, so thick was the growth, and as I drew close to the tree I saw that the vine branched just above the ground and went climbing up the great trunk and the branches. It grew more and more slender until far up I could distinguish only a threadlike line of green.

As I stood intently watching the delicate, graceful vine, I became aware that it was pervaded by a curious, tremulous motion. Then I saw that the individual leaves were not stationary. Picking up a twig from the ground, I touched one of the leaves and found to my amazement that there was a brown ant under it about as long as my little finger nail. Each leaf was held in the mandibles of an ant in such a way as to conceal the body of the insect, and the ants were coming down the tree. The discovery came upon me with a shock. I had stumbled on a nest of umbrella ants. Books had told me that such ants were found in the tropics, where they carried bits of leaves over their heads as if to protect themselves from the sun. But here, on the banks of a Texas river, I had found a colony of them, shading themselves where there was no sun and completely hidden by their covering of green.

Charmed at the sight, I turned back to call my companions, who were fishing in the river. Within a few yards I met my husband coming to look for me. He was even more excited over the phenomenon than I was and shouted for the others to come quickly. On investigation we found that the spot where the vine seemed to have its root was really the opening of the ant nest. The tiny creatures had by some instinct learned that the topmost branches of the cottonwood had put out their first small leaves. They had climbed the immense distance and had cut off and brought down their leaves—to feed their young ones, we supposed. The ants which issued empty jawed from the nest made a long circuit to the farther side of the tree and climbed up where they would not interfere with the leaf bearing thousands coming down.—*St. Nicholas*.

A Lively Chit.

The old time darky 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 jes' tell you Massa Rawson has a pow'ful control ob language," said one old plantation negro thoughtfully on his return from a neighborhood call. "I 'spect to learn something every time I hear him talk. He was stellin' Major Williams 'bout his wife being tooken 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'posin' 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 ain't gwine forget it!"—*Youth's Companion*.

Not Born There.

A Washington man, whose business had brought him to New York, took a run not long ago into Connecticut, where he had lived in his childhood.

In the place where he was born he accosted a venerable old chap of some eighty years, who proved to be the very person the Washingtonian sought to answer certain inquiries concerning the place. As the conversation proceeded the Washington man said:

"I suppose you have always lived around here."

"Oh, no," said the native; "I was born two good miles from here."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*.



Wife—Oh, William, why are you so late? I have been so frightened.

William (who has been to his club)—Terrible business, m'dear.

Wife—Wouldn't it keep till tomorrow?

William—No, love, not after corksh draw.

He playfully he grabbed him
And sat him in the chair,
And Tommy, howling fiercely,
Leaped right in the air.

Then, coming down not gently,
Still feeling that pin prick,
He said in mournful language,
"Grandpa, 'twas a mean trick!"

Then dear old loving grandpa

Said, "I only wished to test

That very ancient saying,

"He that laughs last laughs best."—*Washington Post*

At the reception today his majesty honored me by graciously singling me out to speak to me in person! His majesty tapped me on the cheek and said, "Are you here, too, you old numskull?" You can imagine, Adelheid, how envious all the others were!—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

At the reception today his majesty honored me by graciously singling me out to speak to me in person! His majesty tapped me on the cheek and said, "Are you here, too, you old numskull?" You can imagine, Adelheid, how envious all the others were!—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

First Diner Out—I shay, ole chap, you know Wilshon?

Second Diner Out—No. Whatsh is name?

First Diner Out—I dunno.—Tatler.

The Coming Scene.

At the reception today his majesty honored me by graciously singling me out to speak to me in person! His majesty tapped me on the cheek and said, "Are you here, too, you old numskull?" You can imagine, Adelheid, how envious all the others were!—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

Woman's Home Companion.

Mrs. Newlywed—Now that we are married I don't mind telling you that several times I was on the point of breaking off the engagement.

Mr. Newlywed (gloomily)—Well, I don't suppose it can be helped now.—*Philadelphia Press*