

## WEEKLY COURIER

BEN ED. DOANE, Publisher.

JASPER, INDIANA.

The science of navigating the air is of slow growth. It is a century old and still in its infancy.

The colleges of the country turn out 14,000 new lawyers every year, but then the trust demand is also big.

The Clyde shipbuilding yards produced 500 vessels during 1907, as compared with 372 the previous year.

Fewer men would be struggling for a "principle" in politics if they had no interest in a job with salary attachment.

There are few chances of becoming a hero nowadays unless you get into the fire department, or marry a chorus lady.

The four Singer children of Pittsburgh divided \$16,000,000 among them the other day. For this quartet life is a song.

An observer who thinks he has counted 40,000 varieties of the common fly probably enumerated the same fly several times.

The largest and heaviest battleship ever planned has just been launched for Great Britain. It must be about Germany's turn next.

It's all right for Peary to want to find the South pole, but everybody would be entirely satisfied with him if he only found the North.

What has become of that new hookless waist that fastens itself up the back when a chain is pulled? We'd like to see how it works.

You may have observed that an office-seeker is a man who shakes the voter's hand before the election and shakes the voter afterward.

Architects and engineers say there is no reason why buildings 200 stories in height are impossible. What insurance company will be the first to beautify the sky line with a 200-story building?

The President wants Congress to increase the standing army to 100,000. There is certainly standing room in the country for a larger army, just as there is water enough to accommodate a larger navy.

Many of the Japanese porcelain factories, it is said, are not paying expenses, and production has been reduced by 30 to 40 per cent. In Tsu-Maki-Mura 28 of the 80 porcelain factories have suspended.

Fez, where Mulai-Hafid is reported to have been making hay of electric light fittings and everything else that has the taint of Europe, has given its name to the familiar Turkish equivalent of a hat. At one time all fezzes came from Fez.

The women's citizen committee of Newport, Del., are renewing their activities in behalf of better sanitation for their town. In 1899 and 1900 these women raised a fund to put the town in a sanitary condition. Now they find that the men have failed to keep the town in proper shape, so they have started work again.

This is about the first summer that we have not had a world's fair somewhere, but we do not seem to miss it. Nobody, so far as we know, is rising up and shouting in a loud, insistent voice: "Give us a world's fair or give us death!" As a people we may not be easily satisfied, but we do appear to know when we have had enough world's fairs.

Asks the Detroit Free Press: How much work America has ahead in its campaign against tuberculosis is indicated in the annual report of the Census Bureau, which has just published its figures for 1906. The death rate from this disease is shown by a compilation of fairly complete statistics to have reached a total in that year of 75,512. Of this number 65,341 or 86.5 per cent, died from tuberculosis of the lungs.

Even the old countries like France are not exempt from the abandoned farm problem, laments the American Cultivator. A writer who has been traveling through the pine forests and rough farming country of the Auvergne region was impressed by the large number of farm houses that were not occupied. The region appears to be much like the hilly sections of Northern New England, and no doubt the land has been abandoned to forest growth for similar reasons in both instances. The soil is rather thin and too rough for successful working by machinery. Accordingly, many of the farmers emigrated or obtained work in the cities. Of late, however, the French farmers of this section note a returning tendency on the part of their former neighbors, many of whom were dissatisfied with their city experience, and find the farms more attractive than formerly because of the higher price of farm products in recent years.

### The Difference.

"Well," said the optimistic boarder, "there's one thing about our boarding house—you can eat as much as you like there."

"Of course, same as ours," replied the pessimistic one. "You can eat as much as you like, but there's never anything you could possibly like."—Philadelphia Press.

### The Title.

Judge—What is the title of your divorce bill?

Lawyer—A marquis, your honor.—Detroit Free Press.

### The Vehicle of Uncertainty.

"Where shall we go for our wedding journey, dearest?"

He hesitated.

"Let's leave it to fate, darling."

"Good," she cried. "We'll start without knowing where we are going to stop."

So they went in a balloon.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Coats of Arms.

The use of coats of arms as a badge for different families did not come into practice till the twelfth century. The Germans are said to have originated it, while the French developed the science.

### PERFECT HEALTH

#### After Years of Backache, Dizziness and Kidney Disorders.

Mrs. R. C. Richmond, of Northwood, Iowa, says: "For years I was a martyr to kidney trouble, backache, dizzy spells, headaches and a terrible bearing down pain. I used one remedy after another without benefit. Finally I used a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and the backache ceased. Encouraged, I kept on and by the time I had used three boxes not a sign of the trouble remained. My health is perfect."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### A Picture Romance.

It is said that one of the most beautiful ladies in French society today was first revealed to her husband on the walls of the salon. It was while visiting the salon in 1878 that the youthful Marquis de C. was struck by the childish beauty of a young girl, one of the prominent figures in a picture of a village fete. Her tumbled golden locks, her dancing blue eyes and the freshness and graceful abandon of her figure so fascinated him that he sought out the artist and learned from him that the "little witch" was the daughter of a poor peasant near Avranches, where the picture was painted. To seek out the peasant and to make the acquaintance of his fascinating daughter, child of nine summers, was soon accomplished, and the marquis lost his heart even more completely to the real than to the pictured maid. With the father's approval he had the girl educated at one of the best schools in Paris, and nine years later, on her eighteenth birthday, the maid of the village fete blossomed into the still more lovely Marquise de C.

### An Interesting Book.

A French marquise whose country house is crowded with guests during the hunting season hit upon the original idea of placing a register at the disposal of her visitors in which to record their desires and criticisms. The pages of the richly bound book soon began to be covered with notes such as:

"Count de R. still owes 25 louis. He knows to whom."

"The green peas yesterday were burned."

"Baroness M. flirts—unfortunately not with me."

The marquise has withdrawn the register.

### Always Capsizing.

Rodrick—Jibb's yacht capsized again. Why, it must be topheavy. What's it called?

Van Albert—Cupid.

Rodrick—Cupid, eh? Well, he ought to call it Lovers' Quarrel.

Van Albert—Why so?

Rodrick—Because it soon blows over.—Town Topics.

### EAGER TO WORK.

#### Health Regained by Right Food.

The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.

But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Mich. lady, my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble.

"At times my appetite was voracious, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me and I grew weaker than ever."

"I lost interest in everything and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the merest trifle would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercise was out of the question."

"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but did not believe what I read, at the time. At last when it seemed as if I were literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts."

"I had not been able to work for a year, but now after two months on Grape-Nuts I am eager to be at work again. My stomach gives me no trouble now, my nerves are steady as ever, and interest in life and ambition have come back with the return to health."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellness," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## Brannigan's Courtship

### THE ICE MAN'S ROMANCE

Brannigan carried ice for the Sylvan Springs Ice Company. He was a goodly young fellow, standing six feet one in his stockings, with a countenance deeply bronzed by weather out of which his wide, blue eyes laughed unceasingly. His flannel shirt, open a little at the base of the strong, round throat and his broad felt hat, indented with a veritable "Denver poke," gave him a cowboy effect. He was perfectly cognizant of this and traded on it with the maids at the various houses on his beat, before whom he swaggered not a little, dropping hints of a western past, strewn with Indian scalps.

"And was you ever there, now, Mr. Brannigan?" one of them once asked him, and he answered ambiguously:

"Aw, an' if I hadn't a been how would I get the wond' on me crown?"

"What wond' on your crown?" Go on!"

"I'll show it ye if y'all step over here."

Brannigan bent his burnished curls and pretty Nora stretched on tiptoe to meet them. But just as the two heads reached one level the hero lifted his own quickly and kissed the fresh-colored face that looked so intently at him.

"Sure, the situation was that con-

vaynent I couldn't help it," he urged, fleeing to the door with smart cuff ringing in his ears. Brannigan called this sort of thing "Passing the time."

It is only fair to add that he passed it in no worse ways. But he was to learn that there was a type of womanhood demanding more differential approach.

The first time he saw Alma was on a hot afternoon in August, when she had just come down from Nova Scotia and was feeling the atmosphere of the south end oppressive. Her mother, who kept a boarding house, and had combined with that responsibility the care of a shiftless second husband and his two small boys, had written to Halifax that Alma was needed; and Alma, who had a good place there, had dutifully responded to the maternal summons. She was a slender, dark-haired girl, with a delicate complexion, and slim, ladylike hands.

Brannigan, swinging in with his huge ice-block, took a swift, appreciative look at her, dumped the ice in its receptacle, and stopped on the return swing for conversation.

"It's a warm day!"

"Dreadful," said Alma, listlessly.

"I didn't see ye before?"

"No, I've just come."

"You'll not stay here; the old lady can't kape no gyur'l more than a week; 'tis a hole or place!"

Alma looked gravely at him, and he wondered, until she said:

"I'm Mrs. Brown's daughter from Halifax."

Brannigan went away at that, suddenly speechless.

He saw her nearly every day after, but did not seem to make much headway. A packet of chewing gum, which had appealed to him a graceful attention suitable from any gentleman to any lady, was received with disappointing coldness.

"It's very kind of you," she said.

"But I never use it. Mrs. Dalby, where I lived in Halifax, thought it was common."

But Brannigan was hard to snub.

Like Antaeus, he rose the lustier for he was.

One afternoon a strange man came with the ice.

"Tim Brannigan's hurt," he explained. It appeared that Brannigan had been at a fire and, rushing out of the burning tenement with a forgotten baby, had fallen and broken his leg. He was in the city hospital.

The next day Alma dressed herself with care in the blue gown Brannigan liked and outspreading ribbons and started for the hospital. The boys saw her before she gained the corner and screamed impertinences after her, but she never turned her head.

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It was, fortunately, a visiting day.

When Brannigan saw Alma enter the ward his face was irradiated with joy. He wanted to jump up and run to meet her. And yet, when she reached the bedside, he was lying very still, with closed eyes—or with eyes that seemed to be closed.

Alma freed herself with a quickness that threw him on the defensive. In his experience, where there was no response in kind, there were active reprisals. He stepped back to avoid the expected slap, but the girl made no sort of demonstration. She simply stood there with a white face and looked unutterable reproach.

Tactics of so novel a kind were disconcerting. Brannigan's bronzed cheek flamed and the laugh died out of his eyes.

"Say, I'm right sorry!" he murmured; "I never thought but y'all'd like it! The gyur'l mostly does, an' 'tis no harm at all."

"I'm not that kind," said Alma, sternly.

Brannigan was already convinced of this. He regarded her sheepishly and ran his hand through his jungle of sunny curly hair.

"I'm mighty sorry," he repeated, and, as Alma showed no signs of relenting, went dejectedly to the door.

"Twas sweet, what I got of it," he mused, "an' 'tis bad luck I'll get no more! She's not that kind, it's true over—Town Topics.

### Explaining It.

The tortoise had won the race.

"I didn't half try," said the hare, with a yawn. "What's the use? We're not allowed to bet on the races now, anyway."

From which it is apparent that the real facts in the case were suppressed, through fear that they might have some effect on the New York campaign.—Chicago Tribune.

### Mathematics.

Knicker—Did he study higher mathematics?

Knicker—Yes, but he didn't get as far as the doubtful column.—New York Sun.

Practical pity for men is the best kind of pity toward God.

farewell salute with interest and held the girl close in a clasp of astonishing vigor.

"Oh, my! Mr. Brannigan, aren't you ashamed? And me thinking you that ill!" gasped Alma.

But he only laughed in a shameless way.

"I never told ye there was anything wrong wid me arms!" he cried. "An' I was just suffering for a kiss, dear! Ye never let me have one till now!" (He repaid himself for the deprivation.)

"Ah, Alma, darlin', say ye'll go to the priest wid me when I'm out o' here! I've a tidy bit in the bank, an' never a soul dependin' on me, an' I'd make ye so happy ye'd not know yerself."

He became aware of the severely disapproving regard of a middle-aged nurse on the other side of the bed and let Alma go. Then he winked with glad effrontry at the intruder.

"Tis all right!" he assured her.

"Kissin' ain't agin the rules whin it's a man's own gyur'l he's goin' to marry—is it, now