

Jasper Weekly Courier.

VOL. 51.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1908.

No. 14

Riches Take Wings.

A Christmas Story With An Unusual Ending.

He was a fine looking fellow. In his hands he carried three large bodied, though none too plump turkeys, and the big calico sign behind him with its legend, "Turkey Raffle Within," gave a pretty good inkling of how he came by his burden.

"Turkeys enough here to last a week," he soliloquized as he swayed to and fro on the edge of the sidewalk. "Guess that turkey they've got at home lays over all these but then turkey is a thing you can't have too much of."

Just then a man approached him from the shadows—a man with a gaunt look and a coat that would fail to attract the attention of a rag gatherer. It was the usual request for a little assistance.

"I guess they took all my spare change inside, parson. Just hold this 'turk' while I look."

He found a quarter and handed it to the beggar, who started to move away, but an idea seemed to strike the young fellow and he called the man back.

"Was that dad straight about your having children at home and nothing to eat?"

"It's true sir, so help me God."

"Then take this turkey."

A block farther up an old woman crouched in the lee of a high board fence grinding out some melancholy tune on a wheezy hand organ. Without a word the young fellow approached her and dropped one of the remaining turkeys in her lap.

"I'm a trifle short on poultry," he said, with a merry chuckle, as he hopped aboard his street car.

On the opposite seat of the dummy sat an urchin, red eyed and sobbing.

"What's the matter?" asked the turkey dispenser of the gripman.

You see the kid's mother is a poor woman living out near the park, and she sent him down town to buy a cheap turkey for their Christmas dinner. Well, he got it right enough, but some thief snatched it from him at the corner of Seventh street. That's what's the trouble."

"Say, take this home to your mother," said the man who had been to a raffle, as he flung the bird across the car and came near knocking off the gripman's cap in doing so.

In the morning some one knocked at his bedroom door.

"What's the matter?"

"Matter enough. Somebody got into the larder during the night and stole our turkey."

The man in bed laughed so loud that his sister, who had called him, pronounced him an idiot.

"Say, sis."

"Hello."

"Doesn't the Bible say something about casting your bread upon the waters and having it come back again?"

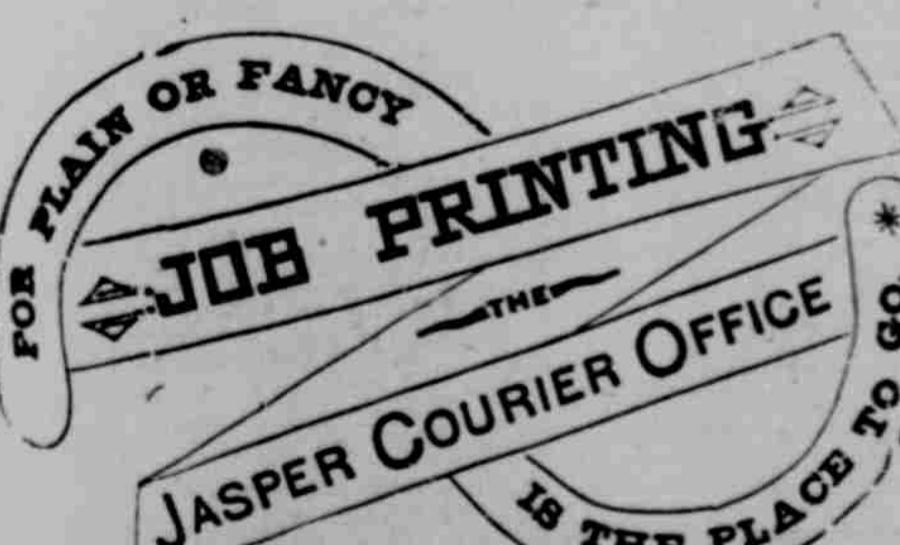
"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing—only it don't work with turkey. But we can get along without one for Christmas. Why, we could have a bird every day in the year if we wanted one."

You Don't Need A Town Crier!



to emphasize the merits of your business or announce your special sales. A straight story, told in a straight way to the readers of this paper will quickly reach the ears of the thoughtful, intelligent buying public, the people who have the money in their pockets, and the people who listen to reason and not noise. Our books, will show you a list of the kind of people you appeal to. Call and see them at this office.



The Christmas Stocking.

A Parody by FRANK J. BONNELL.

How dear to this heart is the stocking of childhood when fond recollection presents it to view! On Christmas St. Nick came from frost whitened wildwood with every loved toy which my infancy knew. The wide spreading chimney, the sled which stood by it, a horse and some books—remember them all—a doll for my sister, and baby house nigh it, and then the full stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the bountiful stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! The well stuffed envelope I hailed as a treasure as early that morning I opened my eyes and found there the source of an exquisite pleasure, the purest and sweetest that nature supplies. How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing and back to my white sheeted bed went with all, then soon, with the emblems of love overflowing, was happy in what to my lot did befall—the Santa Claus stocking, the generous stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! How sweet though its round open to explore it as poised on my knee it inclined to my view! Not a hot, tempting breakfast could make me ignore it for longer at most than a minute or two. And now far removed from the loved situation, the tear of regret will intrusively fall as fancy reverts to my youth's habitation and sighs o'er the stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the plethoric stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! But grown people find there's a later sensation as grateful as any they felt long ago. It comes when they witness the glad exultation which on Xmas morn their own offspring show. And now, dear Santa Claus, let me petition your favor for children, both large ones and small. Bring all the bright hopes to the fullest fruition that rests in each stocking which hangs on the wall—the wealthy child's stocking, the poor urchin's stocking; yes, fill every stocking which hangs on the wall!

Stolen from the Manchester News. It is Kinder bum, but it looked good to us for about a minute.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

The following appeared in the Newcastle Chronicle of Jan. 6, 1770: "Monday last was brought from Howick to Berwick to be shipped for Sir Hen. Grey bart., a pie the contents whereof are as follows—viz., 2 bushels of flour, 20 lbs of butter, 4 geese, 2 turkeys, 2 rabbits, 4 wild ducks, 2 woodcocks, 6 snipes and 4 partridges; 2 neat's tongues, 2 curlews, 7 blackbirds and 6 pigeons. It is supposed a very great curiosity was made by Mrs. Dorothy Patterson housekeeper at Howick. It was near 9 feet in circumference at bottom, weighs about 12 stones, will take two men to present it to table; it is neatly fitted with a case and four small wheels to facilitate its use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents at table." Thus it is no wonder George Withers sang so merrily:

So now come our joyful feast
Let every man be joyful.
Each room with ivy leaves is fit
And every post with boughs.
Though some churlish at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

The Last Camp-Fire

SHARLOT M. HALL, IN OUT WEST

Scar not earth's breast that I may have
Somewhere above her heart a grave;
Mine was a life whose swift desire
Bent ever less to dust than fire;
Then through the swift, white path of flame
Send back my soul to whence it came;
From some great peak, storm-challenging,
My death-fire to the heavens fling;
The rocks my altar, and above
The still eyes of the stars I love;
No hymn, save as the midnight's wind
Comes whispering to seek his kind.

To be, if nature will, at length
Part of some great tree's noble stem;
Growth of the grass; to live and die
In many a wild flower's richer hue;
Find immortality indeed
In ripened heart of fruit and seed.
Time grants not any man redress
Of his broad law, forgetfulness—
I parley not with shaft and stone,
Content that in the perfume blown
From next year's hillsides something sweet,
And mine, shall make earth more complete,

What Attracted the Attention of the Solemn Faced Man.

One of our southern salesmen brought home the following from his last trip:

The proprietor of a tanyard built a stand on one of the main streets of a Virginia town for the purpose of selling leather and buying new hides.

When he had completed the building, he considered for a long time what sort of a sign to put up to attract attention to the new establishment. Finally a happy thought struck him.

He bored an auger hole through the doorpost and stuck a calf's tail into it with the tufted end outside.

After awhile he saw a solemn faced man standing near the door looking at the sign. The tanner watched him a minute and then stepped out and addressed him.

"Good morning, sir!" he said.

"Morning!" said the other, without taking his eyes off the sign.

"Want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.

"No."

"Got any hides to sell?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Merchant?"

"No."

"Lawyer?"

"No."

"Doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I am a philosopher. I've been standing here for an hour trying to figure out how that calf got through that auger hole."—Boot Strap.

Necessary Then.

"It ain't true," said the milkman, "that we always put chalk in our milk."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Mrs. Houskeep, "that you never do it?"

"Well—er—never except after a heavy rain when the water gets brown and muddy."—Ohio State Journal.

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

Billy—Wot's de trouble now?

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

Sarcasm.

"Shorry I'm sho 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.

"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!"—Sourire.

Buckwheat Cakes.

There is nothing on the dining room table and nothing that could be placed there that is so great and formidable an enemy to the human face as buckwheat cakes. They are sure to make the complexion yellow and covered with eruptions. Don't insult your face by putting buckwheat cakes into it. They head the entire list of complexion destroyers.

Exchange.

A Dilemma's Horns.

The young lady sighed deeply and was almost affected to tears.

"Harold," she said, "declares that if I don't marry him he will end his life, and I am afraid he will."

She stifled a sob, then continued:

"And Randolph declares that if I don't marry him he will go into politics and become great and famous, and then he says I shall see what I have missed, and I am afraid he will keep his word too."

Overcome by emotion, she buried her face in her hands, not knowing whether to save a life or to spare the country another politician.

The First Census.

The idea of the census originated among the Romans, when a group of the many functions performed by the high officer called censor received the name of census. It was taken every five years and indicated not only the number of the respective classes of the people, but their domestic positions as husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons and daughters. The first modern nation to take up the census was the United States of America in 1790. The first British census was in 1801, but this did not include Ireland.

CONDENSED STORIES.

A Young Minister's Verbiage 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 but with a fatuity not uncommon among young and aspiring orators he lengthened his speech until he had consumed three-quarters of an hour. In a community where the curfew rings at 9 o'clock that meant that Dr. Gould would not have time to deliver his speech, and the following is the substance of what he said:

"The time is so far spent that it is inadvisable to deliver the address which I had prepared. In the course of his lengthy remarks the young brother referred frequently to the 'great gun' who was to follow him. I think I may safely say to the young brother that the people would be better pleased if he would decrease the length and increase the caliber of his gun."

Repulsed.

The effort to prod pastors and church members to greater effusiveness in welcoming strangers to public services may lead to overdoing hospitality in various ways. One of the ways was revealed to a warm hearted western pastor. Coming down from the pulpit after the evening sermon, he found a stranger in the person of a fair haired Swede and, greeting her with a cordial handclasp, said: "I am very glad to see you. I want you to feel at home here. I'd like to become acquainted with you. If you'll give your address, I'll call and see you." "Thank you!" she replied, "but I have a fellow!"—Congregationalist.

Nearly Through.

A stranger entered a church in the middle of the sermon and seated himself in the back pew. After awhile he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white haired man at his side, evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," the old man answered. "I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly done."—Everybody's Magazine.

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.