FAINT HEART AND FAIR LADY

Chances Good That the Ancient Adage Once More Proved Wisdom of Man Who Uttered It.

He was afraid to tell her right out and out that he loved her, so he began in a round-about way, hoping she would catch his drift, then betray, by her confusion, her own feelings. He didn't dream but that she loved him, but thought that she, like himself, was afraid to demonstrate it.

"Heart trouble?" she repeated. "Are you sure you've heart trouble, Alfred? You know indigestion is very like it at times."

"Oh, I know I've got heart trouble all right. I—can't you see it yourself?"

"Why, how silly, Alfred; no one can see heart trouble; they have to feel it. Have you taken anything for it?"

"No, not yet, but I—I want to, don't you know."

"Then why don't you?"

"I—I would; that is, *if I could get it.*"

"Can't you get it, Alfred?"

"I—I don't know."

"Have you tried?"

"No, not yet."

(Silence for two provoking minutes.)

"Alfred!" (coldly.)

"Yes?"

"Let's have a game of checkers."

A Question of Grammar.

Hetty's uncle, who was a school teacher, met her on the street one beautiful May day and asked her if she was going out with the Maying party.

"No, I ain't going."

"Oh, my little dear," said her uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going,'" and he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that, Hetty?"

"Sure I can," she replied, making a courtesy. "There ain't nobody going."—Lutheran

And All with Company There.

"Now, children," said the mother, as a whole roomful of company had come in, "suppose you run off and play by yourselves."

"All right, mother," replied Edith. "Can we go up and play Hamlet and Opheelia?"

"Certainly," smiled the mother, while her guests looked on at the tableau.

"Goody!" replied Edith; then, turning to her sister, she said: "Now, Maude, you run up to mamma's room and get all her false hair that you can find."—Judge.

Not Ambiguous at All.

The donkey is—or has been—associated with party politics in other countries besides our own.

In one of England's elections a candidate for parliament, the late Lord Bath, called attention to himself by means of a donkey over whose back two panniers were slung, bearing a ribbon band on which was printed: "Vote for Papa."

It must be added, however, that in each pannier stood one of Lord Bath's daughters.—Youth's Companion.

"Chickens a Nuisance."

"Chickens a nuisance," declares the Charleston News and Courier. What, fried?—Baltimore Sun.

Chickens a nuisance? Yes, when all they leave of your garden is a reminiscence; yes, when the young cock, full of the joy of life, rouses you in the early dawn; yes, when some low-browed, vulgar fowl whips the very life out of your blooded pet; yes, when the pip or other ailment worries the amateur breeder. But when fried? Never!

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Naturally.

Magistrate (to witness)—I understand that you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Magistrate—Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing.

Witness—He seemed to be doin' the listenin'.—Pearson's Weekly.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Expectation.

His Daughter—Father, I wish you'd stay home to-night. Mr. Slowboy will want to ask you for my hand.

Her Father—Has he really proposed at last?

His Daughter—No; but he will to-night.

Nebraska Directory

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are the best; insist on having them. Ask your local dealer, or
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Woodward's Fine Candies
Sold by the Best Dealers. We will send to pupils and teachers on receipt of 15cts. in stamps, a 15-inch, hard maple, high class rule. JOHN G. WOODWARD & CO. "The Candy Men" Council Bluffs, Ia.

WEIRD FUNERALS OF AFRICA'S KINGS

BY GERALD A. RODERICK

FUNERAL RITES

THE old king of Totoquelli was dead. It was in the Liberian hinterland, four days back from Monrovia, a region where the government levies no taxes, where the native African chiefs reign supreme, where the only statutes are the laws of the bush. A couple of English prospectors, an English rubber trader and an American missionary compose the foreign population all the way back to the French frontier. There is no part of the west coast of Africa so lightly touched by the white man, for even the occasional government officials who visit the region are black. In all the towns the babies yelled at my approach and the children fled in terror if I walked toward them.

While King Wobeh's star was in the ascendency death came out of the foggy bush and laid its hand upon him. A famous mullah man was called to make incantations and the "sand cutter" brought out all his paraphernalia of divination and peeped impressively into the future. That which Wobeh really needed, a good physician, does not exist in that region. The mullah and the "sand cutter" gave an unfavorable prognosis, so the suffering king was prepared for his departure in the manner prescribed by the law of the bush.

TWO AFRICAN PRINCES

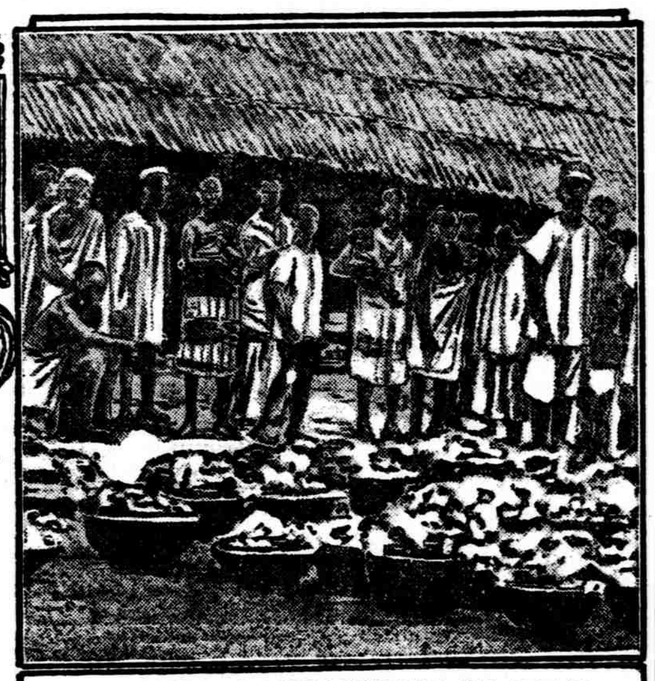
Secretly and in the dead of night he was carried back into the bush to an obscure "half town" called Goomah, no woman being allowed to know his whereabouts. Courtesy to the mullah and the "sand cutter" demanded that Wobeh should promptly pass into the unknown, but the old man held on to life with his characteristic tenacity. It was several weeks before the news was quietly brought to Totoquelli that its founder was dead. The information was passed on to Boporo and King Sow came over to take charge of the town until all its palavers were settled.

The funeral of an African chief follows the law of the bush implicitly, but the details vary in different parts of the west coast. The proceedings in this case extended over a period of about three weeks.

First Wobeh's body was removed from the hut where he had died and placed in an open kitchen in Goomah. These kitchens are merely large huts without walls, or, rather, with walls about three feet high. The roof is of thatch and the floor of clay. In the center of one of these kitchens a shallow grave was dug. Then the feet were bound together, the arms were extended down the body and the hands bound together by means of a strong stick placed between hands and feet, the body was placed in the grave and lightly covered. After it had lain there for two days it was taken up by night and carried to Totoquelli, where it was again placed in a shallow grave, but in a hut where no woman could bring ill luck by looking upon it. The law of the bush shuts out all women from any approach to the dead. Then the family and the town began to make ready for the obsequies, formal notices were sent out to all the big kings within two days' walk, in order that they might come (with gifts) and assist Wobeh's spirit into rest.

The funeral continued for eight days. First the body was again lifted from the grave and "laid out" in an open kitchen carefully screened. The king's women were then segregated in another kitchen and intrusted with the duty of making great lamentation. Then the head of the "devil bush"—he is a great functionary in West Africa—came into the village to announce the king's death—a performance on a par with the formal notification given to a presidential nominee by a committee from a national convention. The "devil bush" is a sort of combination of secret society and a boys' boarding school. It is a collection of huts hidden away in the bush which women must avoid or pay the penalty of death. Here are collected most of the boys of the community and they remain in seclusion for a period varying from three to six years, being taught some sense and much nonsense. The grip of superstition is so strong that the head of the bush becomes a great man in the tribe and death is the penalty for any woman who looks upon his face. Totoquelli's "devil" preceded his entrance into the town by an unearthly yell, which was the signal for all the women and girls (and every man not a member of the "devil bush") to secrete themselves. Then with a series of ventriloquistic yells he came into the center of the town, announced the death of Wobeh, ordered the funeral to proceed and vanished into the bush. Then the real noise began.

Wobeh's women and children reassembled in their kitchen and resumed their mournful chant. This is a performance in which the women of West Africa are very accomplished and Wobeh's family was large enough to be heard. Meanwhile for two days and nights the men of the town made it lively for the spirits of evil that were supposed to be hovering in the bush that surrounds the village. Guns heavily charged with powder were fired at intervals throughout the entire time, causing the evil shapes to take to flight. Most of the night was given over to the beating of drums, the women and younger men dancing in procession all over town.



AWAITING DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD

When night closed in on the scene and the moon began to shed its soft light through hazy clouds the night's dancing began. There was no undercurrent of sadness in it; everybody was literally out for a good time. The dancers were drummed up in groups, the drummers shuffling all through the town to organize a procession. A second crowd was gathered under the leadership of a man with a string instrument made from a calabash, and eventually a third group shuffled along to the tune of a calabash strung with iron rings, the sound being that of a gourd half filled with dried peas.

The succeeding day was one of the most eventful of all. Before sunrise the men of the town brought large stones to the grave and walled it in, making an inclosure about six feet wide and 10 feet long. Dozens of empty gin bottles were brought and placed all around the grave—a very common custom on this coast. The mound was then leveled down and the entire inclosure covered with stones and wet sand. At the head they placed a couple of small ivory tusks, a rice bowl containing Wobeh's silver ring and some kola nuts, two pitchers and a small brass kettle. Across these was laid an unsheathed sword. The fixing of the grave was not completed until they had brought a small jug of rum and poured a little of it into each vessel. The thirst of Wobeh's spirit was apparently more easily quenched than had been that of the man in life—and this enabled the men about the grave to put the greater part of the rum to better use.

After the grave had been properly arranged the town assembled to witness the significant ceremony of killing the white chicken. The principal nephew of the late king knelt on the grave and held the chicken's head above Wobeh's head. King Sow made a long speech and then different members of Wobeh's family gave the chicken messages to take to his spirit. This part of the ceremony was very solemn and impressive. It was clear that they implicitly believed that their messages would reach their destination.

Then the nephew pulled off the chicken's head and threw the body down on the grave. Curiously enough, the headless chicken fluttered around until it reached the head of the grave and then seemed to be trying to bore its way down to the king. It then fluttered away, the throng crowding each other in their efforts to watch every movement. When it finally ceased its struggles there was a chorus of "Ah!" followed by some excited talking. It was explained to me that when a chicken dies with its feet in the air it is a sign that the nephew has been true to the king and has not meddled with his women. In this case the chicken had died on its side.

Then another chicken was brought for another nephew to kill. It likewise died on its side and there was another chorus of excited grunts. A third chicken was killed by a niece, with the same result; but the fourth, killed by another niece, stopped with its feet in the air. The crowd went wild, caught up the girl and marched around the town with her on their shoulders. Wobeh had one relative that had been true.

This ceremony was followed an hour or two later by that of eating the chickens, together with rice cooked in yellow palm oil. The food was placed at the head of the grave and Wobeh's head wife presided over the pot. All the children squatted about on the grave and the other relatives were assembled around it. King Sow had a good many remarks to make before he called up the eldest son and motioned for him to take the palmful of rice which the widow had held out. Before eating it he made certain promises relative to peace in the family. Each of the relatives was called out in turn and required to go through the same performance. Old King Sow kept his ears open and whenever he was not satisfied with a given promise he arose and cross questioned the relative like a country lawyer until he made him promise what he wanted. Parts of this ceremony were exciting; at times there were outbursts of laughter at one of Sow's jokes; very little of it was sad or pathetic. When the chief widow's turn came there was pathos in her voice, though she gave no other sign of grief. Turning her motherly face to the grave, she sat there and talked to Wobeh's spirit as naturally as if she were looking into his face. Nobody needed to cross question her.

There was nothing extraordinary for the next two days. On the first day the mourning women were taken to the creek and washed, in order that they might begin to dress up for the final feast. On the second day the men of the town were assembled under the big palaver tree and individually sworn to be loyal to the town. The oath was administered by making the man drink from a bowl of milkish fluid which was supposed to kill the man if he was insincere. On this day, also, the men brought in large quantities of firewood and the women were busy threshing and cleaning rice and pots.

Then came the third and greatest day—the slaughter of the bullock and the great feast. So far as I could learn there is no sacrificial idea involved in the ceremony; the slaughter is solely for the purpose of providing for a joyful banquet. The big bullock was led to a vacant place near the grave, just at sunrise, and securely tied down on its side. Its throat was then cut, the windpipe being severed, and the animal slowly bled to death. It was 20 minutes before the animal ceased to struggle, but its tail had been severed long before, this being the especial perquisite of the men selected as butchers.

The carcass was then skinned and King Sow sat in his leopard chair while the bullock was cut up. He kept a careful watch to see that not even an ounce of meat was taken by anybody. Two large brass kettles and a large basket were placed in front of him and in these were placed the internal organs and the choicest cuts—the king's meat. Now and then one of the butchers would overlook some small portion, but the king overlooked nothing; he had the error promptly rectified. Altogether he received about one-third of the bullock. The remainder was cut up and distributed among the families, to be cooked; positively no part of the animal except the hide and horns was discarded. There was not quite enough to go around, so the king ordered a dog killed to make up the deficiency.

Bessie Was Willing.

"Oh, dear," said the tired mother, "I wish I were a little girl again like you!" "Well," rejoined five-year-old Bessie, "let's play you are my little girl, then you act naughty and I'll spank you and send you to bed without your supper."

Pigeons Will Carry Cameras

Ingenious Photographic Apparatus Invented by German.

Photographs taken from airships or balloons have long been considered a practical method of learning the whereabouts of an enemy's forces or fortifications in time of war, but snapshots by a camera attached to a pigeon are an altogether new idea. This minute photographic apparatus is the invention of a German, Dr. Neubronner, and has just been patented. The officials at the German patent office were disposed to ridicule the invention at first, but after proofs of its practicability were offered their opinions changed. The German war office recognized its strategic value, and they believe that photographing pigeons can render much assistance to a besieging army.

The miniature camera weighs only 2½ ounces, and that is considered the maximum weight which a homing pigeon could carry in a flight of not more than 100 miles. As many as 30 snap-shots may be taken automatically, and the instant of exposure can be so timed that the desired views will be obtained. By this means objects may be photographed from no greater height than 150 to 300 feet, an impossible feat for an airship or balloon.

The luck that seems to come easiest is hard luck.

Would Not Have It Lessened.

Dr. Walter C. Smith, the popular Scotch poet-preacher, on one occasion tried to explain to an old lady the meaning of the scriptural expression, "Take up thy bed and walk," by saying that the bed was simply a mat or rug easily taken up and carried away. "No, no," replied the lady. "I canna believe that. The bed was a regular four-poster. There would be no miracle in walking away wi' a bit o' mat or rug on your back."

VALUE PAINTED ON.

Well painted is value added whether the house be built for one thousand dollars or ten thousand. Well painted means higher selling value, and higher occupying value—for there's an additional pleasure in living in the house that is well dressed.

National Lead Company assist in making the right use of the right paint by sending free upon request to all who ask for it, their "Houseowners' Painting Outfit No. 49." This outfit includes a book of color schemes for either exterior or interior painting, a book of specifications and an instrument for detecting adulteration in paint materials. Address National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Building, New York City, and the outfit will be promptly sent to you.

THE ANSWER.

Youngster—What's the most aggravating thing during married life?

Oldster—Why, the woman.

LOW COLONIST FARES TO THE WEST AND NORTHWEST.

Union Pacific Passenger Department announces that Colonist Fares will be in effect from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15, 1909, to all points in the West and Northwest.

This year the West looks more promising than ever. Now is the time to secure land at low prices, and, at the same time, to visit the many interesting points in the West and Northwest, at which liberal stopover arrangements may be made.

A better estimate of raw lands can be made now than formerly, because these lands are in proximity to new farms that are producing wonderful crops.

For descriptive literature, write to E. L. Lomax, G. P. A., U. P. R. R., Omaha, Neb.

Consumptives Need Not Leave Home.

Consumption can be cured, or arrested, in any section of the United States, and the percentage of cures in the east and the west is nearly the same. Any physician, therefore, who sends a person to the southwest without sufficient funds, or in an advanced or dying stage of the disease, is guilty of cruelty to his patient. Renewed efforts are being made to stop this practice, and to encourage the building of small local hospitals in every city and town in the country. Attempts are also being made in Southern California and in Texas to exclude indigent consumptives or to send them back to the east.

Care in Preparing Food.

In recent years scientists have proved that the value of food is measured largely by its purity; the result is the most stringent pure food laws that have ever been known.

One food that has stood out prominently as a perfectly clean and pure food and which was as pure before the enactment of these laws as it could possibly be is Quaker Oats; conceded by the experts to be the ideal food for making strength of muscle and brain. The best and cheapest of all foods. The Quaker Oats Company is the only manufacturer of oatmeal that has satisfactorily solved the problem of removing the husks and black specks which are so annoying when other brands are eaten. If you are convenient to the store buy the regular size packages; if not near the store, buy the large size family packages. 1

Adjustable.

Aunt Anne, an old family darky, was sitting with knees crossed in the kitchen, when the young daughter of the house entered and, impressed with the hugeness of the old woman's feet, asked what size shoe she wore.

"Well, honey," replied Aunt Anne, "I kin wear eights; I ginerally wear nines; but dese yer I'se got on am twelves, an' de good Lawd knows dey hu'ts me!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Strictly Businesslike.

He—American girls who marry foreign titles don't deserve any credit.

She—They don't ask any; they pay cash.

Cathedral Insured for Large Sum.

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is insured for $475,000.

There's a rich, satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binder that is found in no other 5c cigar.

Many a well-developed woman has her modiste to thank for it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It's too much to expect cross-bred dogs to be amiable.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Willimantic, Conn.—"For five years I suffered untold agony from female troubles, causing backache, irregularities, dizziness and nervous prostration. It was impossible for me to walk upstairs without stopping on the way. I tried three different doctors and each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them, but seemed to suffer more. The last doctor said nothing would restore my health. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do, and I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. ETTA DONOVAN, Box 299, Willimantic, Conn.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

Drowning the Sound.

Helen—You enjoy singing?

Grace (raising her voice to high pitch)—Not particularly.

Helen—Then why do you sing?

Grace—Why, father is eating corn off the cob.

Do your feet ever feel tired, achy and sore at night? Rub them with a little Hamlins Wizard Oil. They'll be glad in the morning and so will you.

Speaking of literature, many a man's love letters have made a decided hit—with a jury.

IN THE SUMMER SEASON
children overindulge in eating fruits with stomach pains as a consequence; mothers should have on hand Painkiller (Perry Davis'). 25c, 50c and 10c bottles.

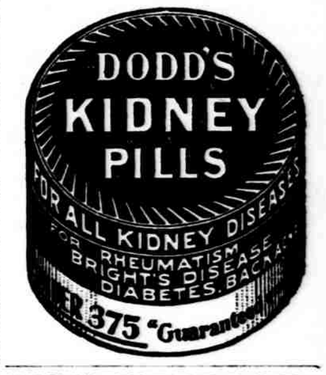
The man who has a talkative wife may have a whole lot to say, but he seldom gets a chance to say it.

Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker a rich, mellow-tasting cigar, one that smokes and tastes better than most 10c cigars.

Her string is soon worn out if a girl has too many beaux.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

A guilty conscience is apt to be its own excuser.



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Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.
They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
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Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

This Trade-mark Eliminates All Uncertainty in the purchase of paint materials. It is an absolute guarantee of purity and quality. For your own protection, see that it is on the side of every keg of white lead you buy.
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No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach

A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes the nerves, and so GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO THE WHOLE BODY.

You can't afford to accept a *secret* nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.