

A WOMAN IN AFRICA.

Return of Mrs. A. J. Swann from the Dark Continent.

Experiences of a Missionary's Wife on the Shores of Lake Tanganyika—Value of Certain Goods Among the Natives.

The life of a missionary's wife in the heart of the dark continent is not entirely without its compensations, according to the account of Mrs. A. J. Swann, who has just returned to England after a five years' residence on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. Yet it is scarcely probable that there will be any great rush of English society girls to try it, for though Mrs. Swann says she was never lonely and never afraid, et cetera, she admits that outside the stockade he lions were always howling at night, and there was constant danger of being attacked by cannibals.

Mrs. Swann is the wife of the missionary who brought to England the sad news of Emin Pasha's tragic fate. She is the only white woman who ever made the journey from Sodani to Ujiji, and her presence excited great curiosity among the natives. On the way the small caravan encountered a company, four hundred strong, of the Masai, the strongest and most formidable of the tribes on the lake. They are all over six feet in height, and they wear no clothing. Mrs. Swann was always carried in front of the caravan by eight men in a wicker chair. These African coolies, with the exception of two, deserted her at the first sight of the Masai, who were just returning from war and consequently looked as ferocious as possible. Fortunately their intentions were amicable, and after exchanging branches of trees, which is the signal of peace, and accepting some beads and cloth from "the big man," as they called Mr. Swann, they allowed the "white lady" and her escort to pass on.



MRS. A. J. SWANN.

The missionaries built a mud house and a church at Kinyamboko. The house was erected inside a stockade where eight hundred people lived. Mrs. Swann felt greatly interested in the women and girls, and taught them many useful things. Her servants were children from eight to thirteen years old. After that age the girls marry and will do no more domestic work. With coffee from the Sheri islands and supplies from England once a year it was not impossible for Mrs. Swann to cater acceptably for her household.

Mrs. Swann gives some amusing details of the value of certain goods among these tribes, needles and cloth ranking highest. She always kept a large supply of these, for they absolutely became current coin of the realm. Three needles would procure one fowl, one needle two eggs. Old tins and empty bottles were also in much request, condensed milk tins taking the place of drinking gourds for the natives. A fowl could also be had for two yards of cotton or a small piece of cloth.

HONEY AS A FOOD.

A Desirable Medical Agent in Diseases of the Throat.

Many people are aware that honey, either simple or prepared in combination with other ingredients, is a desirable medical agent in certain cases, as in diseases of the throat, especially those of a mild nature, like hoarseness and a dry, inflamed condition; but not so many are aware that as a regular article of food it has a prophylactic and even a therapeutic value which can scarcely be overestimated. Most sweets are to be taken with caution, as they are liable to impair the action of the stomach, or otherwise injuriously affect the system; but honey may at any time be eaten freely, according to the taste of the recipient, and will be found corrective and beneficial. In some cases, especially where the appetite has been pampered and demoralized by hurtful indulgence in unwholesome sweets or other foods, the taste for honey will need to be cultivated; but it will almost invariably grow with the restoration of the general physical tone, and become an individual characteristic.—Isabella Gardner, M. D., in Good Housekeeping.

A Disgrace to Civilization.

There could be no wiser, no more economical use of public money than spending it in the making of good, permanent public roads. There is no man who would fail to be benefited by good, solid roads far more than the construction of such roads would cost him. The old road system of Georgia is puny, slovenly, expensive and discreditable. It is a

WHEN BABY BATHES.

Several Small Details Which Should Not Be Neglected.

Before baby takes the all-over morning bath, there are several small details to be attended to which will simplify matters for nurse or mother, and give to the little one a comfortably-clean person.

Have at hand a cupful of lukewarm water, together with two pieces of soft old linen, one of which, dipped in water, will cleanse the corners of the eyes, while the other, wet with borax and water and passed about inside the lips, will give the mouth a wholesome sweetness.

The head bath comes next. A velvet sponge or the palm of the hand should be dipped in water to which has been added a teaspoonful of borax, and passed across the silky head-fuzz, which is then dried with some soft fabric.

Now the tiny bather is ready for a body-bath. The temperature of the water must be carefully suited to its system. If healthy and vigorous, it will enjoy a tubful of tepid water; but if not very robust, baby should be given a daily sponge bath for several months, followed by a vigorous rub with alcohol or olive oil, applied with the palm of the hand. Either the alcohol or the oil will be found strengthening and a preventive of colds, but the alcohol, on account of its drying propensities, is less desirable than the oil.

Speaking of baby's bath, perhaps some mothers would appreciate a hint as to the getting up of a unique little tub, which will furnish this sweetest piece of nature's bric-a-brac with the morning ablution.

Take a tin dishpan—the largest of its kind—and enamel outside and in with some faint-hued enamel, either violet, rose, azure or buttercup yellow.

If anything of an artist, the decorator may touch up the sides and bottom of the pan with oils, scattering across the enamel surface a few feathery grasses, or blossoms.

A couple of big bows decking the handles complete the beauty of this masquerading dishpan, but when the tub is in active use, the inlaid lengths of ribbon will have to be banished to some other corner of the infant wardrobe, or laid aside until called upon to add beauty to the basin, when it is brought out to receive the admiration of the little king or queen's willing subjects.—Golden Days.

AN OAK-LEAF DOILY.

A Piece of Handwork Suitable for a Christmas Gift.

The oak-leaf doily is one of many unique varieties suiting for favor. This piece of handwork is easily fashioned, and when finished has a decidedly holiday air. Heavy white satin is the foundation goods. First secure a gracefully-shaped leaf as a pattern. You can have an oak leaf stamped upon a square of the material, and then cut out the edges, or you may draw off, using a big leaf as a guide, your pattern upon paper. All that is



OAK-LEAF DOILY.

necessary where you wish an extra-sized doily is to allow ample space for the center, when the leaf placed near the edges will guide you in making an outline. Whitewash embroidery silk finishes stem and leaves prettily.

This is worked about the edges in buttonhole stitch. A tiny Japanese gold thread is carried along as you work the edges of each leaf, the buttonhole stitch catching the gold thread down and holding it in place directly upon the edge. Wash linen or gold thread, very fine in quality, is employed to vein the center of the leaf. Satin damask or any one of the art fabrics in white may be used in fashioning a set of oak-leaf doilies.

Work in the Garden.

In a valuable article on selecting and planting shrubs in Garden and Forest, it is urged that preparation in the planting should be commenced at once, although apparently early in the season. The ground should be thoroughly prepared this fall, dug deep, trenched if possible, filled in with good loam and properly drained when needed. Where this has been done, and the ground has been all winter firmly settling, it can be worked much earlier in the spring and planting much better done. Results from this preparation will be seen in a more vigorous growth, more luxuriant foliage and more abundant flowers and fruit. There is no work in the garden which pays better in the long run than thorough prepara-

IT IS NOT CRUEL.

The Keeping of Caged Birds Is Not a Cruelty if One Is Merciful.

A good deal of sentiment is expended upon caged birds. From tender hearts, and from others not so tender, we often hear, "I can't bear to keep a bird in a cage!" Now, without in any way advocating the caging of birds, I must say that there are two sides to this, as to most questions.

It is true the captive is at the mercy of his owner, his food depends upon some one's memory, his comfort, his very life, are in the power of another; but the same is true of the household dog and cat, still more of the horse. Moreover, the last named animal is so much worse off that he is made to work, and often sadly abused by his owner, yet we hear little sympathy expressed for his state of slavery.

It is cruel to capture an adult bird accustomed to freedom and to caging for himself and confine him in a cage; it is worse than cruel, it is brutal, to neglect to provide carefully for his comfort when thus imprisoned. But that a captive bird, properly caught and properly cherished, must necessarily be unhappy, I emphatically deny, and my opinion is based upon several years' close study of birds in confinement.

By "properly caught," I mean taken from the nest or when just out of it. By "properly cherished," I mean not only fed and watered as regularly and carefully as we attend to our own physical needs, but in every other way made as happy as is possible, by loving attention and thoughtful consideration.

As to the canary, born in a cage of cage ancestry, he is utterly incapacitated for freedom. So far from being a kindness to give him his liberty, it is a positive cruelty. He has never sought food or shelter; he has no notion of doing either, and he must inevitably perish. Birds that have been taken from the nest are in a similar condition of ignorance. Unless kept in captivity a very short time, and afterward supplied with food till they learn to care for themselves, to thrust them out to like taking a child brought up in luxury and forcing him into the streets to pick up his own living. This comparison is not in the least exaggerated. A young bird is taught by his parents where and how to get his food. Close observers may see this instruction going on all summer, when nesting is over and young birds are out. If, then, this period of instruction is passed in a house, and he is adult when turned adrift, there is no one to teach him, and he must learn by hard experience or die in the attempt.

I have read stories of children being induced to set free their pets because they would be so much happier. One in particular I remember, because I was so indignant about it, where the bird refused to be left in the park. It flew back several times and alighted in its owner's grounds and they had to scheme to get away from it. It was told as a self-sacrificing and virtuous deed, when as a matter of fact it was undoubtedly pure cruelty, and that bird, accustomed to care and shelter, probably died of want and exposure.

Another use of a caged bird, or any captive, that is of great value as I look at it, is the opportunity it gives for lessons in consideration and care for others, and love and kindness to animals. It has been ascertained by statistics, carefully gathered from training schools and prisons, that very few men who in boyhood owned or cared for a pet animal, or who were instructed in kindness to the lower orders, are to be found among criminals. This fact, which should not astonish us when we think of the elevating tendency of unselfishness, puts into the hands of parents and teachers a powerful weapon for good. Not only does the pet bird or beast entertain and amuse the boy, but under proper direction it trains him in gentle ways, in a sense of justice, and it goes far to insure an honest life.—Olive Thorne Miller in Harper's Bazar.

A Game of Robbing.

An almond grower of this locality hit upon a neat device for gathering his crop. His trees here largely, and this early became known to the yellow hammers, a species of the woodpecker tribe of birds, and they had regularly stored away large quantities of ripe nuts taken from the orchard in the limb of an oak tree near by. The astute orchardist watched operations, and at last hit upon a novel nut and labor-saving plan, and he lost no time in putting it into execution.

The limb was sawed from the tree and replaced by a square shaped funnel long enough to nearly reach the ground; a bucket was then set underneath. A genuine robbing game then went merrily on. The birds gathered the nuts, which they dropped into the funnel and down into the bucket below, and as regularly as night came the almond grower would in his turn empty it of its contents and set it back for a new supply. This was kept up until the entire crop had been gathered, and the yellow hammers had departed broken hearted at the heartless deception practiced upon them.—Sutton City Enterprise.

The Pipe Columbus Smoked.

Robert Fullerton, of the Old Curiosity Shop in New York city, claims to have the pipe of peace that was handed to Columbus when he first set foot on American soil after leaving the good ship Santa Maria. The pipe is made out of a peculiar kind of bamboo, very common in San Salvador.

The bowl is very large, showing that in those days the people must have been great smokers, or, rather, perhaps, that it was a fat pipe and contained enough tobacco for a whole assemblage to smoke. The stem surrounding the bowl is fashioned out of a peculiar reed, and is quaintly carved with holes on the side, the use of which is incomprehensible. It might apply be called a flute pipe, for if the stem were taken out of the bowl and the mouthpiece plugged it could be used as a flute.—Collector.

A Unique Way of Defying Taxes.

The cheapest tax dodging scheme on record is that of a churchman in Lincoln county, Mo., who has organized a bureau of religious and charitable

WILD FLOWERS.

I love the flowers for their beauty, And for the One who gave them birth They ever lead by paths of duty.

These angels of the earth! Down through the wooded mountain passes, These angels stream in gorgeous clothes; And in the meadows, 'mid the grasses, Their lovely forms repose.

By brinks of pools, in shady places, 'Mid wild and trackless woods they grow; While near the streams their pleasant faces Gleam on the ideas below.

Wild flowers in the sunlight shining, Half open buds and glossy leaves, Which, trembling, show their silver linings, We find among the shrubs.

Spring cannot claim all kinds of flowers, Nor Summer wear all at her breast; For Autumn flies to Rheas' bowers, And leaves a flowery crest.

We seek for tokens of God's kindness The vast cathedral heights above; Now see, because of sin-made blindness, In flowers signs of His love.

Within my heart I would that flowers Fair as earth's fairest ones might grow; For thoughts, if blossoms, would thrive on showers Of joy and love, I know!

I think all flowers are but disguises Of spirits from the realms above; For they whisper, when the wind surprises, Sweet words of joy and love!

Flowers, like to angels, take departure; They come to us with noiseless tread; They breathe of Heaven and less of nature, They guard the living and the dead.

Oh, cherish o'er the fair wild flowers, That beauteous sisterhood; And strive with all God given powers To be as pure and good! —Arthur E. Smith in Arkansas Traveler.

A Comedian's Wife.

Mrs. Francis Wilson is as little known to the outside world as though she were the wife of some modest clerk instead of the companion of one of our best known comedians. Retiring and modest in disposition, she has ever been more of a home body than most women of the stage, though her husband met and married her when they were both together in a company playing "The Goblins." It was in this play that Francis Wilson first made his debut after he decided to leave the song and dance partnership and enter upon the legitimate field of acting. By means of the help and frugality of his wife he was soon enabled to buy the play, and together they took it on the road. So well have they succeeded, he in his line and she in the more quiet pursuits of home life, having left the stage many years ago, that they have in New Rochelle a lovely villa costing \$50,000, which is fitted up with every known convenience, including a complete little theater.

Mrs. Wilson is young, plump and pretty. She dresses her husband, dresses well and is a most charming hostess. Her two small daughters are pocket editions of their father and simply revel in his antics on and off the stage, though it is only to them he reveals his humorous side in private, for as a rule he is most dignified and quiet. He and Mrs. Wilson are both inveterate readers and are fond of the same sports. Dogs and horses abound in New Rochelle, and altogether you could not find a quieter life, or one more devoid of care and excitement, than that of Mrs. Wilson's.—New York Cur. Philadelphia Times.

The Discovery of Porgy Oil.

Congressmen who are just now studying upon the menhaden fishery question will be interested to know that the credit of having produced the first porgy oil for commerce belongs to a Maine woman. That was in 1850. Mrs. John Bartlett, of Bluehill, began at that time to boil the porgy for her food. She noticed that a thin scum of oil gathered upon the water in which the fish were boiled, and she thought possibly it could be turned to some more profitable use. Taking a bottle full of this oil she brought it to Mr. E. B. Phillips, of Boston, an oil dealer here, and he encouraged Mrs. Bartlett to bring more of the oil. The following year the Bartletts made a start in the business and shipped to Boston thirteen barrels of porgy oil. This was the beginning of the industry.—Boston Journal.

Bows Are to Be Common.

Tying a bow is an art that should be ever present this season, owing to the styles prevailing of bows here and everywhere on bonnets, hats and dresses. Some women have a natural deftness in tying a bow, while others never attain the bliss of making a graceful bow, which art Frenchwomen are supposed to excel in.

It is with just such dainty accessories that the womanly woman lightens the plainness of gowns, and thus has many changes by wearing a black or white dress and using colored ribbons to give it a different appearance for divers occasions.—Dry Goods Economist.

Hanged and Shot and Still Alive.

John Cook, a life man, has been released on a commutation. Some nine years ago Cook perpetrated a cold blooded murder in Webster county. The people were so worked up over the magnitude of his crime that a mob was organized and Cook was taken from the jail and hanged to a tree. Three shots were fired into his body, and he was left swinging and supposedly dead. The sheriff cut the body down and was surprised to see signs of returning life. Cook recovered, and is now

HOW CATS OFTEN SPREAD DISEASE.

Mothers Should Teach Children Not to Handle Strange Animals.

Since I have spoken in defense of a dog, let me say something more in relation to that other favorite household companion of man—the cat. I would call your attention to the fact that the cat is a beast far more useful to mankind than the dog. Without the latter we could get along, but if we had no cats we should have a continual plague of rats and mice, which would overrun cities and devour the crops and am live stock of the farmers.

At the same time you may set it an indisputable truth that the dog cat is a prolific source of a great variety of diseases. It breeds them and disseminates them—skin troubles especially. It carries about with it a contagion of diphtheria, one of the most fatal of human complaints, and is usually suspected of helping germs of consumption. A ringworm which attacks causes the hair to fall or conveyed by cats. Likew scarlet fever, which, when house, is always likely to be abroad by the pet pussies of liniment.

The way of it is this: When sickness in a house, old cloths are be used for various purposes. They commonly thrown afterward in out of the way place, like the contents of a closet. Suppose that there is about that is on the point of into the world a litter of kitten male cats are constantly having

as you know, being among the most life of animals. She searches for a sequestered nook for her accoucheuse, and is likely to make her bed of just such a lot of old rags as I have described.

As a natural consequence, not only is the mother cat infected as to her fur with the contagious disease, but all of her kittens are likewise. The latter are fondled by the children. Pathogenic germs seem to find a most favorable breeding ground in the hair of cats. As a result the complaint is spread. Unfortunately the infection is not limited to the house. It is spread abroad by the cats, which are notorious stragglers. Thus before many days have passed there is an epidemic of scarlet fever or what not in the neighborhood. Nobody can imagine how it got about. Little Johnny dies of diphtheria, and nobody dreams that he contracted it by picking up a strange cat.

Children have a way of picking up cats and holding them to their faces to caress them. That accounts for many cases of that very disagreeable disease called ringworm. It is the same way with other skin troubles that are contagious. Cats as well as dogs are liable to tuberculosis of the lungs, otherwise known as consumption. That they communicate it to human beings is more than suspected.—Washington Star.

A Louisville Dog That Sneezes.

A Louisville railroad man has a dog that distinguishes the days of the week and different railroad trains. On days when Midget's owner makes his regular trips the dog accompanies him to the station, but never attempts to board the train—just stays on the platform, an interested spectator, and wags his tail cheerfully as the train moves out. On other days and other trains—suburban trains to Parkland or Peewee Valley—he hops aboard without hesitation, evidently aware that the ride in prospect is one that he may share. Midget sneezes, too; sneezes like a human.

The family understand him, but they report that his language is too terrible to be repeated. When things don't go to suit him, he retires under a bed or sofa and lies there rolling off out of fearful description for hours. A young man who was attentive to Midget's young mistress unintentionally offended him, but the dog got even. He actually broke off the match. He knew the regular nights on which the youth appeared, and at an early hour would ensconce himself under the parlor sofa, from which coign of vantage he would growl forth such volleys of personal and profane remarks that the prospective lover became intimidated and ceased his attentions. In recognition of these services Midget's master gave him a beautiful silver collar.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Deserter's Good Luck.

A deserter is not always a deserter, even though branded with a great big "D," according to the laws of Queen Victoria's realm. Some time ago a well known English resident of Wilmington, Del., applied to the British consul here for a pension, claiming to have served his country in an Australian regiment. He admitted having had his breast branded with a red iron, with the letter "D," which marked him forever as a deserter, but claimed to have rejoined his regiment after his punishment and served out the term of enlistment. The British home office found that he was right, and the pension has come to him after a long wait.—Philadelphia Record.

After traveling over a hundred miles of territory, a recent Saturday