'An Interview with Miss Kingsley.) Mrs. Sarah Tooley, in the Young Woman, publishes a very interesting

account of her interview with Miss Kingsley, whose adventures in the West Coast of Africa have occasioned no little stir both among women and

among geographers. Mrs. Tooley says: to it." "The first object which greets a visitor upon entering Miss Kingsley's room is a grinning black idol, whose body bristles with nails, each one of which records the trophy of a human sacrifice. Upon his wrist the bloodthirsty figure carried the bracelet of a woman who was sacrificed-a very

innocent-looking little bangle." If there is anything in psychometry, the influence attaching to those grue-some relics can hardly be regarded as healthy or inspiring, but a lady who could sleep composedly in a hut over the remains of a cannibal repast, can hardly be regarded as peculiarly sensitive to outside impressions. Mrs. Tooley says:

"Miss Kingsley is no dilettante traveler seeking adventure; but she is a deep, scientific student, with all the love for natural objects which distinguished her uncle, Charles Kingsley, and she has inherited from her scholarly father, Dr. Kingsley, the traveler, not only a passion for adventure, but a capacity for deep study. It is the object of her life to research into the social customs, folklore and fetishes of the African tribes, as well as the natural history of the fishes of the Congo.

She took to fishes, she says, because she was a Kingsley. All the Kingsleys have a passion for fishing, due probably to the trout streams of Devonshire in which they passed their boyhood. THE LINGUA FRANCA OF THE WEST COAST.

Mrs. Tooley asked her how she was able to communicate with the na-

"German and French are helpful, but which native forms of speech are Anglicised. It is an arrangement of our words adapted to suit native ideas." It was the death of Miss Kingsley's

in the Canary Islands, where she was love of natural history research. "And were the Canary Islands the high road to Gorilla Land?" I asked.

"It was while I was in the Islands," lied, "that I heard very dreadounts of the danger and hor-traveling in West Africa, and must go-just feminine curiosity, you know.

WOMEN AS TRAVELERS. Unlike Miss Dowie, and other travelers of her sex, Miss Kingsley refused to discard the skirt. She wore a serge skirt and cotton blouse, through

"I always went on foot or in my canoe. Horses cannot be used because of the tsetse fly, and the entozoon." "And do you think, Miss Kingsley, that a woman can undertake trave' involving so mush physical endurance and exposure with impunity?"

all her explorations.

"Certainly. Why not? It seems to me such nonsense to make a fuss and spiritual development, as demonabout everything which a woman happens to do. As a matter of fact, I said he had seen a beautiful home down endurance than a man; and amongst savage tribes it is the woman who do the hardest work, and are often stronger than the men. I owe my escape from malarial fever while I was in Africa to the fact that I never drank water which had not been boiled; you can imagine how necessary that precaution was when I was traveling in Kama country or Gorilla Land, where the main population are malarial microbes and mosquitoes."

When asked as to which tribes she liked best, she replied the Fans. HER FAVORITE CANNIBALS. The Fan is full of fire, temper, intelligence, and "go," very teachable, rather difficult to manage, and quick to take offense. I like him better than any African I have yet met. He is a cannibal, not from superstitious motives, like the negro tribes; he just kills and eats people in a common-sense way. They used to tell me that human fiesh was very good, and wish-ed I would try it. I must say this for

the Fan, he does not buy slaves to kill and eat, as some of the Middle Congo tribes do." 'Did they ever suggest eating you?" "Not my friends, certainly; but there have been times when going amongst strange tribes I have wondered whether I should not end in the stewpot at night. It is said that you must either chaff or thrash the African to get anything out of him. I recom-mend the chaffing, and attribute my success in dealing with them to the fact that I never lost my temper, and used jokes instead of hard words. Then these savages are not so bad as they look. Here, for example," continued Miss Kingsley, as she showed me photographs of her cannibal

************* A Good Foundation

friends, "is a picture of a man who you will think looks a flerce and hide-

is necessary for a permanent structure. A child fed on

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The Famous Weman Traveler. ous monster, but I assure you he is one of the most affable gentlemen I know. People often express surprise that I could go about among natives who were in such complete undress. One gets so accustomed to seeing them that that you don't think about Just as you cease, after a time to be upset by the unpleasant odor of their bodies. It is very sickening and upsetting at first, but you get used

A NOVEL VIEW OF CONJUGAL

"I suppose, Miss Kingsley, that the African woman is a very degraded specimen of humanity?"
"Not altogether; her position has

been greatly exaggerated by travelers, and as most of them were men, they had small opportunity for judging. As a woman, I could mix freely with them and study their domestic and I used to have long talks with the fat old witch-doctors, and gleaned a lot of information. I believe, on the whole, that the African married woman is happier than the majority of English wives, because if the husband gets too bad she can oison him off and get someone else killed for it."

> "Used to Nice Things." (Harper's Bazar.)

"One cannot talk with her for fifeen minutes without discovering that she is not accustomed to nice was the assertion made of a things," woman who had recently acquired wealth.

"How does she show it?" I asked. "By never admiring a handsome article owned by another person. She is so anxious to have people imagine that she has had always the best things of this life, that she dreads to admire lest her hearers guess that she never owned 'the real herself until lately. That is always the way with human makebelieves. In New York the country visitor hesitates to show an interest in the wares displayed in the shop windows, while the inhabitant of the city pauses to gaze with interest at the latest thing. The man who the best medium for communication is always lived on plain roast and boiltrade English—a kind of jargon in ed simulates contemptuous familiarwith salads and entrees, while the genuine epicure expresses thusiastic appreciation of delicate parents which compelled her to seek who is sure of the ground on which a tonic in travel, and spend some time he stands is not afraid to stamp or walk heavily, while he whose able to gratify for the first time her love of natural history research.

"And were the Canary Islands the are not used to nice things seldom admire anything. They prefer to criticise. They think criticism of an article argues familiarity with it."

Women Superior to Men.

From the Woman's Journal. Rev. Mr. Lane, of Alameda, Cal., is

one of the many clergymen in that State who are lending a hand in support of the pending suffrage amendment. At the request of the Political Equality Club, of Alameda, he addressed a large audience on "Civil Government-Not a Political, but a Divine Right." He set forth with power and eloquence woman's equality with man in all the avenues of life, and even claimed superiority for her in moral without a man in it, but he had never seen a home without a woman in it, and that the government without the woman was like the home without the woman-that he could conceive of good government with woman alone, bot not with man alone.

To this some of the members of the club took exceptions, and protested through the Daily Argus that they do not claim, nor care to have it claimed for them, that woman is superior to

While this is an effective position for women to take, facts sustain Mr. with violet powder, and they never Lane's assertion in regard to the lose their fragrance. Violet and orhome, and go far toward justifying his conception of a good government with women alone. The ideal home, with envy."—Philadelphia Record. his conception of a good government with women alone. The ideal home, of course, includes a man and woman on terms of equality, "self-reverent and reverencing each"; but real homes, both beautiful and good, exist in every community without a man in them. On the other hand, although wealthy unmarried men frequently set up wellhome in the true sense, including a family, is rarely found without a woman in it. The father who keeps house and provides for his family and cares for his children, unaided by a woman, is a rara avis; but the mothers who have done this single-handed are a multitude, from the mother of Washington to the mother of Garfield. The difference in the efficiency of men and women in this respect is especially marked in the farming and laboring classes. If the mother dies leaving a number of small children, the father is at his "wits' end" if there is no woman relative that he can call upon. Not one man in ten thousand will keep up the home, take care of the children, and do his work to provide for them, year after year, alone, or even with the help of a "hired girl." He simply declares it impossible and the home is broken

If the father dies, the woman girds ntinues her husband's occupation or

sick, guides, guards and comforts it is just now. The greatest miracle them, makes a home for them, sends of all would be one that showed them them to school and college, and brings how to help themselves. them up as they should go. She will "get along somehow and keep the children together," and in carrying Battle, Creek, Mich., if the newspaper out this heroic resolve she exercises qualities and abilities of the same nature as those which are needed to administer the government and finan-

es of a nation.

All this may not be evidence of superfority, but it is a fact; and doubtis vouched for by plenty of witnesses.
The woman cannot take food. tain little coming woman, born to a What is more, sixteen years ago, in belief in the equality of the sexes, 1880, she had a similar attack. After is through experience and observation becoming convinced of the supertority of girls. She says of her school world: "The girls behave better than the boys; they sing better; they read better; they do their arithmetic better; boys beat the girls only in making faces and other silliness.'

Too Careful of the Baby.

There are few things that cannot lent they may be, in themselves considered. Even a baby may be fussed over, and fidgeted over, and taken care of, and coddled, till it is in danger among medicines. It is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

up at all. On this point the New York Pribune lately had a few sensible

"When my first child was born," said Mrs. A., "I had the usual young mother's craze for a daintily kept baby. The layette was one of those gorgeous gift affairs, with frocks which Victoria, I am sure, would have thought much too fine for the royal children—besides every conceivable fantasie in which the most luxurious minded infant could by any possibility be attired. I used to gloat over the sachet-scented, exquisite little be-longings, and the moment I was up and about after baby's birth I began to play doll with my small daughter, decking her out in first one thing

paragraphs:

and then another. "I had one of those fussy French nurses, immaculate as a new pin; and between us we scrubbed and polished up that poor baby until it's a marvel it didn't fade away before our eyes. After a bath in almond meal-softened water, with plenty of Lubin and sweetsmelling taloum, she did look a darling in her sheer, beribboned draperies, and I, foolish mother, never noticed her langour and waxen skin.

"I did take note that her hair wouldn't grow; that worried me, for, no matter how becomingly dressed, a child with a billiard-ball style of coiffure does not realize the fondest dream of the maternal heart. I sewed doll's crimps in her bonnets, which was all very well for outings, but inadequate for home, so finally I called in the doctor.

"He was a grumpy person, very curt and not over-civil at times. 'Bathed too much,' he said, briefly.
'Look at her skin—all the life washed out of it. Too much care given that child. Let her get dirty and stay dirty. Nothing better for children

than judicious neglect.' "It was a new idea and I went to work at it. Very shortly we went to our country home, and I noticed the farmers' babies who ate almost anything of country food, sat in puddles and went bare-headed whether the rain fell or the sun scorched. They were inevitable victims of future dyspepsia, but the fact remained that, as babies, they were sturdy and rosy, and mine wasn't; and I concluded to try judicious neglect.

"I invested in gingham pinafores and stout shoes, dumped a load of clean sand at the side door, and in-augurated a perpetual feast of mudpies. Pauline was instructed not to say 'Don't,' save in extreme moments, and baby began to live the life of a young animal left to the beneficent care of sunchine and fresh air, undisturbed save at regular intervals for

food and sleep.
"I bought a pig that she might hang over the pen and tickle piggy's back with a stick. It afforded her hours of pure rapture to echo the pig's grunts with her silvery coo, and in some mysterious fashion the association was conducive to health. I never could understand why, only it was. She would always return blooming and serene, and if to a nap, better after having spent this pleasant period with her porcine friend. "I bought chickens that she might feed them, got doves and other pets about the place, finding that animals gave interest but no overstimulus to the baby nerves. In short, I never had my wax dolly again; but in the autumn I carried home a blooming, sturdy little maid, whose splendid spirits and perfect health more than compensated for occasional mudstains and torn pinafores."

Violetty Perfume Tip.

"My! what a flowery whiff. That handkerchief must have been literally steeped in violets," exclaimed one girl to another who had just shaken out from its folds a fragrant square of linen.

"Not steeped in violets, my dear," "but boiled in orris water. The effect is the same, so where's the odds? On wash-days I supply the laundress with a good-sized piece of orris root, and she throws it into the water where my handkerchiefs are boiling. When they come up off the ironing board they are as redolent of orris as can be. Then I slip them between the folds of a sachet filled

How to Iron Table Cloths.

Table cloths should be so ironed that the folds or creases should be as far as possible in the lengthwise direction. The best effect is that conducted domestic establishments, a produced by only one fold through the center. This, however, necessitates considerable room in the linen Many housekeepers have for each table cloth a stick as long as the cloth is wide when folded through the center lengthwise; these sticks which are about the thickness of a broom-handle are covered with several folds of flannel and then with muslin. When the cloth has been folded and ironed well on each side one end of it is pinned to the covered stick, and then it is rolled up loosely so as not to crease it; it is then slipped into a long narrow bag and laid in the linen closet.-Table Talk.

A Strange Case.

The Boston Globe has had a symposium on the subject of the possibility of miracles at the present day. Most of the contributors are preachup and the children are scattered, or ers. Some contend that miracles are just as likely to occur now as they If the father dies, the woman girds ever were, while others declare there up her strength, carries on the farm, are no miracles now because the world does not need them. This last as one for herself, and keeps house. The cares for the children, cooks and sews for them, nurses them when mankind needed miracles to help them

Meantime a miracle is in progress day by day at this very moment at accounts are reliable. If a miracle is something contrary to the known laws of nature, then this is one of the greatest miracles that ever occurred. A lady of the best character, Mrs. Henry Ingram, of Battle Creek, has not tasted food since Feb. 18. This

the extraction of a tooth she was seized with deadly faintness and nau-From that time she could not authenticated as anything can be that for 362 days, three days short of her lips. When she took as much as a swallow of water during the fast-ing period, it was thrown out again

If food is necessary to sustain the there are few things that cannot human race, how does the woman be carried to excess, however excellive? Where is the scientific man who can explain this case?

Courage.

Hast thou made shipwreck of thy happiness? Yet, if God please,

Thou'lt find thee some small haven none the less, In nearer seas, Where thou mayst sleep for utter weariness, If not for ease.

The port thou dream'dst of thou shalt never reach, Though gold its gates, wide and fair the silver of its

beach: For sorrow waits To pilot all whose aims too far outreach Toward darker straits.

Yet that no soul divine thou art as tray. On this cliff's crown Plant thou a victor flag ere breaks

the day Across night's brown; none shall guess it doth but point the way Where a bark went down. -Grace Denio Litchfield.

The Ballad of the Tower. Deep in the heart of a dark pine wood, A gray stone tower, all vine-clad, Low-laughing water and murmuring tree.

The old oaken door was fast, ironbound: And lichens clung its lintel round.

Late in the dusk of a summer day, When all the world was under the Of low-laughing water and murmur-

ing tree. A ladye, beauteous as morning light, Was thither led by a mailed knight. Love is a wonderful mystery.

Her sunny locks, 'gainst his raven hair. Shone in the shadow more golden Low-laughing water and murmuring tree.

Like a flower in his, glad, unafraid, Her lithe white hand was trustingly Love is a wonderful mystery.

He took her in, and he barred the door; Many a time they had heard before Low-laughing water and murmuring

He clasped her close in his twining arms, And lured her soul from its depth with charms. Love is a wonderful mystery.

The kisses he kissed upon her mouth Were lotus laden, as of the south. Low-laughing water and murmuring

He lifted the lace from her passionate breast, She had no fear, she was so blest. Love is a wonderful mystery.

And underneath where the laces part, He sought and found her blood-red heart. Low-laughing water and murmuring

Sharp with his keen polished sword of fame He wrote on it, deep, a single name. Love is a wonderful mystery.

Then he placed it back, with never a And covered her bosom. Naught was heard But low-laughing water and murmuring tree.

She did not swoon, and she did not cry; She looked brave in his eyes, "O Love, good-bye."

Love is a wonderful mystery.

He sheathed his sword. Nay, he did not stop
To wipe from its point the red blood Low-laughing water and murmuring tree.

Then forth he went in his silver mail The ladye smiled-though she waxed death pale. Love is a wonderful mystery. -Katrina Trask, in the Cosmopolitan.

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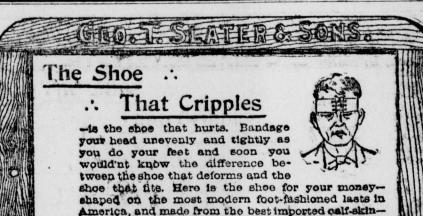
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