

The Heart of Africa.

We seem destined to learn very rapidly about interior Africa. At this moment one exploring party is investigating the question of creating an inland sea in Algeria; another has started with the hope of gaining the prize offered by the Paris Society in 1855, for a scientific journey from Algeria by way of Timbuctoo to Senegal; others are at work on the Ogowai river; a large party is in a fair position to examine both the Albert and Victoria lakes; two expeditions have ascended the Nile, the first, with the object of improving the wells and digging fresh ones along the caravan route between Selimah and Darfour, and thence going on to explore the Sobat river, while the second is trying to find a direct route between the Nile and Darfour, and after surveying Darfour is to go probably to the Albert Nyanza and the territories adjoining its western banks as far south as possible. Stanley has undertaken a new journey to the Equatorial lakes, and an engineer named Mitchell has gone to make a geological survey of part of Nubia and the Eastern Sudan between the Nile and the Red Sea as far as the Sobat river.

From the West Coast the German-African Expedition is to advance along three lines into the interior, and from the East, Lieut. Cameron has successfully journeyed to Lake Tanganyika, and settled the long disputed question of this outlet.

While, however, we are waiting the vast stores of information which must come to us from these various exploring parties, we have already a vast amount of fresh and reliable literature on interior Africa. The East Journals of Livingstone are given to the public now, and much else. But of all that is instructive and entertaining and cultured, in this mass of African literature, what surpasses Schweinfurth's "Heart of Africa." Schweinfurth traversed two thousand miles in the regions just west of those explored by Sir Samuel Baker. He is a superior botanist, and draughtsman, and learned in general science. He left Berlin under the patronage of the Royal Academy of Science and the Humboldt Institution. Previously he had travelled as a Scientist along the shores of the Red Sea in Abyssinia, and along the delta of the Nile. In this volume he describes with pen of culture, his geographical, botanical, zoological and ethnological studies, together with the customs of the people amongst whom he journeyed. He found higher and healthier regions than we were of old wont to anticipate. Let those who think Africa to be all a desert read the following:

"The early rains had commenced, and were clothing all the park-like scenery, meadows, trees and shrubs, with the verdure of spring. Emulating the tulips and hyacinths of European gardens, splendid bulbous plants sprang up everywhere, while blossoms of the gayest hue gleamed among the fresh foliage. The April rains are not continuous, but nevertheless trees and under-wood were all in bloom, and the grass was like a lawn for smoothness. The forest growths were of great variety, and nearly all productive of some species of fruit, nut or bean. Flowering vines or shrubs filled the whole air with soft fragrance, and the inventive genius of nature seemed inexhaustible."

In the heart of Africa is a large dominant moslem population, with its letters, its commerce, and its Koran. After centuries of residence in the midst of these barbarians one naturally asks what its influence has been on these people. After noting the great fact that a great revolution has begun in Africa, he says:

"One point there is in which all are unanimous—that from Islamism no help can be expected, and that with Islamism no compact can be made. Islamism, the child of the deserts, has everywhere spread desolation, and wherever it has penetrated deserts have arisen bleak and bare as the rocks of Nubia and Arabia, and under its influence every nation from Morocco to the Isles of Sunda has congealed into a homogeneous mass."

Elsewhere he says: "In truth, the banner of Islam is a banner of blood. Bloodthirsty are the verses which are inscribed upon its white texture; a very garland of cruel fanaticism and stern intolerance is woven in the sentence from the Koran which, in the name of the merciful God, declares war against all who deny the faith that there is one God and that Mohammed is his prophet, and which asserts that his enemies shall perish from the face of the earth."

The horrors of the overland slave trade in the eastern portion of Africa necessarily receive large attention. The scenes of cruelty are incredible. The business brings thousands annually into the market.

"Their store of slaves appear absolutely inexhaustible; year after year the territories which they hold under control go on yielding thousands upon thousands of these poor savages, who are sold at the seribas sometimes for copper, but more often given in exchange for calico and cotton goods."

"The worst feature of the slave-trade is the depopulation of Africa. Whole tracts of country are turned into barren, uninhabited wildernesses, because all the young girls have been carried out of the country. Turks and Arabs urge that they are only drawing off useless blood; that if these people are allowed to increase and multiply, they will only turn round and kill one another. But the truth is far otherwise."

* The Heart of Africa, by Dr G. A. Schweinfurth, with maps and illustrations. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1864. Two handsome volumes.

This little Republic of Switzerland has no less than 7,000 schools, and attendance is compulsory in all the cantons but two. Another fact, of kindred significance is that Switzerland has always retained its freedom. It is easy to "put that and that together."

"GREENING like bairns," is Scotch for "crying like children." Dr. Guthrie used the phrase very effectively when he described Jenny Lind's singing. "She sang 'And Robin Adair,'" said the Doctor, "and old men near me, with heads as bare as a peeled turnip, were greeting like bairns."

Who Was to Blame.

"Such a fine looking man. Isn't it a pity he is so irritable?" "Why, he looks very pleasant," I answered, after a critical survey of the gentleman's personal appearance. "I know it," was the earnest reply, "and I confess I cannot understand it. It seems that he is thoroughly amiable everywhere but in his own home. His wife tells me that she has not a moment's comfort with him for years."

"His wife told you?" "Yes, his wife. It is impossible for a woman to bear everything; and so the other day, after undergoing a severer trial than usual, she opened her heart to me, and told me all her troubles."

Our conversation was interrupted just here by the entrance of the lady we had been just talking about. She was a stranger to me, and I naturally had a little curiosity in reference to her. There was a certain slyly sardonic smile about her—if I may be pardoned the expressions—intensely disagreeable. As usual, my dear friend's sympathies had got the upper hand of her common sense, and she was accordingly deaf, dumb, and blind to small or large defects of character. The visitor, whom we will call Mrs. Jones, was dressed in an expensive silver-gray serge. The front breadth was adorned with a dozen grease-spots; two or three buttons were absent from the waist, but these she had evidently intended to hide by a large, elegant, point-lace collar. Her hands were grimy, and her finger nails anything but nice.

"It is such a pleasure to come in here," she began; "it is so still and quiet and neat. I am sure I cannot conceive how you manage things. Mercy! I am having a perfectly awful time. My cook went away yesterday and I have been hard at it all day."

The new grease-spots testified that she had been cooking in an elegant dress, without having even taken the precaution to put on an apron. I hope I committed no offence against my sex when I found myself saying mentally: "Well, I wonder what man wouldn't be irritable with such a wife as that?"

"It is very trying work to stand over a range and cook," Mrs. Jones continued, "and especially such hot weather; but my husband will have cakes for breakfast winter and summer."

The grease spots were explained. "Very unwholesome things for a nervous man," said my sympathetic friend.

"O yes; I know it," replied Mrs. Jones; "but my husband took a notion to eat fried sole leather he'd eat it, for all the good my influence would do."

This was the style of conversation, but no words can describe the martyr air with which she embellished it.

"Poor Mrs. Jones," said my companion, as the lady took her leave. "I am glad I haven't the kind of a husband she has."

"And I guess your husband may congratulate himself in not having such a wife as Mr. Jones has," was my indignant answer. "Think of those dreadful grease-spots on the expensive dress; think of that wad of hair, and the whole forlorn and filthy appearance of the woman."

"I was afraid you would look at those outside things, and not consider the cause of them," was the benevolent answer.

"Perhaps if your husband scolded all the day and half the night you would be careless too. I am sure I should."

I knew that was no such thing; but I wouldn't contradict her. Genuine charity is so rare.

A few days after this visit a servant from Mr. Jones rung the bell in great haste. My friend had sent for me to follow her to the lady's house. Mr. Jones's little girl had had a bad fall, and they feared she was dying. What did I see? God pardon me for taking in the minutest surroundings at such a solemn time as this. On an elegant rosewood bedstead, covered with a soiled and torn counterpane, lay a little girl of eight years, breathing her last. Such a room I never saw before. The bureau and mantle-piece were covered with every species of litter, and the elegant carpet was completely disfigured with dirt. Not a towel could be found for the Doctor to dry his hands with; and I shall not soon forget the look of disgust that swept over the man's face as he turned away from the filthy marble basin. Mrs. Jones sat by the bed-side, dressed in the same silver-gray serge. The buttons were all off now, for it was open from top to bottom. In the midst of this confusion stood a tall dignified, earnest-faced man, watching with streaming eyes the fast waning breath of his only child. I was not surprised to hear him groan as he bent over the face of his darling: "My all! my all! my all!" and I was also not surprised, when a few moments after, I heard that Mr. Jones had gone to California, and Mrs. Jones had taken up a permanent residence with her father.

Etiquette of the Flower Garden.

F. Tremaine, of Rock Island County, Ill., writes to the Country Gentleman sentiments that every owner of a flower garden can endorse:

There are comparatively few who, either from instinct or education regard that delicate courtesy which should be observed by all who enter the charmed precincts of a garden. A few suggestions to those who thoughtlessly violate the etiquette of the garden will prevent much mortification and unpleasantness.

If the walks are narrow, a little care will avoid sweeping one's skirts over the beds, to the injury of the flowers and the nerves of the owners as well. Do not pick unbidden a blossom, or even a leaf—it may be the very one its possessor valued most. Nothing is more presumptuous than to return from a ramble in a friend's garden with a bouquet of your own selection, unless requested in an unequivocal manner to help yourself, and even then it requires rare discretion to make a choice satisfactory to all parties. Handle or pinch nothing whatever, even a touch injures some vegetation, and feeling of rose and other buds is almost sure to blast them. The beauty of scented-leaved plants is often ruined from having their foliage pinched by odor-loving friends; better pick the leaf

off entirely for a visitor than for half a dozen to be mutilated by the pressure of fingers, which are seldom satisfied with trying only one. A tender-hearted young friend received a rebuke from a lady that almost brought the tears to her eyes; as she moved her hand toward an unusually fine rose geranium, the pride and pet of its possessor, in sharp alarm its owner exclaimed, "Don't pinch it!" The young lady's mortified feelings were only soothed by explaining to her that her friend was probably constantly tormented by the ruinous admiration of acquaintances, and her nerves were too irritated for a gentle remonstrance. Every cultivator of flowers can understand the annoyance of seeing a favorite flower in such danger.

Among my acquaintances is one who is welcome everywhere but among the flowers. When she approaches them, it is no exaggeration to say that I am in agony. The rarest and most delicate plants are pinched and stripped through her fingers, particularly if the foliage is ornamental. When she discovered my lovely ferns and handled them unmercifully, I should have burst into tears if I had not caught the pitying eye of my husband bent upon me, who with ready tact diverted her attention to something else. When one exhibits a beautiful baby, she does not expect to have its fat limbs pinched till they turn black and blue, its hair pulled because it is soft and silken, or its lustrous eyes examined by curious fingers. Neither will the tender children of the soil endure useless handling.

If accompanied by a child, be sure it does not touch the flowers. A little rosy elf with its apron full of choice flowers and broken branches will look very much more bewitching to its mother or some uninterested artist, than to the owner of the depleted flower-beds. Believe one who speaks from experience, and do not rob yourself of a welcome to some friend's garden by trying the experiment.

When an enthusiast in floriculture triumphantly shows some elegant foliage plant, so gorgeously dyed and painted that it is always in blossom, do not ask whether it has a flower. A conspicuous bloom on a plant so lavishly dowered with beauty would be a superfluity which nature is too wise to bestow.

It is a luxury to have some persons visit a garden—to have the very gems of one's collection singled out immediately by an appreciative eye—to watch the play of expression intense enjoyment of your treasures give to the mobile features; and, last, to share everything that can be divided with them, and read on a beaming face that you are fully thanked, even before the lips move in words.

Whooping Cough.

It is entirely nervous—so it would appear from all we can learn on the subject. It is not as if something were in the stomach, or lungs, or air passages, or anywhere requiring to be coughed up and got rid of, but as if particular spasmodic action in coughing were alone the ultimate symptom in the disease. The sufferer in this malady feels only as if he must cough—not as if he must cough up something so as to expel it from the chest. It is of great importance to keep this in view. We have never seen a case in which three or four teaspoonfuls of hot water failed to give visible relief to a child in whooping cough. Some in which the little patient was looked upon as dying actually, we have seen revived at once by nothing more than this. How do we account for such an effect from what is in most eyes so feeble a cause? We do not think it very difficult to account for it. A little world of nerves are distributed in the coats of the stomach. These are in a state of action verging on inaction, and the supply of nerve force sent out to them is constantly on the point of that convulsive effort, which ensues when nothing else will restore the proper amount of activity all through the nerves.

If an ordinary stick of liquorice and an ounce of linseed are boiled in a quart of water, down to a pint, strained and kept for use, and a teaspoonful of this thrice a day, and the little hot water much more frequently, are given to the patient, a great deal will be done to soothe the irritable nerves and to mitigate and cure the disease. These things, it will be seen, apply only to the nerves of stomach and bowels. The whole system, more or less, needs soothing. Well, bathe the little feet once in two nights, in warm water above blood heat a little, dry, and rub gently with warm olive oil, put on soft cotton stockings, and put to bed. This will soothe wonderfully another most powerful set of nerves. On the night when the feet are not bathed, wash the back kindly with soap and hot water, dry, and rub gently with warm olive oil. Dry this gently off, and put to bed early.

As far as possible everything like harsh or irritating treatment of any kind must be kept away from the little whooping patient. He need not by any means "have all his own way," but when his will must yield to a superior, the stand may be taken and kept laughingly, and so as to keep, if possible, his little "temper" down. There is always more than one way of managing the refractory spirit, and in the time of whooping cough, at least, the sunniest way is the best. Now, as to the little folk that have as yet escaped, by all means give them the teaspoonful of liquorice and linseed three times a day. They will be glad to get it! Also give them the warm foot bath, and oil.

The Isle of Man.

There is a patch of land in the stormy Irish Sea called the Isle of Man, about which many travelled and untravelled Americans know scarcely more than its name. On a sunny day the highlands of Ulster, in Ireland, and of Galloway, in Scotland, are visible from its western shore, and from the summit of Snaefell Mountain, busy little England is seen fretting in the golden haze far across the sea. It is not much greater than Staten Island in area, and an ambitious Californian might look upon it as a fair-sized ranch. But small as it is—a mere speck on the map of Great Britain—it has a Government of its own, with a House of Parliament, a

people infused with noble blood, and a thrilling and eventful history. Hawthorne found it out while he was a consul at Liverpool, and has praised it in the delicious prose of his "English Note-Book." Scott gathered material from "Feveril of the Peak," from its romantic scenery and legends; and Wordsworth commemorated a visit to it in a sonnet. But it is not in these few literary associations that its chief interest lies. The history of its varied fortunes and the ancestry of its superstitious people have a peculiar interest—dating as they do from the thrilling age when the Norsemen were mighty in the west.

In its greatest length the island measures about thirty-three miles, and in its greatest breadth about thirteen. Its circumference is seventy-five miles, excluding the sinuosities of bays; and it contains a superficial area of about one hundred and thirty thousand acres, or two hundred and three square miles. Enjoying the benefits of the Gulf Stream, the climate is singularly mild and genial, and there are few other places in the world where the difference between winter and summer is so slight. The mean temperature of summer is usually about 66.17°; of autumn, 46.97°; of winter, 40.00°; of spring, 44.70°. There is plenty of rain, but very little snow or frost. Fuchsias grow to the height of ten or twelve feet out-of-doors, and are found, a mass of crimson blossoms, in the poorest gardens. As to the healthfulness of the climate, you should see the native girls, rosy-cheeked, plump, active, and gleeful, and the men, who are as stalwart, muscular, and handsome a race as ever breathed sea-air.

Exploration in Palestine.

Lieutenant Conder reports a proposed identification of Adullam city and cave. The traditional site was the great series of caves at Khureitum; late writers, however, giving preference to Deir Dubban. But M. Clermont Ganneau discovered the name of Aydee Mich attached to a small ruin in the Shephelah or Low Country. Lieutenant Conder has now examined this site carefully, and comes to the conclusion that he has found the ruins of the city of Adullam with "the cave" close by. It lies on the western slope of the Wady Sur, the upper portion of the valley of Elah. Its position, on a ledge 500 feet above the valley, is important for military purposes. There are the usual indications of ancient occupation in wells, stone troughs, tombs, and terraces. It seems to fulfil the topographical requirements, and the name preserves the essential letters of the Hebrew. "The cave" resolves itself into a series of small caves from twenty to thirty feet in breadth, still inhabited or used as stables. It is marked in Murray's map as the Wely Mndkor, standing about half way between Kila and Sueh. Lieutenant Conder points out that the present cave dwellers of Palestine will not live in the large caves such as those of Khureitum on account of their darkness, their reputed unhealthiness, and the scorpions with which they abound.

He also suggests that Beit Jibrin (Beth-gabrin, the House of Gabriel) is the ancient Libnah. The camp of Beit Jibrin has furnished him with 424 names in 180 square miles, but most of them are early Christian. Out of ninety-seven names in the list belonging to Judah, not counting the cities of the Negel, thirty-two had been identified before the Survey, three more recently by M. Clermont Ganneau, and thirty-three—perhaps three or four more—have been identified by Lieutenant Conder and the Survey party. In other words, the systematic survey has done in three years as much as all previous travellers put together.—The Academy.

Be Independent.

There is nothing in the world that ensures success so completely as does perfect independence. People who are always waiting for help may wait a long time as a general thing; a little assistance, a little recommendation, a little influence, are not to be had for asking, but there is always something one can do for himself. Do it, whatever it is, and do it with a will. One thing leads to another.

If you are a girl, don't sit still and hope a rich man will marry you, while your old father toils for your daily bread. Make dresses, or go into a shop, or—if you know how to be a good servant—into some one's kitchen. Good, honest pluck and sensible independence are a dower in themselves, and there are men who know it.

If your means place you beyond such need, be independent in another way. Learn how to help yourself and take care of yourself as much as possible. Rather be one who does things for others than one who must have things done for you or suffer. Two hands, two feet, sight and strength—these ought to enable you to dispense with help while you are young and healthy.

We like men who can defy adverse circumstances, and could earn a living in any quarter of the world in which they were dropped down; who can roll up their sleeves and set to work at almost anything that offers, and who can even sew on their own buttons and make themselves a cup of tea when deprived of the help of woman-kind.

We like women who are not annihilated when the servant girl goes off in a huff! who could wash the dresser or sweep the floor, if either unpleasant efforts were necessary; and who, if plunged into the depths of poverty, would light their way out of it, asking help of no man.

Independence makes no woman less loving. The most helpful women are fondest and truest; and, as for man, never trust him in any capacity if he has not within him the true spirit of independence, without which neither strength or sweetness may be hoped for.

In the battle of life there is but one way to succeed—fight it out yourself. Give us a helping hand when you may. Take it if in some rare strain it is offered freely; but never wait for it; be independent as far as man may be if you would honour yourself, or be honoured by others; or be happy.

Scientific and Useful.

ADHESIVE fly paper is made by boiling linseed oil to which a little resin has been added, until a viscid mass is formed. The latter is then spread evenly upon the paper.

A GOOD red or blue ink, suitable for use with stamps, can be made by rubbing Prussian blue or blue drop lake with fine clay into a thick paste with water.

A TABLESPOONFUL of black pepper put in the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed will keep them from spotting. It will also generally keep the colors of black or coloured cambrics or muslins from running, and does not harden the water.

LINE slackened just before application, and sown by hand, is said to be an infallible protection against fly in turnips.

A WHITENASH made of quicklime and wood ashes will destroy moss on trees.

VALLEY SPONGE CAKE.

Take fourteen eggs, of which use seven of the yolks, one pound of sugar, half a pound of flour, one lemon, or a tablespoonful of strong vinegar flavored with extract of lemon. Bake in a quick oven.

SILVER CAKE.

Take one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of milk, one and a half cupfuls of flour, half a cupful of butter, the whites of four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda. Flavor delicately, if you choose, with bitter almond or vanilla.

VALLEY GINGERBREAD.

Take seven teaspoonfuls of flour, one pint of molasses, one cupful of sour cream, one cupful of butter, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in part of the cream or milk. Flavor with one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and one tablespoonful of ground ginger.

POP-OVERS.

One cupful of milk, one egg, one cupful of flour, and a little salt. Beat well, and put a tablespoonful of the batter in very small tin pans. Bake quickly, and eat immediately.—Harper's Bazar.

WEST END LETTUCE DRESSING.

Boil two eggs hard. Mash the yolks with a very little cold water; put one teaspoonful of sugar, one light teaspoonful of mustard, and not quite a full one of salt. Mix all these things well with the yolks. Add slowly three tablespoonfuls of best olive oil, until perfectly smooth, and only one tablespoonful of water.

FRENCH MUSTARD.

Take a quarter of a pound of best yellow mustard, pour over it half a pint each of water and vinegar. Add a pinch of salt and a piece of calamus root the size of a pea. Put it on the fire, and while it boils add a tablespoonful of flour. Let it boil twenty minutes, stirring it constantly. Just before taking it off stir in a teaspoonful of sugar or honey. When cool, put it into bottles, and cork tightly.

BUTTERMILK BISCUITS.

To three cupfuls of buttermilk add one of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, a dessert spoonful of salt, and flour enough to make the dough just stiff enough to admit of being rolled out into biscuits. The measure has not been accurately ascertained, but calculate upon needing about two quarts of flour in making by the above highly recommended recipe.

COLD TOMATO SAUCE.

Half a peck of ripe tomatoes, peeled, and drained through a colander twenty-four hours, then made fine. Put to them one small teaspoonful of salt, one full cupful of sugar, one cupful of white mustard seed, one gill of nasturtium seed, four tablespoonfuls of horse-radish, two dozen stalks of celery chopped up fine, or half an ounce of celery seed, two tablespoonfuls of ground black pepper, one quart of good vinegar. It must not be boiled. Stir well, and bottle for use. This sauce can be used as soon as made.

CUCUMBERS AS A VEGETABLE.

Peel them several hours before they are to be used. Sprinkle with salt lightly, after cutting into thin slices, and pour over them a little ice water. This process extracts from them all bitterness, and renders them wholesome. Pour off the water just before you need the dish, and vinegar and pepper, and it is ready for the table. Every housekeeper should be aware of the fact that the peelings of cucumbers serve as a poison for cockroaches. If strewn at night over the floor of a kitchen infested with such vermin, they will be found to have been greedily devoured by the creatures, which die in consequence.

SEED WHEAT.

Steeping seed wheat in sulphate of copper (blue stone) prevents blight or smut. Alderman Mechi recommends one pound of sulphate of copper dissolved in ten quarts of water, and the wheat to be steeped in it for ten minutes, and well stirred, or the wheat may be put on a floor and saturated with the solution.

APPLE FLOAT.

Stew one quart of dried apples, of fair quality, until perfectly tender and well done, making them very sweet (half a pound of sugar will probably suffice), and flavoring to your taste with some mild spice or pure extract of lemon. When the fruit is sufficiently cooked, spread it on a large flat dish, and mash thoroughly with a silver fork. Now, while the fruit cools, beat up as light as possible the whites of eight eggs, and when they stand up stiff and dry, mix them with the apples. Serve the float in a glass bowl, and have ready to use with it a small pitcher of cream or very rich milk. With the addition of a basket of cake this makes a pretty and to most persons acceptable dessert, the great objection made to it being that it disappears from resembling ice cream too closely in appearance. If prepared the color of the float is inviting, being delicate creamy colored.