

**Leaving the Old House.**  
There's sunshine on the meadows,  
And sunshine on the road,  
And through the brightness toils the horse  
Beneath a weary load;  
And as I stand beside the door, with hand before  
my eyes  
I hear the children laugh to see the household  
gods I prize.

There was a time when this old home  
Was full of mirth and cheer,  
But one by one the household went  
And left it all to me—  
A quiet house of vacant rooms, each made a  
sacred place  
By echo of a missing voice, or dream of vanished  
face.

My new room is a pleasant place,  
But yet it grieves me now;  
Its small completeness seems to say  
My world is narrow now;  
'Tis far too small for any one with festivals to  
keep,  
But for my funeral large enough, since few will  
come to weep.

Good-bye, old house—a long good-bye!  
My hand is on your gate;  
Though tears are gathering in my eyes,  
I must not longer wait.  
Good-bye, old house! and, after all, the love  
which makes you dear  
Awaits me in the heavenly home to which I'm  
drawing near.

### BELLE'S DIARY.

(Harper's Magazine, Oct.)

June 1, 1877.—Sunday.—We had such a stirring preacher to-day—a home missionary. He set the whole business before us in a new light; he urged upon us the necessity of action. If nearer duties detained us, we ought to give tithes of our income, he said. Mr. Andover added a few remarks to emphasize the missionary's, and then the box was passed. Of course I hadn't any money. I thought somewhat of putting in the ring Aunt Holyoke left me, but didn't dare. Afterward Mr. Andover said if any one had come to church unprepared, she could leave her mite in his hands at any time, to be forwarded for the good cause. I told Philip, who overtook me on the way from church, how much I was interested, and how much I wished I were rich enough to contribute; and he only laughed and pook-pooked, and called me a religious enthusiast. Mother says she wishes Philip wouldn't haunt me so much; that since he has broken our engagement because we were too poor to marry, and no likelihood of growing richer, as his father had just failed, he ought not to act as if I belonged to him still. I suppose she thinks it diminishes my chances; but I don't want any more "chances." I don't believe I shall ever marry now; neither will Philip; and why should we not be friends? Old Mrs. Abernethy told me, directly after the engagement was off, that she always knew Philip Devereaux was selfish and mercenary. I should have given her a piece of my mind if she hadn't been old enough to be my grand-mother, and hadn't meant it kindly. How unhappy I was when Nell Williams got angry with me and said she didn't believe that Philip ever meant to marry me, and would never marry any girl without a fortune! That ended our friendship.

Thursday.—Philip is going away! It is like a thunder-bolt. He is going into business in New York. Perhaps he will make a fortune—who knows? Not that I care for money. Mr. Andover brought me a book to read to mother, and a bunch of scarlet columbines. How I wish she could see their rich color and grace! I told him that I had grown a sudden interest in home missions, and wished there was something I could do for the poor people the Rev. Mr. Gerrish told us about. "Your mission is already marked out for you," he said. "You are eyes to the blind, and sunshine to those who sit in shadow." I always think Mr. Andover is a plain man till he smiles.

Tuesday.—Philip is gone! He bade me good-bye at the gate last night, under the stars. He is going to write often. It is horribly lonesome to-day; what would a lifetime be without him! I've beguiled myself thinking over a plan for raising money for the home missions. I've sold Aunt Holyoke's ring. It was a pretty ring, but the jeweller only gave me two dollars for it, with which I have bought a lottery ticket. It doesn't draw till the 1st of July, and then how proud I should be to take a thousand dollars over to the parsonage for the cause, and how surprised Mr. Andover would be!

Wednesday.—Very dull. Read "Paradise Lost" to mother.

Thursday, 20.—Mr. Andover called; asked if I had heard from Mr. Devereaux. I'm afraid something had happened to him.

June 30.—A short but delightful letter from Philip. He is too busy to write much or often. Mr. Andover is going to give me German lessons.

July 5.—The lottery ticket drew nothing. I could have cried. I built so many castles. The very next number to mine drew five hundred dollars. I painted a little horse-shoe—German forget-me-nots on a gold ground—and Mr. Ashley, the stationer, sold it for me for five dollars. I was thunder-struck. Who could have thought it worth so much? I mean to buy a ticket in the Royal Havana Lottery this time. Perhaps this is the beginning of luck.

July 11.—Wrote to Philip. Mr. Andover came to give me a German lesson, and afterward read to mother and me from the German authors. I told him, just as he was leaving, that I had heard from Philip, because he asked before. Thought he looked suspicious or something; perhaps he thought I was writing in proper spirit, to correspond with Philip, since our engagement is broken.

August.—Philip is so busy that he can't find time to write often. I've had only three letters since he left, but he says that mine make sunshine in a shady place for him. Squire Cutts told Nell Williams that his daughter Annette, who is visiting on Coney Island, met Philip there at a hop. "I'm glad the poor fellow has some diversion," I said, but I was very sorry she mentioned it before Mr. Andover and mother. Of course a man can't work day and night.

August 11.—Such weather is too splendid to enjoy alone. Mr. Andover rowed me up to the Artichoke River. It was like fairy-land, all the boughs of the trees leaning across from shore to shore, and the moonlight and stars sifting through, and painting weird shadows upon the still water. Resting upon his oars, he sang to me a gondolied which he learned abroad, that seemed just a part of the moonlight, the smooth river and the summer. What they were to the eye, his song was to the ear. I wish Philip could sing.

August 12.—The most astonishing thing has happened. I can hardly believe it. I have been in a state of supreme excitement ever since the mail came in. What will Philip say? I have never been so happy since he told me he had made his mind that he was selfishly standing in my light and our

engagement must be broken till he should see his way clear to a fortune. Nothing I urged could change his noble resolve. But now there is no longer any need of separation. His way is clear to a fortune. I have drawn a prize in the Royal Havana Lottery! Good luck under a horseshoe.

August 13.—Mr. Andover came to give my lesson. He said I looked as if I had heard good news. I wrote Philip all about it, and how happy I am to know that our days of separation are ended—that he must feel it as much his money as mine, and that now he will not need to slave himself to death, and that though we will not be very, very rich—not nearly as rich as Squire Cutts—yet we can live in comfort and happiness, unhampered by debt or poverty. How surprised, how happy, he will be!

August 14.—Philip has received my good news by this, and is in the seventh heaven.

15.—No letter from Philip. Perhaps it is too early to look for one.

20.—I shall never have the happiness of expecting a letter from Philip again. Perhaps I am only punished for my selfishness. I bought the lottery ticket, to be sure, in order to benefit the home missions, but the temptation to benefit Philip and myself was too great. When I drew the prize I doubted at the time whether I did not owe it all to the home mission, but as I had only hoped to draw a thousand dollars at most for that cause, my scruples were overruled by selfishness. My religious enthusiasm, as Philip once called it, died out when it came into competition with my own happiness. I am punished indeed. I was so happy, too, when I started under Mr. Andover's convoy for the church picnic. I had no doubt but Philip was on his way to meet me and make arrangements for our marriage, because he had not written. Perhaps he would be at home waiting for me when I returned, talking it over with mother. I was so sure of his love. By-and-by I got tired strolling in the woods and hunting for maiden-hair fern with Mr. Andover, and sat down by some trees, a little apart from the others, to think and enjoy. And presently I heard Miss Anne Cutts reading a letter aloud to Mrs. Blair, and her droning voice was hushing me off to sleep.

Our wedding is fixed for October. I wanted to wait till Christmas, but my lord and master objected. My gown is already ordered of Worth. I shall be married in church by Mr. Andover.

Your affectionate niece,  
ANNETTE CUTTS.  
Was Miss Anne Cutts still reading aloud, or had I dreamed this about the wedding and Mr. Andover? I opened my eyes, and saw a little bird tilting on a spray, and immediately Mrs. Blair broke the spell by saying, "Bless me, Anne! it's a good match for Philip Devereaux, now isn't it? A lucky day for him when he broke off with Belle Ford!" And I heard no more; the trees and the bird seemed to swim before me in a cloud of mist. I stood up and steadied myself against a bowlder, and Mr. Andover came and put my arm in his and took me home. And this is the end.

Philip untrue; Philip the lover of another! It is unreal. I cannot seem to grasp it.

August 22.—A letter from Philip Devereaux. After all, I thought, maybe it was gossip and hearsay. The sight of the familiar handwriting sent the blood spinning through my veins. He congratulated me on my good luck, and added: "Having broken our engagement when we were both beggars, how could I renew it now because you have become rich? Would not the world—our world—have the right to point the finger of scorn at me? I cannot accept such generosity, Belle, even for your sake, but must still plod on." Once I should have thought these sentiments so noble. Whereas I was blind, now I see. He thinks that I know nothing about the affair of Annette Cutts, or he has not courage to break it to me.

September 15.—I have resumed my German studies, to divert my mind. Everybody is talking of the approaching marriage. I told Mr. Andover about the prize, and asked if he would take it for home missions.

"Have you the money in hand?" he asked.

"No; I have not even sent on my ticket. I have merely been notified that I had drawn the amount."

"My dear Miss Belle," he said, "pardon me—but I do not approve of lotteries."

"Neither do I, any longer."

"It may be a foolish scruple," he pursued; "most people would laugh at it; but it seems to me that money obtained in that way does more harm than good—will not be blessed in the use."

"Perhaps not," I said; "but what shall I do with it? I feel like the man who drew the elephant."

"Suppose you destroy the ticket and do nothing about it?"

"Very well," I returned. "I wish I had never bought it." And so I held it in the gas jet and reduced the fortune that was to have made me happy to a pinch of ashes.

October 1.—A dreadful thing has happened. Squire Cutts has died insolvent. It will postpone Annette's wedding. I hear that the order for her wedding gown has been countermanded. But if Philip loves her, she is still rich. All the kingdoms of the earth cannot buy love.

June, 1878.—It is more than a year since I began this diary, and how much has occurred! I have often wondered how Philip Devereaux bore himself after Annette Cutts married old General Battles, with his millions and his coat, preferring a palace without love to love in a cottage. Yesterday I wandered into the pine woods alone. Mr. Andover and I have been there so often that all its treasures of shade and sunlight, of soaring pines and humble mosses, seemed to belong to us. Its winding ways are like enchantment, luring us on to more beauty and serenity. It is like walking through dim cathedral aisles as we tread upon the carpet of pine needles and hear the wind fluting through the branches, while slyly intense is waited about and sweet thoughts come like a benediction. You scarcely hear an approaching footstep, and I was gathering some ferns, when, some one close beside me said, "Isabelle! Isabelle!" a voice that sounded strangely familiar, but was not Mr. Andover's; a voice that seemed to conjure a vision of stately summer nights, and sweet scents, and tender words, in an instant before I could turn. I never once thought of Philip Devereaux, but there he stood, smiling and debonair, as if we had only parted an hour ago. "Your mother told me I should find you here," he said, taking my unwilling hand. "See, I picked a four-leaved clover as I came across the meadow; that means luck. Isabelle, can you forgive me?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered heartily, "and thank you too."

"I was a fool, Isabelle."

"And so was I."

"Isabelle, don't turn away your head. I never loved Annette. I love you. You have no cause for jealousy. I have come back to marry you, Isabelle."

"I shall never marry you, Philip," I said. "I do not love you any longer."

"Not love me?" he cried. "Oh, I understand; you have some natural resentment—"

"But no love." And then he fell to protesting and expostulating, while we walked out of the pine woods together; and just as we emerged into the road we met Mr. Andover. He bowed and passed on. I knew he had come to look for me. I parted with Philip at the gate, where we parted once before, and to-day it is all over town that our engagement is renewed.

June 16.—Mr. Andover has not been to see me since the day I met him coming out of the pine woods with Philip. Philip called, but I declined the interview.

June 18.—Met Mr. Andover walking on the causeway by the river. He turned and joined me. An old woman came out of a fishing-boat presently, and begged for money. As he opened his purse something glittering fell out at his feet. It was Aunt Holyoke's ring. He picked it up. "You used to wear this," he said; "that was why I bought it."

"You were very good. Did you mean to give it to me?" I asked.

"If you will take my heart with it, Belle."

### EUROPEAN ARMIES.

Military Strength of Various Continental Countries.

The recent newspaper war between Germany and Russia having given rise to many speculations concerning the offensive and defensive power of several European States, some particulars respecting various armies which have been furnished to me on good authority may be read with interest at this moment. To begin with Germany, the reorganization of that army was fully carried out in 1866, since which time the annual recruiting has produced 1,300,000 men. After making due deductions for dead, sick, etc., the strength of the German army may now be fairly put at 1,250,000 men of the line, and the reserves and the First Landwehr, all of whom are thoroughly drilled and ready to enter the field at any moment. These men are of various ages, from 20 to 32 years. Besides these, the German Government can call out the Second Landwehr and the Landsturm, which includes all the drilled soldiers from 32 to 50 years of age. These would, after making due deduction, number 1,300,000 men. All these 2,550,000 soldiers can be marched in 24 hours after their being called out, as all the Quartermaster's arrangements are made in time of peace to enable this to be done. From this total must be deducted 200,000 for the fortresses, 150,000 for the coasts and against Denmark, and 100,000 for depots; so that 2,100,000 men are available for real warfare, and the last of whom would only require a fortnight at the most to be on the frontiers. The border fortifications on the French side are completely finished and are fully armed. They are furnished with large stores of provisions, and communicate with the interior of the country by means of good railways. France has, of course, good fortresses also on the German frontier, and these are strengthened by smaller barricading forts, but, in addition to the fact that they will not be completed and in thorough working order before 1881, Germany has the advantage of a convex frontier which would facilitate concentric attacks, such as are regarded by military authorities as the most successful. The strength of the French army is, on paper, 3,600,000 men, but Sir Garnet Wolseley, as well as other authorities, calculates it as only about 1,800,000, among whom are more than 600,000 undrilled men. Besides this, the state of the territorial army and the Garde Mobile is so doubtful that France is considered to have ready for the beginning of a war not more than 1,000,000, of whom 400,000 must be deducted for garrisons, etc., leaving 600,000 really available for action. Russia's force although given on paper at 1,800,000 men, cannot, as was explained at the beginning of the recent dispute, exceed 400,000 men on the German frontier.—*Vienna Correspondence of the London Standard.*

The *Evening Telegram* of to-day has the following: "It is more than probable that Hanlan will not go to Ohautequa Lake to row Courtney." He is in anything but good health, and it will be impossible to get him into proper shape in time for the race. This has been patent for sometime back to every one conversant with rowing, and, we believe, has become a conviction with Hanlan himself. Only those who were with the champion in England when he was preparing for his race with Hawdon know what had been taken out of his strength and stamina by the sea voyage. It required the most judicious handling to get him fit for the Elliott race, and the voyage back again threw him on his beam ends. The process of becoming reconditioned has been dreadfully slow, and even now Hanlan is far below his healthy weight. The fact of the matter is that he has nothing to train upon, and until he has to undergo the heavy work necessary for such a match would not only prove worse than useless for the occasion, but might result in a permanent and irremediable injury. Should Hanlan decide not to go to meet Courtney much adverse criticism may be expected both at home and abroad, but the sympathy of intelligent men will be with the champion for he clearly needs rest and time to recuperate. If Courtney's condition be as it is represented to be, he cannot be averse to postponing the race until the spring, more especially as the onus of avoiding the second test will be thrown on Hanlan's shoulders. Indeed, no one will be injured by such a postponement and it will result in a race more satisfactory in every respect.

SCHOOL FEES.—It may be well, just now, to notice that at the last session of the Legislature of Ontario the 106th section of the Public Schools Act was amended by striking out the sub-section allowing any person taxed for Public School purposes on property situated in a different school section from that in which he resides, to send his children to the school of the section on which the property is situated on as favorable terms as if he resided on such section, the following clause being substituted: "From and after the 18th day of August next, the fee to be imposed upon any non-resident pupils shall not exceed the sum of 25 cents for each pupil for every calendar month." It will be seen from this that all persons living outside the municipality and sending pupils to the public school of the town will be required to pay a fee not exceeding 25 cents a month.

### TELEGRAPHIC. GENERAL GRANT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Handsome Reception and Good Conduct of the People.

SAN FRANCISCO, California.—The steamer of Tokio arrived here from China last night with General Grant on board. He met outside the harbor with an immense crowd with people bent on doing honor to the ex-President. The hills overlooking the harbor were black with people, the booming of cannon, the screaming of flags and the shouts of the multitude led how genuine was the enthusiasm his return. On reaching the dock he passed the Reception Committee and came to become the guest of the city during his stay.

SAN FRANCISCO, California.—During Gen. Grant's stay in his apartments to day he received calls from a number of distinguished persons. Gen. and Mrs. Grant expressed appreciation of the handsome reception they had met, and were particularly impressed by the good conduct of the people throughout the demonstration and the entire absence of crowding. A series of entertainments were prepared for every day and evening during the coming week.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The *Herald's* San Francisco correspondent, referring to Grant's visit, says the enterprising business men making advantage of the occasion. Grant neck-ties and cigars, are seen on every street.

On Friday Grant goes to the Yosemite and is to be absent some days. On return he will be banquetted by Senator Stanford, Bonanza Flood and Gov. Stanford.

SAN FRANCISCO, California.—The California was filled to overflowing last evening by a performance of the military spectacle "Color Guard," in honor of General Grant. Boxes reserved for the General and his wife were handsomely draped, and three full companies of the National Guard added to the effect. When the party made their appearance the whole audience rose to their feet, cheering and applauding continuously, while the curtain was run down upon the uproar had subsided. After the performance Grant and party were serenaded at hotel by a band. A great number of officers of the National Guard were present.

### AN INDIAN DUEL.

Sig Bull Accepts a Challenge and kills his Man—Bravery of the Great Chief.

WINNEPEG, Manitoba, Can.—The *Marquette Review* publishes an interesting account of a duel between Sitting Bull and an Ojibwarrior, which occurred after the fight on 20th June between 200 lodges of the Sig who were south of the border after a battle, and two companies of United States soldiers, and 150 Cheyenne and Crow. Sig Bull accepted the challenge and receded the line, the result being that he seized the Crow, scalping him and taking possession of his horse. In the retreat across the Milk River into Canada, Sitting Bull personally commanded the rear guard of flight warriors, covering the movement and his own the last to cross.

### SCHOOL BOY'S REVENGE.

Attempted Assassination of a Christian Brother.

CHICAGO, Illinois.—An attempt was made to assassinate Brother Joseph Mathew, of St. Joseph's reform school, last night. As he was seated near the window reading, he saw the assassin and heard the report of a pistol. The ball passed through his cap, grazed his forehead and buried itself in a post near by. On Sunday last as the Brother was walking outside the corridor, he was fired at, the ball grazed his face. The police are looking for a sixteen year old lad named John Sexton, who was recently punished by the Brother. This was his revenge, and threatened to burn a school, and he is supposed to be the would-be assassin.

### AWONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A Man Falls Forty-Five Feet and Breaks No Bones.

COBAGO, Ont.—One morning lately Harry Jamieson, of the firm of Grieve & Jamieson, met with a severe and painful accident. He was working on the new roof of Victoria Hall, south side, and was sitting on a board near a derelict when the board canted and he slipped off. He had presence of mind enough to clutch the derrick, but he could not on. Further down he clutched the rope, but it slipped through his fingers, and he fell with a heavy thud to the ground on a pile of bricks and timewasting. The latter material being flexible, helped to break his fall. He struck in his shoulders and head, but wonderful to relate, after falling forty-five feet, about the average four-storey building height, he was picked up sensible and no bones broken. He received a severe shaking and a cut on the back of the head.

### STAFFORD & HURON RAILWAY.

Contracts Awarded for the Work.

HARRINGTON, Ontario.—Contracts for the construction of the Stafford & Huron Railway from Listowel to Warton were finally awarded here to-day as follows: John Carroll, St. Catharines, sections 1 to 6, being 17 miles; J. E. Bullock, Listowel, section 7, being 4 1/2 miles; Edgington & Stewart, Woodstock, sections 8 and 9, being 4 1/2 miles; Rodgers & Kennedy, Mount Forest, sections 10, 11 and 12, being 9 miles; A. C. Clark, Hanover, sections 13, 17 and 18, being 9 miles; Parry & Lamb, Danville, sections 14, 15 and 16, being 9 miles; J. & S. Irwin, Paris, sections 19, 20, 21 and 22, being 13 1/2 miles; James Allen, Allenford, 22, 23 and 24, being 10 1/2 miles; Henry Walters, Lindsay, all the bridging except the large iron bridge at Chesley, for which separate tenders are being received. The work is all to be commenced within ten days.

### AFRICA.

Stanley's Exploration of the Congo River.

LONDON, England.—Advices from the west coast of Africa state that Stanley evidently intends to complete the exploration of the Congo River from the west coast. At Sierra Leone the steamer was in danger of being stripped by the authorities, and Stanley had to declare himself, although he was travelling under an assumed name.

### THE G. W. R. AND WABASH AGREEMENT.

DETROIT, Michigan.—The *Free Press* of this morning says:—"In July last an agreement with the Toledo and Detroit Railway to construct a road from Toledo to Detroit and to use the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Depot, so as to connect in the easiest manner. The Great Western Railway now stand ready to carry out this plan. The Wabash Company, however, has shown Mr. Vanderbilt but that the interest of all Toledo and Detroit is not to be sacrificed to the Vanderbilt lines for traffic from the Wabash to the Great Western, and vice versa. Accordingly, an arrangement was made to this effect, and the first car under its accord through Detroit on Monday. The effect of the arrangement is that Mr. Vanderbilt has relinquished the almost absolute control which he had over the south-western traffic to the East, and in future the Great Western will share in the traffic which has heretofore gone over the Lake Shore Railway or the C. & N. W. by way of Trenton, thus not touching Detroit at all. The share of business which the Great Western can command will come to Detroit, and with it, no doubt, additional business. The arrangement is a virtual admission by Vanderbilt that the award of Col. Scott respecting the south-western traffic was unjust to the Great Western, and that that road is entitled to a share in the traffic. So far as Detroit is concerned, the relation of the Great Western towards it is in no sense changed, and this city will necessarily share in the benefits which will flow from the increased traffic of the Western."

### NEW SOUTH WALES.

The International Exhibition.

SYDNEY, New South Wales.—The International Exhibition is a great success. America has 150 industrial exhibits.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—A despatch from Sydney, New South Wales, says the International Exhibition in this city, which opened on the 17th inst., is a great success. Great Britain has 800 industrial exhibits and 513 of fine arts; Germany has 691 entries, and Austria 170; France has 350 industrial exhibits and 168 of fine arts; Belgium has 236 industrial exhibits and 50 of paintings. America has 150 industrial exhibits.

### CUBA.

Emancipation of Slaves.

MADRID, Spain.—A telegram from Havana states that three slave-holders, owners of 4,000, 1,200 and 800 slaves respectively, have emancipated them and contracted with them for their services for five years. Other slave-holders intend following their example. The Spanish Government has decided to send 500 troops to Cuba, and several Deputies have resolved to move in the Cortes the immediate abolition of slavery in Cuba, without indemnity to the slave-owners.

### BURMAH.

Leaving the Residency.

LONDON, England.—A despatch from Rangoon says it is generally believed that orders have been sent to the Acting Resident at Mandalay, Burmah, to leave with his party as soon as he can without betraying undignified haste or appearance of fear. It is just possible that the Acting Resident may think it less dangerous to remain quietly than to leave. The actual risk to members of the Residency is only slight; still some risk is inevitable as long as the King continues his drinking orgies, surrounded by young advisers too ignorant and hot-headed to appreciate the danger of war with England. The Burmese were reported as delighted at the departure of Col. Brown, British Resident, declaring they only desired to be left alone, to pursue their own policy without the interference of foreigners. The King dislikes having foreigners near him. Everything is reported as quiet at Mandalay, although the King's cruelties continue.

### A SINGULAR SUIT.

A Widow Sues the Saloon-keeper Who Sold Whiskey to Her Husband's Murderers.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Mrs. McConville, widow of Hugh McConville, murdered by Sherry and Conley, for which the latter was hanged, has begun a suit for \$10,000 damages against the owner of the saloon where Sherry and Conley procured liquor, which got them intoxicated; against the owner of the building and against the agent who leased the premises. The building was occupied by Durand Bros., wholesale grocers.

### How to Cure Ivy Poison.

It is now the season when boys and girls in the country give their mothers sad nights by coming home in the m'eries of poisoning by ivy. The irritation by this poisoning is acute, but the speedy cure for it is a wash of oxalic acid, a teaspoonful of the salt to a pint of water, with which the poisoned spots are bathed as often as they grow troublesome. The lotion smartly severely for a few minutes, but is followed by a cessation of the poison pain, which itches as if one could tear the part to pieces. The above may need reducing for young children. Make it weak at first, and add grains of the salt until it is strong enough to give relief. A dessert spoonful of sweet oil taken daily is said to drive the poison out of the blood, but three severe cases were cured without it by the acid alone. It should not be put in tin or anything metallic, as it corrodes, and may form poisonous compound.

A CONFIDENCE GAME.—On Friday afternoon a neatly dressed respectable looking young man approached Mr. John Henning, of Guelph, says the *Mercury*, and told him a very affecting tale. He said his parents lived in Hamilton, and that he had about \$50 when he arrived in Guelph to visit the Central show, but, unfortunately, he had either lost the money or his pockets had been picked. He had no money to take him home to his mother, but he was in possession of a very handsome cameo gold ring, which had been given him on the death of his father. If Mr. Henning would advance him \$3 on the ring, it would be redeemed within a couple of days and he would send \$5 for the obligation. The unsuspecting Mr. H. advanced the money, but afterwards it was discovered the ring was only worth 6 cents! Chief McMillan subsequently arrested the fellow, who was let go upon disgoring.

Old Madame Rothschild, mother of the mighty capitalists, attained the age of ninety-eight; her wit, which was remarkable, and her intellectual faculties, which were of no common order, were preserved to the end. In her last illness, when surrounded by her family, her physician being present, she said in a suppliant tone to the latter, "Dear doctor, try to do something for me." "Madame, what can I do? I can't make you young again." "No, doctor, I don't want to be young again, but I want to continue to grow old."