

**STRICHRINE.**—Prof. Trail of Edinburgh has published a paper on the detection of strychnine, in which he states that the best method of eliminating this powerful poison from the stomach's contents is by digesting these matters with alcohol filtering and concentrating the filtered liquid by a gentle heat. To separate any animal matter taken up with the strychnine, boiling this liquid with a little acetic acid, and again filtering, will effect a clear solution of the strychnine.

**EFFECT OF BRINE ON THE HUMAN SYSTEM.**—In consequence of accidents caused by the use of the brine of herring or salt meat, the Council of Health in Paris has been charged with examining to what extent brine may be allowed in food. Numerous experiments have been tried at Atfort, which have led to the following conclusions: the use of brine as a condiment or seasoning in the nourishment of man has hitherto had no injurious effects, and nothing authorizes the opinion that an economical process so advantageous for the poor should be proscribed. The same is not true of the abuse that is made of this substance in the nourishment and in the treatment of the diseases of certain animals, especially swine and horses. Authentic facts and recent experiments show that the mixture of brine in considerable quantity with food may produce real poisoning. In all cases, brine preserved too long or in contact with rancid meat, should not be employed except with the greatest care, and after it has been purified by skimming all the scum which forms on the surface.

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### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,  
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it,  
And twinkles through the darkest night  
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom,  
The saddest heart is not all sadness;  
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom,  
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair:  
Nor life nor death the future closes;  
All round the shadowy brow of Care,  
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

MRS. HEMANS,

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### THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BY T. D. REED.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn  
Is the lovely home where I was born;  
The peach tree leans against the wall,  
And the woodbine wanders over all;  
There is the shaded door way still—  
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.