

HEARTH AND HOME.

TEMPTERS AND CHASTISERS.—The passions are at once tempters and chastisers. As tempters, they come with garlands of flowers on the brows of youth; as chastisers, they appear with wreaths of snakes on the forehead of deformity. They are angels of light in their delusion; they are fiends of torment in their infliction.

DON'T be discouraged if, in the outset of life, things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish for the future are realised. The path of life appears smooth and easy, but when we come to travel it we find it up-hill, and generally trying enough. Don't be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience than the opinion of men, though the latter is not to be disregarded.

THE KING OF THE FAMILY.—There's no one equal to the family baby. Never a king, or emperor, or president with his power. He knows it, too, before his tiny feet can patter over the floor. When he awakes in the morning, another sun rises. When he is carried away for the night, he must kiss every one, and every one rejoices in his kisses. His eating and drinking, his walking and his pantomime, are subjects for important bulletins, every day. Ah, how strange it is that this important being must one day be let down to the position of an ordinary boy.

SPOILED.—Naturally vivacious girls often become dull and silent just because their heads are full of nonsense about beaux and lovers. They have a thousand thoughts and feelings which they would be ashamed to confess, though not ashamed to entertain; and their preoccupation with a subject which they had better let entirely alone, prevents their being the agreeable and rational companions of the gentlemen of their acquaintance which they are designed to be. The most attractive girl is she who does not allow the tyrant passion, love, to run away with jovial good nature.

HIGH AIMS.—True courage and self-control are the needs of to-day. Of students, who begin with high aims, how many, year after year, fail to fulfil them—not from want of ability or opportunity, but from want of resolution! The poet Cowper was once consulted by his friend Mr. Unwin about some man's character. "All I know," he wrote, "about him is this—that I saw him once clap his two hands upon a rail, meaning to leap over it; but he did not think the attempt a safe one, and so took them off again." This story typifies the career of not a few who promised something. Whatever you do, keep your hand upon the rail, even if you fail to clear it at the first leap, or, at all events, only remove it in order to try a humbler height. You are often exhorted to aim high that you may secure a lower mark—who aimeth at the sky shoots higher than he who means a tree.

LOVER AND HUSBAND.—Perhaps there is no more painful time in a woman's life than the time of transition when the assiduous lover is passing into the matter-of-fact husband, and the wooer is gradually changing into the master. Women, who are so much more sensitive than men, more sentimental too, and less content to trust in silence to an undemonstrative affection, are for the most part happy only while they are being made love to. It is not enough for them to be loved; they want to be told so twenty times a day, and to have the harmonies of life enriched by a crowd of "occasional notes," embroidering the solid substance by which they live. Men, on the contrary, get tired of making love. When they have wooed and won, they are content to be quiet, and to take all the rest for granted. They are not cold, however, because they are secure; and to most, and those the best, practical kindness is better than flattery, security ranks before excitement and hysteria, and life passed in serene friendship, fearing no evil, knowing no break, and needing no phrasing, is better than life passed in a perpetual turmoil of passion, where there are scenes and tears, and doubts and broken hearts, if there are not endless courtship and fatiguing demonstration.

THE RAVEN AND LADY GERALDINE.

Poe's dedication of "The Raven" to Mrs. Browning is in itself sufficient to set aside the charge of conscious plagiarism in "The Raven" from "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," for certainly the last thing done by even the most artless of poets would be, after deliberately imitating a lady to inscribe the imitation to her! But that "The Raven" unconsciously owed something of its sentiment, its rhythm, and even its actual rhyme, to the deep impression made on Poe by "Lady Geraldine," no one who compares the two poems can doubt, and two or three passages will serve to show. In "Lady Geraldine," we have:

"With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the eve the purple curtain Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale brows."

In "The Raven":

"And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before."

Mrs. Browning makes Lady Geraldine's despairing lover speak of—

"The desolate sand desert of my heart and life undone."

While Lenore's lover apostrophises the Raven as—

"Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted."

The instances of mere verbal correspondence in the two poems, such as "silken murmur," "silken stirring," "within the inner chamber," "she fluttered like a tame bird," "eyes now throbbing through me... are ye ever burning torrid o'er... my heart," from "Lady Geraldine:" and "silken... rustling," "into the chamber turning," "not a feather then he fluttered," "fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core," from "The Raven," are numerous; and the more singularly noticeable from the fact that in a minute, and on the whole appreciative, critique of Miss Barrett's poetry, contributed by Poe to the Broadway Journal, in the very year in which he wrote "The Raven," (1845,) he said that "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" was "a very palpable imitation" of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall." This only confirms what we have said before, that poets should be chary of accusing each other of "imitation;" unconscious reproduction being to a certain extent inevitable where sympathy and admiration are strong, and the current of thought sets in the same direction. Mrs. Browning herself either did not observe, or generously refrained from drawing attention to, these striking resemblances. She had great admiration for Poe's unquestionable genius, and wrote as follows of "The Raven," in a letter to a friend, shortly after its publication:—"This vivid writing—this power which is felt—has produced a sensation here in England. Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it, and some by the music. I hear of persons who are haunted by the 'Nevermore.' It seems probable that she herself came under that spell, and that the refrain of the grand, though un-prophetic poem, addressed by her to Napoleon III., 'Emperor—evermore,' was a reminiscence of Poe's 'Nevermore.'"

HUMOUROUS.

"SAY, mister," said a soiled-looking boy on the wharf, "do you ever give a piece o' watermelon to a poor boy whose father's mother's dead, 'n who goes to Sunday school, 'n has got a sore heel?" The man was deeply touched, and gave him a large slice.

A Scotch minister, who was famed for his dryness in the pulpit, called on one of his aged hearers, and as usual partook of a cup of tea. He remarked to the good wife that her teapot ran very slowly. "Deed, ay," quoth the good wife "it's like yersel'; it has an unco bad delivery."

"WELL, bub," replied Bijah, as he finished hanging up the broom, "this currency question bothers many besides you, though it's clear enough to me. You see that twenty-five cent scrip, don't you?" The boy remarked that he did, and Bijah placed it on the window sill, weighted it down with a peach stone, and continued:

"That bit of paper is marked '25 cents,' but is it twenty-five cents? Is it anything more than a piece of paper?"

"I dunno," solemnly replied the boy.

"Has that bit of paper any real value beyond its being a promise to pay?" demanded Bijah.

"What paper?"

"That 'ere twenty-five—"

He stopped there. Some one had sneaked up the alley and slyly stolen both scrip and peach stone.

"Never mind," consoled the boy, "it hadn't any intrinsic value."

"It hadn't, eh?" growled the old janitor: "I just want to catch the wolf who absorbed it!"

THE funeral party had retired from the burying ground, but he lingered about like a loving widower, to see the last sod put on. With his black clothes, his black silk gloves, his black-bordered handkerchief hanging carelessly in his left hand, his sombre visage, and a half a yard of black bombazine wreathed around his black hat, he seemed the very picture of melancholy. Presently he awoke from the reverie into which he had fallen, and said to the grave-digger:

"I hope you think she is comfortable down thur. I've put in all the style I knew how: prime rosewood coffin and trimmin's, an' seventeen carriages. She oughten to be easy."

"Oh, she'll never bother you again," cheerfully replied the brisk little apesman, stepping back to see if he had built up the mound symmetrically.

"Well, now, I'm glad to hear you say that," faded the bereaved man, "cause, you see, I expect to have another one afore Christmas, and I don't want the spirit of this here onfort'nate to come roamin' round the house."

Then he turned and walked out of the cemetery with the expression of a man returning from the performance of a benevolent deed.

THEY lingered at the gate until he could finish that last remark, and she toyed with her fan, while her eyes were looking down from beneath a jaunty hat that only partially shaded her face from the light of the silvery moon.

He stood gracefully on the outside, with one hand resting on the gate post and the other tracing unintelligible hieroglyphics on the panels. They were looking very sentimental, and neither spoke for some minutes, until she broke silence in a sweet, musical voice:

"And you will always think as you do now George?"

"Ever dearest; your image is impressed upon my heart so indelibly that nothing can ever efface it. Tell me, Julia, loveliest of yoursex, that I have a right to wear it there."

"Oh, you men are so deceitful," she answered, coquettishly.

"True, Julia, men are deceitful," he said, drawing a little nearer to her and insinuating himself inside the gate, "but who darling, could deceive you?"

"And if I were to die, George, wouldn't you find some one else you could love as well?"

"Never, never. No woman could ever fill your place in my heart."

"Oh, quidnow! That ain't right," she murmured, as she made a feint to remove his arm from around her waist.

"Let me hold you to my heart," he whispered passionately, "until you have consented to be mine," and he drew her nearer to him and held her tightly until he obtained the coveted boon.

It seemed but yesterday since our weary foot-steps interrupted that touching little scene, but when we passed near the same locality early yesterday morning, ere the moon and stars had paled, we heard a gentle voice exclaim:

"No, Sir: you've stayed out this long, and you may just as well make a night of it. I'll teach you to stay at the lodge until 3 o'clock in the morning, and then come fooling around my door to worry me and wake the baby. Now take that, and sleep on it."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

The Annual meeting of the British Counties Chess Association took place in August last at Glasgow.

The principal object of competition was the Provincial Challenge Cup. According to the original arrangements this is to become the property of the player who wins it thrice, and as Mr. Burn, a member of the association, gained it in 1873, and 1874, the present contest was on that account very interesting.

It was arranged that each player should contest one game with every other competitor; drawn games counting as half games to each player. There were in all eleven contributors, and the result of the match, as far as the most successful players were concerned, gave Mr. Fisher 8½ games, Mr. Burn 8 games, and the Rev. H. Archdall 6 games. We subjoin one of the games played in this Cup Tournament; the one between Mr. Burn and Mr. Hunter, the latter the strongest player in Glasgow.

GAME 40TH.

(Philidor's Defence.)

- | WHITE.—(Mr. Burn.) | BLACK.—(Mr. Hunter.) |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | P to Q 3rd |
| 3. P to Q 4th | P takes P |
| 4. Q takes P | Kt to Q B 3rd (a) |
| 5. B to Kt 5th | B to Q 2nd |
| 6. B takes Kt | B takes B |
| 7. Castles | Kt to B 3rd |
| 8. Kt to Q B 3rd | B to K 2nd |
| 9. B to K 3rd | Castles |
| 10. Q R to Q sq | Kt to K sq (b) |
| 11. Q to Q B 4th | Q to B sq |
| 12. Kt to Q 4th | B to Q 2nd |
| 13. P to K B 4th (c) | B to K 3rd |
| 14. Q to Q 3rd | P to K B 4th |
| 15. Kt to Q 5th | B takes Kt |
| 16. P takes B | R to B 3rd |
| 17. Kt to K 6th | P to Q 4th |
| 18. B to Q 2nd | Kt to Q B 2nd |
| 19. B to B 3rd | R to B 2nd |
| 20. K R to K sq | B to B 3rd |
| 21. R to K 3rd | B takes B |
| 22. Q takes B | R to K B 3rd |
| 23. Kt takes Kt P | K to B 2nd |
| 24. Kt to R 5th | R to Kt 3rd |
| 25. Q R to K sq | Kt takes P |
| 26. Q to Q B 4th | Q to B 3rd |
| 27. R from K sq to Q sq | R to K 3rd |
| 28. R takes R | K takes R |
| 29. R takes Kt | R to B sq |
| 30. R takes Q B P (dis ch) (d) | Resigns. |

NOTES.

(a) We consider this preferable to B to Q second, as the latter move leads to a confined game for the second player.

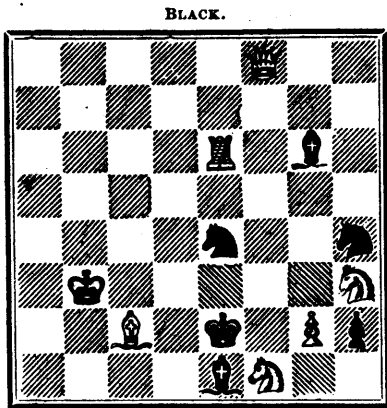
(b) Premature: advancing the pawns on the Queen's side is the play usually adopted at this juncture.

(c) White has now the advantage in position.

(d) The termination is in Mr. Burn's best style.

PROBLEM No. 37.

The special prize given at a Problem Tourney in England some time ago, was awarded to the following position.



White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 35.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|----------------------|---------------|
| 1. Kt to Q sq | 1. K to K 5th |
| 2. Q to K B 5th (ch) | 2. K to Q 5th |
| 3. Q mates | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players.

No. 34.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Q B to K B 4th | 1. P to K 6th |
| 2. P to Q Kt 4th | 2. K to Q 5th |
| 3. K to Q B 2nd | 3. K to K 5th |
| 4. P to Q Kt 5th (dis ch) | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 35.

By H. A. C. F. of Quebec.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-----------------------------|---------------|
| 1. K to Q 4th | K to Q Kt 8th |
| 2. B to Q B sq | |
| 3. Kt to K 3rd, Kt to Q 4th | |

White, to play and mate in four moves.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A writer says of Hans Christian Andersen: He had not an idea of self-restraint or of *apropos*, and his intense egotism was nourished by everybody and everything. It never occurred to him that he was not the centre of every one's life and thoughts. He once entered a room, shook hands all round, and then desecrating a stranger—a young English lady just arrived at Copenhagen—he went to her, took her by both hands, addressed her as "the English Rose, who had come to Denmark to see a great poet;" added, "all your friends will be happy that you are with Andersen," and went off to fetch a photograph of himself, which he bestowed on her with much emphasis. The admiring circle perceived nothing either absurd or blameable in this or any other manifestation of Andersen's vanity; and, indeed, its frankness, its simple reliance on every one's absolute admiration, preserved it from ridicule or censure; it was so childlike. He never conceived the notion of satire, he did not fear it therefore; and though his vanity was easily hurt, and he would pout and sulk like an offended child, until coaxed into good humor again, he never suspected a shade of ridicule of him in any one's manner or mind. Wherever he was, he was invariably served first at table, and he was deeply grieved at a departure from this custom on the occasion of "the English Rose's" arrival at the house, near Copenhagen, where he was then staying. He became silent, then sulky, would not eat, and disappeared early in the evening. The next morning their hostess came to the English guest and asked her if she would mind not being helped first, "it made dear Andersen so unhappy;" he went to the kitchen and told the servants he could see they no longer loved him, since they thought more of the English lady than of him.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The Liver is the great depurating (purifying) organ of the system, and has very appropriately been termed the "housekeeper" of our health. I have observed in the dissecting-room, and also in making *post-mortem* examinations of the bodies of those who have died of different diseases, that in a large proportion of cases, the liver has given evidence of having at some time been diseased. Liver affections are equally prevalent in beasts. Every butcher knows that the livers of cattle, sheep, and swine, are ten times as frequently diseased as any other organ. A healthy liver each day secretes about two and a half pounds of bile. When it becomes torpid, congested, or if, from any cause, it be disabled in the performance of its duties, it is evident that the elements of the bile must remain in the blood, thus irritating, poisoning, and perverting every vital process. Nature attempts to rid the system of these noxious materials by means of other organs, as the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc., which become overtaxed in performing their additional labor, and are unable to withstand the pressure.

The brain, which is the great electrical center of all vitality, becomes overstimulated with unhealthy blood, and fails to normally perform its functions. Hence there is dullness, headache, impairment of the memory, dizziness, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper. When the blood is diseased, the skin manifests discolored spots, pimples, blotches, boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors. The stomach and bowels, sooner or later, become affected, and constipation, piles, dropsy, dyspepsia, or diarrhoea, is the inevitable result.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow color of the skin, or yellowish-brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; dizziness, bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart, a dry, teasing cough, sore throat, unsteady appetite, sour stomach, raising of the food, and a choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting, distress, heaviness, and a bloated, or full feeling about the stomach and sides; aggravating pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic pains and soreness through the bowels; constipation, alternating with diarrhoea; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of the extremities, rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs (especially at night,) and chills, alternating with hot flashes; kidney and other urinary difficulties, dullness, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings. Only a few of these symptoms will be likely to be present in any case at one time.

TREATMENT.—Take *Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery*, with small doses of his *Pleasant Purgative Pellets*, which act as an alterative on the liver. For Liver Complaint and the various affections caused by a diseased liver, these remedies are unsurpassed. The Golden Medical Discovery does not simply palliate the disease, but it produces a lasting effect. By its use, the liver and stomach are changed to an active healthy state, the appetite is regulated, the blood purified and enriched, and the entire system renovated and restored to health.

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