

Kt. 5. would have been a question of great doubt, but he preferred to develop his game cautiously by

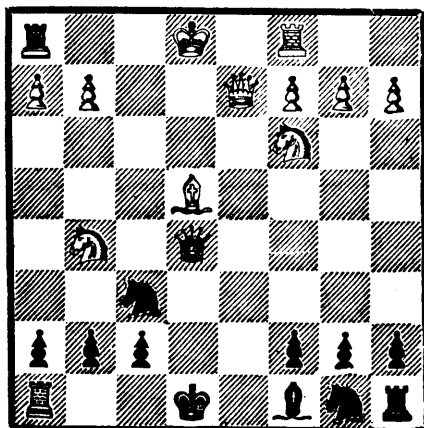
12. K. Kt. to B. 3.

13. K. Kt. to Kt. 5. 13. Q. to K. 4.

14. Q. to Q. 2.

Here I felt very uncomfortable, and for the life of me could not see any better move than my last—the loss of a piece seemed inevitable. The position now was interesting ; here it is.

WHITE.



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14. P. to K. R. 3.

Of course down came this brutal Pawn. I drew my chair closer and commenced to think, and then played,

15. K. to K. B. 2. 15. P. takes Knight,

Certainly, Queen takes Knight would have been better, but my opponent was too flushed with the thought of coming victory to permit exchange of Queens. I must confess that I inwardly chuckled when he took off Knight with the Pawn instead of Queen.

I immediately played—

16. K. B. to Q. B. 6 (ch) 16. K. to B. sq.

This 16th move of mine was an unexpected coup to my visitor, who pondered half a minute, and then at once comprehended the situation of instant loss of Queen if Bishop were taken. The game then proceeded in a sort of *coute qui coute* style, thus—

17. Q. to Q. 8th (ch). 17. Kt. to K, sq.

18. K. R. to K. sq. 18. Q. to Q. B. 4. (ch).

19. K. to B. sq. 19. Q. takes Q. B.

20. Q. takes Q. B. 20. R. takes K. R. P.

Now I began to feel the situation of my King very untenable, and that I had acted unwisely

in not originally checking with Queen's Rook (I did not want my K. R. to be put out of play); now the danger was imminent. I devoutly wished with Falstaff "'twere night, Hal, and all 'twere well"—I played—

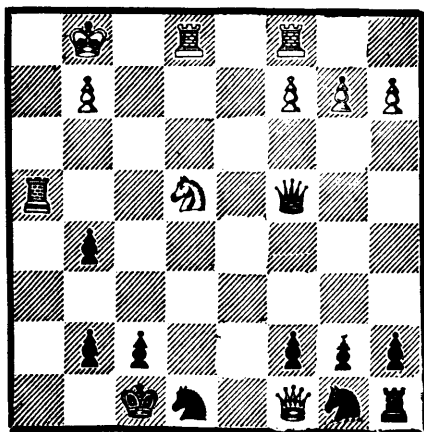
21. Kt. to K. 4. 21. Q. to Q. B. 5. (ch).

22. K. to Kt. sq. 22. R. to R. 5.

"Now," cried my antagonist exultingly, "you have a poor game ; for if you retreat your Knight, I shall play my Queen to Q. Kt. 4., bring out Q. Kt.; sacrifice my Rook, and unless I play very badly eventually have a strong attack with my two Knights combined with Rook on your exposed King, besides being two Pawns ahead."

"Sir," I said, "you are mistaken completely ; you may come from the land of shadows, but you have not a shadow of a game,—I declare *checkmate* in three moves." Here is the diagram of the situation.

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"Good gracious !" broke out my visitor. Then he studied for a minute, "so it is, by the sacrifice of the Queen ; sir, you have conquered and I am beaten. In your future *try and avoid me*, but the best of you and your confrères will find that very difficult—at times."

He rose to depart, his flashing eyes dulled, and the embroidered chess figures on his doublet seemed to be dancing together in one inextricable mass of confusion.

"Your name," I cried, as his shadow crossed the room. He was gone—but the low moaning wind echoed his last words,

"I am the *Genius of Bad Play*."

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