

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Feb. 21st, 1874.

All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 39.

By T. D. S. MOORE.

White. Black.

- 1. P to B 3rd
- 2. R to R 8th
- 3. B takes Kt mate

- 1. P takes Kt
- 2. K takes R

(a.)

- 2. B takes Kt
- 3. R mates
- 1. K to B 1st or R 3rd
- 2. Any

Correct solution received from Delta who remarks that the key is a very neat waiting move.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 40.

By T. A. THOMPSON.

White mates:

- 1. R takes P
- 2. Mates acc.
- 1. Any

Black mates:

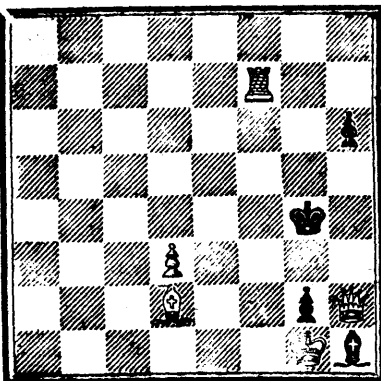
- 1. B to Q 7th (ch)
- 2. Q takes P (ch)
- 3. Mates
- 1. K to R 4th
- 2. Moves

Delta solves the first stipulation correctly, but we think he errs in his analysis of the second. He says: "It is an ingenious position, but not difficult."

PROBLEM No. 47.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



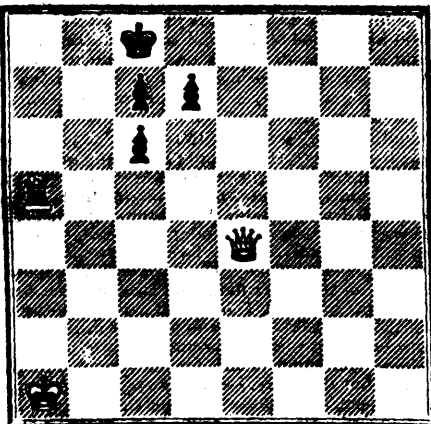
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 48.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

OUR PROBLEMS.

The above problems by one of the best American composers, though very pretty, are by no means difficult. Let none of our readers fail to examine them for they are well worth a few moments' study.

OUR PUZZLER.

59. LITERAL CHARADE.

My first's in Great Britain, altho' not in Prussia; Second in France, yet not throughout Russia; Third with the Belgian, tho' nowhere in Spain—A search in that country would prove all in vain.

Fourth, now, from Holland you cannot discover, Yet Sweden or Turkey laid claim to me never; Fifth not in Greece, but on Italy's shore, Where Nature has lavished such gifts from her store.

Sixth in New Zealand—steer clear of Australia,—Exploration made here would prove quite a failure.

Now find out my seventh—that is, if you can—For I'm present at Jeddo, though not in Japan. On the might of my whole it is needless to dwell;

Kind reader, allow me to bid you farewell.

60. CHARADE.

My first has power unseen,
My second to propel;
My whole to ordinary sense,
Is easy now to tell.

61. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals name two islands of Japan. 1. A province and city of Russia; 2. A mountain in Bolivia; 3. A river in China; 4. The ancient name of a river in Western Tartary; 5. A city of China (once curtailed) with the greatest porcelain manufacture in the world; 6. A large city of China, the residence of a great number of the literati.

62. REBUS.

My first a flower will name;
A boy's name is my second;
My third is a fruit of fame;
My fourth a fish is reckoned;
This is part of yourself, I mean;
A bird for my sixth please find.
A title in my last is seen;
The initials an animal will call to mind

63. CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is the letter Y a multiplying letter?
2. Why is the letter U an unpleasant letter?
3. Why is the letter X like a very large piece of beef?
4. Why may the letter C be considered a mechanical letter?
5. Why is the letter W like a jurymen?

64. CHARADE.

In my first; my second got;
My whole's a wedge—pray tell me what.

LOVE AND DEATH.

I had parted from my Cousin Charles lightly and merrily, as people part who expect to meet again in a few days.

If I had thought of him at all it was as one who had been enjoying himself, while I plodded on in the dull city counting-house; when there came to me, one morning, a telegram from the Manchester house where he had been stopping.

I had no idea, as I leisurely seated myself to open the message, that there was anything more serious within than a request that I would send him his dressing-case, which he had left behind him, than I had that any impossible thing could happen.

Since then, a telegram has always given me a thrill of horror. You can fancy the shock the one I had just received gave me, as, with careless curiosity, I cast my eye over the paper to read these words—

"C—HOTEL, MANCHESTER.

"Charles Belden died last night. Come at once.

"H. CHICHESTER."

Charlie had been my cousin and my very dear friend.

Although not like each other in any way, we had been very intimate.

The night before we parted, he said to me, "I shall be married before the year is out," and he had let me look at a picture he wore against his breast.

He was full of youth and hope—dead! Oh, no, it could not be.

The telegram was a cruel practical joke, or some mistake had been made.

I hastily crammed some linen into my portmanteau, and drove in a cab that I had summoned to catch the train.

I had so far failed to realize the truth when I reached the station, that I half expected to see Charlie waiting there for me; and when I was at the very door of the house, I said to myself that I was mad, or in a dream, that in a moment more I should be mocked at for my easy credulity, or should awaken and find myself at home or in bed.

I was brought to a full sense of the awful truth in a moment, when a stout gentleman advanced towards me, and said—

"Mr. Ross, I believe. My name is Chichester."

"You telegraphed to me," I gasped. "Is it— is it true?"

"I grieve to say that it is only too true, Mr. Ross," he answered.

"Come into this room, There is a painful curiosity in the house about the event, and we must secure privacy."

I followed him, growing faint and dizzy as I went on, and fell rather than sank into a chair which he had moved towards me.

I looked at him without being able to speak, and he, after a pause, broke the silence.

"It is a very horrible thing. The mystery is the most awful part. You know that your cousin was in excellent health when he left you. He was in good spirits also.

"His affianced wife is at the hotel with her parents. They spent the evening together. He seemed very happy.

"Do you know of any reason why he should commit suicide?"

"Why he should commit suicide?" I gasped.

He answered— "It is either suicide or murder. He was found dead in his bed this morning with a wound over his heart.

"A knife was lying loosely in his right hand. His left is so tightly clenched that the nails are buried in the flesh. Something seems to be clutched in it—what we cannot yet tell.

"Mr. Ross, I fear very much that it is murder—that in my house your cousin's life has been taken by some enemy or by a robber.

"In my house! I can never forgive myself for sleeping so soundly that night."

The man's trouble was so genuine that in the midst of my own sorrow I sympathised with him.

I remember saying something of the sort before a blur came over my eyes, and a sound as of a roaring sea into my ears.

After that I remember very little.

I had been overworked, and was not well. This frightful shock had quite prostrated me.

When I began to comprehend what was going on about me again, the inquest was over, and my cousin's body prepared for burial.

They had found in his clenched left hand a slender bit of gold, about half an inch long, with a tiny diamond in its points; and the verdict they had given was—

"Murdered by some party or parties unknown!"

All that I could say was that my cousin had no enemies that I knew of.

All that I could do was to follow him to the grave.

I did not even see his betrothed, but her mother told me that she suffered terribly and was on the verge of delirium.

They took her home the day after the funeral, but I stayed.

I had no choice but to stay.

The weakness that had caused the swoon proved itself the forerunner of a serious illness, and I was but a troublesome guest at the hotel for many days.

As I recovered, I was treated with much consideration, and, as an invalid, made many acquaintances who would not have troubled their heads about me had I been well.

One guest, a beautiful lady, with great black eyes and a voluptuous form, often paused beside my sofa to ask me, with the most bewitching smile, how I felt, or to leave beside me a flower she had gathered in the garden, or a book that might beguile a weary hour.

After awhile we fell frequently into conversation.

She had, in her earliest youth been an actress.

Whether she wearied of it, or did not succeed upon the stage, she did not tell me.

She was now about twenty-eight, and her contact with the public had banished all reserve and restraint from her manner. We were friends at once.

In two weeks I was her lover.

The cause that brought me to the Manchester hotel was a terrible one, but it seemed to have brought me also to the greatest joy of my life.

All the women I had ever met before seemed tame and spiritless beside Maria Vassar.

I wondered how I had lived before I knew her.

And she? Surely she loved me.

She neither refused my kisses, nor drew her hand from mine when I held it passionately against my heart.

My heart was often heavy still.

I had not forgotten my cousin, and the dreadful details of his murder were being constantly rehearsed.

The detectives were hard at work. The slender arrow of gold, with a diamond in its head, was their clue.

It had in some way guided them. They felt sure of discovering the murderer. I told my troubles to Maria Vassar.

She listened patiently to all that the detectives had hinted at, but shook her head. "They only want money those poor parents will pay them," she said. "They have found no clue to the murderer's identity. They never will. It was a case of suicide. He had had a quarrel with his sweetheart. Of course, she will not own it now."

"But the ornament," I said; "the broken ornament?"

"Something of hers he treasured, I suppose," she said. "Oh, no one murdered your cousin, rest assured."

Once I said to her—

"Maria, sometimes I am frightened. The murder of my best friend brought me to know

you. We have talked of my love for you and of his death together. What does this forebode?—trouble and a tragic parting? Sometimes I think so."

I saw her turn pale, it was my turn to console her.

We parted that night with fond farewells. Before breakfast the next morning the detective called upon me.

He wore a triumphant look, as of one who had succeeded beyond his fondest anticipations.

"We have found the murderer," he said. "That little arrow did it. We traced it, and found what it belonged to, and that told the story. We arrested her last night. It will be a surprise to you when you see her."

"A woman?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered; "and a young one."

There was a chambermaid in the house, whom I had always distrusted.

I was so sure of seeing her in the room to which they led me, that I asked no more question.

But when the door had been opened, I looked for her in vain.

On a chair near the window sat a lady, dressed in black silk.

It was Maria Vassar. I saw in her face that it was she who was the prisoner.

She arose, and came towards me. "Hush," she said, holding out her manacled hands. "You can't do any good. If they think I did it, they must try me. Only, if I might have a word with you alone."

The detectives glanced around the room, and saw that there was only one means of egress. Then they stood outside the door, and closed it upon us.

"This is a horrible outrage," I gasped. "What in Heaven's name does it mean?"

"Kiss me," she said. "Kiss me as you did last night."

I took her in my arms, I showered caresses upon her, and called her my poor, insulted darling.

It was she who drew herself away.

"That is the last," she said. "No one will ever kiss me again. I killed your cousin. He caught a pendant of my ear-ring in his hand as I stabbed him. He gave it to me. They have traced the present to him, and bribed my maid to search my trunks.

"I loved him; I never loved any man but him. Why should I tell you any more?" You can guess it all. And he had left me for that school-girl he meant to marry.

"I always carry a dagger about me; it is a fashion I learned in Italy. Going upstairs alone at night I passed his door. It had blown open. I saw him lying upon a lounge, and he had her portrait in his hand, and pressed it to his lips, and kissed it, and I went mad, and flew into the room and stabbed him.

"You have the story. I don't think you'll try to hang me. Though I never should have married you; you were not rich enough."

She stooped her head, and kissed the hand that I had pressed against my breast to still its tumultuous beating, and then she lifted up her face and said—

"I am ready."

I never saw Maria Vassar again, but I know that she escaped the hangman by starving herself to death in the prison cell.

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Printed and published by the DEBENBROOK LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 219, St. Antoine St., Montreal.