

was full of the soft cries of the divers; occasionally, amid the lapping of the water, we could hear some whirring by of wings. Then the red port light and the green starboard light were brought up from the fore-castle and fixed in their place; the men went below; Angus Sutherland took the tiller; the Laird kept walking backwards and forwards as a sort of look-out; and the two women were as usual seated on rugs together in some invisible corner—crooning snatches of ballads, or making impertinent remarks about people much wiser and older than themselves.

"Now, Angus," said the voice of one of them—apparently from somewhere about the companion, "show us that you can sail the yacht properly, and we will give you complete command during the equinoctials."

"You speak of the equinoctials," said he, laughing, "as if it were quite settled I should be here in September."

"Why not?" said she, promptly. "Mary is my witness you promised. You wouldn't go and desert two lone women."

"But I have got that most uncomfortable thing, a conscience," he answered, "and I know it would stare at me as if I were mad if I proposed to spend such a long time in idleness. It would be outraging all my theories, besides. You know, for years and years back I have been limiting myself in every way—living, for example, on the smallest allowance of food and drink, and that of the simplest and cheapest—so that if any need arose, I should have no luxurious habits to abandon—"

"But what possible need can there be?" said Mary Avon, warmly.

"Do you expect to spend your life in a jail?" said the other woman.

"No," said he, quite simply. "But I will give you an instance of what a man who devotes himself to the profession may have to do. A friend of mine, who is one of the highest living authorities on *Materia Medica*, refused all invitations for three months, and during the whole of that time lived each day on precisely the same food and drink, weighed out in exact quantities, so as to determine the effect of particular drugs on himself. Well, you know, you should be ready to do that—"

"Oh, how wrong you are!" says Mary Avon, with the same impetuosity. "A man who works as hard as you do should not sacrifice himself to a theory. And what is it? It is quite foolish!"

"Mary!" her friend says.

"It is," she says, with generous warmth. "It is like a man who goes through life with a coffin on his back so that he may be ready for death. Don't you think that when death comes it will be time enough in getting the coffin?"

This was a poser.

"You know quite well," she says, "that when the real occasion offered, like the one you now describe, you could deny yourself any luxuries easy enough; why should you do so now?"

At this there was a gentle sound of laughter. "Luxuries—the luxuries of the *White Dove*!" says her hostess, mindful of the tinned meats.

"Yes, indeed," says our young Doctor, though he is laughing too. "There is far too much luxury—the luxury of idleness—on board this yacht to be wholesome for one like me."

"Perhaps you object to the effeminacy of the downy couches and the feather pillows," says his hostess, who is always grumbling about the hardness of the beds.

But it appears that she has made an exceedingly bad shot. The man at the wheel—one can just make out his dark figure against the clear starlit heavens, though occasionally he gets before the yellow light of the binnacle—proceeds to assure her that, of all the luxuries of civilization, he appreciates most a horse-hair pillow; and that he attributes his sound sleeping on board the yacht to the hardness of the beds. He would rather lay his head on a brick, he says, for a night's rest than sink it in the softest feathers.

"Do you wonder," he says, "that Jacob dreamed of angels when he had a stone for his pillow? I don't. If I wanted to have a pleasant sleep and fine dreams that is the sort of pillow I should have."

Some phrase of this catches the ear of our look-out forward; he instantly comes aft.

"Yes, it is a singular piece of testimony," he says. "There is no doubt of it; I have myself seen the very place."

We were not startled; we knew that the Laird, under the guidance of a well-known Free Church minister, had made a run through Palestine.

"Ay, said he, "the further I went away from my own country the more I saw nothing but decades and misery. The poor craytures—living among ruins, and tombs, and decay, without a trace of public spirit or private energy. The disregard of sanitary laws was something terrible to look at—as bad as their universal beggary. That is what comes of centralization, of suppressing local government. Would ye believe that there are a lot of silly bodies actually working to get our Burgh of Strathgovan to Glasgow—swallowed up in Glasgow!"

"Impossible!" we exclaim. "I tell ye it is true. But no, no! We are not ripe yet for those Radical measures. We are constituted under an Act of Parliament. Before the House of Commons would dare to annex the free and flourishing Burgh of Strathgovan to Glasgow, I'm thinking the country far and near would hear something of it!"

Yes; and we think so, too. And we think it would be better if the hamlets and towns of Palestine were governed by men of public spirit like the Commissioners of Strathgovan; then they would be properly looked after. Is there a single fire-engine in Jericho?

However, it is late; and presently the women say good-night and retire. And the Laird is persuaded to go below with them also; for how otherwise could he have his final glass of toddy in the saloon? There are but two of us left on deck, in the darkness, under the stars.

It is a beautiful night, with those white and quivering points overhead, and the other white and burning points gleaming on the black waves that whirl by the yacht. Beyond the heaving plain of waters there is nothing visible but the dusky gloom of the Island of Eigg, and away in the south the golden eye of Ardnamurchan light-house for which we are steering. Then the intense silence—broken only when the wind, changing a little, gybes the sails and sends the great boom swinging over on to the lee tackle. It is so still that we are startled by the sudden noise of the blowing of a whale; and it sounds quite close to the yacht, though it is more likely that the animal is miles away.

"She is a wonderful creature—she is indeed," says the man at the wheel: as if every one must necessarily be thinking about the same person. "Who?"

"Your young English friend. Every minute of her life seems to be an enjoyment to her; she sings as a bird sings, for her own amusement, and without thinking."

"She can think, too: she is not a fool."

"Though she does not look very strong," continues the young Doctor, "she must have a thoroughly healthy constitution, or how could she have such a happy disposition? She is always contented; she is never put out. If you had only seen her patience and cheerfulness when she was attending the old woman—many a time I regretted it—the case was hopeless—a hired nurse would have done as well."

"Hiring a nurse might not have satisfied the young lady's notions of duty."

"Well, I've seen women in sick-rooms, but never any one like her," said he, and then he added, with a sort of emphatic wonder, "I'm hanged if she did not seem to enjoy that, too! Then you never saw any one so particular about following out instructions."

It is here suggested to our steersman that he himself may be a little too particular about following out instructions. For John of Skye's last counsel was to keep Ardnamurchan light on our port bow. That was all very well when we were off the north of Eigg; but is Dr. Sutherland aware that the south point of Eigg—Eilean-na-Castle—just pretty far out; and is not that black line of land coming uncommonly close to our starboard bow? With some reluctance our new skipper consents to alter his course by a couple of points, and we bear away down for Ardnamurchan.

And of what did he not talk during the long starlit night—the person who ought to have been look-out sitting contentedly aft, a mute listener?—of these strange fears that must have beset the people who first adventured out to sea; of the vast expenditure of human life that must have been thrown away in the discovery of the most common facts about currents and tides and rocks, and so forth, and so forth. But ever and again his talk returned to Mary Avon.

"What does the Laird mean by his suspicions about her uncle?" he asked on one occasion—just as we had been watching a blue-white bull flash down through the serene heavens and expire in mid-air.

"Mr. Frederick Smethurst has an ugly face."

"But what does he mean about those relations between the man with the ugly face and his niece?"

"That is idle speculation. Frederick Smethurst was her trustee, and might have done her some mischief—that is, if he is an out-and-out scoundrel; but that is all over. Mary is mistress of her own property now."

Here the boom came slowly swinging over; and presently there were all the sheets of the head sails to be looked after—tedious work enough for amateurs in the darkness of the night.

Then further silence; and the monotonous rush and murmur of the unseen sea; and the dark topmast describing circles among the stars. We get up one of the glasses to make astronomical observations, but the heaving of the boat somewhat interferes with this quest after knowledge. Whoever wants to have a good idea of forked lightning has only to take up a binocular on board a pitching yacht, and try to fix it on a particular planet.

The calm, solemn night passes slowly; the red and green lights shine on the black rigging; afar in the south burns the guiding star of Ardnamurchan. And we have drawn away from Eigg now, and passed the open sound; and there, beyond the murmuring sea, is the gloom of the Island of Muick. All the people below are wrapped in slumber; the cabins are dark; there is only a solitary candle burning in the saloon. It is a strange thing to be responsible for the lives of those sleeping folk—out here on the lone Atlantic, in the stillness of the night.

Our young Doctor bears his responsibility lightly. He has—for a wonder—laid aside his pipe; and he is humming a song that he has heard Mary Avon sing of late—something about

O think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa', For I'll come and see ye in spite o' them a', and he is wishing the breeze would blow a bit

harder—and wondering whether the wind will die away altogether when we get under the lee of Ardnamurchan Point.

But long before we have got down to Ardnamurchan, there is a pale gray light beginning to tell in the eastern skies; and the stars are growing fainter; and the black line of the land is growing clearer above the wrestling seas. Is it a fancy that the first light airs of the morning are a trifle cold? And then we suddenly see, among the dark rigging forward, one or two black figures; and presently John of Skye comes aft, rubbing his eyes. He has had a good sleep at last.

Go below, then, you stout-sinewed young Doctor; you have had your desire of sailing the *White Dove* through the still watches of the night. And soon you will be asleep, with your head on the hard pillow of that little state-room; and though the pillow is not as hard as a stone, still the night and the sea and the stars are quickening to the brain; and who knows that you may not perchance after all dream of angels, or hear some faint singing far away?

There was Mary Beaton—and Mary Seaton— Or is it only a sound of the waves!

To be continued.

LITERARY.

THE three Longfellow brothers—Professor Henry W., the Rev. Samuel and Alexander—are now together at their old home, Portland, Me.

CARON BERTOGGI, of Rome, is endeavouring to found a new Bibliographical Society, which is to publish, under the title of "Repertorio Bibliografico," a review of all works printed in Italy this century.

THE suggestion that Professor Mommson should be indemnified for the loss of his library and supplied with a new one at the national expense meets with approval in Berlin, and it seems likely that it will be carried out.

M. JULES VERNE, it is said, is about to visit the province of Oran for the purpose of exploring the marble quarries at Kleber. He hopes to collect the material for a new work of his, to be called "A Journey to the Land of Marble."

MR. GRIGGS, of Hanover street, Peckham, has now ready (besides Hamlet, Q. II.) the facsimiles of the first two quartets, by Fisher and by Roberts, of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1609, with introductions by Mr. Ebsworth.

PROFESSOR WILMANS, the head of the University Library of Gottingen, is now in England for the purpose of studying the arrangements of the great libraries, in order to select the best system for the new Gottingen Library, which is now in course of construction.

THE death is announced of Mr. Thomas Dixon, of Sunderland, the workman to whom Mr. Ruskin wrote the letters afterwards published under the title of "By Wear and Tyne." Mr. Dixon, who was a corker by trade, took great interest in all matters relating to literature and the fine arts.

ANOTHER piece of historic interest has fallen into the destroying hands of the speculative builder. The Manor House at Stoke, Newington, where Edgar Poe went to school, and which tradition connects with the times of Queen Elizabeth, and the Commonwealth, is about to be pulled down. Of late it has been much visited by American travellers.

FRANK BUCKLAND, the naturalist is suffering from dropsy and finds walking difficult. But notwithstanding these troubles he is a delightful companion, and life is full of interest to him. At home he is surrounded by all his pets. He sits in John Hunter's chair, regardless of uncomfortable angles. They are convenient for the monkeys.

HUMOROUS.

NEVER cry over spilt milk—there's water enough in it.

AN undertaker gets his living where another man dies.

"HE is very spry at getting tired," somebody said of a lazy man.

INQUIRER: "No; the gods never get angry, but they are sometimes incensed."

IN case of accident on a ferry-boat the safest thing is the big life-preserver. It is tied fast.

IT is not a fair thing for a wealthy congregation to go off on a summer tour and leave a clergyman to preach all by himself.

THE absence of debtors during the summer season makes it impossible for their creditors to afford to leave town.

THERE is probably not a single Jewish officer in the British army, but the French army has Jewish officers of distinction.

VARIOUS key-notes: The baker's key-note, dough; the sailor's key-note, sea; the attorney's key-note, law; the egotist's key-note, me; and the key-note of Sol, ray.

"THIS is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization," a tramp dependently observed, when he discovered that the ham he had taken from the front of a shop was a wooden one.

EVERYTHING in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot and the rivers run.

BOSTON Herald: "The New York Times accounts for the curious moral phenomenon that all trout fishers are liars by the fact that people who put on woollen shirts and go into the woods lapse into barbarism, in which all men become romancers naturally."

DO you see that spring over there?" said a settler in Arkansas to a stranger. "Well, that's an iron spring that is; and it's so mighty powerful that the farmers' horses about here that drink the water of it never have to be shod. The shoes just grow on their feet naturally."

THE committee on political economy of the Limekiln Club feel to say that de pusion who can't go to a circus an' keep de good from mixin' up wid bad an' burin' his general system, had better be done up in a soft rag an' laid away whar de mice can't nibble him."

A DR. ELLERIDGE, of Lewiston, Me., proposes to fast over forty days. He claims that he can subsist on

magnetism to be drawn from those who have full stomachs. This may be the a-orot of Turner's fool's grip on life. Shaking hands with a man who has been to dinner is regarded as a hearty meal by the new philosophers.

"My learned brother," says the court, kindly but significantly, to a young lawyer who is about to run up his first case—"my learned brother will observe that it is near dinner-time, and that brevity is the soul of summing up." "May it please your honour, I will not long detain you. I am right; my learned friend opposite is wrong; you are a good judge." Judgment in his client's favour, with costs.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers and letter to hand, Thanks.

R., Hamilton.—Sent letter a week ago.

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 284.

The rule in the recent Chess Tourney at Wiesbaden, that two games should be played in one day, was not calculated to produce the best specimens of the competitors' skill.

Some of the best players are slow players, and, indeed, rapid moving is at all times dangerous, the more especially when the players are under the excitement of Tourney play.

We think it will be found that some of the best games played in past encounters of this nature have been those which occupied the powers of the contestants from six to eight hours before they could be brought to a conclusion.

Besides this, it must be borne in mind that under such a regulation as we have just mentioned, the loser in the first contest of the day would generally be little fitted to begin another, from the depression he would feel after a defeat, and it would need some hours' rest in order that he might acquire that self-possession, which chess invariably demands.

A fair sort of any contest is a great thing, but in a trial of chess skill this could hardly be the case, if it should happen that the loser of a game, which had taxed all his power for half a day, should have for his opponent one who had just vanquished one adversary, and was eagerly looking round for another.

In a Tourney, where the great players of the day are to be pitted against each other, it appears to us that all means should be devised to give each player an opportunity to use his strength untrammelled by any regulation which could be reasonably dispensed with.

Blindfold players are on the increase, and their feats, which were at one time looked upon as marvellous, will soon we fear, sink into the commonplace, and elicit little attention.

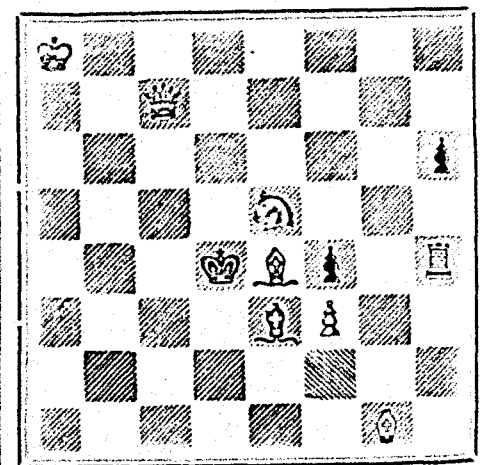
From the Chess-Player's Chronicle we learn that Herr Fritz, one of the competitors in Wiesbaden Tourney, has been astonishing the people of Mannheim by conducting twelve games simultaneously, without sight of the board. He is only twenty years of age.

The programme of the French National Tournament for the prizes given by the Government is published in La Revue des Jeux of the 3rd of July. Play will begin at the salon of the Paris Chess Circle on the 1st of December next. The entrance fee to the first-class Tournament is sixty francs, and it is open to all who have been licensed in France at least three years, as well as to all Frenchmen born. The entries close on the 10th of November. There will also be a handicap tournament concurrent with the other; prizes, 300 and 250 francs—Turf, Field and Farm.

PROBLEM No. 290.

By J. W. Abbott.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 419TH.

(From Land and Water.)

THE WIESBADEN TOURNEY.

The following game was played in the final round of this contest:

(King's Pinnchetto Defence.)

- White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) 1. P to K 4, 2. P to K B 4 (a), 3. K Kt to B 3, 4. P to Q 4, 5. P to Q 3, 6. P to B 3, 7. Castles, 8. Kt to R 3, 9. Q to K sq, 10. B to Q 2, 11. Q to Kt 2, 12. Kt to B 2, 13. P takes P, 14. B to B 3, 15. P to K 5, 16. Kt to K 3, 17. K Kt takes P, 18. B to B 2, 19. B takes Kt, 20. P to B 5 (d), 21. P to B 6, 22. P takes Kt, 23. R takes B.
- Black.—(Herr L. Paulsen.) 1. P to K 3, 2. B to Kt 2, 3. P to Kt 3, 4. P to Kt 2, 5. P to Q 3, 6. Kt to Q 2, 7. P to K 3, 8. Kt to K 2 (b), 9. Castles, 10. Kt to Q B 3, 11. P to K 4, 12. P takes Q P, 13. Kt to K 2 (c), 14. P to Q 4, 15. P to Q B 4, 16. P takes P, 17. Kt to R B 4, 18. Kt to K 5, 19. P takes P, 20. Kt to Q 4, 21. Kt takes P (e), 22. B takes P (f), 23. R takes B.