

clear to every one except Isabel, who would not believe that he cared nothing for her. However, to make a long story short, before the winter was over Mr. Seymour proposed to me and I accepted him and was happy. Isabel, hearing of my happiness, came to me and upbraided me for taking away her lover, telling me that she hated me, and would have her revenge on me. We were married in the spring, Isabel acting as my first bridesmaid, and I thought she had foregone her threats of vengeance, for she kissed me good-bye and wished me "God-speed." My first year's wedded life was very happy, my husband gratifying my every whim; but then my mother died, and we asked Isabel to come and live with us. She came, greeted me with affection, and things went on smoothly for a time. But, gradually, by degrees, I could see a change in my husband—not much at first—he did not greet me with the same heartiness as formerly and seemed to avoid my presence. Then you were born, Adele, and my sufferings began, for when you were two months old you were taken away from me, and it was only at rare intervals that I was permitted to see you. All this time Isabel was professing the utmost concern for me, and the wider the estrangement grew between my husband and myself, the closer she seemed to cling to me. I rarely seen my husband, he going away before I was up in the morning when he was at home—for weeks at a time he never entered the house—and returning after I had retired at night. I was wretched and miserable, and had determined to have an explanation with my husband at the first opportunity. My mind was fully made up. I could bear it no longer. Well, one night, about seventeen years ago, he came home in time for dinner, a thing that had not happened for months. He seemed kinder than usual and I thought I would put off the explanation till some future time. After dinner he said he had to go to B— by the 10 o'clock train that night and asked me if I would like to accompany him. I immediately consented, I jumped at the idea of a change, and although given so short notice, I was ready in time and we took the cars together. I need not describe the journey. Suffice it to say that we arrived at B— without mishap and found a carriage waiting at the station for us. We entered the vehicle and were driven to the outskirts of the town, stopping at what I supposed was an hotel. My husband assisted me to alight, and we ascended the steps, and I entered an open door, which was immediately closed. I turned to look for my husband but he was nowhere to be seen. I was frightened and desired to go to my husband, when I was secured by two men and hurried into a small apartment, containing a bed and a table, nothing more. Now I was indignant, and demanded of my captors the meaning of the outrage. One of them handed me a letter, and they left me, and I heard them lock the door behind them. Utterly bewildered, I tore open the letter, hurriedly glanced at its contents and fainted.

The lady's feelings overcame her at this juncture, and it was some minutes before she could command herself sufficiently to resume:

"The letter was from Mr. Seymour, and was made up of the most atrocious accusations, accusing me of infidelity to him, flirting with several young men of our acquaintance, and ending by informing me that he had placed me in an asylum to prevent me from disgracing his name. I pounded on the walls, tore my hair, and made frantic appeals to my jailors to free me from my prison. To no purpose, and utterly exhausted I threw myself on the bed and fell into a troubled slumber, from which I did not awake till a keeper entered in the morning with my breakfast. I appealed to him to free me, offering him an enormous reward, but he only shook his head. Then I asked him for pen, ink and paper—I even went on my knees to him, but he remained firm, went out of the room and shut the door in my face. So matters went on from day to day—I appealed to my jailor only to be refused. About a week after my incarceration I received another letter, this time from Isabel—a cruel, fiendish letter—informing me that she had set the stories afloat concerning my faithlessness to my husband,—that she had poisoned his ear—hoping that when I was out of the way that Mr. Seymour would get a divorce from me and marry her. This almost drove me mad, indeed, and it was some days before I remembered anything; but I gradually returned to consciousness and a realization of my position, and then I think I cursed my sister. So matters continued till the death of Mr. Seymour, when I received another letter from Isabel informing me of the fact, and telling me that she was my jailor now; that I need not hope for release; that she never wanted to see me again, but that she had made arrangements with the keeper of the asylum to keep me a fast prisoner till the day of my death. This was her revenge. How I bore up under the blow, I cannot say—for the horrors of my seventeen years captivity if recapitulated would fill a volume, ay, more than a volume. But I am now free, and to you, Adele and Arthur, I owe my deliverance. God bless you." And she kissed them both, joining their hands together.

"Poor mother, how you have suffered," sobbed Adele; "but now you must be happy with us." She hesitated on the last word, and glanced shyly at her mother and then at Arthur. "Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Seymour, understanding the glance; "Arthur has told me all, and I fully approve of my daughter's choice. I trust that, notwithstanding all that has passed, we may have many happy years together."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 1880.

Let us take a peep into the Seymour mansion on Sherbrooke street.

There, seated before the fire is a stately lady—Adele, no—but so much like her as to deceive one at a first glance. Yet there is this difference—her white hair. While peace and happiness have restored the color to her cheek and the strength to her body, that white hair remains—a sad souvenir of her sufferings.

By her side sits another old friend, also beaming with happiness—Mr. Fostescue the elder. Since the return of Mrs. Seymour he has been a frequent visitor at the house, and rumor says that—but we will not repeat what rumor says, but simply glance at the two, watch their animated looks, their smiling faces, and listen to the happy tone of their voices—well, we think rumor speaks truly for once.

But, turning from this happy pair, we glance in a distant corner—a snug, comfortable little corner—here sits Aunt Isabel. Not the Aunt Isabel of old, but a better, truer and nobler woman—a woman who has sinned much, but repented, and now, forgiven, tries to lead a holier life, helping the poor and needy, blessing those that come into immediate contact with her, and doing all in her power to atone for her past sins.

Once more turning round, our gaze rests on four young people playing whist—but "whist" is not much observed, for many are the merry laughs and many the gay jests that ring through the room.

Three of them are old friends of ours—we recognize them at a glance—Arthur, his wife, Adele, and Robert—but who is the fourth—Robert's partner. Let us ask for an introduction? "Mrs. Robert Fortescue."

Yes, Robert is married as well as Arthur and Adele. He did not go to Europe, but returned to Montreal—entered heartily into business—by the by, the firm is now Fortescue, Hastwell & Fortescue—went into society again,—the proper sort of society this time—and then, at a reception given by one of Montreal's merchant princes, met the young lady who now sits opposite him—met her and loved her. He says he didn't know how it all came about, but ten months after his rejection by Adele he was married and is now perfectly happy. And his face tells the same story.

In fact a happier group could not be found in any house in Montreal. Ever and anon the elder people glance fondly at the whist table, and when a gay laugh or merry jest reaches their ears, their faces light up with pleasure, old memories are recalled and they bless the younger ones—praying that their journey through life may be as happy at the close as at the beginning.

But let us not disturb this true "home" scene—let us not mar the harmony with our presence. Let us step into this quiet, cosy little back parlor, at present tenantless. What is this we see in this costly frame? A bank note! No. A will! No. A letter! Yes. It is Mrs. Seymour's letter to Adele—a letter that gave Adele a mother—a letter that gave Adele the husband of her choice—

ADELE'S THIRD VALENTINE.

VARIETIES.

A COUNT'S REPORT.—When Lord Chesterfield was in administration he proposed a person to George II. as proper to fill a place of great trust, but which the king himself was determined should be filled by another. The council, however, determined not to indulge the king for fear of a dangerous precedent. It was Lord Chesterfield's business to present the grant of the office for the king's signature. Not to incense his majesty by asking him abruptly, he, with accents of great humility, begged to know with whose name his majesty would be pleased to have the blanks filled up! "With the devil's!" replied the king, in a paroxysm of rage. "And shall the instrument," said the earl, coolly, "run as usual—'Our trusty, well-beloved cousin and councillor?'—a *repar-tee* at which the king laughed heartily, and with great good humor signed the grant.

TAINÉ.—Tainé the art writer, who has just celebrated his admission to the French Academy, lives in Paris in the very heart of the old and silent Faubourg St. Germain, at No. 23, rue Barbet-de-Jouy, in an elegant modern house. His apartment is at the end of the courtyard, on the third floor. His study is a small room, two sides of which, from floor to ceiling, are lined with books, while on the other two are hung some engravings and etchings of the Dutch school. On the mantel shelf are several statuettes signed by famous contemporary sculptors, and presented to the eminent critic. Mr. Tainé is a man who avoids publicity; pen sketches of him are rare, and you might hunt all over Paris without finding his photograph. He is a man of fifty-two years of age, of medium stature, of a thin habit of body; his features are fine and intelligent, his hair and moustache grey; he wears spectacles, and there is something peculiar in his look. His private life, as he says very sensibly, offers no more interest to the public than that of the first comer. He was born, in 1828, at Vouziers, in the department of the Ardennes.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DOG.—Sir Walter related the following anecdote:—"The wisest dog I ever had was what is called the bull-dog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp

once hit the baker who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offence, after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story. In whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said 'The baker was well paid,' or 'the baker was not hurt after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered and barked and rejoiced. When he was unable, towards the end of his life, to attend me when on horse-back, he used to watch for my return, and the servant used to tell him 'his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor,' and although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor side."

BURKE.—Sir Phillip Francis once waited upon Burke, by appointment, to read over to him some papers respecting Mr. Hastings' delinquencies. He called on Mr. Burke on his way to the house of a friend with whom he was engaged to dine. He found him in his garden, holding a grasshopper. "What a beautiful animal this is!" said Mr. Burke. "Observe its structure, its legs, its wings, its eyes." "How can you," said Sir Phillip, "lose your time in admiring such an animal when you have so many objects of real moment to attend to?" "Yet Socrates," said Mr. Burke, "according to the exhibition of him in Aristophanes, attended to a much less animal; he actually measured the proportions which its size bore to the space it passed over in its skip. I think the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its length; let me see." "My dear friend," said Sir Francis, "I am in a great hurry; let us walk in, and let me read my papers to you." Into the house they walked; Sir Phillip began to read, and Mr. Burke appeared to listen. At length, Sir Phillip having misplaced a paper, a pause ensued. "I think," said Mr. Burke, "that naturalists are now agreed that *locusta*, not *cicada*, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What is your opinion, Sir Phillip?" "My opinion," said Sir Phillip, packing up his papers and preparing to move off, "is that till the grasshopper is out of your head it will be idle to talk to you of the concerns of India."

Guilty or Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—*Tribune*.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
- T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 260. Thanks for Problem sent.
- S. R., Clarksburg.—Solution of Problem No. 261 received. Try it again.
- G. W. L., Montreal.—Letter received. Thanks.
- E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 260. Correct.

THE TOURNEY OF THE AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS.

We are sorry to hear that a gentleman in chess circles in the United States, and especially by Chess Editors, respecting the charges brought against Mr. Grundy, the English player in the Tourney of the late American Chess Congress. We saw a few days ago a letter from him to a gentleman in Montreal in which he most positively denies that any charge of intention to act otherwise than fairly in his play could be brought against him. We have since then seen the remarks of the Editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm* on the same subject, and they relate the history of the unfortunate affair, giving, at the same time, the particulars which are said to have led to the enquiry which preceded the final contests between Mr. Grundy and Captain Mackenzie. The sum of the whole is, that Mr. Grundy made an offer to Mr. Ware, one of his opponents, to draw a game which they had to play, and that Mr. Ware has acknowledged that he consented to do so for the sum of twenty dollars. Mr. Ware, who, it appears, is a man of means, says that his object in making this arrangement was to promote the success of Captain Mackenzie. The Chess Editor of the paper from which we have gathered the foregoing, calls attention to these statements, and promises something further in his next Column.

This business is of a very unpleasant nature, but the following extract from the *Cleveland Voice* will, we have reason to believe, accord with the views of Chess-players generally in Canada.

"In playing off, Mackenzie won both games from Grundy, the former accordingly taking the first prize, \$500, and the latter second prize, \$300. This will not occasion great surprise, although it is but just to Mr. Grundy to say that he did not show the same high chess powers which he had evinced in the tournament, the explanation of this being that he was evidently unnerved by a most unfortunate and ridiculous charge of bribery, it being alleged that in his second game with Mr. Ware he promised the gentleman twenty dollars to permit him to draw. It is perfectly absurd to suppose for a moment that Mr. Grundy would stake his reputation in such a manner, or attempt to bribe any player. But, when it is considered that this player was weaker than himself, and the period one at which a draw would have availed him nothing, the charge falls to pieces of itself. Of course, such charge being made, the committee was bound to investigate the matter, absurd as it might seem. This was done in a regular and thorough manner, and it is a pleasure to record, for the sake of the honor of chess and chess-players, that Mr. Grundy name

out with clean hands, there being not the slightest imputation against him. This investigation occurred just previous to his playing off with Mackenzie, and it is not surprising that the worry of such an ordeal seriously affected Mr. Grundy's play. He can console himself, however, with the thought that his brilliant work in the tournament will not soon be forgotten by the chess-players of his adopted country."

Another American paper speaking of the same affair says:—

"It is due to Grundy to state that he says the whole matter was a conspiracy to prevent him from winning the first prize. Let him show this by facts. His statement is as worthy of credence apparently as the others."

We saw lately a statement in one of the American papers to the effect that a draught player in the States was giving exhibitions of his skill in blindfold, simultaneous games, and now we hear that amongst ourselves the Caledonian Society has had its annual Draught Tournament, and that the Champion Gold Medal has been won by Mr. Ross, who was, it appears, winner last year. These draught players in our midst are in enterprise far surpassing the chess-players, among whom we rarely hear of important contests, and gold medals are entirely out of the question.

Chess Editor Canadian Illustrated News.

DEAR SIR—

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

Many devices have been resorted to by enthusiastic admirers of the Royal Game of Chess, to render it even more interesting than ordinary, but it is doubtful if we could find amongst our veterans any who would feel disposed to play a game under circumstances similar to the following: At Presburg, in Hungary, two gentlemen undertook to play a game under these conditions: A billiard table was marked out as a board, with the requisite number of squares, and the various "pieces" were represented by a bottle of wine, thus—Champagne was the King, Claret the Queen, Burgundy the Bishop, Port the Rooks, Madeira the Knights, while pint bottles of inferior wine did duty for Pawns. But the most extraordinary condition of this singular game was that which rendered it obligatory upon each player making a move to empty his "piece" of a draught, the consequence being that not long after the opening moves were made, the players became somewhat "obfuscated" and came to the conclusion that the attempt to do what "Draughts" upon "Chess" could only result in a decided victory for the "pieces" versus the pence and comfort of the players. Yours truly,

PELOWSKI.

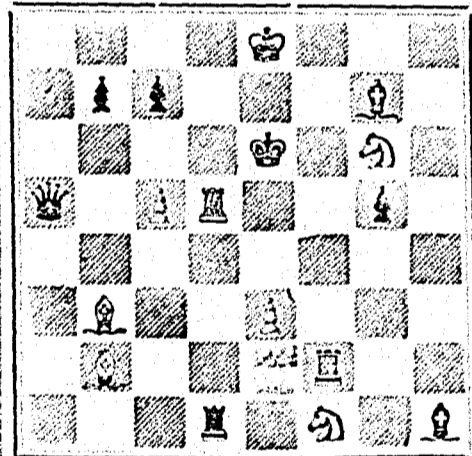
The Chess Editor of the *Hartford Times*, in speaking of the recent victories of Mrs. Gilbert over her opponent in the International Correspondence Tourney, says that, besides this talented lady, many other players of the same sex have "proved their prowess on the chess field. Miss Ella Blake, Newberry, U.S.A., who has challenged the "Queen" herself to play a correspondence match, Miss Fessler, of Vienna, and Mrs. Down and her daughters, Miss H. and Miss F. Dorn, of London, are all famed for their chess skill. One of the last named young ladies has even conquered the arch-enemy himself on the person of Mr. Gumpel's Mephisto—a feat of which she may well be proud."

A match of three games by correspondence, between Messrs. C. Bonbow, a noted player and problematist of Wellington, N. Z., formerly of the Birmingham Chess Club, and H. Charlick, of Adelaide, has just terminated, after a two and a half years' contest, each player scoring a game, and the third ending in a draw. A second match of three games has been begun.—*Adelaide Observer*.

PROBLEM No. 264.

By H. J. C. Andrews.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves

GAME 294TH.

(From Illustrated London News.)

CHESS IN LONDON.

A game played recently, Mrs. Down and Miss F. Down consulting, against Mr. W. N. Potter.

(King's Gambit declined.)

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| White.—(Mr. Potter.) | Black.—(The Allies.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. B to B 4 |
| 3. P to Q Kt 4 | |

A sort of double gambit that is generally condemned as sound, or, at all events, inferior to 3. Kt to K B 3; nevertheless, it requires very careful play on the part of the defence to be satisfactorily opposed.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 4. Kt to K B 3 | 3. B to Kt 3 |
| 5. B to Kt 2 | 4. P to Q 4 |
| 6. Kt takes P | 5. P takes K P |
| 7. Kt to Q B 3 | 6. B to Q 5 |
| 8. Q to K 2 | 7. Kt to K B 3 |
| 9. P to K R 3 | 8. Castles |
| 10. Castles | 9. B to K 7 |
| 11. P to Kt 5 | 10. P to Q R 4 |
| 12. P to Kt 4 | 11. P to B 3 |
| 13. P to K Kt 5 | 12. Q to Kt 3 |
| 14. Kt takes Kt | 13. Kt to Q 4 |
| 15. K takes B | 14. B takes H (ch) |

Intended to strengthen the centre Pawn, but 15. B takes Kt would have given the defence an opening for a strong attack upon the adverse King.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 16. P to Q 4 | 16. Kt to B 3 |
| 17. P to B 2 | 17. P to Kt 3 |

17. P to K B 3 seems stronger, although the move in the text serves to prevent the advance of the K B P.