

THE FLIGHT.

(Translated from *Théophile Gautier*.)

KADIDJA.

The glimmer of the moonbeams pale
Fades in the starless sky;
Secure, beneath night's gloomy veil,
Come, let us fly!

AHMED.

Dost dare thy brothers thus deceive,
Nor dread their ruthless ire?
Canst thou for me thus tearless leave
Thy hoary-headed sire?

KADIDJA.

What matters scorn or curse to me?
All dangers I defy!
My soul doth draw its life from thee—
Come, let us fly!

AHMED.

A ghastly sweat bedews my brow—
Forebodingly I feel
In my pierced bosom even now
Their sabres' icy steel.

KADIDJA.

My mare, amid the desert born,
With winds in speed and vie;
O'er sandy plains, and fields of corn,
Come, let us fly!

AHMED.

There is no shade of tent or tree
Within this scorching land;
Where'er I turn my gaze, I see
Illimitable sand.

KADIDJA.

Fear not—thy Bride is provident—
When weary, thou shalt lie
Beneath her tresses, dusky tent—
Come, let us fly!

AHMED.

What, if we wander from the track,
By false mirage beguiled;
The well's sweet water we shall lack,
And perish in the wild!

KADIDJA.

Mine eyes are filled with tears of bliss—
When every well is dry,
Tears from mine eyelids thou shalt kiss—
Come, let us fly!

GEO. MURRAY.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.

But here Dane caught his wife in his arms and between laughing and kisses informed her that she was playing her "Rollo" of fairy again and getting impracticable.

"There is no sofa to lie on, in many of these houses, Hazel," he went on more gravely. "And it is better that we should send an essential supply to many, than to a few all they might want. Keep to essentials in the main. Now go on."

"But Olaf!—these things are not essentials! Then you will rule out collars and cuffs and gloves and neck-ties? What are essentials? I do not believe I know."

"All these, I should say. But even you and I cannot do everything. The quilted jacket and crimson wrapper, however desirable, must yield in importance to some other things. Is your list done? Because I have some items to suggest."

"I see," Hazel answered gravely. "Until everybody learns that the workman is worthy of his meat, they must live according to the old description—'Be shod with sandals, and not put on two coats.' But Olaf—how can the missionary go all about in the snow if he has but one? And mayn't I send the sick child some delicate things to eat? And if they have no money, how can they get books?—and papers?—and everything else?" she added, looking round the room in bewilderment.

"The coat by all means; and the delicacies for those who are feeble. Books can be sent by mail more conveniently, and more intelligently when we come to know what is most wanted. But a few might go in the boxes too; and some of them picture books. Go on. What next?"

"House linen wears out here," said Wych Hazel. "Towels and tablecloths and sheets. If we knew the names, we could have them all marked ready,—and with handkerchiefs."

"If we try to furnish the people and the houses too, we shall have too much on our hands. These are not the only people in the world to be helped. Suppose we keep to personalities, for this set of boxes."

"I think you must finish the list," Hazel said after a pause. "I believe I count everything 'essential' that I have always had. I do not know how to choose, for people who always do without."

"Your list is capital, so far. What do you think of a package of tea, for another item? Chocolate perhaps, and cocoa. Letter paper, and pens and pencils. A few pocketknives, and fish hooks; perhaps some pairs of scissors would not come amiss. Also toilette articles, which on the frontiers and in the wilds are hard to get. Hey?"

"There is no end to the things," said Hazel, facing round. "But Olaf, in getting them, you would not strike off all good books, to keep to mere good quality? I should think their eyes must ache to see pretty things!"

Rollo smiled, making notes on a sheet of paper. "I believe in the uses of beauty," he said. "Let everything be as pretty as possible. I leave the charge of that to you. You must go to Stewart's and order muslin, calico, flannel, ribbands, and everything in that line. I will take care of the hardware and groceries. Order the things sent here. I will make arrangements for the reception of them, and Byrom shall get us a store of packing-boxes and marking ink."

"And Olaf," said Hazel eagerly, "when you have filled the box with essentials, will you let me put 'non'-s in all the vacant space?"

For the gratification of those of our readers who would like to know how these young people spent the evenings of the remainder of their honeymoon, a few words more may be added. Dane secured a small room which could be devoted to receiving stores. Here day by day Byrom piled stacks of dry goods as they came in; packages of tea and spices, corn starch and arrowroot, and the like; heaps of books and paper; and thither he carried all the heterogeneous articles which had been sent home during that eccentric New Year's expedition. Here also he provided a store of packing-boxes, of varying dimensions, with hammer and nails and marking-ink; much speculating to himself on the peculiarities of the service in which he found himself. It is true, Byrom had been now some time with Rollo, and had, as the latter said, got used to him. He was an English servant, trained and steady as a mill, eminently respectable, and head groom now at Chickaree.

These things being provided, as soon as dinner was done, every day, Mr. and Mrs. Rollo repaired to this room of supplies. Here they amused themselves with packing the boxes. It is quick work, reader, if you have plenty of materials to choose from. To help in the selection and secure the better fitness of assortment, Rollo had had a sort of circular letter copied and sent to several hundred of the addresses with which he had been furnished. This circular requested details as to the circumstances and special wants of the family. The answers were directed to be sent to Hazel; to whom, by the way, the reading and arranging of such answers when they began to come in, furnished occupation for not a small part of her mornings.

With half a dozen of the most pressing of these in hand, Rollo and Hazel went to the packing room; and taking one for their guide in each instance, threw into the box one after another the articles that seemed specially called for. Ah, how pleasant it was! It was like personal contact with the weak and the weary, giving a touch of comfort and help each time. Hazel had learned the use of the cheap calico counter, which once had excited her wonder and incredulity; she chose the prettiest patterns she could, but even she was fain to see that it was better to give prints or mohairs to a great many who wanted them, than a silk gown to one here and there who perhaps could rarely wear it if she had it. In like manner, flannel was to be preferred to lace; also it became evident that at the rate they were filling and sending boxes, economy was a very necessary thing; meaning by economy, the most useful expenditure of money. Let nobody think, however, that there went nothing but bare necessities into those boxes. Ribbands and collars and cuffs and ruffles and shawls were scattered in with a free hand. Choice books went into corners. Sometimes plates and maps. Pictures and pencils, pens and writing paper; magazines and illustrated news prints. And sugarplums stole in here and there, and even dolls and tops and pocket knives and balls and jackstraws. Fishing lines and hooks also. Sometimes an engraving, not costly, but lovely where there is an utter dearth of all objects of art whatever. The entertainment and delight of filling those boxes is something quite beyond my pen to tell. Hazel and Rollo often worked the whole evening at it; for the list of names was long. Not two hundred, but four hundred boxes that month were filled and sent; and there went more than fifty dollars' worth into every one; oftener it was eighty.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SOCIAL DUTIES.

Solitude and seclusion were at an end. The world had found out where Hazel was and what she had been doing. So many millions were out of the market certainly, but still they might be useful in various ways; and the world came to put in its claim to be remembered. And invitations began to pour in; and the baskets which held cards and the like on Hazel's table flowed over and threatened an inundation. Rollo, every day very busy and still held fast in the city by business, had so far escaped much personal contact with the aforesaid world, and only received reports upon it from Hazel.

"Wych," he said as he came in one evening just ready for dinner,—"I have found an old friend to-day."

"O, are they beginning upon you?" said Wych Hazel. "I hope it is not a new one for me!"

"I hope it is a new one for you," said he, looking somewhat wonderingly at her. "Or rather, I hope you will be a new friend for him. What's the matter?"

"Some day, when you come home," said Hazel, "you will find this room tenanted solely by a heap of cards, invitations, enquiries and congratulations. Exploring therein cautiously, you may perhaps discover the top of my head!"

"Oh!"—said Dane. "I will carry you away before it gets to be so bad as that. This is an old fellow-student of mine, Hazel; an odd,

clever, careless, unselfish fellow, who has never got along in the world. He took to art, came to America on account of some family troubles at home; and here he was a good deal petted in society. Now he is ill, and alone, and I fear very poor. He is at a boarding house, where I suspect he cannot pay his bills; quite alone. He has not a friend. Nor, I am afraid, a soul."

"And are you going off to take care of him?" said Hazel facing round with sudden interest.

"Off, where?"

"Why, wherever he is. To his hotel, or his room."

"I have just come from him. He is not suffering from acute illness now; but he is pining away, I think, for want of good food and fresh air, and home. You see, we were comrades together in Göttingen; and he comes from over there. He was very glad to see me."

"Art?" said Hazel. "Is he a painter?"

"He was a painter."

"Do send him off to paint Dr. Maryland's portrait! There's nothing Prim wants so much. Consign him to Mrs. Bywank."

Rollo's eyes brightened and warmed; but he went on. "He may never paint again, Hazel. If we receive him, it may be that it will only be to see him fade away in the midst of us."

"Well—What then?" she added softly after a minute.

"It may be a matter of months, Hazel."

She looked gravely up and down. "But nothing else—that I can think of—would be so much like home."

The kisses which answered her were energetic enough to speak without words; and when a few minutes later dinner was served, Rollo came to the table with the air of a satisfied man. And then he told Hazel stories about Göttingen.

"Prim writes that Mrs. Coles is coming to town," said Hazel, later in the meal, when roast venison had superseded student life.

"Prudentia!—When?"

"Next week. Shall we be away?"

"No," said Dane smiling. "I wish we could." And then he was silent, and the dessert was on the table before he alluded to the subject again.

"Hazel," he said suddenly, "write and ask Prim to come with Mrs. Coles and stay a few days. It will be a great delight to both of them."

"No, indeed," said Hazel promptly.

"No? why?" said Dane with a laugh in his eyes which he let come no further.

"I never ask people that I hope will refuse."

"Ask and hope they will come! Don't you think you and I could stand Prudentia for a week?"

Wych Hazel glanced at him from under her eyelashes. "I can stand most things," she said, "that you can. But you must write the letter."

"Must I? Would you like to state the reason?"

"Hard to state euphoniously. Because I—do not mean to do it!"

Dane laughed. "It will not save you from the consequences," he said; "however—"

Hazel raised her brows a little. "You are forewarned," she said. "Then probably you will wish to accept all these invitations?"

"I do not precisely catch the connection of the argument."

"I thought you seemed to be pining for variety," she said with a laugh. "So I propose, for to-morrow and next day and the day after,—a breakfast, a wedding, three kettle-drums, a dinner, two receptions, and a ball."

"Abgeschlagen!" responded Dane, going on with his dinner.

"Which?"

"It would not do to be particular."

"But you must choose," said Hazel. "Or I must."

"Are you pining for variety?"

"No, I have got it." This with a half laugh and a pretty flush.

"I am content," said Dane. "Then, if you are content, I do not see what we want further."

"But it is other people who want us just now." And Hazel looked over to her pile of invitations.

"Unfortunate for them."

"Is it? You will refuse them all? Do you mean that you would never go anywhere?"

"I do not mean that at all. I am longing to take you to Europe."

"Yes, but keep to the point."

"Wait till after dinner, then," said he laughing.

So they waited; and the servant had ended his ministrations and gone, Dane took a position of ease beside Wych Hazel on the sofa, and gathered up the notes in his hand.

"Now, Wych, what is the question here?"

"Why, as of course—of course I should not go anywhere now without you, I must know first where you will go," said Hazel with one of her pretty shy looks. "And as some occasions demand—But I am in inextricable confusion about my dress!"—she said, breaking off with a laugh. "I may as well confess it at once."

"Does my bird of paradise want room to spread her wings?" said he, looking in her face. "And shew herself? No, I have done enough of that."

"If we keep the key-note of life's music clear and true, we shall find the chords, Wych. How are you in confusion?"

"If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light," she answered thoughtfully. "But do you know, light is very confusing sometimes?"

"No."

"Yes, it is. When I did not care what I did, I knew exactly what to do."

"What is it you are in doubt now?"

"Everything. Ought I to refuse all invitations, and wear grey serge? But the reverse of wrong is not right."

Rollo laughed, while yet he looked serious. "The question is, Wych, what we will do with our life? There is not time enough, nor strength, nor even in our case money enough, to meet the demands of the gay world and of the other part of the world too. Do what we will with our millions, there will be poor and suffering and ignorant people that we cannot reach; and how can we take hundreds and thousands for dresses and entertainments, when the work of our Master wants it all? I propose that we be neither hermits nor wear serge; but go wherever we can get good—or give it; and dress for the utmost efficiency in both departments. What do you think of that for a general principle?"

"Good!"—Hazel repeated. "I suppose pleasure might sometimes come under that head."

(To be continued.)

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and contents received. Many thanks. Also solution of Problem No. 150 correct.

Alpha, Montreal.—We did not get the promised problem.

F. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 147 received. Correct.

A. W.—The position occurs in Pierce's "English Chess Problems."

M. J. M., Quebec.—Letter received. Many thanks for problems received; also solution of Problem No. 149.

We learn that at the Paris Exhibition of next year, there is to be a great gathering of the Chess-players of the world, and that efforts are likely to be made to obtain the funds necessary to furnish prizes for a grand Tourney as will induce the best players of the period to enter their names as competitors.

Since the Congress of players held in London, Eng., at the Exhibition of 1851, it has been customary, we believe, to have a meeting of the champions of the royal game at all similar *fairs* held in the great cities of Europe and America, and the steady advance which the game has made in public favour during the past two years will, there is no doubt, lead to such an interest being manifested in this Congress as to make its results both pleasing and profitable alike to the present and future votaries of the chequered board.

One of the most pleasing scraps of Chess news just received from England is the account of the Handicap Tourney carried on lately at the City of London Chess Club. In the first round of the contest, Messrs. Boden, Potter, and Macdonnell took important parts, giving large odds, and proving victorious over their antagonists. Their play attracted special attention from a large number of visitors.

At a social meeting of the members of the Club, it transpired that Mr. Duffy, whose name is so intimately connected with Chess and Chess-players, intends paying a visit to America shortly.

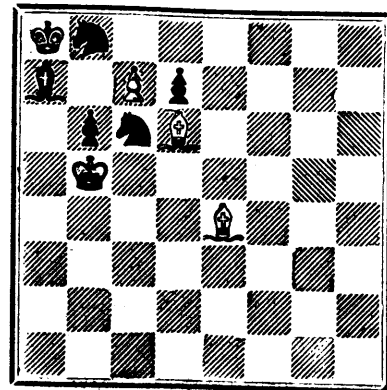
We noticed recently in the *Toronto Globe* that Chess matters in the Province of Ontario are assuming an aspect which is of a very cheering nature. Napanee and Belleville are engaged, or have recently been engaged, in a telegraphic game, Seaford is trying its strength against the players of Detroit, U.S., the Chess club of Toronto is to be reorganized, and Guelph and Galt are coming out strong in the field this winter. There is no doubt that elsewhere in the same Province Chess-players are yielding to that enthusiasm which is so apparent at the present time among the lovers of Chess in the mother country and the United States. What is being done in this direction in the Province of Quebec?

There was something said at the late Congress held in the city of Quebec of a trial of strength between the ancient capital and Montreal this winter. There were rumours, also, some time ago, of a contest between Montreal and Seaford, Ont. Either of these encounters would relieve the dullness of our ordinary Chess proceedings at this season of the year.

PROBLEM No. 151.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec

BLACK.



WHITE
White to play and mate in three moves.