

turned to fly, but as I did so I heard the panting of the negro struggling up the hill. If I fled he was near enough to hear me; perhaps to see me. In that case he would be sure to pursue me in order to ascertain who I was. And if he overtook me! What disgrace for me; what a triumph for him! To be thought to have run away from my enemy! Never. I remained to meet both the snake and the slave.

The serpent came first. As I anticipated, his objective point was my tree. When he came within three feet of its base, he wound himself in several folds, raised his neck, opened his jaw, pointed his tongue and glared at the lowest fork of the walnut. All this was done in a twinkling, but I noticed every one of his movements as distinctly as if they had been made with the slowest leisure. And I was fascinated. What grace, what symmetry, what suppleness! What beauty in those keen, luminous eyes!

If I had let the creature alone, it would have sprung into the tree for refuge and repose. It had not seen me and would therefore not molest me. But I was not master of myself at that critical moment. The fury that possessed me against Nain was directed also against this symbol of his superstition and his worship. Recklessly exposing myself to almost certain death, I made a terrible spring forward, and, just as the serpent was about to make his leap, I leaped full upon him, the pointed heel of my boot crushing his head deep into the ground. I heard his dreadful hiss and his tail furiously lashed the lower part of my leg.

"Great God! who is this?" shouted a voice just in front of me.

"It is I, you black devil, and here is your idol dead at my feet."

"What! you here? You have spied us and killed my serpent. Ah! this is then the hour of revenge."

And, saying this, he threw himself upon me with such violence that I lost my balance and fell sideways on my hands. Swift as thought, he bent forward, looked at the serpent, picked it up, brandished it aloft, and rushed upon me. I was now paralyzed with horror, and would have fled outright, but it was too late. The fiend was at me, grown in his passion to almost twice his natural size, his eyes distended and flashing fire, and in all the might of his arm scourging my head and shoulders with the scorpion lash. I dodged right and left; I made plunges at him, but to no purpose. He still continued his atrocious flogging. Driven at length to frenzy, I ran in upon him, seized his uplifted arm, wound both mine around it, and, after superhuman exertions, succeeded in breaking his strength and forcing him to let go his hold of the loathsome thing. This struggle exhausted me completely. I immediately found myself seized in the iron embrace of the negro, who, after casting me about rudely for a while, brought me down with a stunning fall. He held me on the ground with his left hand around my throat and his left knee planted on my chest. I felt that my last hour had come. A mist passed before my eyes; a cold faintness crept over me.

"Gai-so Boqair 'Twill teach these white folks Ory Oh! I had not expected it for to-night but he himself willed it

These were the confused words which I heard, spoken in the gasping breath of my overblown and angry conqueror.

Then suddenly an icy thrill flashed through my whole frame. There was a sting at my left shoulder. This awoke me convulsively. I was endowed with new strength; I struggled, and freeing my right arm, I plunged it into my bosom. It was all done in a moment, and I do not remember that I was distinctly conscious of what I was doing.

Oh! blessing of a merciful Providence! At that supreme moment, the moon passed between two storm-clouds, lighting up the place where I lay. The negro had retained his position, but his eyes glared more fiercely, and I knew that he was aiming the death-blow, for his dagger gleamed on high. I made one last effort and held up the Egyptian cross in the moonlight. The fellow saw it; his features became contorted with ten-fold fury, mingled with fear; his uplifted arm fell, and he fled from me, sending forth a yell of horror that must have startled the very trees.

What passed immediately afterward I know not. When I returned to consciousness the tempest was over, and the moon sailing quietly in the blue heaven. I was lying on the side, drenched to the bone, with blood on my clothes and the dead snake near me.

Turning, I saw Ory kneeling at my head.

(To be continued.)

STRANGE DREAMS.

HOW THE FUTURE WAS REVEALED IN VISIONS IN SLEEP.

Gustavus Brooke, the day before he left London to embark in the ill-fated steamer upon which he was to have sailed to Australia, met his friend Greeves at a favorite resort in the Strand. "So you are really off to-morrow? but not for long, I imagine?"

"Yes," said the tragedian, in an unusually grave tone; "yes, I'm afraid I may never return."

"Nonsense. What makes you have such a gloomy idea as that?"

"I'll tell you, Greeves. I had a strange dream last night. It was this. I dreamed

that some fellow—an author—came to me with the manuscript of a play, and wanted to sell it to me. I saw in great letters upon the cover of the first act the title. It was "The Wreck." I turned over a few pages and came to a sketch in ink of the closing tableau, intended to illustrate the way in which the stage should be set. Standing upon the deck of a sinking vessel was a man clinging to the rigging. The despairing face of the man was a perfect reproduction of my own features. The sight of that agonized face, so perfect a picture of myself, frightened me out of my sleep. Greeves, I tell you that my dream means something serious."

"Pshaw!" said Greeves. "It means too late hours and too late dinners."

Brooke went his way, and met the verification of the vision of his slumber.

S. B. CLARKE'S THREE LIGHTS.

"I am going, my boy," said N. B. Clarke to a brother professional, who entered the dying man's apartments just as the physician departed; "I am going."

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "You're good for many years yet."

"Am I? You think so, do you? Last night my wife had three lights burning in this room—three lights," he repeated faintly, "and that means—death."

A few hours after that, surely enough, Death rang down his life curtain upon the last scene of all.

EDMUND KEAN'S DREAM.

Edmund Kean once wrote from London to a friend in Dublin: "—I am glad you do not believe in such omens. For my part I hardly know whether I should or not, were I the victim of such nightmares. I never had but one such dream, and that was on the night poor B. died. It seemed not unnatural that he should come to me in my sleep attired in his grave-clothes, the more readily when you know that I had been thinking of his deplorable condition an hour before I slept. I had fallen asleep at 11 of the clock on my mantel shelf—and I awoke half an hour after. In that brief space I had the dream, and in that hour almost to the moment B., as I next day learned, died. Was that his spirit—this shrouded form—or my imagination? I leave you to solve the question."

MACREADY AND THE TOAD.

To Macready the sight of the toad in his dreams gave him a more nervous anxiety for hours after than could "the substance of 10,000 men armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond." One day, at a Drury Lane rehearsal, Mr. Ryder said to the great tragedian:

"Mr. Macready, I had a queer dream last night—very queer; I saw sitting on a huge rock a—"

"Great God!—ah—a toad!" exclaimed Macready, paling at the very thought of it.

"Toad—no, a pair of gigantic bullfrogs doing the fencing scene in Hamlet."

The great interpreter of Lear turned away in disgust at this overstepping of his toad omen. David Garrick regarded the appearance of a sword or knives in a dream as an omen of impending danger.

COOKE'S DREAM.

A week or two before his death George Frederick Cooke had a "distempered vision" of a scene in Richard III—the scene in which the coffin of the dead king is brought on. He thought, as he in the dream uttered the lines, "Stay you that bear the corpse," etc., that there suddenly appeared upon the black velvet pall, in white letters, his own name. It is possible, however, that Cooke's vision may have been the result of an overreasting and a superfluity of "great draughts of Rhenish" or other equally potent spirit at the old Shades, in Thames street, which, in his time, was the resort of all "good fellows and true" of the town. Poor Cooke! He lies quiet enough now in the old churchyard on Vesey street and Broadway.

LUCILLE WESTERN'S DREAM OF HER SISTER'S DEATH.

Lucille Western had something of faith in the weird signs and forerunners that come when least expected "from the vague and boundless Dreamland." She once informed an intimate friend that she knew a month before the sad event occurred that her sister Helen, when playing in Philadelphia, was soon to die, or meet with some fearful accident.

"I saw the whole scene of her death—the room, the persons at the bedside, the very color of the walls, the position of the windows, and her face as she lifted up her head for the last time—I saw it all, and I shall never forget that dream and its fearful realization as long as I live."

"If you ever stumble the first time you enter a theatre in which you are engaged, you can make up your mind either your stay will be short or you'll have trouble," said a veteran comedian, the other evening. "You may laugh as much as you like at it, but it's so; and a trip on the carpet while you're on the stage means—well, it means more than a fall or a bruised knee in trying to save yourself. You remember Amy Fawcett? She stumbled on her first entrance the first night she played at the Fifth Avenue, and in three months she died almost friendless and forsaken. Call these things—these trivial happenings—accident, or what you like, they have a meaning to those who have the gift of reading the language of omens and forerunners!"

Perhaps the old comedian is half right after all. Who can tell?

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Post card received. Will reply in a day or two.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 231.

R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 232; also, of Problem for Young Players No. 229.

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 231.

We have not yet received the programme of the Eighth Congress of the Canadian Chess Association, but we have been informed, on the best of authority, that it has been decided to hold the Annual Meeting at Ottawa, about the middle of September next. We have also learned that several important subjects are to be brought forward for consideration at this meeting.

We would suggest that the rules for the carrying on of correspondence games should, by all means, be included in the number, as contests of this nature are becoming much more common than they used to be, and we are inclined to believe that they will receive in the future considerable attention from the lovers of our noble game.

We presume that special rules will be submitted for the management of the Annual Tourney connected with the Association.

That something of this is necessary is evident from the manner in which the last Tourney of this Association was managed.

Bearing upon this are three points which will immediately present themselves to those who have taken part in Tourneys of the Association in past years.

The first is the length of time to be allowed for the duration of the Tourney; the second, the time limit with reference to moves made during play; and the third, and most important, the means to be adopted when players who enter and take part in the contest are unable, through unavoidable circumstances, to finish the whole of the games. The latter difficulty is one which may always be, to a great extent, obviated by care and forethought on the part of each contestant, who ought to feel bound in honor to complete his engagement; but, still, among a large number of players, circumstances may arise in connection with one or more which may lead to an unexpected withdrawal from the contest, and this should be provided for in such a way as not to allow it to be detrimental to the interests of the rest of the players.

There are other subjects, no doubt, which might be alluded to but those we have spoken of are among the most important, and, if not, we may safely leave the whole matter to the large meeting which we may confidently expect will be the result of the energetic measures taken by the officers of the Association.

In fact, we may look upon the members of this Society when assembled, as constituting a Canadian Chess-players' Parliament which will take into consideration all subjects relating to Chess play, and the formation of such regulations and laws as regards carrying it on in its different forms as may, as far as possible, prevent in the future all disputes during the progress of a contest.

The match between Messrs. Mason and Potter, according to the last intelligence, had reached the 9th game, which was won by Mr. Mason.

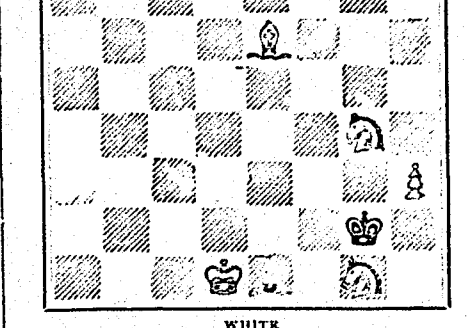
The score at the end of this game, therefore, stood Mason, 2; Potter, 2. Drawn 5.

The equality of Chess power on the part of these contestants makes this contest very interesting.

The score in the match by correspondence between a number of amateurs representing England and the United States of America now stands—England, 22; America, 24; drawn games, 7. Mrs. Gilbert, of Hartford, Conn., has scored one game in very brilliant style against Mr. Gossip, of Colchester, but there are, we believe, three others pending between the same players, in which the event has yet to name the winner.—Illustrated London News.

A rivalry has existed for some time between Messrs. Ryan and Delmar, both prominent members of the Manhattan Chess Club. Mr. Delmar proposes to have the question settled and has published a card, challenging Mr. Ryan to play a match with him for one hundred dollars a side. Mr. Delmar giving the odds of three games in seven. He likewise offers to play a match with Mr. Ryan for the same amount and give the odds of a pawn and move.—Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

PROBLEM No. 227. By J. PAUL TAYLOR. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 320TH. (From Land and Water.) CHESS IN LONDON.

Seventh game in the match between Messrs. Mason and Potter. (French Defence.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Mason.) 1. P to K 4, 2. P to Q 4, 3. Kt to Q B 3, 4. P takes P, 5. B to Q 3, 6. Kt to B 3, 7. Castles, 8. Kt to K 2, 9. Kt to Kt 3, 10. B to K Kt 5 (b), 11. Q to Q 2 (c), 12. B to R 4 (d).
- BLACK.—(Mr. Potter.) 1. P to K 4, 2. P to Q 4, 3. Kt to K B 3, 4. P takes P, 5. B to Q 3, 6. Castles, 7. P to B 3, 8. Q to B 2, 9. P to K Kt 3 (a), 10. Kt to Kt 5, 11. P to B 3, 12. Kt takes B.

- 13. Q takes Kt, 14. Q to R 4, 15. Q R to K sq, 16. R to K 2, 17. K R to K sq, 18. P to Q R 3 (f), 19. Kt to Q 2, 20. P to Q B 4, 21. R to K 3, 22. R to K 7 (g), 23. Q takes Kt, 24. P takes P, 25. Kt to B 3, 26. Q to Q 2, 27. R P takes B, 28. Kt to B 2, 29. Kt to B sq, 30. Kt to K 3, 31. Q to Kt 4, 32. R to K B sq, 33. Q to Q 2, 34. B to Kt sq, 35. Q to Q 3, 36. Q to Q sq (f), 37. P to K Kt 4, 38. R to K sq, 39. Kt to B sq, 40. Kt to K 3, 41. B to B 5, 42. Q takes R, 43. R takes R, 44. B to B 8, 45. B to Kt 6, 46. B to B 5 (k).
- 13. B to B 5, 14. K to Kt 2, 15. B to Q 3, 16. Q to K B 2, 17. Kt to R 3 (e), 18. Kt to B 2, 19. Kt to K 3, 20. Kt to B 5, 21. P to K R 3, 22. B takes R, 23. B to Q sq, 24. P takes P, 25. B to B 2, 26. B takes Kt (a), 27. P to K Kt 4, 28. K to Q 2, 29. K R to K sq, 30. P to R 3, 31. B to K 3, 32. Q R to Q sq, 33. Q to Q 2, 34. K to R sq, 35. K to Kt 2, 36. R to K B sq, 37. R to K 2, 38. R to Q B 2, 39. B to Kt sq, 40. Q R to Q B sq, 41. R to B 8, 42. R takes Q, 43. Q to K 2, 44. Q to Q 2 (j), 45. Q to Q 2.

Drawn by consent. NOTES.

(a) This we believe to be Black's best move. We also consider that it very much attenuates, if indeed, it does not altogether nullify the attack which usually accrues from White's eighth and ninth moves.

(b) This, however natural, tends to the advantage of Black. B to R 6 is probably better, but we fail to see that White gets anything thereby.

(c) If P to K R 3, then, of course, Kt takes B P.

(d) If now 12 P to K R 3, then P takes B, 13 P takes Kt, B to B 5, followed by B takes P.

(e) Black would like to play P to K R 4, but White would obtain an immense attack in that case by B takes P.

(f) He would but be conferring a favour upon the adversary by taking the Kt.

(g) The only resource left him.

(h) Being afraid of what the two Kt and B might do in co-operation, he plays too timidly. He should have kept the Bishop, and moved 26 P to K Kt 4. This course might have involved him in danger, but the chances would seem to be in his favour.

(i) A very good move, and one calculated to embarrass the opponent considerably.

(j) Q to B 2 may be safer, but we imagine neither party can get more than a draw out of the position.

(k) White could here play 46 R to K 8, Kt to Kt 2, 47 Kt to B 5 (ch), K takes B, 48 R to K 7, but it does not appear that more than a draw should result. As the position stands, Black could and probably would have played the move indicated in last note, viz., Q to B 2.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 235.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K 8, 2. B to R 6 (ch), 3. Q or Kt mates.
- BLACK. 1. K to Kt 4 (a), 2. Anything (a) P to Q 7, 2. Anything.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 234.

- WHITE. K at K 6, R at Kt 6, B at K R sq, B at Q R 3, Pawns at K R 3, K B 2 and Q B 3.
- BLACK. K at K B 5, Kt at K R 4, Kt at K R 3, Pawns at K 6, K Kt 2, Q 4 and Q B 4.

White to play and mate in three moves.

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