

## LAURA AND LUCY.

One August afternoon a girl sat on a rustic seat beneath the trees in the garden of Oakdale. She was slight and small, with a delicate pale face, and large dark eyes which looked steadily before her instead of at the knitting in her quick fingers. She was alone as far as human society was concerned; but the birds flew so close together, and the grasshoppers chirped so loudly, that all feeling of solitude was banished.

Presently another sound was added—a footstep; and then a gentleman appeared. He stopped before the girl, and raising his hat, said, "I beg pardon, but may I ask if Mrs. Mortimer is at home?"

The girl turned her intense eyes towards the sound, and said, "No, sir. She went for a drive, and will not return till dinner. Will you wait for her?"

"Thank you, yes," he answered.

She rose to lead the way to the house, but he stopped her.

"Pardon me, but if you will permit me, I would rather wait here till my aunt returns."

"Your aunt?" and the large eyes looked at him questioning. "Then I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Oscar Mortimer?"

He bowed.

"The same, at your service. And I wrong in calling you Miss Leigh?"

"Indeed you are giving me an honour to which I have no right. My cousin Laura went with aunt to drive. My name is Page; a strange one to you, is it not?"

"It is; but I hope it will not be so long. It seems my aunt has prepared a double pleasure for me."

He stopped abruptly as he saw Miss Page slowly extend her hand before her till it touched the chair she had just risen from, and then pass it quickly over it, before she sat down. Too well-bred to show his surprise, he took another seat, and was silent till she said, "Aunt will be very sorry she was not here to welcome you, Mr. Mortimer, but she did not expect you till to-morrow."

"Yes, that was the day I appointed. I believe; but my friends tell me that I never kept an appointment in my life."

A ball of worsted fell from her lap and rolled to his feet. He picked it up and handed it to her. Her eyes were looking steadily at him, but she did not notice the wool. He drew it back and said, "Thank you; I will keep it in memory of our meeting." And without waiting for her to reply, he continued, "To what lucky chance am I indebted for this pleasure, Miss Page? How could you be indifferent to the charms of a drive this delightful afternoon?"

A quick spasm of pain passed over her face; and then she replied, "I would not be a very desirable companion on an excursion like the one they are taking this afternoon. It has pleased God to veil from me the visible beauty of His works."

Her voice trembled, and her eyes grew deeper.

Mortimer drew his breath quickly. He looked at her a second, and then the truth burst upon him. She was blind! A cold shiver ran over him; and had a third person appeared at that moment, he would have said that his were the moist eyes of the two. He tried to say something; but no fitting thought would come at his bidding, and the silence lasted till Miss Page said, "I feel that the sun is sinking lower. They will soon be home. Listen! is not that the sound of wheels?"

Mortimer bent his ear, but heard nothing. She smiled.

"No, I suppose not. It is too faint for your ears. There! You can hear it now, can you not?"

He heard it; and in a few moments a carriage rolled up the avenue, and Mrs. Mortimer alighted from it. She cast a look of uncertainty on her nephew, but in a second it changed to a smile of welcome.

"Oscar," she said, extending both hands, "is it indeed you? Welcome home once more! Why did you not tell me to expect you to-day? Have you been waiting long? I am so sorry!"

"Do not distress yourself, my dear aunt," replied Oscar; "I have been waiting but a short time, and Miss Page has entertained me delightfully."

"Lucy! Oh, yes, I am very glad she was here. Laura, my dear." She turned to a tall auburn-haired girl, who had followed her from the carriage. "This is my nephew, Oscar Mortimer; Oscar, my niece, Miss Leigh."

Miss Leigh bent her pretty head, and Oscar responded: "Miss Leigh has been an ideal friend so long, that it is hard to believe I at last see her in the flesh."

Miss Leigh lifted her delicate brows.

"Please get accustomed to the fact as soon as possible, Mr. Mortimer. I have no ambition to be identified with the spiritual for some time yet."

"Consequently, you must know that it is nearly dinner time, Laura," said her aunt. "Come, Oscar, let us go in-doors."

Oscar was late at dinner that day; not that he had not plenty of time for his toilette, but he loitered at it, pondering over the last few hours and Lucy Page. Who was she? His aunt's niece, he knew; but he had never heard her name before. Laura's praises had been chanted to him ever since she had graduated from pinafores, and he knew that he was expected, in the end, to dutifully fall in love with her and marry her. But Lucy! Her story was as sealed to him as the sunlight was to her sightless eyes. Ah! those eyes! So deep, so searching, and yet so

soft. Could it be that all was black to them? Great heavens! it was terrible. And that evening, after listening faithfully for an hour to Laura's sweetest songs and Laura's most brilliant wit, Oscar sauntered to his aunt's side to ask about Lucy.

"Lucy! Yes, poor dear child. We are all very fond of her. Her affliction is indeed terrible. She is my sister's child. A sister who married an artist, in opposition to all her family; he died in a few years, leaving her with one child, and very poor, of course. Poor Mary! her heart was broken. She soon followed him, and left her little blind girl to the care of her family. Lucy generally has lived with her uncle; but this summer I have asked her to stay with me for company for Laura. She is a quiet child; solitary in her habits. But we all love her. Laura, dear, sing that last new song for Oscar; I know he will like it."

And thus with singing, and dancing, and boating, and fishing, the time rolled by, and Oscar saw but little of Lucy. He hovered round Laura constantly, and Mrs. Mortimer was congratulating herself that her darling wish would be gratified, when one day Oscar was brought home senseless and bleeding, in consequence of a fall from his horse. They laid him on his bed, and grave-faced doctors worked over him for hours before suspended life was restored; and then it broke forth in delirium.

For ten days he hovered between life and death. His aunt and Lucy watched beside him, while Laura moaned in the parlour a useless mass of nerves and *ecru*. It was wonderful what instinct guided the blind to the sick-chamber. It was her hand that arranged the phials on the little stand, her hand that gave the draught, and her voice that, when the sufferer was struggling with the fever, soothed him back to quiet. At last the change came, and the doctor said that Oscar Mortimer would live. He was weak and helpless as a babe, but reason was restored; and when the first ray of its light shone from his eyes, Lucy crept away "to rest," she said.

Oscar improved rapidly. He was soon able to don the inevitable wrapper, and occupy the easy-chair in the sunshine; and then Laura, suddenly all solicitude and interest, would sit by him and read; but Lucy still kept away.

"What has become of Miss Page?" he asked suddenly, one day.

Laura dropped her book.

"Lucy! Why, she's in the house somewhere, I suppose."

"Why doesn't she ever come to see me?" he asked.

"I don't know. Probably she doesn't like invalids; you know they are not the most delightful companions."

"I wonder if one can remember what happens in delirium, or if I only dreamed it."

"Dream what?"

"That Miss Page watched over me during the first part of my illness?"

"No; you didn't dream that. She watched while you were delirious, but left you as soon as you became conscious. Shall I continue my reading, or are you tired?"

"Not at all. Please go on." And he leaned back and closed his eyes.

A week passed, and Oscar threw aside the dressing-gown and abdicated the armchair. A large party was to be given by a friend. Oscar was not strong enough to attend, but he insisted upon his aunt and Laura's going; and at last they consented. Laura looked beautiful that evening; and as Oscar handed her to the carriage he thought to himself a man might have a worse fate. He watched them drive down the avenue, and then went into the parlour. He took a book and sat down; but he did not feel inclined to read, and was carelessly turning over the leaves, when a light footfall sounded; and looking up he saw Lucy enter. She advanced a few steps, and then feeling the magnetic influence of another presence, she stopped and half turned to go back; but Oscar said, "Pray don't retire, Miss Page; rather take pity on my loneliness. Permit me to lead you to a seat."

He went towards her.

"Thank you; no, I cannot stay."

"Can I get anything for you?" he asked as she half turned, and then hesitated.

"No," she replied, with a half-smile; and then added, in a lighter tone, "We all have our dull fits sometimes. To-night the spirit seized me, and I thought I would try to exercise it with music. It is one of my follies."

"If that be folly, may I never be wise," replied he. "I, too, have a dark spirit to-night, Miss Page. Have pity on me, and open the piano."

"No, no; not that."

And light as a shadow, she glided across the room, and seated herself at the harp. Oscar followed her, and watched with earnest eyes the little white hands sweep over the strings. A few sad chords floated through the room, and then, looking far beyond her with her sightless orbs, she sang "Mignon."

The low echo died away; Oscar came and leaned on the harp.

"Miss Page,"—those deep eyes were raised to his,— "Miss Page, I have wished for a long time to thank you for your kindness during my illness."

"Pray do not, Mr. Mortimer; I did nothing worthy of thanks."

"But you did. You bore the burden of it all."

She smiled; this time a little bitterly.

"Is not that right? I was born for burdens."

Oscar spoke eagerly.

"Do not say that, Miss Page. You pain me deeply. It is not right. It cannot be right for

you to bear so heavy a burden. When I see you go on so patiently day after day without a murmur, I want to put up my strong shoulders, to take part of the weight."

"Thank you, Mr. Mortimer; I am not worthy of such great interest. Her face was white and weary."

"Miss Page, can it be that you are mortal? Do you never rebel against your cross?"

She looked at him. Her eyes sparkled now, and her cheeks flushed.

"Do I never rebel? Do you think, that because I bow to the inevitable, because I know that God does all for the best, that I can stifle all nature within me? That I can know the beauty of life around me, and not long for it? The wealth of love that is showered on other women, and not yearn for it? Rebel! Father, give me strength to conquer rebellion, and to endure patiently."

She rose quickly from the harp, and before he could speak a word, she was gone.

Summer fled, and the crimson tints of autumn began to glow. The party at Oakdale was to separate on the morrow. Laura was to return home, and Mrs. Mortimer was to take Lucy back to her uncle. Oscar was still with them. His health was perfectly restored. He still played the devoted knight to Laura, but his heart and fortune were still his own. He, too, would go somewhere on the morrow; but whither he would wend his way he had not stated. Laura fondly hoped he would accompany her home, to address her under her father's roof.

The farewell dinner was over. Mrs. Mortimer was occupied by her last household duty, and Laura with her trunks. Oscar sat alone on the lawn, wrapped in the smoke of a fragrant Havana. Suddenly the soft notes of the harp broke on the night air, and then a low voice sang "Mignon."

Oscar rose and walked gently into the room.

In the dusky light he saw Lucy at the harp. Her head was bowed, and he saw a tear glisten on her dress. Lower and more tremulous grew her voice, and when she uttered the last "Farewell, farewell," she bent her head in her hands and sobbed.

In a moment Oscar was at her side and bending low over her he whispered, "Will you indeed go with me, my darling?"

And Lucy rested her tired head on his strong shoulder, while over her darkness broke the golden light of love.

## THE FISHERMAN'S CLASSIC.

On the 9th of August, 1569, was born at Shalford, near Stafford, Isaac Walton, the author of that charming book, the "Compleat Angler." Little is known of his history. He is first found keeping a small linen-draper's shop in the Royal Exchange, London. Thence, after various vicissitudes, he retired to his native place. Gifted with a poetic fancy, and being a keen lover of rural sports, the leisure he now enjoyed enabled him to impart to others a sense of the enjoyment he himself felt in his favorite pastime of angling. Accordingly, in 1653, appeared the "Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation," a book which, according to Hallam, "has never since been rivalled in grace, humor, and invention." The work on its first appearance at once secured the public heart, and still continues to be one of the most popular of the English classics. Though by no means the first writer upon piscatorial subjects, Walton happily intermingled his precepts on the art of angling with lofty yet cheerful morality, and a wealth of fancy which as applied to the subject, has never been surpassed. Prior to him, Dame Juliana Berners, Gervase Markham, and notably Thomas Barker, Walton's own instructor in fishing, had written on the gentle art, and their books were always popular; but they have none of them retained public favor, as has "old Izaak." He and Cotton (who added a second part to the "Compleat Angler" in the fifth edition of the book) are looked up to at present, as they have been for generations, by all anglers as their tutelary deities, the Gemini of the angling zodiac. Walton seems to have known as little of fly-fishing as he did of salmon fishing; therefore, Cotton, who resided on the Dove, and had a long experience in all that relates to fly-fishing, the crown of the angler's art, supplied the deficiency. His portion is pitched in a much lower key, whether of moral purpose or imaginative power, but very fairly continues the plan on which his great master had worked.

The first edition of Walton appeared in 1563, since which time the "Compleat Angler" has been reprinted in every size and form, from that suited to the waistcoat pocket up to Pickering's magnificent edition, illustrated by Stothard. It has, moreover, been furnished with notes, appendices, elucidations, and the like, by numerous anglers and bookmakers, overlaid with abundance of details, which have often well-nigh smothered the text. Mr. Westwood, writing in 1864, enumerates fifty-three editions of the book—one in rather more than every three years of its life, which speaks volumes for its popularity. At length, to satisfy the curious, there has been produced by Elliott Stock, a London publisher, a fac-simile reprint of the original work. This book, coated in old-fashioned binding and containing the original engraved plates of fish, struck off by a novel application of photography, is a bibliophilist's delight in every particular. Even the curious red and blue sprinkling of the edges is conformed to that of Walton's original edition. With this book in his pocket the angler can recline under the pollards at noonday, while eating his frugal meal,

and at once transport himself 200 years back into the time of the Cavaliers and Puritans.

Few books have suffered so complete a change of form and survived so many additions without losing their first fragrance as has this. The "Compleat Angler" on its original entry into the world consisted of 246 pages, or thirteen chapters, clad in modest brown calf, and illustrated by half a dozen admirably engraved plates of fish. These were indeed said, but it is thought without any foundation for the assertion, to have been engraved on plates of silver. All these plates and the due number of pages, even down to bad spellings and the like, are faithfully reproduced in this quaint little fac-simile of 1876.

It tells us, as the original charged its readers, that "fishers must not range," nor "be nice to fowl their fingers;" and it repeats the curious music of the angler's song (treble being one way down the page, and base looking in the opposite direction, to enable two people to sing from the same book), which is by Mr. Henry Lawes, a name that at once recalls Camus to the scholar. Lawes composed its music, and is himself celebrated in it as one

Who with his soft pipe and smooth dittied song,  
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar  
And hush the waving woods.

Walton all but rewrote the book in the second edition, adding a third (190 pages, according to Westwood's "Bibliotheca Piscatoria") to it, and four new plates of fishes. Walton, the disciple of the first edition, now becomes Venator the hunter; and Aucup (the fowler) is a new creation, which enables Walton to introduce some of the most exquisite passages of his book on the nightingale, skylark, and other birds. Thus the book as known at present consists of twenty-one chapters, and the whole process of love-making and taking on of additions is a singular instance of a good book being used as the germ of a second edition, and not spoilt in the operation.

A HEALTHY MAN.—A healthy man, may eat almost any kind of food, in moderation, but an invalid must live prudently, or suffer from Dyspepsia, with its long trains of evils. WISCONSIN DYSPEPSIA TABLETS are purely restorative in character, and are a precious boon to the Dyspeptic.

## ROUND THE WORLD.

BELGARIA has issued a declaration of independence.

THE Versailles Chamber of Deputies has passed the University Education Bill.

The fortress of Gibraltar is being placed in a thorough state of defence.

A state of siege was proclaimed throughout Serbia on the 1st of July.

ALL Montenegrins between the ages of 17 and 60 have been summoned to arms.

Prince Milan has been proclaimed King of Bosnia, and Prince Nicholas chosen by the Herzegovine insurgents as their leader.

THE British Cabinet is reported to be divided on the Eastern policy. Some members want to denounce Turkey and others do not want to fight Russia.

## 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.

Sigma, Montreal.—Solution received to Problem No. 76. Correct.

H. A. C. P., Montreal.—Your communications have been received with many thanks. We ought to have acknowledged them before.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and game received. Much thanks.

H. L. P., Mount Royal, Ont.—Your solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 74, in two moves, is correct. We must have looked over the solution, beginning with the move of Pawn. Cannot you send us an original position for our column?

There is very little stirring at present in the Chess world. Attention is principally directed to the proposed Tournament at the Centennial in Philadelphia, and there will be some disappointment, if but little is earned out of all that has been talked about.

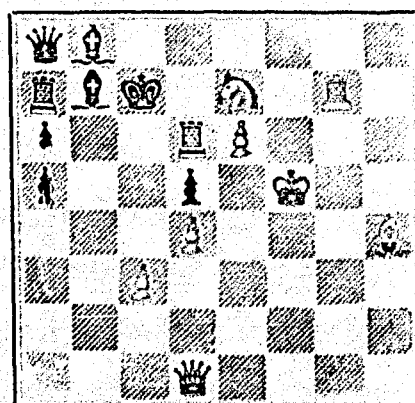
A letter has appeared in one of the papers of the United States from Mr. Bird, complaining of the manner in which he has been treated with reference to the final result of the late New York Tourney. We should like to hear the reply of the managing Committee before giving an opinion in the matter.

A match between two of the members of the Montreal Chess Club has been played lately, in which Mr. Von Bokum gave Mr. Shaw the odds of Q Kt and two games in advance. The player who scored the first seven games was to be the conqueror. At the conclusion of the match Mr. Von Bokum had won one game, and Mr. Shaw five games, which, added to the two given in advance, made him the victor. We submit the last game in the match.

## PROBLEM No. 79.

By Mr. J. H. FINLISON.

BLACK.



WHITE  
White to play and mate in three moves