

(Continued from page 11.)

paralysed every nerve in my body, and held me spell-bound while the scene lasted.

That which I had thought was a bundle, was transformed into a woman! Yes, a woman, lovely as an angel, was kneeling there in the moonlight, her white wrapper, one sleeve of which was partly torn off, giving a glimpse of a rounded arm and shoulder, which shamed the bright moonlight in their purity and freshness, floating loosely around her; and her bright, golden hair hung in rich masses over her neck and shoulders, as with hands clasped in anguish she turned her blue eyes sorrowfully and beseechingly up to the stern figure at her side. Did I say sorrowfully? That is not the word. The agony depicted on her face has haunted me ever since. It was not expressive of bodily pain or fear; it was rather the dumb, unutterable anguish caused by mental self-accusation, to which bodily pain would even be a welcome relief.

Her lips moved as if in prayer; but the man made no sign, except that he still pointed silently and sternly to a small locket, which was fastened by a narrow piece of velvet around her slender neck.

With trembling hands she obeyed the silent command, and shrinkingly gave it to her companion. He opened it, and then came over his face a change, so swift and terrible, that the woman gave a slight shriek, then buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively.

With what I could tell was a heavy curse, although no sound issued from his lips, he dashed the locket on the ground, seized the woman by her hair, jerked her head roughly back with his left hand, and as the awful smile deepened on his face, I saw the right hand—something glittered in it as it went up—raised quick as lightning. I knew what was coming, and frantically struggled to get off that infernal bed. Oh God! too late! I heard a dull, cruel thud and piercing shriek; and while the bright red heart's-blood welled out over her pure white bosom, she sank recumbent on the floor. And at this juncture I must have swooned away, for I remember nothing further.

When I recovered consciousness, the sun was shining brightly through the window, the birds were warbling their morning hymns of praise to the Great Creator, and not a trace remained of the tragedy I had witnessed during the night.

With a feeling of relief I sprang out of bed; but the terrible drama I had witnessed in my sleep of the preceding night still hung like a shadow over my mind, and caused me, before I had finished dressing, to fall into a fit of the bluest blues. This depression of spirit was not alleviated when, chancing to look at my wrists before going down stairs, I discerned on each of them a faint, livid circle, such as the pressure from cords would leave, taken in connection with my helplessness, while the dream tragedy was being perpetrated, this made the matter more inexplicable. Was it simply a hideous nightmare? Then what produced those marks upon my wrists? Had I really been a witness of a horrid and brutal murder? Then where were the traces of it? It was wildly improbable, nay, it was impossible, that nothing should have been left, and every trace removed from the room, if the tragic event had really taken place. I was fairly puzzled; and in my anxiety to leave the room and its memory behind me, forgot the examination of the carvings on the old oak bureau, which I had promised myself to make in the morning, before retiring to rest on the night previous. Going downstairs, I found Mason and his wife just commencing their morning meal. I sat down at the table, but could not eat anything. My depression and loss of appetite was soon noticed by the kind-hearted land'ord. He pressed me for the reason, but dread of his kindly ridicule kept me silent as to the real cause, and for want of a better, I gave as an explanation that the oak bureau being in the room for the first time since I had slept in it, I had not rested properly, and loss of rest had been followed by loss of appetite. It was a bad reason, and worse logic, but it was the first excuse that came into my head, and its fitness was not noticed by either Mason or his wife. "I will have it removed," said he, "by to-night; but as there is a curious tale connected with it, perhaps it may do you good if I relate the story to you."

I at once gladly assented; and the table having been cleared, Mason began thus:

"At Oak Lodge, about two miles from here, there lived some five years ago one Mr. Holmes, a man of morose, retiring disposition, and not at all liked by the people in the neighbourhood. This dislike was fostered by a report which got spread about, that he treated his young wife, whom he had brought with him when he came to live at the Lodge some months before, very unkindly. It was nothing more than a rumour, and no evidence had ever been brought forward to show that such was the case; still this one (as all idle rumours do) gained ground steadily, and in course of time the owner of Oak Lodge had the adjective 'Black' prefixed to his surname whenever he was spoken of by the villagers.

"Black Holmes, to call him by his popular title, did not seem much affected by his evil repute among the neighbours. He still secluded himself within his own house, still went upon mysterious journeys for a week or a fortnight at a time, was persistently 'Not at home' when any one ventured to call upon him at the Lodge, and, according to popular belief, still maltreated his wife; an idea which was strengthened by the fact that simultaneously with the message brought down that Mr. Holmes was out, it was invariably added that Mrs. Holmes was seriously indisposed.

"But the villagers soon had another cause for wonder. There lived at an old-fashioned house, just outside of Cairo, a certain Mr. Frank Leslie, a man of middle age, handsome, open-hearted, and good-natured to a fault, easily led astray, and in his young days supposed to have been dissipated to a degree. I say supposed, because little was known of his past life, for he had left home in high dudgeon with his father and mother, and the reports which afterwards came to their ears concerning his mode of life, had materially shortened the days of their pilgrimage towards that bourne from whence no traveller returns.

"On the death of his father and mother, events which happened within a few short weeks of each other, Frank returned to the old house at home. This was about four years after Mr. Holmes had settled at Oak Lodge.

"Any one knowing the two men and the diversity of their dispositions, would think nothing more unlikely than that there should ever be even a semblance of cordiality on either side. Yet, strangely enough, a friendship sprang up between them which, so far as is known, was never interrupted.

"Matters continued thus for about three months, when it began to be whispered about that Leslie's friendship was rather for the wife than the husband, and that though the intimacy between the men still continued on the same footing, that Holmes had been heard to utter threats against some one, and as Leslie was his only intimate, it was shrewdly conjectured that he was the one denounced.

"As time went on, Leslie's visits to the Lodge grew more frequent, and were generally timed to take place while Black Holmes was supposed to be away; though whether he was really absent there is, in my mind, room for great doubt.

"One morning the news spread like wildfire through the village that Black Holmes had left the Lodge, and gone no one knew whither, taking, as was supposed, his wife with him. People had hardly got over the excitement of that event, when it was whispered abroad (originated by one of his servants, no doubt,) that Leslie had not been home for two days and nights, and as the third day grew on and he did not appear, his friends became anxious; for he was always a favourite in spite of his faults, and the excitement culminated when a labourer came here with Frank's hat, which he had found lying on the outskirts of the little fir plantation, which is situated on the north side of the Lodge.

"A search party was organized; and in a dark, stagnant pool, in the midst of the plantation, they found the body of poor Frank. They drew the remains to the bank, and laid them on the soft brown carpet of dead branches, fallen from the melancholy firs. There were no marks of violence on the body, with the exception of a livid mark round each wrist, as if caused by a ligature of some kind."

Here I could not help shuddering violently, as my eyes fell upon the discoloured marks on my wrists, which had not disappeared even then. Mason perceived my agitation, and enquired the cause; but I assured him it was nothing, and entreated him to proceed. He then continued:—

"The body was fully dressed when found, but the clothes were in disorder, as if put on hastily, and the face wore an expression which even the slimy waters of the pool had not been able to obliterate, and which all noticed: an expression of deadly horror, as if he had met his fearful death while trying to flee from some sight, which had overwhelmed him with its dreadful reality.

"A coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict of accidental death returned, much to the dissatisfaction of some in the neighbourhood, who maintain to this day that Frank met his death at the hands of Black Holmes; but there was no proof of this; as far as anyone knew they were friends up to the time of his death, and the threats of violence turned out to be greatly exaggerated; in fact, in most instances, could not be traced to Holmes at all.

"The Lodge was shut up for some time, and last week Lawyer Black received instructions from Holmes, dated from Milan, to sell the house and furniture, with the exception of the oak chest which is in your room; Mr. Black received special instructions to send that to Holmes' address by the first steamer, so it will go from here on Monday next. I don't know why he should want a thing like that sent such a distance to him; but it is an heirloom, or something of that sort, I suppose."

The horrible truth had been gradually dawning upon me, as Mason proceeded with his narrative, and a strange impulse moved

me as he finished to stand up and say solemnly to him:—

"Mason, as God is my judge, that chest contains the evidence of a foul and barbarous murder!"

I could see that he thought I had turned lunatic suddenly; but as I related my dream to him, I perceived that he was gradually being converted to my opinion; and when I had concluded he was of as strong an opinion as myself that the chest should be opened. It was a ticklish thing to do, and at first it was promptly negatived by Mr. Black, to whom Mason applied; but I was so positive on the matter, and the two persons I had seen in my dream tallied so exactly with the descriptions of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, that at last the lawyer consented. But there was another difficulty; there was no key. This was obviated by getting the lock picked; and there, as the lid was opened in the presence of numerous witnesses, was seen the plain evidence of an atrocious murder. To make my story short, within the chest the body, or rather the remains, of a woman in her night-dress, was huddled. The haft of a bone-handled dagger protruded from what had once been her loving, throbbing bosom; and her long yellow hair, still clinging to the shrunken scalp, floated over the form, which by a cruel hand had been stricken down in the prime of health, hope and love.

The remains were identified by several present as having once been Mrs. Holmes; and in a small battered gold locket, found lying under her head in the chest, was a likeness of Frank Leslie.

The authorities were communicated with, and a detective despatched with the necessary papers to the address that Holmes had given. He was found and brought to the spot where the supposed crime had been committed. My time did not admit of my staying longer at Cairo; but soon after my return to Montreal, I received a letter from Mason, by which it appears that the detective, taking my vision for his cue, so worked upon Holmes' fear that there was a witness to his guilt, that he made a full confession. The details agreed substantially with what I saw in my dream, and I must, by some supernatural agency, have during the vision, taken the place which Leslie occupied on the night of the real tragedy.

Holmes was sentenced to death, but cheated the hangman by taking poison in his cell. How he procured it is not known; he probably had it secreted somewhere on his person at the time of his arrest.

To conclude, they say that dead persons tell no tales. 'Tis true, perhaps, in the strict sense of the words; but fortunately for us, there are other ways beside that of the dead speaking, by which, surely and certainly, murder will out.

Dean Stanley has come to the front, after a certain sort, as a woman's rights man. He recently preached in London in aid of the Woman's Hospital. His text was, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" He thought women much better spiritual directors of women than the most dextrous priest, saintly confessor, or authoritative pontiff. Heading the sick he regarded as woman's special mission. He alluded to the late Mr. Mill, remarking how the philosophy of a master mind was touched by reverence for the woman he had loved.

The following rare bits are from the Saturday Evening Post: We shall never forget that evening we spent at Magruder's years ago. We admired Miss Magruder, and we went around to see her. It was summer time, and moonlight, and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenter had been there that day gluing up the rustic chair on the porch, so we took a seat on the step in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink in her smiles. It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue pot on the spot where we sat, for after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going home, but found that we were immovably fixed to the step. Then Miss Magruder said: "Don't be in a hurry," and we told her we believed we wouldn't. The conversation had a sadder tone after that, and we sat there thinking whether it would be better to ask Miss Magruder to withdraw while we disrobed and went home in Highland costume, or whether we should urge her to warm up the poker, or whether we should give one terrific wrench and then ramble down the yard backward. About midnight Miss Magruder yawned, and said she believed she would go to bed. Then we suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objection to lending us his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for she rushed in, called her father, and screamed. Magruder came down with a double-barrelled gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of step to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock crushed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again, and she threw herself away on a dry goods man. There is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and reflecting upon the influence of glue upon the emotions of the human heart.

Those who use Colby's Pills recommend them to their friends.

Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct solution of Problem No. 81 received from G. E. C., Montreal.

A lively skirmish during the first Canadian Chess Congress in Hamilton.

French Defence.

- White. Black. Dr. I. Ryall, Hamilton. J. Henderson, St. Liboire. 1. P. to K. 4th. P. to K. 3rd. 2. P. to Q. 4th. P. to Q. 4th. 3. P. to K. 5th. P. to Q. B. 4th. 4. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. P. takes P. 5. Kt. takes P. B. to Q. B. 4th. 6. B. to K. 3rd. B. takes Kt. 7. B. takes B. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 8. B. to Kt. 5th. K. Kt. to K. 2nd. 9. Castles. Castles. 10. B. to Q. B. 3rd. Kt. to Kt. 3rd. 11. B. takes Kt. P. takes B. 12. P. to K. B. 4th. P. to K. B. 4th (e). 13. K. to K. P. to Q. B. 4th. 14. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd. P. to Q. 5th. 15. B. to Kt. 2nd. Q. to K. R. 5th (e). 16. P. to Kt. 2nd. Q. to Kt. 2nd. 17. K. to Kt. Q. to Kt. 2nd. 18. K. to B. 2nd. P. to K. R. 4th (e). 19. Q. to K. 2nd. Q. to Kt. 5th. 20. Q. to K. 2nd. Q. to K. 6th. 21. Kt. to Q. 2nd. P. to R. 5th. 22. Q. to Kt. 5th (d). Kt. takes K. B. P. (e). 23. P. takes Kt. R. to B. 2nd. 24. K. to B. 3rd. R. to Kt. 3rd. 25. Q. takes R. P. R. to R. 2nd. 26. Q. takes Q. R. takes Q. 27. Kt. to Kt. 5th (d). R. to R. 5th. 28. Kt. takes K. P. R. to Kt. 5th ch. 29. K. to B. B. to R. 3rd ch. 30. K. to K. P. to Q. 6th. 31. P. to Q. B. 4th. K. to B. 2nd (d). 32. Kt. to Q. B. 7th. R. to Q. 33. Kt. takes B. P. to Q. 7th ch. 34. R. takes P. (e). R. to Kt. 5th ch. 35. K. to B. 2nd. R. takes K. ch. 36. K. takes R. R. takes B. 37. Kt. takes P. P. to R. 4th. 38. P. to Q. R. 4th. P. to Kt. 6th. 39. P. to Q. 6th ch. K. to K. 2nd. 40. P. takes P. K. to Q. 4d. 41. P. to K. Kt. 6th. R. to R. 7th. 42. P. to Kt. 5th. Resigns.

(e) Instead of this move, Black might now have commenced a strong attack by B. to R. 3rd, followed by Q. to Kt. 3rd, and then advancing his Pawn.

(d) This gives a fine attack, but B. to Kt. 2nd, threatening Q. to Q. 5th, seems stronger.

(e) Here, apparently, the game might have been continued as follows:

- Black. White. 18. Kt. takes K. P. 19. P. takes Kt. P. to K. B. 3th. 20. Q. to K. B. Q. to Kt. 5th.

and Black's position seems fully worth the piece sacrificed; we cannot see how White could have saved the game.

(d) White promptly avails himself of the opportunity afforded by his opponent's last move to free his zone, beginning a strong counter-attack at the same time.

(e) The sacrifice comes too late; better, even yet, however, to have taken the K. P.

(f) White now obtains a manifest advantage, his Kt. committing sad havoc in the enemy's quarters.

(g) B. R. to Q. B. White could play K. to Q. 2nd, with a won game.

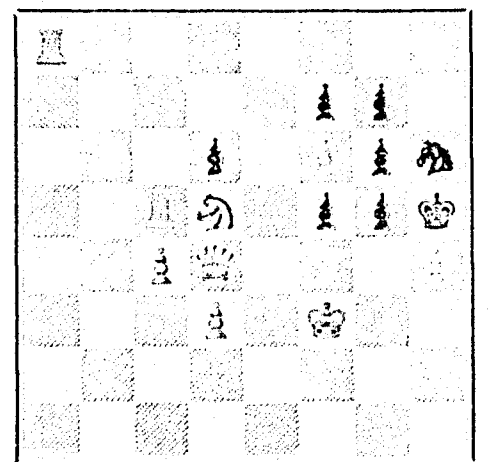
(h) This loses a piece, but White's resources can now fully afford it.

The following fine stratagem appeared some time ago in the Chess Player's Chronicle.

PROBLEM No. 87.

By Prof. J. B. Cherriman, Toronto.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 27.

(From Bell's "Life in London.")

White.—K. at K. sq. B. at K. R. sq., and K. 4th. Black.—K. at K. Kt. 5th. P. at K. R. 5th. White to play and mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 28.

By T. C., Toronto.

White.—K. at Q. Kt. 5th. R. at K. sq. and Q. B. 6th. B. at K. 3rd. P. at K. R. 4th. Q. 7th. Q. B. 2nd. and Q. Kt. 2nd. Black.—K. at K. 4th. B. at K. R. 5th. Kt. at K. Kt. 7th. P. at K. B. 3rd. K. B. 5th. Q. 4th. and Q. Kt. 5th. White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 85.

White. Black.

- 1. B. to Kt. 8th. P. to Kt. 4th. 2. P. to R. 5th (bee's, KD) P. to Kt. 5th. 3. Kt. to K. B. 7th. K. to B. 5th. 4. Kt. to Q. 5th dls. ch. and mate.