

A FAIR FACE IN A YELLOW CHARIOT.

A bachelor still young and well-to-do is for obvious reasons an object of the deepest interest to his friends of the opposite sex.

And his heart! What a priceless jewel that was for some sweet maiden to win and wear!

Only he would not settle down. He meant to have his fling first; and probably it was his habit of throwing himself about that made him so difficult to catch.

After making hot love for a week during wet weather in the country house, papa and mamma heard that he had broken his leg in two places, or that typhoid fever had laid him low.

He was absent after this for two or three years; but presently, wearying of the constant wandering to and fro, he returned, and took up the threads of his old life.

"Looks like it!" thought Lord Featherstone, as he tried to make his way through the serried ranks upon the stairs in a certain mansion in Grosvenor Square.

A crush of this kind is especially favorable for the minute observation of one's fellow creatures. Half a minute was enough to solve the mystery of Mrs. Chromer's yellow hair, and of the complexion people said was like milk.

It was quite a new face to him: the face of a girl still fresh, and seemingly unaccustomed to the town. A merry, piquante face, with small but perfect features, violet eyes, and a laughing mouth, showing often the whitest teeth.

Quite an hour elapsed before he caught Tommy Cutler, who knew all the world, and then, going to where he had last seen the girl, they found she had disappeared.

Some day or two after he was in Hyde Park. He had been riding on at a sharp canter, which increased, as he left the more frequented parts of the Row, to a hand-gallop.

"By Jove! That face again!" Yes, the girl he had seen but a few nights since; the fair fresh young face which had taken his fancy by storm.

But where had she come from; who could she be? He was determined to find out this time. The carriage would doubtless travel by the conventional route, across the Serpentine Bridge, and back to the crowded Drive.

What could have brought this young lady so far out of town? Business, pleasure, or mere desire for change of air and scene?

Riding slowly to and fro, Featherstone waited while the time slipped by. The chariot, which had gone no further than a neighboring "public," returned, and drew up in front of the cottage.

Now, for the first time, Featherstone became aware that the coachman had been drinking, and was almost too unsteady to sit upon his box.

The coachman's erratic course soon proved that there was some ground for these forebodings.

Very soon too the coachman attracted attention and much derisive chaff. "Where's that garden-rake?"—"Who put you on the box, Mr. Bottleswapper?"—"Why don't you buy a mangle or turn chimney-sweep?"

It was really time to interfere. Featherstone rode up rapidly.

"You're not fit to drive! You're endangering this young lady's life. Here," he turned to the ubiquitous "Bobby," "I'll give this fellow into custody. Take him, carriage and all. My name is Lord Featherstone."

"And pray what is to become of me?" said a small voice, a little tremulous in its tones, but not without asperity. "Am I to be given into custody too?"

"A thousand apologies. My interference would have been unpardonable but for the gravity of the situation. If you will but tell me what you wish—"

"To go home of course, as soon as possible. My aunt will be in terror."

"I certainly shall not wait hours. I must walk—or find another coachman. O Gregory," she looked reproachfully at the old reprobate, "the last time you promised to take the pledge; and yet now—"

"O Miss Kate," he spluttered out, as if quite alive to the enormity of his sins, "the brew was good, and I'd so long to wait—"

"If I make so bold," said S 1,002, "there's good livery stables at the Chequers. You might put the carriage up, or get another driver there."

The chariot was conveyed thither in safety. Featherstone dismounted, then helped the young lady to descend.

"I trust you will have no more contretemps." He spoke gravely. "This new coachman is sober, but he is of course an utter stranger."

There was a shade of misgiving in his voice, which had the desired effect.

"Dear, dear, suppose he too should play some trick. I ought not to have come alone. Aunt said so. What shall I do now?"

"If you would accept me as an escort—"

"Only too thankfully. But it would be trespassing too much upon your good nature. You have been so kind already."

"My horse has gone lame in two legs."

It was a wonder he hadn't developed nautical laminitis and farcy.

"Then I shall be doing you a service really?" she cried, with animation.

"Distinctly."

Then they got in together and drove off. For a time neither spoke. Featherstone felt upon his good behavior; he was disposed to be as deferential as to a royal princess.

"Do you think he knows where to take us?" she asked.

"Not unless you've told him."

"Don't you know?"

"How should I? To London, I suppose."

"That's a wide address," and she laughed aloud. "No, Kensington Square; that's where we live, Lord Featherstone."

She prattled on now, frank, fluent, and unaffected. "And how do you like it?"

"What! London?"

"No; being finished."

"I haven't got to the end yet. That'll be when I'm married. But there is not much chance of that, yet a while."

"Why not!" asked Featherstone highly amused.

"I don't like anybody well enough."

"Perhaps nobody's asked you?"

"You are quite a stranger, Lord Featherstone, and you have no right to ask me such questions."

"Well, I won't; we'll talk about something different. We're getting into the streets. Do you know this part of London? It's called Kentish Town, because it's in Middlesex."

"I'm not well up in London geography. It's my first visit to town."

"He's taking us through the Park!" cried Featherstone, in some consternation.

"Yes; why not? I am glad of it. It's pleasanter than the streets."

"O, if you prefer it. Only—"

He was thinking that it was now well on in the afternoon, and the Park would be crammed. For the girl's sake it would be better they should not be seen thus publicly together, and alone.

Like a martyr he succumbed. It was best to put a good face on the matter.

Before night it would be all over London that Beau Featherstone had turned into a chaperon for country cousins, or that he had been taken captive by a fair face in a yellow "shay."

As he walked homewards, full of these thoughts, he ran up against Tommy Cutler near the Albert Hall.

"Hallo! been to Kensington square?" Featherstone visibly shuddered. Tommy Cutler knew all about it, then, already.

"Saw you in the Park, my lord. Understand now why you were so keen the other night about flaxen hair and bright-blue eyes, and only seventeen."

"Don't be an ass!" cried Featherstone angrily. "Here, hanson!" and his lordship drove on to Brooks's.

"Here is Featherstone himself," said a man, in a bay-window; "we'll ask him. I say they're betting five to four you've started a yellow chariot, and were seen in it in the Park."

"Did you pick it up Japan?"

"Is it the coach Noah drove home in when he landed from the ark?"

Featherstone abruptly left the room. The story was evidently on the wing. More serious was the next onslaught.

"You ought not to have done it, Featherstone," said old Mr. Primrose, who had been his father's friend, and presumed therefore to give the son advice. "You have compromised the girl seriously; and she is such an absolute child."

"Excuse me; I am not called upon to give an account to you of all my actions."

"You ought not, I repeat, to have appeared with her thus publicly. It was bad enough to take her down to Richmond, but to put your arm round her waist openly in the Park—"

"Really, Mr. Primrose!" Featherstone's face flushed, but he restrained himself.

He knew gossip grew like a rank weed, and he wished to root up this scandal at once and kill it outright.

"I may as well tell you at once; that young lady is about to become my wife."

"Featherstone, I beg your pardon, and I give you joy. I knew something of these Leghs; not overwealthy, but charming people. I am heartily glad to think this girl has done so well and so soon. Is it to be announced at once?"

"Well, not exactly at once," said Featherstone, thinking perhaps it would be as well to consult the young lady herself. Of course she would say "Yes;" but as a matter of form he ought to ask her.—(To be continued.)

"SURVIVAL OF FITTEST."

The ingenious doctrine propounded by Mr. Darwin, the tireless investigator of nature and her laws, is as applicable in determining the fate of medicines as in that of the animal species. Every year new remedies are brought before the public, and are soon rapidly discarded as their sale rapidly decreases. Only those medicines which are best suited to the people's wants survive the first test. If they "are tried and found wanting" in the merits which they claim to possess, no amount of advertising will make them popular. Of all the remedies ever introduced to the public, none are so popular as Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Their sale has steadily increased each year, and wholesale druggists assert that the present demand for them is greater than ever before. If you would patronize medicines scientifically prepared use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is alternative, or blood-cleansing and an unequalled cough remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than the mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a

magical remedy for pain, bowel complaints, and an unequalled liniment for both human and horseflesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head" ever given to the public. They are sold by druggists.

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.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 130 received.

J. W. S.—Many thanks. You will perceive that we have taken advantage of your communications. Your solution of Problem No. 129 is correct.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 129 received. Shall be glad to hear from you again. Your compositions are always acceptable.

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Problem received; many thanks.

J. B., Montreal.—Check on the first move in a problem is objected to by many, but some very good positions begin with a discovered check, as we will show in a future column.

An International Correspondence Chess Match between Great Britain and the United States has been for some time in the course of arrangement, and very soon will be in active operation. It is likely that in a few days we may be enabled to give the names of the players selected on both sides, and some of the conditions of the match. In the meantime let us rejoice that such an opportunity presents itself to test the strength of the players on both sides of the Atlantic.

The games being by correspondence each player will have no difficulty in exerting his full ability to maintain his country's credit, and no careless moves need be anticipated. Pending the contest, much excitement will exist and editors of Chess Columns both here and across the Atlantic will be glad to publish the score should it be allowed, as one and another of the games are terminated.

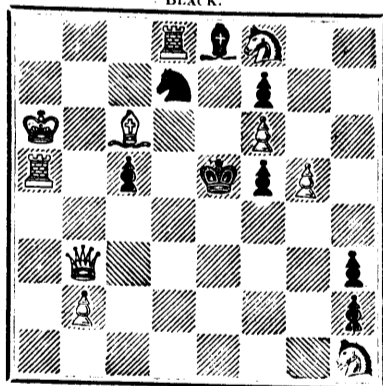
The match between Blackburne and Zukertort should, according to the latest intelligence, be either in the course of play or finished. We shall be anxious to publish the results.

Since writing the above we have received the intelligence that Mr. Blackburne has won the first game in his contest with Mr. Zukertort.

We are anxious again to call attention to the approaching Congress and Tournament of the Canadian Chess Association at Quebec on the 21st of August next, and the following days. We trust that there will be such a gathering at the ancient capital as will prove that Canada is not falling behind other places in its estimation of the scientific game of Chess.

The programme will be issued in a few days, if it has not already made its appearance, and it is to be hoped that subscriptions from clubs and members of the Association have already afforded the means of fixing the prizes to be competed for on a scale equal, if not superior to that which regulated them on former occasions. Funds have not yet been obtained to secure a Canadian trophy, as proposed by the Secretary, D. C. Mackenzie, Esq., in a letter which appeared in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of the 19th of May last, but there is every reason to believe that the measure, which is an excellent one, if not carried out this year will be so far advanced, that it will be effectively made use of at the next Tournament of the Association.

PROBLEM No. 132. By Mr. C. M. BAXTER, Dundee, Scotland. This problem gained a prize in the Lebanon Herald's Tourney, U.S.



White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

GAME 189TH.

Played some time ago between two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. W. A.) BLACK.—(Mr. J. W.)

- 1. P to K 4 P to K 4
2. P to K B 4 P takes P
3. K Kt to B 3 P to K Kt 4
4. B to Q B 4 B to K Kt 2
5. P to Q 4 P to K R 3
6. Castles P to Q 3
7. P to Q B 3 Q to K 2
8. P to K Kt 3 P to Kt 5
9. K Kt to R 4 P to K B 6
10. K Kt takes P P takes Kt
11. Q takes P B to K 3
12. Q Kt to R 3 P to Q R 3
13. B to Q 2 Q Kt to Q 2
14. P to K 5 B takes B
15. Kt takes B P takes P
16. Q takes Q Kt P R to Q Kt sq
17. Q takes B P P to K B 3
18. Kt to Q 6 (ch) K to B sq
19. P takes P (ch) Q to Q sq
20. Q to Q B 4 Kt takes P
21. Q to Q 5 Q to Kt 3 (ch)
22. K to R sq Q R to Q (b)
23. Q takes Kt Q takes Kt
24. Q takes Q R takes Q
25. B to K B 4 R to K 3
26. K R to K R takes R (ch)
27. R takes R K to B 2
28. B to Q 6 P to K B 4
29. P to Q R 4 B to K B 3
30. R to Q Kt sq K to K 3
31. B to B 4 Kt to K 2
32. P to Q B 4 Kt to Q B 3
33. P to Q Kt 4 P to K R 4
34. P to Q Kt 5 P takes P
35. R P takes P Kt to K 4

And the game was finally drawn.