

A RING.

BY MARGARET ELENORA TUPPER.

Only a time-worn circle of gold,
Only a common thing;
But eyes grow dim with grief untold
At sight of the pearls all blacked and old
In this little worthless ring.

A face long dead, so dear of yore,
Smiles out from a bygone spring,
And loving fingers cling once more,
And play again as they played before,
With this little worthless ring.

It passes: the vision sweet and fair,
That vanished years still bring;
And I keep but the treasure of dear brown hair,
Wreathed round in pearls so dull with wear,
On this little priceless ring.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

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

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

PREPARATORY FREAKS.

"Things generally are, that do," said Hazel. But she sighed a little, putting her face closer down in her hands. "Bye," she said after a pause, getting hold of the old housekeeper's hand now and laying her face there, "it is very, very hard to have it so soon! I have not thought,—I am not ready,—I feel just as if I should fly!"

There was no gainsaying part of this, and Mrs. Bywank tried petting and coaxing instead of reasons for awhile.

"But think how lonely Mr. Rollo is, Miss Wych," she said, trying a diversion. "Think what a two months he has had just now!"

"I am thinking about myself," said the girl shortly.

"And I am thinking about your cake," said Mrs. Bywank. "If it was a little earlier, I'd go and get the raisins to-night."

Wych Hazel started up with an exclamation.

"Now, stop!" she said. "If you begin to make a bit of fuss, I shall run away. Who wants cake? People can eat cake at other times, I suppose."

"I suppose they can," said Mrs. Bywank laughing, "but this is a good time too. You must have your cake."

"There will be no dress to stand with it," said Hazel. "The cake will feel lonely—like me."

Mrs. Bywank sighed a little, stroking the pretty head.

"My dear," she said, "you will be dressed, whatever you wear."

"Can you guess how?" said Wych Hazel. "I have not heart to put on a white dress. And I could not get a new one here, if I wanted it,—and I could not have it made up, if I did. And I wouldn't, if I could!"

"No," said the old housekeeper, "so my dear mistress said: 'Bywank, it would be dreary work for my little Wych to choose her own wedding dress alone. I must get it for her.' Then she sat and thought awhile—'No,' she said,—'the white would turn yellow, and the dark would fade.' And she stopped for a good while then," said the old housekeeper in a trembling voice; "but by and by she spoke up, soft and tender—'Bywank, if it is so,—if it should be so,—tell her to take some one she has; and give her my veil.—And when she is wrapped in my love—and Dane's love—she will not mind the dress.' And you were asleep on her lap all the while, my dear."

Hazel was sobbing quietly in the old housekeeper's arms before the words were ended; but then she rose up, and kissed Mrs. Bywank on both cheeks, and went away.

And for awhile she felt better,—tears and coaxing can sometimes do much. She went to bed to sleep, prepared to wake up next morning to do her duty, and be a pattern of all the wise, steady, and practical virtues. Instead of which, Miss Wych opened her eyes upon more freaks than had come at her call for many a day.

It was clear, sharp, winter weather, without snow; and the fancy that seized the girl, even while she was dressing, was to spend every minute of her spare time in the woods, while still they were hers. No use to reason with herself, or refute such a statement of things,—out she must go; and out she did—for every possible bit of the next three days. Too conscious to let any one know where she was, not liking to have even Lewis look on; she would elude Mrs. Bywank, and post Lewis in some good open spot where he could walk himself warm and be within hailing distance. Then she would wander off, her whistle at her belt, and roam about from tree to tree and rock from rock of her beloved woods, coming home so tired!

—Always in time for Rollo, if he was expected, never seeing any one else.

Then, except when he was there, she never sat a minute in the red room, though the fire was made there regularly, but sometimes she would wander over the old house in like manner, if the weather kept her indoors; sitting up late and rising up early, as if she grudged every minute spared from these last days. It was not good for her, this way of going on, and did by

no means tend to steadiness of nerves; but no one knew who could interfere, and this time Mrs. Bywank would not tell. She did all the worrying to herself, with a sore heart.

It was a sore heart her young lady took with her in her wanderings,—in all her life Wych Hazel had never felt so utterly alone. No wonder she was grave when anybody saw her; no wonder reserve seemed to grow and deepen as Christmas came near. And there was another disappointment: the pretty Christmas doings, of which she had thought so much, had lost all interest now. She had written one order and given others concerning supplies for the Charter men; but all like a machine, with no pleasure nor life. Nothing was her doing any more,—what did it matter? And when in a quiet moment, at night perhaps, she would get hold of herself, and look at her own goings on; then it turned all to falsehood and treachery and at every other hard name she could think of, until Hazel felt as if her cup of troubles was quite running over; and that if Rollo could know, he would never want to set eyes on her again. Ought she to tell him? Tell him what?—that he was the very centre of her life, only unhappily not just now a centre of rest. That was the sum of it all, when she footed things up; and no shyness nor freaks nor self-will could change that. The mere fact that there was no one else in the world, for her, made her cling to the very sound of his name, and so seem shy—as he said—than any bird that ever flew. It was to be hoped, in these days, that he was good at interpreting negatives, and reading things upside down, for not much else came to his eyes. Only a meow she so far managed herself, that no slightest roughness ever came out towards him. A little abruptness now and then,—otherwise the extreme grave reserve, but graceful to a point.

He was pretty good help. Wych Hazel did not, it is true, see very much of him; the short days were full of business in the Hollow and he could not always get away; however he managed to come to dinner several times that week. And then he was full of talk and interest, full of quiet careful attention, but as calm and unconscious, seemingly, as if he had never heard of his wedding day. Only, Wych Hazel felt more and more in his manner that quality of reverential tenderness, which is the crowning grace a man can shew to a woman, and which a man never shews to any woman but one. It marks her as invested with a kind of halo in his eyes; as sacred and separate from the common world for evermore; while it is itself a sort of glory of division between her and them, even in the apprehension of the same world.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

GYROT, the statesman and historian, owed much of his successes to his wife's co-operation.

The wife of Lavoisier, the French chemist, not only could perform his scientific experiments, but even engraved the plates which illustrated his "Elements."

HUBER, the blind man, who wrote the best book on bees, derived his knowledge of their habits and instincts from the observations of his wife.

THE wife of Louis Galvani (daughter of Prof. Galezzi, under whom he had studied anatomy), being a woman of quick observation, noticed that the leg of a frog, placed near an electrical machine, became convulsed when touched by a knife, and a series of experiments out of this led to the discovery of a new system of physiology, ever since called "Galvanism."

MARY CUNITZ, one of the greatest geniuses in the sixteenth century, was born in Silesia. She learned languages with amazing facility, and understood German, French, Polish, Italian, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. She attained a knowledge of the sciences with equal ease; she was skilled in history, physic, poetry, painting, music and played upon instruments; and yet they were only an amusement. She more particularly applied herself to mathematics, and especially to astronomy, which she made her principal study, and was ranked in the number of the most able astronomers of her time. Her astronomical tables acquired her a prodigious reputation.

Oh, woman! lovely woman: Nature made thee To temper man: we had been brutes without you! Angels are painted fair to look like you: There is in you all that we believe of heaven, Amazing brightness, purity and truth, Eternal joy and everlasting love.

Woman, dear woman, thou'rt still the same While beauty breeth through soul or frame; While man possesses heart or eyes, Woman's bright empire never dies.

The bleakest rock upon the loneliest beach Feels in its barrenness some touch of spring; And in the April dew or beam of May, Its moss and lichen freshen and revive; And thus the heart most seared to human pleasure, Melts at the tear—joys in the smile—of woman.

Oh, woman! in our hours of ease Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade By the light, quivering aspen made; When pain an anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel thou!

Poetic lays of ancient times were wont to tell how the bold warrior returning home from the fight would doff his plumed helmet, and, reposing from his toils, lay bare his weary limbs at woman's hand might pour into their wounds

the healing balm. But never a wearied knight or warrior, covered with the dust of battle-field, was more in need of woman's soothing power than those careworn sons of mental or physical toil who struggle for the bread of life in our more peaceful and enlightened days. And still, though the romance of the castle, the helmet, the waving plume and the

"Clarion wild and high,"

may all have vanished from the scene, the charm of woman's influence lives as brightly in the picture of domestic joy as when she placed the wreath of victory on the hero's brow. Nay, more so, for there are deeper sensibilities at work, thoughts more profound and passions more intense in our great theatre of intellectual and moral strife, than where the contest was for martial fame, and force of arms procured for each competitor his share of glory or of wealth.

Aspasia, the wife of Pericles, was a woman of the greatest beauty and the first genius. She taught him his refined maxims of policy, his lofty imperial eloquence—nay, even composed the speeches on which so great a share of his reputation was founded. The best men in Athens frequented her house and brought their wives to receive lessons of economy and right deportment. Socrates himself was her pupil.

ASPASIA'S SONG.

The reeds were green the other day,
Among the reeds we loved to play,
We loved to play while they were green.
The reeds are hard and yellow now,
No more their turf-d heads they bow
To beckon us behind the scene—

"What is it like?" my mother said,
And half her hand upon my head;
"Mother! I can't tell indeed.
I've thought of all hard things I know,
I've thought of all the yell 'ow, too;
It only can be 'like the reed."

HISTORY OF THE WAR.

X.

PLEVNA.

In the last desperate attempt against Plevna, the Russian army comprised the 9th Corps, still under the command of Baron Krudener, 18,000 men; the 4th Corps, General Kryloff commanding, 20,000; one brigade of Meretinsky's Division and one brigade of the Third Division, each numbering 6000 men; the fourth Rifle Brigade, 3,000 men; the two Roumanian divisions of 14,000 men each, completing the force of infantry to 80,000 bayonets. The cavalry consisted of the Fourth and Ninth Cavalry Division and one brigade of the Eleventh Division, numbering 5000 sabres. Two Roumanian divisions, 4000, and a portion of the Imperial Escort brought up the total to 10,000 horsemen. The number of field guns is not given, but it is stated that 250 25-centimetre guns of position accompanied the force. The Roumanians occupied the right, where Krudener fought on July 31—the strongest portion of the Turkish position—whilst the Russian forces were distributed more to the southward, where Schakofsky made his rash and disastrous advance. Opposite Grivitz were placed the Fifth Division (9th Corps), flanked on the left by the Thirty-first Division (9th Corps) and the Thirtieth Division (4th Corps). The line was then taken up by the Sixteenth Division, stretching round to Bogot on the Plevna-Lovcha road. By this road, after detaching a brigade to Trojan, due south of Lovcha, Meretinsky marched northward with one brigade of his own Division, one brigade of the Third Division, and the tirailleurs, thus increasing the strength of the left flank. On the morning of the 7th, the troops having arrived at their different positions on the previous evening, the battle was opened by a heavy fire from the Russian siege guns. The Russian infantry lay round about in readiness to attack it at the word of command, and the Russian batteries were very close up; but the Turkish position is a broad sloping natural glacis, affording no cover for attacking infantry, and the fire of the redoubts continued so strong that an assault on it would have entailed, if not failure, at least certain terrible loss. On Saturday morning, at half-past five the artillery engagement was renewed. The Russians on the left wing succeeded in capturing some heights to the south of the town, presumably beyond Radishovo, whilst two regiments of the Third Roumanian Division obtained possession of Urbitz. The cannonade lasted all through the night, and increased in violence on Sunday morning. It was maintained throughout Sunday night, and the Grivitz redoubt, which is the centre of the Turkish position, was assailed with cannon fire from the north-east and south. Besides this a battery had been placed right out in the open front of the redoubt, and was maintaining its position well, although the fire of the great Turkish work was concentrated upon it. The *Daily News'* correspondent was able to satisfy himself by personal observation that Plevna was much stronger now than it was at the date of the last attack. He describes a whole chain of redoubts linked together by a covered way, and making a good line of cover for the Turks on their right flank and partly in their rear. These redoubts, it is important to note, command the Lovcha and Selvi road. The Turkish position is, indeed, one great entrenched camp studded with redoubts. The various fortified positions held by the Turks so materially and reciprocally command one another that the place must be taken as a whole or not at all. On Monday, again, General Skobelev attacked and carried another height before Plevna, the possession of which enabled the Russians to bombard the enemy's position, and also

the town itself. It is remarked that the Turks on this occasion made only a feeble resistance. But later on the Turks recovered all the positions which they had lost, and all the subsequent assaults of the Russians were unavailing, and accompanied with tremendous slaughter. This further attempt against Plevna had therefore to be abandoned with the terrible loss of at least 25,000 men. Osman Pasha has been heavily reinforced and his camps have been re-victualled.

XI.

ON THE LOM AND AT SHIPKA.

The battles of Karahassankoi and Kazelevo have freed the course of the Lom from the presence of the Russians, and the Turks are now in unchallenged possession of the whole line.

The whole right wing of the Turkish force was concentrated at Solenik, on the middle branch of the Lom, Fuad Pasha's division advancing from Rasgrad and Nedjib's from Karahassankoi. The Russians occupied Kazelevo. The 14th Corps d'Armée of Fuad Pasha took its position on the heights facing the village, and commenced a vigorous attack. The Russians made an obstinate resistance, but towards mid-day were forced to retire, after a loss of 2000. The Turks carried the redoubt at the point of the bayonet. A young Russian officer, who was here observed gallantly endeavouring to rally the men, was killed, and the body, when subsequently discovered, proved, it is said, to be that of a woman. She was buried where she fell. The Turkish commander, Mehemet Ali, freely exposed his life under the heavy shell fire, the battalions enthusiastically cheering him as they went into action. Next morning the discovery was made that the Russians had abandoned the opposite heights on the left bank, and had retreated towards Biela. The result of this brilliant action was completely to force back the Russian line of defence to the Jantra. Other demonstrations have been made at Kadikoi and before Rutschuk, where the garrison have succeeded in preventing the Russian boats running opposite to Pyrgos, thereby obliging the reinforcements to go round by the bridge at Sistova and most materially aiding the operations of Mehemet Ali. The latest news, however, is that in consequence of the large concentration of Russian troops and the difficulty of obtaining supplies, Mehemet Ali, on the 24th, commenced retreating to his former positions on the Kara Lom.

Operations in the Shipka Pass have been confined, as far as we know, to an artillery duel, but the situation of the Russians is not exactly desirable. Although masters of the pass, in so far as they have stopped the attempt to take it, the road leading to their position is commanded by the Turkish artillery, so that all supplies and troops have to be moved during the night.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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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.—Correct solution of Problem No. 139 received. Also letter and contents for which receive our thanks.

T. S. N., Jersey Mills, Locomotive Co., Pa.—Solution of Problem No. 237 received. Correct. Problem No. 133 has no Pawn at White's Q B 7. We will endeavour to find you an antagonist.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 141 received. Correct.

H. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 138 received.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Letter and Problems received. Many thanks.

D. R., Lennoxville.—Letter received. Many thanks. The game shall receive attention.

Land and Water which has always most interesting matter in its Chess Column, lately devoted considerable space to details connected with two youthful aspirants for Chess honours of our present time. The one is Master Harry Jackson, of England, who is under thirteen years of age, and the other, Master Frank Morton, of the United States, who is not yet in his teens. A game of each of these juvenile players is given, exhibiting considerable knowledge of chess in both cases, and also a very fair promise of future excellence. As noticed in the journal from which we obtained the foregoing particulars, Lowenthal mentions in his *Morphy's Games of Chess*, that this celebrated player at thirteen years of age played with so much skill as to attract the attention of his friends and acquaintances, many of whom were proficient in the game, and well able to judge of his capacity. Now, with the most sincere dislike to youthful prodigies of every class, who, in many cases, are only specimens of very injudicious, and at the same time dangerous, training, we cannot fail to see, in records such as these, that Chess is rapidly becoming a common part of the recreation of young people of the educated classes of Great Britain and the United States, and that, as in the present instance, a few will manifest an aptitude for the study, which will carry them considerably beyond the point reached by their less talented companions.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place, here to remark, that, inasmuch as we have now on both sides of the Atlantic Chess representatives, on the one hand of youthful notabilities, and on the other, of lady players, of whose skill we have had so many testimonies, as well as a plentiful supply of those of the sterner sex, would it not have been possible to have included some of each of these in the present International Postal Tourney, which arrangement would certainly have added greatly to the novelty of the contest, if a stronger reason could not be presented.