seriously still. In so far as the attainment of the one object of my life might yet depend on my personal association with Misserimus Dexter, an insurmountable obstacle appeared to be now placed in my way. Even in my husband's interests, ought I to permit a man who had grossly insulted me, to approach me again? Although I was no prude, I recoiled from the thought of it.

I rose late, and sat down at my desk, trying to summon energy enough to write to Mr. Playmore—and trying in vain.

Towards noon (while Benjamin happened to be out for a little while), the housekeeper announced the arrival of another strange visitor at the gate of the villa.

oft's a woman this time, ma'am-or something like one," said this worthy person, confidentially. "Agreat stont awkward stupid creature, with a man's hat on, and a man's stick in her hand. She says she has got a note for you, and she won't give it to anybody but you. I'd better not let her in-had 1?

Recognising the original of the picture, I astonished the housekeeper by consenting to receive the messenger immediately.

Ariel entered the room-in stolid silence, as usual. But I noticed a change in her which puzzled me. Her dud eyes were red and bloodshot. Traces of tears (as I functed) were visible on her fat shapeless cheeks. She crossed the room, on her way to my chair, with a less determined trend than was customary with her. Could Ariel (I asked myself) be woman enough Was it within the limits of possibility that Ariel should approach me in sorrow and

"I hear you have brought something for me?" I said. "Won't you sit down?"

The handed me a letter-without unswering, and without taking a chair. I opened the envelope. The letter inside was written by Miserrimus Dexter. It contained these lines:-

Try to pity me, if you have any pity left for a miserable man; I have bitterly explated the madness of a moment. If you could see meeven you would own that my punishment has avan you would own that my pulmament has been heavy enough. For God's sake, don't shandon me! I was bestde myself when I let the feeling that you have awakened in me get the better of my control. It shall never show itself again; it shall be a secret that dies with me. Can I expect you to believe this? No. I won't ask you to believe me; I won't ask you to trust me in the future. If you ever consent to see meagab, let it be in the presence of any third person whom you may appoint to protect wait till time has composed your angry feeling against me. All I ask now, is leave to hope. Say to Artel, 'I forgive him; and one day I will let him see me again. She will remember it, for love of me. If you send her back without a message, you send me to the madbouse, Ask her, if you don't believe me .-- MISERRIMUS DEXTER.

I timshed the strange letter, and looked at

She stood with her eyes on the floor, and held out to me the thick walking-stick which she carried in her hand.

"Take the stick"-were the first words she said to me.

"Why am I to take it?" I asked.

She struggled a little with her sluggishly. working mind, and slowly put ber thoughts into

"You're angry with the Master," she said. "Take it out of Me. Here's the stick. Beat

" Best you!" I exclaimed.

"My back's broad," said the poor creature, "I won't make a row. I'll bear it. Drat you, take the stick! Den't yex him. Whack it out on my back. Beat me."

She roughly forced the stick into my hand; she turned her poor shapeless shoulders to me, waiting for the blow. It was at once dreadful waiting for the blow. It was at once dreadful and touching to see her. The tears rose in my eyes, I tried, gently and patiently to reason with her. Quite useless! The idea of taking the Master's punishment on herself was the one idea in her mind. "Don't vex him," she repeated. "Beat me."

"What do you mean by evexing him'?" I

She tried to explain, and falled to find the words. She showed me by imitation, as a savage might have shown me, what she meant. Striding to the fire-place she crouched on the rug, and looked into the fire with a horrible vacant stare. Then she clasped her hands over her forehead, and rocked slowly to and fro, still staring into the fire. "There's bow he sits!" she said, with a sudden burst of speech. " Hours on hours, there's how he sits! Notices nobody. Cries about you."

The picture she presented recalled to my memory the Report of Dexter's health, and the doctor's plain warning of peril waiting for him in the future. Even if I could have resisted Ariel, I must have yielded to the vague dread of consequences which now shook me in secret.

"Don't do that!" I cried. She was still rocking herself in imitation of the "Master," and still staring into the fire with her hands to her bead, "Get up, pray! I am not angry with him now, I forgive him."

She rose on her hands and knees, and waited, looking up intently into my face. In that atti-tude-more like a dog than a human beingshe repeated her customary petition, when she wanted to fix words that interested her in her

"Say it again !"

I did as she bade me. She was not satisfied. "Say it as it is in the letter," she went on. "Say it as the Master said it to Me."

I looked back at the letter, and repeated the form of message contained in the latter part of it word for word :- " I forgive him; and one day I will let him see me again."

She sprang to her feet at a bound. For the

dull face began to break slowly into light and

"That's it!" she cried. "Hour if I can say it, 1001 hear if I've got it by heart.

Teaching her, exactly as I should have taught a child, I slowly fastened the message, word by word, on her mind.

"Now rest yourself," I said; "and let me give you something to est and drink, after your long walk."

might as well have spoken to one of the chairs! She snatched up her stick from the floor, and burst out with a hoarse shout of joy. "I've got it by heart!" she cried, "This will cool the Master's head! Hooray!" She dashed out into the passage, like a wild animal escaping from its cage. I was just in time to see her tear open the garden gate, and set forth on her walk back, at a pace which made it hopeless to attempt to follow and stop her.

I returned to the sitting-room, pondering on 1 returned to the sitting-room, pondering on a question which has perplexed wher heads than mine. Could a man who was hopelessly and entirely wicked, have inspired such devoted at achieve to him as Dexter had inspired in the faithful woman who had just left mein the rough gardener, who had carried him out so gently on the previous night? Who can decide? The greatest scoundrel living always has a friend-in a woman, or a dog.

I sat down again at my desk, and made

another attempt to write to Mr. Playmore. Recalling, for the purpose of my letter, all that Miserrimus Dexter had said to me, my memory dwell, with special interest, on the strange outbreak of feeling which had led him to betray the secret of his infatuation for Eustace's first wife. I saw again the ghastly scene in the death-chamber—the deformed creature crying over the corpse, in the stillness of the first dark hours of the new day. The horrible picture book a strange hold on my mind. I rose, and walked up and down, and tried to turn my My remembrances of a thoughts some other way. It was not to be ly vague and imperfect. done; the scene was too familiar to me to be easily dismissed. I had myself visited the room, and looked at the bed. I had myself walked in the corridor which Dexter had crossed, on his way to take his last leave of her.

The corridor? I stopped. My thoughts suddenly took a new direction, uninfluenced by any effort of my will.

What other association, besides the asssemtion with Dexter, did I connect with the corridor? Was it something I had seen, during my visit to Glenineh? No. Was it something I had read? I snatched up the Report of the Trial to see. It opened at a page which contained the nurse's evidence. I read the evidence through again, without recovering the lost remembrance, until I came to these lines close at

"Before bedtime I went upstairs to prepare the remains of the deceased lady for the coffin, The room in which she hay was locked; the door leading into Mr. Macailan's room being secured, as well as the door leading into the corridor. The keys had been taken away by Mr. Gale. Two of the men-servants were posted outside the bedroom to keep watch. They were to be reheved at four in the morning-that was all they could tell me.

There was my lost association with the corribered, when Miserrimus Dexter was teiling me | ment and instruction to Chess players. of his visit to the dead!

How had he got into the bedroom-the doors being locked, and the keys being taken away by Mr. Gale ? There was but one of the locked doors, of which Mr. Gale had not got the key; the door of communication between the study and the bedroom. The key was missing from this. Had it been stolen? And was Dexter the thief? He might have passed by the men on the watch, while they were asleep; or he might have crossed the corridor, in an ungarded interval while the men were being relieved. But how could be have got into the bedchamber, except by way of the locked study door? He must have had the key! And he must have secreted it, weeks before Mrs. Ensure Macallan's death! When the nurse first arrived at Gleninch, on the seventh of the month, her evidence declared the key of the door of communication to be then missing.

To what conclusion did these considerations and discoveries point? Had Miserrimus Dexter, in a moment of ungovernable sgitation, unconsciously placed the clue in my hands? Was the pivot on which turned the whole mystery of the poisoning at Gleninch, the missing key

I went back for the third time to my desk. The one person who might be trusted to find the answer to those questions was Mr. Playmore I wrote him a full and careful account of all that had happened. I begged him to forgive and forget my ungracious reception of the advice which he had so kindly offered to me I promised beforehand to do nothing, without first consulting his opinion, in the new emergency which now confronted me.

The day was tine, for the time of year; and by way of getting a little wholesome exercise, after the surprises and occupations of the morning, I took my letter to Mr. Playmore to the

Returning to the villa, I was informed that another visitor was waiting to see me; a civilized visitor this time, who had given her name, My mother-in-law---Mrs, Macalian,

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

AT THE BEDSIDE.

Before she had uttered a word, I saw in my mother-in law's face that she brought bad

" Eustage?" I said.

She answered me by a look.
"Let use hear it at once!" I cried. "I can
bear anything but suspense."

Mrs. Macallan lifted her band, and showed first time since she had entered the room, her me a telegraphic despatch which she ned

hitherto kept concealed in the folds of her

dress. "I can trust your courage," she said. "There is no need, my child, to prevaricate with you. Read that."

I read the telegram. It was sent by the chief surgeon of a field-hospital; and it was dated from a village in the north of Spain.

"Mr. Enstace severely wounded in a skirmish by a stray shot. Not in danger, so far. Every care taken of him. Wait for another telegram."

I turned away my face, and bore as best I might the pang that wrong me when I read those words. I thought I knew how dearly I loved him. I had never known it till that mo-

My mother-in-law put her arm round me, and held me to her tenderly. She knew me well enough not to speak to me at that moment.

I rallied my courage, and pointed to the last sentence in the telegram.

"Do you mean to wait?" I asked. "Not a day!" she answered, "I am going to the Foreign Office about my passport-1 have some interest there: they can give me letters; they can advise and assist me. I leave to-night

by the mail train to Calais."

" You leave?" I said, "Do you suppose I will let you go without me? Get my passport when you got your's. At seven this evening, I will be at your house."

She attempted to remonstrate; she spoke of the pells of the journey. At the first words, I stopped her, "Don't you know yet, mother, how obstinate I am? They may keep you walting at the Foreign Office. Why do you waste the precious hours here?"

She yielded with a gentleness that was not in her everyday character. "Will my poor Eustace ever know what a wife he he has got!" That was all she said. She kissed me, and went away in her carriage.

My remembrances of our journey are strange-

As I try to recall them, the memory of those more recent and more interesting events which occurred after my return to England, gets between me and my adventures in Spain, and seems to force these last into a shadowy background, until they look like adventures that happened many years since. I confusedly recollect delays and alarms that tried our patience and our courage. I remember our finding friends (thanks to our letters of recommendation) in a Secretary to the Embassy, and in a Queen's Messenger, who assisted and protected us at a critical point in the journey.

(To be continued.)

#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

P'Silutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. P. P. Whitby, — Solution to Problem 3 received;
 and also. Solution to problem for young players. No. 1.
 E. Hawkesbury, — Solution to Problem No. 1 received.

We notice in the news from England the death of Mr dor! There was what I ought to have remem. Home, whose Problems have afforded so much amuse

We give this week a problem of his which appeared in the Chess Player's Chronicle, years ago. We invite again the attention of young players to the problems in serted for their study and shall be glad to acknowledge solutions in our column.

We are informed that many games by correspondence are being played in Canada at the present time. We shall be glad to receive particulars respecting them.

#### SOLUTIONS Solution to Problem No. 3.

WHITE.

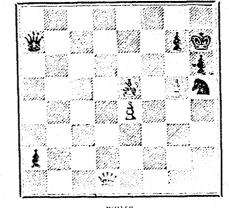
1. Kt to Q B 3 (ch)

2. Kt to K 5 (ch)

3. Q to Q Kt 2 mate BLACK 1 K to Q 6 2. K takes Kt

Solution to Problem for young players .- No. 1. BLACK, 1. K to his square 2. K to He square White

PROBLEM No. 5. By Mr. Bone. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and draw the game.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS .- No. 3

BLACK. K at K B's sq Q at Q Kt 5 R at Q Kt sq B at Q B 6 WHITE. Kt at Q B 5 Kt at K R's sq Parts at K R 2. K Kt 2. and Q Kt 7

GAME 7TH.

Played in the late Telegraphic Match between Mon treal and Quebec.

(Board C.) Quebec. WHITE. (Mr. F. A.) Montreal. Black. (Mr. J. G. A.)

Scotch Gambit. 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. P to K R 3 4. P takes P 5. B to Q B 4 6. P to Q 6 7. B to Kt 3 1. P to K4

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to K B 4
4. P to Q 4
5. Castles
6. P to Q B 3
7. P to Q K 4
8. P to Q R 4
9. Q takes P P to Q R 3 9. Q takes P 10. Q B to Q R 3 11. K B to Q Kt 3 (a) 12. Q Kt to Q 2 13. Q to B 2 14. Q R to Q eq 15. K Kt to K R 3 17. K Kt to B 3 18. P to Q B 4 (d) 19. P to B 5 (e) 20. K B P takes P Resigns. 10, K Kt to K Kt 3 11, P to O 3 10. K Kt to K K t 3 11. P to Q 3 12. K Kt to K B 5 (b) 13. Q to K B 3 14. Q to K B 3 15. Q to K t 5 16. P to K K t 4 (c) 17. P to K B 4 18. P to K R 5 0. D B to to B

(a) Q to Q 2 seems better. (b) A capital move, as the sequel shows; this Kt is well posted.

20. K R takes K R P (f)

(c) This moves allows Black to carry on his attack

ed; Well played. (c) Played in order, next move, to shut out Black's KB.

(f) An excellent move. The latter part of this game is carried on in a spirited manner by Black.

Game played in Paris some years ago between Kieseritzki and Rousseau of New Orleans.

King Rousseau White.
1. P to K 4
2. K B to Q B 4
3. Q K t to B 3
4. K B takes P ch
5. Kt takes K; King's Bishop's opening Kirgeritzki 1. P to K 4 2. K Kt to B 3 3. Kt takes P 4. K takes B 5. Q Kt to B 3 6 Q P to Q 4 7. K to K Kt sq 5. Kt takes Kt 6. Q P to Q 3 7. Q to K B 3 cn 8. Kt to K Kt 5 9. P to Q B 3 10. Q K to K R 3 11. Q B to Q 2 12. Castles 33. K Kt to K 2 8. Q to Q 2 9. P to K R 3 10. K B to K 2 11. K to K R 2 12. P to Q R 4 13. P to Q K 4 14. P to C K 5 11. Q B To Q 2
12. Cassiles
13. K Kt to K 2
14. K R to K Kt 8q
15. P to K Kt 4
16. Q to K 3
17. P to K B 4
18. P to Q Kt 3
19. K Kt takes P
20. K to Q Kt 8q
21. Q Kt to K K 55th ch.
22. Q to K R 3 ch
23. P takes K Kt P
24. Q to K R 5
25. P to K Kt 6
26. Q takes R
27. R to K K 3 13. P to Q Kt 4
14. P to Q Kt 5
15. K R to K B 49
16. P to Q R 5
17. P to Q R 6
19. P to kes Q B P
19. Q Kt to Q 5
20. K B to Q Kt 5
21. P takes Kt
22. Q R to Q R 3
23. B takes Kt
25. Q R to Q R 3
24. B takes Kt
25. Q R to Q R 3 25. O takes Kt
25. Q R takts P
26. B takes B
37. Q to K B 2 (b)
and White resigned.

26. Q takes K 27. R to K Kt 3  $\{a\}$  An injudicious sacrifice.

[b] Bringing matters to a close.

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