

plexity on the young man's brow. At first he had seemed inclined to laugh the whole matter aside, but the gentle reasoning of this small person had a ghastly aspect of seriousness about it.

"Then his notion of my seeking out the man Smethurst and giving him a thrashing; you would justify that, too?" he cried.

"No, not quite," she answered, with a bit of a smile. "That is a little absurd, I admit—it is merely an ebullition of anger. He won't think any more of that in a day or two, I am certain. But the other—the other, I fear, is a fixed idea."

At this point we heard some one calling outside:

"Miss Mary; I have been searching for ye everywhere; are ye coming for a walk down to the shore!"

Then a voice, apparently overhead at an open window—

"All right, sir; I will be down in a moment."

Another second or two, and we hear some one singing on the stair, with a fine air of bravado—

A strong sou-wester's blowing. Billy; can't you hear it roar now?

—the gay voice passes through the hall—

Lord help 'em, how I pity all us—

—then the last phrase is heard outside—

—folks on shore now—

Queen Titania darts to the open window of the dining-room.

"Mary! Mary!" she calls. "Come here."

The next instant a pretty enough picture is framed by the lower half of the window, which is open. The background is a blaze of scarlet and yellow and green—a mixture of sunlight and red poppies and nasturtiums and glancing fuchsia leaves. Then this slight figure that has appeared is dark in shadow; but there is a soft reflected light from the front of the house, and that just shows you the smile on Mary Avon's face and the friendliness of her dark soft eyes.

"Oh, how do you do?" she says, reaching in her hand and shaking hands with him. There is not any timidity in her manner. No one has been whispering to her of the dark plots surrounding her.

Nor was Mr. Smith much embarrassed, though he did not show himself as grateful as a young man might have done for so frank and friendly a welcome.

"I scarcely thought you would have remembered me," said he, modestly. But at this moment Denny-mains interfered, and took the young lady by the arm, and dragged her away. We heard their retreating footsteps on the gravel walk.

"So you remember her?" says our hostess, to break the awkward silence.

"Oh, yes, well enough," said he; and then he goes on to say, stammering—"Of course, I have nothing to say against her—"

"If you have," it is here interposed, as a wholesome warning, "you had better not mention it here. Ten thousand horns' nests would be a fool compared to this house if you said anything in it against Mary Avon."

"On the contrary," says he, "I suppose she is a very nice girl indeed—very—I suppose there's no doubt of it. And if she has been robbed like that, I am very sorry for her; and I don't wonder my uncle should be interested in her, and concerned about her, and—and all that's quite right. But it is too bad—that one should be expected to—ask her to be one's wife, and a sort of penalty hanging over your head, too. Why, it is enough to set anybody against the whole thing; I thought everybody knew that you can't get people to marry if you drive them to it—except in France, I suppose, where the whole business is arranged for you by your relatives. This isn't France; and I am quite sure Miss Avon would consider herself very unfairly treated if she thought she was being made part and parcel of any such arrangement. As for me—well, I am very grateful to my uncle for his long kindness to me; he has been kindness itself to me; and it is quite true, as he says, that he has asked for nothing in return. Well, what he asks now is just a trifle too much. I won't sell myself for any property. If he is really serious—if it is to be a compulsory marriage like that—Denny-mains can go. I shall be able to earn my own living somehow."

There was a chord struck in this brief, hesitating, but emphatic speech that went straight to his torturer's heart. A look of liking and approval sprang to her eyes. She would no longer worry him.

"Don't you think," said she, gently, "that you are taking the matter too seriously? Your uncle does not wish to force you into a marriage against your will; he knows nothing about Adelphi melodramas. What he asks is simple and natural enough. He is, as you see, very fond of Mary Avon; he would like to see her well provided for; he would like to see you settled and established at Denny-mains. But he does not ask the impossible. If she does not agree, neither he nor you can help it. Don't you think it would be a very simple matter for you to remain with us for a time, pay her some ordinary friendly attention, and then show your uncle that the arrangement he would like does not recommend itself to either you or her? He asks no more than that; it is not much of a sacrifice."

There was no stammering about this lady's exposition of the case. Her head is not very big, but its perceptive powers are remarkable.

Then the young man's face brightened considerably.

"Well," said he, "that would be more sensible, surely. If you take away the threat, and the compulsion, and all that, there can be no harm in my being civil to a girl, especially when she is, I am sure, just the sort of girl one ought to be civil to. I am sure she has plenty of common sense—"

It is here suggested once more that, in this house, negative praise of Mary Avon is likely to awake slumbering lions.

"Oh, I have no doubt," says he, readily, "that she is a very nice girl, indeed. One would not have to pretend to be civil to some creature stuffed with affectation, or a ghoul. I don't object to that at all. If my uncle thinks that enough, very well. And I am quite sure that a girl you think so much of would have more self-respect than to expect anybody to go and make love to her in the country bumpkin style."

Artful again; but it was a bad shot. There was just a little asperity in Madame's manner when she said—

"I beg you not to forget that Mary does not wish to be made love to by anybody. She is quite content as she is. Perhaps she has quite other views, which you would not regret, I am sure. But don't imagine that she is looking for a husband; or that a husband is necessary for her; or that she won't find friends to look after her. It is your interests we are considering, not hers."

Was the snubbing sufficient? "Oh, of course, of course," said he, quite humbly. "But, then, you know, I was only thinking that—that if I am to go in and make believe about being civil to your young lady friend, in order to please my uncle, too much should not be expected. It isn't a very nice thing—at least, for you it may be very nice—to look on at a comedy—"

"And is it so very hard to be civil to a girl?" says his mistress, sharply. "Mary will not surprise you with the shock of her gratitude. She might have been married ere now if she had chosen."

"She—isn't quite a school girl, you know," he says, timidly.

"I was not aware that men preferred to marry school-girls," says the other, with a gathering majesty of demeanour.

Here a humble witness of this interview has once more to interpose to save this daring young man from a thunderbolt. Will he not understand that the remotest and most roundabout reflection on Mary Avon is in this house the unpardonable sin?

"Well," said he, frankly, "it is exceedingly kind of you to slow me how I am to get out of this troublesome affair; and I am afraid I must leave it to you to convince my uncle that I have done sufficient. And it is very kind of you to ask me to go yachting with you; I hope I shall not be in the way. And—and—there is no reason at all why Miss Avon and I should not become very good friends—in fact, I hope we shall become such good friends that my uncle will see we could not be anything else."

Could anything be fairer than this? His submission quite conquered his hostess. She said she would show him some of Mary Avon's sketches in oil, and led him away for that purpose. His warm admiration confirmed her good opinion of him; henceforth he had nothing to fear.

At dinner that evening he was at first a little shy; perhaps he had a suspicion that there were present one or two spectators of a certain comedy which he had to play all by himself. But, indeed, our eyes and ears were not for him alone. Miss Avon was delighting the Laird with stories of the suggestions she had got about her pictures from the people who had seen them—even from the people who had bought them—in London.

"And you know," said she, quite frankly, "I must study popular taste as much as I fairly can now, for I have to live by it. If people will have sea-pieces spoiled by having figures put in, I must put in figures. By and by I may be in a position to do my own work in my own way."

The Laird glanced at his nephew; and it was not for him to emancipate this great and original artist from the fear of critics, and dealers, and purchasers? There was no response.

"I mean to be in London soon myself," the Laird said, abruptly; "ye must tell me where I can see some of your pictures."

"Oh, no," she said laughing. "I shall not victimize my friends. I mean to prey on the public—if possible. It is Mr. White, in King street, St. James's, however, who has taken most of my pictures hitherto; and so if you know of anybody who would like to acquire immortal works for a few guineas apiece, that is the address."

"I am going to London myself soon," said he, with a serious air, as if he had suddenly determined on buying the National Gallery.

Then Howard Smith, perceiving that no one was watching him, or expecting impossibilities of him, became quite cheerful and talkative; and told some excellent stories of his experiences at various shooting quarters the previous winter. Light-hearted, good-natured, fairly humorous, he talked very well indeed. We gathered that during the last months of the year the shooting of pheasants occupied a good deal more of his time and attention than the study of law. And how could one wonder that so pleasant-mannered a young man was a welcome guest at those various country-houses in the south?

But it appeared that, despite all this careless talk, he had been keeping an eye on Mary Avon during dinner. Walking down to the yacht, afterwards—the blood-red not quite gone from

the western skies, a cool wind coming up from the sea—he said casually to his uncle—

"Well, sir, whatever trouble that young lady may have gone through has not crushed her spirits yet. She is as merry as a lark."

"She has more than cheerfulness—she has courage," said the Laird, almost severely. "Oh, ay; plenty of courage. And I have no doubt she could fight the world for herself just as well as any man I know. But I mean to make it my business that she shall not have to fight the world for herself—not so long as there is a stick standing on Denny-mains!"

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS.

MAN alone can whistle. Thank goodness.

THE druggist who advertised "Eau de Cologne water" prided himself on his French.

"TAKE care," says an exchange. Well, take it in small doses, if you must.

THE penalty of success is to be bored by the attentions of people who used to snub you.

THE Rome *Sentinel* says that an alligator laughs when it hears that beauty is only skin deep.

THE old masters abroad must be kept very busy supplying shoddy Americans with paintings.

THE rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gathers the fellow that rides a bicycle every time.

ONE thousand American ministers are in Europe getting ready to open their sermons by remarking, "When I was in—"

"A SEASIDE residence" is the latest phrase invented to describe a two-roomed hut within sight of the ocean.

THE moon, like some men, is the brightest when it is full; but, like them again, it soon begins to lose its lustre.

PROPRIETOR: "If you boys don't clear out I'll call that officer and have you taken in." Boy: "That's where you'd be taken in: that policeman's my dad, he is."

KANSAS school-teacher: "Where does our grain go to?" "Into the hopper." "What hopper?" "Grasshopper!" triumphantly shouted a scholar.

THE bell-boys of a hotel are all named "Front." The clerks never call them by any other name. They are called Front because when sent out it is never known when they will be back.

SOME one who is engaged upon a new "Elegy in a Churchyard" sets out with the statement that a tombstone with a single cucumber engraved upon it is oftentimes more expensive than one carved with ten thousand lines of obituary poetry.

At a New England Summer resort: "Waiter," called a guest, in imperious tone. "The gentleman will be here in a moment," replied the head man, who wore eye-glasses and had the air of a professor.

An old Scotchman attributes the disappearance of ghosts from the Scottish moors to the custom of tea-drinking at social meetings. It requires Scotch whisky on the top of old ale to enable a man to see a ghost really worth talking about.

WHAT a pity that a big heart is so often compelled to keep company with a small income! Rather, what a pity that a big income is so often compelled to keep company with a small heart.

"If you are a quiet, honest citizen, how did these skeleton keys and brass knuckles happen to be in your coat pockets?" "I reckon, judge, me and the policeman must have changed coats in the scuffle. We were very much excited."

MARK TWAIN, speaking of a new mosquito netting, writes: "The day is coming when we shall sit under our nets in church and slumber peacefully, while the discomfited dies club together and take it out of the minister."

WHY is it that whisky straight will make a man walk crooked? Why is it? Why, it is because you drink it. Did you never think of that? You leave the whisky in the jug and it will not make you walk crooked.

THE last piece of rustic laziness encountered by out-of-town correspondents is that of the man who, being asked what ailed his eye, answered "Nothin'; I shut it coz I can see well enough with one. Sometimes I shut one, sometimes I other."

JONES loves to croon over his army exploits. The other evening he was telling to the boys a "moving accident," of which, as usual, he was the central figure. He had got as far as "The night was pitchy dark, and everything was still as death; we were getting nearer to the rebel picket post; were just ready to make a rush on to them, when somebody's rifle went off; that told the tale"—when he was unfeelingly interrupted by Smith, who supposed "of course it must have been a repeating rifle that could tell a tale."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers received. Thanks. H., Ottawa.—Letter received. Thanks. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Solution received of Problem No. 288. Correct. E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 287.

The Brunswick Chess Congress terminated on the 25th of July last. In the tourney, L. Paulsen took the first prize, Blumund the second prize, and there were three ties for the third and fourth prizes between Minekwitz, Schwarz and Wemmers.

Mr. Bird, who intended to play in the Tourney, was excluded owing, it is stated, to his being late. There was also, some mistake in connection with a telegram which he sent to the committee. He protests, however, against the decision which prevented him from taking part in the contest.

Mr. Blackburne and Mr. Mason decided not to enter their names as contestants.

Mr. Shaw, the Conductor of the late Dominion Chess Correspondence Tourney, has had the satisfaction of learning from several sources that he was very successful in his enterprise, owing in a great measure to his care and attention to his self-imposed labours. His most sanguine expectations, however, would not have led

him to imagine that one of his own games in the Tourney would be made the subject of a chess poem in which his skill as a player, and his ability as a Chess Tourney Conductor would be recited in strains embodying a large amount of approbation and praise.

Mr. Murphy of Quebec, in recounting in verse the moves of his game with Mr. Shaw has successfully effected a very difficult work, as the dry and unyielding precision of chess board manoeuvres allows little or nothing for the play of the imagination, and therefore we heartily congratulate him on the way in which he has accomplished his labour of love.

Altogether the performance is very creditable to him and another evidence of the interest which chess is producing in Canada.

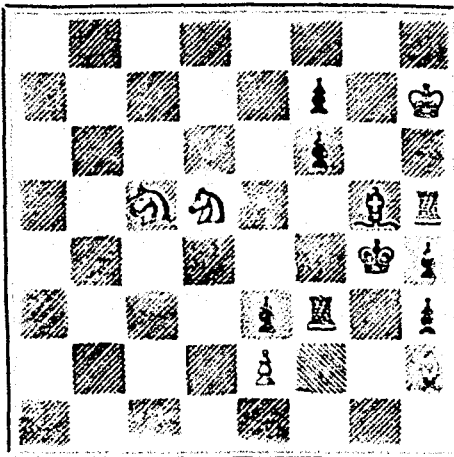
The second Problem Tourney of the *Huddersfield College Magazine* is finished, and Mr. J. H. Finlison, Huddersfield, has obtained the first prize for the best set. The prize for best two moves has been awarded to Mr. J. G. Nix, Tennessee. Mr. Finlison takes the prize for best four moves, and the prize for the most beautiful problem of the Tourney is won by M. Emile Pradignat Lusignan.

The *Chess Primer*, lately published in London (Eng.) by Mr. W. Cook, the author of the *Synopsis of Chess Openings*, seems from all accounts to be well worthy of recommendation to beginners. It is said to contain much that is important for the learner to know of general principles, and of the openings. It appears to be just the work which is wanted by many who have applied to us for the name of a good and cheap elementary chess book. The price is only one shilling sterling.

PROBLEM No. 291.

By W. H. Butler, of Brighton.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 429TH.

Played in the Wiesbaden Tourney between Messrs Bird and Schallopp.

(Irregular Opening.)

Table with two columns: White.—(Mr. Bird.) and Black.—(Mr. Schallopp.) listing chess moves and captures.

And after many moves Black won the game by means of his extra pawn.

NOTES.

Capt. Mackenzie points out in the New York Herald of 10th August, from which we take the score of this game, that Mr. Bird played Q to K B 2 instead of K to K R 4 on his thirty-third move. He must have won with comparative ease, for Black cannot escape the fatal consequences of White's subsequent move—R to K Kt sq.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 289.

Table with two columns: White. and Black. listing chess moves for Problem No. 289.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 287.

Table with two columns: WHITE. and BLACK. listing chess moves for Problem for Young Players No. 287.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 288.

Table with two columns: White. and Black. listing chess moves for Problem for Young Players No. 288.

White to play and mate in two moves.