

KNIGHT'S TOUR,

By Mr. T. B. ROWLAND, Dublin.

Black.

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red	he	ave	lgr	che	ard	eis	Wej
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Our	fs	irt	veils	hwa	tyf	tot	day

White.

By tracing out the Knight's moves on the foregoing, a very pretty verse of eight lines the composition of Mr. Rowland, will be revealed. The author kindly offers a copy of the November-December *British Chess Magazine* for the first correct solution received by us.

HOW FRANK WON HIS WIFE.

By J. RUSSELL.

"WE must have that little affair settled to-night."

The words were addressed to my fellow-lodger, Frank Raymond, as, after supper, having seated ourselves at either side of the fire, we prepared to light our pipes and enjoy a comfortable smoke.

Frank and I had been close friends for many years. Born in the same village, and educated at the same school, we had left our homes together, to push our fortunes in the great city. Imbued with kindred tastes, we were deeply attached to each other, and from earliest childhood nothing had occurred to mar the closeness of an intimacy which seemed to strengthen with years.

Of late, however, a change had come o'er the spirit of our dream. It became every day more apparent that, unless we arrived at a speedy understanding on a certain matter, there would be a rupture of the friendly relations so long existing between us—we should quarrel, and that right bitterly; and the bare thought of such a possibility awoke in us feelings of the deepest sorrow.

The cause of this threatened rupture between two old and tried friends was none other than the fair daughter of our landlady, Rosalind S——, a charming girl, whose sweet voice had often thrilled us as she went singing through the house, and tripped from room to room with the lightness and grace of a fairy. From the first day we had taken up our residence in the house, both Frank and I had been captivated by her pretty face and pleasing manner, and had vied with each other in showing her many little attentions. As time wore on, the truth began to dawn upon our minds, almost imperceptible at first, but gradually becoming more clear and unmistakable, that Frank and I must regard each other in the light of rivals.

Several times had we hinted to each other the desirability of coming to an amicable understanding, by which one of us should relinquish the contest and retire, leaving the other in undisputed possession of the field. But this had always been dismissed, partly from a disinclination to look the matter boldly in the face, and partly on account of our inability to devise any method by which the affair could be arranged to our mutual satisfaction. Things had at length come to a crisis, and it was on this wise.

Shortly after having settled in town, Frank and I had joined a local Chess club. In

a short time we acquired a knowledge of the moves, and attained a tolerable proficiency in the game. We were at the white heat of enthusiasm, and a good-natured rivalry existed between us as to our respective skill over the board. As is common among the chess fraternity, each of us piqued himself upon being the better player, although our scores pointed to equality.

The end of the season was approaching, and with it the annual social gathering of the members of the Chess club and their friends. Each, unknown to the other, had asked Rosalind to be his partner on the occasion, and the sly little "puss" had, in both cases, taken the matter to "avizandum," as the lawyers say. So, while Frank and I were "waiting for the verdict," by the merest accident, the fact was revealed to us that both he and I were in a similar position. The necessity, therefore, of an amicable settlement of the affair (if it were to be amicably settled at all) became more strongly apparent, since the decision of the capricious dame would be certain to cause the rejected one deep mortification. It was therefore with a tone of more than ordinary earnestness I said—

"We must have that little affair settled to-night, Frank."

"And how do you propose to settle it?" he asked. "Fight a duel, eh?"

"No, no, Frank," I rejoined; "that is out of the question. We must not quarrel over this affair, come what may."

"Depend upon it, we shant do that, Jack," he replied. I would not, for the world, have any unpleasantness come between us; but, really, I cannot see how we are to arrange the business."

Although I had been first to speak, I was not prepared with any suggestion, and we were about to relapse into silence, when my eye fell upon the polished chessboard which lay on the table where we had left it after examining a problem the previous evening. The thought at once flashed through my mind, "Here is our way out of the difficulty!"

It seemed that Frank had divined my thoughts, for, ere I could speak, he burst out with—

"Eureka! I have it! Our duel shall be on the chequered field. Let us play one game for mastery, and let our stake be—the fair Rosalind!"

The proposal was one to which I readily assented, and, as we drew in our chairs and marshalled the men for the fight, each congratulated himself upon having an opportunity of at once demonstrating his superior skill, and winning his sweetheart.

We both drew a long breath as we settled down to the game, for we felt that our future might be greatly affected by the result. I won the first move, and the game opened as follows:—

1 P K 4	P K 4
2 K Kt B 3	Q Kt B 3
3 B B 4	B B 4

"The game has now been opened on strictly scientific principles," I remarked. "I have lately made the acquaintance with an opening known as the 'Evans Gambit.' I shall try it here, just to see how it goes."

"All right," he replied, and the game proceeded.

4 P Q Kt 4	B takes Kt P
5 P B 3	B R 4
6 Castles	P Q 3
7 P Q 4	P takes P
8 P takes P	B Q 2
9 B Kt 2	

"Ah! I perceive your little game," he muttered. "You wish to advance your Q's Pawn attacking my Kt and threatening my K's Kt's pawn simultaneously, but I shall frustrate that knavish trick."

	Q's Kt K 2
10 Kt Kt 5	Kt R 3
11 B Q B sq	

"Just so," he said. "You have a fondness for my K's Kt. Well, sir, you may have it, if you wish."

	Q's Kt Kt sq
12 Q Kt 3	Q B 3
13 Q takes P	

"Fortune favours the bold," I remarked. "I have now recovered the Gambit Pawn with a good attack."

He said nothing, but, in moody silence, played—

14	Q	Kt	3	R-Q sq
15	P	K	5	B-Kt 3
16	P	takes	P	P takes P
17	B	takes	P ch	Q takes P

“And now the work goes bravely on,” I quoted. “The fair Rosalind is almost within my grasp.”

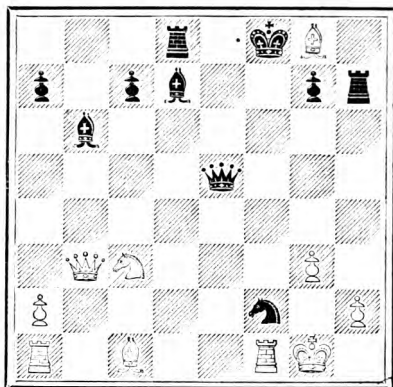
18	Q's	Kt	B	3	K B sq
					Kt-Kt 5

“So ! you mean a counter attack, do you? Well, the mate must be obviated in any case.”

19	P-K	Kt	3	Kt takes B P !
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A smile of triumph lit up his countenance as he perceived my dismay on observing that if I captured the Kt mate would ensue in three moves, while, if I allowed it to remain, the discovered check would be fatal. For a moment I was downcast, but a happy thought struck me, and I quickly played.

20	Kt	takes	R P ch	R takes Kt
21	B	takes	Kt	



It was now my turn to smile, as I saw his Kt hopelessly pinned, his Rook *en prise*, and mate impending on the move.

“Resign the game, and with it your pretensions to the hand of Rosalind !” I called out confidently.

“It is not altogether hopeless,” he faintly murmured.

“Ah ! I see, you imagine you can save yourself by moving the Queen to K B file. ‘Lay not the flattering unction to your soul,’” I continued, as I ran quickly over on my tongue the continuation that might be expected in the event of his adopting that line of play.

“I might play the Bishop to Q 3,” he ventured.

“In which case you would lose it, and with it the game,” I quickly rejoined.

He looked very hard at the position, while I began to whistle a lively air, and beat an accompaniment with my knuckles on the table. Suddenly he interrupted me by shouting in a hoarse, tragic voice—

“You have not yet subdued Rob Roy !” and a fierce light burned in his eyes as he boldly moved—

Q takes P ch

This unexpected stroke almost took my breath away, but, as I had no choice, I at once played—

22 P takes Q

Then followed, in rapid succession—

23	K	Kt	2	R R 8 ch
24	K	B	3	B R 6 ch
				R Q 6 ch

25	K B 4	P Kt 4 ch
26	K takes P	R takes P ch
27	K B 6	B Q 5 mate !

With a cry of mingled rage and despair I sprang to my feet. With one fell sweep of my arm I sent board and men flying into a corner of the room. Then seizing my hat, rushed out and found my way to the nearest "pub," there to drown my sorrows in the flowing bowl, and to swear by everything sacred that, for the remainder of my natural life, I should touch a chess board—never again !

* * * * *

Ten years have come and gone since the episode related above, and Frank and I are still firm friends. He married our heroine shortly after the occurrence, I officiating as his groomsman. I regret to add that the fair Rosalind has, contrary to all expectations, turned out a perfect termagant, and poor Frank is unhappily subjected to petticoat rule of the most stringent and despotic kind.

So I sit in my lodgings and smoke my pipe, and thank my lucky stars that I lost that "Evans Gambit."