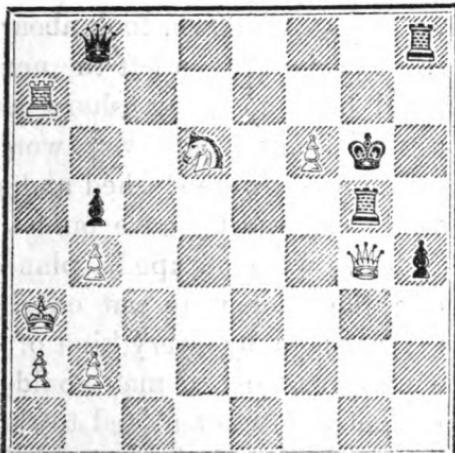


39 Q—S+                    R—KS 5  
 40 Q×QB+                    R—S 4



White mates in four moves.

## CHESS IN JAVA.

In the fall of 18—, the ship D— left Boston for Manilla via Cape of Good Hope and Batavia, island of Java.

Before we had been at sea three days, the officers and crew were at perpetual loggerheads: strife and contention were the order of the day: knock-down and drag-out were of frequent occurrence. For my part I determined to leave the ship the first chance.

When 76 days out the first land was seen

Table Mountains, high above the clouds, like a vision of some far off Heavenly land.

We ran into Cape Town, took aboard water and fresh provisions ; then left the next day.

There had been no going ashore, and once at sea again, things went even worse than before. The masts were slushed and rigging tarred until slush and tar gave out ; then the between decks were scraped, planed, and varnished : the crew were put on short allowance, tormented by every kind of cruelty that the petty tyranny of man could devise, till more than one was tempted to slide over that unhappy ship's side into the fathomless depths of the calm blue Indian Ocean, to find a peaceful resting place in the coral groves beneath its mighty waters. Day after day the same mild blue sky above, the same blue eternal expanse of ocean around, ever rolling before the light trade-wind, the snow white albatrosses gently skimming along the sea—even the lazy gamboling whales seemed to invite us to leave the foul vessel and hazard cruel presence of as infamous a set of officers as ever walked a ship's deck.

Curses, blows, constant toil by day and by night, almost starvation, mutiny and DEATH

were among us. when Java Head loomed up full in view one lovely Sunday morning.

About noon it fell calm, then for three days light baffling airs, followed by a fair wind, a steady spanking breeze.

Running along the bold shore we sailed swiftly into the broad bay of Batavia, and came to anchor three miles from land.

"Clear away the jolly boat for shore" cried the mate. I've pulled many a bow oar but never before or since have I felt the nerve that then seemed to make the pliant oar bend double. "Avast there! forward! stand by to ward off! and I stood on terra firma. The agent was waiting and the Captain went away with him in a carriage, leaving us orders to stay by the boat till he returned. Natives crowded around with tropical fruits, parrots chickens, and notions of every description.

Disregarding them I crossed the canal, wound my hasty way out of sight of the boat and struck inland. The hot sun was directly overhead but wringing wet I pushed on, steering by the lofty volcano in view. Back of the city is a fine open country, with large plantations sprinkled around. On I pressed noon came, the city was out of sight, the

plantations became scattered and my paths led through occasional jungles: but on I pressed my sweltering way, trusting there was no danger of wild beasts in the daytime.

The inhabitants were taking their afternoon siesta: all was still as in an island of the dead.

Wearied, I sat me down to rest on a log that lay across the path, when, horror! it started to move away, it was a huge boa constrictor. With a jump and a scream that was re-echoed by a thousand clinging parrots on every side, I sped in haste away.

As I turned, the huge animal showed its glaring eyes, and hissed—such a demon like hiss—it rings even yet in my ears. I saw no more, but ran; flew; fear gave me wings.

A thicket was before me..... I fell and remembered no more \* \* \* \* till I awoke.

The sun was setting, and a cool breeze gently rustled through the coffee trees bearing unknown fragrance to my waking senses.

I was in a hammock that slowly swung as if aboard the old ship, Oh! my God! I exclaimed "I am lost." A form arose and offered me a drink: it was a woman. (God bless the women!) The woman's husband and daughter were playing CHESS near the

open door. As I spoke the young lady raised her sky-blue eyes from the chess board, and if there was wonder there was also kindness in her glance. The good man was too intent on the game to notice the exclamation.

My feelings may be imagined but words can not express the joy with which that angel look filled my soul! \* \* \* Unconsciously I became interested in this the most fascinating of games, and soon perceived that the father was hardly a match for his beautiful daughter

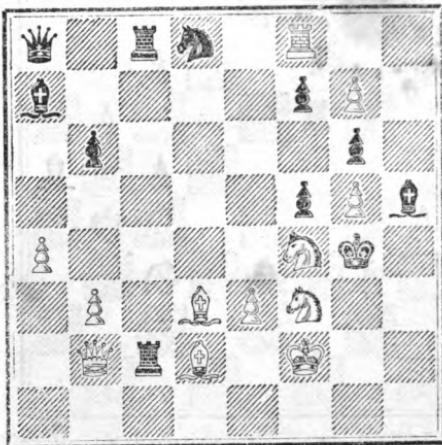
—The position was becoming critical: —



Black having to play moved S—K 3. The lady seemed in doubt, then making a motion toward the Queen—“Drie Springer beter-

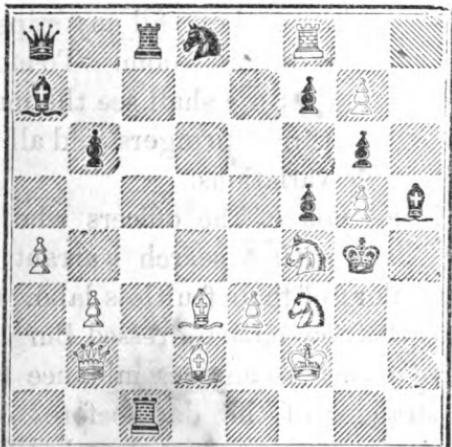
mat in vier zetten." I exclaimed, jumping toward the board. The aged burgher looked up, first at me then at the board, took back his last move, and called for his pipe.

His Malay servant, whom I had not noticed as he sat cross-legged in one corner of the room, brought an immense meerschaum well filled and lighted; then reclining, he smoked and viewed the position, then smoked and looked again. "Saalam" said he, show me the move. As for you, sirrah, that dare interrupt a veteran of forty years, where are three Springers, and where is there any mate in four moves?" In the best Dutch I could command, I pronounced R—QB 7, the best



move, for if White moved P—KS 8 claiming a Springer, mate could be forced in 4 moves.

"Bravo, said the maiden, smiling, but let the Rook be moved one square further, and the mate will be delayed three moves, or



White mates in eleven moves."

Salam proposed P—QS 4 as good chess. We ran through several variations when the veteran cried "STOP!" looked at my sailor habiliments, filled his pipe, and made me tell my history: How my father had kept me from early years at the royal game: how wild adventure and desire to see foreign lands had caused me to ship abord the D———; how tyranny and cruelty of brutal officers forced

me to brave the jungles of Java for freedom  
how a weeping mother's pious prayers were  
still interceding for me in distant America.

— Hold, said he, Saalam, fill my pipe and  
take the stranger to his room. To-morrow  
will be a new day: we shall see the mate in  
four moves with three Springers, and all those  
other whirligig variations.

Need I tell you of the officers who came  
the next day, with a search warrant for a  
run-away sailor: of their fruitless labor, never  
suspecting the now citizen dressed Burgher at  
the chess board bore any resemblance to the  
tattered stranger of the day before: of the  
many and many games we played, till one  
day he said: "Now I shall look on and see  
you and my daughter contend in hostile array"  
of her gentle answer: 'Nay, I would not win  
of him if I could, for he has had trouble  
enough already" and a tear dimmed her deep  
blue eyes. We never fought, and now, as I  
look back 40 years and mourn that my time  
has not yet come to leave this vale of tears,  
one only comfort remains: HER grandson can  
win of me his grandfather.

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The foregoing are Problems No's. 2. 3. & 4.