POETRY.

SUMMER'S DONE.

Along the wayside and up the hills,
The goldenrod flames in the sun;
The blue eyed gentian nods good-bye
To the sad little brooks that run.
And so the Summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

In yellowing woods the chestnut drops;
The squirrel gets galore;
Though bright-eyed lads and little maids,
Rob him of half his store.
And so summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

The maple in the swamp begins
To flaunt in gold and red,
And in the elm the fire bird's nest
Swings empty overhead;
And so Summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

The barberry hangs her jewels out,
And guards them with a thorn;
The merry farmer boys cut down
The poor old dried-up corn;
And so Summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

The swallows and the bobolink,
Are gone this many a day;
But in the morning still you hear
The scolding, swaggering jay!
And so Summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

A wonderful glory fills the air,
And big and bright is the sun;
A loving hand for the whole brown earth,
A garment of beauty has spun;
But for all that, Summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

SELECT STORY.

SEVILLE TOWERS TRAGEDY.

By the author of 'The Gypsy's Revenge,' 'A Woman Scorned,' etc.

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUED.

"'It is not your children, it is you,' I exclaimed, passionately. 'You don't give me a chance with them—setting them against me and my—my mother.'

"Astonishment, mortification, perplexity—each struggled for the mastery in her countenance.

"'I set my children against you?' she reproved. 'Pray strive to be calm.'

"'How can I be, when you treat me so unfairly? Ask Nora what you told her.'

"When she had listened, the faintest smile crept over her face.

"'Oh, you have misunderstood my intervention on your behalf. Nora dear, that brain of yours is too logical.'

"What more she might have said, I cannot tell; but she was interrupted by the idol of the house, Alec.

"He rushed in and butted at me like a ram with horns might have done, his curly head serving for horns. He nearly capsized me, to say nothing of the injury he did to my dress; and Mrs. Seville ooked at me as much as to say, 'Was there ever such an affectionate child!'

"'Don't, Alec,' I said, with dignity.

"'Come to mamma,' declared his mother, in an injured tone.

"'Me not 'ike 'oo,' said Master Alec, thrusting his tongue out at me. For which, by-the-by, I paid him later by two good pinches when I pretended to be fastening his dress.

Of course he yelled, and said, 'Pins, pins!' but I innocently asserted that I felt no pins, and his mother, not satisfied, searched with an unavailing search. Nevertheless, the pinches were black by night; his nurse on seeing the marks sent for Mrs. Seville to show them to her; and the best of it was there was a family conclave held as to how their sweet, beloved Alec got those bruises. I suggested a 'fall'; but as each arm was marked, that was not a solution that found acceptance. Nobody else could suggest anything; so as Morris—Mrs. Seville's most faithful maid, and who acts also as Alec's nurse, with a girl under her—is an outspoken adversary of mine, I saw an opportunity of revenging myself.

"'Perhaps, Morris, when you were angry with him you pinched him.' Her black eyes regarded me fiercely.

"'Me pinch that beautiful angel! Far more likely, Miss Curtis, that you did,' she retorted.

"That sharp Nora immediately saw her advantage.

"'Did she,' pointing to me, 'pinch you darling Alec?'

"'Unce, unce,' meaning yes, and nodding his head.

"'Oh! of course, everyone is against me here,' I said; I have not a chance in the place.'

"And I retreated with an injured air and left the room. The tables were turned, and discretion was requisite to keep them from falling and crushing me.

"'Say 'pinch,' Alec dear,' I heard that detestable Nora whisper, as I left the room.

"'Pins, pins,' he reiterated. I knew it would not be safe to pinch him again.

The week I led after that was too trying to dwell upon. Alec was not suffered to come near me, and if he accidentally did, he amused himself by putting out his tongue at me, and his mother persisted in saying that he was too young to be punished, but that if I were kind, his animosity would die away. People call Alec a lovely boy—perhaps he is. He has golden curls, and soft, brown eyes; the expression of his baby face is cherubic, and everybody, from the highest to the lowest, in the house—save and except myself—idolizes the child. But I have several grudges against him. Only yesterday he escaped from Muriel and ran into the school-room. Gwennie was in tears over some stupidity either of hers or mine—probably the latter—and Alec resented her grief on me.

"'Sis, not ky. Nasty 'oo,' and he made a plunge at me, lifting his baby foot in resentment.

"I gave him a slap across the cheek, and at that instant Muriel came in and saw me.

"'Oh! Miss Curtis, how could you!' she reproved, in as grave a tone of displeasure as if I had killed him. 'Alec is such a baby. Dear little fellow! now you have made him cry. I don't think you love children at all.'

"'Indeed I do,' I asseverated warmly; 'I worship them, only Mrs. Seville insists on discipline, and how can I keep it if I am not firm? If I allowed Alec to kick me, Gwennie and Nora might do the same.'

"They never would,' declared Muriel, bending over Alec, who was on her knee, she soothing his tears. 'Dear, darling little pet, see how you have upset him. We will go in a couple of twos, as I suppose we are interrupting lessons. How sober you two girls look! Shall I go and ask mamma for a holiday?'

"'Do!' they both exclaimed.

"'I don't really see that they can afford the time. They are both so dense,' I said.

"Well they might be. I had found a book on heathen mythology, which was not only beyond them, but beyond me also, and whenever I wished to overawe and keep them in subjection, out came this study, which sobered them. As this was my general aim, they spent most of their time over heathen mythology, and I had begun to flatter myself that their reverence for my learning was on the increase.

"'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' said Muriel, and of course she got the holiday for them.

"I need not tell you, my diary, that I was nothing loth; I abominate sitting stewed up in the schoolroom as much as they do. The very word lessons is antipathetic to me, the more so, probably, because they are beyond me. I don't know, though I think, even if I were cleverer, I should hate teaching; work was never my forte, never will be.

June 15th.—How dull it is! Oh, why don't they have any society? I know I shall do something dreadful soon! Mrs. Seville informed me this afternoon that she was not satisfied, and that she would prefer to benefit me some other way than by keeping me as governess. Her children, and, in fact, no one, she timidly added, were qui—ite taken with me—she put it as politely as she could. Even dear Alec, who generally loved all around, seemed to have taken a most unaccountable dislike, whilst Gwennie and Nora were losing all their brightness, etc., etc. The burden of it was, I was to go.

"'Does Mr. Seville know your decision?' I asked, almost rudely, intimating (at least, so she took it) that I should not accept my mittimus from her—I don't mean to take it from anyone.

"'He will know this evening. But Alec's persistent dislike will be sufficient with his father.

"'Oh! I interjected.

"'I am very sorry,' she added thinking everything was settled, and trying to let me down as gently as possible, once she had got her way, 'but you shall not suffer by the change. Teaching does not seem your strong point, and it will give Lennox and me pleasure to start you in some more suitable calling. You seem to have great taste; you can make the simplest hat pretty. It might pay you to start as a milliner; lots of real ladies now do, and if——'

"'I was bursting with indignation, but luckily she was called away: Alec had fallen down three stairs, and great was the commotion. It happened that I overheard her that same evening telling Mr. Seville of the step she had taken. I won't deny that I purposely stayed about listening. There was a portiere over his sanctum, and by slipping it aside a little—enough to hear but not to be seen—I could make out every word of the conversation. It was dreadful how she spoke of me; if I had been a conspiritor of the deepest dye she could not have painted me blacker. It was some comfort to hear him say—

"'You took a dislike to that poor Miss Curtis from the very first evening, Lottie. I knew at once she had no chance. So she is going? Well, poor wretch! I should think it would be a merciful release to her; the servants have a better time of it. You have not been kind, in my opinion, in expelling her from the evening dinner.'

"I would not be unkind to her, Lennox, but she made up to you so fearfully; Muriel and Reyner both saw and commented on it. Besides, governesses don't—

"'Ah! to please you they say so,' he broke in. 'Lottie, you are of a very jealous nature. If a lady of eighty smiles into my face, and I seem pleased, you are jealous at once——'

"'Well, if I don't like her, and the children have an intensified dislike—especially sweet, little Alec—and the servants all speak disrespectfully of her airs and graces, and the way she dresses up—moreover, as you have sent a large enough cheque to call forth even Mrs. Curtis' gratitude and thanks—I don't see why I should not get rid of her.'

"'Of course not, Lottie, you are mistress, do as you like in the matter. I always rely on your judgment, because as a rule, you are so just. But in this instance, I cannot help thinking that you allowed yourself to be prejudiced against her and her antecedents even before she arrived. However, I have nothing to say; its nothing to me one way or the other. When is she going?'

"'As soon as she has time to apprise her mother to expect her."

"'Is not a notice requisite?'

"Not in this instance. Why, Lennox, you know that, when she came only on trial —'

"'But the month has passed and more. However, salary will smooth away that difficulty. Is dinner nearly due?'

"'In ten minutes. I wish dear Lennox, that you could see Miss Curtis with my eyes. All in the household are equally, if not more, against her. Gwen and Nora are changed children. Alec never showed such spite to anyone, and it is my firm opinion she pinched him that day. Any way, Muriel saw her chastise him quite savagely.'

"'Ah! well, we can't have our beautiful Alec hurt by anybody, dear, that's certain, whatever he may do. As for the change in Gwen and Nora, I daresay so many hours of lessons is alone the cause of that. Ah! that's the gong.'

"I had listened to each word breathlessly, but fled as I heard Mr. Seville's last words. One thing, despite his indifference, I had learned: he was more on my side than against me. I must trade on that, and work my cause of desolation and oppression through it. One point to be gained that would strengthen my position, was to gain Alec's love. Ugh! it would be hard work, for even if gained it would be most distasteful to allow his wet kisses, and to have him climbing into my lap and tumbling my pretty dresses—dresses which though white and simple, and bought out of a £5 note Mrs. Seville had advanced, were, with their black or dove-colored trimming, quite studies in art, and far too nice to be destroyed by a petted child's whims.

"There was another way out of the difficulty—to get rid of Alec. The idea, as it arose in my brain, suffused itself pleasantly through my body. What could be easier? Mrs. Seville had a shelf labelled poison (just above the medicine-chest in one of her rooms). I could easily steal in there, appropriate a dose and keep it secreted by me till a favorable opportunity occurred for dropping it in his food. Ah! I had it. Why had it not struck me before? Alec had a little bed in the nursery, and Morris slept near in the same apartment. She never retired before ten or eleven, but Alec, who was a thirsty child, invariably had barley water placed on a table by him, sometimes water or lemonade, always something. To watch a convenient time and slip some deadly poison into that glass without any one seeing or suspecting me, was what I must do. Morris must be blamed, and to attain that object alone—revenge on Morris for all her spite against me—was quite sufficient motive, let alone removing the child out of my way. Ah! I would do it. Why had I never thought of it before? The idea met with unmixed satisfaction; it was an act that commended itself to my mind all round. The first step to take was to fein a great desire to please Alec, so as to divert suspicion.

"'Can I speak to Mrs. Seville?' I asked, knocking at the dining-room door. When she came, in evident surprise, to see what I wanted, I said, in a voice loud enough to reach Mr. Seville's ears:

"'I have been thinking that, if you can spare me, I will walk into the village, and try and buy something that will please Alec: a picture book, or a horse.'

"'Don't trouble to do that, Miss Curtis, pray. Alec has everything heart can desire, and if——'

"'But I would rather,' I interrupted. 'It distresses me I cannot win his love.'

"She gave permission, and I heard Mr. Seville say:

"'There, poor thing, look at that. You must be more forbearing, Lottie—more like your usual self, dear. Try her another month before sending her away. What could be kinder than her wish to propitiate Alec, who, after all, bless him, is really a domestic tyrant.'

"So he was not entirely blinded by his youngest son's perfections. Perhaps the child need not be poisoned after all. Ah! but Morris—how about my revenge on her? Besides, a murder in the house (what a horrid word) would prevent Mrs. Seville, certainly, from despatching me nolens volens. I did not like giving up the idea of getting rid of Alec once it had entered my head. There was a pleasureable excitement about it that buoyed me up, to which his mother's grief, to say nothing of Muriel's and his sister's distress, added increased force.

"June 17th.—Mrs. Seville came into the school-room this morning and informed me, very importantly, that she had decided to try me for another month, i. e., till July 14th, but that, not altogether feeling satisfied about her daughters' lessons, she would draw out a list for me to follow. Feeling like a reprieved prisoner I did not dare to decline her behests. I was actually to be allowed to stay quietly, without any commotion, for fully four weeks longer. Of course I recognized Mr. Seville's influence, but that was immaterial so that I gained time without enforcing it. I did not wish to show my hand yet, which a refusal to obey Mrs. Sevill's orders might betray—positive refusal id est. For that I intended to follow any settled list or plan, it is needless to say I had not.

"'I think you will find me more up to your standard if you give me longer,' I murmured, deferentially.

"'Alec is ill this morning,' proceeded Mrs. Seville, 'and the doctor fears scarlet fever. He wishes Gwen and Nora to be kept quite away from the nursery till the complaint becomes more determined, and has ordered carbolic acid to be placed about the house.'

"'I am sorry,' I said, 'for Alec.'

"Which was true. Suppose he had scarlet fever, and died, where would be my little excitement? However, Morris' grief would be equally great, and I should be quite as efficiently rid of the child's presence.

"But Alec did not die. His feverishness was a false alarm, and the next day I happened to be near the nursery on my way upstairs for my broach, when I heard Mrs. Seville say:

"'The carbolic acid is to be thrown away. See after it yourself, Morris, or Alec will be lifting up a saucer and drinking out of it.'

"Here was an opportunity. We had a saucer in the school-room; it would be fetched and emptied. How if I secreted a saucer from upstairs and put it in its place without anyone seeing me.

"Snatching up one that stood near, I ran into my bedroom with it—emptied it into a tumbler, and put cold water back into the saucer which had held the acid, replacing it on the landing just as Morris appeared.

"'Please don't touch those saucers, Miss Curtis,' she said sharply, 'the mistress' orders is peremptory.'

"'Who wishes to touch them? I retorted.

"She gave me a look that said plainly, 'she did not want me there or any of my impudence;' so shrugging my shoulders, I re-entered my bedroom, secreted the carbolic acid, and later in the day removed it into the nursery, trusting to chance not only that it might avoid Morris' eye, but also catch Alec's when he felt thirsty.

"With trepidation for the satisfactory result of my scheme, I sat and waited. Every time a door banged, or I heard a footstep, I thought 'now it's coming'—the news for which I waited. But it never did; and at night I stole into the nursery to see if the saucer was still there. It had gone. Was Alec sleeping safely as usual? I meant to go and see; but as I turned away from the washhand stand on which I had placed the saucer, I encountered Morris. The expression of her face was inscrutable; but she said in a significant tone:

"'Miss Curtis, if you wish me to keep a civil tongue in my head, don't you come nigh my apartments again; keep a wide distance of me and Master Alec. What you placed that saucer on the washhand stand for, I don't know, and I don't care; but that it was not for a good purpose your stealthy movements betrayed. Cold water in a saucer could not harm anyone. Perhaps you thought I had not emptied the poison out, and so——'

"But a deathly feeling of fear was chilling my veins. I had nearly fainted till she said about the cold water, and though I did not comprehend her meaning, it yet gave me a loophole of escape, that she had not found out all.

"'You are an insolent woman,' I said, and left her room.

"I went straight to my own room. The mystery was then cleared. For some reason or other there were two tumblers to my water bottle, and I had never before noticed it. In refilling the saucer I had emptied in the contents of the wrong tumbler, luckily for myself, or Morris would have betrayed me. Would you believe it, diary of mine, this discovery unnerved me? How close I had been to discovery! If Morris had found poison instead of water in the saucer, and could have sworn to my stealthy movements in placing it there, I might have been lodged in prison for the night and for many days and nights afterwards. I had had a narrow escape.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SHOT HIS BABY BOY.

At San Antonia, Texes, Thursday, Dr. O'Malley, a young New York physician, shot his three-year-old child accidently and then killed it to put it out of pain. His wife and himself had been very nervous about burglars and had been kept awake several nights. They heard the door in the children's room creak. The father went in with a cocked pistol. He saw no one, and poked his little nephew and his own son with the pistol to cause them to turn over. The pistol went off, shooting the child in the side, and the father then put the pistol to its head and killed it, to release it of its misery, as he said he knew the wound was fatal. He is under arrest, almost if not quite insane.

SOLD HIS WIFE.

William Cardwell, an erstwhile Cherokee strip boomer, living at Guthrie, O. K., announced that he was going to sell his wife to the highest bidder, and the sale came off Thursday. There were half a a dozen bidders present, and as the woman was buxom and good-looking, bidding was spirited. John Insley, a grass widower of that city, secured the woman, bidding $100 in cash, a colt, a horse, and a lot of household furniture. The wife seemed to be wholly unconcerned about the matter and departed with Insley. The pair left for Texas in a covered wagon.

BANGOR AND AROOSTOOK.

The New Railway Rapidly Approaching Completion.

Negligence Which Cost a Life.

(Special Correspondence of THE HERALD).

HOULTON, ME. Aug. 27th.

The Bangor and Aroostook railway is being rapidly pushed forward to its terminus at Presque Isle, Me. The grading is now completed and the first engine crossed the new bridge at Houlton Thursday, 20th inst., and the work of track laying north began the 21st. The company expect to have the track completed to Presque Isle about Oct. 1st. Contractor Treat has upwards of one hundred and fifty men at Millinocket, ballasting that part of the road which was built last summer, and the track where the ballasting has been done, is in a fine condition.

The B. and A. run four fast passenger trains each day between Houlton and Bangor. The route is one that cannot fail to be of interest to every American. Leaving Houlton the road runs past fertile and well cultivated farms such as are only seen in Aroostook county, through the stirring little towns of New Limerick, Smyrna and Island Falls. After leaving Island Falls the country is more wooded and is dotted with beautiful lakes, and broken by numbers of imposing hills, among which Mount Katahdin rears his head in solemn grandeur and can be plainly seen from a number of points on the road.

The country is a veritable paradise for the sportsman, it being an unusual thing to make a trip over the line without seeing a number of deer from the car windows. Partridges and ducks abound and moose are frequently met with.

The B and A. has a splendid equipment and is already doing a large business and there can be no doubt that when the road has been completed and running a few years it will be the "star" road of the eastern states.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

"So you have got twins at your house?" said Mrs. Besumbe to little Tommy Samuelson.

"Yes, ma'am two; of 'em."

"What are you going to call them?"

"Thunder and lighting."

"Why those are strange names to call children."

"Well that's what pa called them as soon as he heard they were in the house."

Avoid the mood Byronic,
Dismiss dyspeptic fears;
Take Hawker's Pills and Tonic,
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In Hawker's Liver Pills.

A BOON TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains.

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Markham, Ont.

Sold by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

HER WISE PAPA.

She—Papa says that when coming to see me you must not come in a street car any more.

He—Really! Does he expect me to walk all this distance?

She—Of course not. He says all he asks is that you will come in a carriage, hired by the hour.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It esremov at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Mrs. Bacon—Amos Moses Bacon, does yoh call dat goin' to Sunday school?

Amos Moses—'Deed, mammy, I've been dar. Dey had baptism, and I jes done gone got baptised.

Mrs. Bacon—Yoh a mighty smart chile. yoh is. I reckon you jes' cotch dem fish while de preacher was paptisin' yoh.—Truth.

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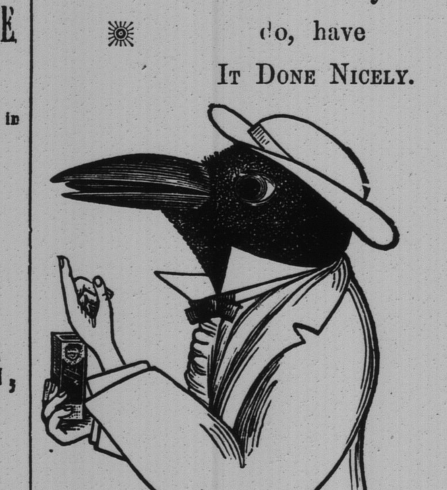

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