

POETRY.

DON'T QUARREL WITH THE PAST.

Don't pick a quarrel with the past, My friend, what'er you do. Do not annoy it; let it be. And it won't trouble you. But if you plague it long enough, Sometime you'll stand against To see how 'twill avenge itself, Don't quarrel with the past.

SEVILLE TOWERS TRAGEDY.

By the author of "The Gypsy's Revenge," "A Woman Scorned," etc. CHAPTER VI. CONTINUED.

"She won't leave, Muriel, while your uncle encourages her to remain. I think I am going myself, dear. Hush! listen to my plan. I am thinking of hunting up her history—seeing what her character really is, and finding out what I can of her past life. Do you know her address? "I don't. Does she ever write to them at her home. Morris was remarking, only the other day, that Miss Curtis never got a letter. I do not believe, anyway, that anyone could care for her. Morris hates her very name."

"Aye, we have reason to hate at Seville Towers. I feel sure there must be some hidden secret in her past that would set Lennox against her. I remember even he was amazed at her report that he had done so much for her mother, but he forgets that now. Oh, Muriel, my heart is broken. You must be a guardian to my children while I am gone. "Auntie, I cannot bear of your going away. It is too dreadful. I will go, but first I will see uncle, and summon up courage to exhort him to throw off his mad infatuation. I will seek him now. Mrs. Seville sat so long alone, and her suspense at the result of Muriel's errand was so great, that it seemed to her as if hours must have passed. Then the door opened.

"All alone, Lottie?" said her husband, for he it was who had joined her; "you must be dull, dear. What you have a chocolate, before I give them over to the children?" She took one because he offered it; then he rang for lights to be brought in, and sat down to his newspaper. Though he was really no company, she was most grateful that he remained quietly with her; it was more like old times. And he did not even seem restless. "By-the-by, Lottie," he said, after an hour had passed, "Miss Curtis has decided to leave. She resents your dislike to her, and returns to her mother tomorrow. "In a glad revulsion of feeling, which in its unexpected suddenness, almost overwhelmed her with ecstasy, Mrs. Seville rose, and going to her husband would have kissed him, but with an action that bespoke loathing, she pushed her away. His expression escaped her, though she had to bend to his refusal to accept a caress which had once been most welcome to him; but, in the joy of learning that Miss Curtis was about to leave, she scarcely heeded his mood. Once that siren was out of the way, all would come right again. Her husband's instant tenderness would have no further temptation. Her happiness lasted till she got up stairs. She was as usual to kiss her children, then, passing on into Muriel's room, she found her niece busily writing. "I feared you were ill, dear, that you did not return to me. I have to thank you for the success of your errand."

"Mind you give the mistress a fresh drop this time—new from the cow, cook; and don't add sugar again," she said. "Teach your grandmothers," retorted cook, gruffly. "As if I'd put sugar in bread and milk for grown-up people. The children always like it, but I should not think of putting it in for the missus."

Morris went hot from head to foot all of a sudden. A horrible fear had seized her. That Curtis creature was not to be trusted. Suppose she had put some poisonous powder into her mistress's lunch! Not lemon-kali—that lemon-kali would always remain a mystery on Morris's mind; for though she could not prove it, she felt certain that the errand to Alice's, which her vigilance had frustrated, had been too stealthily and cat-like in its cautiousness to have been undertaken merely for adding so simple a thing as lemon-kali—Morris knew better; and people might try and laugh her out of her suspicions as they liked, it would never wipe them away, laugh as they chose. It might all have been cleared some day—and to think that perhaps she had lost a valuable chance of elucidation. Miss Curtis had certainly had time to mix in any powder, supposing she had it handy. Morris had thoughtlessly left the bread and milk outside her mistress's room several minutes. Might she not attempt to injure one who had all along seen through her incapabilities, and who had besides never hesitated to say so?

"Really, Percy," she exclaimed, in excitement, "I am sure that this is Miss Curtis's writing, but the postmark is Dollastone, and that is only six miles off. Besides, surely she cannot have the opportunity to write to him?" "Percy said 'No, I should not think so.' Nevertheless, he determined, without giving Muriel cause for uneasiness, to search Dollastone through. He was not satisfied about Mrs. Seville's illness, and had thought her husband's answers on the subject both vague and evasive. Perfectly unconscious of Percy's thoughts Muriel spoke out her own surmises. "Uncle Lennox, amongst your letters there is one that is directed in writing exactly like Miss Curtis'. She can have nothing to bother about, can she?" Mr. Seville muttered something indistinguishable, and swept all his mistresses out of the way, all would come right again. Her husband's instant tenderness would have no further temptation. Her happiness lasted till she got up stairs. She was as usual to kiss her children, then, passing on into Muriel's room, she found her niece busily writing. "I feared you were ill, dear, that you did not return to me. I have to thank you for the success of your errand."

"I never went, auntie. What do you mean? Did you not hear of my good news? Percy has written me a nice, fond letter; I can't quite understand it—it is so very different to his last, and he mentions something about my dread of poverty; if that is my only fear he thinks it is removed. I never dreaded poverty, as you know, and I never alluded to it, so I am asking him to send me the letter. "I suppose nobody would try and make mischief between us, though it really looks like it. Anyway, I shall post this myself, and ask if he got my last; he never alludes to it. "Your uncle's conscience is at last awakening, then," said Mrs. Seville; "but I feel sick. The salmon we had at dinner must have disagreed with me. I was, as you know, afraid of it. I must hurry to bed." The next morning Mrs. Seville was too ill to rise; but though she was troubled with incessant vomiting, and the doctor was sent for, all her anxiety was as to whether Miss Curtis had gone. Her husband had left by an earlier train, so as to send Dr. Cresy from town. But he had never mentioned the subject before he started, not even to Morris. At about eleven, however, Mrs. Seville's fears were set at rest. Miss Curtis, attired for her journey, knocked at the door. "I am sorry you are not well today, Mrs. Seville," she said, simply, and equally sorry that she had failed so utterly in giving satisfaction. I was not suited to the place. Good morning."

She was not in bodily pain, however, just then, and the relief from it sent her into a doze. She was awakened from her peaceful slumber by a short command— "Here Lottie, take this; it will ease your sickness."

Mrs. Seville's eyes turned towards him reproachfully, perhaps at being disturbed, perhaps at his peremptory tone; Morris tossed her head in displeasure, but did not dare to say anything further, and next minute Mrs. Seville had weakly grasped the tumbler from her husband's hands, and swallowed its contents. "I should like my children—all to come home, she said, as Morris took the glass from her. "Then they must be sent for," he answered. He returned to his secretary, and his hand trembled as he held Edna's letter. "I have done it now, for good or evil," he thought, recklessly, "and my mind misgives me. I feel sadly unbalanced, though she cannot suffer more than she has done."

"I am certain she is quite, quite dead, my own darling. You must stay here quietly till after the funeral, and then go to London, where I will join you. We can get married in the great city, but our union will have to be kept a strict secret for a year; then, my pretty Edna, I will own you before the world. Are you not pleased?" "I cannot see why there should be secrecy. "Good Heavens! don't you? But, indeed, I do. We are treading on a glass plate at present, and if it breaks, we shall be precipitated into the deep waters. So far, there is no danger; I have been most careful. The doctors will give their certificate, and of course no one will ever suspect me, unless they get a clue to motive. That might arouse suspicion, and—Oh! Edna, you will have to lock me very much. I have put my neck in danger to get you—already, when I think of it, I shiver with apprehension."

"It was there, uncle. I am very positive because in looking closely for news of Gwen, my attention was particularly riveted on all the directions. "Go and make your aunt worse," Mr. Seville said, frowning impatiently, "by telling her this, and there is no knowing what harm you will do her. The doctor says any shock may finish her off." "I shall not repeat anything that will make auntie unhappy," declared Muriel, indignantly. It was not only that she resented the imputation against herself, but she was hurt at the grumbling and snarling tone her uncle had used in mentioning his wife's illness. "I trust Mrs. Seville is better," observed Percy Rayner, solicitously. "Indeed, I cannot say she is," was the reply. "The doctors don't seem to understand her case, and I fear she cannot possibly last long like this." He rose suddenly and left the table. "Go to read his letter," thought Rayner. "I do not like the look of things here, and yet, what can I do? I think my first step is to go over to Dollastone and see if Miss Curtis is there. If she is, and still corresponding with Seville, why then I must get detectives in." One glance at Seville's letter would have enlightened him— August 4th, 188— My Dearest Darling—Don't be angry with me for being impatient, but when am I going to see you again? Is she not gone yet? I thought to have heard from you long before this. Does the barrier still exist? Why do you not come to me? This suspense is hard to bear—hard for both of us. Be brave and put an end to it in my favor. Mr. Seville read this strange missive through twice. It ended: "Your own devoted, EDNA."

never knew a day's peace nor a night's proper rest, after the tragedy at Seville Towers, which created such a widespread sensation. The knowledge of her guilt and infamy weighed upon her mind, till she lost her reason and was at last carried off, a raving maniac, to an asylum. Not many weeks after her incarceration, Justice sought to claim her as either the murderer of Mrs. Seville or as accessory to the fact. But she was beyond human justice then, though the fear of what will she might have committed turned her mother's hair white as snow. The officer's charge coincided so exactly with Edna's ravings, that Mrs. Curtis knew there was some foundation for the suspicion; and she could only pray that Edna might die in the mad-house where she was detained. To Lady Hare, however, Mrs. Curtis never breathed a word against her younger daughter. She neither wished to darken a life that was almost free from care, so bright was it nor did she care to admit that her favorite child had turned out such a wicked woman. Truly, retribution, even on this earth, comes to all, and so Mrs. Curtis could not but admit; for her pretty daughter, who might have married so happily, was never at rest—while her plain child scarcely knew a trouble.

Seville Towers was shut up for a year. At the end of that time, Percy Rayner and his wife went to live there as trustees for the Seville children. "It looks as lovely a home as the heart of man could wish for," said Muriel, leaning her head on her hand, and every time when I think about dear aunt's death, and that friend in human form who blighted everything here, I feel as if I could weep for her. And if I had only been guided by Morris, we might have—have detected— "Don't distress yourself, my sweet wife," said Percy, kissing the upturned face that was so clouded at that moment. "You were not to blame for anything in the matter. How could a girl of your years suspect such awful fendishments, and even if you had, what chance would your guileless nature have had in correcting the mischief? No love, the past is gone—don't waste your time in grieving over it; spend your energies in trying to bring as much sunshine as we can into the lives of your aunt's children. Of your uncle we won't speak, dear."

"Oh, Percy. If he had never seen her it would all have been so different. "We won't speak about him, dearest," Muriel murmured, "I may have a peach," she added, also, "when Percy reaches Gwen and Nora one, too." Percy kissed his wife, and then ran and caught Alice by the hand to take him into the garden. "Ah, Master Alice will be spoiled yet," thought Morris, who saw them. But in her heart she was glad it was so. THE END. GIVE IT ONE TRIAL. Are you "all studied up," with a cold in the head? Hawker's catarrh cure will clear it out quicker than anything else you can use. A box costs 25 cents, but will cure a whole family. It is very simple and effective remedy and those who have once tried it will use no other. Toothache is quickly cured by Dr. Manning's German remedy, and universal pain cure. All druggists sell it. Customer—"How soon can you cut my hair?" Barber—"John run, over and tell the editor if he's done editing the paper to send me my scissors. Gentleman wantin' for a haircut."

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