## POETRY.

### BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPER.

He is a bachelor pro tem.,
His wife's away;
And meanwhile you can make a mem—
Life isn't play.

He sleeps in all the beds in turn,
'Twould make his wife's face set and stern,
If she could see how things are mussed,
Since she went off in placid trust
That things would stay where they were left,
While her dear hubby was bereft.

The bureau drawers are half-pulled out,
With shirts and socks strewn all about
The floor, because he tried one day
To find a shirt she'd put away.

The parlor hasn't once been swept,
His old cigar stumps he has kept
Upon the centre table, where
There chanced to be a small place bare.

Out in the kitchen in a pile,
Are all the dishes gathered while
Her indolent, though loving spouse,
Has been a bachelor keeping house.
The pile will grow without a doubt,
As long as the supply holds out,
Then he'll brace up when need confronts
And wash the whole lot up at once.

The whole house has a musty air
Of stale tobacco; everywhere,
Newspapers litter up the floor—
And I could tell you of much more,
Which, if his dear wife knew of it,
Would make her fall down in a fit.

Oh, things have gone to wreck and rack
While she's away,
And you can bet when she comes back,
Life won't be play.

## SELECT STORY.

## SEVILLE TOWERS TRAGEDY.

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

### CHAPTER V.

CONTINUED.

June 25th.—A week has passed, a wretched week. Mrs. Seville is now always prowling round the schoolroom. Alec is more troublesome than ever, and Gwen and Nora are hourly becoming more sullen and disagreeable. I feel that a climax must come. If I could only gain the girls' confidence and make them my friends, get rid of Alec, and propitiate Mr. Seville, whom I now rarely see, I might make a step in the right direction. Ah! I have it! Mr. Seville is always at home on a Tuesday to lunch. I will invite him to afternoon tea. The two girls will be out, but I can pretend I did not know that when I sent. I must write a note that will do for all the world to see, lest her prying eyes read mischief in it. I can say Gwen and Nora want him. I wrote the note and then did not know how to send it. In fact, I had nearly given up all hope of getting it to him, when Alec, astride a stick, dashed in amongst us.

"Come here darling," I said coaxingly.

He studied my face cautiously, to see if he might trust me, decided in my favor, and approached slowly.

"Will you take this to papa?" I said.

Without giving an answer, he dashed off, note in hand. Was it to be a propitious errand?

Yes; exactly at five, Mr. Seville came.

"Where are the girls?" he asked, in a disappointed tone.

"Alas! gone out sir," I replied courteously; "but, oh, do let me give you a cup of tea and have a quiet chat for five minutes. My heart is bursting for one kind word in this large and well-filled house."

He stood in hesitation, with his hand on the door, till I said "one kind word," and then entered.

"My wife would be a better sympathizer than I," he remarked awkwardly.

"No, no," I cried, "she has a prejudice against me. I am very unhappy. Do let me have justice, dear Mr. Seville. I ask no more, and then you will find me a valuable adjunct to your house."

He did not reprove me, but stood, cap in hand, listening. I began descanting on my woes, real and imaginary, very warily at first, but I warmed as I proceeded, and made out a creditable list of charges; of Mrs. Seville's unfairness, the difficulty of teaching girls who had been accustomed to a mother's leniency, Alec's persistent hatred of me, despite all my attempts at friendship; his refusal even to accept a picture book, because I had bought it.

"But then, Mr. Seville," I ended, "everything is all of a piece. Your wife is against me—you cannot say she is not, and the household, from eldest to youngest, follow her example; and what will be the result? I shall be unfairly turned away, deprived of a good home. I—I—" and I burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"By jove! you shan't," he exclaimed, energetically stamping his foot, as if to enforce his words. "You can trust to me.',

"So you say now," I sobbed; "but when——"

"I say it for altogether. Your father's daughter has a claim on me, and if you wish to stay, Miss Curtis—though 'pon my word, I think you would be happier away—I will take care care of your interests."

"I do want to stay," I averred vehemently. "I don't want to leave Seville Towers. I love it and—and you."

It was out at last. I dropped my head and waited for his answer. Was it never coming? A minute perhaps passed, and then I felt his hand laid on mine.

"Poor, poor child! Poor tossed-about waif! Is that your unfortunate secret?" he whispered. "Then indeed, you need my sympathy. I am sorry for you, very sorry. I will see that you are more fairly treated, and that you are not sent away."

It was not so satisfactory a reply as I had anticipated, but there was much assurance of support in it. Before I had raised my head, he was gone. I heard him speaking in the passage, and the next instant Muriel came in.

"Aunt Lottie has sent me to say that for a week I am to try and teach my cousins. Will you give me a few hints, Miss Curtis, I am so ignorant? Just write down a few particulars, and then you need not come near the schoolroom."

Good gracious! What was I to say? Was ever any paid instructress of youth in such a quandary? I think I should have lost my equilibrium, had not a voice at my elbow saved me. It was Lennox Seville returned.

"What is that, Muriel? Proffering to take Miss Curtis' place, and yet bothering her for a strict and particular account of all she does? The Inquisition was no way near it. I am afraid we all help to make her life a miserable one."

"I did not mean to do that, Uncle Lennox," said Muriel, in a startled way. "I only wanted to do my duty."

"Hang lessons for a bit," he said, laughing. "Where's your aunt?" and he carried her off.

From that day it took Mrs. Seville and Muriel all their time to teach Gwen and Nora. I proffered to make some summer dresses, if Emma, the under-housemaid, might work the sewing machine, which she was clever at, and the plan answered admirably. She had the heavy part of the business, and I draped and showed my taste. It seemed as if at last I had got into my right position. It suited me, for I had plenty of time on my hands, though the result seemed as if I had worked indefatigably.

"Emma could have told how most of the credit was due to her; probably she informed her companions, for I once overheard her designate me as 'lazy.' But I do not care so long as Mr. Seville heard good accounts of my industry. I got to see more and more of him—that little hint about 'loving him' had told, as I knew it would. So, when I was in a little sitting-room, draping the model, which I had bought on which to make the dresses, and Mrs. Seville was toiling in the schoolroom, he often dropped in an hour or two before he was expected home, to see, he said, if I was getting fairer treatment. Once I got him in my toils, I knew what the end would be—it was merely a case of a moth and the candle. I had come to Seville Towers, merely with the object of winning him. I knew my attractions were invulnerable, and that, pitted against me, few women had a chance; how much less she, in as appearance went. But unvarying devotion and deep affection, cemented with the growth of years, had given her an influence over him, a hold on his attentions, which none but a person of skilful tact and—shall I say it?—unblushing want of principle, had a chance of counteracting. However, I flatter myself that I have nearly come off conqueror, and one of these fine mornings, Mrs. Seville will awake to find herself deserted, her recreant husband gone with another, and she left forlorn. A divorce will follow. I shall then be Mrs. Seville.

One afternoon he had been calling me 'darling,' and kissing me, praising my beauty, and saying what a pretty girl I really was, when I heard Mrs. Seville coming along towards me. I had only just time to raise my fingers to my lips and stop a very impassioned speech, when she entered.

"You home, Len dear!" she exclaimed with glad surprise. "What an unexpected pleasure."

She did not seem to notice that he could not meet her gaze, but stooped and kissed him fondly. I was glad to note that the devotion came from her; he merely accepted it.

"Oh, Miss Curtis," she said, to me, stiffly, "did you set this copy—Amsterdam the capital of Belgium? Gwen—"

"Never mind lessons, Lottie; let us have a cup of tea. We might have it in Miss Curtis' room."

Mrs. Seville did not choose to hear, though she closed the copybook in her hand, and passed on to another grievance.

"And, Miss Curtis, sorry as I am to have to complain, I am compelled to do so. Morris declares that you held your foot out purposely just before luncheon, and tripped Alec, merely because he had offended you. Really, I——"

"I am more than surprised that you listen to all Morris' spiteful tales, Mrs. Seville," I burst in tearfully. "I—I—"

"Yes, 'pon my word, Lottie, I must say it is absurd of you. Alec can be a little tyrant when he chooses."

Never shall I forget the sorrowful pathos in Mrs. Seville's eyes as she turned to her husband. If I had any pity that look of hers would have melted me.

"I resent Alec's troubles, Lennox, if you don't," was her proud retort. "Through Miss Curtis, he has a most painful bruise on his forehead," and with her face white and drawn, she slowly left the room.

"You would not harm my child, would you?" he said, laughing uneasily, and of course, I told him fervently I would not. But when I saw him follow his wife almost immediately after, I could have killed the wretched infant who so often brought me into hot water.

July 5th.—I did two things last evening. For some days I have been copying Muriel's writing; every spare moment has been devoted to this pursuit, and with tolerable success. Just before the Seville went in to late dinner, I sat and penned an indignant note to Mr. Rayner, telling him I had repented of my engagement, and begging to be released. I signed it with Muriel's signature, and, of course, if the writing is a little different, he will suppose it to be the result of agitated hurry. He will be sure it is from her. If it does not finally cause a rupture, it will bring about temporary unhappiness; it would not displease me if, through it they never met again. I must not forget to say that I added a P. S.—"I have decided that I dare not face poverty." So, Miss Muriel, there's an end to your sweet dream of bliss.

"The second thing I did was to hover about Alec's cot, waiting a chance that should enable me to secure a sleeping powder of such strength that would prevent his waking in this world again. But Morris haunts that child's side. Times upon times I crept and peeped in, but she was invariably there. My patience—and I have a good deal when the subject in hand is dear to my heart—was nearly exhausted, when, as luck would have it, I thought I caught sight of her back as she sat near Mrs. Seville's dressing-room fire. I could not be mistaken, because she had on a small, red check shawl, that she often wore when off duty, viz., attendance on her mistress. Now was my time. How my heart beat eagerly with anticipated success! I trod lightly but swiftly onwards; my trembling arm was stretched out for the tumbler; I grasped it; I had it in my clasp. Though I could scarcely see for excitement, I felt it; the powder was ready to go in, and just at that supreme moment a hand was laid on mine. It will ever remain a mystery to me how I checked the startled scream that rose to my lips. Of course I dropped the tumbler—but that I should have done purposely, because I had so mapped out my designs in case of frustration. While Morris bent in dismay over the fragments and the scattered fluid, I dexterously extracted from my pocket another packet of lemon kali; the other packet of three grains had gone into Alec's upset drink.

"What are you doing here?" she exclaimed, harshly, looking at me with angry suspicion. "What have you got in that glass?"

"Without a word, I let her take the lemon kali. Alec moved uneasily, as if disturbed. She patted him, and I availed myself of the opportunity to stoop and wipe up with my handkerchief the real powder, which had escaped her lynx eyes.

"Go out of this room," she said. "I'll never trust you alone with my pretty innocent."

"I will go with pleasure," I replied carelessly, as I could, for my heart throbbed almost to suffocation, while she stood looking at me with her keen eyes. "I thought Alec would like the lemon taste in his drink. I meant to do him a kindness."

"Be good enough not to interfere with my charge in future, if you please," she answered curtly.

The person whom I had mistaken for Morris was Emma, seated by Mrs. Seville's fire, with Morris' shawl on. Why had I not made sure who it was?

July 29th.—I really wonder that Mrs. Seville does not begin to see that she has a pitiless rival in me. Certainly, if Morris is suspicious her mistress is not; I could never have imagined anything more childishly trusting. Her faith in her lord and master is unbounded, and yet he is daily growing more devoue, more restless, and less satisfied to be from her side. Silly fellow! as if a girl of my attractions could ever really love him. In fact, I doubt whether I possess such a member as a heart at all, for I never can care for anyone. I sometimes wish I could—people in love look so foolishly happy. However, I must not tell Mr. Seville just yet of my imperfections—he'll find them out soon enough by-and-by, when he has taken the fatal leap which will put an end to all this wretched suspense.

July 30.—The denouncement has come—Seville has told me how madly he loves me. Ah!—well I would not listen. He will have to choose between us. He was very angry with me; but through it all I saw how completely he was in my toils.

A sister of Mrs. Seville's, a shade plainer than herself, came over this morning and took Alec back with her. She is wealthy and his godmother, but this is his first visit away. He is out of my clutches, though I don't know that, latterly, I either dared or cared to attempt another attack on him; my mind is too engrossed with other manœuvres. Muriel's woe has begun. Her eyes are always red and swollen, and she goes about looking the picture of misery. She has never uttered a word in my hearing as to the cause of her misery, but, little as she thinks it, I know why she is unhappy.

Things are fast coming to a climax, and I am glad. Three different occasions within this last week Mrs. Seville and I have each appealed against the other to Mr. Seville, and each time he has backed me. I cannot say how many times she bade me leave because I defied her. I mildly declined to go at first, and afterwards flatly refused. Tonight, she says, she is going to get her husband to send me away, for she will not keep me here. Have I thrown off the mask too soon? We shall see.

No, I came off conqueror, but not as I should have liked. He is a pitiful coward, and dared not openly thwart her, as I wished him to do. He stammered and murmured about gratitude and prejudice, etc., till she, in very shame at his weakness, gave up trying to gain her ends. But she felt her position keenly, I was pleased to see; a few more battles, and she will be entirely vanquished—moreover, she will know that she is.

There is one step that I must not let her take—the initiative. It might be fatal to my purpose did she do so. Lennox—yes, I call him that now—would have his eyes opened to his loss too soon. He thinks I am going to fill her place completely, and he won't be long in my society before he discovers his most erroneous mistake. Sooner than let her leave Seville Towers, I would go, because I feel that Lennox is so vacillating, that he will inevitably follow the one he loses.

July 31st.—A horrible idea has come to me—when or how I know not. Did Satan breathe it into my breast? They say he puts all bad thoughts within us. I shrank from the notion at first, but gradually the horror of it faded into insignificance, till by degrees it was swallowed up into possibility. For it is possible. And why, after all, should it be a greater crime to take her life than Alec's? The result in both cases is the same. I once read in the papers of a nurse-girl who killed several of her charges, merely because she possessed what they termed a murderous mania. Can it be that I—I, Edna Curtis, am like that wretch—am also actuated by this same, fiendish spirit? It is too awful to think so, and yet how I longed to put away that hateful Alec! And every feeling by which I was actuated then is intensified tenfold when I think of thus wrecking out vengeance on that woman. Somehow I can't crush her. Alive, she would always trouble me. He might tire of the siren and return to the wife—moreover, so long as she lives, I can never, never be the rightful Mrs. Seville. Bah! the idea grows on me: she must die, and he will be free—free. Stop! stay, I have it! Suppose I can so work matters round that I make his the hand that shall dole out the death portion. I——What is that noise? Someone calling me. I must put you by, my diary, and go and see.

How strange it is that I do not even tremble as I move to obey the summons, my nerves seem strung up ready for any ordeal. I am getting so hardened, that nothing frightens me. How will it all end, I wonder? I think in the way I wish.

### CHAPTER VI.

The dinner table at Seville Towers was glittering with silver and glass. A manservant and a maid waited upon Mr. Seville, his wife, and Muriel, but almost unbroken silence reigned as the meal proceeded. After the servants had left the room, however, and Muriel had soon followed them out, Mr. Seville turned on his wife and said, angrily:

"You have ignored my wishes again. I requested that Miss Curtis might, for the future, make one of our number at dinner."

"Lennox, I cannot agree to it. Her presence in the house at all is most distasteful to me. I consider her an objectionable person. If my wishes were consulted, or regarded, she should leave this roof tonight."

An oath escaped Mr. Seville's lips. He had never gone so far before. It was followed by cruel words that pierced his wife's heart and blanched the color in her poor, quivering lips. Turning to him with strange quietude, she said, wearily:

"Lennox, I cannot bear this. Things have come to a last pass. You will have to choose between us. Either Miss Curtis goes, or I must."

"Then go," he retorted fiercely. "Your behaviour to the daughter of the man who saved my life has been contemptibly mean and base."

A few minutes later Muriel, on returning to the dining-room found her aunt weeping in a most heartbroken, hopeless way. Alas! she guessed only too truly the cause. Times upon times she had seen her uncle making a great deal too much of Miss Curtis. His devotion to her was now passing all bounds, and was an open secret throughout the house. Everyone marvelled at his infatuation as much as they regretted it.

"Don't cry, Aunt Lottie," said Muriel, bending tenderly over the grief-stricken woman. "It will come right, it must. Uncle Lennox is under the evil influence of that wicked girl; but don't despair, auntie. He was always weak-minded, though you won't own it. Was that not the reason grandpa Lacy objected to your accepting him?"

Mrs. Seville dried her eyes.

"There was never a better husband in the whole world, Muriel, than was your Uncle Len before that odious creature stole his affections away. I had almost a presentment of how it would be, and yet she is so unmeasureably my inferior in every way, save that of doll-faced prettiness, that I—I——"

"Send her away, auntie; insist on her going."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A bad morning taste indicates biliousness. Hawker's liver pills are a certain cure and mild in their action.

## THE BARONY.

SEPT. 5.—The semi-annual communion service of the Presbyterian congregation, of which Rev. Mr. Ross is pastor, was held on Sabbath, Sept. 3rd., in the church at Lower Southampton, instead of at The Barony as formerly. Rev. Mr. Ross was assisted by Rev. Mr. McLean, of Harvey, who preached an eloquent and appreciative sermon to a crowded house. To the already large enrollment of members in full communion, were added the names of seven more. The increase in membership for this year is higly encouraging to the faithful pastor.

The greater number of farmers in this vicinity have finished harvesting their grain, and the noisy whirr of the thrashing machine is heard in the full to-bursting barns.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McKeen paid a short visit to friends here. They were the guests of John Anderson, ex-M. P. P.

Mrs. Reud, wife of Rev. Wm. Reud, of Tracey Station, who, with baby, has been spending the summer months in her former home here, has returned home.

Mrs. W. A. Anderson and little daughter, have also spent the summer months with relatives here. They return to their home in St. John today.

Coun. John Scott intends carrying on his lumber operations during the coming winter, and will take a part of his crew in this month.

We were greatly pleased to have the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Mr. Swim preach in the Baptist church of this place on the evening of Tuesday Sept. 4th.

"I'm going to move."

"I thought you were pleased with your present house."

"I am; but I had a little controversy with my landlord, and have decided to change."

"What was the difference of opinion about? Is there any way of compromising it?

"I fear not. You see he has an idea that I ought to pay rent."

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.

Are you badly hurt, Mrs. Getalong? inquired the anxious neighbor, sitting down by the side of the bed.

I don't know how badly I'm hurt, said the victim of the railway accident, feebly, until I've seen my lawyer.

### PARENTS MUST HAVE REST.

A President of one of our Colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now. We use Scott's Emulsion and it quickly relieves pulmonary troubles."

I'll take a little of everything, said Tadd les to the waiter, after glancing over the bill of fare at the restaurant. Yes, sir, replied the waiter, who straightway brought a plate of hash.

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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Sold by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

A Moral Lesson.—Now, see here, my son, if I ketch you stealin' apples from me again I'll give you a wallopin'. Hain't you got no sense, robbin' your own father? If you needs apples, ain't there plenty o' neighbors 'round you can hook from.

### GENTS EVENING WEAR.

The latest fashion notes state that gents vests are provided with two pockets for handkerchiefs; this is very convenient in these days when "cold in the head" is so prevalent. But better still is to care that disagreeable cold in the head by the use of Hawker's Catarrh cure. It is safe, sure and effective, and its application pleasant and agreeable. Only 25 cents, sold by all druggists.

Merchant—Do you think advertising pays?

Book Agent—No, I don't.

Merchant—Why not?

Book Agent—Why not? Because it takes all the people to your store to buy goods and I can't find anybody at home to sell a book to; that's why not.

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Haughty Lady (who has just purchased a stamp)—Must I put it on myself?

Postoffice Assistant—Not necessarily madam; it will probably accomplish more if you put it on the letter.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—All cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease relieved in 30 minutes and quickly cured, by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. H. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

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