

THE EVIL GENIUS.

A DOMESTIC STORY. BY WILHELM COLLINS.

round, and started to her feet. "Oh, here's a lady! Shall I go away?" The curtains hanging over the entrance to the library were opened for the second time. With composure and dignity the lady who had startled Sydney entered the room. "Have you been reading in the library?" Mrs. Linley asked. And Mrs. Presty answered: "No, Catherine; I have been listening."

Unfamiliar for many beauty. In stature he hardly reached the middle height, and, young as he was, either bad habit or physical weakness had so affected the upper part of his figure that he stooped. But, with these and other disadvantages, there was something in his eyes and in his smile—the outward expression perhaps of all that was modestly noble in his nature—so irresistible in its attractive influence that men, women, and children felt the charm alike. Inside of the house and outside of the house everybody was fond of Randall—even Mrs. Presty included.

happy—and it must be added too intolerant—to assert herself in the ordinary emergencies of family life. Mrs. Linley only showed of what metal she was made on the very rare occasions when the latent firmness in her nature was stirred to its innermost depths. The general experience of this sweet-tempered and delightful woman, ranging over long intervals of time, was the only experience which remained in the memories of the persons about her. In bygone days she had been a student when her unexpected readiness and firmness of decision presented an exception to a general rule—just as they were amazed now.

insisted that her governess should take it and look at herself. "Papa says you're as plump as a partridge, and mamma says you're as fresh as a rose, and Uncle Randall wags his head and tells them it's from the first. I heard it all when they thought I was playing with my doll—and I want to know, you best of nice girls, what you think of your own self?" "I think, my dear, it's time we went on with our lesson."

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL. EARLVILLE, Madison County, N.Y., was nearly destroyed by fire Saturday. Loss \$100,000. J. D. Buckner & Co.'s tobacco factory, New York, was burnt Saturday. Loss \$50,000. The first grand wine exhibition ever held in Germany has been opened at Frankfurt. The N. Y. Franchise Convention held in New York is a large party of his kind states the influence of the speeches made by many of the speakers recently.

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