THE EVIL GENIUS.

A DOMESTIC STORY. BY WILKER COLLENS.

easily arritated of late. I observe a change in you which I willingly attributed to the state of your health. "What change do

"It's quite possible I may be mistaken sydney. But I have more than once, as think, seen something in your manner which suggested that you distrust me."
"I distrust the evil life we are leading,"

she burst out, "and I see the end of it com-ing? Oh, I don't blame you. You are kind and considerate, you do your best to ...ide it, but you have lived long enough with me to

but you have lived long enough with me to regret the woman whom you have lost. You begin to feel the sacrifice you have made, and no wonder. Say the word, Herbert, and I release you."

"I will never say the word?"

She hesitated—first inclined, then atraid, so believe him. "I have grace enough left in me," she went on, "to feel the bitterest."

in me," she went on, "to feel the bitterest repentance for the wrong that I have done Mrs. Linley. When it ends, as it must end, in our parting, will you ask your wife—"

Even his patience began to fail him; he refused—firmly, not angrily—to hear more. "She is no longer my wife," he said.

Sydney's bitterness and Sydney's penitence were mingled, as opposite emotions only can be mingled in a woman's breast. "Will you ask your wife to forgive you?" she persisted, "After we have been divorced at her petition?" He pointed to the window as he said tion?" He pointed to the window as he said it. "Look at the sea. If I was drowning out vonder I might as well ask the sea to for

eive me."

He produced no effect on her. She ignored the divorce; her passionate remorse assected itself as obstinately as over. "Mrs.
Linley is a good woman," she insisted, "Mrs. Lanley is a Christian woman,

"There lost all claim on her even the claim to remember her virtues," he answer ed, sternly, "No more of it, Sydney ! , am sorry I have disappointed you; I am so y if

Her manner changed completely in a moment, "Wound me as efuelly as you please? the said, humbly; "I will try to bear H." "I wouldn't wound you for the world! Why do you possist in distressing mo? Why do you feel susplaion of me which I have not deserved?" He stopped and held out his hand, "Don't let, us quarrel, Sydney, Which Will you do keep your bad opinion of me or who man fall trially

she loved him so dearly; she was so young, and the young are so ready to hope. Still the stringled against herself, "Herbert, is if your pity for me that is speaking now?" He left her to despair, "It's uspless!" he sally, sally, Nothing will conquer your in-

esterate district. She fallowed blin. With a faint cev of entreaty she made him turn to her, and held him in a trembling embrace and rested her head on his bosom, "Forgive me be pafront with me toro mo." That was all she

He aftempted to calm her agitation by sho define fightly, "At last, Sidney, we are francis nonin!" he said. Friends? All the woman in her evented

from that insufficient word, "Are we My market she whispered. "You!" With that one word her anxious heart was

content. She smiled; she looked out at the sea with a new approciation of the view. "The air of this place will do me good now." she ald, "Are inverse red, Herbert? Let me so and bothe them and make myself fit Sho fang the boll. The chambermaid and

envered it, ready to show the other rooms. She turned round at the door.

"fat's try to make our sitting room look ther home," she snegested, "How dismal, how dreadfully like a thing that doesn't belong to us that empty table looks! Put some of your books and my keepsakes on it while Fam away, I'll bring my work with me when I come back,"

He had left his traveler's bay on a chair when he first came in. Now that he was alone, and under no restraint, he sighed as he unlocked the bage "Home?" he repeated; "we have no home, Poor wirl! poor unhapby girl! Let me help her to deserve her

He opened the base. The little fragile prese onts which she called her "keepsakes" had heen placed by hos own hands in the upper part of the bag, so that the books should not worth on them, and had been carefully pro-tected by wrappings of cotton wood. Taking them only one by one, Herbert found a delle ente china candlestick fintended to hold a wax-tuper) broken into two please, in spite of the care that had been taken to preceive H. Of not great value in itself, old associate from made the candleatick proctors to Syde ney, It had been broken at the stein and could be easily mended so as to keep the acchant consented. Conserving the watter, Herbert discovered that the fracture could be respaired at the nearest town, and that the place would be within reach when he went out for a walk. In four of mother disaster If he put If back in the her he opened a drawer in the table and fall the five frage ments carefully instance the further and, in doing this his hand fundhed something that had been already placed in the disaver. He drew it out and found that if was a bookthe same book that Mrs. Presty (surely the evil sentus of the family again) had hidden from Randal's notice and had been forgotten when she left the hotel.

Horhort instantly recognized the gliding on the cover, initiated from a design inventand by himself. He remembered the inscrip-Hon, and sof he read it agains "To dear Catherine from Herbert, on the

"To don't Catherine from Herbert, on the antiversary of our marriage."

The book dropped from his hand on the table as if it had been a new pain.

It is wife the persisted in thinking of her as his wife) must have occupied the room-might perhaps have been the person whom he had succeeded as a guest at the hotel. This she still value his present to her in remembrance of old times? Not She valued it an intile that she had evidently forgotten to hittle that she had evidently forgotten to hittle that she had evidently forgotten to mind the small articles of huggage. For haps don't little knity might have put it into one of her mather's trunks. In any case, were it was, abandoned in the drawer of a table of an hotel.

one of her mother's trunks. In any case, more it was, abandoned in the drawer of a solid stan hole;

"Th," he thought bitterly, "If I could only see as could lowneds Ontherine as the fools towards not!" His resolution had resisted making the than he could sustain. He drop may into a chair—his pride of manhood resisted from the contomptible weakness of crying—he tried to remomber that she had divorced him and taken his child from him. In faint in the hurst into tenns.

Dontoned near we deep

In that for sunset land I seek for balms

Thene'er I think of hopes gone down-of puried love and friendships flown-t all the incompleteness here— I lift mine eyes to rich fruition there.

An! Yes! when at the sunset's golden hour, Come crowding o'er my soul-the spell and Of loves and hopes of earlier years. In that great sea of light, I drown my tears

For there comehow I place my Heaven;
The meeting of dear couls—sine forgiven;
And through the portals of that setting sun
I see a grander life begue.

—Lacy Ledyard.

All About the Bony Fish Shad,
In an old country shad would come
in with a fete day. The world has not
their equal for fineness, indescribable
freshness like a water cress, and delicacy, yet with satisfying potency. One
shad is the measure of the representative family. The father's partiality is
shown where he gives most of the roc.
From birth to bones the shad's epic is
like a silver spirit; noiseless, translucent, unresisting, like the passage of
the moon through the river and sea.
Migratory, but with childhood memories
of locality, fruitful religously, and even
in the dream of young children and
large gentle families, they seem like the
spring lambs of the water, grazing the
infinite fields of sheen. What dangers
they pass through, going and returning, they pass through, going and returning, the innocents in the time of Herod never had. Provided with nothing to make battle, with tiny teeth and miniature has they course the ocean like the silver gathern of old days beset by pirates but provented by the saints. Although the royal guest at feasts and poor men's tables, they are, like all enduring nobility, peasant-born. The martyred monnacion is, their cousing the herring is their step-brother. To see them eaught is ake seeing angels fall; so peacefully, so flashingly; and in the butcher's shamble they carry upon their delicate armor the light of skies.—N.

Steeling wall in New York.

It must cause a pleasurable thrill fu the average American bosom to read that Sitting Bull and his warriors are coming money in New Fork, and the they are pleased with the town. Six ting full gets a dollar apiece for his autographs, and there is such a demane for them, that he will be obliged to hire a deputy. The Sions chief and his companions are treated with the most distinguished consideration, although by strange oversight they have not yet been formally presented with the freedom of the city. He really should be made the guest of the city, and his statue should be creeted in Central Park. We do not know why this has been neglected, but possibly the New York city authorities are of the opinion that an action on their part might be regarded as a slight by General Hancock, who, representing the United States army, is entitled to the precedence in bringing homage to the Sioux chief. Out on the plains, he ran after the United States soldiers, and now that it is safe to do so, they should run after him. Sitting Bull and his Indians have murdered, tortured and robbed many white men, women, and children, who were in no way connected with the army, still the fact that he and his tribe killed and scalped several hundred United States officers and soldiers in a body, clearly make it incumbent on the army to take the lead in the proces-

Sitting Bull is undoubtedly a success, looking at him from a military stand-point. He is also successful in accumulating the money of the pale face, but he might have made much more money if he had been better acquainted with the sentiments and feelings of the American people. No doubt he regrets that he was not better posted when he started on his triumphal march through the heart of the most civilized portion of this counter.

of this country.
It is very plain that he might have utilized his opportunities much better than he has done. There must be than he has done. There must be somewhere in his possession hundreds of scalps, not only of officers and soldiers of the United States army, but of women and children. If he had only taken these relies with him, what remunerative prices might he not have obtained for them? The New York dudes and dudines who plank down a dollar for the mere autograph of the Sioux chief, would almost fight for the privilege of paying a hundred dollars for the flaxen scalp that had been forn from some poor woman's darling. If the scalp of the mother, who underwent a worse fate than death, and was subsequently fortured to death, were added, there are doubtless wentthy New York dudes who would pay \$500 for the trophy. While a liberal reduction might be made to the purchaser of the scalps of the entire family, still the amount realized would exceed the annual pension of Mrs. General Custer, which is the princely sum of \$500. Mrs. General Custer is the widow of the gallant officer who was slaughtered by Sitting Bull, and she resides in obscurity and poverty only a block from the Eden Musee, where her husband's butcher receives his daily ovatious—Taxes Stylings.

Congressman Cox, says a printer in the Government office at Washington, prepares the worst copy of any mem-fer of the House. He writes on piece of paper form from envelopes, newspaper wrappers and other scraps, and then pine the lot together and sends them to the printer. He inter-

In Nankin and Kat-fun children fro thousands. Not lived out or transfer red—but sold for a small sum in oash in consideration of which the progeni-tor, by a tacit understanding, renoun-ces all parental rights, even the right of inquiring into the fate of his of-spring. The purchasing trader may be dig. The purchasing trader may be a middle man of a well to do children uple, or the agent of a wholesale to a middle man of a wholesale to a middle man of a wholesale to a middle handler, raising and planter, or accolle-breeder, raising and training slaves for a foreign market. For the equivalent of £3 any commission peddler will undertake to "adopt" the same number of young Mongols in the name of any employer, and at very short notice. The authorities might object to a formal and public purchase, but the meaning of the adopting transaction is well understood and connived at. It is a lesser evil, and few parents ask any questions. Rather than see their children starve they will resign them to any fate—with one excep-see their children starve they will resign them to any fate—with one exception: The orthodox Buddhists seem to have evinced occasional scruples in delivering up their youngsters to the proselytizing missionaries, whom they suspect of all sorts of damnable practices. But even such scruples can be readily outweighed by a few extra dollars.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cure for Rattlesnake-Poison.

Marlborough (N. Y.) Letter to New York Times: Charles M. Purdy is one of the leading commission merchants in New York who handle the fruit products of the Hudson Valley. Mr. Pardy's residence is near Marlborough. About eight years ago Mr. Purdy's mother, then a young woman, while rambling along the bank of the Hudson here, on what is now the Thomas T. Buckley estate, was bitten by a rattle-snake on the leg. The poison caused great pain and the limb was discolored very much, and the old settlers said that the only thing to do was to mount a fast horse and to ride to the Mariborough Mountain and coax an old Indian woman who lived there then all alone in a cave, to come and cure her. This was done and the live of Mrs. Purdy was saved through the medicine furnished by this old squaw. It is a simple remedy—a small cupful of the fuice of the plantain weed, which is to be found along every road and in nearly every door yard in the country.

Inquiries made among farmers and

country people generally elicited the information that plantain weed is used extensively for positiving to heal up running sores and to break up cases of chills and lever. Dr. A. H. Palmer of the town says that a handful of plantain leaves made into a cup of tea breaks up severe attacks of certain disorders when other species fail. Old inhabitants say plantain leaves years ago were considered a sure cure for hydrophobia. Wood-choppers on the Plattekill, Mariborough, and Shawangunk Mountains say they have long known that plan-tain juice would prevent fatal results from the bite of a rattlesnake. Toads and other animals know the medicinal properties of the plantain weed. When bitten by a snake they invariably hop to where the enadific our he found

No More Frontier. The system of building railroads into the wilderness and then allowing the wilderness to develop afterwards, has knocked the essential joy out of the life of the pioneer. At one time the hardy hewer of wood and drawer of water gave his lifetime willingly that his son might ride in the "varnished cars." Now the Pullman car takes the New Yorker to the threshold of the sea or the boundary line between the United States and the British possess-

It has driven out the long handled frying pan and the flapjack of twenty years ago, and introduced the con-densed milk and canned fruit of commerce. Along the highways where once the hopeful hundreds marched with long handled shovel and pick and pan, cooking by the way thin salt pork and flapjacks and slumgullion, now the road is lined with empty beer bottles and peach cans that have outlived their usefulness. No landscape can be pictured to the contraction with an amount a peach can be pictured to the contraction with an amount a peach can be pictured. turesque with an empty peach can in the foreground any more than a lion would look grand in a red monogram horseblanket and false teeth.

The modern camp is not the camp of the wilderness. It wears the half civilized and shabby genteel garments of a sawed-off town. You know that if you ride a day you will be where you can get the daily papers and read them under the electric light. That robs the old canons of their solemn isolation and peoples each gulch with the odor of codfish balls and civilization. Civilof codfish balls and civilization is not to blame for all this, and

yet it seems sad. Civilization could not have done this all alone. It had to call to its aid the infernal fruit can that now desolates

all alone. It had to call to its sid the infernal fruit can that now desolates the most obscure trail in the mountains. You walk over chaos where the "hydraulic" has plowed up the valley like a convulsion, or you tread the yielding path across the deserted dump, and on all sides the rusty, neglected and humfliated empty tin can stares at you with its monotonous, dude-like stare.

An old timer once said to me: "I've about decided, Bill, that the west is a matter of history. When we cooked our grub over a sage brush fire we could get fat and fight Indians, but now we fill our digesters with cold pinen and pewter of the canned peach; we go to a big tavern and tuck a big towel under our chine and est pic with a fork and heat up our caronacce with anti-christ coal, and what do we amount tof Nuthinf I used to chase Indians all day and est raw pork at night believe I descent build a fire, and with a wad of the cast of the colder in my stummick and a homestek feeling in my wenther-beaten breast.

we don't have the fun we used to. We have more ewarrys and solution and one bloomin' thing and another of that kind, but we don't get one breath of frosh sir is a year. They are bringin' in their blamed telephones now and malaric and algue and old sledge, and fur might as well skip out. There ain's no frontier any more. All we've get lef is the old fashioned t'rantier jose and rhumatis of '49."

A. . riginal Love Story.

To prevent him, so hold and undaunted.

To prevent him, so hold and undaunted.

To as emitten by lightning, he heard her called and undaunted.

"Avaunt, sir!" and of he avaunted.

But when he returned, with a wild, fiendish showing clear , that he was confronted, and threatened by main force to carry her the orted "Don't?" And the poor fellow

When he meekly approached her and down at her feet,

Fraying loud, as before he had ranted,

Fraying loud, forgive him and try to be nd said, "Can't you!"—the dear girl re-

Then softly he whispered: "How could you do so? I certainly thought I was jilted; ut come thou with me, to the parson we'll Say-wilt thou, my dear?" And she wilted.

then gally he took her to see her new home-He said; "shan't we, my dear?" So they

Western Cyclones.

Up the Platte River in Nebraska, as you may have heard, it blows. And a "blow" in Nebraska is different from what it is in Illinois. The ordinary summer breeze of Nebraska would make an Illinoisan hunt his cyclone cellar, and what a Nebraskan calls a blow is a widely different sort of arrangement. Cyclones are not common in the great treeless State this year. We were out there a few days since, and learned that they did not average more than three a week. Occasionally they have two in one day, but not often. The Platte River has two channels. When the wind is in the south it fills one, when in the north the other. We are credibly informed by an old native—one who came through with the 'forty-niners—that the Platte sometimes overflows its banks, and green people think it has been raining above, when it is simply the wind blowing up stream; and, again, it goes almost entirely dry when the wind is down stream. All the stories of fish showers are true, and they are all blown out of the Platte. People go around in the evening regularly looking to see whether the cables that hold the houses to the ground are all secure, and it is nothing for them to sleep for hours with the house wo or three feet above the ground. They have a perfect contempt in that country for evelone caves or celiars, and people who have become accustomed to the wind say they wouldn't give a snap for a breeze that couldn't blow away a hole in the ground .-- Peoria Transcript.

The Prevalence of Paeumonia.

Pneumonia is found to be most prevalent in New York among those who are accustomed to luxury The physicians complain that they never saw more carelessness exhibited in regard to the health of persons than during the past season. The innovations made in the heating of ball-rooms have rendered it almost impossible at times to properly regulate the temperature. Frequently the heat on a particularly cold night would become so unbearable inside the crowded dancing-hall that relief could only be secured by throwing open the windows. This, of course, allowed the wintry draughts to play about the necks and arms of the ladies who wore decollete costumes. In very many cases the deaths of belles of the oall-room have been directly attributed to exposure. The ladies of the present century, the physicians say, are not careful to wrap up thoroughly when they step from the heated hall to the cold coach. A ride of two blocks on a chilly night, attired in a fashionable ball-room costume, with loose wraps, such as society women wear, has often induced an attack which was soon attended with fatal consequences. The society men, too, they say, are extremely careless about their wraps. They m to dislike the sensible great coat, and as soon as the sun makes its appearance the natty serge must super-sede it. The frequent changes in the temperature during a single day make a change from heavy to light clothing particularly dangerous.

Secrets of Ventriloquism.

An excellent ventriloquist is now per-forming in our variety theaters, writes a New York correspondent of the Al-bany Journal—a woman, and therefore without the mustache behind which most performers in that line conceal the slight movement of their lips. In nothing connected with the magical show is there more radical humbug than in ventriloquism. There is no such thing possible as "throwing the voice," and all the old stories of Wyman, or anybody else, doing astonishing ventriloquial feats in the middle of a crowd are fiction. The auditor must be at a little distance or there can be deception. This young woman uses manikins, curtains, a trunk, and the other usual aids; but her unshaded mouth is absolutely still while she is talking. Her lips are slightly parted, but they do not even quiver when she is singing in a very loud, strong voice. The whole art consists in speaking without stirring the mouth, and in a diverting power of mimiery. As to the seeming distance given to the voice, that is done by decreasing the volume and at the same time indicating, by pantomine or otherwise, the direction desired. I asked her how long she had been acquiring her skill. "I always had it," she replied. "I used to be a mill-hand in Manchester, England. A ventriloquist came along, and I found that he couldn't do as much as I had, as long as I could remember, been perfectly able to do. I showed him that I could beat him at his own business, and he put me into it. There wasn't anything to learn, except to work the figures, do the patter (dialogue), and get used to an audience. I formerly earned to a week working twelve hours a day; now I get \$15, and the whole doesn't amount to that much time." Were she rid of her English provincial accent and be at a little distance or there can be

The father of the high school girl had a long discussion the other night with a politician, and, after the latter had gone, the girl remarked, quoting from Shakspeare: "He draweth out the thread of his argument." "Well," replied the mun, "I don't understand the doad languages, but if you are revine to say languages, but if you are trying to say he is a crank, I'm with you every time."—Oit Gity Derrick.

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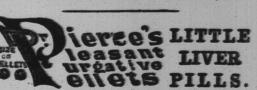
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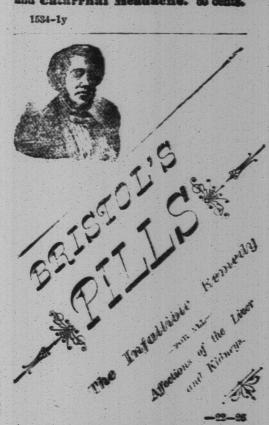


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