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NO. 13.

One square, one inch... One square, two inches... One square, one month.

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Night. The day with all its toil and care is over, and night, sweet night, hath come to us in its mellowing.

THE BUG MAN.

The proverbial straw had broken the metaphorical camel's back. The patience of Charlotte Brantome, usually equal to the exigencies of the occasion, was exhausted.

"You must not talk to strange men about mother or me. What did he want?" "He wanted to see you."

"He was beautiful." "He was dreadful," said the twins in duet.

Further questioning elicited these facts: He was young; he was old; he was short; he was tall; he wore spectacles; he wore a mustache, and was a bug man.

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The burying-ground typified to her the "slimy martyrdom of private life." And now, looking at it, her heart grew light. The new hat would cost but a trifle.

"The bug man! the bug man!" they were shouting, trotting toward her with all their might on their sandy little feet.

"We showed him your photograph," said Popsy, "and he said you didn't look like an old maid a bit."

"And he said," went on the other terrible infant without a pause, "wasn't we proud to have such a sister, he wished he had, and then he had such a lot of bugs he puts them to sleep with medicine and sticks pins through 'em, and he has a gold watch and he let us wind it up, and we told him to come again some more and see he is?"

"Then you are not..." She stopped; he smiled.

"No, I am not exactly a bug man, as these little fellows have called me, although I must plead guilty to a slight leaning in that direction. Yet just now I would pyrrhally part with the biggest bugs of my collection if in exchange I might examine your grandfather's papers."

"Will you walk in?" "I will sit out here instead if you will permit me to do so."

So Popsy and Wopsy dragged a chair and then stood motionless and wonder-eyed listening to the talk of discovery and adventure. They did not understand it very well until the conversation turned to Indian lore.

"The postmaster's wife thought that La Salle was an Indian chief," Charlotte was saying, "and she had heard of Father Marquette, but supposed him the priest down at La Paz."

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Far away in the road two moving dots appeared, which developed into the twins as they came nearer. Tears were cutting briny furrows down their not very clean cheeks.

"Mother has runned away! She said she would if we didn't stop panning, and we didn't, and she has runned!"

"Which way? Tell me quickly," thinking of the river, so tireless and so cruel.

"She runned up the railroad track." No more words were needed. Back of the garden was the branch railway from La Paz.

"Mother," she said, "it is late and the boys are calling, and you must feed the chickens."

The mother shook her head. For passion was no personer. Then Charlotte called. Alkenessless, then, as a last resort, she used a gentle force.

"How can I repay you?" asked wretched Charlotte, as the party, boys, mother and all, were walking back.

"By making over to me Pierre Brantome's manuscripts and his granddaughter. I can never write the history without her."

"Well," softly, "in the course of science perhaps."

And this is how it came to pass that the boys marched up the church aisle before the robins came again, with Charlotte and the bug man.

The organ made by the Rossvells for the cathedral built by the widow of A. T. Stewart at Garden City, L. I., is the most extensive instrument of the kind in the world.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Wind. "I love you for the love you bring, and fill me with the love of the sky."

The Nest in the Wellington Station. Wellington was a famous man, and there have been many portraits of him painted and many statues of him made.

Esquimo Courts. It would seem very strange, and perhaps not very pleasant, to any young readers to hear a fellow countryman describe a scene of a remote and wild country.

A Great Organ. The organ made by the Rossvells for the cathedral built by the widow of A. T. Stewart at Garden City, L. I., is the most extensive instrument of the kind in the world.

A Timely Reply. "How are clocks to-day?" asked a dandy as he stepped into a Superior street jewelry store and smiled on the clerk.

Washington's Argument. Speaking of two legislative bodies as against one, there is no better illustration than the story that is told by the great French publicist, Laboulaye, of Washington and Jefferson.

The Effect of Culture. Boston girl to Uncle James, a farmer: "Do you like living on a farm, Uncle James?"

Important To Scientists. "Just look at this one. It is more than a hundred years old," remarks Mrs. Yeager to Kosinsky Murphy.

Fortunes in Garbage. Money Made in Hooking Over a Capital City's Streets. An Army of Scavengers Who Work at New York's Dumping Grounds.

Forest Hymn. The forest, in its coloring, has the colors of the sky. The forest, in its coloring, has the colors of the sky.

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FORTUNES IN GARBAGE.

Money Made in Hooking Over a Capital City's Streets. An Army of Scavengers Who Work at New York's Dumping Grounds.

Huge wire baskets with hoisting gear of iron chains have been rigged at all of the fourteen dumps on the North and East Rivers, and Italians may be seen every day sooting rags in the baskets.

The Princess of Columbia. The story of the life of Eva Bryant Mackay, who recently became, by marriage with a title, Italian, the Princess of Columbia, brings to light some strange things.

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Humorous.

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