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

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

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." "Me?" Visions of tramps, of spying burglars, on y they had nothing to "burgle," as Popsy had said one day, came into her mind.

"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.

Charlotte'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."

"I met a woman the other day who thought a herbarium was a bug," remarked Mr. Dumain. Then they laughed.

But everything comes to an end. The boys began a dumb show behind the stranger's back to indicate to their sister that they were perishing of hunger, so she led the conversation lag in order to end the call.

"Come to-morrow and see the papers if you like," she said. "I will be Saturday, and I shall be at home to answer questions."

He thanked her and withdrew, jumping over the rail fence which skirted the field of rye, in order to get a nearer view of the cross, on which not one, but a dozen, golden robins were holding a vesper comelade.

"Half of 'em green," said the disgusted Wopsey. "Spect she's thinking of the bug man."

Charlotte shouldered her burdens with a brave heart. Her French accent had never filtered through Canada brought her employment in a school town near by.

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 we're he is?"

"Charlotte was speechless, but in some way she found her self rising to her feet to greet a gentleman who was tramping off his hat to her and bowing with a grace which even Grandfather Brantome would have approved.

"Miss Brantome, I believe," she whispered in silence.

"I am gathering materials for an historical work, and was directed to you for information concerning the antiquities of this region. And I might as well say now that I have references and all that sort of thing."

"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."

He was so gracefully genial that one could no more be absurdly dignified with him than with the golden robin, singing on the Indian cross.

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

So Popsy and Wopsey 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.

Indians and bears they could comprehend. Then the mother, attracted by a strange voice, drew near the door in her melancholy, waning way.

"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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nk. 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!"

"That poor mother! She had made the same threat a hundred times before, but had been parried.

"Which way? Tell me quickly," thinking of the riot, 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.

A failure. Sit there and pull those yellow flowers to pieces, that the poor unbalanced one would do nothing else. In Heaven's name what was to be done? Those who have had experience know the strength of the insane.

Blessings upon the medicine which subdued the bugs! It subdued this poor woman in a moment, and he had lifted her out of danger before the train rushed past. Then he explained.

He had been copying the inscription on the Indian's tombstone as the boys went scampering by. He gathered from their incoherent words what the matter was. The chloroform was a simply an inspiration.

"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.

Steam power is employed in inflating the bellows. There are double engines of ten horse power beneath the chancel division to supply it with compressed air, and the speed is governed as far as possible, by the rise and fall of the bellows.

The electric chime action, by which thirteen bells in the organ tower are played from the solo manual. The bells are rung with the same force and precision as though struck in usual manner, and may be rung in connection with the music that is played on the organ.

The clerk almost fainted under the duke's sickening grin, but had the presence of mind to say: "Oh! they're all on a strike."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

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

It would seem very strange, and perhaps not very pleasant, to my young readers to hear a fellow creature, the skin-bone of a renegade called a canary.

There is a certain kind of water-fowl in Arctic countries known as the dookie. It is about the size of a duck, is quite black, has a prominent white stripe on its wings, and its webbed feet are of a brilliant red.

The only other kind of candy that the Eskimo children have is the marrow from the long leg or shin bone of the slaughtered reindeer. Of this, also, they are very fond.

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.

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

The clerk almost fainted under the duke's sickening grin, but had the presence of mind to say: "Oh! they're all on a strike."

As would be said in a novel, Herbert de Quinsy (the duke) muttered a curse between his zinc-stuffed molar and disappeared athwart the glimmering gloom.

FORTUNES IN GARBAGE.

Money Made in Hurling 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 ash barrels of the city, before their contents are usually dumped into the sea, are made to yield quite a goodly profit to the scavenger.

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A Forest Hymn.

The forest, in its coloring, has a softness and a glow, and the trees are like a forest of gold, and the leaves are like a forest of gold, and the leaves are like a forest of gold.

The Princess of Colombia. The story of the life of Eva Bryant Mackay, who recently became, by marriage with a title, Italian, the Princess of Colombia, brings to light some strange things, says a Portland Oregon letter to the New York Sun.

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Humorous.

Night bugs. Key notes of a great choir. "We must be part no more," said the old-headed man to his hand.

"A man is a young lady who is single and who will be soon if she marries."

There is many a dynamite who is afraid to give his mother-in-law a shower bath.

"How deep the grave?" asked a post. "It depends largely upon the number of cats in the neighborhood."

Someone has been lecturing on "The Danger of Eating Candy." "Oh! this situation shows it to your sweetheart."

The graduate has never been known to utter a sound. This is what makes her so valuable. They come right, but we must have them.

Paper plates are coming into fashion in the East. The only way the hardy rickshaw gentry is to become the thin-ware around and break-stroke covers.

A trifling loss. "Yes," he answered, "it was more than surprised. I lost my head." "Ah," she returned, "with the magnificent look, who told you?"

"What brought you to prison, my dear friend?" said a philanthropist enquiring to a New York prisoner. "Two cigarettes," said the man. "But I mean to put up with anything to get with you." "Yes, said, they was best of 'em."

In England, where the night are reckoned to six months long, beauty does less there. "Sweetheart," "Good night" about six weeks means three years. Their stock of enemies, great and small fall, because they led a life of that time.

"Reading Everything." "He has read everything," is a remark frequently made when a scholar is mentioned in conversation. How absurd such a statement is will appear when the fact is mentioned that the Congressional record at Washington there are nearly 50,000 volumes. If they were placed side by side they would fill a shelf fifty miles long.

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Important to Scientists.

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

"That's nothing. I've got one at home that's a great deal older than that. It's more than two thousand years old!" observed Mrs. Yeager, pleasantly.

"Why is it impossible?" "Because this is only eighteen hundred and eighty-five. In fifteen or twenty years from now you may have a six or two thousand years old. A man could not have been made before the beginning of time."—Times Sept.

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

Uncle James: "Yes, I like it very much."

Boston girl: "I suppose it is nice enough in the glad summer time, but to go out in the cold and snow to gather winter apples and harvest winter wheat I imagine must be a very thing but pleasant."—New York Times.

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