Bellefonte, Pa., December 12, 1902.

THE INTERVENTION OF BIDDY.

"Hallo, Biddy-you-you-" and then Derrick Trevlyn spluttered and gasped, for another good firm snowball had hit him fairly and squarely in the mouth, and there were mysterious movements among the evergreens on the high bank surrounding the old red parsonage, and the sound of stifled laughter.

He drew in his horse, and shook his fist in the direction of his unseen assailants.

'Come down here, you young monkeys.'' The bushes rustled vigorously: the snow fell off in showers; two rosy faces peeped down upon him, then disappeared. by and by the big gate opened, and the two little girls ran out on the road-Biddy with her white Tam o' Shanter in her hand and the black locks tossed into a wild taugle over her saucy eyes; and Dossie with her golden curls flying, and her fair little face scarlet with the effort to outrun Biddy. But it was hopeless.

"Her legs are so long," Dossie gasped, eyeing those useful members of her sister's with some envy.

They patted and kissed the big bay horse, and looked up demurely at the traces of snow still clinging to Trevlyn's cap and

"We hope the balls were not too hard," said Biddy, with an attempt at a show of concern, though her eyes were dancing. "We were afraid that you had forgotten

"That's so likely, eh?" said Trevlyn, smiling affectionately down upon them. "Though, upon my soul, Biddy, my dear, you need not have reminded me of your exstence in quite so emphatic a manner.

Biddy laughed, and Dossie bugged his foot, stirrup and all, against her little bosom.
"We thought that you were really going

past," she said, looking up at him with her sweet blue eyes. "But we didn't mean to throw very hard."
"We!" said Biddy, with a disdainful

"We!" said Biddy, with a disdainful toss of her head. "You don't suppose, child, that your balls went near him? "It is nothing to boast of, tomboy, said Trevlyn, with assumed severity, "that your unerring aim nearly blinded your old friend."

Biddy looked up quickly, but the twinkle in his eyes reassured her. She made a dash at the bridle, and tried to lead the horse towards the gate.

The smile died out of the man's face.

"Not today, Biddy dear. I am due at Berfield at half past four." Four astonished young eyes were lifted to his; they overwhelmed him with ejacula-

tions of surprise. "I can't put off my engage ment, Biddy." "You could have come to the Vicarage this morning, then," said Biddy, severely.

"Bathy will be awfully vexed." "nou didn't come yesterday, Derrick?"
"No, Dossie, I didn't." "Did you forget that Barby was coming

"It was yesterday, wasn't it, Biddy?" He bent down and patted Major's glossy neck to avert his face from those sharp

"Derrick," said Biddy, severely, "you haven't quarrelled with Barby?" 'No, dear."

"But you don't care about seeing her?" "I saw her at the station." "Not to speak to," persisted Biddy, sternly, "for I was there, and I didn't see

you."
"No."

from school you used to meet her. She loves you quite as much as she does us."
"Oh, quite," corroborated Dossie. A queer smile flitted over his brown face.

He turned his face away, and looked over the snow covered fields with the ache in his heart intensified by the children's words. He loved Barby so truly—he had dared to hope once that she loved him-but he had hesitated to speak lest he should be taking advantage of the merely friendly affection with which she had regarded him all her life. And then, Mrs. Mansfield had appeared upon the scene and carried her beautiful piece away with her to New York. And Barby had gone willingly enough; and accounts reached them of gay doings-of the admiration Barby's loveliness had excited-of would-be lovers in plenty-of one especially with whom her name was often linked, and Mrs. Mansfield filled pages with the praises of this Mr. Smith, or rather of Mr. Smith's position in the world.

Dossie caught hold of his hand to bring his attention back to herself 'Did you see her frock ?'' she asked sol-

mnly. "Worth made it—that man who makes ladies' dresses, you know. He has made her lots of things, and Aunt Margaret says that he will make Barby's wedding "I didn't like it," put in Biddy, in her

usual downright way. 'She wore one of her old frocks at dinner, and she looked more like our Barby. Father thought so, too. Derrick, Barby doesn't laugh as she used to do; I wish she had never gone

Derrick silently and passionately echoed the wish.

"When she is married she will live so far away," said Dossie, plaintively. "And he is only a common *mister*. I thought she would have married a lord or a duke." Derrick laughed oddly.

"Mr. Smith is richer than any lord that I ever heard of, Doss." 'But a brewer," said Biddy, with a curl

of her lip. "Aunt Margaret calls him charming, but her charming people are all beasts."

And if he came Deflots's chance would be all gone. Perhaps, indeed, Barby was really engaged to Mr. Smith. But the real facts of the case were that, though Lady Mansfield did not know of it, Mr. Smith

"They are," said Biddy, with her chin in the air, aud a flash of her black eyes. "Mr. Smith is a vulgar little wretch; Barbara can't like him; it is all Aunt Mar garet's doing. You ask Nancy about Mr. Smith, she can't bear him. Her brother is a gardener at his place, and he tells her things. They all loathe Mr. Smith, and he bullies his mother, and bullies everybody, and if Barby marries him he'll bully her,

She clenched her fist, and shook it threat "Biddy." said the man quietly, though he himself could have substantiated the

child's words, "you should not listen to servants' gossip." Biddy exchanged her tragical air for one

of curiosity.

"Why, Nancy's gossip isu't as bad
Aunt Margaret's gossip."

Derrick shrugged his shoulders.

"Is it all settled then?" His hand went mechanically up and down Major's neck. "Barby is engaged to Mr. Smith?"

Dossie nodded. "You don't know, Dossie; have you noticed, Derrick, how positive she is?" Biddy brought her eves quickly from Derrick's sie eyed it persistently as though fascinatface, her cheeks were scarlet. Derrick turned hastily away from her; the sudden

says that she will marry him, but she hasn't got a ring ou.'

Derrick straightened himself with a jerk. "I must hurry off, or it will be night before we get into Berfield. I am a thought-less brute to keep you here in the snow. Run in, dears; it is beginning to come down again.'

He went off with a cheery smile and a side. gay wave of his hand, but the shadow on his face was reflected on Biddy's. The children stood for a minute watching the horse picking his way daintily through the snow. Then they turned away, and went up the 'Biddy.''

"Well," said Biddy, shortly. "Did you ever hope that Derrick would

marry Barby?''
"Dozens of times.''
"I suppose,'' said Dossie, gravely, "that she must love Mr. Smith better than Derrick, but I couldn't.'' 'There isn't any love in the match," said Biddy, grumpily, winking something bright out of her eyes that she would not have permitted Dossie to see for the world.

'It's lots of big houses and diamonds and things that Aunt Margaret thinks about, and she's made Barby think the same."
"Derrick isn't poor, Biddy."

"I never said he was; you always jump to the end of things. But he isn't as rich as the Smith man, and I'm glad of it." "Oh, Biddy, does Derrick love Barby, and is that why he is vexed and didn't come to see her?'

Biddy nodded. "I'm not going to let Barby make a fool of herself, I can tell you." "You can't do anything, Biddy, if Barby

ikes Mr. Smith best." "Pooh!" said Biddy, and not another word would she say.

When the children entered the drawingroom, Barby looked up quickly from her seat at the tea table. Her questioning gaze went beyond them with a look of expect-ancy that vanished instantly, and a little

shade crept over her face.
"How late you are children. Did you go further than the garden? I thought I heard you speaking to someone at the gate." "It was Derrick," said Dossie.

"We wanted him to come in and see you," continued Biddy, with her sharp black eyes fixed on Barby's beautiful grave face to see the effect of her words. "But he said he was going to Berfield."

Barbara went on with her tea making silently, but the hot vexed color surged into her cheeks, and the hand that held the little fat cream jug trembled. Never be-fore in her whole life had her old friend failed to greet her after the shortabsence, and she had been in the house twenty-four hours now, and he had passed the very gate without caring to come in. She rose to carry the Vicar's cup of tea into the study, and as she passed Biddy the girl heard her sigh. In the old days Barby never sighed, and the astute young woman put this sigh down to the account of Mr. Smith and Aunt Margaret, and shook her head gravely over her

sister's affairs. "A nice Christmas we're going to have,"

she grumbled to Dossie. "Unless"
"What?" said Dossie, eagerly.
"Nothing," said Biddy, laconically.
According to Biddy, and she was an accurate chronicler, for the next two or three days Barby and Derrick behaved after the manner of the old man and woman in Dossie's weather glass in the school room, for when one appears the other was invisible. And when at last they did meet, though Derrick said in his usual voice, "Well, Derrick said in his usual voice, Barby, glad to see you back again," and Barby just as easily said, "Thank you, Der-"And always when Barby came home rick, I am very pleased to be at home again," the old affectionate familiar ways had departed, and to see them together was as efficacious as a cold douche.

"She doesn't care for Derrick now," Dossie mourned. "She does," said her wise elder.
"But Mr. Smith!"

"Bother Mr. Smith," said Biddy, fierce-

''And Aunt Margaret?''
Biddy did not say ''bother Aunt Margaret!'' but she looked as though she was

quite equal to it. The day before Christmas eve, Biddy, rushing into the breakfast parlor, found Barby sitting at her little writing tablethe writing table that had been Derrick's birthday present to her on the day that she was fifteen. Barby's face was hidden on her outstretched arms, and she never heard Biddy until she felt her hand on her shoul-

'Barby darling !" Barby raised her head and laughed.

"Is that you, Biddy? I believe I was half asleep.''
Biddy looked at her steadily. Her beautiful brilliant eyes were feverishly bright; there was no look of drowsiness about them. "Barbara darling, are you miserable about something?" said the little girl, wist-

fully.

"Miserable?" Nonsense! I am tired,
Biddy, that is all. Nancy and I have been
preparing for the school children's tea to-

"That never used to tire you, Barby." "No?" said Barby, smiling oddly.

She took up her pen and wrote one word on a sheet of notepaper. Biddy could read the big, hold writing easily. The word was "Come." And the envelope into which it drew Biddy's face down to hers. was hurriedly slipped was inscribed with the name of Smith Biddy's eyes nearly started out of her

head. She was writing to the Smith man to come here! That meant for Christmas. And if he came Derrick's chance would be had proposed to Barbara before she left London, and the girl had put him off. His last words to her had been, "If your answer is yes"—and the self satisfied smile on his little plebeian countenance told her that he had little doubt of her answer-"send me the one word 'Come!' I will understand, and be with you immediately.

Barby rose up hastily, and was leaving the room with the letter in her hand, when Biddy stopped her.

"Barby, Dossie and I want you to come and have tea at Denmen's this afternoon.

You'll come, won't you?"
Barby hesitated for a moment as though the would refuse, but the pleading in Biddy's face made.her acquies

"Very well, dear. If father does not want me this afternoon I will go." The letter was staring them in the face in the most ostentatious manner from amongst all the other letters on the hall table as they passed through after luncheon on their way out. Barby averted her eyes from it, and quickened her steps almost unconsciously. Long before their return the traveling postman would have carried it away out of her sight. But Biddy and Dos-

Half way down the drive Biddy discov-

sympathy and understanding in those black | ered that one of the parcels of cakes put up eyes of hers unnerved him. "We don't for their tea at Denmen's had been left be-know anything sure, Derrick. Everybody hind, and started back for it. When she overtook the other two again her cheeks were scarlet, and her eyes had a witch-like snap in them. And she was in the maddest spirits all the way down the steep road into the valley and up again to the high land beyond, where Denmen's farm showed a gaunt, gray gable and two of the tallest chimneys ever seen on that country-

Hannah Denmen had gone to see a relation that afternoon, but the girls were quite at home in the big flagged kitchen that had been the scene of many a revel. The red-armed farm maid stood looking on with a grin of amusement at the energetic movements of the little ladies from the Vicarage, but beautiful tall Barbara filled her with awe. She swung on the big black kettle and disappeared into the dairy. Dossie un-packed the basket and Biddy brought out waters, brought from the mountains miles with a highly colored picture of the finding of Moses on each one.

aucers, and there are only three of us." Dossie was much diverted with Biddy's mistake.

"Have I?" mumbled Biddy, with her head in the cupboard. "Never mind." on the big kettle and the little black teapot water boiled.

The kettle was long in boiling; the babel of questioning voices had ceased in the dairy; the children had evidently been drawn off in another direction. Barby was thinking of going in search of them, when a quick step coming down the stone pas-

his. And before he could get another word out Biddy appeared on the scene with a warning look in her eyes, and upon her lips a bland smile that would not have disgraced a veteran chaperon.

"Oh, Derrick! how jolly! You are just in time, isn't he, Barby? How did you know that we were here?"

But this was a dangerous question, so she veered off in another direction. And Dossie took one of Derrick's arms in a close embrace. "We have tea cakes, but we forgot to toast them ; do you mind? Martin was cutting the holly, and we were watch ing him."

But Derrick persisted that he did mind. and would, moreover, toast the cakes him self. And when Biddy had rescued the overflowing teapot from Barby's hand, the two elders had recovered their self possession, and were able to talk and smile as usual.

"Isn't it lovely?" said Biddy, wistfully. when tea was over. "Perhaps we'll never be all here together again." She turned a quick look from the man's

face to Barby's, but Barby's was turned "Of course, we will," said Derrick, smiling; but the cheerfulness in his voice had

an unnatural ring. Biddy shook her head rather dolefully. She dragged Dossie away to give some final directions about the holly, and left her sister and Derrick together; but when they returned they were standing decorously in the window discussing golf with quite professional gravity. She shrugged her shoul-ders when Barby took Dossie's hand and went off down the road, and Derrick would wait behind for her. But presently her crossness and disappointment were put to flight by a little cry of pain that was echoed by a shrill scream from Dossie. Barby, in hurrying down the steep, slippery path, had fallen and sprained her ankle. Derrick lifted her in his arms and carried her back

to the farmhouse The sight of the beautiful pale face so close to his forced from him despairing words that he would have recalled, but it was too late.

Biddy pulled Dossie back; they had no right to listen, but fragments of broken sentences floated back to them in the crisp

'Barby, what have you done?" did not speak." "I thought you did not care.

It is too late. Oh, say no more! It is too late." And after that, silence; and the man's face set in hard lines.

Biddy's hand went to her pocket, and she gave vent to an indescribable sound that in Dossie's ears bore a strong resem blance to a chuckle, and the tears dried in her blue eyes as she looked reproachfully at

When Barby was lying on the settee in the farm kitchen and Derrick was seeing after the trap to take her home, Biddy knelt down and put her cheek against hers. and Barby's burning cheek was wet. 'Darling, is it so bad ?"

And then Biddy slipped something into Barby's hand. "It is the letter-to Mr. Smith, you

know," she said, jerkily, and drawing her breath quickly. "I—Ithought perhaps if you waited you wouldn't want to send it; and-and we didn't want him for Christ-

"No," she whispered. And the letter that did eventually reach Mr. Smith contained a refusal. And the little girls were jubilant, especially Biddy, who went nearly frantic with delight when a broad band of saphires, that Derrick con-fessed to have had in his possession for a long time, appeared on Barby's finger.—In McCall's Magazine for December.

The Biggest Liar.

A clergyman passing through a village street saw a number of small boys surrounding a dog. Thinking some cruel deed was in progress, the clergyman hastened towards the boys and asked what they were doing. One of the boys replied that they were telling lies, and the boy who told the biggest lie would get the dog. The clergyman was shocked at such depravity, and began to lecture them on the sin of lying, and concluded his remarks by say "Why, when I was a little boy I ing: never told lies." The boys were silent for a second, when one of them said, sadly 'Hand him up the dog."

Widow Gives Mail Agent Fortune.

The widow of a former Governor of New York, whose name is withheld, has bequarry of lithographers' stone in the counDared Many Perils to be Silver King. Boss" Shepherd's Quest for Wealth Reads Like

Monte Cristo Story. Quells Wild Outlaws. Few chapters in "The Count of Monte Cristo" contain a more thrilling narrative than can be found in the actual adventures and exploits of Alexander R. Shepherd, known in Washington circles as "Boss" Shepherd, who died in his faraway Mexican home a month or more ago. Friends of the tion, at Batopilas, Mexico, are now repeating the stories of his vast wealth, estimated at between \$15,000,000 and \$200,000,000, and telling of the veritable city built within the plantation's walls; the forts, hos-pital, dwelling houses for employes; a hotel for guests: the great ore mills, where the silver quartz from his mines was crush-Miss Denmen's quaint old cups and saucers away, drove the machinery of the powerful the furnaces of the smelters had burned up crushers, and, most wonderful of all, the Moses on each one.

'You've brought out four cups and lived, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of life.

It was twenty-three years ago that he established and which is now current "Boss" Shepherd went to Mexico an "exthroughout Mexico will still remain in ile." some called him, to seek a fortune in its mines. A revolution had just sub- mine king practically compelled the peo-Then she disappeared into the dairy for cream, and Dossie followed her. And Barand financial hysteria. It was a time ripe sided, leaving in its wake ruin, desolation ple to take his bank notes, each one of cream, and Dossie followed her. And Bar-by stood in front of the fire with her eyes for a strong and firm hand, such as that of much silver bullion deposited in the Bank the ex-Governor of the District of Coin her hand ready to fill it the instant the lumbia. His friends said that, despite the assertions that he had been a "Second Boss dent Diaz and the two had eaten and drank Tweed" in his connection with the improvement of the national capital, he was, when deposed from office and power, a comparatively poor man. Shepherd looked around him in Mexico for an oppor-

tunity, and he found one.

He bought ana bandoned mine at Batopsage made her start and tremble.

"Am I late, Biddy, love——" And now it was Derrick's turn to start at the sight of the tall young figure standing on the hearth with troubled blue eyes raised to began. As the "Mine King" said after success

had at last crowned his efforts:

HIS BRIEF NARRATIVE. "The engineer reported the mines exceedingly valuable. After buying the property from the Wells-Fargo Express company people I took \$150,000 for a working capital. But before work had gone far I found the engineer had deceived

me. He estimated there was \$300,000 of silver in the pillars of the mine. The pillars netted just \$80,000.
"I had then to use all kinds of makeshifts to keep the work going, to quiet the than the men, yet men are in the majority impatience of the ever increasing number of creditors, and to reassure the stockholders and still be able to turn out something. But, by dint of a tremendous amount of digging, by means of improvements, and after winning the good will of any number of suspicious Mexican officials who did not relish an American mining

their silver, we have in the last seventeen years taken out \$10,500,000 worth of metal. And there is much more down there vet." After the full tide of success had come,

Shepherd was, indeed, a monarch in the eyes of his 2000 Mexican employes, as all powerful and resplendent as a Montezuma. His plantation at Batopilas was 225 miles from Chihuahua, the nearest railroad. Lawless bands wandered throughout the plantation was fortified with heavy, thick walls, corner towers, port-holes for rifles and cannon, and within an arsenal was

There are a great man built and stocked with ammunition and arms. A small army was carefully trained as an escort for the mail stage between 000 worth of the metal was to be carried to be minted there into Mexican dollars, work at any salary. or deposited as bullion for an equivalent tack from the lawless bands which prowl through these mountains. At last one of the mule trains was attacked, the guard overpowered and the silver stolen. Shepherd, in a rage, spent money like water in apprehending the criminals. His offers of extravagant rewards at last brought about the capture of the bandits, and they were escorted by some Mexican soldiery to the Governor of the province for trial. A few days later word came to the Shepherd hacienda that the robbers had attempted to escape on the way and had all been shot dead. At one time it was said that the Bonanza King had been responsible for this summary revenge, but, at any rate, his silver trains were afterward unmolested.

COURTESY FROM ROBBERS. The high esteem with which he was held even by the robbers who had thus been signally punished was shown the time he was captured by one of their band. He was going to Chihuahna from Batopilas, when he was surprised by five highway-men. They had pounced down on him when he had happened to fall behind his guard. He threw up his hands, kept them up, and went with the brigands to a cave. There they took all the money he had on his person, feasted him with a "touching' hospitality, called him the "white-faced Silver King," and then bade him a merry

good-bye. The interior of his fortified haclenda contains a veritable city. There are houses, streets, parks, stores, factories and mills. The streets are filled with handsome trees, planted by the master's own hand. The houses where the employes live have cool, spacious piazzas and are built, all of one-story, out of the sundried adche. The office building is on a war footing, with its windows and doors heavily barricaded. The treasury building, where the refined silver is stored ready for shipment, is also a fort within a fort. Then there are the great mills where the quartz, which has been brought up from the mines below, is smashed and refined and the molten metal is run into huge bricks of 150 pounds each.

It is a considerable army that lives within the fortifications, without going or caring to go outside, except upon rare occasions. All were subject, under "Boss" Shepherd, to the strictest discipline, but such was the admiration of these easy going, noon napping people for the manly force and tireless energy of their master that they submitted without whimpering. It may seem wonderful that some desperate character never organized a mutiny to kill the owner, capture his wealth and defy all outside interference. But "Boss" Shepherd exercised too great an influence over them, and they stood in fear of him as if he was almost a super-human being

A ROYAL RESIDENCE. The house where the bonanza king and his family lived was a palace. The table was loaded with as many delicacies as if it agent on the northwestern road, a tract of was filled with wines of every brand. land near Hannibal, Mo., worth nearly a Tropical fruits abounded. A great reof the noonday. On the drawing room table were piled the latest papers. A tele-

contained furniture wrought of silver and gold. The nooks and corners were filled with rare antiques of the time of the Aztecs. Here were also the trophies of his past political life, costly gifts and souvenirs given him by his old-time friends. And in the music room one of his daughters played at times a piano brought from New York city by steamer and train and then over the rough mountain trail, where it had to be lowered and raised by derricks former Governor of the District of Columbia across canyons and over precipices. Near who visited him at his hacienda, or plantathe mine king's palace was a stable whose tion, at Batopilas, Mexico, are now repeatstalls were filled with thoroughbreds, and some distance further the cow barns, stocked with pure-blooded Guernseys and Jer

The whole community is supplied with water by a huge aqueduct, built at a cost of several millions of dollars, and bringing thither the current of a mountain stream. this water. The aqueduct was built after all the available wood within a distance of twenty miles. Even though the great Bonanza king is

dead, it is said that the paper money which of Chihuahua. It was not until "Ross" Shepherd had been closeted with Presitogether in the halls of Maximilian, that bold American triumphed, and his mine was practically recognized as an official mint, and his money as a part of the currency of the Republic.—New York

Women in Federal Service.

About one-third of all the employes in the government department at Washington are women. Their salaries range from \$660 to over \$2,500 per annum. Last year of the 3,083 applicants for government positions, 2476 passed the examination, and 444 were appointed. The most popular examination for women is that for stenogexamination to the second of the second of the second of these positions predominate; yet the average passing was larger on the the average passing was larger on the women's side. Many of the lower officials refuse to have male stenographers in their

Although the records show that the wom en applicants have much greater ability appointed. A thousand reasons are urged why men should have the preference, although hardly one woman in fifty but is either the sole support of a family, or one

of its main props.

The government employe works just as hard as her sister outside, and, once having obtained a position, she has to work to keep it. A young woman was last year made chief of one of the divisions in the postoffice department because she knew more about the work of that particular division

than any other employe. Miss Thora Stejneger, a Norwegian woman, has charge of the classification of all animals received by the Smithsonian institute, and she examines and labels them

with unerring skill. The way of obtaining government posi tions is tedious and long, but under the methods employed by the civil service com-

There are a great many elderly ladies employed in the treasury department. bomes in the thicket, while the old dog Some are in the 70's; one or two have reached the 80's. They have worked for years Batopilas and Chihuahua and to guard the in this department, and are wonderfully silver trains. Sometimes more than \$300,- expert in their duties. The salaries over lap the \$100 per month mark. It is doubtat one time by mule back to Chilhuahua ful if any man could be found to do the

In cases where exactitude to the verge in bank notes. Naturally, the presence of so much treasure in their midst invited atrequiring unending patience and the most skillful exactness of touch, are all run by women.

The Foot and Mouth Disease.

The appearance of the foot and mouth disease among cattle in the New England States has made strict quarantine regulations a prime necessity. The great interests at stake in the home and foreign markets argue in favor of promptness and efficiency of method. The contagiousness of erinary authorities, and is apt to extend its baneful influences over large territories infected herds is possible.

The malady is an eruptive fever attended with the appearance of small blisters on the tongue, in the nostrils and mouth and on those parts of the body least covered with hair, preferably around the feet and udder.

The sources of infection are the saliva and the contents of the vesicles, which find their way into the food and drink of the animals and even contaminate the road ways over which the diseased beasts may

In certain epidemics the mortality is large and in others comparatively small. The most serious features are the large number of victims, the rapidity of the spread of the disease and the long time reheep and pigs are susceptible to the con-

The first symptoms are loss of appetite. with pain and weakness of the limbs and The secretion of milk is early reduced, and there is loss of flesh and spirit.

lookout for the slightest manifestation of disease, and should promptly notify the cattle bureaus. Everything now depends upon the ability to stamp out the disease at its very beginning.-New York Herald.

Of Interest to School Boards.

Judges Stowe and Collier, of Pittsburg, one day last week handed down a decision regarding the compulsory education law of 1901 that is of interest to all School Boards. These Judges declare that the provisions of that act do not apply to boys over 13 years of age who are employed at home, and base their decision on that section of the law which reads as follows: "This act shall not apply to any child between the ages of 13 and 16 years who can read and write the English language intelligently, and is regularly engaged in any useful employment of service."

This is the first time this question has been raised in this State, and the decision of the court is of great importance, not queathed to C. A. Anderson, a mail route had been a Fifth avenue hotel. The cellar only to School Boards, but to thousands of parents and guardians, who have boys over the brush pile and saved me the trouble of land near Hannibal, Mo., worth nearly a Tropical fruits abounded. A great remillion dollars. It contains the richest frigerating plant overcame the tropic heat their homes. The decision in this case if "Remarks sustained by the higher court, will change try. Anderson is a relative of the family, and he received the gift for developing the graph ticker kept its operator in constant board in the State, in regard to the enforcetouch with the outside world. The parlor ment of the compulsory school law.

"The Old Kentucky Home."

The Weekly Record of Bardstown, Ky., gives this history of the beautiful old so

"My Old Kentucky Home:"

The song was written by Stephen Collins
Foster, a resident of Pennsylvania, while he and his sister were on a visit to Judge John Rowan, a short distance east of Bardstown. One beautiful morning, while the darkies were at work in the cornfields and the sun was shining with a mighty splendor on the waving grass—first giving it a color of light red, then changing it to a golden hue—there was seated upon a bench in front of the Rowan homestead two young people-a brother and a sister. High up in the top of a tree was a mocking bird warbling its sweet notes. Over in the hidden recesses of a small bush the thrush's mellow song could be heard. A number of small negro children were playing not far away. When Foster had finished the first verse of the song his sister took it from his hand and sang in a sweet, mellow

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay; The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the

While the birds make music all the day.

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor, All merry, all happy, all bright; By'm by hard times comes a-knockin' at the

Then my old Kentucky home, good night. On her finishing the first verse the mockng bird descended to a lower bough. The feathery songster drew his head to one side and appeared to be completely enraptured at the wonderful voice of the young singer.
When the last sweet note had died away upon the air her fond brother sang in a deep hass voice :

Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more

We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home.

For our old Kentucky home far away. The darkies had laid down their hoe and rake; the little tots had placed themselves behind the large, sheltering trees, while the old black women were peeping around the corner of the house. The faithful old house dog never took his eyes off the young singers. Everything was still, not even the stirring of the leaves seemed to break the wonderful silence. Again the brother and sister took hold of the remaining notes

and sang in sweet accents: They hunt no more for the 'possum and the

On the meadow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the On the bench by de old cabin door.

With sorrow where all was delight; The time has come when the darkies have to Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,

The head must bow and the back will have to bend Wherever the darkies may go;

A few more days and the trouble all will end In the field where the sugar canes grow. A few more days to "tote" the weary load-

No matter, it will never be light; A few more days till we totter on the road-Then my old Kentucky home, good night. As the song was finished tears flowed

down the old darkies' cheeks; the children crept from their hiding places behind the trees, their faces wreathed in smiles; the mocking bird and thrush sought their still lay basking in the sun.

December Weather.

Very Great.

The vagaries of December weather for fourteen years are thus shown by the data in the weather bureau. The warmest day was Christmas, 1889, when the thermometer registered sixty-six degrees and dandelions poked their yellow heads up in sheltered places. The whole month that year was warm, the average being forty degrees. The coldest day was December 29th, 1884, when four degrees was the record. It is not generally a cheerful month, as the average number of clear days is only nine, and on December 17th, 1890, the wind blew sixty-four miles an hour. The dry-est month was in 1896, when only fortythe disease is well recognized by all vet- one hundredth of an inch of water fell, while 4.75 inches fell in 1901. The greatest snowfall in twenty-four hours was 8.4 whenever the slightest communication with | inches on Christmas, 1890, and that month won the record for cold, averaging only twenty-nine degrees. If the goose correct in its prognostications and the corn didn't make any mistake this fall in putting on an extra overcoat of husk, and the legend about a warm St. Martin's day is correct, people may look for a cold De-cember, but the past month has been a most pleasant one.

> Culture of Charles Dickens. A Harsh Criticism of the Famous Author's There is something altogether too donnish

and academic in the lament of the University Extension Journal, that Dickens quired for quarantine. Not only cows but lacked "anything like a systematic learning," and that he "knew absolutely nothing, and cared less," about history, says the London Graphic. To say this in the face of Dickens' wonderful to imaginative literature would be to make too great a fetish of "secondary education," Soon the eruptions appear when the diagnosis of the general trouble is easily needs an immense amount of qualification before it even approximates to the truth. In times of epidemic it goes without the saying that herdsmen should be on the that he understood his limitations as well One of the secrets of Dickens' popularity is as his strength; but the lack of feeling for the picturesque in history, and even for its broader lessons, is not included in their number. "A Tale of Two Cities" is there to prove the contrary. A reader who only knew the French Revolution from that story (which some good judges consider Dickens' greatest work) might easily have a truer as well as a clearer comprehension of that earth-shaking episode than those who only knew it from the more carefully sifted statements in the text books of the specialists.

Nature His Hired Man.

It was in the far South

"How's times?" asked the tourist. "Pretty tolerable, stranger," responded the old man, who was sitting on a stump. 'I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclone leveled them and saved me the

"That was good."
"Yes; and then the lighting set fire to

"Remarkable! But what are you doing

"Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."—Chicago News.