

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.

sympathy and understanding in those black eyes of hers unnered him. "We don't know anything sure, Derrick. Everybody says that she will marry him, but she hasn't got a ring on."

ered that one of the parcels of cakes put up for their tea at Denmen's had been left behind, 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-side.

Dared Many Perils to be Silver King. "Boss" Shepherd's Quest for Wealth Reads Like Monte Cristo Story. Quells Wild Outlaws.

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.

"The Old Kentucky Home." The Weekly Record of Bardonia, Ky., gives this history of the beautiful old "My Old Kentucky Home."

December Weather. The Range of Temperature in this Climate has Been Very Great.

Culture of Charles Dickens. A Harsh Criticism of the Famous Author's Capabilities.

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.

The Biggest Lie. A clergyman passing through a village street saw a number of small boys surrounding a dog.

Widow Gives Mail Agent Fortune. The widow of a former Governor of New York, whose name is withheld, has bequeathed to C. A. Anderson, a mail route agent on the northwestern road, a tract of land near Hannibal, Mo., worth nearly a million dollars.

Nature His Hired Man. It was in the far South. "How's times?" asked the tourist.