

WINGS.

The gods but half reluctantly Grant us the gift of song; Yet, tawny throat, they give to these Pure notes and pinions strong.

THE DATE OF THE FLOOD.

Bible Facts on Which the Bishop Based His Question. Some people had fun over the reported rejection of eight candidates for the African Methodist ministry in the south by the examining bishop because they could not tell the date of the flood.

HE WON IN A CANTER.

"LUCKY" BALDWIN MADE HIS JOCKEY RIDE SQUARE.

The Horseman Used an Argument That Made the Crooked Rider's Teeth Chatter While He Got Out All the Speed in the Animal.

In the lobby of a hotel the other evening a number of men were discussing sports and sporting men when the subject of nerve and grit came up. One of the party, a well known Californian, who knew "Lucky" Baldwin in the old days, said:

"Baldwin was about the hardest man to be chiseled out of anything he set his heart on getting that I ever met up with. A whole lot of people tried to put it in him in business and other sort of deals, but none of these ever succeeded in catching 'Lucky' Baldwin sufficiently asleep to make their plans stick."

"Horsemen still talk about a funny game in which Baldwin figured on one of the Chicago race tracks a number of years ago. Baldwin had brought his magnificent string of thoroughbreds to Chicago to make an effort to annex the swell stakes that were then on tap on the tracks in the windy town, and he got them home first or in the money in many of the biggest events. Well, he had one of his finest horses entered in a valuable long distance event, and Baldwin was particularly anxious to win this race, not so much for the purse end of it as for the glory of capturing the stake. His horse just about figured to win, too, and Baldwin intended to 'go down the line' on the animal's chances, not only at the track, but at all of the big poolrooms in the country. He stood to clean up considerably more than \$100,000 on the horse if the brute got under the wire first. Baldwin's regular stable jockey was taken sick on the morning of the race, and the old man had to hustle around for another boy to ride his horse in the big event. From another horseman he bought for a big round sum the release of a high grade rider, who was to have taken the mount on a thoroughbred that didn't figure to get near the money in the stake race. Baldwin gave the jockey his instructions as to the way he wanted the horse ridden, and then, when the betting opened, his commissioners dumped Baldwin's money into the ring in such large quantities that the horse became an overwhelming favorite.

"A quarter of an hour before the horses were due to go to the post a well known bookmaker, to whom Baldwin had often exhibited kindness in less prosperous days, ran to where the old man was standing, chewing a straw, in his barn.

"'Baldwin,' said the bookie to the old man, 'there's a job to beat you, and you're going to get beat. They wanted me to go in with 'em, but you've always been on the level with me, and I wouldn't stand for it. The ring has bought up your jock, and your horse is going to be snatched.'

"'Much obliged for telling me that,' replied the old man. 'I'll just make a stab to see that the boy doesn't do any snatching, though.'

"Baldwin borrowed another gun from one of his stable hands (in those days he always carried one of his own about as long as your arm), and with his artillery he strolled over the infield and took up his stand by the fence at the turn into the stretch. He hadn't mentioned to anybody what he was going to do, and the folks who saw the old man making for the stretch turn simply thought that Baldwin wanted to watch the race from that point of view. He did, for that matter, but he happened to have another end in view.

"Well, the horses got away from the post in an even bunch, and then Baldwin's horse went out to make the running. The jockey's idea was to race the horse's head off and then pull him in the stretch, making it appear as if the animal had tired. Baldwin had instructed the jock to play a waiting game and make his bid toward the finish. The horse simply outclassed his company, however, and he didn't show any indications of leg weariness whatsoever as he rounded the backstretch on the rail a couple of lengths in front of his field. Baldwin could see, however, that the crooked jock was sawing the horse's head off in his effort to take him back to the rack. When the horses were still a hundred feet from him, Baldwin let out a yell to attract his jockey's attention, and then he flashed his two guns in the sunlight and bawled at the jock:

"'Leggo that horse's head, you monkey devil, and go on and win or I'll shoot you so full of holes that you won't hold moleskin!'

"The jock gave one look at those two guns that Baldwin was pointing straight at him. Then he gave Baldwin's horse his head, sat down to ride for all that was in him, and the horse under him cantered in ten lengths to the good on the bit. As long as 'Lucky' Baldwin was on the eastern turf after that no jockey ever tried to yank one of his horses."—Washington Post.

The Right Word. "Why do you speak of him as a finished artist?" "Because he told me he was utterly discouraged and was going to quit the profession. If that doesn't show that he's finished, I don't know what does."—Chicago Post.

A physician says one should never do any work before breakfast. Some day science will recognize the great truth that working between meals is what is killing off the race.—Minneapolis Times.

A book published in Japan 1,000 years ago notes that at that time good silk was already produced in 25 provinces of that country.

WANTED A RECEIPT.

The Old Lady Insisted Upon Following Instructions.

The old lady was not used to traveling on the Broadway cars. She had evidently spent her youth and middle age in the rural regions, but doubtless she called old Ireland home. The conductor, who differed little from the rest of his kind, came through the car calling for fares. The old woman held out her hand, in which a nickel was tightly clutched, then drew it suddenly back as if she had made some mistake.

"I want my 'resate,' she said in a rich Doolian dialect. The conductor paid no heed; but, holding out his hand, demanded, "Fare, please."

"But I want my 'resate,'" she repeated. "No receipts, lady," said the stolid conductor. "I'll have to have your fare."

"My son told me not to give up any money without getting a 'resate,'" insisted the old woman stoutly.

The kind lady with the sweet face and Paris clothes proffered the assurance that it was "all right," that nobody got receipts.

"See, I pay my fare without one," she said, giving the conductor a dime and the woman a reassuring smile.

But the woman was stubborn. "I want my 'resate,'" she reiterated. The conductor mechanically held out a nickel to the kind lady of the Paris gown, but she shook her head, nodded toward the old woman and smiled.

The conductor without a word passed on through the car, which lurched and swayed through Union square. She of the "resate" shook her head grimly, settled herself back in her seat and held on to the nickel, determined not to relinquish it without the necessary acknowledgment.—New York Mail and Express.

BEAUTIES OF A GLACIER.

Scenes That Are Likened to Visions of a Glorified City.

The fascinations of a glacier are as witching as they are dangerous. Apostolic vision of a crystal city glorified by light "that never was on land or sea" was not more beautiful than these vast ice rivers, whose onward course is chronicled, not by years and centuries, but by geologic ages, says a British Columbia correspondent of the New York Post. With white domed snow cornices wreathed fantastic arabesque and with the glassy walls of emerald grotto reflecting a million sparkling jewels, one might be in some cavernous dream world or among the tottering grandeur of an ancient city. The ice pillars and silvered pinnacles, which scientists call seracs, stand like the sculptured marble of temples crumbling to ruin. Glittering pendants hang from the rim of bluish chasm. Tints too brilliant for artists' brush gleam from the turquoise of crystal walls. Rivers that flow through valleys of ice and lakes, hemmed in by hills of ice, shine with an azure depth that is very infinity of self.

In the morning, when all thaw has been stopped by the night's cold, there is deathly silence over the glacial fields, even the mountain cataraacts fall noiselessly from the precipice to ledge in tenuous, wind blown threads. But with the rising of the sun the whole glacial world bursts to life in noisy tumult. Surface rivulets brawl over the ice with a glee that is vocal and almost human. The gurgle of rivers flowing through subterranean tunnels becomes a roar, as of a rushing, angry sea, ice grip no longer holds back rock scree loosened by the night's frost, and there is the reverberating thunder of the falling avalanche.

Made Up For Lost Time.

When President Kruger called for England some years ago, he was the object of much concern to his fellow passengers on board the liner from Cape Town, many of whom were consumed with curiosity when they noticed his absence from the dinner table for the first four days out.

On inquiry they found that the careful Transvaaler spent the dinner hour on deck, where he ate bilting and biscuits. When asked his reason, he tersely replied, "I have no money to fool away on expensive eating, like you Englishmen."

The correspondent who tells the story and who was on board at the time adds, "You should have seen the old man trying to make up for lost time when it was explained to him that his passage money included his meals on board."

A Skeleton In Every Closet.

The expression "There is a skeleton in every closet" is said to have its origin in the fact that a soldier once wrote to his mother, who complained of her unhappiness, to have some sewing done for him by some one who had no cares or troubles. At last the mother found a woman who seemed to have no troubles, but when she told her business the woman took her to a closet containing a skeleton and said: "Madam, I try to keep my troubles to myself, but every night I am compelled by my husband to kiss this skeleton, who was once his rival. Think you, then, I can be happy?"

His Diagnosis. Teacher—Suppose you had one pound of candy and gave two-thirds to your little sister and one-fourth to your little brother, what would you have yourself?

Scholar—Well, I guess I'd have the measles or something so I wouldn't feel much like eating.—Puck.

Boarding House Humor.

Landlady (threateningly)—I'll give you a piece of my mind one of these days if you're not careful.

Boarder—I guess I can stand it if it isn't any bigger than the piece of pie you gave me.—Detroit Free Press.

Royal Women and Ugly Men.

One of the fads of the bright and beautiful queen of Portugal is a "confession book," in which she persuades her friends to record their answers to certain questions which she propounds therein. One of the questions is, "Do women admire ugly men?" To this the empress of Russia answers, "Yes, I believe that some women admire ugly men—when handsome ones are out of their reach." Queen Margherita of Italy says, "From 15 to 30 a woman loves a handsome man, from 30 to 50 she admires a handsome man, and after 50 she worships a man in any shape or form." Princess Henry of Battenberg wrote: "Many ugly men are lovable undoubtedly; but, then, so are many handsome men. However, 'handsome' is as handsome does, and a good looking man with only his good looks to fall back on would have a poor chance of winning any right minded girl's affections."

In answer to another question in the book, "What quality does a woman most admire in a man?" the queen of Portugal wrote: "Purity in a man is surely as grand and ennobling as purity in a woman. The most contemptible of all things is a man with a 'rickety reputation' sneering at the woman who is not exactly 'comme il faut.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Flower Cushions.

Next to the red, white and blue, flower cushions seem to be the chief popular favorites. One striking cushion is made to represent a large crimson poppy, the heart of the flower forming the cushion and the petal being made of silk. If a little ingenuity be used, it is generally by no means difficult to make a pincushion in the form of the favorite flower of the person for whom it is intended. The daisy and the sunflower are particularly easy to imitate, the petals being stiffened with an interlining of muslin between the two thicknesses of silk in the case of the sunflower, says Home Notes.

For use in the hammock, in the garden or under the veranda, linen cushions embroidered and scented with flowers are charming. An exceedingly pretty one was made of green linen, embroidered with pink clover and stuffed with dried clover blossoms. Another filled with a mixture of vegetable down and dried rose petals was embroidered with brier roses, while a third, filled with vegetable down scented with powdered orris root, was adorned with a design of violets. In every case the flowers were conventionally treated and the designs bold and effective rather than elaborate.

Portraits, Not Likenesses.

It looks as though the doom of the fashionable portrait painter were sealed. His popularity is certainly temporarily obscured in Paris, for fashionable women have decided that it is not come il faut to have one's own counterfeited hanging in the drawing room or in any apartment where the contrast between self and portrait is called so forcibly to the attention of others. The fact is that modern portrait painters are the worst flatterers in the world, and not one of the pictures from their hands but makes its original a half dozen times handsomer than she appears to any eyes but the idealizing ones of the painter, says The Evening Star. Therefore the fair ones have decided that it is more discreet to banish the portraits to corners where the eyes of guests may not wander critically from real to imitation. The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, once one of the most beautiful women in Europe, but now well advanced in years, was the one to originate the fashion. She has many portraits, many of them by celebrities, who are much incensed at the retirement of their masterpieces from the great lady's reception rooms.

The Bad Manners of Our Girls.

American girls, admired at home and abroad for their beauty and intelligence, still rest under the reproach of possessing bad manners, and no one who is unbiased can question the justice of the general verdict on this subject. This is one of those true things said which ought not to be true. American girls, the happiest, healthiest, most independent girls in the world, should be faultless. Then why are they so remiss in this important particular?

The good fortune of the American girl doubtless leads to her want of polite manners. Accustomed to having her "own way," devoid of deference and respect for her parents or for any one else, not sensitive to the feelings of others, because she has not been trained to observe them, the American girl goes on her way rejoicing, and does not realize the careless selfishness of her attitude until she finds herself, perhaps, with very few friends and no admirers.—Ada C. Sweet in Woman's Home Companion.

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