

OLD TIME CUSTOMS.

That of Keeping Warm in Unheated Churches Was One of Them.

Nowadays, with steam radiators, registers, double doors and screens to guard the aisles from draughts, a minister is still not surprised to find his congregation smaller than usual upon a Sunday of intense cold or winter storm.

"Ye sacramental bread was frozen hard and rattled sadly in ye plates," wrote Judge Sewall in his diary after a Sunday in the church at Newbury, with the thermometer near zero.

The first to come in were two women and of course they both glanced admiringly at the big glass as they passed, but did not stop.

Yet, with all that they had to endure women sometimes voluntarily increased their misery at the demand of fashion; at least the winter brides did so.

A characteristic story of the revenge of a Puritan suitor upon a fair maid who had married his rival, relates that he being the sexton of the church and she a December bride—he purposely managed so that a bitter wind should blow upon her from a deftly unstopped chink, when she arrived the Sunday after the wedding in the customary inadequate array.

He would "bring down the saucy hussy's pride" he declared; though whether he intended to do so ludicrously through influenza and a red nose, or tragically by means of lung fever and an early death, the story does not relate.

There were often among the tougher and more rigid members of the church a few who believed all this hardship to be a good thing, and who opposed even the popular little foot stoves as a luxury; while when stoves were introduced which attempted to heat the whole church, they fought them with disgust and bitterness.

One old woman, aunt Judy Jones, made a point of sitting near the new stove for several successive Sundays, throwing off or flinging open one layer of wraps after another, and finally lying back in a state of conspicuous exhaustion, gasping faintly and fanning herself with an immense turkey feather fan.

Men More Vain Than Women.

A well-dressed man and woman seated themselves at a table in a cafe, which was literally lined with mirrors. The woman promptly devoted her attention to the menu, while the man glanced admiringly in the glass while he twisted his mustache and smoothed the hair upon his temples.

The woman caught him at it as she looked up from the menu and laughed while he blushed guiltily and tried to look unobserved.

"Oh, how vain of men," she said, half-smiling, "to look at about women being pretty. Why, they are not nearly as vain as men."

"I am afraid you are trying to cover up the vanities of your sex by attack-

ing us," he replied. "Of course a man looks in a glass occasionally to see if his face is clean or that his hair is not standing on end, but to say that men as a rule are addicted to looking in glasses out of sheer vanity is a mistake."

"I'll make a bet to prove that I am right," replied the woman. "We will count the people as they come in at that door, and keep tab on the number of men and women who take pains to look at the reflection of themselves in the full length mirror as they pass. I'll bet a box of gloves that more men stop to admire themselves than women."

The two betters kept close watch while they slowly ate their luncheon and every man and woman who came to the door was carefully noted and the result entered on the back of a menu card.

The first to come in were two women and of course they both glanced admiringly at the big glass as they passed, but did not stop. Closely following them, as their escort, was a big man who wore a long overcoat and a tall hat. He looked proudly at the sweep of his coat and taking off his hat, stopped a moment to run his fingers through his hair and give his mustache a twist.

The fourth was an elderly woman with gray hair, and she was followed by two handsome girls in the last of their teens. The old lady was too intent upon watching her footsteps to look in the glass and the girls did not seem to notice it.

The next to come in were two actors who cast loving glances at themselves as they passed. In one hour forty-eight people had passed by the glass twenty of whom were men. Of this number seventeen had stopped to admire their clothes or adjust their mustache and hair. Of the three men who did not notice the glass, one was blind and was led by a companion, while the other two had rushed in hastily to get something they had forgotten, and were evidently bent on catching a train.

Of the twenty-eight women only eighteen gave any attention to the glass, and some of them merely glanced at it as they passed, while twelve walked by as though it was a solid wall.

"Well, I give it up," said the man, "and you shall have a dozen pairs of the best gloves I can buy tomorrow. I never knew before that men were so vain, and I will never have anything more to say about the vanity of women."—New York Herald.

IMPRISONED

For Hourse In a Fruit Car With Fighting Tarantulas.

In a Pullman car on the southbound Mississippi Pacific limited last night were two passengers who attracted sympathetic attention. The woman was strikingly beautiful, while her companion might have been either 30 or 60 years old. Sharp lines disfigured his otherwise attractive features, and there was a quick, nervous movement of the head and hands that suggested palsy.

The man was James Payne, of Parkersburg, W. Va., where his family is well to do. Two months ago he started for the Pacific Coast. He had his pocket picked but decided to continue his journey without money.

He climbed into a car loaded with bananas, and soon the door was locked. He struck a match and was horrified to see a number of large tarantulas. To leap from the door of the car meant certain death. While these thoughts darted through his mind a cold, hairy substance dashed itself in his face and he fainted. How long he lay unconscious he does not know, but when he again came to life it was broad daylight, and the train was still speeding like the wind.

His apprehension was increased when he saw that they had engaged in a fearful and deadly combat among themselves. For hours he sat there facing these dreadful creatures who neither advanced nor retreated.

He again became unconscious and when next he knew what was going on about him he was on a cot in a hospital in Portland. He had been there a month and had gone through a well nigh fatal attack of brain fever. Meantime the authorities having discovered his identity from his delirious talk, had telegraphed to his people, and the young woman had hastened to his bedside.

He had not been found until the car was opened at its destination, when he was unconscious and raving like a maniac. A mark in his forehead indicated that he had in reality been bitten by a tarantula, probably when he had been sleeping. As soon as he was able to get up he was taken home by easy stages.—Chicago Tribune.

A GAY OLD DECEIVER. Langdon Won Miss Waite's Love by False Pretences.

Another chapter—the most sensational of them all—was yesterday added to the written history of the Langdon Henzey suit, says the News and Observer of the 13th. It is the answer of Miss Katie K. Waite to the charge made by Langdon that she is unlawfully withholding from him bonds to the face value \$325,000.

In it she acknowledges that she has the property, but says that it was given her by Langdon on account of his great admiration and sincere love for her, and that she does not now propose to give it up. She says he deceived her, pretending to be a widower but in reality being a married man.

Miss Waite makes formal answer to Langdon's complaint as follows:

1. That it is not true that Langdon is bona fide owner for value of one hundred of the consolidated mortgage bonds of the Langdon Henzey Coal Mining Company of the face value of \$50,000.

2. That it is true, however, that said Langdon was at one time the owner of said bonds, but that on or about the day of 1885, the said Langdon, on account of his great admiration and sincere love for the said Katie K. Waite, as alleged by him and his declared earnest desire and intention to marry her, freely, voluntarily and absolutely gave, presented and delivered to said Katie K. Waite, fully believing that said Langdon's protestation of admiration and love, and desire to make the said Katie his wife, were true, fully and unconditionally accepted the said bonds as her own.

That afterwards, to wit: "On or about the month of March, 1896, it became known to the said Katie K. Waite for the first time, through the public press, that said Langdon, who had represented himself to her and her friends as a widower, was a married man and had so continually been from the time of her engagement to marry him, was then and had been grossly deceiving her and was unable to comply with his promise to marry, that said Langdon, having thus been exposed and made known to said Katie K. Waite, rendered harmless for further mischief and well knowing that the secret, sinister, and wicked purpose which he has contemplated could not be possibly accomplished, demanded of said Katie K. Waite the return to him of the said bonds, at the same time threatening her with litigation if she should refuse to accede to his demand, that shrinking from the publicity that such litigation would cause and the exposure to the world of what had proven to be her misplaced confidence and affection, she, on or about the 2nd day of September 1896, made with said Langdon a compromise and final settlement of the matter, by making to said Langdon a present of one half of said bonds at the par value of \$25,000, which she then and there delivered to him and which said compromise and final settlement was then and there duly executed.

Miss Waite further sets forth in her answer that she is the sole owner of the bonds now in her possession and says that she is ready to produce them in court. She prays the court that she be declared the owner and that Langdon be taxed with the costs of the case.

Long Hair-d Musicians.

Nobody has yet furnished a satisfactory explanation of the relation between the long hair of musical geniuses and their popular success, but whatever it be, the youthful Bronislaw Huberman, is more troubled by his hair than any other musician who has lately been heard here. The boy wears his hair hanging down to his collar and well forward on both sides of his head. Whenever he bows in acknowledgement of the applause of an audience, the hair falls down over his cheeks, and when he raises his head it is with a little shake to get the hair out of his eyes and back from his face. These youthful musicians that come from Germany are usually dressed in the most disheartening fashion. The little pianist who came here two years ago used to appear in a dress suit to a child one quarter her age, and low in the neck with no sleeves whatever. Her scrawny little body was painful in view, and the cheapness of her gown, together with the gaudy ribbon strung about her, made rather an unpleasant impression. Bronislaw Huberman dresses rather oddly, with his full silk shirts and his knickerbockers. A little taste could very well be expended on his get up, and the result would make a more favorable impression at the outset on his auditors. The only youthful phenomenon in

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this city for several years who has been in the least an object of aesthetic pleasure was Jan Gerardi, the cellist, who was a handsome youth, dressed in a fashion very different from the fantastic rig that most of his associates wear. He was, of course, older, but his age was not responsible for the judgment of the people who saw to it that he was not allowed to look like a monkey. Young Huberman has a very attractive face, and if he were presented with some regard for his appearance, his popular success would undoubtedly be greater.—New York Sun.

Famous War Horses.

The most celebrated battle steeds of the civil war were Cincinnati, Traveler and Winchester, the favorite chargers of Grant, Lee and Sheridan. When the hero of Vicksburg visited Cincinnati a few months after the close of that brilliant campaign, he was requested to visit a dying man who was exceedingly desirous of seeing him. When they met the invalid said: "General Grant, I wish to give you a noble horse, who has no superior on the continent, as a testimony of my admiration for your character and past services to our country. There is a condition attached to the gift; that you will always treat him kindly." Grant accepted the magnificent bay of course, faithfully keeping his promise, and named him Cincinnati. He was a son of Lexington, with one exception the fastest four mile thoroughbred that ever ran on an American course. The General was offered \$10,000 for the horse, as he had a record of speed almost equal to that of his famous half brother, Kentucky. Cincinnati was a superb and spirited animal of great endurance, Grant riding him almost constantly during the wilderness campaign, and passing from end to end of our long lines. The noble horse was retired soon after the close of the war, enjoying "an old age of dignified leisure" on a Maryland estate, where his master frequently saw him, and where he died and received honorable burial in September 1874.—Outlook.

Not Raising in California.

"Do you know," said a South Water street commission man, who has just returned from a health seeking trip through the west, "that the great bulk of the people are not aware of the great magnitude of the almond raising industry in California? When I was out there not long ago I was very much surprised to find so much attention, ground and time give to the culture of the nuts. Something like 25,000 acres of land are devoted to the raising of almonds, and the industry in all its phases represents an outlay of \$10,000,000. I really did not think there was such a demand for the nuts. As it is, a large percentage of those used in this country are imported from Malaga and Valencia.

The almond is a native of Southern Asia and has been before the public from the time of the writing of the

scripture, in which it is frequently mentioned. There are two kinds of almonds, the sweet and the bitter varieties. The sweet one's kernel contains a fixed oil and emulsion; while the latter has in addition a nitrogenous substance called amygdalin, which, by combination with emulsion, produces a volatile oil and prussic acid.

The essential oil or essence of almond so much used these days in the flavoring of dishes, requires to be used with caution, as it possesses marked poisonous qualities. In some cases the oil, even when taken in small quantities, produces nettle rash.—Chicago Record.

Friendship of Youth.

Two kinds of friends stand before every young person. The one is not good, and invites to whatsoever things are unworthy. The other is pure, inspiring, uplifting and invites to whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely. It is impossible for everyone to have friendships which will be enriching and full of all beautiful inspirations. They may not always seem so attractive as those which are more worldly. Good friends do not think of life as all ease and self indulgence. It was Emerson who said: "The chief want of life is somebody who will make us do the best we can." That is the kind of a friend young people need. But too often the opportunities for taking into life such friendships are missed, rejected, while friendships are accepted which bring no good, which only entangle the life in meshes of evil and which lead to loss, harm and sorrow. There is a time when the gate of holy and worthy friendship stands open. Then there is a day when it is shut. The friendships more largely than we dream make the life and its destiny. There are many people far on in their years, bound now inextricably in the claims of evil or unworthy companionships who look back with bitter regret to the day when they turned away from friends who would have made their career one of beauty and good, choosing those not worthy.

His Second Youth.

A remarkable case exists in the village of Tucker, in Kankakee County is that John Adams. He is 85 years old, and until recently was bald, toothless and almost blind. He can now see as well as ever, has cut several teeth, and his hair has grown out again. The new hair is dark. At first glance he looks like a man of 40. The eyes are bright and clear, and emphasize the wrinkles, and his cuticle looks like parchment. Mr. Adams now has an idea that new skin will come and the wrinkles disappear. He is enjoying excellent health, and believes he has many years to live. He weighs 195 pounds, is 5 feet 9 inches tall, and his shoulders are but little stopped. He drinks no coffee, tea or alcoholic stimulants, and for 10 years he has been rising regularly at 5.30 a. m., summer and winter, and walking a distance of two miles to his son's for breakfast.

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