# An Antique Treasure

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time unchanged it stood.
—Longfellow.

The Cartons were an effectionate family. They embraced each other when they met. They kissed each other when they parted. They gave each other presents on birthdays, on anniversaries, at Christmas and Easter. When they met each of the five sisters asked each minutely and in detail as to the children of the other. They admired each man who had married a Carton girl. They rivaled each other in affectionate admiration of the offspring possessing such desirable parents. And they were quite convinced that the Cartons, separately and collectively considered, were of the elect of earth and destined to an immortality of unusual splendor.

When their only brother married Marcia Wright, the family, with its proud unity and generosity, took her into the sacred enclosure of the Carton contingent. She shared the inestimable pleasure of being one of them. She, too, received presents and caresses. She was patronized with the utmost urbanity. It was Matilda who took the lead in these demonstrations. Matilda was the oldest. She was also the wealthiest. Had the Cartons been addicated to the singing of hymns it is unlikely that they would ever have chanted in the original "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The name of the deity would unconsciously have resolved itself into that of 'Tilda at whatever sacrifice of correct musical cadence and devout laudation. It was Matilda who suggested names for the new babies, who inspected the shop windows for new styles, and beat the family dressmaker down to her terms. It was Matilda who gave her nephews and nieces tin toys and bulk candy. It was Matilda who, when she bestowed a china teapot on a bride or a graduate, stuck a bunch of violets in the spout and swathed the whole in tissue paper, tied with baby ribbon—which thus clearly indicated her artistic tendencies. It was Matilda who, when the first anniversary of Marcia's wedding came around—or was about to come around—informed the young wife she should send her a valuable commemorative present.

Marcia politely protested.

"It doesn't seem any time since you sent Joe and me that beautiful vase," she said. Her glance sought the vase in question. So did that of Mrs. Dobbs—which, by the way, was the marital cognomen of Matilda, nee Carton.

"Almost a year, my dear. We always observe anniversaries—we Cartons!"

"So sweet of you," murmured Marcia.

Young Mrs. Carton made no mention of the fact that, while both the price inscribed on the box and on the vase itself was fifteen dollars, the edges where breakages had been duly joined were, on close observation, apparent.

"Sometimes," went on Mrs. Dobbs dreamily, "one feels that to give an article of personal significance—of individual interest—far exceeds those that may be purchased for a certain occasion, or a specified sum."

"Indeed, yes!" assented the bride of the brother of Mrs. Dobbs.

She was thinking of the lot of lumber that had accumulated in the attic of her new home. She had taken out of storage the furniture of her mother, who, being passed into the big blackness, had no need for furniture, nor for anything else material. It was only that morning Joe Carton entreated his wife to get rid of it.

"I know there are people who like old trash," Joe had said. It may have been lack of mutual opinion on such matters which made these diverse natures so attractive to each other. "I like the new furniture—the kind you can smell the varnish on. Let an auction man take the truck. Sell them for whatever they will bring."

The varnish! Marcia had suppressed a groan. Varnish! The deep, reddish gleam of that old black mahogany flickered before her eyes. And the golden gloss of the hand-polished birdseye maple! And the dusky glimmer of rare butternut wood!

"I know," said she. "But I'd like to reserve the brass-clamped desk, Joe."

"Reserve nothing!" Joe had decided. He was dictatorial—like Matilda. "Tell the Wabash avenue people to take the lot!"

Marcia had early learned the Carton virtue of smiling submission. So, with many an inward pang and innumerable suppressed protests, she saw her ancestral treasures carted from her door.

It was only when Matilda had talked of the value of hereditary possessions she had faltered for a moment. Her resolution to be present at the auction sale on the following day was one not to be contested. It was with some misgiving, though, that she entered the great, dreary room. Men walked around, their hats on and cigars gripped diagonally between their teeth. Women—chiefly Jewesses—the proud proprietors of South State street stores—rubbed elbows with each other in a frenzy of bargain getting. The old auctioneer, white haired and white bearded, aristocratic of aspect as the Earl of fiction, called out the wares placed before him with a fine air of contempt for the crowd of second-hand dealers, with the idiosyncrasies of whom he was familiar. Catching the eye of the newcomer—an auction tenderfoot in fact, his glance and voice became more respectful.

Half hidden by a monstrous folding bed that boasted the bold front of a cottage piano, young Mrs. Carton watched the sale of her maternal possessions. She wished she had had sufficient will to retain them. She wished she had the firmness of which the Cartons made repeated boasts. She almost wished that in marrying the brother of the Carton girls she had not married the whole family.

"We have here," called the sonorous voice of the auctioneer, "a valuable old mahogany desk. I would beg your attention to the fact that this is old—not new mahogany, and consequently more desirable. It is in good condition. Its brass clamps are of charming design. Give me a bid. Five dollars? That is absurd. It is worth a hundred dollars if it is worth a cent. Five-fifty? You, sir! I'm astonished. Six—six only bid for this antique treasure! Seven—seventy-five—make it eight! Eight—going for eight—going—going——"

A woman waved an umbrella at him "Eight-ten!" she screamed.

At sound of the voice Marcia Carton jumped.

"Eight-ten! Going at eight-ten! Going—gone!"

The man beside the auctioneer held out his hand for the customary deposit, and pocketed the same while he wrote down the name and address of the purchaser. An hour later an express wagon bore from the rear of the auction rooms the desk at which Marcia

Carton's grandmother had written her acceptance of one marriage proposal. And the same afternoon saw the desk in question duly delivered at Marcia Carton's house. With it came a note written on the free stationery of a down-town dry goods house.

"Dearest Marcia: In remembrance of the anniversary of your marriage to our beloved brother, to whom I am sure you will never fail in wifely duty and obedience, I send you both, with my dearest love and congratulations, this ancient mahogany desk. It has no duplicate in this country. I have had an agent of one of the best firms in the city looking for something of the sort for the last three months. I know that you, with your esthetic tastes, will prize it as beauty deserves. I make no reference to the commercial value of the gift. That speaks for itself, as inquiry will prove. Your affectionate sister,

"Matilda Carton Dobbs."

With a slow headshake and a long-drawn breath Mrs. Carton laid down the note. Not one of the Wrights could have written such a note of presentation as that!

"Thank God, they couldn't!" she said. And then, "Come in!"

Matilda Dobbs, radiant in fall finery, rustled into the room.

"You have received it safely!" she cried, and clasped her fat hands. "Isn't it e-le-gant?"

"Indeed it is!" returned Marcia fervently and honestly.

Just then fate, which will have a finger in every pie poor mortals concoct, played Mrs. Matilda Carton Dobbs a scurvy trick. It reminded Marcia's young brother, who happend to be passing, that he had forgotten his football at his sister's the previous day. He went in to get it.

"Cricky!" he yelled, and capered like one possessed. "If you ain't got grandma's old desk! I learned my letters on that, Marcia. See, here's where I cut my initials. I thought you said Joe Carton was going to make you sell all her old furniture?"

Marcia looked up. She was pretty white, but

Brave as he who leaps the wall
By angry musket flashes litten!

"It was sold at the auction-rooms on Wabash avenue today, Robbie. I was there."

"All of it?" He was staring at her in bewilderment. "How have you got this then?"

"That's what I'd like to know," said Joe Carton, who had come in unobserved.

Marcia handed him the note. "It's an anniversary gift from Matilda," she explained. "I am delighted to have it."

There was a freezing silence. Matilda Dobbs arose.

"Marcia!" Her voice was sepulchral: "You should teach your—your relative better manners. In the Carton family unseemly conduct in the presence of guests has never been permitted young people." And she carried her red face and portly person loftily away.

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Carton. He was looking from the note to the desk and back again. Marcia hugged the antique treasure. She laughed till she cried.

"Gee!" said Robbie.—Chicago Tribune.

## ANCIENT SUN DIALS.

**How the Flight of the Hours Was Indicated Long Ago.**

It is probable that the earliest sun dial was simply the spear of some nomad chief stuck upright in the ground before his tent. Among those desert wanderers, keen to observe their surroundings, it would not be a difficult thing to notice the shadow shortened as the sun rose higher in the sky and that the shortened shadow always pointed in the same direction—north. The recognition would have followed very soon that this noonday shadow changed in its length from day to day. A six-foot spear would give a shadow at noonday in latitude 40 degrees of twelve feet at one time of the year and of less than two feet at another time. This instrument, so simple, so easily carried, so easily set up, may well have begun the scientific study of astronomy, for it lent itself to measurement, and science is measurement, and probably we see it expressed in permanent form in the obelisks of Egyptian solar temples, though these no doubt were retained merely as solar emblems ages after their use as actual instruments of observations had ceased. An upright stick, carefully plumbed, standing on some level surface, may, therefore, well make the first advance upon the natural horizon. A knob at the top of the stick will be found to render the shadow more easily observed.—Knowledge.

**London Leads in Commerce.**

London has a larger commerce than any other city in the world. Liverpool comes next, and Hamburg probably ranks third, although Antwerp closely approaches her.

# Family Code Books

*Secrets Flashed Over Public Wires. Some Are Elaborate.*

The rigging up of a cipher code is said to be the most simple thing in the world—by those who know nothing about it. Those the larger governments possess have taken years to put together, and some of the most competent minds have been employed in their construction, says the New York Mail and Express.

Notwithstanding the claims of many newspapers, there is not a single code book that fully meets the requirements of newspaper work. During the war with Spain many of the correspondents invented what is known as a blind code, and the representatives of a certain metropolitan daily, who claims to have the finest code in the business, yelled their heads off trying to call the censor's attention to the fact that the other fellow was using a blind code. This was because nothing could be found in "the finest code in the business" to convey the ideas of the correspondents of the sheet to their office. The chap with the home-made blind code that cost about 6 cents' worth of labor to make knew how to get his information through every time.

A blind code is rigged up in various ways, but the most popular is to wire, "Send me $250," or "How many words do you want?" which sentences, while simple enough, apparently, might mean "Sampson's fleet has begun the bombardment of Havana," the Texas has been sunk by a Spanish warship," news" of great importance when the censor is wide awake, as censors generally are.

Business and government code have been in use as long as the submarine telegraph, the original high cost of cabling being responsible for their creation. The desire for secrecy has encouraged the building of business and official codes more than has the mere question of telegraphic codes.

The latest thing in the code line is the social one. Within the last five years families in society have arranged for their private use. Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan and John W. Mackey have probably the finest codes extant. They are used exclusively for conveying messages of a family nature. One of the most successful mining operators of America, whose wife and children spend much time abroad, communicates long messages to them daily by means of his private code He keeps them informed of all the latest society gossip, and they, in turn, convey to him how, when and where they are being entertained. This particular code book contains 325 pages and is the labor of years, in which all the members of the millionaire's family took part. It contains the names of the individual members of all the prominent families in society, and additions and alterations are constantly made to the work, each side notifying the other by mail of the improvements and increases in groups and characters.


O—I—C

When a preparation has an advertised reputation that is world-wide, it means that preparation is meritorious. If you go into a store to buy an article that has achieved universal popularity like Cascarets Candy Cathartic for example, you feel it has the endorsement of the world. The judgment of the people is infallible because it is impersonal. The retailer who wants to sell you "something else" in place of the article you ask for, has an ax to grind. Don't it stand to reason? He's trying to sell something that is not what he represents it to be. Why? Because he expects to derive an extra profit out of your credulity. Are you easy? Don't you see through his little game? The man who will try and sell you a substitute for CASCARETS is a fraud. Beware of him! He is trying to steal the honestly earned benefits of a reputation which another business man has paid for, and if his conscience will allow him to go so far, he will go farther. If he cheats his customer in one way, he will in another and it is not safe to do business with him. Beware of the CASCARET substitutor. Remember CASCARETS are never sold in bulk but in metal boxes with the long tailed "C" on every box and each tablet stamped C. C. C.

**They Keep Tab on the Horses.**

Every horse in the English army is numbered, and has a little history kept for it. The number is branded on the animal's feet—the thousands on the near hind foot, and the units, ten and hundreds on the off hind foot. Thus, the horse whose number is, say, 8,354, will have an 8 on his left hind foot and 354 on the right foot.

EXTRACT OF BENNE PLANT.

**It Is Nature's Own Remedy.**

First used by the Mississippi river steamboat men in the "early forties," who drank their "Benne Tedd" from the hands of the colored "aunties." They steeped the leaves in hot water, and the verdict of these steamboat men was that it "did the business."

In 1841, James and Constance Maguire secured some of these miraculous leaves, and, upon investigation, discovered that they are identical with the Sesam. Ind. (Benne-Leaves), and as the same indicates, native of India, containing a mucilaginous substance of soothing and healing properties. Nature here furnished a remedy for diseases such as Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and kindred ailments. After experimenting, the Messrs. Maguire succeeded in chemically combining the use of the Benne-leaves with other vegetable substances, and so furnished a remedy that has saved thousands of lives.

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England is almost unrepresented in the great law offices of the kingdom. Sir Richard Webster, the new master of the rolls, being an Irishman, as is Sir Edward Carson, the solicitor general, while Sir Robert Finlay, the new attorney general, is a Scotchman.

**Best for the Bowels.**

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

**Entitled to a Rest.**

Ex-Senator James W. Bradbury of Augusta, Me., has resigned his membership on the board of trustees of Bowdoin college, after holding the position for forty years. In all that time he has missed only two or three meetings of the board. Mr. Bradbury is in his 99th year.

THE BOXERS OF CHINA

are attempting to solve a gigantic problem, but they are going about it in the wrong way and will never succeed. Some people, in this country, seem to think that they have as great a puzzle on their hands in selecting a location for a home. They will certainly go about it in the wrong way unless they inspect the beautiful farming country on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in Marinette county, Wisconsin, where the crops are of the best, work plenty, fine markets, excellent climate, pure, soft water; land sold cheap and on long time. Why rent a farm when you can buy one for less than you pay for rent? Address C. E. Rollins, Land Agent, 161 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

**Porto Rican Judges.**

In speaking of the Porto Ricans Governor Allen, who reached New York the other day on a short vacation from his island duties, remarked that one of the spectacles which impressed him had been the ceremonies of inducting into office the judges of the supreme court. These ceremonies were formal and the judges themselves wore for the occasion very elaborate robes. "I discovered," said Governor Allen, "that these judges were not practicing law. They may have been lawyers once, and probably were, but they were, in the words of the Porto Ricans, pursuing a career."

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Lord Roberts is one of the best swordsmen in the British army.

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For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle

War disorganizes, but it is to reorganize.—Emerson.

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New Scotland Yard is the largest police station in the world.

Use Magnetic Starch—it has no equal.

Statistics show that women marry later in life than they used to.

Some women deify, while others defy fashion, the former having an "i" for that sort of thing.—Detroit Journal.

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by using "Faultless Starch." All grocers sell it—large package 10c.

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PUTNAM FADELESS DYES produce the fastest and brightest colors of any known dye stuff.

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An Arkansas woman and her seven children recently traveled to Minnesota on one ticket.

**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
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A clock of the year 1580, which belonged to Henry III., is exhibited at the Paris exposition.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

All the Boston and New York electric cars are to be equipped with electric heaters.

G. A. R.

**34th National Encampment at Chicago, Aug. 27 to Sept. 1, 1900.**

Commencing Aug. 25, the Chicago Great Western Railway, the road that has always proved itself the "friend of the old soldier," will sell excursion tickets to Chicago at ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, giving a fine opportunity to see at its best the great western metropolis on the shores of Lake Michigan. President McKinley will attend this encampment. The tickets will be on sale Aug. 25 to 29, and good to return to Sept. 1 (with privilege of extension to Sept. 30 on payment of 50 cents). For further information inquire of any Great Western agent or address F. H. Lord, G. P. & T. A., 113 Adams street, Chicago.

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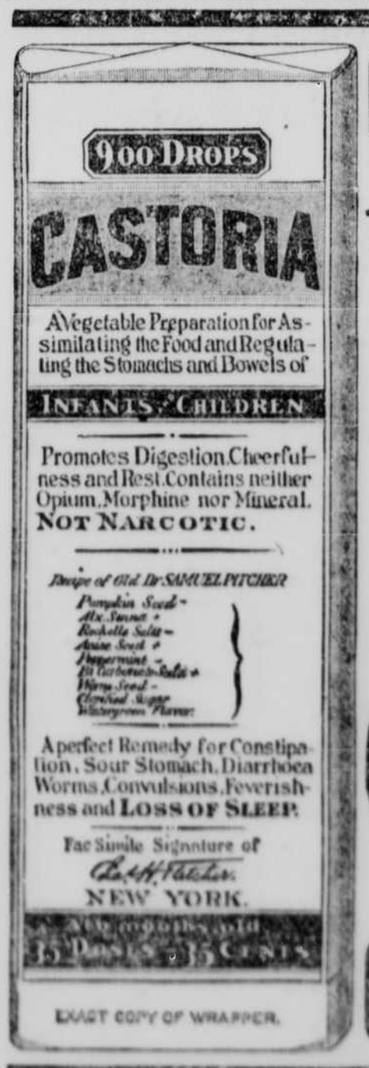


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