

THE WEB OF LIFE.

A thousand busy fingers, Day and night, Weave a wondrous web of mingled Shade and light.

KEITHLEY FULTON, M. D.

PART I. Service was nearly over in the little stone church of the village of Trent.

Jacob Trent had gradually succumbed to the heat and the drowsy voice of the minister, and was placidly dozing.

A stranger sat in the back seat. He had slipped in just as the sermon commenced, and no one had noticed his entrance.

Both boys turned and gazed at the stranger. The young man turned and smiled at the boys. He had an honest look in his clear gray eyes.

His quick eye had noted the attention Jacob Trent had drawn to himself. He had also noticed Miss Bessie's embarrassment, and rightly divined the relation in which she stood to the old man.

When the choir rose to sing the last hymn, he joined in the simple praise with his full, melodious tenor, causing many a head to turn in wonder.

The people of this little church were very social and, at the close of the benediction, one after another pressed up to grasp the young stranger's hand in hearty greeting.

"How do you do, stranger? Glad to see you here to-day. It did my old heart good to hear you sing. Are you going to stay in town long?"

"Yes, sir, I expect to remain here for some time. I am a physician by profession, and my name is Keithley Fulton."

"I am glad to know you, sir. My name is Jacob Trent, and this is my son, Alexander," touching his son's arm.

"My college chum! Do you know him?" Alec asked, eagerly.

"Then there is quite an affinity between us. I am sure we will be good friends. Excuse me—this is my sister, Elizabeth—Dr. Fulton."

"I thank you, I am afraid I cannot accept, to-day. I should be happy to call," glancing at Miss Trent, "when I have arranged my business and can get a little leisure time.

find a boarding place, and one that is not too far away from my office."

The following day but one saw Dr. Fulton arranging book-cases, medicine-shelves, etc., in the little three-room office.

They soon came to an excited little group in a quiet, shady lane. Dr. Fulton saw a white, pinched face that was bravely trying to smile, to hide the pain.

He made his way to her quickly. She looked up and smiled, saying faintly, "How good of you to come! It is nothing—only a sprain. The saddle-girth broke—the horse plunged and—I fell. I think I struck a stone, but I—hope it is nothing."

He took the bruised arm in his hand to ascertain the extent of the injury. The instant he did so, a sharp cry escaped her lips, and she would have fallen in the sudden weakness which the pain caused, had not Fulton caught her.

When they had nearly reached her home, all her strength failed her, and she swooned.

Word of the accident had been sent to Alec and he was anxiously awaiting them. He helped to carry the unconscious girl to her room, and while Mrs. Ranks, the housekeeper, and the doctor were caring for the poor, broken arm, he saddled Lightfoot and sent one of the servants for his father, who had driven six miles into the country that morning and had not yet returned.

In a couple of hours, Dr. Fulton came down to the sitting-room where Alec was restlessly pacing back and forth.

"She is doing nicely," he said, in answer to Alec's questioning look, "and in a few weeks, fully. The arm is broken badly, but she is a brave girl."

"Where is her horse?" was the sudden question.

"Alec came over to Fulton's side. 'The horse is in the stable. Where are you going to board?' he anxiously asked."

"I don't know. I have had no time to hunt for a place," the doctor answered.

"Now listen. Father and I have talked it over with Bessie, and we want you to make it your home here. Father says he can tell a man's character by his voice, and yours told him last Sunday that you were of the right sort. He's taken a fancy to you and will not be satisfied unless you come with us. What say?"

Fulton was silent. Something kept him from speaking, he did not know what. Again he seemed to hear that cry which had touched his heart but an hour or two ago.

The sun shone on. All was still. Fulton's lips parted, but he did not speak. He fancied he would be happy here, but what meant that vague feeling that seemed to creep over him like a chill, and filled him with uncertainty, dread? Alec waited patiently.

Fulton began to grow angry with himself. What nonsense to let such vague, horrid fancies enter his head!

"I am grateful to your father," he said, with a laugh, "for his opinion of me. I hope I shall always deserve his favor. And as to boarding here, I could not do better. So I will look no farther, and you may expect me to come in a day or so. And now, I will see your sister, and return to my office."

It was October. The days were the most beautiful of the year, the evenings the most delightful. Miss Trent was recovering rapidly, although her injured right arm was in its sling yet.

One day, she sat in the wide, shady porch, trying to read, but her thoughts wandered and she was gazing, not at the book which lay in her lap, but at some beautifully colored leaves that had fluttered down on the ground near.

"As the leaf falls when it is the most beautiful, so our hopes—"

She checked the sign that rose on her lips, as she spied a figure coming up the path slowly, falteringly. It was early for him to come, it was not yet lunch-time. Something must be the matter.

He came and dropped on the seat beside her.

"You are ill?" she asked, placing her hand on his forehead and looking into his face.

haggard voice, "I think it is pity. My mother was insane."

"I have never known a mother's love. I was kept from her a great deal during my childhood. I can never remember her as she was before this great misfortune came. My sister took most of the care of me on herself. She tells me that when I was very small, my mother loved me passionately, but when I grew to be a stout, rollicking lad, she hated me in the fancy that someone had taken away her baby boy, and left me in his place."

He was softly crying. Keithley was caressing the little hand he held.

"Come, let us go in. It is chilly here."

How lonely the house seemed, now that the young doctor had gone! Old Mr. Trent could not see why the days should be so long now. Alec, studying in his law office, wondered why the streets were so still.

The days rolled by, one by one, until a month, two months, had passed, and still no word from Keithley Fulton. Alec had written to him several times, but without receiving any answer.

At Christmas time, there came a letter addressed to Miss Elizabeth Trent. With trembling fingers she tore open the envelope, and read the contents:

"Dear little friends: I take the liberty to write this to you, because I want you to know that I have always loved you, always since that day when you were thrown from your horse. I did not know I loved you so much until I came home, away from you. Now, I know that I have always loved you, and it will be terrible to live apart from you."

"I think you will pity me, even if you do not love me, when I tell you that I am slowly, but steadily, growing insane. I am following in my mother's footsteps. I know it. I feel it. I am going away to India, perhaps, and I shall never come back to Trent. Try to forget me, dear Bessie, keep before people just the same, but I shall always hear the cry you uttered on the day of your accident."

It may be that God in his mercy may take away this dark shadow that hovers over me. Pray for me, dear dear Bessie, and pray hard for Keithley Fulton.

Efficiently, with an aching heart, Elizabeth knelt in the dim twilight.

Short Talk on Advertising. It is no doubt true that keeping your name continuously before the people will pay if you do it long enough, and nobody else does any better advertising than that.

I do not believe in generalities. "All kinds of staple and fancy groceries"—"A full line of dry goods and notions"—such things were said fifty years ago and some business men persist in the folly even now.

All that a general ad. ever does is to "keep your name and business before people." Now, isn't your name and business kept before people just the same, or a little better when you advertise some special thing or things? It surely is, and, besides that, you have the benefit of a direct demand for the thing advertised. That is, of course, provided that the thing is a good thing, and at a low enough price to make it strongly desirable. The way to stir up trade is to take some item that there is naturally a demand for and put a deeply cut price on it. That will bring people to the store, and they'll buy other things—at least you won't lose anything, for many of the would-be have some without the extra inducement.

The idea of dragging people with special offerings is perfectly legitimate, even when the only object is to get them into the store, for in that way they get acquainted with all the store and the stock, and if they are all right will come again.

There are plenty of times when special bargains are offered, the object being merely to sell the goods quickly, and no thought being taken of the value of the sale from the point of advertising advantage. It is well to explain why the prices are made lower than usual. Give a good, honest reason for it. The honestest you can be in your ads is the better people will like it. Not only be honest, but let the ads show and prove that you are. People like to know the why of everything nowadays.

The advertisement of the future will be one that will leave out any idea of being funny or "catchy." It will tell store news plainly, clearly, honestly. When it talks about goods it will tell something about them. If they are good, the ad will not only say so, but will say why. If they are best—the same.

The Largest Farm. In Southern Louisiana is what is probably the largest farm in the world. It is one hundred miles long and twenty-five wide, containing fifteen hundred thousand acres. Simply the fencing about the farm cost fifty thousand dollars. You will like to know how such immense farms are ploughed. They take a space, say, half a mile wide, and place on each side an engine. Between these engines is stretched a cable, and to the cable are fastened four ploughs, which are drawn back and forth by the power of steam, so that on the entire farm, immense as it is, there are few horses.

Steam Calliops. The Worcester Gazette says that the steam calliops was the invention of a Worcester man named Denny. After he had got the instrument perfected, he manufactured and sold a number of them to different steamboat companies, one of the first of them being purchased by the proprietors of an excursion boat which ran from New York city to various points up the Hudson. A number of Mississippi and Ohio river steamers were also equipped with the same device, and later the device was adopted as a feature for circus parades.

Luther on Music. "The devil does not stay long where music is performed. Music is the best salve for a distressed heart; it refreshes and quickens the soul. Music is a goodness which makes people milder, neerer, more modest and discreet. Yes, my friends, music is a beautiful, glorious gift of God; and next to theology, I give it the highest place and the highest honor."

ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO. DEALERS IN Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts. Henry Maillard's Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week. PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY. F.F. Adams & Co's Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco. Sole agents for the following brands of Cigars: Henry Clay, Londres, Normal, Indian Princess, Samson, Silver Ash. Bloomsburg Pa.

"Better work wisely than work hard." Great efforts are unnecessary in house cleaning if you use SAPOLIO

BLOOMSBURG LAND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY. CAPITAL STOCK, \$30,000. Plotted property is in the coming business centre of the town. It includes also part of the factory district, and has no equal in desirability for residence purposes. CHOICE LOTS are offered at values that will be doubled in a short time. No such opportunity can be had elsewhere to make money. Lots secured on SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Maps of the town and of plotted property furnished on application. Call upon or write to the Secretary, or J. S. Woods, Sales Agent, or any member of the Board of Directors. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: B. F. SHARPLESS, J. L. DILLON, C. W. NEAL, A. G. BRIGGS, DR. I. W. WILLITS, DR. H. W. McREYNOLDS, N. U. FUNK.

Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH THE POSITIVE CURE. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 60 cts.

THE SOUTH CENTRAL CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINING AND MILLING CO. (INCORPORATED.) CAPITAL STOCK - - - \$2,000,000. Shares \$1.00 each, Full Paid and Non-Assessable. (Issued in payment for this Company's Mines.) General Offices, 712-713 National Bank of Commerce Building, Broadway and Oliver St., ST. LOUIS, MO. TREASURY RESERVE STOCK, \$300,000. In Shares of \$1.00 Each, Full-Paid and Non-Assessable.

Controls a Rich Group of Ten Gold Mines, Located in Carson Mining District, Owyhee County, Idaho; a district which has produced OVER \$40,000,000.00. OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS: PRESIDENT—Col. W. H. Brothers, Capitalist and Real Estate Owner; and of W. H. Brothers & Co., Roofers, St. Louis. SECRETARY—Wm. T. Tiro, of Wm. Tiro & Sons, and Tiro Coal Co., St. Louis; also First Prince Arthur Mining Co., Gold Mines. ASST. SECY.—E. A. Wernse, Cashier Guarantee Loan and Mortgage Co., St. Louis. Victor Stahl, Gen. Merchant Tailor, Cleveland, Ohio; J. H. Rhoades, of Rhoades, Kenney & Spence, Hartford City, Ind. Three other Directors reside at the Mines. THE SURETY AND TRUSTEE AGENT—The Guarantee Loan and Mortgage Co., (AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$1,000,000), St. Louis. The Mines are PRODUCERS, and will be worked for Dividends. A limited number of shares of the Company's Treasury Stock will now be sold to first applicants, in the order received, at the price of 12 1/2 CENTS A SHARE. Certain to advance and yield ten to hundred fold and over, on this price. GET A SMALL JUDICIOUS INVESTMENT OFTEN BRINGS A FORTUNE. NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY. The stock will be listed, and price advanced rapidly. The Company's consolidated mines have very large ore reserves. It is desired to erect a Stamp Mill, to reduce the Company's ore to Bullion. THE OUTPUT OF THE Company's Mines will be increased to the DIVIDEND BASIS, as fully demonstrated by Reports and statements on file. Complete Reports and statements sent on application.

IS BUSINESS DULL WITH YOU? ADVERTISING IS AN ANTIDOTE FOR DULLNESS. TRY IT AND SEE YOUR STORE FILL WITH CUSTOMERS.

Get a Glass! Quick! There's lots of snap and vim in this Hires' Rootbeer. There's lots of pleasure and good health in it, too. A delicious drink, a temperance drink, a home-made drink, a drink that delights the old and young. Be sure and get the genuine Hires' Rootbeer. THE CHAS. E. HIRE COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Crown Acme, The best burning oil that can be made from petroleum. It gives a brilliant light. It will not smoke the chimneys. It will not char the wick. It has a high fire test. It will not explode. It is pre-eminently a family safety oil.

The Best Oil IN THE WORLD. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR CROWN - ACME

THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO., BLOOMSBURG STATION, BLOOMSBURG, PA. THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Butter per lb. \$ .18, Eggs per dozen .16, Lard per lb. .12 1/2, Ham per pound .12 1/2, Pork, whole, per pound .06, Beef, quarter, per pound .07 to .10, Wheat per bushel .80, Oats " " .45, Rye " " .65, Wheat flour per bbl. 4.20, Hay per ton 3.00, Potatoes per bushel .30, Turnips " " .25, Onions " " 1.00, Sweet potatoes per peck .25 to .30, Tallow per lb. .42, Shoulder " " .11, Side meat " " .10, Vinegar, per qt. .07, Dried apples per lb. .05, Dried cherries, pitted .12, Raspberries .14, Cow Hides per lb. .35, Sheep pelts .75, Shelled corn per bus. .75, Corn meal, cwt. 2.00, Bran, " 1.20, Chop " 1.35, Middlings " 1.25, Chickens per lb new .13, " " old .22, Turkeys " " .15, Geese " " .10, Ducks " " .10.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. No. 6, delivered. 2.40, " 4 and 5 " 3.50, " 6 at yard. 2.25, " 4 and 5 at yard. 3.25.

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Get a Glass! Quick! There's lots of snap and vim in this Hires' Rootbeer. There's lots of pleasure and good health in it, too. A delicious drink, a temperance drink, a home-made drink, a drink that delights the old and young. Be sure and get the genuine Hires' Rootbeer. THE CHAS. E. HIRE COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

STEEL ROOFING and SIDING. Lightning, Fire and Storm Proof. SUBSCRIBE FOR THE COLUMBIAN