#### THE WEB OF LIFE.

A thousand busy fingers.

A thousand busy fingers.

Day and night.

Weave a wondrous web of mingled Shade and light.

O, the glory of its beauty

As it swiftly is enrolled!

O, the shining of its silver threads.

The flashing of its sold!

The devices quaint and rare.

Which the flickering and the gleaning of its mysile tissue bear!

Of its mystle tissue bear! Bright as the dew
To the Hly cup given—
Soft as the blue
Of the midsummer heaven—

Slowly, slowly, slowly

The slowing gold grows dim. Weave in the darkness of a sable thread, The early splendor waxeth cold and dead; As when at vesper hour ort of human wee shall over ower the jubilee of a choral hymn.

For the child asleep on the mether's

In the marvelous web becun: When the daisies bloom on the old man's grave, The web of life is done,

Bending from heaven.
Joyous or srieving.
Annels watch over
The web in its weaving.

tried and true. How shall the garment be wrought for

That your souls may stand. Crowned and exultant at God's right No richer gem in the disdem

Feelroling a monarch's brow appears Than the priceless pearls of a mother's tears, a charm against the tempter's

weave in the gold of a mother's prayers.
Tinuel of falsehood

Glisten there never; Truth alone dureth

Truth alone dureth
Forever and ever.
Weave in the might of a woman's heart
The strength of a hero's soul—
for shall your garments be silken soft
'When you reach the distant goal,
for terrong as the Knights of long agone,
When they went forth to fight with their

), dearly loved, When the day is done, My angels reloice In a victory won!

And your robes be free from travel stain, Washed in the blood of the Lamb that -Gail Hamilton.

### KEITHLEY FULTON, M. D.

PART I.

Service was nearly over in the little stone church of the village of Trent. The preacher had passed his "thirdly," was nearing the close of his "fourthly."

Jacob Trent had gradually succumbed to the heat and the drowsy voice of the minister, and was placidly dozing, blissfully unconscious of the hornet that had flown in the open window and was buzzing around his gray old head. Bessie Trent, sitting in the choir, looked down, and, seeing her father asleep, her face grew rosy. Only that morning she had told him "she hoped he would not forget himself to-day, for he did snore real loud sometimes," and he had prom-ised to keep awake if he could. Just then, his head fell forward and an ominous sound broke the monotony of the preacher's voice. Bessie hid her face behind her fan. Alec Trent quietly picked up his father's speciacles from the floor and softly placed them in the old man's hand. The movement aroused him and all was still again.

A stranger sat in the back seat. He had slipped in just as the sermon com-menced, and no one had noticed his entrance save the small boys in the opposite seat. Jimmy Craig nudged the boy next him and whispered, "That's the young man as got off the train last night. I hearn him tellin' John Flynn that he would purfur boardin' at a private house than at the hotel, an' John tol' me afterwards that he guessed was the new doctor from Halsey. John said his name was Keithley Fulton."

Both boys turned and gazed at the stranged. The young man turned and smiled at the boys. He had an honest look in his clear grey eyes, his face was open and pleasing, and you were almost certain that you saw a smile lurking under his dark, curling moustache.

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

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 bonediction, one after another pressed up to grasp the young stranger's hand in hearty greeting. Bessle came down and toined her father and brother as they were nearing the stranger. Old Mr. Trent shook the young man's hand with

a hearty, "How d' ye do, stranger? Glad 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," with a deferential bow.

I am glad to know you, sir. My name is Jacob Trent, and tihs is my son, Alexander," touching his son's arm. The young men grasped hands. Dr. Fulton said, "I have heard of you be-fore, I think. You are a friend of

Howard Russell's?" "My college chum! Do you know him?" Alec asked, eagerly, "Am well acquainted with him. He

has often spoken of you." 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. Miss Trent bowed smilingly with a gracious dignity that Keithley noted well as he acknowledged the introduc-

The young men passed out the door, preceded by Mr. Trent and his daughter. Presently, Bessie turned and with a gentle courtesy invited the young doctor to come and dine with them. The invitation was warmly sec-

onded by Alec and his father, "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. A doctor makes a very poor society man, you know,"

"We should be pleased if you would call," she said.

"Where are you staying?" Mr. Trent

"At the hotel now, sir. I hope soon to

find a boarding place, and one that is not too far away from my office." They had reached the corner, and Ketthiey lifted his hat and walked off

in the direction of the hotel. PART II. Pulton arranging book-cases, medicine-

The following day but one saw Dr. shelves, etc., in the little three-room office. He had just put down the bright carpot in the inner room and arranged the office-desk and chars, when Jimmy Craig rushed in breathless, and announced that "Miss Trent's horse just runned away and-and she was thrown off and-he guessed her arm was broke

sure-and-" Show me the way," sald Fulton. He had snatched up his medicine case and was already out on the street.

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. She was leaning against a friendly shoulder, supported by an elderly lady's stout arm.

He made his way to her quickly. She looked up and smiled, saying faintly, "How good of you to come! It i 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 brulsed arm in his hand to ascertain the extent of the injury. The instant he did so, a sharp cry es-caped her lips, and she would have fallen in the sudden weakness which the pain caused, had not Fulton caught her. He had heard many cries sharper than that in his long practice, he had seen intense suffering and witnessed terrible mortal agony, but never had any cry of distress so pained him as that one groan uttered by the beautiful girl be-fore him. He could not analyze the sensation that was taking strong hold of him.

"The carriage has come!" cried a voice. Keithley helped her to the closed carriage that someone in thoughtfulness had secured. With difficulty she finally entered it. The ride, though short, was a painful one. She was faint and sick with the pain, but she tried so hard not to show it, that Dr. Fulton was moved with a great respect for woman that hitherto he had not felt.

When they had nearly reached her home, all her strength falled her, and

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. Eanks, 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 unless fever sets in, she will recover

in a few weeks, fully. The arm is broken badly, but she is a brave girl." He stopped and walked to the window. Outside, the August sun was shining brightly. The street was quiet. "Where is her horse?" was the sud-

Cen 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 "Good. have talked it over with Bess, and we want you to make it your home here. Father says he can tell a man's character by his voice, and your's 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 What say?"

Fulton was stient. Something kept him from speaking, he did not know 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 fancled he would be happy here, but what meant that vague feeling that seemed to ereep over him like a chill, and filled him with uncertainty, dread? Also waited patiently.

Fulton began to grow angry with What nonconse to let such vague, horrid fancies enter his head! 'I am grateful to your father," he said, with a laugh, "for his opinion of ne. 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." PART III.

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

He came and dropped on the seat beside her. "You are Ill?" she asked, placing her

hand on his as she leaned forward and looked into his face. "It is nothing," replied he, clasping

her small, white hand in both his. "But I know you are ill, or something worries you. Will you not tell me?" she pleaded, as he remained silent.

For answer he drew a telegram from his pocket and held it open before her eyes. She read: Mother died this A. M. Come at once.

Bessle's heart was full. What could she say to comfort him? He had never spoken of his mother to her and she had often wondered at it. Once he had showed her a photograph, saying simply as he held it toward her, "My mother." And Bessie had noticed a strange expression in the eyes. What if-but no, it was too horrible, it was not to be thought of. She tried to banish the thought from her mind, but she could not. She looked up to Keithley's face, Oh, horrible, there was the same expresalon in his eyes!

Bessle shuddered, then composed herself with an effort. You loved her very much," she said,

"I cannot say it is love that moved my i heart toward her," he replied, with a

come voice, "I think it is pity. My mother was innane," She was trembling now. Alas, her

guinesition was only too true! "I have never known a mother's love. childhood. I can never remember as she was before this great miswinne came. My sister took most of care of me on herself. She tells me hat when I was very small, my mother and me passionately, but when I grew be a stout, rollicking lad, she hated or in the fancy that someone had taken way her baby boy, and left me in his

Blade was softly crying. Keithley was ressing the little hand he held. "S motimes I think I shall one day be one meane, too

"Oh don't talk like that, please lon't!" cried Bossie. Her heart fairly god still as she saw that strange look coming in his eyes again. She rose clekly and said:

"Come, let us go in. It is chilly here." He followed her into the house,

PART IV.

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

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

At Christ nas time, there came a let-

r addressed to Miss Elizabeth Trent. With trembing fingers she tore open the envelope, and read the contents; Dear Little friend: I take the liberty to write this to you, because I want you to know that I have always loved you, lways since that day when you were thrown from your horse. I did not know I loved you so much until I came 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 instane. am following in my mother's footsteps.

ways hear the cry you uttered on the try 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

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. Perhaps, in my derangement, I shall

forget you sometimes, but I shall al-

Bessie, and pray hard for KEITHLEY FULTON. Ellently, with an aching heart, Elizaboth knelt in the dariening twilight.

MARY B. ODELL.

#### 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

All that a general ad, ever does is to "keep your name and business before people." Now, isn't your name and 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 naturally a demand for and put a deeply cut price on it. That will bring eople to the store, and they'll buy other hings-at least you won't lose anyhing, for many of the mwould not have

me without the extra inducament The idea of drawing people with pecial offerings is perfectly legitimate, ven when the only object is to get them ato the store, for in that way they get requainted with the store and the stock, and if they are all right will come

There are rienty of times when pecial bargains are offered, the object cing merely to sell the goods quickly, and no thought being taken of the value f the sale from the point of advertising dvantage. It is well to explain why a good, honest reason for it. The ester you can be in your ads the betpeople will like it. Not only be honat, but let the ads show and prove that ou are. People like to know the why everything nowadays.

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

### The Largest Farm.

In Southern Louisiana is what is probably the largest farm in the world. the one hundred miles long and twentyhousand acres. Simply the fencing bout the farm cost fifty thousand dol-178. You will like to know how such mm-nse farms are ploughed. They alte a space, say, half a mile wide, and lare on each side an engine. Between nese engines is stretched a cable, and the cable are fastened four ploughs, which are drawn back and forth by the ower of steam, so that on the entire arm, immense as it is, there are few

### Steam Calliope.

The Worcester Gazette says that the cam calliope was the invention of a Corcester man named Denny. After he got the instrument perfected, he namufactured and sold a number of hem to different steamboat companies, of the first of them being purchased y the proprietors of an excursion boat hich ran from New York city to varipoints up the Hudson. A number d Mississippi and Ohio river steamers rere also equipped with the same de rice, and later the device was adopted is a feature for circus parades.

### Luther on Music.

"The devil does not stay long where music is performed. Music is the best misam for a distressed heart; it recalms and quickens the soul. Music is governess which makes people milder, tooker, more modest and discreet. Yes, ay friends, music in a beautiful, glori-ess gift of God; and next to theology. I Eve it the highest place and the high-

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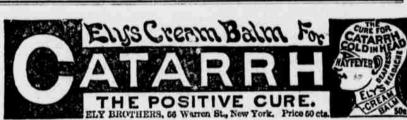
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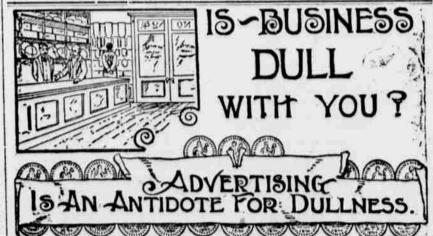
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