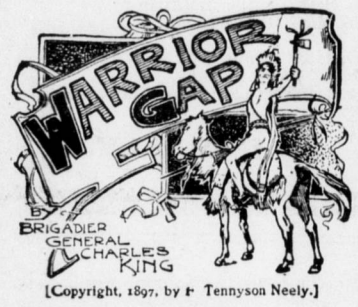


LOVE'S VICTORY.

Unarmed, Love wins her bloodless battles here Against her stubborn foes; She conquers Hate, and routs the coward Fear. And swiftly overthrows Proud Self and blind Ambition. She de-thrones King Greed, whose worldly sway Has ruled men's minds in all the earth-ly zones From the remotest day! She tolth in the silences to gain The victory o'er Wrong; Grim Avarice resists her power in vain— Her power, a heart-born song! She worketh with her miracles to glean Men's thought and to restore That which they yearn to know of the Unseen. To their soul's sight once more! O Love, how mighty shall thy triumph be, Which now hath but begun; Look where thine adversaries turn and flee Before Life's dawning sun! As vapors vanish 'fore Aurora's beam, When day disperses night, So disappear before thy power supreme The enemies of Right! Unarmed, Love comes and scatters far and wide The hosts of selfish sin; Ah, with what grandeur doth her rising tide O'er life's dark shoals flow in! —Boston Transcript.



CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"Bliss my soul!" said Folsom. "I supposed that was what she was for. What did these women mean by telling me I must have a companion—a guide, etc.?" "They meant, you blessed daddy, that they wished to provide you with—one of their number, and me—with something I do not want. If Mrs. Fletcher is to be housekeeper, I have nothing to say, but—don't you think your big daughter old enough and wise enough to select her own companions? Daddy dear," she continued, after a little pause, and nestling close to him with a pathetic look in the big brown eyes, her lips twitching a bit, "I know how loving and thoughtful you have been in all this, and I wouldn't have you think me ungrateful, but—did you believe I was always going to be a little girl? What do you suppose I studied housekeeping for at school? Mrs. Fletcher is engaged, I presume, and I can't ask you to undo that now, but I wish you had written to me first. However, if you don't mind, there's somebody I'd rather you would invite to take the fourth seat to-day, and then you can have Pappoose beside you, if you wish." "Why, of course, sweetheart, anyone you like." "Lieut. Loomis, then, daddy—the officer we met on the train. Jessie likes him, and he's such a friend of her brother—the only one we have yet seen who seems to know him at all. Then you could ask him to dinner, too." Folsom's face was a study. Doubt and perplexity both were twitching in the little muscles about his lips. "We met three officers, did we not, Elinor, and I had thought—somehow of—asking the major and his guest. He said he wished to call. He was here while we were driving yesterday. I met him later." "Yes, I saw his card," was the hurried, indifferent answer. "But they are not like Mr. Loomis. Daddy, I did not at all like that Capt. Newhall, or—for that matter—"

right out to the mines, he said, and there may be others we'd be glad to have. Jessie's brother ought to be here any hour." "Yes," said Folsom, dubiously. "I've been thinking about him—I've been wishing—"

and heavy footsteps came along the broad board walk, the woman straightened suddenly and, noiseless as before, hurried back across the room and came face to face with the daughter of the house. "Oh, Miss Folsom!" she faltered, her bosom heaving in violent agitation. "I did not know you were here. I—excuse me—"

oppressed the girl, and, starting up, she cried: "It's simply wicked of me staying here and letting poor papa be bored to death. Do come down, Jess, dear, unless you're too dreadfully sleepy. He acts just as though he intended never to go."

MONEY IN PATENTS. The Progressive Development of American Inventive Genius. About One Invention in 25 Pays for the Expense of Patenting It. But Some of Them Reap Considerable Fortunes. An article by the late E. V. Smalley, in the Century, tells how patents are taken out in Washington, what they cost, and what some of them yield to the inventors.

BANANA PLANTERS COMPLAIN. Fruit Rotting Along the Monkey River, Honduras, and No Steamships to Carry It. The Clarion, a newspaper published at Belize, British Honduras, gives voice to the troubles of the banana planters on the Monkey river, south of that port. They depend wholly upon the banana crop for a livelihood. The Mobile Steamship Company has for six years been running a fortnightly service to the river which has been its chief source of banana supply, but to-day its vessels are steaming past the port and buying their cargoes in the harbors of Guatemala and Honduras, leaving the Monkey river planters in the lurch, says the New York Sun.



The voice came neither from bed nor lounge.



A DISAPPOINTED INVENTOR. (Patent Office Does Not Consider Perpetual Motion Devices.)

cession, and by 1880 the patent crop had fallen back to 12,947. Since 1883 the number of patents annually issued has exceeded 20,000. During the calendar year 1899 there were issued 25,527 patents. One of the old examiners in the patent office estimates that about one invention in 25 repays the cost of taking out a patent. Yet inventors as a class are sanguine men, and no knowledge of the enormous percentage of chances against them will deter them from multiplying ingenious devices. Every one expects a fortune from his particular piece of mechanism. Every one has heard not only of the enormous sums realized from the great inventions of the last half-century, but also of the large returns yielded by things apparently trifling which have struck the public fancy or met the public need. The toy called the returning ball, a small ball attached to an elastic string, is said to have produced a profit of \$50,000 a year; the rubber tip on lead-pencils has yielded a competence to the inventor; more than \$1,000,000 has been earned by the gimlet-pointed screw, the inventor of which was so poor that he trudged on foot from Philadelphia to Washington to get his patent; the roller-skate has yielded \$1,000,000 after the patentee spent \$125,000 in England fighting infringements; the dancing Jim Crow is set down for \$75,000, and the copper tip for children's shoes at \$2,000,000; the spring window-roller pays \$100,000 a year, the needle-threader \$10,000 a year; from the drive-well \$3,000,000 have been realized; the stycographic pen is credited with \$100,000 a year; and the egg-beater, the rubber stamp and the marking pad for shading different colors, with large sums. These are only a few examples among hundreds that might be cited. No wonder inventors are hopeful when they reflect that comfort for life and fortune for their children may come from a single fortunate idea.



MRS. JENNIE NOBLE. ing out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. It builds up the weakened nervous system, and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly. "I was a very sick woman, caused by Change of Life. I suffered with hot flushes, and fainting spells. I was afraid to go on the street, my head and back troubled me so. I was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. JENNIE NOBLE, 5010 Keyser St., Germantown, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

The Spirit Mediums. The Occasional Visitor—I have noted that these clever spirit mediums who can make chairs and miscellaneous furniture dance a hornpipe always call in a very material Grayman when they want to move the piano. The Artist—You recollect the Frenchman who asked an Irish medium to produce the spirit of Voltaire? Voltaire came forth, much to his admirer's delight. It was Voltaire complete in every detail. The Frenchman began an animated conversation in their native tongue. The shade did not respond. At last the Frenchman grew exasperated and turned to the medium. "Not can ze great Voltaire converse?" "Of course he can, yez heathen, if ye will stop that forrin lingo and talk good English. Do yez take him for a frog-eater?"—"As Talked in the Sanctum." His Success The secret of success is to believe in the thing that one is doing. Because he innocently expected nothing but compliments, an Italian organ-grinder easily got out of a difficulty. He had been playing before the house of a very irascible old gentleman, who furiously and with wild gesticulations ordered him to "clear off." The organ-grinder, however, continued to grind away, till finally the old gentleman had him arrested for disturbance. At the police court the magistrate asked why he did not leave when requested to do so. "Me no understand much Inglesse," was the reply. "Well," said the magistrate, "but you must have understood what he meant when he kept stamping his feet and waving his arms." "No, me not know," replied the Italian. "Me tink he come to dance to my music." The organ-grinder was discharged.—N. Y. World. Proof Positive. Female Customer—You say these spoons are solid silver, young man? Clerk—Yes, ma'am; every one of them. Female Customer—Who are they made by? Clerk—Sterling, ma'am. His name is on every spoon.—Judge. Not Necessary. Deacon Short—Robbins gave me a lead quarter when I asked him to change a dollar for me. Friend—Did you get after him about it? "Oh, no; I didn't have any trouble in passing it."—Harlem Life. Uncle Allen. "The trouble about onions," philosophized Uncle Allen Sparks, "is that when you eat them you have to take so many people into your confidence about it."—Chicago Tribune. His Virtue. "Well, no one can ever say that I talk about my neighbors." "No. You talk about yourself so much that you don't have time."—Chicago Times-Herald.