LOVE'S VICTORY.

Unarmed, Love wins her bloodless battles

Against her strbborn foes; the conquers Hate, and routs the coward Fear, And swiftly overthrows
Proud Self and blind Ambition. She de-

King Greed, whose worldly sway
Has ruled men's minds in all the earth-

Has ruled men's minds in all the earthly zones
From the remotest day!
She tolleth in the silences to gain
The victory o'er Wrong;
Grim Avarice resists her power in valn—
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!

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.

KING

[Copyright, 1897, by & Tennyson Neely.] CHAPTER IX.-CONTINUED

"Bless my soul!" said Folsom. supposed that was what she was for. What did these women mean by telling me I must have a companionguide, 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 com-panions? 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 ungrate ful, 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 en-gaged, 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 rather you would invite to take the fourth seat to-day, and then you can have Pappoose beside you, if you

"Why, of course, sweetheart, any-

one 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,

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—somewhat 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-

"They both seemed prodigiously ruck with you," said Folsom, in misguided confidence, yet pardonable pride. "They've done nothing but talk to me about you ever since.

They did nothing but talk to me all the way over the mountains, except when they were out taking what I have reason to believe was an occasional drink, daddy mine. Jess had Mr. Loomis to herself. They have found your weak spot, daddy. They know you love to talk of your daugh ter. You have only known Maj. Burleigh a little while. Is it not so?"

"Only within the year, perhaps, though of course I've heard of him a great deal."

'And this Capt. Newhall, whose regiment is in Louisiana while he's out here on leave-I 'hought officers went east when they got leave.'

"Newhall says he's out looking over some mining schemes. He has money to invest, I believe."

"He should invest some money in a traveling suit, daddy, dear. That coat and his linen seemed woefully out of condition. Gentlemen are not care less about such matters."

"Oh, he explained that his trunks were delayed in Omaha or somewhere, and were coming along next train. I own I was prejudiced against him, too, but of course if he's a friend and guest of Burleigh's he-he must be ight. He's staying with him at the

depot. "And you've got to invite them to dinner?" asked Miss Folsom, after another pause, during which she had been thinking deeply.

"Not if you don't want it, pet. Of course they'll expect it. Army officers are hospitable, you know. Burleigh has asked me to dine with him a dozen times, though I've only been there

'Then you'll have to invite him daddy," was the answer, with quick decision. "Only, just wait for a day or two. Capt. Newhall was going

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-

But he hesitated and faltered and could not meet the deep brown eyes, so full of searching inquiry and keen intelligence.

"You've been thinking-what, dad-dy?" she asked, and now her slander she asked, and now her slender hands were on his shoulders and she was turning him so that she could study his face. "You have been hearing something you do not wish us to know, daddy, dear. I heard Maj. Burleigh say something to Mr. Loomis about-about Lieut. Dean, and I know Mr. Loomis did not like it, and Jessie and I can't believe it. Father, where is he? Why doesn't he come? Why do these-these people at the fort hem and haw and hesitate when they speak about him? Jessie is getting so troubled."

"I'm getting troubled, daughter," answered Folsom, impulsively. "I never met a likelier young fellow or one that promised to make a better officer. He may be all right, too, only it isn't so much what they do say as what they don't say that troubles me. Burleigh here and old Stevens out at the fort and one or two others I've asked about him. Burleigh says he 'lost his nerve' when they met Red Cloud's big band. A boy might be excused for that so long as he didn't misbehave. It was big responsibility for a young lieutenant. But thes people, as you speak of them out at the fort, really know very little about Dean. Burleigh says he's in a position that enables him to know so much more about the character and habits

of the young officers."
"Surely he can say nothing against
Mr. Dean!" exclaimed Pappoose, looking up with quick indignation in her brown eyes. "No one knows how good and generous he has been to Jessie and his mother."

They were standing at the moment in the corner of the library farthest from the doorway. The front windows opened to the north, giving a fine view of the rolling hills rising higher and higher and looking down upon the grass-grown slopes spread out at their feet, criss-crossed and traversed by hard-beaten roads and trails. Immediately in front of the house Folsom had seeded and wafered and coaxed into semblance of a lawn the best turf to be had in that section of Wyoming, and inclosed it in a spick and span white picket fence. The main road between the fort and the railway station passed directly in front of his gate. The side window of the cozy room looked out to the west over the valley of a rushing stream, once rich in trout, but now much infested by the mules from Bureigh's corral, which lay half a mile away to the southeast, out of sight of Folsom's house except from the up-per windows. Eager to stock the li-

brary with standard works against his daughter's coming, the old trader had consulted a friend among the officers and had sent a lavish order to a house in Chicago. Books, therefore, were there in plenty on the handsome shelves, and they were not ill-chosen either, but it was Mrs. Fletcher who pointed out how stiff and angular everything looked, who introduced the easy lounge, the soft rugs, the heavy hanging portieres of costly Navajo blankets. It was her deft touch that draped the curtains at the windows and softened and beautified the lines the hand of man would have left crude and repellent. And that library had been her favorite haunt; but since the coming of the girls Mrs. Fletcher had seemed to retire to her own room aloft, and to spend no time below stairs that was not demanded by her household duties. Now as the father and daughter were talking earnestly together, they heard Mrs. Fletcher moving about overhead as though looking over the work of the housemaid. Jessie had gone to her own room to write a short letter to ed the servant to say to Mr. Folsom, her mother. Maj. Burleigh was to on the return of the party, that she come at 10:30 to drive them out to Pinnacle Butte, a sharp, rocky height far across the valley, from the summit of which a wonderful view was to be obtained. It lacked but five minutes of the time and suddenly Mrs. Fletcher's voice was heard on the floor above. It was a well-modulated voice, gentle and controlled, with a clear, vibrant ring in it that made the words distinctly audible to the hear-

ers below. "The major's carriage is coming up the street, Miss Dean. There are two

officers." "Two!" exclaimed Jess, starting to her feet, thinking only of her brother. "Oh! I wonder if—" And then they heard her go pit-a-pat through the hall to the front of the house, heard Mrs. Fletcher more deliberately follow, heard presently the beat of horses hoofs on the hard roadway, and the whir of coming wheels. "I'll go out to meet them, Elinor—I'll—I'll talk to you more about this some other time. You don't care to go on this ride this mornning one bit, do you, dear?" he added,

uneasily. "No, father; frankly, I don't-but he has been polite to you and attentive to us. There's no help for it."

And so Folsom went alone to the door to meet his visitors on the porch without, and did not hear, did not see Mrs. Fletcher, who came hastily down the stairs, her face singularly pale, a glitter of excitement in her eyes. On tiptoe she hastened along the broad hall, reaching the library door just as Folsom stepped out on the porch. On tiptoe she darted in, closed the door be hind her, almost rushed to the north window, and there grasping the curtain she crouched, heedless of the possibility of observation, and for half a minute clung and crouched and stared. Then, as Folsom's genial, powerful voice was heard in welcoming accents,

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—" and hastened out of the room and

up the winding stairs. 'Pappoose" never hesitated. Coolly, quickly, she stepped to the window. Maj. Burleigh had just reached the top step and was exchanging greeting with his host. The stylish team and glisten-

ing wagon were just spinning away.
"It'll be back in five minutes," s heard the quartermaster explain to her father. "Newhall has to meet some people coming in by stage from Green river. I thought I'd rather spend the time here."

And on the back seat, affably waving his hand in adieu, and jauntily lifting his rakish forage cap in salutation gen eral to any of the young ladies who might be watching, sat the gentleman whose regiment was in Lousiana while he was up here on leave looking after mining investments.

CHAPTER X. "Three mortal hours," said Miss Folsom to her fond little school friend and chum that afternoon, "have I had to sit or stroll with or listen to Maj. Burleigh. I never once was able to enjoy the view. What made him hurry us away from the northeast point, do you suppose?

"Did you notice that, Nell? I did. too, and I was so interested in the view. Away up toward Laramie peak I could see something through the glasses that looked like a lot of little ants crawling along together. It was just after that

—just after we looked through the glass, that he marched us round to the other side. The view toward Green river isn't half as pretty."

"And now he's telling some in terminable story to father over their cigars. What shall we do if he hange on? Father will have to ask him to drive with us to the fort, and there won't be room.

"Unless Mrs. Fletcher gives up her seat," said Jessie, demurely.

"Mrs. Fletcher isn't going. A very different person takes her seat to-day.
Jess. Father left a note for Mr. Loomis at the hotel and he accepted. Now you see why I don't want Maj. Burleigh.

It was then long after three o'clock At five they were to start, and Jessie



The voice came neither from bed nor lounge.

could hardly curb her impatience. The from Frayne, so said Folsom would arrive that evening, and then surely there would be news of Marshall. They had slipped away to their rooms after the bountiful luncheon served on their return, in order, as Pappoose expressed it, that the gentlemen might have their cigars in peace. Mrs. Fletcher, after seeing that everything was prepared, had directbe glad to keep her room, as she did not feel it at all necessary for the housekeeper to meet strangers, and Folsom felt a sense of relief. It was so much sweeter not to have any presiding genius other than Papp not that he was forgetful of Mrs. Fletcher's merits and services-which were great—but it was plain to see that his daughter would have been happier had no such office existed as that created for this deserving and destitute widow. At three Miss Folsom had gone and tapped at the lady's door-her room was in the third story, overlooking the street-and was very civilly assured that Mrs. Fletcher stood in need of nothing, but, being wearied, she would like a little sleep No, she did not even care for a cup of tea. Yet Elinor felt confident that the voice that replied to her inquiries came neither from the bed nor the lounge, but from the direction of the front window.

At three the cigars were smoked out and the host and his guests were in the library. It was Folsom's custom, when a possible thing, to take a brief nap after the midday meal, and Elinor felt sure he would be glad of the portunity now, if Burleigh would only go, but Burleigh wouldn't. In monotonous monologue his voice came floating up to the second floor, drowsy unbroken in its soporific flow, and the girls themselves, after the morning's drive in the clear, bracing air, felt as though forty winks would be a pless Could it be that Burleigh lining. gered on in hopes of their reappearance below? Might it not be that it relief came not speedily Papa Folsom would yield to the spell and fall asleep in his easy-chair? Was it not Miss Folsom's duty to descend and take the burden of entertainment off those elder shoulders? These thoughts | cago Times-Herald.

right out to the mines, he said, and and heavy footsteps came along the 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, fear unless you're too dreadfully sleepy He acts just as though he intended never to go."

And Jess promised reluctantly to come down in ten minutes, if he didn't leave; but she hated him, and had hated him ever since he spoke so of Marshall in the car three days before.

The upper hall had been quite dark when Miss Folsom went up *to inquire how Mrs. Fletcher was, just after luncheon. The door to her little room was tightly closed. The blinds in all the other rooms aloft were drawn against the glare of the sunshine in the cloudless atmosphere, yet now, as Pappoose stepped suddenly out upon the landing, she was surprised to see that the upper floor was much lighter than when she went up half an hour earlier. The maid had not gone thither from the kitchen, and Mrs. Fletcher wished to doze. Who, then, could have opened both blind and door and let in that flood of light? Impulsively the active girl flew up the winding stairs to the third story, and some one suddenly withdrew from the balcony rail, and an instant later, as Miss Folsom reached the top, all became dark again. Mrs. Fletcher's door had unquestionably been open, and was now shut to. She must have been out there listening, and gravely the young girl asked herself what it meant-Mrs. Fletcher's agitation in the library that morning as she peered out at the major's wagon; her absence from luncheon on account, as she pleaded, of not desiring to appear when company was present; and now despite her desire to sleep, her vigil at the third-floor landing, where she was surely listening to the sounds from below.

Pondering over the facts, Elinor Folsom slowly retraced her steps and went downstairs. She reached the library none too soon. Old John's eyes were closed and he was slowly top-pling, overcome with sleep. The sound

philips, overcome with sieep. The sound of her cheery voice aroused him, and he started, guilty and crestfallen.

Burleigh's heavy face brightened visibly at her coming. He cared no more for music than does a cat, but eagerly followed her across the broad hall into the parlor when she suggest. hall into the parlor when she suggested showing him the beautiful papa had given her; and old John, blessing her, lurched for the sofa, buried his hot head in a pillow, and was asleep in ten seconds. Maj. Burwas asleep in ten seconds. Maj. Bur-leigh was alone with the lovely daughter of the veteran trader. He was a man of the world, she an unsophistica'ed girl just out of school-so said Burleigh, albeit a most charming one; and he, who had monopolized her time the entire morning, bore down once more upon his prize.

[To Be Continued.]

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

they want to move the piano.

The Artist—You recollect the
Frenchman who asked an Irish medium to produce the spirit of Vol-taire? Voltaire came forth, much to his admirer's delight. It was Vol-taire 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 con-

verse?" "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

His Music 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 would prefer not to appear, and would been playing before the house of a very irascible old gentleman, who furiously and with wild gesticulations or-dered him to "clear off." The organgrinder, 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 understan' much Ingleese." 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.' me not know," replied the Italian. "Me tink he come to dance to my music.' The organ-grinder was discharged .- N

Female Customer—You say these spoons are solid silver, young man? Clerk-Yes, ma'am; every one of

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

"Oh, no; I didn't have any trouble in passing it."—Harlem Life.

Uncle Allen.

"The trouble about onions," philoso-phized 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."—ChiMONEY 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. The progressive development of inventive genius in this country, as in-dicated by the number of patents issued each year, has been by successive waves rather than by a regular and continuous advance. Taking the first year of each decennial period, we find that in 1880 the number of patents granted was 41; in 1810, 223; in 1820, 155; in 1830, 554; in 1840, 473; in 1850, 995; in 1860, 4,538. The great increase in inventions during the decennial period 1850-60 is a remarkable feature in patent office history. This period was one of rapid national development, and was characterized by the great extension of steamtransportation, the general introduction of the telegraph, and the perfection of the sewing-machine, the reap-er, the mower and many other valnable devices. During the civil war the production of patents fell off, but no sooner had the volunteer troops returned to their homes than a wonderful fertility of invention was dis-played. Ideas that had been developing in the minds of the soldiers during their life in the camps were put into models by the thousand and sent to Washington. In 1865 the number of patents granted was 6,616, and in 1867 it had run up to 13,026. It remained for a time at about that annual figure, being, in 1870, 13,947; but in 1876, the year of the Centen-nial exhibition, which powerfully stimulated inventive genius, it reached highest number 17,026. Then there was a steady re-



A DISAPPOINTED INVENTOR. (Patent Office Does Not Consider Per-petual Motion Devices.)

ession, 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 alendar 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 de ter them from multiplying ingenious devices. Every one expects a for devices. Every one expects a for-tune from his particular piece of mechanism. Every one has heard not only of the enormous sums real-ized 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 the needle-threader \$10,000 a year; from the drive-well \$3,000,000 have been realized; the stylographic 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 re-flect that comfort for life and fortune for their children may come from a single fortunate idea.

Buried in a Deep Well.

Two men, or rather a man and a boy, were digging a well in a New Jersey village, when the well caved in, as is not unusual. Being in sandy soil, the precautions had been taken to board the well as it was being sunk, and it happened that the plank fell over the digger, and the sand on the planks. The boy, who was doing the hauling with a bucket and windlass, started to dig out the man, but only succeeded in bringing down more sand. So he ran for help, and, although it looked like a hopeless task, a tunnel was run in a slanting direction, and the digger was rescued alive. He was found huddled up, with his knees touching his chin, in which position he had been for nearly 30 hours.

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 epon the banana crop for a liveli-hood. 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 buy-ing their cargoes in the harbors of Guatemala and Honduras, leaving the Monkey river planters in the lurch, says the New York Sun.

So the planters are writing letters telling of their grievances. They say the steamship company has hereto-fore paid a fair price and everything has been satisfactory. In September, however, the company confronted the planters with a contract and told them they must sign it or the service would be discontinued. The planters say the proposed contract so changes the classification of fruit that they would be robbed of a third of their income if they assented to it. They told the company they would not sign, and now they sit on the wharf, where the fruit is rotting, and see the steamers pass by in the offing on the way to the republics south of them to load up with bananas for the American market.

The planters are tasting the bittermess of having commodities to sell without any means of transporting them to market. They say they will not sign the contract, for it means ruin, and they will not assent to injustice. So they appeal to the colonial government to redress their wrong. Why, they ask, did not the government company to ship the fruit of the colony when a contract was given it to carry the mails? What will the government do to secure transportation now that the planters are helpless and living in enforced idlenges while their errors. in enforced idleness while their crops are spailing on their hands? These planters have from 3,000 to 4,000 bunches of bananas to ship every week, and there is work for any steamship company that wants the

British Honduras is the least important colony in the British empire. The interior has been little developed and everything has gone in a happy-go-lucky way, just as Belize was named. The English who settled there named the town Wallace. The Spaniards had difficulty in pronounce spaniards had difficulty in pronouncing the name and they corrupted it to Belice, and later it came to be called Belize. The Englishmen in that warm country were too lethargic to oppose this corruption of the name, and so they lazily acqui-esced in the Spanish version of it.

Few regions abound more in natural resources. J. Bellamy wrote 11 years ago: "A remarkable peculiarity of the climate and soil is that almost all the tropical products of commercial value may be grown in the same zone. I have frequently seen maize, rice, bananas, pineapples, oranges, coffee, cacao, cotton, cassava, rubber and cocoanuts all flourishing on the same piece of ground. There is an abundance of fibre-producing plants and a large extent of land suitable for cattle and mule breeding.

The crying need just now is transportation for fruit, and it is to be hoped that some day the develop-ment of this neglected corner of the world may be commensurate with its

THE CHANGE OF LIFE

Is the most important period in a wo-man's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and some-times painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to

chills, as if the heart were going to gerous, nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are cry-



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.

