

HE CARETH FOR THEE.

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him That the nights are long and the days are dim? Can He be touched by griefs I bear, Which sadden the heart and waiten the hair? Around His throne are eternal calms, And strong, glad music of happy psalms, And bliss untroubled by any strife, How can He care for my poor life? And yet I want Him to care for me, While I live in this world where the sorrows be; When the lights die down on the path I take; When strength is feeble and friends forsake; When love and music, that once did bless, Have left me to silence and loneliness, And life-long changes to sobbing prayers—Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

The Trouble on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE. (Copyright 1896, by Francis Lynde.)

CHAPTER V. ULTIMATUMS TWIN.

When all is said, sober second thought, so much vaunted and praised, is but an ignoble thing. How many a fine project, conceived in impulsive selfishness and sent rocket-wise on its course starward, has come to earth again a mere smoke-blackened stick in the chill downpour of reflection. How many an emprise which seemed altogether promising and feasible when planned overnight has become a thing preposterous in the cold gray light of the morning.

Some such reflective misgiving assailed me when I came to write the letter to my friend in the Glenlivet company's directorate. Doubtless, the passport into the camp of the enemy would be forthcoming; but once safely within the lines, what could I hope to accomplish? Would Wykamp straightway proceed to unbosom himself to me?—make a confidant of a stranger, an emergency guest foisted upon him by the goodnature of one of his directors? The idea was absurd. And if he should do such an incredible thing, the end would but indifferently justify the means; one could hardly eat his salt and betray him.

"Where is Macpherson?" he demanded. "Misther Macpherson, av ye plazze," corrected the ex-trooper, mildly. "Well, Mr. Macpherson, then,"—with a contemptuous flip to the prefix which was not thrown away upon the Irishman. "Where is he?" "It's lukin' for the hide an' horns av the foine shteer yez killed an' ate that he is," Connolly retorted, letting fly the first imaginative arrow that came to hand. Much to my surprise, and much more to that of the ex-trooper, I fancy, the engineer frowned and marked down the random shot. "It was a mistake," he said; "I'll pay for the steer. But that is another matter. My errand this morning is with your employer, but you can pass it along. You have a man here named Kilgore who should go to jail. Say to Macpherson—Mr. Macpherson—from me that if he discharges Kilgore and sends him out of the valley it will save trouble."



I STOOD MY GROUND WHEN THE PAIR GALLOPED UP.

What followed confirmed my diagnosis of the engineer's character touching his weakness on the passionate side. He rode with the writhing riding-whip of the east, and the stiff bit of rawhide cut a quick half-circle above Connolly's head. The Irishman caught the blow on his arm and parried it with the skill of a practiced swordsman. Before I realized what was toward, the ex-trooper's pistol was out and leveled, not at Wykamp, but at the Mexican. "Ye would, would yez?—ye black-jowled haythin! Down wid that gun!" A heavy revolver dropped in the dust on the opposite side of the Mexican's horse.

"Yes, and I'll fight it out to the bitter end. I didn't mean to, at first. I had some talk with Lovatt and the others, and they proposed to buy me out at a fair figure and do the square thing all around. That was before they got hold of Selter's water-right, of course. Now they send a fellow in here who is evidently spoiling for a fight; who shoots at my men and kills my stock. They propose to ignore me—to freeze me out of the game without giving me a show for my investment. They may do it in the end, but I'll give them a run for their money."

I laughed. "Let's be frank with each other, Angus. It goes a good bit deeper with you than any struggle to hold the Torolito. You will have to admit that if Wykamp hadn't—"

CHAPTER VI. FACILIS DECENSUS AVERNII. Macpherson left me to my own devices after the snack-luncheon and went his way hillward to look for strays in the northern gulches.

"If you feel like riding a few lines after awhile, have Andy saddle 'Clubfoot' for you. He's forgotten how to buck, and if you can keep him from breaking his leg in a dog-hole he'll bring you back all right," he said, at parting; adding, as a stirrup-word: "But I shouldn't ride too far, if I were you. You're gaining by kangaroo-jumps now, and you mustn't get a set-back."

encompassments, a well man might rejoice in the mere fact of life. Also, it was less difficult to comprehend the reluctance of one Angus the First to abdicate and go into exile at the decree of any syndicate of them all. It was a hopeless lapse into medievalism, one would say, but at the moment I could cheerfully have seen the plans of the land company, with all the prospective benefits to the many which they contemplated, come to naught to the end that this sequestered corner of great nature's domain should not be marred by disfiguring plowshares.

At the summit of the swell commanding a view of the mountain-guarded strath of the settlers, I was minded to turn back; but the clubfooted one sniffed the cool breeze pouring down from the upper canyon and asked, horsewise, with gentle tuggings and champings, for a free rein. It was given, and we drifted on, past the deserted schoolhouse, across the freshly turned furrows of the land company's canal, and, in due course of leisurely equine stumbings, beyond the last farmhouse and so on up to the dam at the canyon gateway.

THE CURATE'S SAVING GRACE.

He Was a Great Cricketer Even if His Doctrine Was a Little Shaky.

There was much excitement in the village of Slushton, because the most important cricket fixture which the village club had arranged was down for a decision on the following Saturday, and the bowler who had won every match for them that season had sprained his wrist, and consequently would not be able to play, says London Spare Moments.

All their fond hopes of victory had gone, when, as a last resort, they asked the new curate of the village to play for them. He consented, and owing to his score of 54 and his capture of eight wickets for 34 runs, they scored a brilliant victory.

The lawyers were discussing the merits and demerits of a well-known member of the New Orleans bar, who had been gathered to his fathers, and one of the party recalled the time when he studied in the old man's office:

The incident was the inability of Andrew the Desperate to maintain his fair share of any conversation. By two o'clock he was answering in monosyllables; by three a direct question elicited no more than a nod or a head-shake; at half-past he was quite dumb—a mute and inglorious camp-cook, fit company for neither gods nor men. At four loquacity surrendered at discretion, the animal with the opprobrious name was put in requisition, and I rode away to be with a silence of Nature's making.

Behold, now, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! If the well-intentioned desperado had possessed a few more phrases to be rehearsed at need, there would have been for his would-be gossip no meditative amble up the valley in the cool of the day; no attack of unreasoning and altogether uncalculated curiosity; no meteoric descent into the Torolitan Avernus; and no—but let us not anticipate.

In the Ballroom. She—Do you dance, Mr. Skiggleton? He (modestly)—Well, my teacher said I did when I left the academy, but those ladies I have danced with since express a different opinion.—Detroit Free Press.

A Rare Exception. She—The men continually dance attendance on Miss Bullion. What is the attraction? He—She refused a duke.—Town and Country.



IMPORTANT COAL DEAL.

The Pittsburg Coal Co. Secures the Properties of the Shaw Coal Co. Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 4.—One of the most important acquisitions of the Pittsburg Coal Co. during the year was secured Friday, when final papers were signed for the transfer of all the properties and interests of the Shaw Coal Co. to the big combine. The deal involves several millions, but the actual price paid is not made public.

The property lies in the Pan-Handle district, contains 4,300 acres of the finest thin vein of Pittsburg steam coal and has five large shafts with a capacity of 1,000,000 tons a year. In addition to the mining property, the Pittsburg company also secured the Midway and Oakdale railroad, a short line, which connects the mine with the Pan-Handle road, and will give the combine an independent outlet for the general market.

Whipping Didn't Come Off.

Paoli, Ind., Jan. 4.—It was announced Friday that Dr. C. D. Driscoll, a dentist, would be publicly horseshipped by Miss Eva Miller, a young woman who formerly resided here. Driscoll was arrested on a charge of alleged ill-treatment of his family and was taken to his office. About this time the fire alarm was sounded and a large portion of the population gathered to see the whipping. As they attempted to enter Driscoll's office, the young woman and her friends were confronted by Driscoll, flourishing two revolvers. He says he will not be taken alive and he remains behind barricaded doors. Miss Miller alleges that he wrote her an insulting letter.

Will Pension Employees.

Chicago, Jan. 4.—Notices were posted Friday in the various mills of the American Steel and Wire Co., announcing that a pension department had been created for the benefit of the 30,000 employes of the concern. According to the general notice, which is signed by President William P. Palmer, the new department will have for its purpose "the retiring from active service and placing on a pension roll all employes who have rendered the company or its predecessors long and faithful services and who have attained an age or physical tend which necessitates relief from duty."

Blew Himself to Pieces.

Norris, Ill., Jan. 3.—There was a frightful suicide Friday at Coal City, 10 miles southeast of this city. Joseph H. Bovine, a leader among the Bohemians in the coal fields, had trouble with his wife in the morning. He brooded over the matter till afternoon when he went to the village and secured a stick of dynamite. On his return home he went back of his barn and lying on his back placed the dynamite beneath his vest. With his hands he struck the cap and exploded the dynamite. The explosion tore a great hole in the earth and blew the man's body into countless pieces.

Twenty Years for Manslaughter.

Winfield, Kan., Jan. 4.—Clyde Moore, the 17-year-old boy, convicted of murder in the second degree for killing C. L. Wiltberger, a farmer, near here, last April, for his money, was sentenced Friday to 20 years in the penitentiary. He received the verdict with a smile. The prisoner's attorney pleaded for a reform school sentence, but Judge McBride said the boy was sufficiently mature to know what he was doing when he committed the crime.

Negro Murderer Hanged.

Dublin, Ga., Jan. 4.—John Robinson, a negro, was hanged here Friday for assaulting and murdering Bertha Simmons, colored, last May. Robinson denied his guilt and cursed everybody within hearing from his cell door to the gallows.

Denies Knowledge of Sale.

Toledo, Jan. 4.—President Norton, of the Clover Leaf, last night disclaimed knowledge of the sale of the road to the Vanderbilts, as given out by the press dispatches from New York.

WANTS A CHECK

Placed on the Advance of the United States

INTO SOUTH AMERICA.

The London Saturday Review Advises Alliance Between.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

Says It Would Be a Wiser Policy to Encourage the Advance of Germany in the New World as a Counterpoise to Predominance of United States.

London, January 4.—The Saturday Review to-day prints a remarkably free spoken editorial, in which it strongly advises Great Britain to form a working alliance with Germany, in order to check the "continued and apparently inevitable advance of the United States into South America."

According to the Review, "it is the wisest policy for this country to encourage the advance of Germany in the New World, as the most useful counterpoise as to the overwhelming predominance of the United States, which is the only other possible outcome of the existing political conditions."

The Review disclaims all hostility to the United States, but says: "The solid interests of our own people, which is the basis on which the United States always works, is the only sure ground on which to build."

Trying to Buy Out Brush.

Cincinnati, Jan. 4.—John T. Brush, president of the Cincinnati League Base Ball club, and Judge Howard Ferris, who is at the head of a local syndicate that is anxious to purchase Mr. Brush's holdings in the club, held a long conference here yesterday, but so far as actual results are concerned the conference was apparently fruitless. It is generally believed that Mr. Brush will decline to sell at any figure that the Cincinnati capitalists will consider reasonable.

Granted Their Demands.

Grand Haven, Mich., Jan. 4.—The strike of the longshoremen employed by the Crosby Transportation Co., was settled Friday, the company granting the demands of the men for the restoration of the old wage scale of 20 cents an hour. The men have organized a branch of the National Longshoremen's association.

Peavey's Will.

Minneapolis, Jan. 4.—The will of Frank H. Peavey, who died in Chicago last Monday, was filed in this city Friday. It places the value of the estate at \$2,300,000 personal property and \$50,000 real estate, but the total probably will be in excess of this.

Retired Naval Officer Dies.

Philadelphia, Jan. 4.—After a service of 21 years in the United States navy and a long period of honorable retirement, Lieutenant Horace E. Frick died Friday at his home in this city. He was 50 years old.