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 whiten th
hair?

Around His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled 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

When the lights die down on the path I take; When strength is feeble and friends for-sake;

sake;
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.

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong;
He stills the sigh and awakens the song;
The sorrow that bowed me down He bears,
And loves and pardons, because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again. We are not alone in hours of pain; Our Father stoops from His throne above To soothe and quiet us with His love. He leaves us not when the storm is high, And we have safety, for He is nigh. Can it be trouble which He doth share? Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord does care.—London Christian.

The Trouble & on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

CHAPTER V.

ULTIMATUMS TWAIN. When all is said, sober second thought, so much vaunted and be-praised, is but an ignoble thing. How many a fine project, conceived in impulsive unselfishness and sent rocket-wise on its course starward, has come to earth 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 Glenlivat 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 un-bosom himself to me?—make a confidant of a stranger, an emergency guest foisted upon him by the good-nature 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

Connolly was saddling for the ride to the fort. In a few minutes the undertaking would be afoot and reconsideration impossible. But a shorter respite has saved an army, and my reprieve was already on the way. Connolly shaded his eyes un-der his hand and interrogated a filmy dust-cloud on the up-valley trail. It was approaching the ranch, and the level rays of the newly arisen sun turned it into a hazy nimbus of gold-dust.
"Wan av thim's the Greaser, an'

t'other's the scut av an ingineer,"
says my Mercury, scowling. "Now
#what'll thim two be doin' on our
riservation betune daybreak an'
breakfast, I'd like to know?"

To be consistent I should have gone indoors and kept out of sight. If I were to serve Macpherson's turn as a spy in the engineer's camp, it as a spy in the engineer's camp, it said itself that I must not be known as Macpherson's friend. But shame pricked into the lists, sword out and visor down, and I stood my ground

when the pair galloped up.

Wykamp drew rein at the doorstone, or, to record the fact, he dragged at the leather and his horse danced an accompaniment. The animal balancing on the passionate side, Wyhamp was no coward. Unarmed as with the epithetical name had his kamp was no coward. Unarmed as with the epithetical name had his amble afield.

As he entered the office the jarsed him an astonished stare. The and looked frightened but it had been spurred cruelly in the race down the valley. In the bit of equestrian by-play I had an op-portunity to observe the two men. The engineer was a disappointment. Prefigurings of a person described, but otherwise unknown, are inevitable; hence, out of the material gathered from Macpherson's confidences I had fashioned a rather melodramatic villain of the fictional school. No fancy sketch could have been farther from the fact. The en gineer was a trim-built, athletic young fellow, as handsome in his way as Macpherson, though quite at opposite extreme of the gamut of types, carefully groomed from his close-trimmed beard and curling mustaches to the well-fitting tweeds and tan leather leggings; a man of business, clear-cut, concise, aggres sive, one would say, emotional only some flood-tide of passion, and vindictive only when thwarted.

His Mexican henchman could be summed up in terser phrase. Darkskinned as a Zambo, small and lithe as the savage little tiger-cat of his native chaparrals, with sleepy eyes, pin-points of feral intelligence that saw everything wthout appearing to, ambushed under the drooping brim of his broad sombrero; he was a plain-song assassin of the baser sort, of a type familiar enough in the pioneer period, and seen at its best when found dangling from the cros a telegraph-pole or the branch of a convenient tree.

ausjugated, Wykamp ignored me and

"Where is Macpherson?" he manded.

"Misther Macpherson, av ye plaze," corrected the ex-trooper, mildly. "Well, Mr. Macpherson, then,"with a contemptuous fillip 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.

ing is with your employer, but you can pass it along. You have a man here named Kilgore who should go son, with rising wrath. "He might to jail. Say to Macpherson-Mr. have had the Torolito and welcome

clane-hearted gintleman, yez are, the consequences. She won't let me Misther Wykamp, for givin' the obliterate him, but I'll break him blagyard a chance to layvant," he rejoined, with honey on his tongue.
"Would yez be afther tellin' us fwhat" through with him."

world without end before I'm drawn. The bull-thistle is a thing beauty as a single plant, and it only when it becomes a ruthless.

bundle of the stakes into camp and leave them in my tent, with his compliments."

"The impidint offal!" said Dan, laughing decorously behind his hand. "It's anywhere you see fit to locate "But, Misther Wykamp, dear; he's it—on the line of the ditch, I supnot the on'y wan.

"What's that you say?"
"I'm sayin' he's not the on'y wan.
Sure, it's meself as cooked me bit av a breakfast wid a fagot av thim same shtakes wan day lasht week. site of the Glenlivat company's proIt's a kind-hearted man yez are,
Misther Wykamp, to be disthributin' "So Wykamp will have to go above

thonged riding-whip of the east, and the stiff bit of rawhide cut a quick vey last summer, my claim will be at half-circle above Connolly's head. the bottom of his reservoir." 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 extrooper's pistol was out and leveled,

t at Wykamp, but at the Mexican. "Ye would, would yez?—ye blackjowled haythin! Down wid that gun!

A heavy revolver dropped in the dust on the opposite side of the Mexican's horse "Now, thin,-Mr. Halcott, dear;

your watch, av ye plaze;—now, thin, ye murtherin' Paythans, it's wan



I STOOD MY GROUND WHEN THE PAIR GALLOPED UP.

the bay took it as a challenge for his fair share of any conversation. As long as they were tinguishable, I could see Wykamp struggling with the big horse; and, eing a man of peace, I was when Connolly laughed and dropped his weapon into its holster.

"Score wan for the 'X-bar-Z,'" he id. "If the capt'in would but shut wan eye an' luk away wid't other, in t'ree days there wouldn't be a shtake in the Torolito or a man to dhrive ut." He picked up the Mexican's revolver and passed it to me, butt foremost. "The arrmamint av the inimy, wid the complimints av Sargint Connolly. Hold ut at arrm'slingth whin yez toy wid ut; thim forrun tools shpit betune the cylindher an' the barr'l whin they go off. Now, thin, sorr; if you've the letther I'm

explained, as well as I could without going into details, that the engineer's visit had canceled the trip to the fort; and Connolly rode afield to report to his employer. Macpher son came in at noon, and we held a council of war over the cold snack in the bunk-room by Andrew the Mild.

"Honors are easy, so far," said Macpherson, when we had discussed the stake-pulling incident. "While Wykamp was here filing his allegation against Kilgore, I was at his camp, notifying his foreman that an injunction would follow any en-croachment on my placer claim."

It's a declaration of war on both sdes. You're in for it now."

by 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

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 than any struggle to hold the Torolito. You will have to admit that if Wykamp hadn't—"
"But he has," broke in Macpher-

Macpherson—from me that if he dis-charges Kilgore and sends him out of the valley it will save trouble."

Connolly grinned. "It's a foine, wouldn't, and now he's got to take

di vez be afther tellin us fwhat profayne divil av a cow- in the threat which started the milltell the captain in avic?"

"He's been pulling my location stakes. Don't misunderstand me; form a frank fighter into a vengeful renemy? Macpherson had always been a hearty combatant, but his and the stakes been to that, now would very the store of reflection. Could circumstrate we wage war upon it and strive to stamp it out. Macpherson's cattle on the rolling swells, and this small seasoning of humanity at the meeting-point of the mountains, were there were a court within reach." "Listen to that, now, would yez!" guoth Connolly. "Pullin' the shtakes av him! An' some av yez caught him red-handed, av coorse?"

"No; he had the nerve to bring a bundle of the stakes into camp and leave them."

more in my placer claim than appears on the surface. Do you know where it is?"

pose. "That's where you're wrong.

didn't invent it. It is an actual goldbearing bar, and it lies at the mouth of the upper canyon just above the

"So Wykamp will have to go above or below it; is that it?"

What followed confirmed my diagnosis of the engineer's character touching his weakness on the passionate side. He rode with the wrist thought it. man who made the preliminary the bottom of his reservoir."
"I see. But he can go above, can't

> "It's possible, but it will be pensive. He will have to tunnel a small mountain to get his outlet from the head-gates. And that isn't the worst of it."

"What is the worst of it?"

Macpherson pushed his stool from the table and began to fill his pipe. He was provokingly deliberate, when the tobacco was fairly alight his explanation was of the vaguest "If he hasn't already done so, he'll go farther up the canyon and find his site ready-made and waiting for nim. I only hope he'll take it."

CHAPTER VI.

FACILIS DECENSUS AVERNI. 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 doghole 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."

So much for a well man's advice to

an ill one who, having ridden more han was meet the previous day, was minded to stay at home and let the

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

with a silence of Nature's making. Behold, now, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! If the well-in 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 uncalled-for curiosity; n meteoric descent into the Torolitan Avernus; and no-but let us not an-

Barring the saddle-bruise reminders, and the prickings of the thorn in the flesh of illness—which use and time will finally dull for the least heroic sufferer-the ride up the val-ley was a pure delight. The afternoon was perfect. The atmosphere was like a draught of fine old the tumbling thunder of the river was sweet music to any traffic bruised ear of the cities; and th and the color-scheme of the mighty moun-tains on either hand was full of soft grays and soothing browns. completeness of it was soul-satisfying, and it was easy to understand how, upon such a day and with such | Country.

"Yes, and I'll fight it out to the bit- encompassments, a well man might "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 repuling for a fight; who shoets 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.

This thought and its entail rang

the reflective changes what time the bronco was topping the swell from which the settlement at Valley Head came into view. Curiously enough, the clustered farmsteads and tilled fields of the small colony were far from suggesting that they were the precursors of the thal wave of agriculture and banality which would presently sweep down the pleasant valley in the wake of the great irrigation canal. The line between wild-flowers and weeds is not sharply beauty as a single plant, and it is only when it becomes a ruthless in-vader that we wage war upon it and

At the summit of the swell com-manding a view of the mountainguarded 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 stumblings, beyond the last farmhouse and so on up to the dam at the canyon gateway.

[To Be Continued.]

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 Flay, 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 next morning as the squire, himself an enthusiastic cricketer, was leaving the church, where the curate had just preached his first sermon, he was asked by the vicar what he thought of the new curate.
"Oh," responded the squire, "his voice is weak, his doctrine's shaky, he

isn't as learned as he should be, but his cricket is a fair eye-opener. We must keep him, even if we have to pay him double the salary."

A Waste of Postage,

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 of-

We had a copying clerk whose inefficiency continually worked the judge up to a point of explosion. One day a wire basket fell off the top of day a wire basket lell on the top of his desk and scratched his cheek. Not having any court plaster, he slapped on three postage stamps and went on with his work.

A little later he had some papers to take up to the United States court, and, forgetting all about the stamps,

raised his head and fixed him with The clerk stopped and looked frightened and finally asked:

"Anything-er-wrong, sir?"
"Yes, sir!" thundered the old gen tleman. "You are carrying too much postage for second-class matter."N. O. Times-Democrat.

Forerunner of His Flock,

A country minister in a certain American town took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner: "Brothers and sispathetic manner: ters, I came to say good-by. I don't think you love each other, because you have not paid my salary. Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. I go to prepare a place for you."—Household Words.

He Protested.

"The doctor would like to see you inside," said the physician's maid to man who was waiting on the porch.

"Not much," said the bucolic patient; "he don't try none of them X-rays on me!"—Yonkers Statesman.

In the Ballroom,

—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 s a different opinion.-Detroit Free Press.

A Rare Exception.

She—The men continually dance attendance on Miss Bullion. What is the

He-She refused a duke .- Town and



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 pa-pers were signed for the transfer of all the properties and interests of the Shaw Coal Co. to the big com-bine. The deal involves several millions, but the actual price paid is not made public. The negotiations, which were on for several months, were conducted by F. L. Robbins for the combine and H. C. Frick, who owned the controlling interest in the Shaw

The property lies in the Pan-Han-The property lies in the Pan-Han-dle 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 con-nects the mine with the Pan-Handle road, and will give the combine an independent outlet for the general

Whipping Didn't Come Off.

Paoli, Ind., Jan. 4.—It was announced Friday that Dr. C. D. Driscoll, a dentist, would be publicly horsewhipped by Miss Eva Miller, a young woman who formerly resided here. Driscoll was arrested on a charge of alreged ill-treatment of his family and was taken to his office. 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 Miss Miller alleges that he wrote her an insulting letter.

Will Pension Employes.

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."

Americans are to be believed when they describe themselves as actuated by purely business considerations, we would save ourselves from a large number of gratuitous humiliations and unprofitable speculations in stock and unprofitable speculations of presumed gratitude of our political and commercial rivals. With a presumed gratitude of our political and commercial rivals. With a presumed gratitude of our political and commercial rivals. With a presumed gratitude of our political and commercial rivals. With a gray gray mental profitable speculations in stock and unprofitable speculations in stock and unprofitable speculations of gratuitous humiliations and unprofitable speculations and unprofitable speculations of gratuitous humiliations and unprofi Chicago, Jan. 4.—Notices were posted Friday in the various mills of the American Steel and Wire Co., an-

Blew Himself to Pieces.

Norris, Ill., Jan. 3.—There was a ightful suicide Friday at Coal City, frightful suicio 10 miles southeast of this city.
Joseth H. Bovine, a leader among the
Bohemians in the coal fields, had
trouble with his wife in the morning.

an American lake." He brooded over the matter till af ternoon when he went to the villag 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

Twenty Years for Manslaughter.

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

Negro Murderer Hanged.

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 by the press dispatches from

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 Wsse Policy to Encourage the Advance of Germany in the New World as a Counterpolse to Predominence 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"

America."
According to the Review, "it is the 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, to the United States, our 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."

Continuing, the Review says: "If we would only remember that the Americans are to be believed when they describe themselves as actuated.

evitably gobble up the weak, turbulent states southward, when it is cer-Pan-American e was a tain to formulate, a Pan-American oal City, tariff union against the remainder

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 pur-chase Mr. Brush's holdings in the club, held a long conference here yes-terday, but so far as actual results are concerned the conference was apparently fruitless. It is generally be-lieved 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 nour. The men have organized a branch of the National Longshoremen's association.

Peavey's Will.

Minneapolis, Jan. 4.—The wni of Frank H. Peavy, 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 Frick died Friday at his home in this