

# Lamp-light Stories for Winter Saturday Nights

## GOD'S LITTLE DEVILS

By ROWLAND THOMAS

Illustrated by Charles Sarka.

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One night when rice was eaten and the circle of darkness had shut down about our five Fernin Majusay, the private of Native Scouts who was my escort on the mountain, stretched out on his slim stomach and gazed into the hypnotic flames.

"I am going to tell you about my tentile," he said suddenly. "my lieutenant, who is dead six months. He was a devil, that man."

"I remember how he laughed at Don Augusto. We were in a very bad province then. All the middle of it was mountains where indones lived, and they came down to the coast and made people give them food and money, and they stole carabans from the plantations and killed travelers, and sometimes they burned a town and took a pretty girl away."

"We were sent there to catch them, and it was very hard work. We chased them in the mountains and killed some, but it did no good. When we were in one place they raided another, and when a man guided us in a little while he was dead. We knew what was the matter. It is always the same. The indones are in the mountains, but some men in the town is their leader, and he gets so rich and strong that everybody is afraid of him. In that island it was a planter named Augusto de los Reyes. Three times my lieutenant arrested him and sent him down to San Pablo, and every time the judge said there was no proof, and he came back, and in a little while the indones against him were killed. And the indones knew when we were coming."

"If our tentile had been like other white men he would have given up then. But he arrested Don Augusto once more. I remember the morning very well. It was orderly that day, and we were in the guard-room looking at some prisoners, and a guard came in, two in front and two behind, with this Don Augusto. He was a big fat Bissayan, and we all looked at him, and he looked at us and smiled, and we didn't feel very good, for we knew what he'd like to do to us."

"But the tentile laughed when he saw him. He got up and shook hands with Don Augusto, and he said: 'Buenos dias, Senor Don Augusto de los Reyes. Like that, making fun. It is not long since we met,' he said. 'I am very glad to see you again. I hope you found the prison at San Pablo pleasant?'"

"This Don Augusto knew how to play the game. He smiled with his mouth and said: 'It is not bad, Senor Tentile. But it is tiresome to have the comedy of going there so often. The judge gets tired, too, deciding that I Little Devil. Not because he is little,

but because we loved him, just as Angel Bantling calls his wife Chiquita—tiny one—though she is big as a carabao. El Diablitto I named him, and we were afraid."

"After Don Augusto was dead all that part of the province was good, so they sent us to another place. Barang was the name of the town where we went. It was a better town; the people were good; we had nothing to do but drill. And after drill, often, my tentile took me to shoot with him. I would hold an empty bottle for beer in my hand—like that—and the tentile would shoot it from twenty paces with his revolver. Hoy, he was a devil at everything, my tentile! Scores and scores we broke, and he never hurt me. And he took me to be his servant in his quarters, and I was very happy there in Barang."

"Fermín Majusay gazed into the fire again, and his keen animal face was softened in the flickering light."

"Even if we tell him that all the enemies of the Senor Don Augusto de los Reyes for twenty years have gone that way, and that no one dares to be a witness against him for fear of his revenge, the judge will not care about it. I shan't send you to jail again, my dear friend. I am tired of it, too."

"All we soldiers looked at the ground, for we thought our tentile was a fool, like the judge, and would let Don Augusto go again. And Don Augusto looked at us as if we were dogs—I wanted to give him my bayonet—and he smiled and said: 'I thank you very much, Senor Tentile, for sparing me another of the comedies. It is better for every one. Adios, Senor.'"

"Oh, that tentile of mine was a devil! He got up and shook the hand of Don Augusto, and he smiled and said: 'Adios, Senor Don Augusto de los Reyes. We shall meet again for some time, I think. I am very tired of it myself, Jose.'"

"We all jumped, his voice was so different and the corporal of my squad stepped forward. 'You will be the guard of the Senor to his home,' the tentile said. 'You will need only your revolver.' He stopped a minute, and then he said: 'Jose, be very careful that he does not escape.'"

"You know what that order meant then? We all knew, and Jose's face went like ashes—he was a coward anyway—and he could hardly say, 'Si, mi tentile.' And that big fat pig of a Don Augusto, he dropped altogether as if he had no bones, and he went down on his knees. But my tentile only laughed and said: 'A pleasant journey to you, Senor Don Augusto de los Reyes, and a relief from comedies.'"

"And then he took the commissary reports, and he wrote on them all the time till Jose came back. Jose was shaking and white and the tentile looked at him. 'You are back quickly, Jose,' he said. 'Is anything the matter?'"

"The prisoner tried to escape, mi tentile," Jose said.

"That was very foolish," my tentile said. 'Where is he now, Jose?'"

"Across the river, mi tentile," Jose said.

"Señor, send two men across the river with shovels, the lieutenant ordered, and he tossed Jose a poseta to buy vino." Fermín Majusay had forgotten everything else in thinking of the man who was his hero, and the fire was nearly out. He brought it to a glow and then lay down on his blanket again.

"That night while we whispered together in barracks and that chicken-hearted Jose sent by himself and muttered prayers and drank vino out of a bottle, we named our tentile el Diablitto—the judge gets tired, too, deciding that I Little Devil. Not because he is little,

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"I would not tell him—we have ways of knowing things—and he got very angry and struck me. It made my blood, but I did not care. He was my lieutenant, anyway, and he had been drinking. Next day I was glad of it, for Don Isidro came to dinner, and he looked at my eye. Often, when he thought no one saw him, he looked at it. Then I had an idea. My tentile was very short with me because he was sorry, and Don Isidro was so young it was not hard to make him think that I was angry with the tentile. After a few days he met me in the Plaza and said: 'I am very sorry that the tentile struck you, Fermín, for he is a friend of mine, and I hope no harm will come to him. I have heard that a Macabebe never forgives a blow, but I hope you will be patient.'"

"What a fool that young Isidro was! I looked at him and I said: 'If a Macabebe forgives a blow as soon as a

"Have the good-heartedness to share my poor breakfast,' my tentile said, and Don Isidro sat down, and they ate till I had no patience left. But at last Don Isidro pushed back his chair and said: 'Now, tentile mio, what is this wonderful news?'"

"My tentile pushed back his chair and offered his cigarette-case to Don Isidro. 'Take a long one,' he said, 'one long enough to last our talk out.' So Don Isidro took an entrelagos, and I held a match for him, and then he smiled through the smoke and said: 'Now for our news, tentile mio. I die of suspense.'"

"My tentile put the little packet which Don Isidro had given me on the table, and he looked at Don Isidro. And I think Don Isidro knew then that the game was up. But he was a brave one, I will say that, if he was a fool. He looked at the packet, and he looked at me and

"Let me urge you, my friend," my tentile said, "to smoke slowly and without excitement, for when that cigarette is finished you will be finished also."

"Don Isidro's hand shook a little but he was not afraid. 'You are the winner again, asesino mio,' he said. 'Have the traitor take this sleeping powder, when I am done smoking.'"

"It is against the law," my tentile said, "to let you kill yourself. Fermín told Raymond to buckle on his revolver and be ready to escort Don Isidro down to San Pablo."

"MI tentile," I said, "does one call a Macabebe a traitor and ask him to kill his officer for nothing?"

"Get your own revolver then," he said.

"When I came back Don Isidro's cigarette was getting short. They both stood up and the lieutenant said: 'Adios, Don Isidro. An easy journey to you, and a welcome in San Pablo. I need not tell you, Fermín, to be very careful that

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"When the court of the Empire meets again, as it will in a few days, it will be as strong as it ever was, and much stronger than it was in some periods, not very remote, of its history. The lord chancellor and two ex-lord chancellors, Lord Halsbury and Lord Loreburn, will be at its service. There will also be Lord Mersey and Lord Macnaghten, to whom will be added Sir Alfred Cripps and six lords of appeal; and from time to time some of them—including Lord de Villiers and Sir Samuel Griffith—have heard appeals. It will be possible to call upon the lord chief justice and the lord president of the court of session. It is reasonable to hope that the sitting of two final courts, each with five members, which Lord Haldane said the other evening at Edinburgh was the perfect number, will always be practicable.

Where Appeals Come From. "Whether we have regard to Indian or colonial appeals, the strengthening of the judicial committee at this time is peculiarly desirable. The former come from a new India, more and more critical. The latter in great part relate to legislation embodying new principles, and constituting it may be, of vague sections which it is the business of the courts to fill in. There is need, as there never before was, of a court in which are represented conspicuously and indisputably learning, legal experience, and good sense."

(THE END.)

## WILL STRENGTHEN FINAL COURT OF BRITISH EMPIRE

"The significance of the grant of a peerage to Sir Alfred Cripps, though universally approved, has not been recognized as the latest of a series of measures designed to strengthen the final court of appeal for the Empire," says the Times.

"Sir Alfred Cripps will bring long, varied and rare experience as an advocate, especially in all that relates to railways, to rating, and to business generally. He will be an unpaid member; a new proof, of which we have fortunately many, that Englishmen of distinction, who might well claim to enjoy unbroken leisure after strenuous lives, are ready, with public spirit which ought to be recognized, to give their services to the state gratuitously."

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C. E. GAUSS  
I Will Take Any Case of Catarrh, No Matter How Chronic, or What Stage It Is In, and Prove ENTIRELY AT MY OWN EXPENSE, That It Can Be Cured.

Curing catarrh has been my business for years, and during this time over one million people have come to me from all over the land for treatment and advice. My method is original. I cure the disease by first curing the cause. Thus my combined treatment cures where all else fails. I can demonstrate to you in just a few days' time that my method is quick, sure and complete. Because it is so, I am willing to risk the poisonous germs that cause catarrh. Send your name and address at once to C. E. GAUSS, and he will send you a treatment referred to. Fill out the coupon below.

FREE.  
This coupon is good for a package of GAUSS' COMBINED CATARRH CURE sent free by mail. Simply fill in name and address on dotted lines below, and mail to C. E. GAUSS, 5772 Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

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The growth of a savings account depends largely on the interest paid. Our depositors receive 3½ per cent. compound interest.

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COR. DUNDAS ST. and MARKET LANE, LONDON, CANADA.

A. M. Smart, Manager.

## 12 Tumors Removed Without An Operation

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Dear Mrs. Currah—I am enjoying better health than I have for eight years, and I think I am entirely cured. I have none of the old symptoms. I am very grateful for my present health, and think Orange Lily is the greatest treatment for women's troubles. I have known it used in my case caused 12 tumors or growths of some sort to be expelled. Some were as large as a hen's egg, and others smaller, down to the size of a walnut. You may use my case in your advertisement, for it is the solid truth, and you cannot describe all the good it has done for me. Mrs. Louise E. Bolderidge.  
This letter gives an indication of the positive benefits that always follow the use of Orange Lily. It is an applied treatment and comes in direct contact with the suffering organ. It produces results from the start in all cases of women's disorders, including painful periods, falling of womb, irregularities, leucorrhoea, etc.  
I will send a sample box containing 10 days' treatment absolutely free to any suffering woman who has not yet tried it. If she will send me her address. Enclose 10c for postage and return of box. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.  
Recommended and For Sale by Anderson & Nelles, W. T. Strong & Co., H. J. Childs, W. H. Lister, and all other leading druggists.



MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.