

THE GREAT JUDGMENT MORNING.

[Printed by Request.]

"I dreamed that the Great Judgment Morning had dawned and the trumpet had blown, I dreamed that the nations had gathered to judgment before the white throne...

GOD'S LITTLE DEVILS.

Take a man who has acquired a liking for homicide without losing his sense of humor, put him in command of a half hundred Malays with the same qualities...

But that would be no charge against Senor Don Augusto de los Reyes. "Precisely," said Don Augusto, and he smiled. Oh, he was a big proud man, and he knew what he could do so well that he did not pretend to be scared.

in his pocket and pulled out a little paper. "There is a sleeping powder in that," he said. "The teniente will not strike you again if you do not wish it."

a crash on the ground outside. I ran, and some of the guard ran, and we found him lying on the stones in the patio, dead where he had fallen.

POETRY. [Printed by Request.] Osk, Caroline, fir you I pine! O, willow, yet not mine! O, willow, yet not mine!

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. It is not what he has, nor even what he does which directly expresses the character of the man, but what he is.—Amiel.