

SONNET.

WRITTEN AFTER READING DR. A. H. CHANDLER'S "SONGS OF IMMORTALITY." O, thou who singest sweet the gliding years...

THE DEVIL'S CARD.

It was midnight. Fernand de Roquefeuil was seated in a cafe on the boulevard among six of his intimate companions...

"Well, Fernand," remarked one of the guests, "I must say that when you came into the world you drew a lucky ticket in the lottery of fortune."

"Yes, indeed, between ourselves, I must admit I have very little to complain of," answered Fernand.

Just as he had finished speaking the first bottle of champagne was opened. The foam sparkled in the crystal cups.

"Tell the gentleman he may present himself at my rooms on Louis-le-Grand street to-morrow. If he is at home I shall be very happy to receive him."

"But sir," one of the guests aptly remarked, "you have not even taken the trouble to look at the name of the visitor who sends in his card."

"Why, that's so," replied Fernand. "Let us see who it is this fellow who chooses such queer visiting hours."

Having pompously adjusted his eye-glass, he held up the card and tried to decipher the name. He had to give it up.

"There is some name scrawled on it," he remarked, in a puzzled way, "but for the life of me, I can't make it out."

"The six of them struggled with it in turn, and finally gave it up in despair."

"The circumstance alone was enough to excite the curiosity of a less inquiring mind than Fernand's. A moment before he was about to dismiss the stranger unceremoniously, now he had the keenest desire to see him."

"Tell the gentleman to come in," he said, addressing a waiter.

In a moment the seven gay youths saw approach a young man, hat in hand, rather below medium height, who saluted all present with a graceful bow and in a pleasant tone of voice.

"Sir," said Fernand, addressing him, you have been considerate enough to send in your card, and I should therefore know your name, but, truth to tell, I have not been able to read it—not even to spell it."

"Very well, sir, I shall have the honor of telling it to you in an instant," replied the stranger, with a pleasant smile.

"But, in the meantime, you will please inform me in what capacity you have come to speak to me?"

"In that of creditor. Perhaps we had better retire to a private seat for a moment."

"It is not necessary. A creditor! Ah! do not be at all embarrassed, sir; speak out without the least reserve."

"The window chanced to be open at that moment. There came a sudden gust of air. The wind snapped up the sheet of paper, swept it through the window and carried it to the devil—I mean to his address."

letter to the mysterious and powerful being whom you invoked in your hour of distress. "Well, sir, what about it?"

"Just this, M. de Roquefeuil. In forty-eight hours hence your tenth year will have expired."

"Well, and what then?" "In forty-eight hours you will belong to me. I am the devil!"

One would naturally imagine that Fernand and his six friends would only burst into a fit of laughter at this strange declaration of this unexpected visitor.

"Mons. Satan, as this is the first time we have had the pleasure of your distinguished presence, you will do us the honor of accepting a glass of champagne?"

"My ordinary beverage is human tears," replied the king of terrors, "but I suppose I may make one exception. Pour out the wine!"

He emptied his glass with apparent zest, bowed gracefully and retired, saying, as he withdrew, to Fernand:

"Monsieur Roquefeuil, I expect to have the honor of calling on you tomorrow."

With that not very encouraging remark he withdrew.

So soon as he had gone the young men laughed heartily, but the supper came to an end, and at about three o'clock in the morning all retired to their homes.

At noon the following day, just as Fernand was about to rise, a servant entered his room and handed him three letters and a card. This last was a duplicate of the card of the evening before.

"Ah, indeed! The devil's card!" muttered Fernand. "It seems Satan does not intend to give me much respite."

As for the three letters, they were anything but pleasant reading.

The first announced that the banker, Isaac H—, with whom Fernand had deposited the greater part of her fortune, was suddenly ruined by a fall in stocks, and having secured all the money he could, had fled to America on a Havre packet.

The second letter—anonymous, of course—intormed him that Mme. de Lucy, the charming young widow whom he was to marry in a day or two, had given him the slip, and was about to wed one of his most intimate friends—one of those six gallants who were seated at the table with him the evening before.

Of course, a man of honor should not be annoyed at anything contained in an anonymous letter, always written by a coward; nevertheless, he found such precise details of things that he could not help give credence to the whole letter.

The third letter contained a stenographic account of a conversation that recently occurred in a club, of which Fernand de Roquefeuil was a prominent member. It was a sort of a running commentary of the principal members of the club on the merits and character of Fernand himself.

The latter was by no means flattered; on the contrary, he was regarded as the most insignificant of men.

"Well, these are odd series of coincidences," exclaimed the undecieved Fernand, as he proceeded with a sad air to complete his toilet. "Just think of it! Fortune, friendship, social consideration, all gone! Not a thing left me. Oh, yes, I had forgotten. I have still got the devil's card."

The idea then struck him to look at the card again, and to scan it more closely than he did the evening before.

The signature was still illegible, but a few words traced with a pencil in first rate French told plainly enough that Satan was a man about town.

This is what Fernand read under the redoubtable scratch: FERNAND: "The Devil's Part" will be played this evening at the Opera Comique. Come there at 9 o'clock; knock at the third box. You will be sure to find me there. Your oldest friend, THE DEVIL.

Was this a mystery or was it a freak? Fernand reflected a moment. "To go there would be childish," he mused. "And not to go there will give the idea that I am afraid."

He decided to go. About nine o'clock in the evening he entered the theatre, and, come what might, walked straight for the third box, as directed. To his unspeakable amazement, he found himself in the presence of a lovely young girl. Seated in front of the box, she was dressed with the most exquisite good taste, and gracefully toyed with a fan in her hand.

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A TALE OF OLD JAPAN.

In the first half of the seventeenth century Kotsuke-no-Suke was the lord of Soma, a rich agricultural district containing 136 villages.

Kotsuke-no-Suke was a hard, grasping landlord, who oppressed his peasants by heavy taxes until they were reduced to the last extremity of poverty.

Year after year the wretched farmers petitioned their lord, through the village mayors, to have their burdens lightened, but without avail.

Being a member of the shogun's cabinet, Kotsuke-no-Suke spent a greater part of the year in Yeddo, where he maintained a private palace and a host of retainers.

His extravagance gave rise to much comment in the capital, but few of the haughty nobles who frequented his entertainments knew by what means the lord of Soma procured the vast sums of money necessary to support such lavish magnificence.

In the fall of the year 1643 the farmers dwelling of the estates of Kotsuke-no-Suke assembled together to devise measures for their relief.

That year the taxes had become heavier than ever before, and scores of families were threatened with starvation during the winter. The stoutest-hearted among them were filled with despair at the apparent hopelessness of their situation.

The mayor of one of the villages, and himself a farmer, had been throughout all their vicissitudes the staunch friend of the down-trodden peasants.

He now advised them to draw up a petition to the shogun's cabinet, and then to select a committee to go up to Yeddo and present it to that body.

When the evil doings of their lord were known to his fellow-councillors their up-braidings and his own wounded pride shame him into mercy.

Sogoro's plan was adopted, and he was one of the number chosen to go to Yeddo to present the memorial to the cabinet.

Knowing the dangers that attended his mission, Sogoro, on the eve of his departure, called his family together and said: "I am going to Yeddo, and it may be that I shall never return, for it is hard to say how I shall be treated by those in power."

I am willing, however, to give my life for the good of our suffering fellow-tenants. Let us therefore drink a cup of wine together, for it may be that you shall see my face no more. If I die, mourn not over my fate—weep not for me."

Sogoro and his companions went to Yeddo, and there they soon learned of the riotous living of their spendthrift lord, and they wept when they reflected that all his wanton luxury was bought with the life blood of their famishing friends at Soma.

In a few days they had an opportunity of presenting their petition to Lord Kuzo, a member of the cabinet, and they all felt elated that the great nobleman had condescended to listen to their grievances and to accept their memorial.

The action of Kotsuke-no-Suke's tenants created no little stir in Yeddo, and many observations upon that nobleman and his style of living were made that could scarcely be called complimentary.

But it does not do for people living in glass houses to throw stones. All the members of the shogun's cabinet had at one time or another been guilty of oppressing their own peasants, and it would be extremely awkward for them now to sit in judgment upon Kotsuke-no-Suke.

So it was decided to return the petition to the complainants. Accordingly Sogoro received a summons to appear at the residence of Lord Kuzo. There he was met by two councillors, who handed him the ill-starred memorial, saying: "A short time ago you had the audacity to thrust this petition into the hands of Lord Kuzo. By his extraordinary clemency he forgives your offense, but beware that you do not again presume upon his lordship's forbearance, for ill will it fare with you."

for the sake of my suffering brethren, I shall sacrifice myself that their wrongs may be made known and happily righted.

On the morrow, therefore, do you all, except six men, return to Soma and tell our poor friends to have stout hearts, for there is yet hope for them."

Sogoro had from the first been recognized as the leading spirit of the enterprise, and his companions now made haste to follow out his suggestions.

The intrepid farmer and his six associates drew up a new memorial setting forth their grievance in a plain, straightforward manner, and earnestly appealing for redress.

Shortly after, while the shogun, Iyemitsu, was on his way to Ueno to worship at the tombs of his ancestors, Sogoro contrived to break through the troop of armed retainers that were escorting his majesty, and thrust the petition into the hands of the shogun.

The daring farmer was seized and hurried off to prison. Iyemitsu was a just ruler, and gave the peasants' memorial his careful attention.

The result of it all was that Kotsuke-no-Suke was ordered to reduce his tenants' taxes to a proper amount, and to return to them the money he had wrongfully deprived them of.

The lord of Soma was a very angry man, but, though he might rage and vow vengeance upon the heads of his tenants, he had to obey the orders of his chief.

And thus relief came at last to the long suffering peasants.

But, alas for poor Sogoro, the irrevocable law of the nation pronounced his offence deserving of death, and he was turned over to his legal lord for execution.

In feudal Japan the nobility held the power of life and death over their peasant vassals, and now the cruel Kotsuke-no-Suke, thirsting for vengeance, determined to destroy the whole family of Sogoro.

In vain his tenants, his samurai, his councillors, and even the princes of the surrounding country, besought the lord of Soma to be merciful; the bloody tyrant was inexorable.

Sogoro and his wife were condemned to be crucified, and their three sons, aged 7, 10 and 13, respectively, were ordered to be beheaded in the presence of their parents.

On the day of the execution all the inhabitants of the 136 villages of Soma assembled to bid Sogoro and his wife farewell and to encourage them with their presence and prayers.

There was not one there, even to the executioners, who did not shed tears, and the blessing of heaven upon the martyrs, while curses, deep and bitter, were hurled against the hated Kotsuke-no-Suke.

After the parents were made fast to the crosses the three boys were led forth and beheaded in their sight. Friends received the bodies and bore them away to prepare them for burial.

O Man, Sogoro's wife, turning to her husband, said in a cheerful voice: "Remember, my husband, that from the first you had made up your mind to this fate. What though our bodies be disgracefully exposed on these crosses, we have the promises of the gods before us; therefore, mourn not. Let us fix our minds upon death; we are drawing near to paradise and shall soon be with the saints."

Let us cheerfully lay down our lives for the good of our people."

"Well said, wife," responded Sogoro, gayly. "I am happy because I have attained my heart's desire. Our petition was successful; had I 500 lives, and could I 500 times assume this shape of mine, I would die 500 times to redress the wrongs of our people."

Then the executioner, taking his spear, thrust it into the side of O Man and into the side of her husband, and both died there in the sight of the sorrowing peasants.

And Kotsuke-no-Suke's chief councillor, when all was over, came and knelt down before the dead body of the farmer and said: "Although you were but a peasant you saved your brethren. You bruised your bones and crushed your heart for their sakes. Honors shall yet be paid to your spirit, and you shall be canonized as a saint; you shall become a tutelary deity among the people of Soma."

And so it came to pass. The farmers of Soma made the grave of Sogoro a place of prayer, and gradually came to look upon him as divine. Finally, a temple arose in his honor, and he was at length duly canonized as a Buddhist saint.—W. C. Kitchin in New York Ledger.

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Not Such a Bad Day, After All. Poor Friday has been sadly abused. Let us take up the cudgels in its defence. It is not such a bad day, after all. Shakespeare was born on Friday. America was discovered Friday. Queen Victoria was married Friday.

And so we might go through our chronological tables and find that hundreds of events, which have hastened the progress of our race happened on Friday.

Mr. D. S. Davidson, of Montreal, a gentleman who is well known, by reputation at least, throughout the Dominion, has reason to bless Friday. For years he suffered from dyspepsia. All of these terrible symptoms torture the dyspeptic sufferer; variable appetite, nausea, gnawing at the pit of the stomach, gulping up of wind, heartburn, loss of flesh, sallow skin, dizziness, falling sight, furred tongue, foul breath, constipation, head troubles.

Sleeplessness added to the sufferings of Mr. Davidson. He also had severe pains in his back, and when he took any solid food was in agony for hours.

He tried several doctors, but with no relief. One Friday he heard of a medicine that was advertised as a cure for dyspepsia and all nervous diseases. He tried it that same day, and it did more for him than all the doctors. This medicine, which he commenced using on that fortunate Friday, was Paine's Celery Compound.

It was soon able to prevent cold, and his food did not hurt him. His present condition is best expressed in his own words, "I am a new man."

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No Dock Contracts in Ohio. They should go slow on that Ohio Alderman arrested while attempting to crack a safe. His town wasn't digging any sewers, laying out any parks, voting any franchises to street railroads or building any city buildings, and he had to do something to make the position pay. Burglary was the only thing left to him.—Ex.

Long on Clothes; Short on Cash. Travers (to tailor)—You'll have to measure me over this time. I guess I've grown some lately. Tailor—You must be mistaken, sir. The last time I called on you you were shorter than ever.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Misleading Politeness. "She his wife? She can't be!" "But she is." "Well, that beats me." "Why?" "He lifted his hat to her when they met."—Chicago Times.

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Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion is particularly adapted to delicate females, in those low states of the system that manifest themselves in so many of the ailments peculiar to their sex. Always ask for Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion, and be sure you get it. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. All Druggists sell it.

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BUCKET PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. 10:55 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

4:10 p. m.—Fast Express, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West, Houlton and Woodstock.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 10:45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points. 10:45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 17:35 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 16:00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7:35 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.

Short Line Railway. ST. STEPHEN AND ST. JOHN. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked * run daily except Sunday. † Daily except Monday.

ON and after THURSDAY, Oct. 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1:25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4:10 p. m.; St. Stephen, 6 p. m.

Intercolonial Railway. 1889--Winter Arrangement--1890. ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.30 Accommodation for Point du Clerc..... 11.10 Fast Express for Point du Clerc..... 11.20 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.30 Express for Sussex..... 12.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7:15 o'clock and St. John at 7:30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 10:20 and take Sleeping Car at Montreal.

Trains will arrive at St. John. Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11.10 Fast Express from Halifax..... 11.50 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 12.25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave..... 12.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Buctouche and Moncton Railway. On and after 8th APRIL, Trains will run as follows: LEAVE BUCTOUCHE, 7.30 | LEAVE MONCTON, 15.30 ARR. BUCTOUCHE..... 10.00 ARR. BUCTOUCHE, 17.30

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