

and pay for his breakfast, leaving him a cash balance of exactly thirty-five cents.

Of us he asked the *loan* of enough only to reach Jackson, were he had friends; or if not convenient, enough to make Canton, were he knew a railroad man who he was quiet sure would "dead head" him all the way to Natchez.

Deeply moved with his story, as well as manner of his rehearsal, we plied our new found Brother with "questions oft," until he had almost told it over again; and then to the end that some memorial might be obtained and laid up in our archives, we handed him a slip of paper and requested his autograph, which he promptly returned, and from which we copy: "Alex. Craig, DeWitt Clinton Lodge, No. 1. Key West Florida."

We informed Bro. Craig that his obedience to certain prescribed regulations pertinent, before we could contribute the Lodge funds to his necessities, it was necessary that we should consult our Wardens, which we assured him we should do without unnecessary delay. He was requested to repair to his hotel, where in company with our *three* Wardens we in due time interviewed *him*.

Bro. Craig was we thought, less happy in his second rehearsal; he did not appreciate the off-hand skirmishing and range of the inquiries adopted by our Wardens, suggested the propriety of beginning at the book and taking it straight, which they somehow couldn't see and they still went for him, till he went over again the story of his wrongs and his suffering with, as we thought, perhaps a shade less of the "rebel" unction than had adorned his first deliverance.

We finally suggested to Bro. C. that the rule was absolute, which required Masters of Lodges, before dispensing the Lodge funds for the relief of applicants, to have satisfactory evidence that the applicant is an affiliated Mason in good standing; that as he had been a long time absent, in order to refresh his memory, if need be, we had brought from our office a copy of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Florida for 1870, which we thereupon placed in his hands. We observed that he handled the pamphlet and turned its pages as one unaccustomed to the examination of such papers, and volunteered to point to the page containing a roster of the Lodges, which was found upon close inspection, not to have the name of Bro. C's Lodge in the list. Here, indeed was a dilemma, of first magnitude, and one for which he was not equal. He had filled every gap and straightened every crook at all points in his eventful story, like a well skilled expert, and with an air of earnest modesty truly admirable; but here verily was a hiatus broad and deep, which tested Bro. Craig's wits above what they were able, and he quailed like one yielding to the demands of inexorable destiny.

The embarrassment which ensued was felt by everyone present. Bro. C. was sure he had not forgotten the name, number or place of his Lodge—he *could not*; and yet it was not in the book; then how was it? We suggested that Grand Secretaries were sometimes very careless, and that it was not unusual for them to omit the names of Lodges in the published proceedings. Upon this hint (Grand Secretaries, please pardon us,) Bro. C. took heart again, and we very freely and *candidly* talked the thing over—Grand Secretaries particularly, and the peculiarly awkward fix their blunders now and then (again pardon us) got worthy Brethren into.