

to travel, and knowing we would have to lodge somewhere that night, upon inquiry I learned that there was a 'Travelers' Inn' about half way of our journey, the only place in all that country where entertainment could be had. We aimed to reach this point, but it occurred when we were about one quarter of a mile of the 'Inn,' about sundown, my horse all of a sudden dropped dead. There we were in this sad fix, nearly night, a dead horse, and away from any house; my wife crying and lamenting and sorry we had started and I—I had it all to bear alone. I knew it could not be far to the Inn, for which we were making. So I told my wife we would go up to the house, and I would get the buggy and baggage there the best way I could. We walked on together up the hill, and soon arrived at our place of destination for the evening. The landlord assisted in getting the buggy and baggage to the house. I suppose there were about a dozen of us who had called to tarry for the night.

"After supper I sat with the crowd of gentlemen conversing upon various topics until time for retiring to my room for sleep. As I arose from my seat in the crowd, I caught the eye of the landlord and gave him a Masonic sign, which he readily recognized and answered. Not a word was spoken, and I retired to my room, where I found my wife crying bitterly over our misfortune and lamenting much that she saw no way to pursue the journey on the morrow, as she thought we were only among strangers, who cared not to lend a helping hand.

"But there was one, and only one, who received a 'sign' in that crowd, but in such a silent way that none perceived it, save he who gave and he who received. When I saw my wife weeping so bitterly, I remarked to her to dry her tears and take our misfortune more philosophically and patiently; that the matter would be all right in the morning, and that we would be able to pursue our journey after breakfast.

"Woman's inquisitive nature here began to show itself, and she replied:

"'How do you know? Did he tell you he would furnish a way for us?'

"No," I replied, "he said not a word; but I know it will be all right."

"Well, how do you know it?'

"I was loth to tell her, knowing her antipathy to Masonry, but her importunity was so great that I at last told her: "I have found out just now, that our landlord is a Mason, and he has found out that I am a Mason, and though we spake no word on the subject, I am confident he will provide some way for us in our distress."

"Well," said she "if that is your only hope, it is a very poor one! Pooh! what has Masonry ever done for us?'

"I said I cared not to discuss the subject with her, knowing that in certain states of mind a woman is a hard subject to deal with. Thus I left her to her own reflections.

"After early breakfast next morning, as I rose from the table, mine host came to me, took me by the arm, led me to the front porch, and remarked:

"I have no horse that will work in harness; but there is as safe a mule as you ever saw, hitched to your buggy, to carry yourself and your wife to your mother-in-law's; and there is a servant on another mule to go with you to bring the mule you drive back home.'

"That, sir, is very kind and clever in you; and tell me how much I owe you for our night's entertainment?'

"Not one cent, my friend."

"How much do I owe you for this act of kindness—for your trouble in assisting us on our journey?'

"Not a cent, sir; not a cent. I am doing nothing but my duty to a distressed worthy brother.'

"I hied away to my room, told my wife everything was in readiness, and we were soon travelling towards mother's home, which we reached that evening. I determined to keep a still tongue about Masonry, so the subject was not broached nor even intimated between us during the entire day's ride, nor ever afterward. I determined