

worse since he got married. It seems like deserting us altogether."

"Have you a son? You never mentioned him."

"No; George has gone his way and we must go ours. Yes, he married one o' those cracked-headed boarding school misses who can't tell the difference between a rolling-pin and a milk-pail."

But despite her scorn, Mrs. Clement dashed off some tears with her brown fist.

"Is his wife pretty? I suppose you love her dearly?"

"I don't know nothing about her and don't want to know. He's left us for her, too. Mary, just turn them cakes around; seem's they're burning."

When Mary returned, Mrs. Clement was leaning on the back of her chair.

"Mary, suppose you stop with us another month yet, anyhow. The Deacon'll make it all right.

"It isn't the money I care for, Mrs. Clement. I only wish I might stay always. You don't know how much I love you."

"Love us, do you? Bless your heart! If poor George had only picked you out, what a comfort it would be to us all! But it can't be helped now."

She sighed wearily, then glancing out of the window, looking a moment, then threw down her work,

"Bless my soul, if there ain't our George coming up the lane! Deacon, Deacon, George is coming!"

And all her mother love rushing to her heart, she hurried out to meet him. Oh, the welcoming, the reproaches, the caresses, the determination to love him still, despite dear, innocent, little Marion!

Then, when the table in the next room had been set by Mary's deft fingers, and she had retired to her "west garret," Mrs. Clement opened her heart.

"There's no use in talking, George, this fine, fancy lady o' yours never'll suit me. Give me a smart girl like Mary Smith, and I'll ask no more. Come in to supper now. Mary, Mary!"

She raised her voice to call the girl, when a low voice near her surprised her.

"Oh, you dressed up in honor o' my boy. Well, I must confess I never knew you had such a handsome dress, and you look like a picture with your net off and them short bobbin' curls. George, this is Mary Smith, my—"

George came through the door glanced carelessly at the corner where the woman stood, and then, with a cry, sprang with outstretched arms to meet the little figure that flew into them.

"My Marion! my darling little wife! What does this mean?"

The Deacon and Mrs. Clement stood in speechless amazement. Then Marion, all blushes and tearful smiles, went over to the old pair and took their hands.

"I am George's wife; I was so afraid you never would love me, so I came determined to win you if I could. Mother, father, may I be your daughter?"

And a happier family, when they had exhausted their powers of surprise, amazement and pride in beautiful Marion, never gave thanks over a supper table.

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We claim that any good Mason in distress, after producing proper certificates, or Lodge receipts for dues, and standing a good examination, has as much claim on one Lodge as another. He has a claim on any Lodge fund or Mason, enough to relieve actual want, and his own home Lodge is not responsible for what may be given him.—*Masonic Jewel*.