

She didn't.

The next morning Mrs. Rice nearly gave the fits to her neighbor, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, when she said to her in a whisper:—

"O Mrs. Fitzpatrick, for the sakes of you don't mention it, but it is a fact that 'my boarder' has gone and joined them folks that do be making such queer signs, riding goats and all that when decent people are in their beds. Don't tell a soul of it or he might kill me."

And thus was the news quickly spread that Gottlieb Guttman was probably a "past grand" or "most sublime and worshipful master" of some lodge or other. Guttman enjoyed the joke hugely.

Next day there was more fun in store for him. Just as he was finishing up his day's work he noticed two persons entering his office. From the guarded way in which he looked around one would be led to believe that they were under police surveillance. Guttman thought he knew them, especially one whom he had facetiously dubbed Dr. Jekyll, on account of his facility in playing double parts. As for instance lauding the "Grand Old Man of Rome" at an Hibernian banquet and anathematizing "The Scarlet Lady" at another meeting, which for divers reasons was held within closed doors.

"Good evening gentlemen!" said Guttman to his visitors, "I suppose you have come to purchase a few tickets for the Orphans' Benefit. You are just in time, since there are only a few reserved seats left."

"We have come on very important business," said the spokesman, "and would like to see you alone."

"This is strange business," said Guttman. "Why, gentlemen, I think we are alone. Besides, I am accustomed to do my business above board, however, to oblige you I shall lock the outer door. And now let's to business."

"Well," said one of Guttman's visitors, "there is talk in town that you are a 'society' man and we are a committee from Lodge No. 1 of the 'Free and Accepted U. B. D's of the Simian Rite,' and we cordially invite you to join us."

"Then it's brother meeting brother," said Guttman he told me, however, he meant it in the sense that all men were brothers, coming as they did from the same original

parents). "O yes," went on Guttman, "I belong to several fraternal and benevolent societies (all Catholic ones). No wonder that people admire those whose apparent aim is to help the widow and the orphan. But gentlemen——"

Here Guttman, to the short-lived delight of his visitors, assumed a dramatic posture, and, I might remark, very few knew better than he how to "take occasion by the hand."

"But gentlemen," he said, "that artful deceiver—our sworn adversary—who goes around like a roaring lion seeking one's destruction, knows too well how to color a thing in order to make it look attractive. Hence, he causes men to band together for unholy purposes, and while they ply their unhallowed work, the initiated are led to believe that you are engaged in acts of brotherly love. No, gentlemen, I do not believe in binding myself to blindly do the bidding of another in things in which I might injure my neighbor's good name or his property. My Church, which is God's Church, knows this too well, and hence, warns her children against that cancer on humanity—the secret society."

It was becoming uncomfortable for Guttman's visitors, and they were slowly working their way towards the door. They had undoubtedly caught a Tartar.

"It's no use, gentlemen, that door was fastened for your benefit, and now I intend to take advantage of your forced presence by finishing what I have to say," said Guttman, who continued, "You shouldn't feel uneasy since you are accustomed to meeting behind closed doors."

The two men were getting very uneasy and were probably wishing that Guttman might be consigned to some locality where the temperature was far above thirty-three degrees. However, they had to sit it out.

"And, now, gentlemen!" said Guttman in a slow and solemn tone, "I'll let you into a great secret, but you must keep it to yourselves. Doubtless you have heard of those dreadful Jesuitical societies amongst us which secretly plant the assassination of so many innocent non-Catholics. I belong to one of these societies, and carry about me a sign hidden from the gaze of men. Yes, a sign which can work wonders above human power. I do not show this sign—or charm if you will—to everyone, but since