

supporting citizens of our great and glorious, &c.

The gentleman was very eloquent and impressive, and was fully imbued with the spirit of Christian piety, and the love of his fellow-man, and frequently interspersed his remarks with quotations from the Big Book. He did not succeed, however, in convincing his honorable listener as to the utility of his scheme, although he began to think that the reverend talker was probably honest and sincere. It was a very hot and sultry morning, and the gentleman often had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief to wipe his perspiring and reverend brow, when, after a particularly eloquent and touching quotation, he drew out of his pocket a big blue silk bandanna, and with this came out a pack of cards, several little blue and white round pieces, rolling in all directions on the carpet.

Bro Wood was a very tall and dignified old gentleman, one of the old school, but he had to unbend when he saw his reverend visitor down on all fours clawing around in all directions to gather in his "chips," and making a grab at the ace of spades, a dash for the king of diamonds, and crumpling the poor queen of hearts in his fingers, in his endeavors to get all the stray cards and chips together. The interview was very abruptly brought to a close, and the scheme, very likely, was never carried out, and Mr. Wood never found out whether a farm for poor children was ever established. He did find out, however, that no such man as he described to me ever belonged to our lodge.

At another time, a raw-boned son of the wild West intercepted him, and began to make motions similar to those of a windmill in a stiff gale, or like a loose scarecrow set up in a field. Mr. Wood tried to pass the fellow, when he bawled out, "Bien't you a Mason?" The aged Congressman replied, with the most affable mien, "I am a Representative from

New York," By this time several friends had gathered in the corridor, and the fellow was taken in charge by some one near by, and was heard to say that Mr. Wood was a fraud, as he did not know or recognize the Masonic signs which he "threw" at him.

A similar story was told me recently by one of our most popular and esteemed Past Grand Masters, and he, too, complained to me of how he was often harassed by impecunious applicants; and though he is ever ready to assist the worthy, he is often imposed upon by skillful imposters, who play upon his good nature and make the most of his charitable and good old man. He told me of a case where a man in Brooklyn had sent his daughter to him with a begging letter, written in the most pathetic language, describing the applicant as prostrate upon his bed of sickness and suffering—aye, probably the bed of a suffering and dying brother, &c. The M. W. Brother gave the girl some money, and told her that if she would bring letters from some well-known and prominent brethren in Brooklyn he would help her again. It was not long when another call was made, still more pathetic, still more pleading, asking for a good round sum of money, and with it this time came several letters from distinguished brethren of Brooklyn, all highly recommending poor Bro. H. The M. W. Brother gave his check for a large sum, thinking he was sure that here was a worthy case, only to find out, when too late, that Bro. H. was a rank impostor, who had long since been suspended by his lodge for unmasonic conduct, and who live on begging; that, though he is a very talented man, he is too lazy to work, and has trained his children to aid him in his various schemes to fleece wealthy people. The letters, of course, were all forgeries.

This man lives in fine style in a good neighborhood in Brooklyn, has a regular "office" on the second floor