

name I have forgotten, was sent for, who put me through a rigid course of sprouts. After consultation, the three approached me with extended hands.

Bro. Schmoker, we believe your statement and will stand by you. The circumstances of the case certainly wear a bad look, but we will at least see you through until you have an opportunity to prove yourself innocent of the charge, or they to prove you guilty."

We returned to the Mayor's room. The plaintiff swore positively that I had stolen his money, upon which the official was obliged to bind me over for trial, which was set at 10 A. M. next day. Those true hearted Masons, Bros. Black and Quail, became responsible for my appearance. A half hour previous, I was to them an utter stranger. Still, with every appearance of guilt upon me, they trusted implicitly to my honor as a Mason, not to leave them in the lurch. Being set at liberty, I telegraphed home to parties who were known in Pittsburg, but for some, to me unexplainable reason, received no replies. I slept very little that night, I assure you. Morning arrived and yet no tidings. Ten o'clock found me at the court-room, unprepared for anything like a plausible defence. The jail and state prison began to stare me in the face. It seemed as though everything conspired to convict me of that of which I was not guilty. Without a word from my friends, with no other assurance than the mere word of one who claimed to be a Mason, otherwise a total stranger, those two brethren renewed my bail, and the trial was put off twenty-four hours. Their confidence remained unshaken. The Masonic, when all other ties failed, saved me from a felon's cell.

An hour after the adjournment of court, several dispatches arrived from Lancaster, not only in answer to mine of the previous evening, but from other prominent citizens, that set everything right, so far as my identity and integrity were concerned. The charge of theft, however, still remained against me.

I left the hotel after dinner and walked leisurely towards the landing, cogitating upon the events of the previous forty-eight hours, and trying to conjure up something that would release me from my predicament. The boat on which I had come down the previous day had in the meantime made a round trip to Newton and back. The thought struck me that by going on board I might possibly gain something favorable to my case. The crew, some of whom recognized me the moment I set foot on the gang plank, shouted out—

"That fellow's money has been found!"

It appeared that when the chambermaid went to make the beds, she found the money—\$110—under the pillow. Saved! saved! said I mentally, in great delight.

A policeman, in company with the plaintiff, went back to Newton on the boat, and obtained the money. It was found right where the fellow, in his drunken, maudlin condition had placed it.

This, of course, ended all further proceedings. I was immediately discharged, and the Mayor, the fellow who accused me of the theft, and others, united in written testimonials fully exonerating me from all guilt. Bros. Black and Quail became my warm and steadfast friends, and for some time a correspondence was kept up between us. They were a couple of true-hearted men as ever drew the breath of life, and that transaction placed me under obligations that I never expect to be able to repay. Col. Samuel Black was an educated man, having graduated with distinction at a college in Washington, Pa., served all through the Mexican war, as a colonel of volunteers, and on the breaking out of the rebellion, was among the first to enlist in the Union army. His career, however, was of short duration, being shot while leading his men into action during a battle fought somewhere in Virginia. As a lawyer, he was eminent; as a friend, warm-hearted and true; as a man and Mason, none excelled him.

Dr. William Quail was surgeon to Col. Black's regiment in the Mexican war, and for many years was an active member and an officer of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. Like Bro. Black, he was held in high esteem by all who knew him. All honor to them both.—*Masonic Review*.

INFLUENCE OF MASONRY

It was one of those disagreeable, rainy days of last week, when the rain poured down in torrents, when heavy, dull clouds hung overhead, when the streets were deserted of pedestrians, and when everything wore that dreary look which one always sees on a rainy day, that we trolled into Langlois & Roman's billiard store, more to get out of the rain than in the hope of finding any items, though we were sadly in need in something of the kind. The store wore a look that corresponded with the weather: it was dark and silent, and although the afternoon was but half spent, the gas jets twinkled where the senior member was industriously at work over his volumes of accounts. There was no one in to buy, and the clerks were lounging about in the most comfortable