

11th and was buried the next day. Permission was refused the representatives of his family to exhume the body. The Colombian Government pointed to its law prohibiting the disinterment of bodies until 18 months had elapsed, and declined to listen to arguments.

Derbes and Jolet sailed from New Orleans in the middle of July to secure the body of Browning in whatever way they could. They had the direct backing of the Knights of Pythias, and behind them stood the members of the Masonic, Essenic and Druidical organizations.

Upon reaching Bocas del Toro they applied to United States Consul Hands, who told them their mission was hopeless, and according to the two men, threw all possible obstacles in their way. Alcalde Bravo of Bocas refused to allow them to open Browning's grave.

They hired a crazy tug and set off for Colon. The drunken pilot lost his reckonings, a storm came up, they were blown 60 miles from their course, and for a while death seemed certain. At last the wind went down and Colon was reached after many hardships. There the prefect listened to what they had to say and finally gave them an order on the Alcalde at Bocas instructing him to allow them to disinter Browning's body.

When they reached Bocas, armed with the order, they thought their troubles were over. But they could find no one who would open the grave. One man offered to have it done on payment of \$1,000, but the offer had a suspicious look, and the Americans refused it. There was nothing left but to open the grave themselves.

Lest further obstacles should be thrown in their way, Derbes and Jolet waited until midnight. They carried the casket which had been sent for the reception of the body to the spot where Browning had been buried, and then went to work. Their hands, unused to manual toil, were bleeding before the task was finished, but after four hours' hard work the body had been placed in the casket and carried to the steamship Utstein, which was in waiting. They sailed at once for Mobile.

Derbes and Jolet were given a great reception by the Pythians of New Orleans when the train pulled in and they stepped off in charge of the body.

Browning was a Master Mason, Past Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias and the President of the Past Grand Chancellors' Assoc-

iation of Louisiana. He was also a member of the Ancient Order of Druids, the Essenic Knights and the American Legion of Honor, besides other societies. All the expenses of the trip made by Derbes and Jolet were borne by the Knights of Pythias.

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THE HEARTS OF MEN. (Continued).

It was a beautiful Sunday morning when my chum and I took our first walk. A typical January day, clear, bright and frosty, the white snow glistening and sparkling like diamonds, not a breath of air moving, but light, glorious sunlight everywhere, even away as far as the shining mountain-tops, which rose majestically from the far side of an intervening arm of the sea, their jagged summits outlined sharply against the clear blue of a perfect sky.

Strange to say we had climbed over the very ground where Hugh had met with his accident, away above the divide to a spot well-named "The Observatory," commanding as it did a view many miles in extent, one of those nature pictures, rich in color and perspective and awe-inspiring grandeur, such as true artists love.

There was an inspiration in everything around, even to the stillness and hush. We seemed far above the world, in a sphere and mood one sometimes reads of, and but rarely experiences. Our hearts were too full for week day talk.—Did you ever sit still and imagine yourself drinking from the "Well of Life," that life which holds our little earth in its eternal orbit round the sun, in perfect rest, perfect peace?—And as we sat thus drinking in new strength to live, into our line of vision rose one tiny speck, growing more and more distinct the nearer its approach, until at last we were able to descry a large bird. Soon it was on our level, and then above us upward into the clear blue, again a mere speck and then lost to sight.

"Had I but wings I would fly with thee!"

The spell was broken and we began to talk. "Fly whither, friend?" I asked.

"To the Source of Wisdom, to the Solver of the Riddle of Life."

"Life! Let's talk of Life. Hugh, won't you explain that remark of yours to Jim, the other day? You said did we but know it we might live and not see death, or did I misunderstand you?"

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