

in a totally unfamiliar quarter of the town, beyond reach of any caravansera familiar. There was a modest, unobtrusive, English-looking public-house right opposite, and there were a Square and a Compass over the lintel!

My readers will remember our previous grave condemnation of the employment of such emblems as signs of tradesmen. I remembered it even here myself, and laughed, in the midst of all the perplexing misery, at so practical a refutation of our doctrine. For, that house, humble as it was, stood out among the surroundings with a homely welcome on its front, making its architecture lovelier than any palace I have ever seen. Every traveller will remember the glad sensation with which, under the easiest and most careless circumstances, he greets, in foreign harbor, the flag of the dear old land behind him. And I ask any traveller to picture for himself some phantom of the satisfied rapture of relief with which, wearied, stupified and terror-stricken, he would, in the strangest of strange lands and at the extreme end of the habitable world, salute the symbols of a brotherhood closer than any compatriotism, and make for the grasp of a friendship reliable above all kindred's ties!

Mine host himself—if I could but recollect his name it should be advertised here—served in the bar and drew the beer. And mine host heard with unlimited concern the story there was to tell him and proffered kindly sympathy in the highest degree encouraging. It was, he said, a case for the Master, and to the Master we should go. The Master was John Petrie, and the Lodge the North Australian, and both names are worth recording. He listened with almost affectionate concern; he promised his assistance on the bench of magistrates; he engaged, failing redress, to take Masonic measures to pull us through; and he shook his head gravely over my necessary reference to Lockyer. It is strange that the same wild suspicion should have struck both Nelly and the stranger; the innocent, guileless, little woman, and the shrewd, sharp man of the world. But then, in justice to the latter, it must be said that he did not know Fred for a Craftsman.

There was a disposition towards comparative jubilation that evening in the Royal Hotel, almost the meanest tavern that ever bore that deceptive appellation. Only I wished that Fred could have come back and helped us, and Nelly shook her wise head, and guessed, or would have guessed if she had ever been on this continent, that he was likely to stay away.

All this determined incredulity was painful, and I felt it resentfully. The worst of the matter was that it spread to the landlord and the police magistrate, who were only to be satisfied by an engagement to produce Lockyer before them. More telegrams in consequence, and more delay, and more ridiculous suspicion, but no Fred Lockyer! It was our