

went out, and sent Mrs. Brown in. As that woman passed through, Mr. French, who had changed his position to one near the hall-door, said, in a low tone: "Whatever you see or hear, manifest no surprise and keep a still tongue."

After dinner was over and a few minutes had been spent in the sitting-room, Ned spoke about the parlor and music.

"Please let these gentlemen go first," said Kate. "I have something to tell you alone."

So they went in, and left the husband and wife alone.

"You know, dear Ned," she began, "how much it costs to live, and how little we had to do it with when you were taken sick. Your Lodge friends were very kind in coming to watch with you, and sending little luxuries; but they never dreamed how destitute we were, and how much we needed necessities, and—— But please don't go so fast," she said, as they had arisen, and were already in the hall; "I ain't done yet. And don't you believe I love you dearly, and care for you, and would do anything to please you?"

"Certainly Katie. But what is the matter?"

"Oh, if you only knew——"

"Knew what?"

"Knew how I love you. No, not that. How I tried to get along without——"

Here she burst into tears, and could say no more.

"Oh! I can't tell you, after all," she said, presently, as they neared the parlor door. "You must see for yourself."

"See what?" he asked in astonishment, as she opened the door, and stepped back, that he might go in first.

She stopped in astonishment, as she herself looked into the parlor, and saw "The Poet's Paradise," and the other paintings, and the statuettes on the brackets, and everything else she had parted with for money. She was speechless, and looked first at her husband, then at Mr. French, and then at the works of art.

"Probably I can explain this best," said Mr. French, stepping forward, telling Ned what the reader already knows, and then telling how he had the things returned to the parlor, at a given signal from him, when Kate was in the back part of the house.

"But what about the bank?" asked Kate, smiling a bewildered smile, through her tears.

"That was as I told you," said Mr. French. "Mr. Boynton had and now has money on deposit in the bank, which always honors its drafts."

"What bank is it?" asked Kate.

"The Bank of Masonry, which every worthy member always finds a safe investment. Hearing what you had said on one or two occasions, and knowing what your feelings were, I took the method I did to teach you a little lesson. The wife of a Mason may not know the unimportant secret rites of the Order; but she may know of its workings of charity and humanity, and of its brotherly love and pure and undefiled religion. If it had not been to teach you your error, Mrs. Boynton, you might never have known from whence came the succor that aided you through a crisis that is liable to overtake all who dwell in this world of Entered Apprentices; for our agents do not deal in ostentation, but imitate their