

me, sir, I shall retain a spark of honor."

Mr. Lee arose and stood before Tom. There was a sudden change in his whole demeanor. He put forth his hand, and Tom grasped it.

"Tom," said he, "I am glad to hear this. And that spark of honor I believe, may be made to kindle into a flame. I thought you all unworthy. I can not write the letter you asked for, but if you will begin here and now to turn 'Square Around,' I will see that you have some humble employment, food and clothing. Go bring your bible and watch, and place them in my care. But, first, step into the house with me, Mrs. Lee is absent, but we can find something in the cupboard to satisfy hunger."

Fifteen minutes afterward, Tom Stapleford walked away from the lawyer's office, lighter of heart than he had been for many long and weary months. Everyone in the village knew him, but no one who regarded public opinion cared to notice him. "They shall speak to me yet," murmured Tom, and his step grew firmer with the inspiration of the moment, although his whole system was weakened by incessant dissipation. An hour after, he returned and placed in the lawyer's hands the relics referred to.

"Now, Tom, you need some clothing," said the latter. "You will take this order to the When Clothing House and get what you need; and here are ten dollars, for the purchase of a pair of boots and a hat, and you need bathing and shaving. You see, I trust you entirely. That spark of honor that would not let you sell your father's watch should not let

you betray my trust. Go, and return here. I will have a bed placed in the back office for you at present."

While Tom's new suit, in which he appeared an hour after, could not conceal his bloodshot eyes or bloated visage, it served well to set off a naturally stalwart frame, and his clean shaven face, though flushed and feverish with many a fiery potation, had in it the elements of manly beauty. The lawyer looked upon him with a satisfied air.

"Tom," said he "you will have a fierce struggle. You may be surprised to hear that I once passed through the same fiery ordeal. While a law student I acquired habits of dissipation similar to yours, and for two years after I was admitted to the bar I indulged to the very verge of delirium. In one of my more sober moments, I sent in my application to the village Lodge. It was in due time rejected. I am naturally sensitive, not to say proud, and I was furious with rage. But this feeling soon subsided into one of intense mortification. A day or two after I met a very grave and dignified friend of my father. He just stopped long enough to say: 'If you ever hope to attain the honors of Masonry, you can only do so by turning 'Square Around.'"

I staid in the office, read ten hours a day, avoiding the saloon and billiard hall; and when my companions called to learn what had become of me, I was so busy that they thought me unsocial, and left me. In one year I was enjoying a fair practice; in two I became a member of the Lodge, in four years more I became its chief officer, and to day, I trust that I have no reason to be ashamed of my posi-