

"I have no doubt but it's dreadful!" replied Mrs. White. "But if my husband was a Mason, I'd bet I'd find out what he did."

"But how? They dare not tell."

"Ah! but I'd make him tell."

"How? Oh, how?" asked Mrs. Brown, anxiously.

"Hush! I'll tell you. But don't breathe it for the world, because it is a dead secret!"

"No! no! I won't."

"Well, do you know that tickling a person's ear when they are asleep will make them talk?"

"No. Will it?"

"Yes. Now, you wait till Brown comes home from the lodge next time, and have a straw in bed with you. When he gets asleep, you tickle his ear with it gently, and he will begin to talk about what he has been doing at the lodge, and in this way you can get the whole of the business out of him."

"Gracious me! You don't say so, Mrs. White?"

"To be sure I do. I always get my husband's secrets out of him in this way."

"I'll do it."

"And you'll tell me all about it, won't you?"

"Certainly! But you must never say anything about it."

"Oh! of course not! I'm too close mouthed," replied Mrs. White, earnestly.

"So it was agreed upon, and they separated. But, unfortunately, Mr. White had overheard the conspiracy, and lost no time in informing Mr. Brown, who laughed heartily over it.

A few nights afterwards Brown attended a meeting of his lodge, and his wife was all anxiety regarding it. On retiring, she armed herself with a straw from her brooms and wakefully waited for her husband to return. At last she had almost broken down the veil of secrecy which had troubled her so long, and her heart beat wildly when she heard him open the front door and come in.

Of course, she pretended to be asleep, and did not see the comical smile on her husband's face as he turned up the gas and began disrobing for bed. But he said nothing. In a few moments he was comfortably tucked in and gave out premonitory indications of approaching sleep.

Then Mrs. Brown opened her eyes cautiously, and convinced herself that he had gone to the land from which sleepy husbands never return until some time the next day. Cautiously she reached under the pillow and took the broom straw from its hiding place. Then she reached over carefully and began to tickle her husband's ear, and he was all the while doing his best to keep from exploding with laughter.

Finally, he began to talk a little, and her ears were alive to every syllable.

"Yes, he must die," said he. "He betrayed our secrets to his wife. I've got to kill him—the lot fell on me!"

Mrs. Brown screamed and leaped from the bed, while her husband, unable to control himself, gave vent to his laughter, and disturbed the neighbors for the next five minutes. But they never came to any understanding about the strange affair. She never asked him what he was laughing at, and he never inquired what it was which made her scream and leap out of bed so quickly.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. White don't speak now. She thinks Mrs. White played a joke on her, and she seems to have lost much of her anxiety regarding the secrets of Freemasonry.

THE GRAND LODGE OF OHIO AND THE "COLORED MASON'S."

WE do not suppose it has ever been our lot to read a more astonishing Masonic document than the report made by a committee to the Grand Lodge of Ohio on the subject of what, by courtesy, are called "Colored Masons." We say this document is astonishing in its character, because, although it emanates from and is signed by some of the most distinguished Masons of Ohio, it is not possible to comprise within an equal number of lines so many misstatements of the facts of history, so many illogical deductions or so many recommendations for the violation of all well-established principles of Masonic law.

If this document were simply a declaration of the views of the members of the committee, without any reference to future action, we should be content to let it pass for what it is worth; but as it contemplates and recommends action by the Grand Lodge, affecting the Masonic interests of the whole country, which action is to be taken at the next session of that body, we deem it to be the sacred and unavoidable duty of every Masonic journalist to warn the Fraternity of the disastrous consequences to the pros-