

## KORN KOBB BECOMES A MASON.

I flatter myself, I understand something about secret societies. I've had a passion for that sort of thing, ever since I was old enough to tell lies. I have scouted round pretty extensively among the different organizations. I've been an Orangeman, and a Fenian, and a Good Templar, and a Counterfeiter, and also a Knight of Malta. I have belonged to the Sons of Temperance, and the Odd Fellows, and the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Band of Hope, and a band of burglars. I've been into everything, and thought I knew everything almost, but I didn't. Three months ago, I became infatuated with Masonry, and since I joined that organization, I've discovered that there are several things connected therewith, that outsiders *don't* know just a pretty good deal about. Now, Mr. Editor, I propose making these secrets public, not out of compassion for my fellow men, who may be tending towards Masonry, and act as a warning, and so on, because I haven't got a spark of human kindness in my breast, and would rather see every mother's son put to the torture, than not, but because I have a spite against the fellows who initiated me, who made the irons too hot, and the goat too frisky, and treated me with a roughness, generally, that the occasion did not warrant.

Before fulminating my narrative I will just state, for the benefit of those who don't know, that Masonry is about six hundred thousand years old. It was old when the fraternity got into trouble at the tower of Babel, and it was old when Adam put on his apron first as Grand master in the Eden Lodge. As a more convincing proof of its antiquity, I would just mention that a party of miners the other day in one of their excavations, came upon the petrified remains of a Masonic Lodge with the Members in their places and all complete, and eminent geologists who have examined the fossils are of the opinion that these bodies have been imbedded in the rock for more than fifteen thousand years.

On the evening I was to be initiated I made my will and took a most affecting leave of my family. Thus prepared, I started for the lodge, accompanied by Brother John Smith, S. R. S. P. T., who was to 'see me through.' We had no difficulty in getting past the first entrance; but when we knocked at the second, a fat little fellow looked out through a round hole in the door, and put this startling insticator to Bro. Smith: Chetuxchronhighcockalarum, to which Bro. Smith replied cheerfully nix-my-dolly-whack-doo. The little fellow then said: Flod-zestcompbritidytumtum, and my conductor giving a satisfactory answer we were permitted to enter. Before I had time to look about me a long-legged scoundrel knocked me over with a club; he then stood me on my feet and another marauder made a rush at me and brought me down again. After I had undergone this exhilarating exercise for five minutes, they stretched me out on a bench and examined my teeth, and pinched muscles, and stuck pins into me all over, and shoved cayenne pepper up my nose, and poured moulten lead into my trousers pockets, and pulled hairs out of the back of my neck, with red hot pincers, with a view, I suppose, to make me feel unembarrassed and at home.

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When I came to my senses I was all alone in the ante-room of the