

From the Masonic Repository.]

The Story of a Ring.

"Now is your turn," said Sawtelle, as he finished an interesting reminiscence of his experience in the army, and resumed his meerschaum, which he had laid aside for a few moments. This remark was addressed to Tom Torrington, as he was familiarly called among us, though in society he was known as Col. Torrington.

There was four of us assembled in the office of Henry Dunbar,—though the sign on the door bore the legend Dr. Dunbar; and if we ever doubted Harry's right to the title, these doubts were easily dissipated by calling our attention to a diploma suspended at the right hand of a finely articulated skeleton in a closet, while in a chest of drawers sitting near by could be found conclusive proof in the shape of numerous murderous looking implements familiar to the disciples of Galen, and Harry had often been heard to confidently assert that he had had no end of practice in the army hospitals during the late unpleasantness, though unfortunately, or fortunately, perhaps, none of his patients survived to testify to his skill as a great surgeon. However, the steady-going people of Urbanville rarely indulged in the pleasure of throwing shot and shell at each other, hence the services of a surgeon were not in great demand, and as for other practice old Dr. Bolus continued to monopolize the business of introducing humanity upon the stage of life, and was equally expert in assisting at its exit, as a decently well-filled graveyard could testify,—and that too without the aid of an epidemic. But as all things earthly must have an end, Harry lived in hopes of sooner or later being called upon to make a professional visit to this second Dr. Parr, to the end that his decline to the grave might be as smooth, and I fear I must add as speedily as possible. But while both the doctors waited, we often made Dr. Dunbar's office the

scene of these gatherings, and that too, as he sometimes facetiously observed, without detriment to his business.

Sawtelle, the first speaker, had won a Captaincy in the navy, and I, if you will excuse my egotism, had the honor of representing one of the enterprising New York dailies as a special correspondent at the front during the war. It can well be imagined that when we were in the mood for story telling there never was a lack of interesting adventure to relate; and if perchance I drew on imagination to save my reputation it was simply because earlier drafts while describing movements of the armies, writing up accounts of battles fought and victories won, or predicting or urging the immediate capture of Richmond, had always been honored. What brass is to the life insurance agent, dexterity to the bank clerk, or a thorough knowledge of detectives to the would-be successful burglar, is imagination to your special correspondent,—without it he is nothing—I succeeded.

But Torrington was as reticent as he was brave, and rarely alluded to any of the scenes in which he had participated, but when he did consent to respond to our request for a story he amply repaid us for the efforts required to draw him out.

"Give us the history of that ring, Tom," said the doctor, as he returned from a call in response to the bell in the outer office. The ring to which the doctor alluded was the only article of jewelry the Colonel wore, and it was remarkable alike for its beauty and value. We had frequently importuned the Colonel for its history, but he as persistently denied that it had a history, and had always refused to gratify our curiosity as to how he came in possession of it, merely remarking that it was a souvenir from a friend, and that he valued it for that rather than for its beauty or its intrinsic worth. The ring was a seal ring of solid gold, finely chased, having the three Masonic emblems, the