

would or could have done, for she was soon made known to several as the Mason's orphan daughter, and with the little light which she could give, a correspondence was opened up by Brother Gentry, of Terre Haute, with Annie's friends in Manchester, England, and the probabilities now are that ere the new year of 1874 dawns upon us she will be under the genial roof of her grandparents in the land of her birth, where it is fondly hoped that the loneliness of her orphanage will be forgotten in the loving smiles and tender caresses of her own blood kin.

"Thus found alone on a bleak and foreign shore,
An orphan child is carried home once more."

—*Masonic Advocate.*

SAVED FROM PRISON.

"THAT reminds me," remarked Bro. Schmoker, "of an adventure that befell me some twenty odd years ago, while returning from a business trip to New York."

The above was the introductory to a new story brought out by the closing sentence of an adventure in the Sierra Nevadas, just related by the Grand Lecturer, Bro. Leming, who was on an official visit to our place. We had been to the lodge that evening listening to an exemplification of the work. Closing at an early hour, some half dozen of us, at the invitation of Bro. Burch, repaired to his office for the purpose of spending a little time in social chat, before the final separation for the night. Bro. Schmoker being a dealer in the article, stopped at his store on the way, and took in a fresh supply of cigars, knowing full well that all but myself were his namesakes, at least by habit and education, if nothing more. Bro. Leming had spent several years of his life on the Pacific slopes, and had experienced many hair breadth escapes. He had just completed the recital of one that occurred during a stage ride over the mountains, by which he came near losing his life, the conclusion of which "reminded" Bro. Schmoker as stated at the opening. Said he:

I was, and had been for several years, living at Lancashire, Ohio, plying my regular avocation of manufacturing and dealing in cigars. It was my usual custom to make a trip to New York about once a year, for the purpose of purchasing stock, and as railroads were not so common in those days as at present, I did a portion of my travelling by the old-fashioned stage-coach. The term "over the mountains" used to be as familiar as "household words" to residents and tradesmen of the towns along the Ohio river, from Pittsburgh down, even as far in the interior as the place of my residence. We steambated it as far as steamboats could run, and then took stage over the mountains, to connect with other conveyances on the eastern side.

It was during my return from one of these annual trips to the metropolis that an adventure happened, which came near putting me behind the bars of a Pittsburg prison, the particulars of which I shall never forget so long as I retain my senses; more especially as I was wholly innocent of the charge brought against me, backed as it was by circumstantial evidence of the strongest kind. And to Masonry, brethren, am I indebted for saving me from incarceration in a felon's cell.

Of course Pittsburg was a little out of the usual route to New York from our place, but on this particular occasion, after transacting my business, I returned by way of that city, to secure some hands to work in the factory. Passing through Baltimore and arriving at Cumberland, I took passage in the stage by the old plank road over the mountains to West Newton, where I expected to take boat for the "iron city."

The stage was full, and among the passengers was a rough, disagreeable fellow, whose name, as I subsequently learned, was Crabs. He seemed determined to make all about him as uncomfortable as possible, by his bragging, swaggering manner; and to add largely to the disagreeableness of the situation, he managed, at every halt of the stage, to take in a considerable quantity of whiskey. The fellow had a double-barrelled pistol in his possession which he frequently exhibited, giving at each exhibition a different account as to how he came by it, until every one in the coach became annoyed, disgusted, and in fact alarmed lest some accident should happen from the weapon, which was apparently loaded. This state of affairs continued until just before reaching the Youghiogheny river, which is the principal feeder of the Monongahela, when an accident happened to the stage, by which we were detained several hours—so long in fact that we did not arrive at the end of our route, West Newton, a little town some thirty-five miles above Pittsburg, until midnight.

Being obliged to wait over for the morning boat, we sought the only hotel in the place, which we found already pretty well filled with guests. Naturally quiet and unobtrusive, I was the last one to receive attention. The landlord informed me that my only chance was to share a bed with this man, Crabs. At first I positively declined the honor, but on ascertaining that the landlord's statement was correct, I very reluctantly consented. We were immediately shown to an ordinary-sized hotel bedroom,