

In the morning about 9 o'clock he was sitting on the side of the bed with a melancholy air, pulling on his boots and moralizing:

"We drank too much last night," he said, rubbing his neck methodically just behind his ear. Then raising his voice he cried:

"Katel! Katel!"

The old servant appeared at the door and seeing that his young master's eyes looked very red and his hair resembled a mouse's nest, said:

"Ha! ha! ha! You have a headache, M. Kobus; will you have tea?"

"No, I will have breakfast; bring it."

Katel quietly returned to the kitchen, laughing a little to himself.

It took Kobus about half an hour to finish his toilet. He could scarcely raise his hands or move his legs; however, he descended to the breakfast room and ate well, finishing with a glass of Forstheimer, which gave him strength.

Getting up from the table he crossed over to the window and looked out into the sunshine.

As he looked he raised his hand to his head. "It must be the smoking that makes things spin around in this way. I shall have to give up that pipe. Katel!"

"Sir."

"I am going out to get a little fresh air."

"When will you return, monsieur?"

"About midday, as usual, I think; but if I am not back at 1 o'clock set the table away," and, making no other answer, he went out.

Katel watched him as he left; then, taking up a napkin, folded it thoughtfully, with the remark: "Something wrong with the social order!"

Once outside the house Kobus took the Rue Hildebrand. The fresh morning air revived him, he had forgotten his head and was veritably happy.

Looking down the street to the valley he said to himself: "If I were down there I would only be three miles from my farm at Meisenthal. I will go. I will talk with the old Charles of my business; and I can then see how the harvest looks and Suzel!"

He paused and looked down in the valley. As he looked a flock of white pigeons flew high over the hill, directing their way to the forest of elms. Fritz followed their flight even until they disappeared in the depths of the forest, then turned his steps resolutely and longingly toward Meisenthal. There was little Suzel.—The Caterer.

It is a great mistake, a most reprehensible error among Masons, in using and passing their Masonic word on business transactions. It should never be done.

GLEANINGS.

As Masons we seek not that which is new or sensational; we seek to know the truth and follow after it.

Dr. Mackey defines Masonry to be a science engaged in the search after Divine Truth, and which employs a symbolism as its method of instruction.

The Supreme Council (Scottish Rite) for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States, has a permanent fund of more than \$50,000.

The Grand Lodge of Maryland will celebrate its centennial in May next. Among the other ceremonies, there will be a procession of the craft.

The candidate for Freemasonry must come of his own free will and accord. It is very wrong to persuade or induce any one to come, and yet we fear it is done every day. Masonry only wants volunteers in the strictest sense of the word.

The slanderer has no true place in Freemasonry. He is as much out of his element when among brothers who wait for proof of wrong-doing before believing a member of the Order guilty, as an infidel would be in a church.

A BRIGHT MASON.—Dr. Reeves, of East Tawas, is one of the best posted and well-read Masons in this State, having been a Grand Lecturer and a Past Grand officer in every Masonic body. He has in his possession over 7,000 volumes of Masonic works.—*Detroit Freeman*.

The requisites for membership in the Masonic Veterans' Association, of Pennsylvania, are:—(1) Twenty-one years' service as a Master Mason; (2) A petition, recommended by one Veteran brother, setting forth the Masonic history of the applicant, with a fee of six dollars, covering expense of medal worn by each Veteran.