

the advent of the storm, all nature seemed shrouded in almost impenetrable darkness. Some of the wanderers from the hotel were compelled to seek shelter in the houses of citizens residing in the neighborhood, while some half dozen young men and maidens who had been paying a visit to a pleasant place about one mile from the hotel known as Kiss Hollow, found themselves at the approach of the storm, in the immediate vicinity of the Gage Hill school house, of which they took immediate possession, and when darkness came on, they lighted some pieces of candles which they found in the house, left, no doubt, from the last evening prayer meeting held in the school room, and thus provided, they set about enjoying the time of their imprisonment as best they might.

Three of the strollers from the hotel were less successful, and were compelled to endure the full force and violence of the storm. These three were Lawrence Clark, last seen at the summit of French Mountain, and Albert Colby and his inseparable friend and companion, Henry Newton. The two last named had been visiting Bloody Pond and its vicinity, and were there overtaken by the storm, and in endeavoring to find some kind of shelter in the blinding wind and rain, they lost their way and wandered some time before they found even the big road leading from Glen's Falls to Caldwell. Staggering rather than walking along in the direction of the hotel, amid darkness so deep that it could be almost felt, they neared Gage Hill. Suddenly, Colby, who was a little in advance of his friend, struck his foot against some object in his pathway, and fell head long into the water and mud of the road. Before he could sufficiently recover to warn his companion to beware, he too had struck the same obstruction, and met the same misfortune that had befallen his unfortunate friend. Rising as soon as possible, they both simultaneously stretched forth their hands to find, if possible, the nature of the obstacle that had caused their fall.

The reader may imagine their horror when they found the form of some human being, lying prone in the highway, with face upturned to the merciless pelting of the storm, and apparently lifeless. "My God!" exclaimed Colby in a hoarse whisper, "it is a man and dead! what shall we with him?" "We can do nothing," said Newton in the same frightened tone, "there is no house near that I know of, and I even do not know where I am myself."

"Let us feel about us," said Colby, "and see if we cannot find some bank beside the road where we can lay the body out of this terrible mire, while we seek aid at the hands of some charitable citizen in this neighborhood." They immediately set about the search, and were pleased to find within a few feet of the body, a high knoll at the foot of a tree or stump—they could not tell which, in the darkness, where the body might be laid until they could find help to remove it. Again feeling their way in the mud with their hands, they soon found the body, and taking it in their arms, they made their way with it to the place they had found to lay it. As they straightened out the limbs as best they could in that awful blackness, they were startled by hearing words, very faint and low, from the lips of him whom they supposed dead. Bowing their ears to catch if possible his faintest breath, they both heard and fully understood a few closing words of that sentence so well known to all Master Masons, which tells a brother Mason of the dire extremity and distress to which he who utters it, is reduced.

Colby and Newton were brethren of the mystic tie, and well knew