

CONTENTS:

The International Anti-Masonic Congress at Trent, Sept. 26-30, 1896—Dr. E. Ringer	1
Around Cape Horn—1849-50—Edw. M. Brown	7
The Influence of Animals on Civilization	14
“Look Well to Your Ballot.”	19
Bible Treasures Traced	20
An Embarrassing Incident	21
The Editor’s House	25
The Big Man and His Mother	28
The Boy Who Wouldn’t	28
The Little Listening Ears	30
Declining a Treat	30
King Solomon and the Blacksmith	30
A Practical Judge	31
What We Are Coming To	31
“A Man is a Man Whether Naked or Clad.”	32
The Under Dog in the Fight	32
Homely Advice	32
What is It?	32
A Creed and Not a Creed	32
“My First Impressions of Masonry.”	33
Why the Eastern Star is Beneficial to Women	34
The Eastern Star	34
The Super-Excellent Degree	35
Young Blood	36
Religion in Rome	36
Non-Sectarianism	37
Shall Masonry Honor Liquor Dealers?	38
But One Eye	39
Don’t Be a Snob	39
When I’m Dead	39
EDITORIALS, ETC.	
Grand Consistory of California	40
Lodge Debts	40
Editorial Chips	41
Elections in San Francisco	45
Chips from Other Quarries	46
Literary Notes	48
Deaths	48

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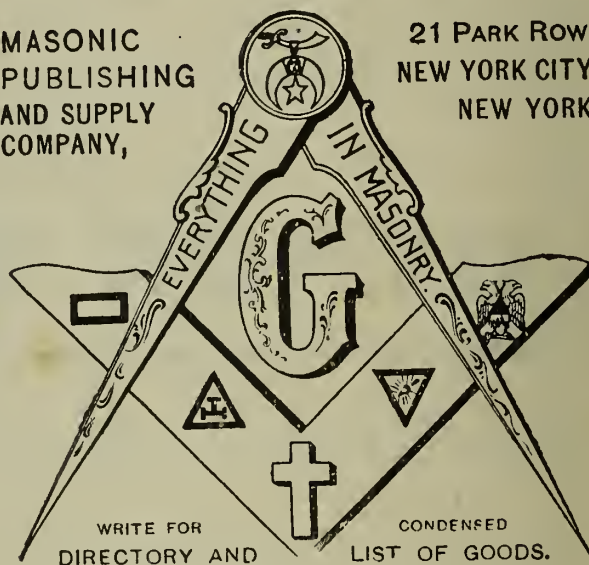
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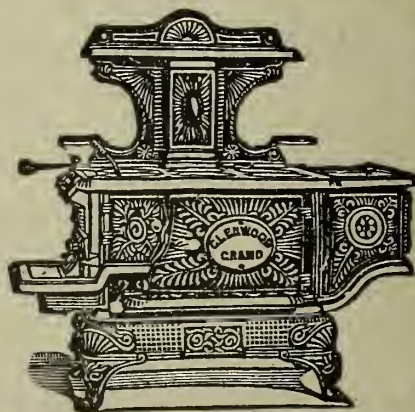
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THE
TRESTLE BOARD.

A MONTHLY MASONIC AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 1.

For The Trestle Board.

The International Anti-Masonic Congress at Trent, Sept. 26-30, 1896.

BY BRO. DR. E. RINGER.

The following report was founded upon information obtained from the daily press both of Germany and Italy.

The characteristic features of the Congress are ignorance and superstition, and no serious consequences can arise in our enlightened age either for Freemasonry or the people from an assemblage of men still groping spiritually in the dark night of the Middle Ages. What was said on that occasion concerning Freemasonry is so boundlessly absurd that some members, especially from Germany, felt ashamed, and left after the first sittings for home.

The Congress was styled "International," but bore in fact an almost exclusively Italian character, as eight-tenths of the members were of that nationality, consisting chiefly of high dignitaries of the church, clad in their "holy" vestments, and priests, many of the latter being still very young and belonging to the diocese of Trent. The predominating language was in consequence Italian. Of 1500 persons who had promised to be present, barely 800 made their appearance at the opening. Fifty bishops sent their representatives, and about forty reporters occupied the tribune. The lay element was but sparsely represented, and the local authorities paid little attention to the proceedings. The following countries sent delegates: Germany, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Switzer-

land, France, Spain, Portugal and British North America.

Prince Bishop Valussi, of Trent, opened the Congress. In his address he said he was happy to greet the members at Trent, where once the celebrated Council had been assembled (1545-1563) which crushed the horns of Protestantism. To-day we are here to combat an enemy who, wily and cunning, causes great devastation under a mendacious cover in the name of humanity and mankind, which latter it prefers to the Deity, namely, Freemasonry, which we compare with the hellish serpent who beguiled the parents of the human race as Freemasonry now deceives the people by promising them happiness. The first Council was the instructive, infallible Church, clad with authority; the present Congress consisted of sons of the same faith, who desired that the Church should be honored and truth be respected. Not being created by any authoritative powers it might appear weak, but it was not. Truth only had to show itself to conquer. We will follow the advice of the Shepherd of the Church, the successor of St. Peter. We are little, but God often chooses the weak to annihilate the mighty, as David laid low the giant Goliath. Bishop Valussi recommended the assembly to the protection of Jesus and Maria, the mighty victress of the diabolical serpent, and concluded his address with an "Ave Maria." The exclamation, "Evviva Maria," thrice repeated, resounded through the vaulted church, and was followed by "Long live the Bishop of Trent."

The Commendatore Guiglielmo Alliata, president of the Roman Central Committee

of the Anti-Masonic Union, repeated the greeting of Catholic Rome, and urged a relentless war against secret sects, whose aim it was to lead mankind back again to paganism. In the cross alone was salvation, and in Christianity alone was true liberty to be found. The Catholic Church, the accredited custodian of Christianity, knew of no worse enemy than Freemasonry. We must work against it with all our might and power, with all the weapons of faith and science. Yet not as enemies will we treat the individual Freemasons, but as our erring brethren. Leo XIII has shown us the way in his precious Encyclica; let us follow it, it will lead us to victory.

Prince Loewenstein was chosen president, and conducted the sessions.

The subjects to be deliberated upon were divided into four sections:

1. Masonic Doctrine.
2. Masonic Activity.
3. Prayer.
4. Anti-Masonic Activity.

The first Section discussed in a diffusive way the religious and philosophical doctrines of Freemasonry, and arrived at the conclusion that they had already been contained in the ancient mysteries of the Indians, Ethiopians, Phœnicians, Greeks and Romans, whence they had been adopted in the Christian era by the heretic Gnostics, Manicheans, Albigensians, Templars, Alchemists and Rosicrucians, the last of whom had called Freemasonry, with its present symbolism into existence, in order to propagate these religious and philosophical errors of the remotest ages in the form of naturalism or the cult of nature. The quintessence of the religion of Freemasonry consisted in the syllables "Hi-Ho" (He-She), the Masonic translation of the word "Jehovah," which expressed symbolically the generative faculty.

With respect to the relation of Freemasonry to Satanism and Spiritism, the Section formed the opinion that in pure Freemasonry, that is, in the degrees of E. A., F. C. and M. M., a distinct line ought to be drawn between the moral and symbolic elements. As the great majority of the Freemasons did not know the true meaning of their symbolism, and consequently a physical and sensibly perceivable intercommunication between them and Satan could morally not be supposed to exist, it followed that such a physical and sensibly perceivable intercommunication did not take place in common Freemasonry; yet it

is beyond all doubt that the moral and spiritual relations of Freemasonry with Satan were well established, and this was evident from the fact that the "Ecclesia Sanctus Dei" (the holy Church of God), as Mazzini paraphrased Freemasonry, recognizes as its deity Lucifer, or the Sun, the principle of universal material generation. That the Masters of pure Freemasonry did practice in secret meetings, in the so-called "Priestly Freemasonry," from which E. Apprentices and F. Crafts were excluded, under an especial symbolism, magic or the black art, the Section was entirely unanimous, as well at that the different doctrines made public by the Freemasons formed, in spite of their diversity, but parts of one whole, namely, of Monism, ideal Pantheism and Materialism, which as positive science was called Positivism. For the Christian God, the creator of heaven and earth, Freemasonry substituted a so-called Architect of the Universe, who was merely to represent emblematically the agency and the working of the forces and laws of nature. The ultimate object of Freemasonry was declared to be the general destruction of the physical, spiritual and moral order of the world.

The priest Schwarz, from Wurtemberg, undertook to define the relation of the Lodge to Christianity. By a series of authentic expressions of prominent Masons and quotations from Masonic works, he tried to prove that the so-called humanistic (non-sectarian) principle which the Lodge espouses was in reality the glorification of man in his purely human instead of his Christian character. The Lodge aims at making man independent of God; it denies all revelation and opposes Christianity, although sometimes, for the sake of deception, it affects the opposite. But the Lodge is not merely satisfied with opposing Christianity; it goes further—it denies the existence of a personal God. Its religious belief is pantheistic, for it sees in the working of the forces of nature and in the government by its laws the highest manifestations of the divine power. From Pantheism to Atheism and from Atheism to Satanism is but a logical sequence. And that Atheism and Satanism were really practiced in the Lodge, the orator endeavored to prove by a number of utterances and quotations. From the position of the Lodge towards Christianity followed of itself the denial of the authority instituted by God, and consequently the denial of

the principle of authority. For this reason is the Lodge, although it strives to gain ruling princes as members, and permits them to ascend to the high degrees, without, however, acquainting them with the true essence of these degrees, the worst enemy of monarchism, it prepares revolutions by which thrones are overturned and republics proclaimed.

The second Section, which had for its subject "Masonic Activity," characterized Freemasonry as a religious sect which tolerated all non-Catholic societies and carried on war with a fanatical hatred against the Catholic Church. As evidence of evil intent and adverse activity, were named the confiscation of church property, the expulsion of religious Orders, the suppression of convents, the enactment of hostile ecclesiastical laws, civil marriage and burial, cremation, etc. But Freemasonry was also a political society, which cunningly exercised a pernicious influence upon governments, parliaments and public administrations. She caused the greatest obstacle to the solution of the social question, for her influence was far-reaching in commerce, industry and trade, in which she displayed a naked egoism, and cared nothing for improving the wages of the working classes. She was utterly bare of patriotism, notwithstanding her assurances to the contrary; she opposed monarchism and endeavored to establish republics, for which end all means were justified, even that of revolution. The Section also directed attention to the indirect influence exercised by Freemasonry through her members upon pleasure societies, sporting clubs, workmen's unions, benevolent institutions, and in many other ways.

One of the most dangerous means adopted by her to gain her ends, was to poison the minds of children by unchristianizing the schools; she begins by establishing so-called denominational in place of confessional (parochial) schools, where a watered Christianity is taught, and progressively extends her influence to the intermediate and finally to the high schools, ending with an open denial of God's existence.

Freemasonry owes the great number of her adherents to her well-organized system of protection, by which she affords them all kind of material advantages, and knows how to procure for them the most prominent positions in the State. In the army, where she is also represented, especially by the highest officers, it is a historically

well established fact that many a war had disastrously ended for a nation, because on the part of the Freemasons the basest high treason had been practiced. Her main strength, however, was derived from her international organization. That such existed could not be denied, although it might be admitted that it had not been carried through in a strictly hierachical manner with a single head as a generally acknowledged chief. But that the Lodges of the different countries formed a union between themselves was proven to the fullest evidence by historical facts. International as Freemasonry is, must also be the anti-Masonic movement and organization, if it desires to be successful.

The third Section had for its consideration the subject of "Prayer." Prayer was recommended as the most efficient means for the conversion of Fremasons, and in order to organize prayer, it was resolved to found an especial international praying society, to extend internationally the already existing Society of Perpetual Expiatory Service, and to read daily masses for the same purpose.

The fourth Section, having for its subject "Anti-Masonic Activity," proved to be of the greatest interest. The rooms were crowded. After a lengthy debate, the following resolution was adopted:

"When Freemasons call into existence humanitarian and benevolent institutions, with the well understood purpose of using them for the propaganda of their wicked designs, it is the duty of the Catholics to counteract those designs by founding alike and similar institutions."

This seems to have been the only luminous idea in the night of mediæval darkness.

A motion that Catholics should found an International Institution for mutual information, advice and assistance, meeting with some objections, was referred to a comittee for closer examination.

The notorious Masonic renegade, Leo Taxil, offered the motion to organize the Anti-Masonic Union in conformity with organized Freemasonry, and to pecuniarily support anti-Masonic literature.

The representative of the Archbishop of Cologne, Mgr. Dr. Gratzfeld, cautioned the members seriously against making any statements in their writings that could not be verified by facts, as had been the case with the pretended revelations of a certain Miss Vaughan. The orator expressed his

astonishment that in Catholic circles these revelations had not from the beginning been more mistrusted, especially as the personality of the alleged Miss Vaughan was wrapped up in mysterious darkness; for nobody knows who she is, where she had been converted, by whom she had been baptized, who had administered the first communion to her, where she resides, etc.; and still her monstrous assertions were accepted and believed in with the greatest credulity conceivable. He himself could affirm with certainty that the revelations of said Miss Vaughan rested upon nothing but fraud. A Miss Vaughn existed nowhere. Whoever had written the so-called revelations under her name was a man, who had made use of his accurate knowledge of Freemasonry in order to impart to them the semblance of truth. His purpose had been to lead first the Catholics into the trap, and then to prove by false publications the spuriousness and falsity of these revelations, so that the whole affair would end in a grandiose dupery of the Catholics and anti-Freemasons.

This sensible speech was interrupted with frequent exclamations of anger and indignation. The speaker admitted that nine-tenths of the revelations had truth for their basis, but the fact that one-tenth was undoubtedly false was sufficient to prove the malicious intent of the author.

The stand taken by Mgr. Gratzfeld with respect to the Vaughan question, caused much excitement and opposition.

An Italian priest and a Parisian canon replied that they maintained personal and intimate relations with Miss Vaughan, and that they would furnish not only one but a hundred proofs of her existence, and that she was, besides, a saint.

The Abbot de Bessonie, president of the French National Committee, adduced as evidence, that a number of unexceptionable Catholics had received letters from Miss Vaughan; that these letters were written by the same hand and dated from different countries of Europe, as she had, on account of the persecutions by the Freemasons, frequently to change her residence from one place to another.

Dr. Baumgarten, of Rome, a German historian, proposed three questions, the answers to which would decide his position in the affair: 1. Under what priest had Miss Vaughan been converted? 2. What is the date of her conversion? 3.

Who are the parents of Miss Vaughan? As Miss Vaughan had not been born in a wild country, her name must have been recorded in some register of births, and a certificate to that effect must be procurable.

Abbot de Bessonie answered, that Miss Vaughan was born in Paris; that her father was an American and her mother a Parisian; that Americans had the privilege to have the births of their children recorded at their embassy, and that the latter furnished no birth certificates.

Mgr. Baumgarten said that his first two questions had not been answered at all, and that the answer to the third was not satisfactory; for, admitting that the birth of Miss Vaughan had been reported at the American embassy, an official record must have been made which could be referred to. Does such a record exist?

Leo Taxil, the supposed author of the publications attributed to Miss Vaughan, now ascended the tribune and was greeted by the audience with almost frantic applause. In the course of his speech he became so excited that, on account of some offensive expressions, he was called to order by the president of the Congress, and admonished to abstain from any further opprobrious remarks. Leo Taxil stated that three bishops had given him the formal assurance that Miss Vaughan did exist; that they had seen her with their own eyes; had heard her confession and administered to her the holy sacrament. He did not give the names of these three bishops, but as irrefutable proof of her existence, produced her photograph and remarked, it is true that it had been asserted that the picture represented his own wife; to such an extent would some people go in the denial of evident facts. He swore that he was personally acquainted with Miss Vaughan; had even her present address in his pocket, but had no right, no authority, to make it known. The convent in which she lived he was also not permitted to name. The very fact, he said, of involving the existence of Miss Vaughan in doubt, augured ill for the success of the Congress, and there was nothing left but to refer the question to a committee for investigation and decision.

A French clergyman arose and declared that Miss Vaughan, upon his question of inquiry whether she consented to having a certificate proving her identity made public, had answered that such an undertaking was utterly useless, for, in the superficial manner in which affairs of this kind were

managed at the American embassy, such a document would prove nothing.

Mgr. Baumgarten then came to the conclusion that there seemed to be no hope for receiving the desired light upon the subject, and it was resolved to have the Vaughan question decided by a committee nominated for this special purpose by the Roman General Directory Council.

The main points of the anti-Masonic movement were established by the following resolutions:

"Proceeding from the principle that every anti-Masonic organization ought to be inspired by the doctrines and precepts of the papal documents, and especially by the Encyclica "*Humanum genus*," the International Anti-Masonic Congress adopts against Freemasonry the following fundamental statutes:

"1. The General Directory Council of the General anti-Masonic Union, founded with the approval of the Holy See at Rome, is instituted as the Center of all anti-Masonic groups, whether they act as single societies or committees, leagues or associations.

"2. Every Catholic anti-Masonic group lays before the respective episcopal authority its statutes for approval, and agrees to abide by the advice and wishes of said authority.

"3. The single societies, etc., shall be in constant communication with the Central Committee or committees of the Anti-Masonic Union, which have been erected in adaptation to the affairs of every State.

"4. Every single society, etc., has a representative in the Central Committee, and every Central Committee in the General Directory Council at Rome.

"5. The General Directory Council of the General anti-Masonic Union has alone the right to summon an International Congress; the single societies, etc., who have accepted the afore stated conditions, send each to this Congress a representative in the person of its presiding officer, who, as an active member, takes part in the same, observing the general rules established by the General Directory Council."

It was further resolved that an index of the names of the members, with their respective addresses, should be printed, and a copy handed to each of them, so that they could intercommunicate with each other on their return home.

Prince Loewenstein, president of the Congress, made the motion that a commit-

tee be nominated, to which all converted Freemasons could apply, so that, from their knowledge of the secrets of Freemasonry, a deeper insight into the nature and doings of this society might be gained. He fortified his motion by pointing to Germany, where Freemasonry understands better to keep her secrets than is the case in other countries. In Italy and France, where she dominates the governments, she shows herself more openly and acts more brazenly, guarding less her secrets than in Germany, where she is protected and affects fidelity to the king, and even assumes sometimes the semblance of piety the better thereby to deceive both people and government. For these reasons it was necessary, especially with reference to Germany, to penetrate deeper into the secrets of this society.

With respect to Miss Diana Vaughan, the *Germania*, the organ of the Centrists or the Catholic party of the German Reichstag, published in Berlin, made the following statement:

"This young lady was made a Freemason, and soon rose to the highest positions in the Order. She paid particular attention to that part of Freemasonry styled Palladism, with the intention of reforming it. But herein she met with much opposition, as the members could not be induced to give up the Satanic cult, before which she had never bent her knee. For this reason she resigned her membership, and returned to the only saving Church which, full of love, took back the penitent to her bosom."

Palladism is an alleged Masonic rite of the high degrees, mentioned by Morgiotta in "*Les Memoires d'un 33°*," p. 41-42. It was founded, so says Morgiotta, in 1870, by Albert Pike and the Italian patriot Mazzini, the working establishments of which are called "Triangles." The head of Molay and a Baphomet are its sacred symbols, styled "Palladium," on the possession of which the victory over the Catholic Church depends. Hence the name "Palladist." The rite is propagated with great carefulness, and only members of the 33° are accepted. The Palladistic Rite is essentially Luciferian, and is derived from the Manichean New-Gnosticism.

In Miss Vaughan's book, "*Le 33, Crispi*, Paris, 1896," the following is narrated:

"The devil Bitru appeared in a Roman Lodge Oct. 18, 1893, and delivered to So-

phia Walder, the Palladistic Grand Ma-
tron, in presence of Lucifer's staff and of
Lemmi and Crispi and associates, the sol-
emn document, undersigned by himself
and all those present, including Crispi and
Lemmi, that Sophia Walder would pre-
sent him as father a daughter the 8th of
Paophi, 000896 (Sept. 29, 1896), who
would be the grandmother of the Anti-
christ."

A copy of this document is added, orna-
mented with arrows, darts, swords, missiles,
snakes and flashes of lightning.

The Palace of Borghese, at Rome, once
a papal mansion, but now occupied by the
Grand Lodge of the Freemasons of Italy,
is named the "Devils' Temple."

Director Kuenzle, editor of the Catholic
paper, *The Pelican*, published at Feld-
kirch, Voralberg, Austria, issued the fol-
lowing pamphlet:

"The Mysteries of Hell, or Miss Vau-
ghan; her conversion and revelations of
Freemasonry, the cult of Satan, and his
appearance in the Palladistic Triangles, by
Dr. Michael Germanus."

In one of the last numbers of "Les Me-
moires d'une ex-Palladiste," Miss Vaughan
announces—so reports Director Kuenzle in
his organ, *The Pelican*, in which all these
absurdities are not only treated with an
astounding simplicity of heart and great
seriousness of purpose, but are also mi-
nutely commented on with the holy awe of
a Bible text—that Miss Sophia Walder
finds herself in interesting circumstances,
and looks forward with great expectation
to the approaching happy moment; and
that, in order to give birth to the grand-
mother of the Antichrist in a place worthy
of the occasion, she is about to start for
Jerusalem, where the great event of the
world is to take place Sept. 29, 1896, pre-
cisely at 3 o'clock, P.M.

The journal goes on to say that such
births must be kept with great secrecy
from the public authorities, and that the
magistrates had never been able to find out
anything about the nativity of Miss So-
phia Walder, who herself has had a devil
for father. It is a Palladistic law, so Miss
Vaughan informs us, that births resulting
from the intercourse with devils must be
kept with great care from the knowledge
of the authorities. (Crispi, p. 314.)

And so we could keep on filling column
after column with the silly anti-Masonic
trash published in the papal organs to such
an extent as to cause the alarm and disap-

proval of the more intelligent Catholics,
on the ground that it exposes their church
to public ridicule, and works to the advan-
tage of hated Freemasonry.

The non-clerical political organs treat
the Anti-Masonic Congress with contempt
and derision; and when a more serious
view is taken, it is not in favor of darkness
and superstition and the restoration of pa-
pal influence and dominating power of the
Middle ages. As illustration, we translate
the following passage in the *Hanovarian
Courier* (a profane paper) of Sept. 12th,
ult.:

"Consequently the war against Freema-
sonry, which the Council of Trent has writ-
ten upon its banner as the great event of
the nineteenth century, is in reality but the
continuation of the war against Protest-
antism which the first Council began under
the leadership of the Jesuits. The ulti-
mate object of this contest is the conquest
and government of the world by an infal-
lible Pope under the tutelage of the Jes-
uits, and a clergy entirely dependent on
the Pope. This aim is immoral, and can
only be achieved by immoral means. The
artificial structure which the Jesuits labor
to erect can only be founded upon enslave-
ment, and only be continued by perfid-
iousness and tyranny. In order to attain
its object, Jesuitism must undermine and
destroy all self-dependence, all moral lib-
erty; it must make enslavement of the
mind its unconditional fundamental prin-
ciple, and force the whole of humanity into
the form of an all-comprising, all-doma-
inating religious ascetic system. The great
lessons taught by the Reformation can
have no convincing influence upon it: the
lessons, namely, that no human power has
the right to force itself as intermediate
guardianship between God and our con-
science; that salvation alone is found in truth,
and that this truth can only be attained
by the cultivation of a free conviction,
and that, finally, all civil and social liberty
is without value and foundation unless it
be based upon the inner moral liberty of a
spiritual independent personality grounded
in the God of Truth. And these views
and teachings are also, as far as we know,
shared by true Freemasonry. Hence it is
evident that Jesuitical Ultramontaniam as-
sails Freemasonry in order to hit Protest-
antism. This being the case, the Jesuisti-
cal assaults made upon Freemasonry are
then likewise indubitable proof that true,
genuine Freemasonry must be possessed

of a strong culture-promoting power which in its silent workings acts in opposition to the ultra hostile and immoral practices of these obstructionists."

That the same silly, superstitious, anti-Masonic belief pervades the whole Romish Church from center to circumference, and is as rife in our free and enlightened America as in the priest ridden countries of Europe, we copy as irrefutable proof the following from the Jesuitical journal, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, December, 1896, published by the Apostleship of Prayer, 27-29 West 16th street, New York:

"ANTI-MASONIC CONGRESS AT TRENT.

"Far more important and wide-reaching in its effects was the anti-Masonic Congress, which took place at Trent during September. It was composed of representatives of different nations, to study and deliberate on the best method of combatting the Masonic sect.

"Leo XIII, in a letter to Commendatore Alliata, President of the Directing Council of the Anti-Masonic Union, says that such a Congress 'clearly indicates the growth in peoples' minds of the intimate persuasion that the gravest evils to civilization and religion are prepared by the secret societies.' He then refers to his encyclical letters on the subject: 'Nor,' he continues, 'is there any doubt, as we have formerly declared, that the dogmas propounded with the most audacious impiety by the sect, and the nefarious devices practiced by it, will effect less mischief, and will spontaneously drop away, in case Catholics endeavor to unmask Masonry with more diligent care, since it derives all its strength from secrecy and falsehood, and it will be easy for well-meaning people to recognize and detest its iniquitous malice as soon as its deceptive disguise is thrown off.'

"As an antidote to the Anti-Masonic Congress held in Trent, Signor Nathan, of the Grand Orient, has issued a circular addressed to the Masonic Lodges, by which he convokes a Masonic Congress, to be held in Rome during the year 1897. It is sufficient proof that they are, to say the least, uneasy at the steps Catholics are taking to resist and overcome their now open enemy, although the Italian Grand Master states in a circular letter in regard to the Trent Congress, that he 'notes the fact with profound calm.'

"In another manifesto he hopes the 'day

may be near when consciences shall have penetrated the truth,' so that 'the honorable secret may be abandoned.' *What the honorable secret is, may be gathered from the instructions of the late Albert Pike to Mazzini, for 'the double work of the destruction of the temple of Adonia (Jehovah) and the building of the temple of Lucifer,' that is, to dethrone God and enthrone the devil, whom Pike calls 'our divine Master, God-King.'*"

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Around Cape Horn—1849-1850.

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NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF
EDW. M. BROWN.

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The Sacred Writings record that Solomon sent his ships to gather gold in far-distant Ophir for the adornment of the Temple; ancient Rome replenished her depleted treasury from the gold placers of Spain; Africa, South America and other countries have during past centuries, contributed of golden grains to the riches of the world; but all these sink into comparative insignificance before the immense yield which followed the advent to California of thousands of young, brave and adventurous men from all quarters of the globe.

The hardy men of the West and Southwest, men familiar with the rifle and at home upon the broad prairies, naturally sought El Dorado along the trail marked out by Lewis and Clark, and later by Fremont, the "Pathfinder," while those upon the Atlantic seaboard, for whom the sea had no terrors, as readily and as naturally chose that by way of the Isthmus or Cape Horn. I selected the latter route.

The emigration from all parts of the New England States was large during the year 1849. A special feature connected with it was the formation of companies of men, in number from fifty to two hundred each, who, uniting their funds, bought an old vessel and provisioned her for the voyage, besides taking what cargo they could get. In some cases the captain, mates and crew were paid wages; as often they worked their passage. I have heard doleful tales from many who thus sailed—incidents which naturally resulted from the crowding together of such a large number of men within the narrow confines of a ship, and of which each one was part owner. Without the discipline so necessary on shipboard to keep them in check, frequent and bitter quarrels resulted; want of exer-

cise, crowded quarters and poor food entailed sickness and death; and fair, indeed, to those sea-weary Argonauts, was the sight of the brown cliffs which heralded their approach to the Golden Gate.

Other adventurers were "fitted out" by some one willing to secure a little of the harvest without incurring the dangers and privations incident to the enterprise. The party "fitted out" stipulated to repay the cost of passage and to remit a certain share of his earnings for a definite period of time to his fitter out. This was no doubt faithfully carried out by many; but I am free to say, in the majority of cases coming within my knowledge during those pioneer years, the confiding principal at home waited long and in vain for the promised share. This result was not always due to willful ignoring of his obligation by the pioneer. Sickness, "want of luck," and other causes beyond his control in a measure compelled him to it; and as time wore on it came to be regarded as something about which he need not worry or concern himself.

I SIGN ARTICLES.

Without having given the subject much thought, in the fall of 1849 I determined to sail for California. At that time the schooner *Curlew*, of one hundred tons, was loading at the port of Providence, R. I., and her master advertised for men to work her around Cape Horn. He did not call for sailors, but for "men," and as five other young fellows and myself "filled the bill," we signed articles, whereby we severally agreed to work the schooner from Providence to San Francisco, at a nominal wage of sixteen cents per month. In addition to the work, we paid the captain a bonus of \$50 each, in consideration of which it was agreed there should be no distinction between fore-castle and cabin, relative to food. This arrangement suited me very well. The *Curlew* took five young men as passengers at \$150.00 each; and I concluded that, besides saving \$100.00, I should be in better physical condition upon arriving in California than those who were idlers during the voyage; also, I didn't have the \$100.00. Such proved to be the case.

In addition to us six gentlemen sailors, the fore-castle was honored by the presence of an ancient and grizzled mariner, fifty years of whose life had been passed upon the ocean, who had seen service in whalers, merchantmen, privateers, slavers, men-of-

war, and for aught I know, as a pirate; at any rate, he swore hard enough for one. This old hulk of a shellback, weakened by disease, whisky and age, being no longer able to play his part as an able seaman, had been laid up in "rotten-row," so to speak, of the city almshouse, from which he was taken by our captain, who had begun his sea-life on board a whaler, of which old Potter was one of the crew.

Capt. Treadway was a man about forty years old, well and strongly built, and fond of his grog—in moderation. He was brought up in the Shaker Society at Lebanon, N. H., as he told me; but when eighteen years old, wearied of the monotonous life, he ran away and joined a New Bedford whaler.

THE "CURLEW" SAILS.

On October 29, 1849, the *Curlew* sailed from Providence for San Francisco, having on board Peter H. Treadway, master; Peleg R. Bennett and C. R. Huling, first and second mates. George R. Eldridge, cook; Virgil Anthony, cabin-boy; Sylvanus A. Wood, Jas. Griffith, Thos. Hawes, Samuel Tefft, Jas. Potter, Sandford Crandall, and Edw. M. Brown, seamen. Henry O. Gorham, R. M. Rounds, W. A. Howard, John Colcord and Sally Treadway (captain's wife), were passengers.

My journal records that directly the schooner stretched out into the Atlantic she encountered "uncommon rough" seas and heavy squalls, which made the green sailors "look lonesome." But the *Curlew* was a fast sailer, and the first forty eight hours at sea showed a run of 400 miles.

Under date of November 11, when the men had "found their sea-legs" and sea appetites: "Affairs have not gone on as pleasantly as I could have wished. Several of the crew, viewing with envious eyes and longing palates delicacies going into the cabin which were not upon our bill of fare, drew up a Round Robin, or protest, containing their ideas upon the subject. This we all signed, save old Potter, and it was handed to the captain. Having read it, he called the men aft and asked what the cabin people had that they did not. The leader in the gastronomical protest specified cake, jellies, etc. The 'old man' laughed good-naturedly, and said such belonged to the passengers' stores, who could share with us if they liked. However, he meant to keep to his part of the agreement and give the fore-castle the same fare as the cabin had. And he did; from that day

forward our cook was the only hard-worked man on board. He was not accustomed to cook for 'gentlemen sailors;' his disgust was great; his anger was kindled, only to be quenched when our anchor plunged into the waters of San Francisco Bay."

Religious service was held in the cabin every Sunday afternoon, Mr. Gorham officiating. During one of these occasions the crest of a sea combed over the quarter-rail, smashed in the skylight and a torrent of water fell upon the head of the reader, dashing from his hand the volume of sermons and drenching him thoroughly. The religious program was regularly carried out each Sunday until we began our smuggling operations on the coast of Peru, after which the devil was allowed his own way amongst us "miserable sinners."

The variable weather, squalls, water-spouts, calms, etc., generally experienced during the run to the equator, all fell to our lot. On December 14th, the *Curlew* crossed the line in longitude 20°, 13', 47 days from port. "The ceremony of a visit from old Father Neptune was not expected, the venerable sea-king being unable to do justice to so many verdant and unshaven chins as the schooner had on board—three only of the seventeen having crossed the line before." While upon the equator, the captain's wife, an Anglo Hawaiian, took a fancy for a swim, but was stopped by the mate just as she was about to make the plunge. He reminded her of the danger from sharks in that tropical latitude, and she reluctantly abandoned her design. To verify the mate's caution, that same day a monstrous "sea lawyer" was hooked and hoisted inboard. The ugly man-eater thrashed furiously with his muscular tail; the snapping of his triply-armed jaws gave evidence how hardly would have fared an unlucky swimmer if attacked by such a fierce pirate of the sea.

THE BAY OF SANTA CATHARINA.

"December 23, 1849, the *Curlew* came to anchor in the harbor of Sta. Catharina, Brazil, port having been made for the purpose of obtaining water and other supplies. Fifteen American California bound vessels were then in port. Coming from the United States, six days' quarantine was enforced, to our great disgust. The fort, opposite to which is the anchorage, is a curious looking affair. A large building, about 200 feet long, the upper part of which is used as barracks for the soldiers, stands

facing the bay. The lower story is composed in front of eight regular arches. It is built of different colored stones, and together with the roofless, ivy-grown walls of a dilapidated chapel, presents quite a picturesque appearance. Ramparts and embrasures are unarmed save by two miserable pieces, which are used mainly to bring vessels to.

"To myself, who for so many weeks had been rudely rocked by the restless Atlantic, the change to the quietness of our anchorage is grateful indeed; and as I kept the 'anchor watch' in the early morning hours, I can never forget with what pleasure I inhaled the land breeze as, murmuring softly, it bore upon its wings not only the sweet, fresh smell of the earth, but also, stealing in its course the delicate scent of the tropical flora, it loaded the morning air with richest aroma. Anon the crowing of cocks and barking of dogs awoke the distant echoes; and soon the southern sun in unclouded brilliancy tipped the mountainous environment of the bay with purple and gold, and all nature awoke to the enjoyment of the Brazilian summer day. At night, while no longer could the North Star be seen—the star which reminded us of home and friends—the heavens were aglow with myriads of celestial worlds. That magnificent constellation,

THE SOUTHERN CROSS,

blazed with luminous brilliancy; and I can well understand with what pious awe the pioneer voyagers to the southern seas regarded this stellar emblem of the faith they professed, while the undefined forms of the Magellan Clouds, alike a marvel and enigma, stretched their mysterious lengths across the firmament. It seems to me that, while gazing at the cimmerian darkness of one, I was looking beyond created nature into infinite space.

"Twelve miles above the anchorage is the capital of the Province of Santa Catharina, which is called Nossa Senhora do Desterro (or Desetro), which may be translated either 'Our Lady of the Desert,' or of 'Banishment.' The harbor, though small, possesses many features of excellence and beauty. The island of Santa Catharina is mountainous, and the scenery generally excited my admiration, as I have no doubt it does that of every observant voyager to this picturesque region. My trips to shore made me familiar with the great variety and beauty of its scenery and the tropical luxuriance of its wooded

heights. The palm-tree toying its branches in the wind; the broad leaves of the banana rustling in the breeze; the perfume of the Cape jessamine and many other tropical flowers; the light canoe upon the water, and huts of the natives dotting the shore, all this was new and novel to us voyagers from the northern clime, and as a whole presented to our view a scene of beauty, the memory of which will 'be a joy forever.'

"I was informed that Desterro, as a sanitarium, is much in favor with invalids from the more northern and less healthful Provinces of Brazil. Beautiful artificial flowers are here made from beetles' wings, fish-scales, sea-shells and feathers. This work is done by the *mulheres* (women), and commands good prices. Wreaths, necklaces and bracelets are also made from the scales of a large fish, which are not only curious but very beautiful.

"There are enough Yankees in port now to take the fort, city and adjacent country and drive every yellow-skinned Brazilian into the mountains. In fact, some months since a disturbance occurred at the capital between the Americans and some natives, in which two of the former were slain; whereupon the Argonauts armed themselves and drove all the soldiers into the mountains and took possession of the place." Nevertheless, my journal states that "the Brazilians are the easiest people in the world to 'soft-soap,' nothing more being required to enable one to get along with them."

THE CALIFORNIA-BOUND FLEET.

On Christmas Day, 1849, fifteen American California-bound vessels lay at anchor in the bay, the smallest one being the *Orleans*, schooner, of 50 tons. Of these but twelve are noted, viz: brig *Glencoe*, of New York; ship *Columbus* and schooner *Orleans*, New London; bark *Cadmus*, Sag Harbor; brig *Rio* and schooner *Curlew*, Providence; brig *General Cobb*, Westerly, R. I.; ship *Richmond* and brig *Colorado*, Boston; brig *Ark*, Newburyport; brig *Salem*, New Bedford, and schooner *Civilian*. On board the *Ark* was a fine band, and during the day they awoke the echoes of the harbor with national and patriotic airs. Many of the vessels carried guns; the passengers generally were armed—I had a "pepper box" revolver! — and at early morn and dewy eve a general fusilade was indulged in, contrary to the rules and regulations of the port, and to the great indig-

nation of H.S.M.'s military representative. The bark *Cadmus* is the only vessel of the fleet worthy of special mention, she having had the honor of conveying the illustrious Lafayette from France to the United States in August, 1824, being then commanded by Captain Allyn.

"The American consul at this port is a fine looking man, with features bronzed by exposure to the tropical sun; and with his broadcloth coat, white linen pants and patent-leather boots, presented a striking contrast to the crew of native Africans who pulled his boat. His official position is an easy as well as lucrative one. He has resided in the country many years; is said to be more of a Brazilian in habits and sympathy than an American, his wife being a Brazilian lady. We were informed he was a retired whaling captain; after a successful cruise in the South Atlantic, he put into Rio, sold the vessel and oil, paid off his crew, and thereafter 'lived like a lord.' In due time he was appointed consul at this port; and it would be interesting to know by what influence this was brought about. He visited our vessel once only.

"The harbor regulations required all vessels drawing less than 12 feet of water to go to Desterro, a measure involving time and expense. Our skipper, when he ascertained this fact, and before the Brazilian official came on board, cut out from sheet lead the figures 1 and 2 and nailed them on the sternpost, partly out of water. I assisted him in the work; he told me what its purpose was, and chuckled to think how he was outwitting the lazy Don who, he well knew, would not take the trouble to examine below the surface; the vessel, in fact, drawing but 10 feet. The officer, when he boarded us, pulled around the stern, and remarked that the schooner was deep in the water."

THE COOK TAKES A BATH.

"Sunday afternoon, December 29, several of the men, including the cook, visited St. Michael, a little hamlet at the head of the harbor, about six miles from the anchorage. Hauling the boat onto the beach, we 'took in' the town; responded with liberality to the appeals of the half-naked little urchins for *dumps* (a copper coin, value, 2½ cents); the men then scattered in different directions. I was the first to return to the boat, and while waiting for my comrades laid down upon the sand under an enormous fig tree heavily laden with green fruit. Young Brazil soon

formed a circle around me, clamoring for *dumps*—but my stock of coin had gone ‘where the woodbine twineth.’ About sunset the men were on hand, all sober save the cook, who was fighting drunk. We ran the boat into the surf and told him to tumble in. No; he wanted another drink of rum, which was had at one of the huts. The boat was again steadied in the surf; he tumbled into the sternsheets and commenced fighting one of the men, during which the boat swung around, half-filled with water. The wind was blowing fresh, the night was dark, and the bay full of sharks. It was obviously dangerous to pull off to the schooner with such a madman, so we pitched him into the surf and pulled away for our vessel. He managed to crawl into an old canoe, where he slept off the rum, and then walked around the bay ten miles to the fort, coming on board in a native canoe about sunrise. He never forgave us for his salt water bath. During the scene with our *doctor*, the entire native population of St. Michael stood calmly looking on, no doubt finding it highly entertaining.”

THE CAPTAIN'S PARTING GIFT.

January 9th, 1850, the anchor was hove short, waiting for the captain of the port to come off with the schooner's papers, which he did early in the day. He also brought Capt. Treadway a present of some pineapples which, being plucked too soon, would never ripen. Our skipper knew this very well, and he returned the compliment by presenting the crusty old chap with a keg of sausages packed in lard. This keg was one of a lot on board which had all spoiled; the contents were both odious and malodorous. The captain considered he gave as good as he got, and gleefully descanted upon the Don's rage and disgust when the contents of the keg saluted his eyes and nose. When the official left, sail was made, and the *Curlew*, in company with four more of the fleet, went to sea. By daylight next morning the highlands of the coast were seen faintly looming up, presenting the appearance of a blue cloud.

“Off the Rio de la Plata we were favored with a *pampero*. The force of the wind was extreme, cutting off, so to speak, the tops of the seas. A small land hawk was to leeward of the vessel for nearly an hour, endeavoring to fly on board, which it finally succeeded in doing. It clung to the rigging for an hour, and then, spread-

ing its wings, was soon lost to sight far to leeward.

“The weather becoming colder and the seas rougher, on January 15, one of the gentlemen sailors paid a passenger \$50 to do his work the remainder of the voyage, each to retain original sleeping and living quarters.

“The rough weather experienced, and a frolicsome habit the *Curlew* has of dipping up the seas over her bows, started some of the forward deck seams, so that the forecabin where we live is a miserable hole in such weather, being very leaky. My berth, being in the ‘eyes,’ was constantly wet until I nailed up some canvas as a water-shed. When applying to the mate for the canvas, I made the rather startling discovery that the schooner had no spare suit of sails, and but canvas enough on board to make a jib. This fact explains the extra care the captain took of his sails, which have become thin and well patched, most of our ancient mariner's time being devoted to their renovation whenever practicable.”

OFF THE STORMY CAPE.

January 25th the *Curlew* passed Straits le Maire with a fair wind and pleasant weather; but I record the following three weeks as “dark and miserable days in our calendar. Extreme cold, rain, sleet and snow, accompanied by furious squalls and heavy seas, conspired to render our position disagreeable in the extreme. However, even doubling Cape Horn has an ending; and on February 7th it was officially announced that we had accomplished that end, and, too, in a little low vessel of 100 tons, whose deck most of the time was a-flood. If we were fortunate enough to keep dry during the watch on deck, we were still more so to escape a ducking while getting below. Wet clothes, wet bedding and a leaky forecabin have not tended to make us love Cape Horn. But all of us have robust health, and appetites which do ample justice to our abundant and excellent food. Brandy was served to us twice each watch. The distance made from the latitude of the eastern entrance of the Straits of Magellan to that of its western, was one thousand and twenty-eight miles, occupying nearly a month's time.

“The weather became fine, and under a cloud of canvas the schooner made rapid progress northward, our objective point being the island of Juan Fernandez to obtain supplies and rate the chronometer.

Wind and weather favoring, February 11, at daylight, that island was seen, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea, and by 10 o'clock this (to us) beautiful isle lay fairly to view. Standing in toward the roadstead the longboat was hoisted out; the mate and four men went in to get vegetables and catch some fish, with which the water abounds. They pulled away, and were soon lost to view in the shadows of the perpendicular cliffs. The vessel stood off-and-on for some hours and finally ran close in to the land. Nothing was seen of the boat; the afternoon wore away and no sign of our men appearing, we became alarmed for their safety. About sunset one of us jumped into the rigging and with the glass saw the boat far away to leeward, pulling against a rough sea. Wearing ship, we soon had them alongside. It seems they could get no vegetables except onions (of which we had plenty) from the islanders, and commenced fishing along the cliffs until they reached a point of the island where a strong current swept them away from the land in spite of their efforts to prevent it. The men were completely exhausted with pulling so long in a rough sea; and it was fortunate we discovered their dolorous plight, as the night was rapidly closing in. Ten men were living on the island at that time, one being an American. It is in $33^{\circ} 23'$ South, about 300 miles west from Valparaiso; is about 15 miles in length, and five in breadth, and is entirely mountainous in character."

"The day after we left the island the whaling bark *Bayard* was spoken and her captain was invited on board the schooner for a 'gam.' We shortened sail to keep the bark company, and soon Captain Graham and his boat's crew arrived. The crew was a mixed one; captain, third mate and a green hand, Yankees; two negroes and a Portuguese. The bark had been recruiting at Talcahuana, and from what the men told me, in a most effective manner, so far as the ship's company was concerned. The green hand, a bright eyed, curly-haired Yankee of nineteen years, was sick of whaling, and begged us to stow him away. That was not possible; so watching his chance, he cast off the painter of his boat, which was soon picked up by the bark. His idea was, that another boat from the whaler would come to take them off, probably after dark. With so many men in one boat his absence might not be noticed. But 'the best laid plans of mice

and men gang aft a'glee,' as he found, for his captain saw every man in the boat before himself. Our *doctor* 'spread' himself to do honor to the visitors, and furnished them a supper such as whalers never see aboard their own ships. At Talcahuana the green hand and a number of his shipmates deserted and made for the country. When thirty miles from port, fatigue and rum used them up; they were taken back by the soldiers, who got \$25 for each man. Jack pays the ship that \$25 when his voyage is up."

"The captain's whaling instincts were sharply aroused one pleasant morning by the sight of a big bull sperm whale swimming quietly along a short distance from the schooner. In a flurry of excitement he proposed manning the boat and attacking the spouter with our one harpoon. We men were eager for the fray; but the steady old mate, while admitting that the captain was master and could do as he pleased, asked what would be the result if the whale—which was evidently a 'solitary' bull—should fluke the boat? And even supposing he should kill the animal, what profit would it be? These sensible remarks were heeded, and presently the monster, throwing his ponderous flukes into the air, disappeared beneath the surface and we saw him no more."

NO CUSTOM-HOUSE FOR US.

"The trade winds blew steady and fair, and our speedy little craft under a press of sail, rapidly neared the coast of Peru. Before land was sighted the skipper informed the crew of his intention to dispose of his cargo without the usual custom-house formalities considered necessary in such cases. Of course, a certain amount of risk was incurred by such action, and he asked if we would stand by him—which we cheerfully did. Two weeks after leaving Juan Fernández, Cape Blanco, on the coast of Peru, was raised, and a course was laid for Tumbes, a small town near the northern boundary of Peru. When off the mouth of the river upon which the town is located, the vessel was hove to and the colors set. During the day a whale-boat, pulled by 'beachcombers,' came alongside and two men, one of whom was said by our captain to be Captain of the Port, saluted the skipper as though they were old acquaintances—which I have no doubt they were.

"As Tumbes is not a port of entry for any vessels except whalers unless a permit

is first obtained from the officials at Payta, and as we did not propose to go to that trouble, the Peruvian directed us to anchor near the island of Santa Clara, which belongs to Ecuador and is 25 or 30 miles from the mainland. That matter settled, a bargain was then made for such of our cargo—consisting of cheap jewelry, cotton goods, liquors, preserved meats (but no sausages), and other Yankee notions—as they desired, to be paid for in sweet potatoes at \$1.00 per hundred pounds. They were in a hurry to get away, and we saw more of these two worthies.

“There was a lot of preserved milk in tins on board, but the Peruvians would have none of it. That suited us fellows forward as, during the voyage, a conveniently loose plank in the fore-castle bulk-head had enabled us to discover that milk was good with our coffee. Each tin contained a ball of butter the size of a large marble, the motion of the vessel having churned it from the milk. When the tins were emptied they were replaced in the boxes instead of being thrown overboard. Our motto was, ‘Honesty is the best policy.’”

THE ISLAND OF SANTA CLARA.

Owing to light and baffling winds two days elapsed before we anchored off the island. Immediate preparations were made to receive cargo from shore by restowing our own. On March 9, all hands visited the island, which is eight miles long, five wide. A narrow strip of beach and a sandy point were the only level parts—the rest was a mass of precipitous hills, the tops of which were covered with dwarf bushes, amidst which thousands of pelicans and other feathered fishers build nests. The ground was covered with guano and the scent was something fearful. Not a drop of fresh water is to be found on the island. The keeper of the lighthouse and his family—five children and four adults—depend entirely upon being supplied with food and water brought off from Guayaquil. The ‘Governor,’ a dried-up, dilapidated-looking mestitzo, was hospitable in his way and invited us to inspect the lighthouse, which was in a very filthy condition. The light, at a little distance, resemble a dim star. Sharks and stingrays abound in the water outside the surf, and on that account we were careful not to allow our boat to capsize when riding the rollers. An immense number of aquatic and land birds make the island their home;

free from hunters, they feared not man, and we could knock them over with a stick without any difficulty. The pelicans were the most numerous, as they certainly were the most pugnacious, for, when we stirred them up among the bushes, they would strike out with their long and sharp bills, capable of inflicting quite a wound, as our long legged second mate found out. Capturing one, he took it to the boat and dropped it into the bows. When returning to the schooner he sat on the forward seat. Suddenly, with a yell, he sprang up, nearly capsizing the boat, at the same time pressing his hands upon his stern-sheets. Investigation showed that the pelican had made a sudden lunge at his fleshy bulk not only with telling, but cutting effect. We laid on our oars, convulsed with laughter, which, added to the pain of the wound, so enraged him that he stamped the life out of the bird and threw it into the water.

“That night two native boats arrived with 300 barrels of potatoes, 5000 oranges and a lot of cocoanuts. These were soon shipped and a return cargo sent off. The agent then directed the captain to run down the coast ten miles below Tumbes and anchor close in shore. We did not care much for the government *guarda costas*, but were not anxious for an interview with a revenue steamer, which makes monthly trips along the coast. An anchor-watch was kept to guard against surprise; in fact, all hands were on deck at night as, owing to the low latitude ($4^{\circ} 24' N.$) the heat was excessive. At 8 o'clock every one, both fore and aft, spread their bedding under the quarter-deck awning and enjoyed in comfort the sleep of the righteous.

WE RAID A GOVERNMENT WOODPILE.

“No more cargo arrived until March 16, during which time several visits were made to the mainland beach, our object being to lay in a good supply of firewood. At Sta. Catharina the American consul sold firewood at three cents per stick, large and small. Prospecting along the beach, we found a large pile of seasoned mangrove. It was government property, we learned, but the opportunity offered for getting even in the fuel line was too tempting for our captain to let pass. There are many small tide-water creeks on this coast, and along their muddy banks the mangrove is found in abundance. When seasoned it is very hard and heavy, the sticks sinking in the sea water. As firewood it is excellent,

burning readily but not rapidly, with great heat. The work of getting this wood was neither easy nor pleasant. Pulling in to the outer edge of the surf, when a roller came toppling along, with a strong pull at the oars we went on to the sandy beach with a rush. Once a roller caught the boat, and sending her stern high in air, pitched us all out into the seething brine. Myriads of mosquitoes and sand-flies filled the air, and the attacks of these persistent, blood-thirsty little pirates were so ferocious as to compel us to build fires along the way from the wood to the boat. While getting the last load, six villainous looking native 'beachcombers' came upon us. Each carried a long knife, and seeing the axe in the hands of the second mate, made no hostile demonstration. I had no doubt as to their being *ladrones*, as they made persistent attempts to obtain possession of the axe, failing in which they commenced begging—they seemed to want everything we had. So, backing down to the beach, the muscular mate kept them off until the boat had been run into the surf, when he tumbled in and we pulled away for good from the sandy shores of Peru.

"The captain, finding himself unable to fill the schooner with potatoes, gave permission to any one on board to buy what quantity they desired, stipulating that one-half the proceeds when sold in San Francisco should go to him for freight. Acting on this, I bought ten barrels—2000 pounds—for \$20, leaving a cash capital in my hands of \$20 more—but I was bound for El Dorado, the land of gold!"

[I will state here, that when the cargo was sold in San Francisco, at 16 cents per pound, the captain paid me \$130—and it came in handy; also the Mexican dollar as wages earned on the voyage.]

"March 17, the cargo being all on board, the *Curlew* sailed for San Francisco. Variable and baffling winds were encountered, so that in latitude 37° 30' N., we were 550 miles west of our port. The nights were quite cold, to which is due a little incident in which I was principal. The star-board watch, one clear, breezy night, came on duty at 12 o'clock. It was my trick at the wheel at 2. Prospecting around for a sheltered spot, I put my head into the open hatch; a warm steam arose from the potatoes; I slipped into the hold and soon went to sleep. When I awoke it was broad daylight, and the port watch was on duty; they were surprised to see me. It

seems that when my turn came to take the wheel I was not on hand. Search was made in the fore-cabin, cabin, store-room, over the bows, up aloft—no Brown! It was concluded I had fallen overboard, as no one thought of looking under the boat. 'Poor Brown is gone, I'm afraid,' said the mate; 'I'll steer his trick for him, anyhow,' which he did. Right glad was the sturdy old sailor to see me among the men again when he came on deck."

The schooner continued beating to windward, and finally, on May 1st, 1850, entered the Golden Gate and anchored in the stream off North Beach, having been six months on the voyage.

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The Influence of Animals on Civilization.

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If one should leave Divine Providence entirely out of view and consider the course of nature simply as an evolutionary process in the psychical as well as in the physical sphere, it would be interesting to inquire what single factor, outside of man himself but in near relation to him, has been most potent in the evolution of civilization. Some would say fire, in its application to domestic and mechanical uses. Some would say the art of forging metals, and particularly the discovery of iron. Each of these opinions might be rationally and powerfully maintained. We have nothing to say against them; but there is a third opinion which will occur to very few persons, but which, in our judgment, might be held with nearly or quite as good reason. That opinion is, that the domestication of animals has been at least one of the most powerful factors in the evolution of civilization; that its influence has extended far beyond the sphere of economics, and has entered intimately into the sphere of morals, and that, at least indirectly, it has had an unsuspected but prodigious influence in religion. We shall not attempt to maintain this view of ours systematically, but if our readers will go with us in the bare statement of facts which we are about to make, we believe they will require no further argument to convince them of the following propositions:

1. That there never has been any advance in civilization without the domestication of animals.

2. That the advance of civilization in any community may be measured by the

extent to which the domestication of animals has proceeded.

3. That the character of civilization of particular communities is largely determined by that of the animals domesticated.

4. That the civilization of a race of men of great natural capacities may be limited and even arrested by the lack of certain animals which are domesticated elsewhere.

5. That the highest civilization is accompanied by the extensive domestication of animals for use, for enjoyment, and for companionship.

6. That the sentiment and behavior of men towards other men almost invariably rise or fall with their sentiment and behavior towards the brute creation.

In tracing the relation of the domestication of animals to the progress of civilization, though we shall deal only with ascertained facts of history and observation, we must not be understood to ignore the biblical account of the creation of man, nor to doubt its positive assertion that man, when he first appeared upon this earth, was in a state of physical, mental and moral perfection which must speedily have achieved the highest triumphs of progress possible to human beings if mankind had remained in a state of innocence. What we have to deal with in our present inquiry is the fact that, whatever man may have been at first, he is always found to start upon his course towards what we call civilization, from the condition of a savage, maintaining life from day to day and gaining every successive step of his upward progress in a perpetual struggle for existence. In its lowest condition human life is essentially a life of battle with the forces of nature. In that stage man is little more than a wild animal, and of all wild animals he is the most helpless, without natural arms of attack or defence, and, except in certain favored localities, without a permanent supply of food. In the temperate and frigid zones the spontaneous fruits of the earth are sufficient to supply him only for a few weeks or months of the year. During the remainder he is perforce carnivorous; and so his first relation to the lower animals is that of a destroyer. Even then, however, domestication begins in accident, curiosity, and doubtless also in kindness. The hunter kills that he may eat the flesh of beasts and wear their skins; but sometimes the young are left alive and are taken to the cave-home of the savage for the amusement of

his children. If they grow up, as they are unlikely to do, they either escape or are killed in turn because they are found to be unadapted to association even with savage men. The young deer will escape to the forest; the bear's whelps will soon become intolerable, and will probably be killed. But there is one animal that is at once at home with men. Not the wolf nor the jackal, which never become so; but thousands of years ago there must have been on this earth a physiological cousin of the wolf, a gregarious and social animal of great fidelity to its pack, of quick intelligence and of wonderful adaptability to its environment. The young of this animal, now extinct, were doubtless the progenitors of the domestic dog; and, so far as we can learn or judge, the dog is the first creature that man permanently domesticated. The young dog growing up in cave or wigwam at once attached itself to its human environment and adopted the human family as its pack. Accompanying the hunter by a natural instinct, it speedily became his servant in the chase, following the scent when man could not, and often capturing fleet animals which the hunter could not overtake. So did the dog win its permanent place among the human family; and here a process of selection no doubt had a large effect in modifying its original characteristics. Times would come when game was scarce; the dog would then be killed for food. In selecting the animals to be thus killed, the hunter would naturally choose the weakest and least useful, and so, by a selection continuing through many generations, the strongest dogs and those which were most serviceable for hauling, hunting and guarding would be preserved, until at last their special qualities of utility became hereditary.

The use of the dog for food would give a readily intelligible hint to the hunter that other animals might be kept or reared in captivity for the same purpose, and in time the sheep, the goat, the ox and other animals would be brought under the permanent dominion of man. Then the wild man of the woods would be fairly sure to enter upon a higher stage of civilization—the pastoral stage. As his flocks and herds increased, he would be no longer dependent upon the chances of the chase. He would find sustenance in the milk of goats and cows, and some happy accident would lead to the discovery that milk can be con-

verted into cheese and butter. For a time his clothing would continue to be mere skins; but after a while the fleece would be twisted into yarn and woven into coarse cloth, and thus a new advance would be made in the arts of life. Some day when the skin alone was needed and lye made from wood ashes was used in scouring off the hair, some fortunate accident would lead to the discovery of the softening influence of bark upon the untanned hide, and so leather would be made. While the horns, which were first used as drinking cups, would by and by, be melted and cast in other forms.

The pastoral age would thus become a long advance upon the hunting stage which had preceded it. Comforts, though still few, would be incomparably greater; and man would become the friend instead of the natural enemy of the brute creation. But the change would go still further, for the next step in civilization is that of agriculture; and while agriculture is not absolutely unknown even in the hunting stage, it never advances far until some animal is found which can be used to turn the surface of the ground and make it fit for the sowing of seed. It is a significant fact that the North American Indian, though his natural capacities are higher than those of other races which have left him far behind in their progress, never advanced out of the hunting stage, for the simple reason that there was no animal in North America except the untamable buffalo, which could be used to draw a plow. It may be laid down as a rule that no race of men ever fairly enters upon the agricultural stage of civilization until it has proceeded so far in the domestication of animals as to have won the ox, the ass or the horse to its service. The dog may be used to drag a sled; he is not strong enough to draw the plough. The ox is unfitted for burdens, but well fitted to draw the plough or any other vehicle, provided speed is not required. Some animal of the ox kind, therefore, is found nearly everywhere in the earliest stages of the agricultural period. Where there is no such animal the period of agriculture is delayed. We have just seen that in North America it never began among the Indians, because the only animal of the ox kind was incapable of complete domestication; and the same fact appears in Central and South Africa, where the Cape buffalo, as it is called, is too wild by nature to be subdued to the plough.

In the desert regions of Arabia and Africa, the camel was early brought into subjection; and but for the camel it is safe to say that vast regions would have remained closed to the uses of mankind. The camel is dull, but enduring; in captivity it is never a happy animal; it never becomes attached to man; but its peculiar structure of foot and stomach enables it to traverse sandy deserts without fatigue and without perishing by thirst, and it is to this ungainly and unsocial creature that Eastern commerce owes its origin. It was the camel that bore the spices of Arabia to Western lands, and it was the camel that bore back again the products of Western looms and workshops to the peoples of the Eastern plains. But for the camel, Oriental civilization must have been profoundly different from what it was and now is; perhaps it is not too much to say that, but for the camel, Oriental civilization, as we know it now, and as it is known in history, could never have existed.

The greatest, and perhaps the most intelligent, of domesticated animals, the elephant, has been far less potent as a factor in civilization than the ungainly camel. It has served but little in the necessary uses of life. It was first sought for its ivory; then, from its huge size, it doubtless became an object of curiosity; as it was easily tamed, it was soon employed in the pageantry of African and Asiatic courts; then, lastly, it was used in war, and continued to be so used for many ages, until it was discovered that, however useful it might be in breaking the ranks of an enemy, it could be so wounded and annoyed as to be likely to turn back in terror and to disarray the ranks of its own side. Great as it is, the elephant has had infinitely less to do with human progress than the dog or the ox, or even the much despised ass.

At some early time in the history of our race, and probably somewhere in Northern Asia, the horse came into the possession of mankind; first, perhaps, among the pastoral Tartars, who found the fleetness of this creature of immense advantage in guiding and directing their flocks and herds. It is creditable to mankind that even savages soon become averse to the flesh of animals which they have admitted to their companionship. Thus, at a very early period they regarded dogs' flesh with aversion; and hence, as the horse speedily became one of the nearest and most useful compan-

ions of man, horse flesh has generally been regarded with repugnance. To a limited extent the milk of the mare has been used, especially among the Tartars, as a staple article of food; but elsewhere the horse has been valued only for his strength and his speed. In war—and human history is a history of war—the horse has played a large part. In the days of ancient Greece and Rome, and in the Middle Ages until the invention of gunpowder, the horse was mainly relied upon to break the ranks of an enemy's line of battle. As Professor Shaler says: "If the reader is curious to see the value of horsemen in ancient warfare, he should read the story of the campaigns of Hannibal against the Romans in Italy. The first successes of that great commander—victories which came near changing the history of the Western world—were almost altogether due to the strength lying in his admirable Numidian cavalry. The Romans were already good soldiers, their footmen more trustworthy than those which the Carthaginian general could set against them; but with his horsemen, as at Cannæ, he could wrap in the Roman line and reduce the most valiant legions to confused herds which awaited the butcher." Whenever it may have been that the horse was first domesticated, it was speedily disseminated among all nations; and it may be laid down as a general rule that, other things being equal, the nation which had the best horses was most successful in war.

Strange to say, the iron horseshoe, permanently fixed to the hoof, was not introduced until the fourth century of the Christian era. On the grassy plains of Asia and on the open ground elsewhere shoes were not needed; but the Romans soon found that their paved roads wore the hoof away, and often lamed the animal when his service was most needed. They could devise no better remedy, however, than leathern soles and bags to protect the hoof, though there is reason to believe that they had an iron shoe which they put on and took off at pleasure. Some writers are of the opinion that the later Romans had learned to nail the shoe under the hoof; but it seems probable that the crescent-shaped horseshoe of modern times was first invented in some part of the Eastern Empire, and that its form suggested its name, *Selene*, the moon.

When the light corselets of ancient times gave place to the heavy armor of the Middle Ages, and when the armor of the horse

and his rider often weighed as much as two hundred pounds or more, it was necessary that the knight's horse should be of great size and strength; and as the Normans were *par excellence* the soldiers of the Middle Ages, it is not surprising that the Norman horse should have been bred to an enormous size. "The Norman horse," says Professor Shaler, "was gradually evolved, the form naturally taking shape in that part of Europe where the iron-clad warrior was most perfectly developed.

With the advance in the use of firearms the value of the Norman horse in the art of war rapidly diminished. This breed, however, has, with slight modifications, survived, and is extensively used for draught purposes where strength at the sacrifice of speed is demanded. It is a curious fact that the creatures which now draw the beer wagons of London often afford the nearest living successors in form to the horses which bore the mediæval knights. A tincture of this Norman blood, perhaps the firmest fixed in the species of any variety, pervades many other strains most valuable in our arts. The best of our artillery horses, particularly those set next the wheels, are generally in part Norman. In the well-known Morgan, the swiftest and strongest of our harnessed forms, the observant eye detects indications of this masterful blood."

As the Normans conquered England, France and Italy, and so affected the whole course of European civilization, it would be curious to inquire how large a factor the Norman horse has been in producing that type of civilization which now prevails in Europe and America. But at one critical time the Normans, who would have been comparatively insignificant without their heavy horses, saved Europe from the domination of the Arab, and perhaps saved Christianity to our European forefathers, and consequently to ourselves. Here, again, we may quote Professor Shaler, who says: "In the warfare between the Mohammedans and the Christian States of Europe, in the campaigns with the Turks and the Saracens, it is easy to see that the powerful breeds of horses reared in western and northern Europe, were a mighty element in determining the issue of the contest. The battles of these momentous campaigns represented not only a struggle between the Christian Aryans and the Semitic followers of Mohamet, but, in quite as great a degree, the war was waged between

the light and agile steeds of the Orient and the massive and powerful animals that bore the mail-clad warriors of the West. On the field of Tours, when the fate of Christian Europe for hours hung in the balance, we may well believe that the strong and enduring horses of the northern cavalry did much to give victory to our race." So, then, we may believe that, in the providence of God, our very religion was saved to us by the horses of our Norman ancestors.

Of the horse in more modern times a few words will suffice. Cavalry no longer fills the large place in a campaign which it did even within the present century. The improvement of artillery and small arms of precision have made it far less available than formerly; but it is still indispensable, and it must not be forgotten that field artillery would be worthless without horses; so that, even now, the event of battles still continues to depend largely on the excellence of horses. For many other purposes the horse is likely speedily to be disused. As the ox has long ago given way to the horse in agricultural operations, so in these and many other uses the horse is giving way to steam power and electricity. The process is only too likely to continue. In the arts of peace the horse may soon be almost disused, but in war nothing can replace the horse; there is no imaginable invention that could take its place; and we must not forget that war, barbarous as it is, often decides the progress or decay of civilization.

We have spoken thus far only of animals which have been directly connected with the progress of civilization, and the list is by no means exhausted. We might add, for example, the humble pig, which was domesticated at an early period of human history. To a large extent the pig constituted the wealth of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and in later times it has contributed enormously to the sustenance of the poor. To quadrupeds we might add the many feathered creatures which man has tamed for purposes of utility, notably the barnyard fowls—the duck, the goose, the swan, the turkey, the pigeon; also the peacock and the pheasant, though these have been valued as much for their beauty as for their utility. We may note, too, that in Mexico and other countries marvellous works of art have been made of the feathers of birds.

Of the insect world man has made com-

paratively little use, the bee and the silkworm being the only insects that he has been at pains to protect. The honey-bee, as is well known, has become so accustomed to the vicinity of man that, even when it escapes the hive, it is seldom found further than a few miles from human habitations, the Indian of the West regarding the bee as a near precursor of the white man. The bee has had no such influence on civilization as the silkworm; but it would be difficult to estimate the influence of the silkworm on the textile arts of the Orient, and even in Western lands.

Apart from mere utility, however, one animal, the hawk, has been trained, and for centuries was used, as the companion and participant with man in the sports of the chase; and everywhere throughout the world song-birds have been tamed and trained for mere pleasure, the canary of our homes, for instance, being so changed by the process of domestication as to be hardly recognizable as the far less interesting bird from which it has been bred. It would be easy to extend our list, but if our readers have followed us in what has been already said, we think they will assent to the first five observations with which our article began. The sixth remains, and we may treat it briefly.

So long as the relation of man to animated nature is one of mere destruction, his relation to his fellow-man is of a like kind. Tribe contends with tribe, and among the lowest savages the hunting of men has the same object as the hunting of beasts—that is, the providing of food. It is only when man has at least so far advanced that the sense of companionship makes him abhor the flesh of dog or horse that we may surely reckon on the cessation of cannibalism. Doubtless there have been tribes which never practiced cannibalism; but it is observable that, in tribes which have practiced it, the abominable custom does not cease until the companionship of man and beast has raised the tribe out of the purely savage state.

Then another incident of human history appears: the capture and domestication of animals suggests the capture and enslavement of men. The mere savage kills his enemy because he has no other use for him. Later he preserves him, or, at least, his children, to become his slaves; and there is no civilized nation in the world in which slavery has not existed at some stage of its progress. At its earliest stage, the en-

slaved man, like the domesticated beast, is a mere chattel, existing only by the sufferance and for the use of his master, and with no rights that the master is bound to respect. This is a fruitful theme of reflection, into which the limitations of our space forbid us to enter; but it is certainly remarkable that the general abolition of slavery, which began a century ago, has been coincident with that wonderful spread of the sentiment of humanity which has been exhibited in a principled hatred of all cruelty, and particularly of cruelty to animals. The two things go together; when man regards his fellow-man with kindness, so does he regard the brute; if he is merciless to the brute, he is certain to be merciless to his fellow-man. There was a time when codes of law declared that human slaves had no rights, and at that time, naturally, no one thought that brutes had rights. Now, when it is felt, as it is daily felt more deeply and more widely, that even the brute has a right to justice, and that it is offensive to both God and man to treat it with avoidable cruelty, the sentiment of justice and mercy toward the humblest of mankind can be denied no longer. And so it appears that the sentiment and behavior of men toward other men almost invariably rise or fall with their sentiment and behavior toward the brute creation.—*Our Animal Friends.*

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“Look Well to Your Ballot.”

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Solemn, weighty words indeed! And, in one respect, almost the weightiest to be heard within the tyled doors of a Masonic Lodge. Every deep thinking brother who listens to the stern yet kindly advice, feels within him how deeply it is charged with all the sacred reverence that is held by the Craft which, throughout the dark years of buried centuries, has done such material service in the enlightening of mankind; how deeply the solemn words are imbued with all that our vows make so dear to us; and how full they are of the responsibility for the future welfare of the brotherhood, which still bears in its throbbing breast and helping hand the glorious light and word which Masons of to-day are bending the best efforts of their lives to bring nearer to selfish humanity. Then, keeping in mind the divine law of the Fatherhood of God and the universal Brotherhood of Man, a law that should never be forgotten: let us look well to our ballot, remembering

that “we should do unto others as we would they should do unto us.” For the richest fruits of Masonic philosophy still lie beyond our grasp as unsubstantial as the bright plans of an architect’s hopeful dreams, but so prophetic in their grandeur that we know they will be realized by the countless millions of souls in times yet to come.

Not long since a man of well known fine moral character applied to a certain Lodge in one of our cities for the degrees of Masonry. He stood well among his fellows and was blessed with more than ordinary intelligence. In reference to his profession, it is sufficient to say that he loved law and order and did not deal in liquor. Those brethren who knew him best, on hearing of his application, were glad beyond measure, and congratulated themselves and the Lodge without a fear or doubt. But he was rejected.

The object-lesson was a miserably thought-stirring one, sad and pitiful in the extreme. He was rejected, and the fault—mistake, let it rather be called—lay not with him but with the Lodge to which he applied. We have, however, to thank the “divinity which shapes our ends” that such mistakes occur seldom; were it otherwise the Masonic Fraternity would soon cease to exist, and the uplifting effects of its noble aims would be forever dead. But such mistakes, when they do occur, come right home to us, and mutely mark the fact that at some past time the Master’s injunction, “Look well to your ballot,” had been disregarded, and that some one had been admitted to the privileges of Masonry who had not learned the full meaning of “Love one another.” There is no excuse for refusing (as in this instance) good material; and he who casts a black-ball for reasons of personal animosity, or for some reason not directly appertaining to the candidate, does not deserve the honor of being called a Mason.

On the other hand, it is impossible sometimes to avoid accepting a man who may not prove to be good and true, because, after the most searching and satisfactory examination, no committee of investigation can guarantee the candidate’s future life. To find out that he had at present no disqualifying blemish is all the Lodge expects them to do; and that work, if faithfully performed, is no light matter. It is left to the Lodge to do the rest.

This latter—the admitting of poor mate-

rial—is a far more common mistake than the rejecting of good, and one that demands constant consideration on the part of every Mason who has the Brotherhood's interests at heart. And as the desire for larger membership, more especially in our city Lodges, grows, so does this question become a matter of deeper importance. Had the Normans, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, made a better selection of the stone in their quarries and done less "scamping" with the trowel, there would have been to-day scattered throughout the whole of England many more specimens of their beautiful architecture. But as the old records tell us, those great square towers, massive and enduring as they looked, one after another became shaky and fell, destroying often enough, considerable portions of the church itself, which the Masons of succeeding generations rebuilt with more loving care in the magnificent Gothic style. Thus it was, the operative Masons failed in a long-passed age, and and it behooves us to look well to the ballot lest we fail likewise in the far more noble and glorious speculative science.

The great aim of every true Masonic heart should not be, and is not, simply to wear the chapeau and baldric of the sworded Knight Templar. Looked up to, as the higher bodies may well be, the sublime degree of Master Mason gives us all that is most holy in Masonic teachings, and all we can ever strive to reach. It is in the Blue Lodge that Masonic light first shines into our hearts, and from the Blue Lodge we are buried when we go to our last long home into eternal light. Therefore, brethren, let us ever remember the all-importance of the ballot for membership in the Blue Lodge, for upon it rests the honor and purity of the Craft in all its practical work.

As the compass teaches us to circumscribe our desires and keep our passions within due bounds, the square to be true to its ninety degrees, so each letter of Holy Writ desires us to be loving and just to all men. And at no time in a Masonic life can those two virtues be better exemplified than when, before the altar, we look well to our ballot.

Freemasonry, the noblest of all human institutions; richest and most venerable, because it has accumulated the experiences and lore from the whole history of the world; immutable in the truths of its divine philosophy, yet ever changing to

adapt itself to the progressive spirit of the times; it is the grandest and most glorious of all societies, not simply on account of its universality, but because it lifts us nearer to the loving Architect of all things, making us fit to dwell in His "spiritual temple, not made by hands, eternal in the heavens." Honored indeed are they whom it honors; and blessed are they whom it favors with a knowledge of the mystic tie.

P. M. R.

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Bible Treasures Traced.

King Menelik, of Abyssinia, has promised that as soon as peace is restored within his dominions, he will permit a commission of European scientists to make an exhaustive examination of the vaults of the cathedral church at Axum, where the monarchs of Ethiopia have been crowned from time immemorial. A widespread tradition of the Moslem-world asserts that it is within the ancient vaults of this structure that the Ark of the Covenant is preserved, along with the tables of stone containing the Ten Commandments, and which Moses brought down from Mount Sinai.

The seven-branched candlestick of gold, which figured in the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, is said to be immured in these vaults, which are also known to contain a mass of ancient papyri and other manuscripts that are in excellent state of preservation, but have never been translated or annotated. It is no mere vague tradition handed down from father to son, which has transmitted to generations of Abyssinians the story of how these priceless treasures came to repose in the cathedral of Axum. The story of their procurement by the rulers of the country, and of their being deposited within these sacred vaults, is specific, particular and detailed.

It is told how they were brought from Jerusalem to Abyssinia by the founder of the present dynasty, the first of the Emperors, Menelik, who was the son of King Solomon of Israel and of that biblical Queen of Sheba, who is on record as having carried on a very pronounced flirtation with the ruler of the Jews. This original Menelik is frequently referred to in the Song of Solomon.

Although, as authentic history teaches, born after the return of his mother to her own dominion, he was brought up at the court of his father at Jerusalem. He re-

mained there until the first destruction and sacking of Jerusalem, and the pillage of the Temple of Solomon by Shishak, king of Egypt.

Immediately before the destruction of the Temple Menelik fled back to Abyssinia. He carried with him for safe-keeping the treasures of that structure, which were threatened with seizure and defilement.

It is positively asserted by Abyssinian tradition that he carried back with him the tables of stone, the Ark of the Covenant, and the seven-branched candlestick. These he deposited in the interior of that huge granite pile which constitutes the pedestal of the ancient Abyssinian Temple of Axum, long ante-dating the Christian era, and where the rulers of Ethiopia have been crowned from the earliest times.

The present cathedral of Axum is built on the summit of a species of granite pyramid, the remnant of a heathen temple that formerly occupied this site. It is within the interior of this pyramid that the vaults are situated which King Menelik has now promised to throw open.

Not since Napoleon invaded Egypt, taking with him a corps of archæologists and orientalists, whose work there revealed for the first time the stupendous historical importance of that land of romance, has a disclosure of antiquities of equal magnitude been promised. The cathedral of Axum is but one of the repositories of biblical treasures which Menelik offers to open up to the modern scientific world for investigation.

It is believed that he will open up for the first time the priceless treasures that have for thousands of years been jealously preserved on the holy island of Debra Sinan, located near the centre of the great inland sea or lake of Zuoi, in the southern portion of the kingdom of Shoah. This island is reputed sacred not only among the Abyssinians themselves, but also throughout the Moslem world, and it is to this probably that must be attributed the fact that, notwithstanding the innumerable wars that have raged in Abyssinia for at least 1800 years past, the sanctity of the island should never have been violated by either Christian or infidel.

This island of Debra Sinan (the Abyssinian rendering of Mount Sinai), is inhabited and guarded entirely by monks, as ignorant and fanatic as are all the Abyssinian clergy, but who, when once they take up their residence on the island,

are never permitted to leave it again. In fact, the soil of the island had never been trodden by the foot of any layman until two years ago, when Emperor Menelik himself, attended by a few of his principal ras or generals, and escorted by a strongly armed body-guard, crossed the waters of the lake and landed on its shores, the body-guard remaining in the boats ready for emergency.

According to the dusky monarch's own account, the vaults of the monastery, which is of enormous size, and built upon rock, are filled with papyri and parchments and books of every description. The books are believed to have been sent thither at the time of the Mohammedan invasion of Abyssinia in the sixteenth century, but the parchments are declared to hail from the world-famed library of Alexandria, which was dispersed in the seventh century by the Mohammedan caliph, Omar.

The papyri evidently date from a much earlier era, and probably relate to that period when the Emperors of Ethiopia ruled not only over Abyssinia but also over Egypt, their domination of the latter country being pictured by many a sculpture and painting on the pyramids and temples in the land of the Nile.

—*Science Siftings.*

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An Embarassing Incident.

Do you ever allow yourself to get short of money when going about? If so, I earnestly advise you to mend your ways. There can be no more wholesome habit than to be always well provided with that useful article; cash. always, I say, everywhere, but specially if you go to Paris. Let the awful example of what befell me there be a warning to you.

I had spent a delightful month in London, when I discovered—that was about the last of June—that I had run out my allowance there. At the same time I was most opportunely reminded that I was to meet, two days later, some friends in Paris. So the very next morning I turned my face southward and set out for the French capital, with a letter of credit for \$800 in my pocketbook. I had also a few loose shillings in my pocket, which I converted into francs at Calais.

Of course, I had a generous *dejeuner* at the half-way restaurant at Amiens, for which, of course, also, I paid a generous price, and I arrived in Paris shortly after

3 P.M., the train being somehow one hour late.

This delay annoyed me a little; I felt in a hurry to have an interview with the cashier of the bank of Mombar & Co. My lunch, or rather my dinner, and other incidental expenses, had wonderfully lessened the number of francs in my purse. I therefore left my trunk and grip sack at the station and hastened to hail a cab

I do not wish to be unjust to the Paris cabmen, but I firmly believe that had I known the way, I could have reached the Rue Scribe, where the offices of the bank were, much sooner by going on foot. The cabman, however, very considerately let me off for less than a dollar, plus the *pour-boire*; after which, as I counted my wealth on my way up stairs, I found myself with just eleven cents in cash.

Although half anticipating the reality, I was somewhat dismayed in finding the bank closed. It was, indeed, long after business hours. Yet I did not really feel embarrassed. Why should I? Had I not as good as \$300 in my pocketbook?

I determined to go at once to an old friend of mine, who had taken up his residence in Paris somewhere near Les Champs Elysees. I remembered the street and the number very well. So I made inquiries from the janitor of the bank building, using at him, to that effect, my very best French, when he interrupted me in good English, or rather, comforted me with a genuine Yankee twang:

"Take to the right," he said, and then turn to the left; then to the right again, and, after that, go straight ahead for six blocks, then to the left, and you will get there."

The way, as you see, was not long, but devious. Perhaps in this strange city, where everybody seemed to move leisurely, I did not care to hurry unseemingly, as I might have done in New York or in Chicago. I also tarried more than once to look at sights which I beheld for the first time, that fine June afternoon, in the beautiful Elysian Fields. They deserved that name, then, for me, though later on—. However, it took me some time to reach the house.

The concierge there very suavely informed me that Mr. Cather had been away for three days, and was not expected back until next day; the other members of the family were also out—to be precise, they were dining out. Where, I asked. He

gave me some kind of outlandish name, which I could not make out, although I made him repeat it four or five times. Finally, however, I understood it was a great way off.

That was a poser! I knew no one else in the whole great city of Paris! Yet, a man with \$800 in his vest pocket has no possible reason to be uneasy even if he has only eleven cents in actual cash. So I turned back and walked leisurely down the Avenue Des Champs Elysees, enjoying very much the every-varying and unique spectacle it presents to the eye of a foreigner.

"What a change!" I was thinking, "from the foggy, murky, atmosphere of London, its soot-begrimed trees and buildings, to this airy"—when a sudden sharp pain in the lower region of the stomach stopped further eloquent comments, and warned me that it was time to think of something more pressing—a dinner, for instance.

In closer consideration, however, the practical way to a dinner, though I had so many dollars about me, did not seem very clear. I was practically unacquainted with the city, and besides, I used with difficulty, or rather I ill-used frightfully the vile lingo of its inhabitants.

At last I determined to seek a small hotel, much frequented by Americans, which had been recommended to me. I succeeded in finding my way there; but when asking for a room, was met by the curt answer, "No more room, sir; all full." Thus turned out, I stopped awhile. During all my meandering the hours had been flying, and it was almost sundown when I entered the office—bureau, they call it—of another hotel, which I had noticed not far off. "Oh, yes," said the lady at the bureau (she was English) "we have rooms, but"—and she scanned me from head to foot, "have you no luggage?" A very natural and English question. I had come on foot, and I was somewhat dusty, perhaps looking a trifle haggard and tired from want of my dinner and long walking after a day's ride in the cars. Under the searching gaze of the bureau I felt half guilty.

"I have," I answered, "but I left it at the depot."

"Then you will not object to paying for your room in advance, of course?"

For this I was hardly prepared. I stammered an excuse and backed out awkwardly, followed by the wondering looks of an assistant porter. I must, indeed,

have looked a suspicious character. I had not even a cane or an umbrella in my hand. Perhaps an umbrella would have made me find grace with the English lady. Yet I was not lowered in my self-esteem, since I felt that the \$800 were safe in my vest pocket.

After some reflection, I determined to go boldly to another hotel, the one where I expected to meet my friends next day, and to explain my case there.

The manager listened to me politely; his pleasant smile, however, turned to a rather cold stare when I mentioned the fact that I had no ready money. I showed him the letter of credit. "But I am no banker," he objected; and he added with great delicacy that he certainly believed me to be a gentleman and all that I represented to be, "yet—and this was not meant for me, oh, no, not at all—there had been so many losses of late among hotel keepers through plausible frauds!" I bade him with a wave of my hand to stop short there, and walked out haughtily, thoroughly angered at the offense to my dignity and quite forgetful of my empty stomach and purse.

Things began to look more serious than I would have anticipated; and the increased difficulty, as the night was coming on, of getting dinner and lodgings, made prompt and vigorous action necessary. So I went into a pastry cook shop just opposite the hotel, ate two petits pates, drank a glass of cool water—they always have excellent water in these places—and went out with only one cent left.

By chance, I had a few cigars, which a friend had forced on me at the station in London. I am a poor smoker and seldom indulge in the vicious habit. I remembered, then, that it is often said tobacco allays hunger. That was an occasion to test its virtues. Well, after that day's experience, I will not venture to recommend the remedy. Although I struggled heroically through one cigar, I derived but indifferent solace from it.

Perhaps, however, it suggested to me the strong resolution which came to me then. "Why," said I to myself, "since so much of the night has already elapsed, I might as well rough it out to the end. I am young, and an American to boot, and, therefore, equal to any task. It cannot be so bad after all; the weather is beautiful, the air is just right, mild and soft—why not see gratis the sights of Paris?"

I started then and there for the boule-

wards. The spectacle was indeed grand and truly enchanting. The brilliantly-lighted stores and cafés, the gay throng laughing and chatting, the whirling carriages, the trees themselves with their illuminated leaves, all made me for a time forget my queer predicament, of a man hungering and shelterless with \$800 in his pocket. Occasionally I sat down for a time on one of the numerous benches provided everywhere for the public, and thus rested myself.

But by degrees the stores closed, the gas was turned off and the lively crowd on the sidewalks dwindled away till there were only a few idlers strolling along or a few belated citizens hurrying home.

It was then long past midnight, and I turned somewhat wearily toward the Champs Elysees again, which I thought I might make my headquarters until morning; but they were the Elysian Fields no more.

There, everything was hushed, and I tramped up and down through the broad, Central Avenue, then through the side alleys until I was fairly exhausted. Another cigar, which I tried in despair, signally failed to pacify the cries of my stomach. I had to throw it away; I loathed its very smell.

At this time, through fatigue, I suppose, I thought very little; my brain seemed benumbed. Once or twice, as a flash of recollection from years gone by long ago, the idea came to me how nice it would be to sit cosily at home before a savory New England dinner. The remembrance made only the reality more dreary. For, nerve myself as I would, the walking was becoming more and more wearing and painful. At last I sank on a bench in a secluded nook, and in spite of my endeavors to remain awake, I almost immediately fell asleep.

It must have been for a few minutes only; for very shortly after, as it seemed to me, I felt a strong hand shaking me, gently at first, then more sternly; when opening my eyes, I saw the uniformed figure of a sergeant de ville bending over me.

"You must not sleep here," said he, politely—I did not look exactly as a tramp yet—"You had better go home."

"Yes, I will," I muttered, struggling to my feet and staring vacantly before me.

The sergeant he ville added, by way of encouragement, "I saw you strolling about here for over an hour, and then sitting

down. It is not safe to allow yourself to be thus overcome by sleep out of doors at night."

I thanked him and resumed my marching. But, as it was midsummer, I observed, toward the east, a grayish tint spreading over the somber blue of the sky; the day would be dawning before long. Just then a distant clock struck three. Three o'clock! Six hours more to wait in hunger and weariness until my \$800 should be available.

Then, for the first time, I asked myself anxiously what I could do. Those few minutes of sleep had left in my eyes an almost unconquerable drowsiness. I staggered on the quay along the Seine, sometimes even closing my eyes and slumbering for a few seconds at a time, even while walking.

Then I came to the terrace of the garden of the Tuilleries, which skirts the river. I observed that the entrance gates were closed. It occurred to me that if I could only get inside possibly I would find a place to rest undisturbed until they should be opened, six o'clock, perhaps.

In examining the gates I perceived that they were joined to the terrace walks. It was easy for an agile man to clamber over. I looked around, and seeing no enemy, in a moment I was on the other side and sole possessor of a nice walk arched over with shade trees and plentifully furnished with chairs. After a little search, I found at the end of the walk, a retired nook. I made as secure as possible around me, in my inner clothing, my watch and pocket-book, and stretched myself with delight on a rough couch built with three or four chairs.

Oh, the bliss to surrender one's self to sleep when exhausted nature calls imperiously for it! I soon forgot all the world and its hardships toward a man who had only one cent in his pocket, albeit the actual possessor of \$800.

It had been hours, though it appeared to me minutes, when I was gradually recalled to a dim consciousness by a strange phenomena. Was it a dream, or a physical occurrence? It seemed as if some one was tugging at my vest, and at the same time I felt a kind of cool sensation about my feet. I turned uneasily round on my shaky couch, and fell heavily to the ground. Perforce then I opened my eyes and perceived a man, who seemingly had been standing over me, scamper away. Half

dazed yet, I tried to rise, when lo! in putting my feet on the ground, I thought that the little pebbles were hurting them. I realized that I was barefooted, and on further investigation, that I was bareheaded, too! The scamp was running away far out of my reach now; had heartlessly appropriated my shoes, and even my stockings, along with my head gear.

The morning was well on; the sun was shining through the leaves of the linden trees over my head, and I perceived, over the low walk of the terrace working men and women hastening to their daily tasks. Fortunately, the part of the terrace where I was ensconced was but little frequented at that time of the day. The question, however, arose with uncomfortable perspicuity and force, "What I had better do in my rather awkward position?"

I first took off my vest and wrapped up with it my feet, which I further concealed under a chair placed before me. Then I had in my pocket a travelling silk cap which I put on. Thus arrayed, I set to thinking, thinking, or rather, to await further developments. The only thing then clear to mind was, that I felt awfully hungry.

Just then I heard—was it possible? A shipwrecked sailor in mid-ocean seeing a sail bearing directly on him, cannot be more overjoyed than I was when I heard unmistakably English voices not far from me, nearing me, in fact. Two men, two gentlemen, surely—they had nothing French about them—were walking toward me. They, as true Englishmen, were taking a "constitutional" in the cool air of the morning before breakfast.

That was salvation! I called to them as they were about to pass, and explained my situation which was of course plain enough in itself. By a strange chance it happened that one of them was an employé of the very bank to which my letter of credit was directed. I showed it to him; he examined it carefully, asking me at the same time, though very discreetly, a few questions. He was soon satisfied it was all right.

They managed to get me into a cab at the side gate. We drove to the station, got my trunk, and with it all I needed to render presentable my personal appearance, and thence to a hotel. A clean wash, a change of clothes, and a substantial breakfast occupied easily my time until the opening of the bank.

When I presented myself, I was met by

my new friend, who, in handing me such sum as I needed just then, volunteered in an impressive manner the very sensible advice which I have already imparted to my readers: "My boy, never be without cash, never, no matter where you are."

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The Editor's House.

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Everybody in Redwood had watched the building of the editor's house, and with more than idle curiosity. That the new dwelling would be odd, entirely unlike any other in town was to be expected, and its appearance could not have been alone sufficient to hold the attention of the people. It seemed as if every individual took an active interest in its progress, and every detail of its plan and its surroundings was the theme of countless discussions; but while many admired its quaintness none dreamed of criticising the style of its architecture.

In fact, it had come to be an article in the Redwood faith that what the editor did was right. Only a little over two years had the town known him, but in that time he had gained an ascendancy which even those who had bitterly opposed his ideas at first were ready to admit was complete.

"He don't fight unless there's somethin' to fight fer," averred Jim Short, the conversational expert of the town, "but he always wins. He fit fer graded streets, an' he got 'em. He fit fer water-works, and he got 'em. He fit fer a city electric light-in' plant, an' he got it. He fit ol' Pete Douglas, who'd been county supervisor fer fourteen years, an' he beat him. He wanted the irrigatin' canal, an' Douglas was agin it, an' he had to beat him, an' now the canal is pretty nigh finished. Whenever he says Redwood ought to have somethin', why Redwood goes in an' gets it, every time."

There was no questioning the loyalty of Redwood to him; and even when it became known that the editor was to wed, his choice was generally approved, though there may have been some hearts that bled in silence.

The editor's house was begun soon after the first whisper of his intentions was breathed from one to another among those who knew him best. Though the season marked winter in the almanacs prepared for a more rigorous clime, the carpenters worked steadily upon it; and when the rainy days came with fewer breaks than usual in the valley, it was remarked with

some show of impatience among interested observers that the editor's house was being held back.

The spring came at last, and the lingering traces of investment by workmen finally disappeared from the grounds. The editor's house was finished. It stood at the corner of two shaded streets, a low white cottage with dormer windows and a prim New England air about it which contrasted sharply with its more pretentious neighbors. Two tall clumps of white lilacs, crowned with sweet scented blossoms, stood beside the path which led through the sward to the porch, and at one side, banked against a low wall of rough gray stone, were masses of yellow roses. The magnolias and palms which graced adjacent lawns were absent here, but there seemed to be no room left for them.

The editor himself seemed well pleased with the result. He came up the street one balmy March evening, and with his companion stopped before the cottage. His hat was pushed back from his forehead, his eyes were as bright and blue as the cloudless sky above the Sierras in the east, and there was not a line of care in his handsome face. The young woman at his side was tall and slender, though not as tall as the broad shouldered, fair-haired editor. Her eyes were dark brown, clear and soft, and her dark brown hair held ruddy gleams, like lingering touches of the fading sunset. Her cheeks were pale, but not from illness, and there was about her all the tender womanly grace that wins the homage of pure souls.

None heard the words that passed between the two as they stood beside the lilacs, but at something which the editor whispered, the girl's face lifted suddenly to meet the eyes bent upon it, and then turned half-shyly away. The man reached up and broke a great blossom from the bush and gave it to her, their hands meeting for a moment as she took the flower, and then the two turned toward the street. At the corner they separated, but only a few steps away the editor turned as if for another glance at his treasure, and she, looking back, touched the bunch of blossoms with her lip and waved a salute.

Five blocks down, toward the central portion of the town, stood the office where the editor reigned supreme. The book-keeper's desk was vacant as the editor came in, but the "local" room had one occupant.

"There's been an old fellow waiting here an hour to see you," said the reporter, as the editor came through. "He has just gone out, but he said he would come back; an old miner, I guess, but he would not talk much to me. He wanted to see you, he said. I hope there's something in it. I want a good story to-night mighty bad. I haven't had a 'four-timer' on the first page this week. Robbins said to-day that there was always a good local story on the first page when you held down this desk under old Jones, and hinted that I wasn't much good. I've got to dig up something, or the *Leader* will lose its reputation."

The editor smiled, and went on into his own room. The light over his desk was turned on; he put his hat on the bookcase beside it and sat down. The faint perfume of white lilacs was still in his nostrils, and there was little wonder that he sat idle for a minute, his eyes resting upon the pad of yellow copy paper before him, but seeing something much further away.

Two men came in suddenly, but just inside the door, stopped, met the editor's gaze, and then looked at each other, as if undecided which should open the business before them. One was young Moody, the cashier at the bank, the other, an older man, was Jones, the former proprietor of the *Leader*.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the editor; "how can I help you?"

"Well, the fact is, Mr. Barry," said Moody, as Jones seemed reluctant to take the lead, "I have called to see about the five thousand dollar note. It is 'on demand,' you know; and the bank—that is, Mr. Jones—says that it will have to be met at once."

"Is this not a sudden change in the arrangement, Moody?" asked the editor. "Did not Mr. Cheney, the president of the bank, assure Senator Knight and me that the note would be held at our pleasure?"

"Well, that was before Senator Knight withdrew—that is, notified us that he did not care to be held responsible longer in the matter," said the bank clerk.

"It's like this, Barry," said Jones, having at last found his voice; "the senator isn't exactly satisfied with your course lately, and thinks, as I do, that the *Leader* is running down. Of course, I have too much at risk to hesitate long when you haven't anybody solid behind you, and I

shall have to foreclose, if you are not willing to give up without a suit."

"In other words, Mr. Jones," quietly rejoined the editor, "you are glad of an opportunity to get back a good deal better paper than you sold, and propose to force me to lose the five thousand dollars I paid you."

Jones twirled a bunch of keys in his hands, and did not look up or answer.

"I am surprised to learn that Senator Knight has withdrawn his endorsement without informing me," went on the editor. "As he is now safely in his seat for a second term I suppose he feels that I can be of no further use to him. I will have to get along without him. How long will you give me to meet the note?"

"Why, if you know of anybody who will let you have the money I can wait a day or two, but I am afraid you won't find five thousand dollars idle very easy just at this time. The bank isn't making any loans now, and I don't know of any idle capital in the neighborhood." And Mr. Jones looked anxious.

"Two days," said the editor. "Very well; you shall have your money, or the *Leader* again, on Saturday."

He turned to his desk and the two visitors went out.

The editor did not take up his pen, but his hands nervously straightened the copy paper, the little piles of opened envelopes ranged upon the desk, and set the bronzed paper-weight squarely on the center of the sheets of manuscript which the reporter had laid before him. The brightness had gone from his face, and his lips were closed firmly under the tawny mustache. Again he sat idle, but the vision of a half-hour before no longer rose up before him.

He felt that he had been betrayed; there had been no hint of the loss of the senator's friendship, and this sudden treachery found him unprepared.

"It is worse than ingratitude," he said to himself. "I fought his fight without hope of any reward except the use of his name, which costs him nothing. He knows that he is safe, for the paper never stood as well as it does to day. And yet he is willing to see me closed out!"

His head sank upon his hand, and he could feel the rapid throbbing at his temples.

The door swung back slowly and an unfamiliar figure stood in the doorway. A man with grizzled beard, shoulders bent

with toil, and the garb of a miner. He took off his old, shapeless hat and held it in both hands as he hesitated on the threshold.

"I don't want to disturb ye, mister," he said; "but I couldn't help hearing what they said to ye, an' I want to make ye an offer."

The editor turned wearily in his chair and faced the old man.

"I s'pose you're the editor," the visitor went on. "I come in to see ye a spell ago, but ye wasn't in."

"Yes; one of the men told me of you. I shall be glad to talk with you. Take this seat," and the editor turned out a heap of exchanges from a chair beside his desk.

The old man dropped down into the seat, his hat still held with both hands.

"I ain't been out of Tuolumne for ten years till this month," he said; "but I prospected all through this valley way back in the 'fifties, an' after I'd been in the city two days I concluded I could have more fun lookin' over the old places I used to know than I could down there in them cobble-stun streets where there's so much noise an' so many cars a-runnin' up an' down an' across. Wal, I got into Redwood this mornin' early, an' happened to see yer new house, here in town, an' I jest couldn't go away 'ithout comin' an' talkin' to ye about it. Ye may think it strange, but I had jest such a house of my own once, away back east, afore ye were born I guess. Jest the same dormer winders, an' the square porch at the side, an' the mornin'-glories climbin' up an' the lilacs in front an' the yeller roses along the old stun wall. I don't know how it happened, but it's jest as if ye had took it up in Exeter and brought it clean across the States and put it down here in Californy. It kinder makes me feel 'sif I'd got back among the folks I us'ter know. Course, it's jest a notion of mine, but I can't help it. I'm goin' to stay over to-morrer an' go an' look at it agin if ye don't mind.

"An' now I want to make a bargain with ye. I'm gettin' to be old, an' there's nobody for me to look out for but myself, an' I'm comfortable 'nough fixed. I've got a claim up in Tuolumne, where I've dug an' washed for twenty years, and if I haven't made a fortune I've made mor'n I need. I've got twenty thousand down in Wells-Fargo's, besides considerable dust up in the shanty. Here's the book," and the old man drew a bank book from an in-

side-pocket. "Now I want ye to take this an' use it. Pay off that feller that was in here a while ago an' owe it to me. An' all I'll ask for pay is jest to have ye let me come down an' look at the little house once in awhile, an' if ye can, when there ain't anybody aroun' so I won't be in the way, let me come in an' set by the kitchen fireplace. Not often, I don't mean; I don't want to be a nuisance; but it would do me lots of good jest to come an' see it two or three times a year. Will ye do it?"

The old man's hat had fallen to the floor, and he leaned forward in the chair, holding out the bank book.

"It was in New Hampshire—Exeter—where you lived?" asked the editor, and one would have thought that he waited breathlessly for the answer, for his hands clenched upon the arms of his chair, and his eyes searched the old man's face with an eager look.

"Yes; but it were long afore your time. May be you've been there, though, and seen the house."

"I have never been in New Hampshire since I was a little child," said the editor.

"Then it's strange. I can't understand it," said the old man. "Ye see, I built my house myself. I an' Lucy—she was my wife—we planned it; an' I was a carpenter then, afore this gold mining fever was making folks crazy, an' I sawed every piece of timber an' drove every nail in it. An' Lucy, she could draw, an' paint, with water-color paints, an' she made pictures of every side of it, before it was raised, showin' how 'twould look when 'twas done; an' I finished it an' painted it, just as she wanted it. An' she got white lilacs an' yeller roses for the front yard an' mornin' glories to climb up on the porch. An' it's strange that you should have jest the same place, flowers an' all, away out here in Californy. Yes, it's strange." And the old man's knotted fingers clasped and unclasped, and his grizzled chin sunk down upon his breast.

"What of Lucy?" asked the editor, and he pronounced the old-fashioned name like one who loved it.

"I wish I knew," said the old man, and he raised his head and met the eyes of the editor. "I wish I knew. I left her an' come out here to look for gold. I was a long time gittin' here; sick on the isthmus for weeks, then wrecked on the Mexican coast, an' three years wasted before I ever saw the mines. Then I was unlucky from

the start, an' the months went by like weeks, so far as gainin' was concerned, but every day was a month in work an' misery. So I went for nigh ten years, an' when I finally had enough to take me back home, it was too late. Lucy an' our boy had gone, 'somewhere out west,' the folks said, but nobody knew where. I tried to find her, but s'pose she must have worried herself sick an' laid down an' died, she never was strong; an' I never see her agin or heard where she was buried."

"She went to Ohio," said the editor, "to find friends she had heard lived there. She had no word from you, and thought you dead. She was told that you were on the vessel wrecked on the Mexican coast. She lived to bring up your boy, working out her life to feed and clothe and educate him. And when she died, five years ago, I stood beside her grave and mourned the best, the bravest, the most unselfish mother that ever lived."

"You knew my Lucy? Who are you?" And the old man stood up, trembling, his arms stretched out before him.

The editor had risen, too, and for the first time in Redwood there were tears in his eyes.

"I am Lucy Barry's boy and yours!" he cried. "It is your house, not mine."

—George L. Shoals.

The Big Man and His Mother.

We were at a railroad station one night waiting a few hours for a train, in the waiting-room, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep. Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little old woman came in, escorted by a German, and they talked in German, he giving her, evidently, a lot of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and baggage check, and occasionally patting her on the arm. At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken. The big man put his hand to the old lady's cheek and said something encouraging, and a tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen. The brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from his laugh, and he said:

"Papa, it is the mother."

We knew it was; but how should a four-year old sleepy baby that couldn't under-

stand German, tell that the lady was his mother? We asked him how he knew, and he said:

"Oh, the big man was so kind to her."

The big man bustled out; we gave the little old mother the rocking-chair, and presently the man came in with a baggage-man, and to him he spoke English. He said:

"This is my mother; she is going to Iowa, and I have to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage and see her on the right car, the rear car, with a good seat near the centre, and to tell the conductor she is my mother. And here is a dollar for you, and I'll do as much for your mother some time."

The baggage man grasped the dollar with one hand, grasped the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German mother with an expression that showed that he had a mother, too; and we almost knew that the old lady would be well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench, and went on the platform and got acquainted with the German. And he talked of horse-trading, buying and selling, and everything that showed he was a live man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley, and that his life was a very busy one; and at times disappointments and rough roads; but with all this hurry and excitement he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little; and when, after a few minutes talk about business, he said: "You must excuse me; I must go to the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like grasping his fat red hand and kissing it.

The Boy Who Wouldn't.

"I hope you quite understand, Michael," said Miss Perry, as the last boy but one filed down the stairway, "that it is you who are keeping yourself behind the others to-night. I do not ask a boy to tell me he is sorry when he is not; but I can't let him go without answering me at all, for that's not gentlemanly."

She paused for a response; but the hard lines about the eyes deepened, and the square little mouth shut more firmly, as though afraid a word might escape in spite of itself.

"Poor little lad!" sighed Miss Perry, as she turned to correct the papers before her,

"he wants to give in, but he just simply can't."

Ten, fifteen minutes passed. The clock ticked with a sturdy determination to make itself heard, as it had never ticked before. The papers were nearly finished, and Miss Perry glanced at the forlorn little figure before her. "How can I help him?" thought she.

"Michael," she continued, sweetly, after a moment's pause, "if you are quite determined on staying, I believe I shall tell you a story."

The little mouth opened wide for a moment in astonishment, and then, fearful that this might be but a trap set to catch it, closed again with a resolute snap.

"Once upon a time," continued Miss Perry, amiably, "there lived a wise king, who, as he was getting old, wanted to give up the cares of government to his son. So he called the young prince to him, and said, 'My boy, I have had you carefully taught in the laws of the land, in the languages, sciences, and the rules of military and civil government, but there is still one lesson that you must learn before I can trust my kingdom to your care.'

"Then his son, who was a very good prince, replied, 'Very well, father; only tell me this new lesson, and I am quite ready to learn it.'

"But the king answered, 'Alas, my boy, that I cannot do; for if you were told it every day for a lifetime it would still be unlearned; whereas, once you have found it out for yourself, you will know it by heart.'

"The young prince went away much puzzled, and said to himself, 'How shall I ever find out this curious lesson?'

"Finally, he decided to obtain from his father the position of commander-in-chief of all the army, for he thought, 'If I am able to command a great army, then surely, I can govern a kingdom.'

"But the old generals, who had been in many wars, said, 'The country will go to ruin in the hands of this proud, foolish prince!'

"At first all went well, for it was a time of peace; but one day came news of an advancing enemy, and all the country's forces were called out to meet and repel the invasion. After a number of battles, in which the prince's troops were defeated, their position became quite desperate. You see, it was like this." Here Miss Perry's fingers began to mark out on the

desk before her a plan of the situation; and Michael's eyes, from which all the hard lines had vanished, followed her movements intently.

"Here were the enemy's forces, and here, in the midst of them, was the prince's army. Their only hope lay in passing at midnight by a certain path right through the enemy's lines, and in turn surrounding them. Then, one of the old generals, who had been in many wars and who knew all that part of the country perfectly, came to the prince and begged him to give up the command, that in so difficult an undertaking the army might be guided by one who knew the situation perfectly, for the least mistake would be fatal; but the prince answered him angrily, and drove him from his presence. This was the very opportunity he had been longing for, and certainly he would not give it up to another. Once let him achieve so brilliant an exploit, then the glory of his name would be on every tongue, and his father would at last believe him able to govern a kingdom wisely. Down in the depths of his heart, he knew the old general was right; but oh, he couldn't, he couldn't give up his own way!

"For hours he walked the floor of his tent, fighting a battle with himself; and, at length, just before midnight, he went to the general, and said, 'Lead the army as you will, and I will follow with the rest; for you know better than I.' So the brilliant move was made, the enemy was defeated, and the next day all the country rang with the old general's praises. But now, I wonder," said Miss Perry, thoughtfully gazing into space, "who really won that victory."

"I think the prince did," said Michael.

"And so thought his father," continued Miss Perry; "for, when the army returned, the prince sought the old king's presence, and said:

"'Father, I have failed. I had hoped by a wise command of the army to show myself worthy to take your place; but there were others who knew better than I, and I gave up my will to theirs.'

"Then the king cried joyfully: 'My son, that is the very lesson I sent you forth to learn; for no man is fit to command until he has first learned to obey, and, in overcoming self you have won a greater victory than in conquering a hostile army.'

Miss Perry paused, and, the story being ended, applied herself once more to the

task of correcting papers. As she lifted the last one, a patient little figure stood before her.

"Miss Perry—"

"Yes, Michael," encouragingly.

"Miss Perry, I'm sorry I was a bad boy to-day, and please forgive me."

—*Helen C. Bacon.*

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The Little Listening Ears.
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Many children receive in their first impressions of God such distorted ideas that it takes years to eliminate them from the mind. The greatest verbal care should be given our expressions when speaking of the relations of God to the child in the presence of the children. We have all heard the story of the little child who regretted that God was not a Christian, who explained this view of God by saying it was not Christian to be angry, and God was always angry. The small child who wondered why God did not whip the devil, is another victim of distorted ideas wholly due to the language of the people who were about him. It will take years to change an angry God to a God of love, or a God who cannot overcome evil into a beneficent God. Looking into our own minds, we are forced to see how many false ideas grew in our minds in childhood relating to the influence of good and evil, how long it took us to come into a condition of mind that recognized the personal responsibility of our own acts. Out of this knowledge should grow a sense of responsibility to the children about us.

—*The Outlook.*

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Declining A Treat.
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The following conversation was heard between two collegians, who were discussing a class dinner:

"Of course," said one, with a consequential touch of self-complacency and patronage which students call "fresh," and which only length of days can cure, "if a fellow hasn't wit enough to know when to stop, he'd better be careful at first. Some heads are built weak, you know."

"Careful in what?" interpolated I, and both laughed.

"Why, drinking, of course," said the first speaker. "A fellow has to take his seasoning sooner or later. Some can stand it. Some cannot, at least for a while."

He was, as I have intimated, a fresh-

man. His friend, a bearded senior, the only son of a rich man, slapped him good-humoredly on the shoulder.

"When I was your age, old fellow, my father said to me: 'If I had my life to live over, I would never take a glass of wine or smoke a cigar.' I answered, 'It would be foolish not to profit by what such a sensible man says.' I have never tasted wine or touched tobacco, and I am glad of it—gladder every day I live. I might have been 'built' with a strong head, and then again, I might not."

"What do you say when you are offered a treat?"

"I say, 'No, thank you; I never take it.' Generally that settles the matter quietly."

"And if they poke fun at you?"

"I let them 'poke,' and then stand ready to put them to bed when *their* heads give out."

There are—for the comfort of mothers be it said—many "fellows" strong enough to maintain this stand, and sensible enough to see that the risks are not worth taking. It is the fool who meddles with firearms; the coward who carries a loaded revolver.

—*Home-Maker.*

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King Solomon and the Blacksmith.
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The blacksmith has sometimes been called the king of mechanics, and this is the way he is said to have earned the distinction:

The story goes, that during the building of Solomon's Temple, that wise ruler decided to treat the artisans employed on his famous edifice to a banquet. While the men were enjoying the good things his bounty had provided, King Solomon went about from table to table to become better acquainted with his workmen. To one he said:

"My friend, what is your trade?"

"A carpenter."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the carpenter.

To another Solomon said:

"What is your trade?"

And the reply was, "A mason."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the mason.

The third stated that he was a stone-cutter, and that the blacksmith also made his tools. The fourth man whom King Solomon addressed was the blacksmith himself. He was a powerful man, with

bared arms, on which the muscles stood out in bold relief, and seemingly almost as hard as the metal he worked.

"And what is your trade, my good man?" said the king.

"Blacksmith," laconically replied the man of the anvil and sledge.

"And who makes your tools?"

"Make 'em myself," said the blacksmith.

Whereupon King Solomon immediately proclaimed him the King of Mechanics, because he could not only make his own tools, but all other artizans were forced to go to him to have their tools made.

A Practical Judge.

When Senator Sanders of Montana first settled in the wilds of the then half-civilized west, the following is related of him. He was about the only well-educated man in that State. The miners and cow-boys recognized that fact, and elected him judge. In that capacity he soon became a terror to evil-doers, as he invariably imposed the heaviest sentence prescribed by law.

On one occasion a border ruffian was brought before him on a charge of assault and battery, entered a plea of guilty, and was fined twenty dollars. The fellow had a dangerous gleam in his eye as he shambled forward, pulled a bag from his pocket, took from it two double eagles and laid them on the bar before Judge Sanders. The judge shoved one of the coins across the counter, remarking:

"You've made a mistake. Your fine is twenty dollars."

"I know what my fine is," growled the thug; "and I understand what I am doing. See? If it costs twenty dollars to whip a man in this court, its cheap enough, and I'm willing to pay for the fun. Just keep the other twenty, judge; I'm going to thrash another man."

"Very well, sir," quietly said Sanders, putting the coins into a drawer and turning the key.

"And you're the man I'm going to lick," continued the pugilistic prisoner, addressing the court.

"As you please, sir," was the calm response, as Sanders stepped from the bench.

The fellow made a most savage onslaught upon the judge, but Sanders ducked, and before his antagonist could recover his equilibrium he received a blow on the jugular which sent him spinning half way

across the room, where he fell limp as a rag. Two minutes later the erstwhile "terror" scrambled to his feet, looked about the room in a dazed manner, and slowly staggered to the door.

"Here, sir!" thundered Sanders, who had resumed his place upon the bench; "come here!"

The thug obeyed. Sanders then slowly counted out nineteen dollars and a half, and shoved it across the bar.

"There's your change," he remarked, gravely. "You didn't commit assault and battery. Under the circumstances I do not feel justified in asking you to pay anything for your part of this performance. Of course, I am compelled to charge you for the actual time I have lost. Good afternoon. Call the next case."

What We Are Coming To.

Scene: A schoolroom in the year 1900.

Teacher (to new boy)—"Have you got your certificate of vaccination against small-pox?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been inoculated for croup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had an injection of cholera bacillus?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping cough, measles and scarlet fever?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you provided with your own drinking cup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you make a solemn promise never to exchange sponges with the other boys, and never to use any pencil but your own?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you agree to have your book tumbled with sulphur and your clothes sprinkled with chloride of lime once a week?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hans, I see that you fulfill all the requirements of modern hygienics. Now you can climb that wire, place yourself on an isolated aluminum seat, and commence doing your sums."

—Puyallup, Wash., Commerce.

"Circe," said the lecturer, "as you no doubt remember, turned men into hogs."

"I wonder if she did it by starting a street car line?" mused the woman who had hung to a strap all the way to the hall.

"A Man Is a Man Whether Naked Or Clad."

Why worry and fume about coats with shad bellies,
A man is a man whether "naked or clad,"
He may dress in a swallow-tailed coat or a tunic,
And inwardly be a man, good or bad.

You'll surely allow us to wear such attire
As our means will permit, and our tastes may dictate,
So long as we run not afoul of a landmark,
Or conduct ourselves in a way arrogant.

You'll surely admit that our sires wore knee-pants,
And why, if you long for the styles of their day,
Don't you furnish yourself with all such apparel,
And your body in styles that are ancient array?

Our ancient Grand Master, in "Prince Albert" attired,
Would look out of place in any Lodge in the town,
For we could not conceive of the mighty King Solomon,
Donning anything else but his robes and his crown.

The swallow-tailed coat has some rights, please remember,
That the sack and Prince Albert are bound to respect,
And thus far on the Trestle we've not found it stated,
That a man could not wear any style that's correct.

Some men think it righteous to turn up their noses
At pork, and at cabbage, at herring and such,
But find it convenient to stifle their consciences
When brought face to face with a dish they like much.

There are some who sneer at all that's progressive,
"Specially swallow-tailed coats," I hear you remark.
Who think things are all the work of the devil,
Which Noah did not take with him into the ark.

The lambskin was given an emblem of innocence.
Not to tie o'er the skirts of a Prince Albert coat;
For aprons are worn when the coats are discarded—
Hence the swallow-tailed coat was adopted by vote

By the Craft, who, when called from work to refreshment
Could quickly escape from the "wild butting goat,"
As the scissors-tailed coat hid not the apron,
Nor did the "badge of the Mason" hide the tails of the coat.

Where else than in Lodges Masonic, my brother,
Will you see rich and poor on the level to meet?
The swallow-tailed coat arm in arm with the fustian.
And the prince and the peasant in most friendly greet?

Such contrasts are what make our Order to flourish;
'T is built on a rock which foes can't oppose—
Let its friends therefore guard 'gainst disturbing the struc-
ture
By silly allusions to the cut of our clothes.

Remember, dear brother, that worth makes the hero;
And if 'tis your desire true love to promote,
Don't "hump up your back" at the style of a garment,
Nor agonize over the cut of a coat.

If we gave more a tention to what Masonry teaches,
And endeavor to measure our lives by its rule,
We'd have less occasion to gossip and wrangle,
And at swallow-tailed coats to cast ridicule.

In waging a warfare 'gainst all that is stylish,
Pray don't let the stove-pipe hat 'scape your mind,
Because it is more of an "abomination of wickedness"
Than the coat, whose tails are where they should be—
behind.

And continue the warfare against "biled" shirts and neck-
ties,
As those might our more humble brother offend,
And let us "get down" to the dress of the collier,
In order that to him we our hands may extend.

Don't you think it is foolish to criticise dressing,
When we meet on the level and part on the square?
And if some of us choose to wear swallow-tailed breeches,
Do you think it would be any one else's affair?

It might be unkind if I said that I reckon
All the talk about coats, their styles and their shapes,
Comes from what Æsop tells in his book of the fables,
In the one he entitles "The Fox and the Grapes."

So don't be too hard on the swallow-tailed "coatie,"
It may cover the form of one honest and true,
Who, if danger should threaten his most humble brother,
Would be first to the fore—to die or to do!

—Wm. R. Bushby, in Royal Craftsman.

The Under Dog in the Fight.

I know that the world—that the great big world—
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me, and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or am right,
I shall always go in for the weaker dog,
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world—the great big world—
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me—I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right—
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said, I had better not said,
Or, 'twere better I had said it incog.;
But with heart and with glass filled to the brim,
Here is luck to the bottom dog!

—David Barker

Homely Advice.

Friend, ef you think by sittin' thar,
A-wastin' of your time,
Loafin' aroun' the corner store
An' makin' not a dime,
An' watchin' honest folks inside
A-buyin' of their goods,
An' wishin' you lived as they live
Instead of in the woods.

An' gossipin' the latest talk,
An' actin' like a fool,
An' thinkin' that the folks aroun'
'Ud know you from a mule;
An' smokin' at your rank old pipe,
An' swearin' with a "durn,"
An' spendin' at the tavern all
Your young wife had to earn.

Now, if you think by actin' thus
An' loafin' all the day,
You're goin' to git where good folks git
An' be as rich as they,
You've made a big mistake, my friend,
An' soon you'll find it out—
Respect an' gold you'll never git
By loafin' all about.

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An' so, as still the proverb runs—
"Each one must hoe his row"—
Do this, my friend, an' you'll succeed,
Though you be e'er so slow.
Frank Fielding, in Philadelphia Times.

What Is It?

What is Love? Go ask the living
Men and women everywhere,
Who for Love will do and dare;
Who will die in Love's endeavor,
Bravelv for the one heart, ever;
They will say that Love is giving.

What is Love? Go ask the grieving
Men and women everywhere,
In the shadow of despair;
Listless they in Love's endeavor,
Hopeless and regretful ever;
They will say Love is receiving.
—W. J. Lampton, in Cosmopolitan.

A Creed and Not a Creed.

I am no priest of crooks nor creeds,
For human wants and human needs
Are more to me than prophets' deeds;
And human tears and human cares
Affect me more than human prayers.

Take up your arms, come out with me,
Let heaven alone; humanity
Needs more and heaven less from thee.
With pity for mankind look 'round;
Help them to rise—and heaven is found.

“My First Impressions of Masonry.”

At a gathering of brethren a short time ago, for the purpose of renewing old friendships, a banquet was served, and at that banquet every one present was expected to respond to some sentiment offered by the chairman. On this occasion the following beautiful paper was read by a brother, whose name we withhold at his request:

Mr. Chairman and Brothers—“My First Impressions of Masonry,” is the theme, I believe, about which you expect me to talk. These impressions date back a long way for so young a man as I am. They began when grim visaged war was abroad in this fair land of ours, and the drum tap called our sires and their sons to arms. Then and there, despite the tears of a doting mother and the anguish of loving sisters, I bade adieu to home and friends and went forth to do battle for my country.

It was on a bright, beautiful Sabbath morning, just such a day as the human race should be giving thanks to our heavenly Father, two armies were opposing each other on the bloody field of Shiloh. At the word of command we rushed wildly forth to do or die. The roar of musketry was deafening to the ear; charge followed charge, and the red-mouthed cannon thickened the air with smoke as they sent forth their deadly missiles. The carnage on that eventful day was great, and at its close the field was strewn with the old, the middle aged and young, cold in death or dying.

Night came on, and the fair moon and bright stars declined to countenance or recognize so bloody an affray by withdrawing themselves from the heavens. In their stead came densely black clouds until we were enveloped in a darkness blacker than an Egyptian midnight, and the rain poured down in torrents. In this awful night I, boy as I was, went forth with a detail to traverse the battle field of the day, to bury the dead and succor the living. We had performed well our task until, perhaps, it was time for the low-twelve bell to announce the approach of the incoming day, when, by the flickering light I bore, we beheld the form of a man with his head pillowed upon the root of a tree. Approaching nearer, we found it to be a soldier of the opposing army, and passed on with the intention of leaving him to be cared for by his own; but scarcely had we

passed him when we heard in a low, faint voice, those words so familiar to us when in distress. My comrade halted and listened for a repetition. It came, and taking the lantern from my hand rushed back to the form we had just passed. A few words were exchanged between them; what they were I did not know, as I was too young to be a Mason, but I was told to bring the ambulance at once. I did so, and as we lifted the dying soldier into it, my comrade pillowed his head in his lap, and away they sped to the hospital tent.

After another day of fierce fighting our army began to move backward toward Farmington, and my command covered the retreat. Three days thereafter found me doing picket duty on the extreme outpost. From my ambush behind a tree I saw in the distance a lone soldier approaching carrying a flag of truce. He came nearer and nearer, and when in hailing distance I recognized my comrade, and began to chide him for having left me and being so far behind his command.

“Hush,” said he; “you can not know through what I have passed, and never will know unless you become a Mason, and then you will not blame me.”

He then went on to tell me of the awful scenes of the dying man, and concluded by saying, his eyes full of tears, “And I am to bear his dying blessings to his wife and children, should I be spared through the war.”

From that moment I resolved to be a Mason should I ever return home. I wanted to join an institution that would make me forget self under such circumstances and cause me to do for my brother.

In the providence of God I was spared to return home, and my first act after I had obtained sufficient money was to petition a Masonic Lodge. In due time I was “raised,” and from that good day to this I have never been a laggard in its ranks.

Thus you will see that the first impression of Masonry made upon me was by a brother in the discharge of his duty, and under circumstances from which many would have flinched.

I might go on and enumerate many other instances that occurred calculated to impress me favorably with the Order, but time forbids. Suffice it to say, however, that from the first time I “saw the light” up to this good hour, I have always tried to do my duty. To say that I have fallen, many times, far short, is but to say that I,

like other men, am human. I know that I have committed errors, and some of those errors have been costly ones to me; they have caused me much anguish, and yet I do not blame Masonry for it, for in my heart of hearts I bless the day when I first became a Mason.

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Why the Eastern Star is Beneficial to Women.

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First. It teaches women to think, to reason and to judge. In these three points women are proverbially weak, and whatever tends to the promotion of those faculties must be beneficial. For ages women have depended upon an innate intuition, at least that is what our brethren have called our happy propensity to jump at correct conclusions. Nine times out of ten they are correct, too. But if, in addition to our intuition, we are able to think in a logical manner and to reason from cause to effect, or vice versa, and after having thought carefully and weighed our reasons, why and wherefore, we can judge as to the best manner of the solution of any problem under discussion. We have advanced so much in our progress toward emancipation from the old dogmas that have bound us willing slaves to public opinion.

Second. It points out more clearly than any other way can our duty to each other. Woman has ever been prone to see all the evil in her sister woman, and is the bitterest foe an erring one can have. It is a proven fact that woman will forgive and forget unkindness, treachery, deceit, a blow even, from a man, but let her sister be wilful, wayward or weak, she is denounced and shunned as a leper. Such an Order as ours is an opening wedge to the enlightenment of the heart of woman, to fill it with that love which "suffereth long and is kind" for a woman who has fallen by the wayside. Our Order teaches us to see "our sister," though she be hidden by a veil of woe.

Third. It brings to the surface the inherent pride, the power and the dignity of woman.

Fourth. It enables her to benefit her sister woman by her grace, her charity, her wisdom.

Fifth. It serves as an incentive to study, to thought, and to a silent research of one's own capabilities.

Sixth. It brings knowledge of her equal-

ity with man in intellect, and at the same time corrects the tendency in the newer woman to be "mannish." It makes no claim for the "rights" of woman, for it acknowledges no "wrongs," but it accords to every woman her power to think and act for herself, to do the duty which lies nearest her hand, and to do it well.

Seventh. It leads woman out of the petty, narrow ruts of a gossiping life, full of its little annoyances, to a broader, deeper experience when sorrow brings a blessing, and joy is a benediction.

Eighth. It teaches woman that it is unnecessary to cross the ocean to find her neighbor; to mount the rostrum; to teach the truth; to have a full purse in order to be charitable.

Ninth. It leads her onward and upward toward the highest consummation of a beautiful life; the development of her mind as well as her heart, and use of her power to benefit others.

Tenth. Such an Order as the Eastern Star is beneficial to every woman, in so far as it aids in every way to a perfect Christian life.—*F. M. N., in Tyler.*

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The Eastern Star.

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Many Masons do not seem to realize that when they speak disparagingly of the Order of the Eastern Star or its members, that they are referring to their wives, mothers, daughters, sisters and Masons' widows, or those of their brother Masons.

—*Texas Freemason.*

We hope not many Masons speak disparagingly of the *members* of the Eastern Star. As the wives, daughters and sisters of our brethren they are entitled to our respect. Indeed, the spirit of Masonry is violated when a Mason speaks disparagingly of anybody without good reason. Three, at least, of the cardinal virtues should mark the utterances of a Mason—temperance (moderation), prudence and justice. Perhaps fortitude is more often displayed by refraining from speaking that which ought not to be told.

As to the Order of the Eastern Star, however, we think the case is somewhat different. As to the merits of this organization, not Masonic, but so nearly related to Masonry, every Mason has a right to free thought and free speech. Of course, he should not speak on this or any other subject without proper advisement. It is impossible to deny that Masons are a good

deal divided about the merits of Adoptive Masonry, as it is generally called. We see no reason why its opponents are not as free to express their views as its advocates. That its members are our wives and daughters, or those of our brethren, is all the more reason why, if we think them wrong, we should endeavor to set them right.

It would seem that such an Order as that of the Eastern Star might be made very useful by affording the near female relatives of Masons the means of making themselves known to other Masons in case of need. But it is obvious that its utility in this respect will depend on the number of Masons that have learned its lessons. We understand that a very small percentage of the Masons of the United States—say $2\frac{1}{2}$ —are members of the Order. This is due, as we infer from what we have seen in some of the Masonic papers, to the fact that the ladies reserve the right to blackball any Master Mason who does not meet their approbation. So long as this is so, the number of Masons in the Order is likely to be limited, and its usefulness in one direction, namely, supplying means by which the female relatives of Masons can make themselves known to all other Masons, will be greatly restricted. It would seem that the degrees ought to be offered to all Master Masons in good standing, whether this carries with it membership in the Chapters or not. So long as the Order of the Eastern Star is run as an independent organization, the interest of the mass of Masons in it will be somewhat languid. The ladies, however, appear to prefer to control it in their own way, and they have a right to do that, just as most Masons have and exercise, the right to stay out of it.—*Masonic Home Journal*.

The Super-Excellent Degree.

With the event that took place in the Adelpic Council on November 24th, the natural query arises, what is the Super-Excellent degree? The origin of the degree is unknown. It is probably American, and came from the Southern Jurisdiction of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, as it was conferred by the Inspectors-General as an honorary degree, prior to its introduction into some of the Councils of Royal and Select Masters.

The convention of Royal and Select Masters which met in this city in June, 1873, resolved to place it as an honorary

or side degree, which might or might not be conferred at the option of the Council, but it was not regarded as an integral part of the Cryptic Rite. It has so remained, and is so conferred only on special occasions. The object of the degree is to impress upon the mind of the candidate the importance of fidelity to vows.

The legend refers to circumstances which occurred on the last day of the siege of Jerusalem by Nebuzaradan, the captain of the Chaldean army, who had been sent by Nebuchadnezer to destroy the city and temple as a just punishment of the Jewish king Zedekiah, for his perfidy and rebellion. It occupies, therefore, precisely that point of time which is embraced in that part of the Royal Arch degree which represents the destruction of the temple, and the carrying of the children of Israel as captives to Babylon. It is, as Mackay says, an exemplification and extension of the Royal Arch degree.

Zedekiah is the synonym of perfidy. He was the twentieth and last king of Judah. When Nebuchadnezer had, in his second siege of Jerusalem, deposed Jehoiachin, he placed Zedekiah on the throne. By this act Zedekiah was made tributary to the Chaldeans, who exacted from him a solemn oath of fidelity and obedience. He regarded this oath only till opportunity occurred for its violation. "He rebelled," as says the Book of Chronicles, "against King Nebuchadnezer." This, of course, brought down upon the offenders the vengeance of the monarch, who invaded the land of Judah with an immense army. After a siege of about one year the city was captured, the Chaldean entering through breaches in the wall.

The Super-Excellent degree represents a scene in the siege and after the capture. Zedekiah, according to the Masonic legend, called a council of his officers, after the Chaldeans had effected an entrance into the city, for the purpose of consulting them as to the best means of escape. By the advice of his officers, Zedekiah attempted to make his escape across the Jordan. But he and his attendants, according to Jeremiah, were pursued by the Chaldean army, overtaken in the plain of Jericho and carried prisoners before Nebuchadnezer. Zedekiah's sons and his nobles were slain, and his own eyes were put out. He was bound in chains and carried captive to Babylon, where he was placed in prison, and remained there until his death.

The thrilling incidents of the terrible punishment are vividly portrayed in the ceremonies of the degree, and cannot fail to make an impression upon any one who gives any thought to the real import and lesson of the work.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

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Young Blood.

Not only in the affairs of business, in corporations and mercantile houses, is the young man sought after, but in Masonry as well. It is generally supposed that the red fluid courses more rapidly through the veins of the youth of twenty than the youth of sixty or seventy. There is the vigor of manhood, the vitality of young blood that causes the youthful spirit to forge ahead and force its way over obstacles that the youth at the other end of life would fail in. This is no doubt true. The vim, vigor and impetuosity of youth will, without doubt, tend greatly to success in any enterprise, always provided the vim, vigor and impetuosity has a balance wheel of experience or has patience enough to listen to the advice of those who have passed over the road before them.

So far as Masonry is concerned, the young man is very desirable, but he should know his place. We find in the *Kansas Freemason* some pertinent thoughts on young blood, from which we excerpt as follows:

“Masonry is better for all the young blood that can be injected into it, and many Lodges are better off by reason of the advent of young brothers fresh from the quarry, zealous, earnest and with push and go-ahead. Many, however, are spoiled in the making. Don't think for a single instant, young brother, that because you are made much of and posted so you can fill certain places, that Masonry has come down out of the mists of the past for your especial benefit. Don't get smart and think you know it all, for you don't, and, bless you, you never will. Don't get it into your head that because a brother is old and says but little, that he don't know anything, for he does, and a whole lot more than you do, and it may be a whole lot more than you ever will know. All the time you are airing your knowledge of the ritual in his presence, and doing the parrot act for his benefit, his eyes are twinkling back under their bushy gray brows because of merriment at your expense. Don't show off before the old brother, for he can give you

pointers on the history, symbolism and philosophy of the Institution. Glibness in the ritual don't bother him, but he digs deep into the archaic mysteries and the occultism of Masonry. The fact that he chews plug tobacco, and says but little, don't brand him an ignoramus, while too much tongue on your part may brand you as a chump and christen you 'Alec.'

“Both the old and the young have their places in the Lodge, and where the two are properly blended, where the spirit of brotherly love is displayed by both, and the ‘noble contention of who best can work and best agree’ controls their actions, success in every respect is assured. The old man must not look down upon his young brother and belittle his work or detract from his zeal. The young man must not assert his importance and ‘kick the old man out,’ because he has lost his front teeth and lips. The blending of the young and old blood makes an average that is safe and to be relied on. Let the young man listen to the words of advice from the old, and let the old man be ready, willing and glad to give advice. All working together for the good of the Lodge, will soon make it a model.”

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Religion in Rome.

Religion is very conspicuous in Rome, in spite of the vanished temporal power. On almost every street corner there is a little shrine, a picture or statue of the Madonna, adorned with artificial flowers and covered with glass. Women stop to murmur prayers before them with a heedlessness of the passer-by that indicates either very mechanical or very sincere devotion. And in the churches the same thing is noticeable. Fancy a tourist walking around during a religious service in a church in the United States, striking the pillars to see if they are marble or only stucco, and turning opera glasses on the stained glass windows, on the frescoes and on the priest himself. The scene may be hourly observed in St. Peter's, of worshipers kneeling before the statue of the patron saint and reverentially kissing his toe, while visitors watch them through lorgnettes, speaks eloquently of the good-natured passivity of the Italians and the heedless curiosity of sight-seers.

Almost every week during the winter in Rome there is a church festival, and some of them are as interesting and unique in

their way as the Oberammagau performance. At St. Agnes-outside-the-walls, on the third Sunday in January, occurs the blessing of the lambs from whose wool certain sacerdotal robes are made. All day long there is a pilgrimage from the city to the church, and the road beyond the Porta Pia is full of carriages and cabs and pedestrians. Two lambs, shampooed into an unprecedented condition of cleanliness, with their fleece curled in the latest style, are carried into the church. They are bedecked with ribbons until they look like toys. For fear they might fail to appreciate the honor that is being paid to them and make unseemly efforts to escape, they are securely tied to cushions. They are borne in state to the altar, sprinkled with holy water and enveloped in incense. Mass is said, interrupted by their bleats of helpless remonstrance. Then the people crowd around and try to touch them, and the puzzled lambs again say that they want to go home. But they must first be taken to the Vatican to receive the Papal blessing, and then the fleece is solemnly sheared and the lambs are allowed to return to comfort and dirt.

Another curious festival is the distribution of dowries in the church of St. Agostino. Some generous persons, who evidently believed that marriage was a success, established a dowry fund to encourage maidens to enter the holy bonds. Courageous and cheerful candidates are not lacking—indeed, there are usually so many that the committee has difficulty in choosing. The only conditions are that the applicant be poor and a Roman. About fifty maidens this year publicly proclaimed their willingness to offer themselves on the altar of matrimony, and their philanthropy was rewarded by a gift of 150 lire (\$30) apiece. Very pretty and unmercenary did they look in their white dresses and veils. Those costumes will probably be soon used again at the consummation of the sacrifice, for suitors wait on the footsteps of the dowered maidens. Indeed, in more than one case the marriage is arranged beforehand, with the condition that the dot be received.

Rome is not a monopoly of festivals. We saw one a few months ago on Lake Como, in honor of the infant St. John. A procession of small boys with garments of sheepskin (probably the nearest they could get to the traditional camel's hair) were leading lambs, the latter of course repre-

senting Christ. Very pretty would it be in theory; but the day was warm and the road dusty. The little St. Johns grew tired and wept noisily, and the lambs, with no sense of the proprieties, occasionally stopped short and refused to budge. It kept a priest busy running along the line, stirring up the obstinate ones with a stick and catching fugitives. I asked one of the peasants accompanying the procession what were the contents of a silver box that was carried in such pomp at the head. "That," he answered reverently, "is one of the fingers of the infant St. John."

We were walking in this same neighborhood one day when we found a small chapel, hidden among the hills. We entered with somewhat languid curiosity, but our interest was awakened when we saw over the altar, instead of the traditional Madonna, a very good picture of Diana and Acteon. We inquired of the priest about the apparent error, but he silenced us by saying, "But yes! It occurred near here, not far from Lake Lugano. You can see the place where she changed him into a stag."—*N. W. M., in Idaho Mason.*

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Non-Sectarianism.

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Masonry at the present day exhibits a great liberality of sentiment in religious matters. Holding the great essential doctrines of revealed religion, in which "all men agree" who believe in God and His word, it permits its individual members to entertain their own peculiar opinions in matters not essential. So they are good and true, or men of honor and honesty." Masonry asks not whether they are Jews or Gentiles; the followers of Calvin or Arminius, of George Fox or Roger Williams; high churchmen, low churchmen or dissenters; whether they have been baptised or circumcised, or neither. They may worship God in Jerusalem or Jericho; in Geneva, or Oxford, or Mooresfield; in the Cathedral or in the forest—*so they sincerely worship God.* The question is not *how* they discharge this duty, but whether they discharge it at all. So they are good men and true men; men of honor and integrity, men who believe in God and obey His moral law. Masonry will not ask as to the particular creed, or sect, or party, they cling to.

This is one of the most beautiful and valuable features of Masonry. It contemplates a universal Brotherhood, meeting,

uniting on a plane of action far above party, the petty and changing creeds which enter into the religious opinions of the world. It regards all men as children of one common parent; subject to the same supreme moral law; inheriting a common destiny, having an equal interest in the future. Uniting upon these broad and comprehensive principles, it brings all together before the altar of a supreme Divinity, where they may mingle their vows, their prayers and their charities, without discord or dissension. How often is the high church Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Jew and the Quaker, seen mingling in fraternal harmony in our Lodges! Brethren traveling on the same level and sharing the same hope; bending side by side before Him who looks at the *heart* and not at the *creed*, and who will ultimately "try our work," not by the theory on which it has been formed, but by its completeness of finish and adaptation to a Temple "not made with hands."

This feature in Masonry exhibits not alone its beauty, but the wisdom of its organization; and the incomparable strength of its union. It does not permit the discussion of creeds, either political or religious, within its peculiar circle. The great theme of discussion is—love to God and love to man; "faith in God, hope in immortality and charity to all mankind."

—*Masonic Review*.

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Shall Masonry Honor Liquor Dealers?

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It seems almost beyond belief that the vendors of intoxicants, the wholesale and retail liquor dealers, are considered fit material for Masonry in some of the Grand Lodges. But to confer upon them honors is so far beyond the pale of decency and self respect, so obnoxious and foul, that a beast must shudder at such a human monstrosity. The *Tyler* well says:

"We thought upon a Freemasonry that recognizes and crowns with its highest honors men whose lives have been spent in business, the only real outcome of which is to destroy the principles on which Freemasonry is based. To fill the world with suffering and sorrow; to destroy the ties of husband and father, binding him to wife and children; to recruit the pauper army with men bearing the destroyed image of God and clothed in rags; to increase crime and populate our jails, reformatories and

State-prisons; to furnish subjects for the hangman's grasp and fill hell with lost souls, for whom Christ had provided a full and plenteous redemption, which they bartered for the rum sold by a Freemason sporting the double eagle crowned with the prize figures of "33." What a terrible exemplification of Freemasonry is this to the young man who enters our Lodges? How thoroughly the Institution stultifies itself in bestowing its grandest honors upon the man who has made his life work to be the destruction of friendship, morality and brotherly love! Can we wonder if that young man fails to behold any evil in drunkenness or drunkard making when men engaged in that business are so honored?

"Faugh! brethren, this inconsistency makes us morally sick! Why should men be thus honored in Masonry whose business is this damnable one of destruction? We do not care where these chips fall; we propose to hew to the line and we strenuously insist that the Mason's hands must be clean that bear the vessels of the Lord! And still, with this destruction that wasteth at noonday and this pestilence that stalketh by night (in the liquor traffic), men who have spent their lives in dispensing liquid damnation to their fellow-men are beheld elevated to the highest position in the gift of Freemasonry as an implied reward for direct antagonism to all that Masonry touches or holds inviolate! What think ye of this, brethren, who seek to save the victim of drunkenness by throwing your fraternal arms about him, and then turn around to crown the "drunkard-maker" a Sovereign Grand Inspector General? To us the inexcusable inconsistency seems simply horrible and blasphemous in the extreme:

"Tell me I have the bowl;
Hate's but a feeble word—
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With deep disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or te'l
Of that black beverage of hell."

"But this will continue to be the case just so long as men high in Masonic position and authority, such as Grand Masters, Grand Lecturers and High Priests take a drink. Every drink such men take is just so much more assurance to the drink vendor. We seek for no sumptuary law, but we do demand a separation of the liquor business from Freemasonry, and that the same be delared un-Masonic. Further, we enter our most emphatic protest against the bestowment of Masonic membership, or

honor of any description upon men engaged in this un Masonic business."

—*The Orient.*

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But One Eye.

The Grand Master of California decided that a petitioner with but one eye could not be made a Mason. M.W. Bro. John D. Vincil, in his Report on Correspondence, replies aptly as follows:

"For one, I am tired of the application to our speculative system of Freemasonry of the old and obsolete doctrine of physical perfection required when the Institution was purely operative. Then, a candidate had to be 'a perfect youth, having no maim or defect in his body that might render him incapable of learning the art.'

In the case passed upon, the candidate had one good eye, and was as capable of learning the art of *speculative* Masonry as if his two eyes were perfect. Will the physical perfectionists please tell me wherein a man with one eye is 'rendered incapable of learning the art,' who has a 'desire of knowledge, and a sincere wish of being serviceable to his fellow creatures?' Can not such see well enough to 'help, aid and assist' brother Master Masons, their widows and orphans? Can not such see well enough to detect the sign of distress, and go to the relief of those giving it? Can not such see the tear of a widow, or the outstretched hand of an orphan? Are men with a defect in one eye disqualified for performing 'acts of charity and deeds of pure beneficence?'

I undertake to say that the advocates of physical perfection will not pass by the citizen with one eye when they want a donation for any benevolent purpose. He sees well enough then to read their subscription paper, and such advocates will not ask the privilege of writing his name to their paper, but very willingly admit that he can write his own name sufficiently intelligible, provided it represents a good round sum of money. Why then disqualify him as to deeds of charity through Masonic channels? Pshaw! It is not necessary to argue against an indefensible question. The California law, as quoted by my good Brother Belcher, condemns this obsolete view of physical perfection. It says the candidate must be '*able to conform literally* to what the several degrees require of him. Wherein is the man with only one eye disqualified from conforming

'literally' to 'what the several degrees respectively require of him?' I fail to see it with both of my eyes open."

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Don't Be a Snob.

Some one, wiser than his fellows, has said that the highest degree in Masonry is that of a gentleman. This sounds somewhat ambiguous to us, but nevertheless we hope that every Mason tries to be a gentleman. We are taught that upon the tessellated pavement of a Masonic Lodge all meet upon one common level and are equal, and that Masonry regards no man for his worldly wealth and position. This we believe to be true, at least in Craft Masonry. No gentleman would snub a brother Mason, or any one else, for that matter, because his station in life happens to be an inferior one. A pleasant smile of recognition does not cost anything and is always appreciated, and the more humble a brother's station happens to be, the more he appreciates little kindnesses and pleasant nods of recognition. We should always remember that the wheel of fortune is ever turning, and that at any time our relative positions may be reversed.

We should effectually stamp out snobbery from our ranks, for a snob justly merits detestation of every right thinking man. Masonry is not, as some of its members appear to think, for the purpose of boosting men occupying high stations, higher, but it is for the purpose of raising up those who, through adverse circumstances, are down.—*Masonic Record.*

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When I'm Dead.

If the world should be so unfortunate as to lose me, I intend to have it understood before I go, that the eight Lodges to which I belong shall not publish resolutions "in each of the city papers," nor "furnish a copy" to the "bereaved family," informing the public and my loved ones two weeks after the funeral that it has "pleased the all-wise Ruler of the Universe" to interfere with my terrestrial career; that I have, in fact, been "removed from our midst." And my grief stricken relatives will confer on me a great favor by not having the newspaper men print a "card of thanks" signed by the members of the family and addressed to the "kind neighbors and friends who so generously as-

assisted us, and sympathized with us in the recent," etc. Of course these customs were launched into us by the best and kindest motives, but the fifty or more years' hardships to which they have been subjected have reduced them to cold, stereotyped formalities, meaningless and useless.

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Grand Consistory of California.

The Grand Consistory of California held its 53d annual sitting in Masonic Temple on Wednesday and Thursday, January 13-14, the Grand Master, Charles L. J. W. Pierce, presiding.

Nearly all the officers and a large representation of members were present.

The Grand Master's address was a statement of the progress and condition of the Rite in the jurisdiction, with some recommendations of interest to the membership.

The report of the Grand Registrar shows a membership of 235, a net gain of 17 in the year.

The Finance Committee's reports show quick assets of over \$7,000.

Some legislation of a private character was transacted.

The following officers were installed for the ensuing year:

Charles F. Crocker, Grand Master; Webb N. Pearce, G. Prior; Charles W. Conlisk, G. Preceptor; Charles A. Wagner, G. Constable; Louis Meyer, G. Admiral; Charles L. Patton, G. Minister of State; Columbus Waterhouse, G. Chancellor; Charles E. Gillett, G. Almoner; George John Hobe, G. Registrar; Lippman Sachs, G. Keeper S. and A.; Samuel W. Levy, G. Treasurer; George Patterson, G. Primate; John L. M. Shetterley, G. Master of Ceremonies; Frank Koenig, G. Expert; Damien E. Fortin, G. Assistant Expert; August L. Ott, G. Beausenifer; Thaddeus B. Kent, G. Bearer Battle Flag; Albert H. Merritt, G. Master of Guards; Ernest H. Head, G. Chamberlain; Zachary T. Gilpin, G. Steward; John Williams, G. Aid-de-Camp; John D'Arcy, G. Tyler.

At the evening session sixteen novitiates received the 31st and 32d degrees. Nine members were received by affiliation.

At the close of the evening session a ban-

quet was participated in, interspersed with toasts, speeches and music.

Lodge Debts.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Home Journal*, of Kentucky, demurs at the language of our comments on the financial relations of other State jurisdictions with the Board of Relief of San Francisco, and uses the extreme rhetoric of charging us with an "assault" upon its own jurisdiction, saying that THE TRESTLE BOARD "presumes that brethren in Kentucky do not pay their honest debts." As he copies the paragraph in which it occurs, no harm is done to our position, as its readers can see that the charge is incorrect, as we only asked the question, and answered it by saying that we did not believe brethren in Kentucky repudiated their honest obligations.

Again we must say that the *Home Journal* misrepresents us on another point. The main question is, are Lodges under obligations to their membership in pecuniary relief only when they are within its own jurisdiction. The *Home Journal* assumes that they are not, unless an expenditure is authorized. THE TRESTLE BOARD contends that Lodge obligations extend to its membership, by virtue of their relation, even to every place on the earth, so far as it has the ability. This obligation was assumed by Lodges to equalize the burdens demanded of individual members, for *primarily* all duties to each other are under individual obligations assumed through initiation. This writer would not remain a member of any Lodge that repudiates its duty of honest pecuniary relief to any of its members, whether it was asked for at home or in a distant land, or whether it was granted by another Lodge before or after knowledge of its bestowal. If the Lodges of Kentucky deny associated liability, then they are conducted in a different manner from any of which we have knowledge. We suppose and believe that Lodges are formed for the purpose of equalizing the pecuniary burdens of its membership as well as conferring degrees. If this is denied by the *Home Journal*, then the jurisdiction of Kentucky is an anomaly. If such object is admitted, then the justice of the claim of San Francisco is established, for, knowing something of the methods of the Board of Relief of this city, we are satisfied that each Lodge in

Kentucky whose member was assisted, before or at the time of application and aid granted, was informed of the case and remuneration was guaranteed. There is no chopping logic in this statement. Every applicant who is in good standing is assisted, and every applicant refers to his Lodge, or Kentucky Lodges would not be notified or charged with the amount of relief granted. There is no mistake made by the Board of Relief of San Francisco in this matter; no false charges are made against Lodges of any jurisdiction. Doubtful cases are always charged as such and are thus reported.

The question then resolves itself into the point, whether *Grand* Lodge organization is in any degree responsible for its subordinate or constituent bodies. What is Grand Lodge for, if it does not include financial control and co operation and equalization of burdens? Grand Lodge assumes the most minute supervision over Lodge affairs, even to restrict expenses, regulate fees and dues, modes of legislation, and prescribes even a uniform code of by-laws, which cannot be altered or amended without its consent. Should not Grand Lodge equalize burdens as well as control all these matters, which certainly are of less importance than the great and holy work of charity which it has in hand? Should Grand Lodge allow one of its constituent Lodges to be overburdened with the calls for pecuniary charity while others escape with little or none? The plan of organization is as beneficial through Grand Lodge bodies as by individuals into Lodges, and should be extended even to a National Body with the same advantage. Then the dues of members of Lodges in Kentucky and California and in Maine would not show a range from one dollar to fifteen dollars, as now is the case, and the acrimonious feelings created on one side in dispensing relief and on the other side concerning remuneration, would not exist. Organization is either for good or bad. If good, the more extended, the more equal as well as effective. If bad, all organization should be abandoned, and the Craft return to the condition existing before the era beginning with 1717.

We would, in conclusion, ask the *Home Journal* if, instead of building a Masonic Home in California, Grand Lodge should pay the passage of its prospective occupants over to Kentucky, for the brethren in that jurisdiction to support and care for,

would not the brethren of Kentucky ask and expect and receive remuneration from California? Of course they would; and this is the way that a great many of the burdens have been imposed upon our California brethren. Instances are frequent in San Francisco, and are known in almost every Lodge on the Pacific Coast. We hope our esteemed contemporary will judge of these matters impartially. The complaints against Kentucky are a mere bagatelle as compared with some other jurisdictions.

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Editorial Chips.

THE TRESTLE BOARD acknowledges its obligations to Occidental Lodge, No. 22, Oriental Lodge, No. 44, Fidelity Lodge, No. 120, San Francisco Chapter, No. 1, in San Francisco, and to Garden City Lodge, No. 191, in Chicago, for invitations to be present at their installation ceremonies.

Under existing laws, as we stated last month, the publishers of monthly periodicals, when they mail copies to subscribers within the same postal district as the office of publication, are obliged to affix a one or two-cent stamp to each copy, although they are allowed to send copies across the continent at the rate of a cent a pound. In some instances it costs thirty times as much to send a copy by mail to be delivered around the corner or across the street from the office of publication as it does to send one to New England.

Occidental Lodge, No. 22, in San Francisco, has adopted the custom of draping its altar with the American flag. This departure was approved and recommended by Grand Master Lucas. It should also be carried in all Masonic processions.

Membership, it is now urged by many, is requisite for a right for the benefits and privileges of Masonry. Formerly it was not so. Masons were initiated, and membership was optional with the initiate, and may be so now in some jurisdictions. After initiation formerly, the novitiate was informed that if he desired to become a member of the Lodge in which it transpired, he could do so by signing the by-laws. If he did not wish to become a member and preferred to perform his duties of friendship, brotherly love and

charity in his individual capacity, that was also his privilege.

M. W. Grand Matron, Mrs. Mary E. Partridge, has issued a new year's greeting to the Order of Eastern Star, which is complimentary to kindness of heart and the love she bears the fraternity of which she has the honor to be the official head.

At the 26th annual conclave of the Grand Commandery, K. T., of Maryland, held in Baltimore, November 24-25, George Cook, of Baltimore, was elected Grand Commander, and John H. Miller, of Baltimore, Grand Recorder. Returns show the total membership to be 1,087, a net gain of 45.

Bro. Charles L. Field, Past Grand Potentate of the Order of the Mystic Shrine, was presented with a magnificent jewel of his rank, accompanied with a congratulatory address by Bro. Reuben H. Lloyd, at the December meeting of Islam Temple.

The new Masonic Temple at Los Angeles was formally dedicated last month. It cost about \$50,000, and is paid for except a small amount.

The *Monitor*, the organ of the Romish hierarchy in San Francisco, utters its protest against the Grand Lodge of Masons of California being called upon to lay the corner stone of the "New Hall of Justice" in this city. The Masonic Fraternity has performed such work ages before the Romish church existed, and until within two hundred years have laid the foundation and built many of the edifices and structures of that sect which are yet standing as honorable specimens of their skill and workmanship. The fact that the sphere of their usefulness has been enlarged so as include the speculative features should not debar them from the continuance of operative work whenever called upon. No other association in the world can legitimately include these forms and ceremonies in the construction of public edifices, and none other than the Romish hierarchy objects to this ancient fraternity performing the time-honored ceremony of laying corner-stones, and which they would not do if they were not so blind to the fitness of things that they will not see. The opposition of the *Monitor* to the Masons is in obedience to the "bull" of their master in the Vatican, which would not have been is-

sued had he not been afraid that some shekels would be lost to his treasure box through their diversion into the generous charities of the Masonic Fraternity.

At the installation of the officers of California Chapter, No. 5, in San Francisco, four presentations were made to as many officers, one of which is peculiarly worthy of mention. The Secretary, Bro. Franklin H. Day, had reached the allotted term of human life—three-score and ten—on that very day. The retiring High Priest, Bro. Hugh J. Owen, presented him in behalf of the Chapter, an elegant umbrella, with a poetical accompaniment, as follows, which was greeted with hearty applause:

Just seventy years ago to-day—

A very frosty morn—
In Buffalo, so the records say,
A baby boy was born.
The father's heart, when he was told,
Was overwhelmed with joy;
He ran and told the neighbors bold,
"Indeed, it is a boy!"

The boy grew up, became a lad,
In school high was his rank;
His mother's pride, her heart was glad—
There was no boy like Frank.
The lad grew up, became a man,
Then every one did say,
No matter where your eyes may scan,
You'll find no man like Day.

His advent on the Western shore
When times were good and flush—
Dame Fortune then was at his door,
And wealth came with a rush.
It did not swerve the steadfast friend
In all its fine array,
On him they always could depend
To find the same Frank Day.

When I look back, Companion Day,
Over thirty years ago,
When you and I were young and gay,
Your hair like the ebon-hued crow,
I also had in those bright days
A splendid head of hair.
And did not need the cathode rays
To tell you it was there.

The sky was then all clear and fair,
And life with us was mirth;
In your young heart the press of care
Had not been given birth.
You minded not the thunderstorm,
Nor feared the drenching rain;
All duties you had to perform
You did without constrain.

Since then the world has turned around
Many, many times, we know;
The rain falls oftener on the ground,
And our steps are now more slow:
Companions of this Chapter thought
It well and not amiss
To shield you, so they went and bought
A token such as this.

Companion Day! our esteem for you
Cannot be gauged by gold;
Our words of praise are all too few—
Our love can not be told;
And on this three-score years and ten
We pray with one accord,
Long live this man—the best of men—
Be kind to Day, oh Lord!

It is the intention of the Masons of Brooklyn, N. Y., to have a Masonic Temple built, and designs are now being drawn for the promoters of the project. It is ex-

pected that a site will be selected in a central part of the Masonic territory, known among the Masons as the Second and Third districts. The proposed building, which will be a seven-story fireproof structure, will cost upward of \$250,000, and will be built of iron and stone.

The *Texas Freemason* is more courteous, but still it misrepresents THE TRESTLE BOARD in its remarks on our reply to its article on "California Peculiarities." We quote the salient points. It says:

"THE TRESTLE BOARD'S argument is based on the hypothesis that the negro is deprived of a Masonic right *in the South* because we (the South) do not recognize his Masonry."

THE TRESTLE BOARD has never mentioned the South in this connection. The same conditions exist in the North generally. The colored men are deprived of the rights and benefits of Masonry all over the United States in so far that they do not apply, and if they did, we think they would scarcely be admitted to receive degrees in any Lodge, while they are admitted freely in all other countries in the world.

There are seventy-two Lodges, twenty-three Chapters, seven Councils and twelve Commanderies in the Chicago directory.

During the past twenty-one years, 1,076 warrants for new Lodges have been granted by the present Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England, the Prince of Wales.

From the Masonic *Keystone*, of San Francisco, we clip the following: "Bro. Bun F. Price, P.G.M. of Tennessee, says the California brethren do some funny things, because some of them admit the Eastern Star bodies to an occupancy of their apartments. The Eastern Star does not flourish in Tennessee. Perhaps the brother will think differently of California brethren after a few years."

Not so, my good brother. There is nothing funny about that, but the "funny things" we alluded to was an item which appeared in your columns, wherein you spoke of two brothers (?) having taken the degrees in a negro Lodge to save part of their initiation fee, and then demitted and joined a white Lodge, to be with their peers, we presume. We are not aware that

any legal negro Lodges exist on the Pacific Coast. If they do, then these same brothers (?) should have been compelled to remain with their peers—the negroes.

—*Memphis Appeal*.

Our brother, first, has made a mistake in our name. There is only one "*Keystone*," and that is in Philadelphia. Our brother makes another mistake in giving his readers the impression that in Masonry any difference in the complexion of a man makes any difference in his standing as a brother. The black and the white are equal before the civil law, and in Masonry are the same everywhere except in the United States, unless a black man and a Mason comes from another country. Then we meet him on the level and part on the square, as is done by him at home. The incident cited shows that the colored man in this country has none of the prejudices of the white race, and will accept any worthy man, even if he is off-color.

The *Freemasons' Repository* is asked what is to be done when there are two or three members of a Lodge who, for spite, refuse to allow the Lodge to do any work by black-balling every petitioner. The *Repository* thinks this a very difficult question, and ends by not answering it, except by suggesting that the offending brethren may boast of their conduct, in which event they may be disciplined. Such trouble does not happen very often, but cases are on record where it caused a surrender of a charter. Afterwards a new charter was in some instances obtained, with the contrary brethren left out and kept out. This remedy is only available when there is a correct guess as to who the offenders are.

—*Masonic Home Journal*.

THE TRESTLE BOARD will suggest a remedy for such cases, which has worked admirably in two instances as this writer knows. Many years ago, during the civil war, a town had a Lodge with about fifty members and no prospect of increase because of the capricious black-ball. Another Lodge was started by a portion of its members, and immediately both began to have all the work they wanted, which has continued to this day. There are now two Lodges of over 500 members, one R. A. Chapter and a Commandery of about 260 members, all in prosperous condition, and popular institutions in the place. A little *competition* is good in such cases, for there

may be some Mason who acts like a dog in the manger, who can neither eat the hay nor allow the ox to do so.

The Grand Lodge of Georgia inflicted the Masonic capital punishment of expulsion upon thirty-eight delinquents for dues, and had no higher grade for forty-two brethren convicted of various offenses, including some of the gravest known to the criminal calendar.

The Grand Master of Idaho recommended the adoption of the Wisconsin proposition relative to Masonic relief, and this the Grand Lodge did after so amending it as to declare it to be the duty of the Lodge to take care as well of the widows and orphans of its members as of the members themselves in distress, wheresoever they may be.

Charles T. McClenachan, an authority on Freemasonry, died December 19 in New York city. He was born in New York on April 13, 1829, and lived there most of his life. For his knowledge of Scottish Rite Masonry he was known all over the world. He was the author of several books on Masonry, one of which, a "History of the Grand Lodge of Masons of the State of New York," is the only one covering the ground. He was a member of Chancellor Walworth Lodge; Triune Chapter, R.A.M.; Union Council, R & S. M., and of Palestine Commandery, K.T. As he was the Grand Master of Ceremonies in the Supreme Council of the A. & A. Scottish Rite, and Commander-in-chief of the Consistory of New York city, as well as an active member of the 33°, his funeral was attended by Masons from all over the country.

The plan of Masonic charity, that is, the manner of its dissemination and the obligation of brother to brother, may be termed a landmark, and anything tending toward its removal or material change should be considered very critically. While it is true that Masonry is a charitable institution, its charity is not given like that of any other fraternity. It is not a question of the dollars and cents of return for the dollars and cents invested. The only thing that gauges Masonic charity is worthiness coupled with need, and this considered with the ability of the donor. It is not an institution in which, by the pay-

ment of a stipulated sum in dues, the member knows just how much he will receive in "benefits" when disabled. If such a thing should be allowed to enter the Masonic Institution, Masonry would cease to be Masonry, and sink to the level of modern charitable associations, in which, for a specified investment, there is a stipulated monetary return.

The Grand Lodge of Indiana has at all times contended and held, that a Mason in distress is entitled to aid and assistance from the Fraternity wherever he may be at the time of his need, and that, as a matter of law, his Lodge is not bound to make any restitution, though it may always do so at its own option.

We believe in *Religion* for its mission of peace and of love and its pacifying influence here below; but especially for having preserved through the ages the sentiment of Faith, which is to things ideal, what Reasoning is to things tangible. But if we reverence Religion and Faith, we condemn Sectarianism—a fomentor of division, schism, heresy and apostacy—and Superstition, which is to Faith what mental aberration is to Reason

The Grand Lodge of New Jersey appears to disbelieve that Masonry is progressive inasmuch as the use of robes and costumes in conferring the degrees is strictly prohibited. They ought to get the moss off their backs.

While it seems that a vast number of Grand Masters are emphatic in the belief that they or any Grand Master possess no power to "make a Mason at sight," yet a New Jersey Master assumed the responsibility regardless of consequences. It was his right.

Once a man takes the vows of Masonry upon himself voluntarily he can never be absolved, and remains one as long as life lasts. We often hear the remark: "He has been expelled, and is no longer a member of the Order." This idea is an erroneous one. "Once a Mason, always one." He may not be in affiliation with any Lodge, but the condition of his life is unchanged. He remains a member forever. The following little item, which is clipped from the *Keystone*, an authority on such matters, has this to say upon the subject:

"A Mason is not unmade by suspension or expulsion from the rights and privileges of Freemasonry, and there is no such sentence as suspension or expulsion from the Fraternity. The Masonic obligations cannot be repudiated or laid aside, and are not absolvable, nullifiable or avoidable. When taken, they are forever binding; therefore, when a man becomes a Mason he remains a Mason forever. His conduct may be un-Masonic, and he may be disciplined, but that abates nothing of his Masonic vows nor of his Masonic duties."

Elections in San Francisco.

California Lodge, No. 1—William G. Brown, Master; Ernest H. Hills, S.W.; George K. White, J.W.; Hermann F. Muller, Treas.; Franklin H. Day, Secretary; Henry P. Umsen, S. D.; Walter A. Scott, J. D.; William Towne, Mar.; Chas. M. Plum, Jr., S. S.; Andrew Wilke, Jr., J. S.; Samuel D. Mayer, Organist; Wm. W. Coleman, Tyler.

La Parfaite Union, No. 17—Jean Marie Dupas, Master; S. W.; Antoine Leon Auradou, J. W.; Armand Decourtieux, Treas.; Armand Lemardelay, Sec'y; Victor Sartet, Chap.; Michel Henri Diebold, S. D.; Evariste Camille Mailheban, J. D.; Eugene Robinet, Mar.; Joseph L. A. Roncovieux and Daniel Eisner, Stewards; Frederick Lagrange, Tyler.

Occidental Lodge, No. 22—Robert H. Countryman, Master; Ernest C. Bonner, S. W.; Edw. K. Chapman, J. W.; Charles L. Haskell, Treas.; Edw. F. Delger, Sec'y; Wells E. Balcom, S. D.; Edw. J. Thomas, J. D.; George W. Drew, Mar.; Walter B. Burner, S. S.; Charles O. Schnoor, Tyler.

Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30—Charles O. Johnson, Master; Thomas Trebell, S. W.; Charles A. Wagner, J. W.; Wm. S. Moses, Treas.; George J. Hobe, Sec'y.

Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 44—Edgar C. Sutcliffe, Master; Wm. E. Boyer, S. W.; Adolph Eberhardt, J. W.; John D. Richards, Treas.; Theodore Frolich, Sec'y; Peter M. Diers, S. D.; Joseph D. Hodgen, J. D.; John H. Rawe, S. S.; Fred'k L. Seibel, J. S.; E. J. Wilson, Mar.

Fidelity Lodge, No. 120—Philip Jacobovics, Master; Max Goldman, S. W.; Joseph D. Abrams, J. W.; Emanuel Emanuel, Treas.; Frederick Barry, Sec'y; Morris H. Wascercwitz, S. D.; Moses Friedman, J. D.; Henry W. Grantley, Mar.; Abraham T. Barnett, S. S.; Lucius L. Solomons, J. S.; James R. Ogilvie, Organist; Mitchell J. Myers, Tyler.

Herman Lodge, No. 127—D. G. C. Beckh, Master; Richard E. Munk, S. W.; Richard Sternitzky, J. W.; Gus'ay Burgin, Treas.; Ludwig Schumacher, Sec'y (27th year); Rev. Julius Fuendeling, S. D.; Fred Hagemann, Jr., J. D.; Louis Zeiss, Mar.; Peter Westphal, S. S.; Rudolph C. Bluhm, J. S.; Herman T. Sonne, Organist; Hermann Schoene, Tyler.

Pacific Lodge, No. 136—Almond R. Morrow, Master; Robert McF. Doble, S. W.; Lewis J. Nevers, J. W.; John F. Kennedy, Treas.; Geo. Penlington, Sec'y; Charles Jellinck, S. D.; Zenas U. Dodge, J. D.; William G. Quinlin, Mar.; John C. Peterson and Frederick W. Goetz, Stewards; Philip Reigelhaupt, Tyler.

Crockett Lodge, No. 136—Charles Cellarius, Master; Julius Reimer, S. W.; G. C. Groezinger, J. W.; L. B. Lippert, Treas.; H. Fortriede, Sec'y; Peter Harder, Mar.; John J. North, S. D.; Harry T. Chase, J. D.; Amandus Hansen and Armour McLaughlin, Stewards; J. E. Hunt, Tyler.

Oriental Lodge, No. 144—Rev. Edward B. Church, Master; Wm. R. Jost, S. W.; Robert H. Morrow, J. W.; George H. Thompson, Treas.; Adolphus S. Hubbard, Sec'y; Rev. George E. Walk, Chaplain; James M. Troutt, S. D.; Frederick S. Hughes, J. D.; Clarence B. Sloan and George W. Jost, Stewards; James H. Wallace, Mar.; William F. Flick, Tyler.

Excelsior Lodge, No. 166—Hugh J. Owen, Master; J. C. H. Cook, S. W.; W. W. McNair, J. W.; Aaron Doud, Treas.; Theodore E. Smith, Secretary; W. N. Brunt, S. D.; O. F. Westfal, J. D.; L. H. F. McKee, Mar.; H. Westphal and A. Humphreys, Stewards; G. W. Perkins, Tyler; Benjamin Clark, Organist.

Mission Lodge, No. 169—Andrew Christenson, Master; Wm. H. Cobb, S. W.; Fred H. Gibson, J. W.; George D. Flack, Treas.; C. D. Bunker, Sec'y; Charles A. Day, S. D.; Charles W. Sturgess, J. D.; Charles F. Libby, Mar.; Chas. E. Benedict, S. S.; William C. Ordway, J. S.; Charles Gitsham, Tyler.

South San Francisco Lodge, No. 212—A. F. Fischen, Master; P. T. Ashford, S. W.; C. F. Kispert, J. W.; J. S. Bailey, Treas.; E. C. Hare, Sec'y; H. F. Rahlmann, S. D.; Samuel Hansen, J. D.; C. Deidrich and G. W. Harlow, Stewards; J. P. Peterson, Mar.; Dr. D. B. Todd, Chaplain; Joseph T. Hare, Tyler.

Doric Lodge, No. 216—Henry Williamson, Master; Thomas L. Hill, S. W.; Edward Lande, J. W.; Marcus Marks, Treas.; Julius R. Goldsmith, Sec'y; L. M. Hoefler, Trustee; Julius W. Lowe, S. D.; O. W. Chonette, J. D.; Edward Douglas, Mar.; Wm. Mooser, Jr., and William T. Thompson, Stewards; P. Reigelhaupt, Tyler.

Speranza Italiana, No. 219—Giovanni Scalminini, Master; Lorenzo Di Grazia, S. W.; Garibaldi Jaccheri, J. W.; Giuseppe C. Sala, Treas.; Luigi J. Peri, Sec'y; Fiorenzo Cavagnaro, Chap.; Giovanni Lepori, S. D.; Stephano Stuparich, J. D.; Andrea Paltenghi, Mar.; Giusseppe Sanguinetti and Filippo Deruartini, Stewards; Philip Reigelhaupt, Tyler.

King Solomon's Lodge, No. 260—Arthur M. Blade, Master; Abraham H. Kayton, S. W.; Fred. B. Wood, J. W.; Benj. F. Jellison, Treas.; Harry Baehr, Sec'y; Charles L. P. Marais, S. D.; Geo. P. Godsey, J. D.; Chas. W. Moores, Mar.; Geo. W. Wittman and Albert H. Lau, Stewards; Geo. C. Dawson, Tyler.

San Francisco Chapter, No. 1—Philip D. Code, H. P.; J. F. Logan, K.; C. H. Umsen, S.; Benj. Harris, Treas.; H. G. Prince, Secretary; D. L. Hesseltine, of H.; J. M. Troutt, P. S.; C. W. Tabor, R. A. C.; Sol. Bloom, M. 3d V.; W. H. Thomas, M. 2d V.; B. N. Rowley, M. 1st V.; Edw. Gilbert, Guard; Theo. E. Smith, Organist.

California Chapter, No. 5—Wm. C. Heyer, H. P.; Arthur C. Soule, K.; Harry Baelir, S.; Thaddeus B. Kent, Treas.; Franklin H. Day, Sec'y; Wm. Reuz, C. of H.; Harry Ascroft, P. S.; G. Knight White, R. A. C.; Samuel L. Lent, M. 3d V.; Robert B. Moore, M. 2d V.; Robert N. Carson, M. 1st V.; Samuel D. Mayer, Organist; James Oglesby, Guard.

Golden Gate Chapter, No. 1, O. E. S.—Mrs. Nellie A. Darling, Matron; Walter N. Brunt, Patron; Miss Susan M. Willats, A. M.; Mrs. Emily R. Eastman, Sec'y; Mrs. Ellen T. Condon, Treas.; Miss Ethel Murphy, Conductress; Miss Ella Bradley, A. C.; Miss Augusta W. Hobe, Organist; Miss Etta Heuer, Marshal; Wm. S. Moses, Chaplain; Mrs. Jennie A. Daley, Warder; Mrs. Mary A. Lewis, Sentinel; Mrs. Maud Terwillger, Adah; Mrs. Kate Linne, Ruth; Miss Millie Jellinek, Esther; Mrs. Clara Curtis, Martha; Mrs. Mary J. Berry, Electa.

Harmony Chapter, No. 124, O. E. S.—Mrs. Sallie H. Millberry, Matron; W. H. Wharff, Patron; Mrs. Lizzie D. Wetjen, A. M.; Miss Eva M. Hare, Sec'y; Mrs. I. Horton, Treas.; Mrs. H. Johnson, Conductress; Mrs. Emma Carter, A. C.; Mrs. A. C. Hare, Organist; Hans Jensen, Sentinel. Dr. A. H. Millberry, Chaplain; Mrs. Alma Blade, Adah; Katie Williams, Ruth; Mrs. Margaret Short, Esther; Mrs. Mary P. Douglass, Martha; Mrs. Mary F. Locke, Electa.

Ivy Chapter, No. 27—Mrs. Jennie A. Graves, Matron; Elwood P. Morey, Patron; Mrs. Susannah Dow, A. M.; Mrs. Lyda A. Steele, Conductress; Mrs. Frances L. Bonifield, A. C.; Mrs. Eva Saulsbury, Sec'y; Mrs. Carrie Anthony, Treas.

A new Chapter, O. E. S., named Mission Chapter, has been instituted in San Francisco, with the following officers:

Mrs. Mary C. Farmer, Matron; Henry Bunker, Patron; Miss Virginia Fisher, A. M.; Mrs. Mary G. Foster, Sec'y; Mrs. Lorine, Conductress; Mrs. Ellen Wilson, A. C.; Miss B. Herman, Adah; Mrs. Hannah McPhun, Ruth; Mrs. Gertrude Taber, Es'her; Miss Lucerne Smith, Martha; Miss G. E. Wolfe, Electa; Miss Alice Hickey, Marshal; Adam Beck, Chaplain; A. Christensen, Organist; Charles Gitsham, Sentinel.

Oak Grove Lodge, No. 215, Alameda—E. B. Lovejoy, Master; B. S. McFarland, S. W.; E. E. Johnson, J. W.; J. L. Fast, Treas.; Oswald Lubbock, Sec'y; H. S. Lubbock, Chaplain; C. H. Wever, S. D.; P. S. Teller, J. D.; W. H. Davis, Marshal; L. S. Jones, Steward; W. T. Valentine, Tyler.

Brooklyn Lodge, No. 225, East Oakland—T. B. Crandall, Master; John A. Campbell, S. W.; Henry F. Goff, J. W.; George H. True, Treas.; Charles D. Hayes, Sec'y; Wm. C. Potter, Chaplain; Charles H. Smith, S. D.; John C. Foster, J. D.; George G. Cumming, Mar.; Walter J. Peterson, and John D. Hatch, Stewards; Wm. D. Thomas, Tyler.

Alcatraz Lodge, No. 244, West Oakland—R. G. Graham, Master; H. B. Schindler, S. W.; W. A. Hunter, J. W.; Niles Searles, Jr., S. D.; John H. McKeen, J. D.; Daniel Robertson, Treas.; N. W. Neal, Sec'y; Harry Trombly, Marshal; S. A. Deckard and James Hall, Stewards; W. R. Storey, Tyler.

Oak Leaf Chapter, No. 8, O.E.S., Alameda—Maria A. Pierce, Matron; Gilbert B. Daniels, Patron; Kate S. Rowe, A. M.; Cynthia C. N. Walter, Sec'y; Mrs. Sarah Donnelly, Treas.; Mrs. Adah D. Hewes, Conductress; Mrs. Evelyn F. Mayon, A. C.

Unity Chapter, No. 65, Oakland—Mrs. Hattie Hall, Matron; Joseph P. Umphred, Patron; Mrs. Josephine Velsir, A. M.; Mrs. Emma Umphred, Conductress; Mrs. Emma Perkins, Sec'y; Mrs. Hildegard Berretta, Treas.

Oakland Chapter, No. 140—Mrs. Lillian Warner, Matron; Abel W. Baker, Jr., Patron; Mrs. Eunice D. Kitchner, A. M.; Mrs. Helen M. Wentworth, Conductress; Mrs. Amy J. Clark, A. Conductress; Mrs. Venice F. Cushing, Sec'y; Mrs. Mary G. Tripp, Treas.

Montana Lodge, No. 2, Virginia City, Montana—J. M. Knight, Master; George W. Reif, S. W.; John M. King, J. W.; John Reed, Treas.; Thos. Duncan, Sec'y; E. D. Hart, S. D.; George E. Gohn, J. D.; Wm. Man and Chas. Simpson, Stewards; James B. How, Tyler.

Royal Arch Chapter, No. 1, Virginia City, Montana—Robert Vickers, H. P.; John Reed, K.; W. J. Foreman, Scribe; Jas. Mitchell, Treas.; Geo. E. Gohn, Sec'y; J. M. Knight, C. of H.; Geo. Gohn, P. S.; Peter Strupp, R. A. C.; John M. King, M. 3d V.; William Man, M. 2d V.; J. B. Carruthers, M. 1st V.; James Mitchell, Trustee; James B. How, Sentinel.

Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar, Virginia City, Montana.—J. M. Knight, Commander; George Gohn, Geno.; James Mitchell, C. G.; Wm. Man, Prelate; Henry Elling, S. W.; W. J. Foreman, J. W.; John Reed, Treas.; Robert Vickers, Recorder; J. B. Carruthers, St. B.; John M. King, Sw. B.; Peter Strupp, Warder.

Chapter No. 9, O. E. S., Virginia City, Montana—Mrs. Clara L. Reed, Matron; W. J. Foreman, Patron; Mrs. Esther Moritz, A. M.; Miss Nellie Cole, Sec'y; Miss Susie Man, Treas.; Mrs. Flora McNulty, Conductress; Mrs. Nora Cheely, A. Conductress; Miss Flora Duncan, Adah; Mrs. Agnes Knight, Ruth; Mrs. Mary Foreman, Esther; Mrs. Ida Snapp, Martha; Mrs. Katie Walker, Electa; Mrs. Susie Mitchell, Warder; Mrs. Martha Vickers, Chaplain; Mrs. Laura Duncan, Organist; James B. How, Sentinel.

Chips from Other Quarries.

A new American Lodge of Masons has been instituted in the city of Mexico, called Cuauhtemoc Lodge, No. 234, under the jurisdiction of the Gran Dieta Symbolica Mexico, with eleven charter members. Bro. W. E. Whitmore was elected Master.

—*Mexico Herald.*

"Canton Commandery, No. 38, Knights Templar, stationed at Canton, O., says the *Constellation*, "have proffered their services as escort to Sir Knight William McKinley on his trip to Washington City to be inaugurated President of the United States. Presidents Buchanan and Garfield were escorted to their inauguration by Templars."

It is too frequently the case that Lodge elections are run in a slipshod way. Some brother makes the nominations and another brother "moves that the ballot be dispensed with and Brother Secretary cast the vote of the Lodge," etc. By this method many may be denied the right of

casting their vote for the brother of their choice, because they do not wish to "speak out in meetin'," and thereby sidetrack the train upon which prime favorites are being railroaded. We write this in no fault-finding way, but simply, if possible, to correct this irregularity and give the brothers to understand that the selection of their officers is one of the most important duties they have to perform. This being so, how necessary, therefore, is it that each and every one of us should attend our Lodge meetings. If we do this and assist in selecting our officers, we will have done well. If we stay away and they don't suit us, we have no right to "kick."

—*Bro. Bun F. Price, of Tenn.*

It is our belief that it is the first duty of a High Priest to preserve order and decency at all times in Chapter assemblies, and that he should tolerate nothing therein that might offend the most sensitive companion. An open Chapter is not a club smoking room, nor is burning tobacco the incense Royal Arch Masons are supposed to offer up therein "with a pure and contrite heart." The transaction of business and ritualistic ceremonies alike demand that the utmost decorum shall prevail. More than this, companions not addicted to the use of the weed have rights that are to be respected, if harmony is to be maintained. If High Priests cannot recognize these things of their own volition, they ought to be called upon by Grand High Priest or Grand Chapter to step down and out, or the latter should brace them up with an expression that cannot be "misunderstood" or misconstrued. In trying not to offend the sensitive smoker, we are too much inclined to forget the equally sensitive non-smoker.

—*Marsh O. Perkins, of Vt.*

Did it ever occur to those brethren who are continually denouncing non-affiliates, that in the early history of Masonry dues were unknown? Bro. Lambert, of Louisiana, says that this question of dues has grown out of the attempt to engraft upon Freemasonry some of the features of beneficiary organizations, and the abandonment of the principles of the Craft: Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth. From this innovation has sprung all the trouble we now have about suspension for n. p. d. Departure from correct Masonic principles ever leads and ever will lead to confusion

and trouble, and these will never cease until we return to the fundamental principles of the Craft. The only solution of the question is the payment of high joining fees and the abolition of all dues. The Scottish Rite is the only Masonic body that we know of that is run on true Masonic principles in this respect.—*Ex.*

The Stringer Grand Lodge of colored Masons of Mississippi collected for its Masonic year, ending November 30, 1896, for dues, warrants and dispensations \$1,750, besides the collections made in the benefit department, which amounted to \$29,806.74. The amount paid into the hands of our widows and orphans for the above mentioned year alone amounted to \$17,279.37, and we have a balance on hand of \$11,165.48. The collections from all departments for the year amounted to \$31,156.74, which is five times the amount collected by our white brethren in Mississippi during the year 1895, and as much as the whites' Grand Lodge of the great State of Illinois reported at its last communication. The grand total disbursed by our benefit department alone since 1880 is \$149,571.68. If the white brethren do not learn by these figures, they should at once close their books.—*New Light.*

There is an excellent custom in a certain Lodge in New York, so admirable in its character and so just and beneficial in its results, that I would advise its adoption in our Lodges; it may be done even without a change in by-laws. It is to announce the intention of proposing at the next stated communication the name of a person for the degrees. Should any brother in the Lodge prefer not to have this person in his Lodge, and yet have too much consideration for him to black-ball him, he may advise, in perfect confidence, that the petition be given to some other Lodge. There are sometimes personal reasons which govern just such cases. We may protect ourselves without offending the applicant; without marking a good citizen as a rejected man; without making an enemy for the Craft.

“The Masonic Home, of Tennessee,” says the *Constellation*, “has about 100 inmates, the per capita expense of which is \$75 per annum. Might not other home directories learn something in economy by conferring with the Superintendent of the

Tennessee Home?” This is very complimentary to the officers of the Home and Brothers M. B. Toney, President, and W. H. Bumpass, Secretary, deserve great credit for the splendid manner in which they manage this institution. It will not do to say that it is run “too cheap to be good.” This is not so, for we can state, from our own personal knowledge, that no institution in the country takes better care of its children. They are nicely dressed and well fed, and have the advantages of a good school. There are no salaried officers except the superintendent.

Too little attention is given to the social feature of Masonry. Our ancient brethren never met without having refreshments. This enables us to become better acquainted, to discuss matters more freely and with less reserve and restraint, and to go away with a better opinion of some brethren who may have differed with us on some matters of business before the Lodge. There is so much of the animal in man that eating and drinking have much influence over him.

In politics men are won over by a good dinner, and, what is sad to say, often by a drink, but it is nevertheless true, and is evidence that we still possess that much of the animal in our nature, and is proof that much good can be accomplished by a temperate indulgence in proper refreshments. The profane often think that refreshments mean intoxicating beverages, but such is not true, and while Masons should let their lights shine and so live that the world might know them by their daily life, that should not prevent them from meeting around the festive board and partaking of refreshments. In every-day life man shows his appreciation of his friends by inviting them to dine with him, and such friendly acts unite us in bonds of friendship that are broken only by death.

So brethren, let us remember and celebrate the feasts of the Saints John when we can, and when not convenient let us feast together on other suitable occasions. Try it and we feel sure the result will be gratifying.—*Tidings from The Craft.*

The *Phoenix Herald* says: “Bisbee has been fixed upon for the next Grand Session of the Masonic bodies, and, most curious and yet most logical, the convocations will be held in the great cave of the Cop-

per Queen mine. This is at the suggestion and invitation of Ben Williams, manager of the Copper Queen, who will have the interior of the great cavern brilliantly lighted by electricity by the time of the session next November."

"John," said a wife, who was supposed to be on her deathbed, "in case of my death, I think a man of your temperament and domestic nature, aside from the good of the children, should marry again."

"Do you think so, my dear?"

"I certainly do; after a reasonable length of time."

"Well, now, do you know, my dear, that relieves my mind of a great burden. The little widow, Jenkins, has acted rather demure towards me since you were taken sick. She is not the woman you are, an intelligent woman of character; but she is plump and pretty, and I think would make me a desirable wife."

The next day Mrs. John was able to sit up, the following day she went down stairs, and, on the third day, she was planning a new dress.

An amusing story is told about a worthy vicar of a rural parish who had waxed eloquent in the interest of foreign missions one Sunday, and was surprised on entering the village shop during the week to be greeted with marked coldness by the worthy dame who kept it. On seeking to know the cause, the good woman produced a half crown from a drawer, and throwing it down before the vicar, exclaimed:

"I marked that half-crown and put it in the plate last Sunday, and here it is back again in my shop. I knowed well them niggers never got the money."

"Mamma," said Willie, "do you pay Jennie fifteen dollars a month for looking after me?" "No, sixteen," said mamma. "She is a good nurse and deserves it." "Well, I say, ma, I'll look after myself for ten dollars. You'll save six dollars by it."

—*Harper's Young People.*

"It is very kind of you, madam," said the tramp, "to give me such a fine dinner." "Don't mention it, you poor man," said the kindhearted woman. "But I will repay you," said the tramp, gratefully, "I'll tell all of my palls that you are a flinty-hearted old tergament that ain't never known how to cook nothin' decent, so

they'll give your house the go-by, and won't never bother you."

An old gentleman recently said that what he waited fifty years for, young people now wanted to start with. Namely a "Golden wedding."

If young people without capital want to provide for a comfortable old age they should begin to save in youth.

John Jacob Astor said it cost him more to get the first thousand dollars than it did afterwards to get a hundred thousand, but if he had not saved that first thousand he might have died in an almshouse.

The tendency of money judiciously invested is to accumulate—the more you get the faster it accumulates, like the moist snowballs that boys roll in winter.

We do not think all the wealth of the nation should be permitted to accumulate in one, or one hundred, or one thousand snowballs, but we do think that every young man should endeavor to lay the foundation for accumulating what may secure to him and his family a comfortable old age.

Cigars, theatres and many other unnecessary amusements, which some young men spend a good deal of money on—and might postpone to a later period—go far to prevent the accumulation of that first thousand dollars, which is the necessary foundation for all the rest.

—*Geo. T. Angell.*

Literary Notes.

We have received printed copies of the Proceedings of the following Grand Bodies, for which the Secretaries have our thanks: Grand Lodges of Colorado, Massachusetts, Ohio, Kentucky, Maryland; Grand Chapters, R.A.M., of Ohio, Maine, Illinois. Massachusetts and Colorado; Grand Councils, R. & S. M., of Ohio, Illinois. New York; Grand Commanderies, K. T., of Massachusetts, Illinois, Montana; Grand Chapter. O. E. S., of Montana; Supreme Council, 33°, Northern Jurisdiction, A. & A. Scottish Rite.

Deaths.

In San Francisco, Dec. 7, George M. McLane, a native of Baltimore, Md., a member of California Lodge, No. 1, and Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, aged 48 years, 3 months, 1 day.

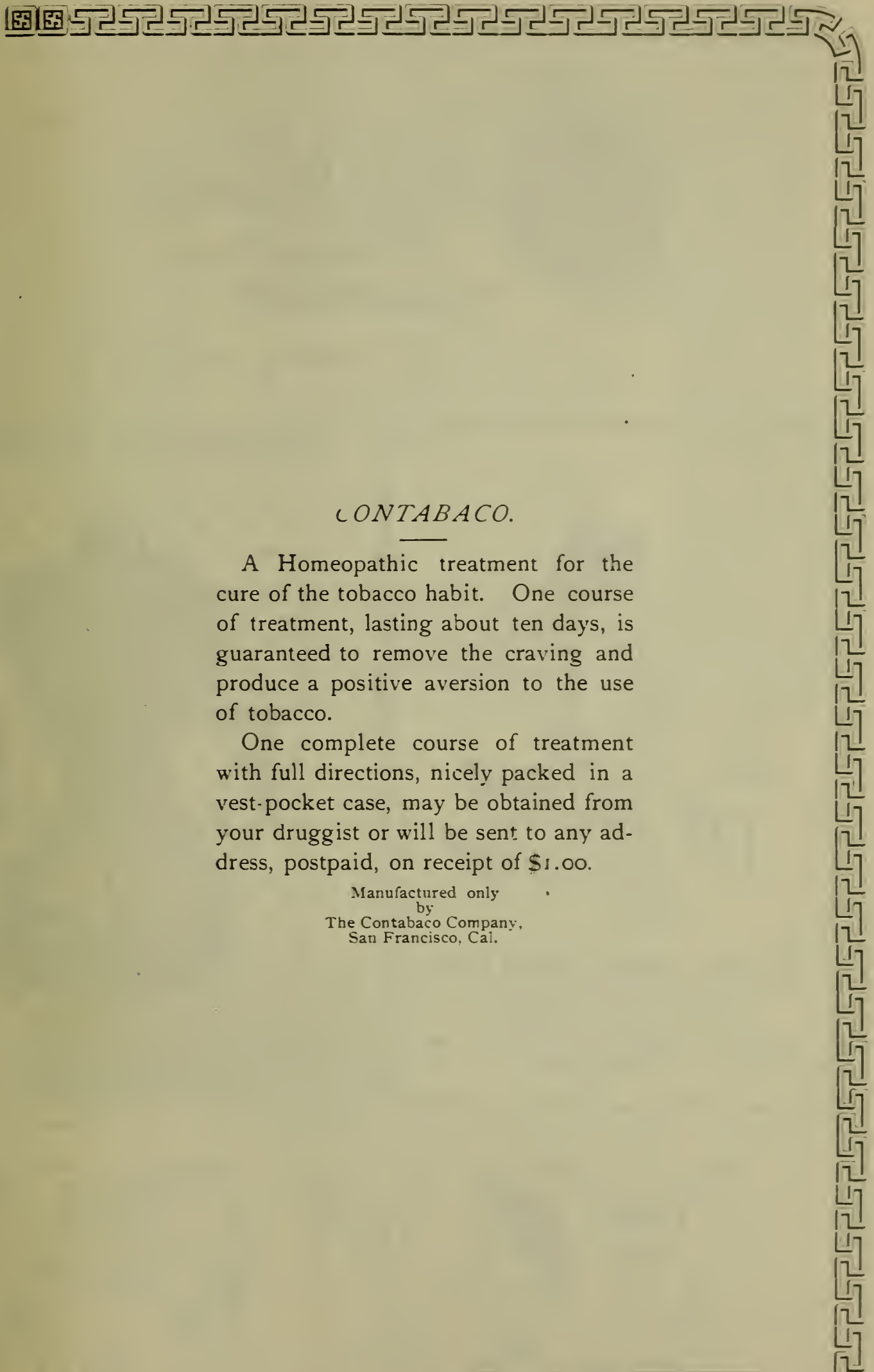
In Sacramento, Cal., Dec. 21, Benjamin F. Alexander, a native of South Carolina, a member of Concord Lodge, No. 117, and Sacramento Chapter, No. 3, aged 85 years, 10 months, 23 days.

In San Francisco, Dec. 24, Jacob Levy, a native of Germany, a member of Pacific Lodge, No. 136, aged 77 years.

In San Francisco, Dec. 29, Aaron D. Martin, late of Stockton, Cal., a native of Cherokee, Cal., a member of Northeast Lodge, No. 206, aged 38 years, 9 months, 7 days.

In Visalia, Cal., Jan. 5, Thomas J. Shackelford, a native of Lynchburg, Va., a Past Master of Mt. Moriah Lodge, No. 44, aged 54 years.

In San Francisco, Jan 10, James L. Halsted, a native of Oneida County, N. Y., a member of Occidental Lodge, No. 22, and Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, aged 65 years 11 months, 28 days.



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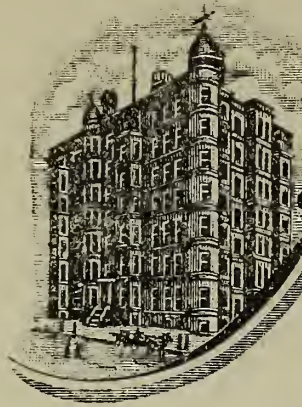
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334 Eighth Ave., San Francisco, Jan. 1, 1897.



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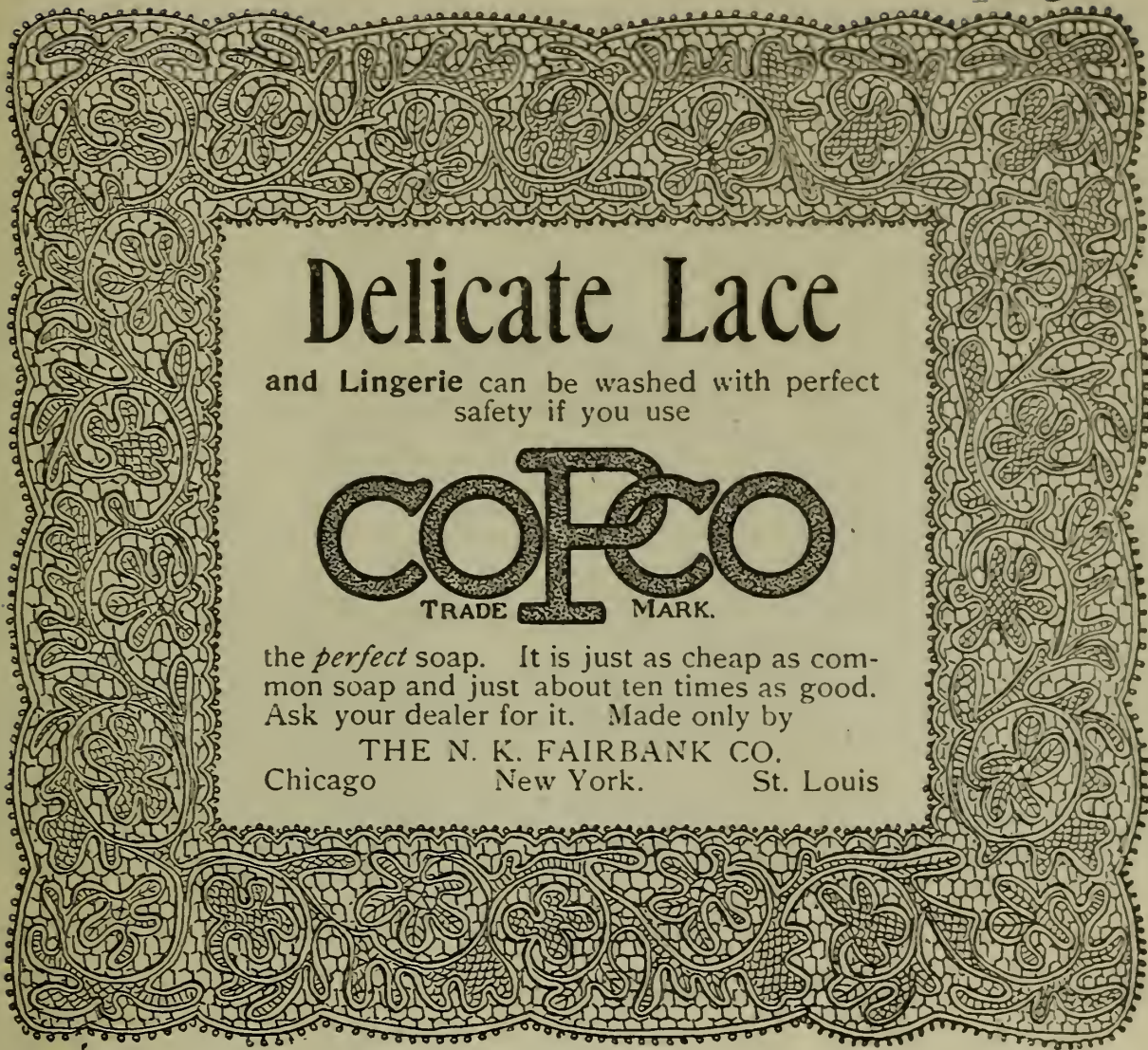
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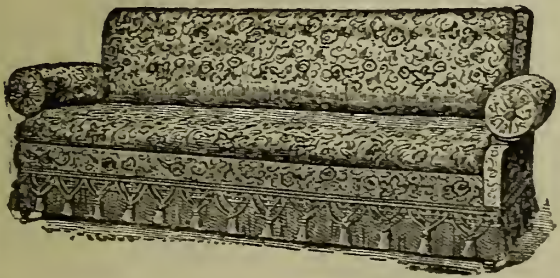
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JAN.	●	4	5	6	7	8	9	JULY	4	5	6	●	8	9	10
	●	11	12	13	14	15	16		11	12	○	14	15	16	17
	17	○	19	20	21	22	23		18	19	20	☾	22	23	24
	24	☾	26	27	28	29	30		25	26	27	☽	●	30	31
	31	●	●	●	●	●	●	AUG.	1	2	3	4	●	6	7
FEB.	7	8	●	10	11	12	13		8	9	10	11	○	13	14
	14	15	16	○	18	19	20		15	16	17	18	19	☾	21
	21	22	☾	24	25	26	27		22	23	24	25	26	●	28
	28	●	●	●	●	●	●		29	30	31	●	●	●	●
MAR.	7	8	9	10	●	12	13	SEP.	5	6	7	8	9	○	11
	14	15	16	17	○	19	20		12	13	14	15	16	17	☾
	21	22	23	24	☾	26	27		19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	28	29	30	31	●	●	●		●	27	28	29	30	●	●
APR.	4	5	6	7	8	9	●	OCT.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	11	12	13	14	15	16	○		○	11	12	13	14	15	16
	18	19	20	21	22	☾	24		17	☾	19	20	21	22	23
	25	26	27	28	29	30	●		24	●	26	27	28	29	30
MAY	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	NOV.	31	●	2	3	4	5	6
	●	10	11	12	13	14	15		7	8	○	10	11	12	13
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		14	15	16	☾	18	19	20
	○	24	25	26	27	28	29		21	22	23	●	25	26	27
	30	●	●	●	●	●	●		28	29	●	●	●	●	●
JUNE	6	7	●	9	10	11	12	DEC.	5	6	7	○	9	10	11
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19		12	13	14	15	☾	17	18
	20	☾	22	23	24	25	26		19	20	21	22	●	24	25
	27	28	●	30	●	●	●		26	27	28	29	●	31	●

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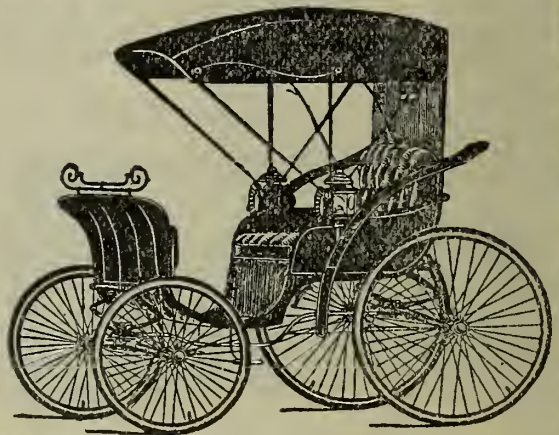
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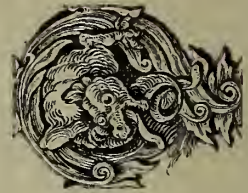
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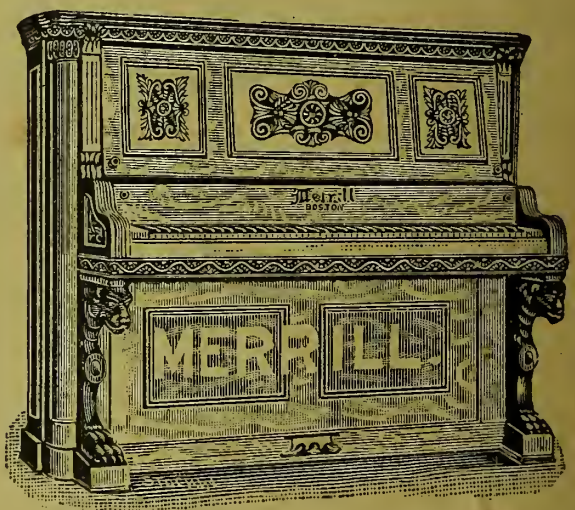
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