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The BEDFORD GAZETTE is published every Thursday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at \$2.00 per annum, in advance; \$2.50 if paid within six months; \$3.00 if not paid within six months. All subscription accounts MUST be settled annually. No paper will be sent out of the State until paid for in advance, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

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BALTIMORE.

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July 31, 69.

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The Bedford Gazette.

WHY MRS. HERBERT LOVED MASONRY.

"Ticket, ma'am," said the conductor.

"Yes, sir, in one moment," and Mrs. Herbert sought in her pocket for her portmanteau, in which she had deposited the article in question. But it had mysteriously disappeared; and the lady rose hastily, and cast a rapid searching glance under and about her seat.

"O, sir, I have lost my ticket, and not only that, my money and my checks for my baggage!"

The conductor was a young man who had been but a few weeks upon the road in his present capacity; and he felt himself greatly elevated in his new position. He prided himself in his ability to detect any person in an attempt to avoid paying the regular fare, and he earnestly wished that an opportunity might offer, which would enable him to prove his superior powers of penetration, and the ease with which he could detect imposition. Here, then, was a case just suited to his mind; and he watched Mrs. Herbert with a cold scrutinizing eye, while she was searching so eagerly for the missing ticket. With still extended hand, he said, "I must have your fare, madam."

"But, sir, I have no money; I cannot pay you."

"How far do you wish to go?" he asked.

"I am on my way to Boston, where I reside. I have been visiting relatives in Wisconsin."

"Well, you can go no further on this train unless you can pay your fare."

A bright thought occurred to Mrs. Herbert.

"I will place my watch in your keeping," she said, "when I reach Detroit I will pawn it for money to pursue my journey. My husband will send for, and redeem it."

"That will do," said the conductor. "I will take your watch, and give you a check for Detroit. I have no authority to do so from the Railroad Company, but may upon my own responsibility."

But Mrs. Herbert's embarrassment was not to be relieved so readily as she hoped. Searching for her watch, that also was not to be found.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she said, her face growing very pale. "My watch is gone, too! I must have been robbed in Chicago."

"You can leave the train at the next station," he said quickly and decidedly; "that's what you can do."

"The whistle sounded for 'down brakes,' and the conductor stepped out upon the platform of the car. Mrs. Herbert looked around her. There were but few passengers in the car; some were reading, some were looking out upon the town they were just entering. No one seemed to have heard the conversation between the conductor and herself, or at least to become interested in her behalf.

The train stopped; the conductor appeared; and taking her shawl and traveling basket from the rack above her head, bade her follow him. In ten minutes more the train had gone, and Mrs. Herbert sat alone in the ladies' waiting room of the L— depot, trying to decide upon the course best to pursue. She had no money to defray her expenses at a hotel, she had nothing to pay a hackman for taking her to one; but, after a few moments of reflection, she resolved to inquire the residence of the clergyman of that church of which she was herself a member, and ask him in the name of christian charity and kindness, to give her a home until she could send her husband a telegram, and he could furnish her money to pursue her journey.

Inquiring of the ticket agent the name of the clergyman she hoped to find, and being politely directed to his house, she was soon at the door and rang the bell. He answered the summons in person, and in a few hurried sentences she made known her misfortunes and her request.

The Rev. Mr. Ripley was thin, tall, and straight. He was apparently forty-five years of age; polished, but pompous; no particle of dust could have been found on his fine broadcloth; or nicely polished boots; the tie in his cravat was faultless; his hair was brushed carefully forward to conceal a coming baldness. Very dignified, very important, very ministerial appeared the reverend gentleman; but as Mrs. Herbert looked into his cold gray eyes, she felt that benevolence was by no means as strong an element in his composition as self-interest. Her heart seemed to chill in his presence; she could not help contrasting him, mentally, with the good Mr. Weston, the pastor of her own church at home. Ah, not often had the hand now thrust into the bosom of his tightly buttoned dress coat been prompted by the cold heart beneath, to place a bright little coin upon the palm of beggared childhood—not often had his footsteps found their way to poverty's door! Yet this unworthy representative of the Christian church preached charity to his rich congregation at least twice every Sabbath; and so far as he himself was concerned, made preaching supply the place of practice.

"Madame," he said, after eyeing her from head to foot, "you have a pretty story; but the streets of L— are full of such stories at the present day.—Did I listen to one half I hear of the kind, I should have my house filled with poor miscreants all the time, and perhaps few of them would be worthy of my respect. I cannot keep you as you request."

Mrs. Herbert turned from the inhospitable door of the Rev. Mr. Ripley. The cool insolence with which he had

treated her had almost driven courage from her heart; but she determined now to seek a hotel, where at least she might rest herself and decide upon some new course of action. She had eaten nothing since morning; indeed she had not even thought of food, but now she felt faint and weary, and the consciousness that she was alone, in a great city, friendless and penniless, with the shades of evening already falling, quite unnerved her. As she glanced up and down the street, the first thing that attracted her attention was—not a public house sign, but in large gilt letters—the words "Masonic Hall." Her heart gave a quick, joyful bound. Her husband was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and she knew that the duty a Mason owed to his brother he owed equally to that brother's wife or daughter. She remembered also, that to that noble Order she was indebted for nearly all of the happiness she had known in life. But, familiar as she had been with its workings in her native city, she had never realized its universality; she had never understood how, like some great talismanic belt, it circles the earth, embracing all mankind in its protecting fold, softening the asperities of dissenting religions; shedding the purple light of love on the fierce rapids of commercial life; enlightening and ennobling politicians; and harmonizing their conflicting sentiments upon a sense of kindred.

Mrs. Herbert paused irresolute.—What would she not have given for the knowledge of one mystic sign, by which to call her husband's mystic brother's to her side.

Men were passing rapidly up and down the street; elegantly dressed ladies were out enjoying the delicious coolness of the evening, for the day had been sultry, but among all the busy throng there was not one whom she felt at liberty to accost.

A gentleman was passing her, leading a little girl by the hand. With a quick gesture she arrested his steps.—She had observed nothing in the stranger's face; indeed, she had not noticed it at all, but a Maltese cross was suspended from his watch guard, and the moment she discovered it she had involuntarily lifted her hand to prevent its passing her.

The stranger looked at her inquiringly. She pointed at the cross, and said:

"That, sir, is why I stopped you: will you excuse me for addressing you, and please tell me if you are a Mason?"

"I am, sir," he replied.

"Oh, sir, my husband is a Mason, and perhaps you would be kind to a brother's wife."

"Where does your husband live?"

"In Boston. His name is G. W. Herbert; he is of the firm, Herbet, Jackson & Co., of L— Street. I was on my way to him from Wisconsin, but have been robbed of the means of paying my fare, and the conductor refused to take me further. I have applied to Rev. Mr. Ripley, and he turned me insultingly from his door."

"The old hypocrite," muttered the gentleman. "Mrs. Herbert, my house is but one block distant, and it is at your service. My wife will make you welcome and comfortable. Will you accept our hospitality?"

"O, sir, how gladly!"

Half an hour later Mrs. Herbert was refreshing herself at the well-spread table of Mr. Henderson, first officer of the Eureka Commandery, No. 12.

When supper was over, Mr. Henderson said to his wife: "I have a few minutes' business down town; will you return immediately. Make Mrs. Herbert feel at home."

He walked directly to the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and addressed the following message to his brother in Boston:

"I G. W. Herbert; L— street, a member of our Order, and is his wife in the West. Answer immediately."

When he returned home, he found his wife and Mrs. Herbert engaged in an animated conversation; and he was surprised to note the change in the strange lady's appearance, now that she felt herself among friends. Her face was so genuine an impress of sweetness and purity; her conversation was expressive of such lofty sentiments such real goodness of heart, and betrayed so highly cultivated a mind, that Mr. Henderson found himself regretting that he had taken the precaution to send a telegram to Boston, in order to prove the truthfulness of her statement.

Mrs. Henderson seated herself at the elegant piano, and after performing a few pieces, invited Mrs. Herbert to play also. She gracefully complied; and after a low, sweet prelude, began to sing:

"A stranger I was, but they kindly received me,"

She sang the piece entirely through, her voice quivering with emotion; and when she had finished it, both Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were at her side, and the gentleman said:

"Mrs. Herbert, it is we who are blessed, in being permitted to form the acquaintance of so entertaining a converser and musician. You are a stranger, but a dear friend, a sister, a brother's wife; you have a right in our home. A Knight Templar's home is ever open to the unfortunate; but you must not leave the piano yet; play another piece for us, your own favorite."

"I do not know that I have a favorite of my own."

"Your husband's then," suggested Mr. Henderson.

Again Mrs. Herbert's practiced fingers swept over the keys; and then her clear, cultivated voice arose in the popular masonic ode,

"Hail, Masonry Divine."

As the last sweet chord died away, she arose, saying, "That is my husband's favorite!"

Mr. Henderson was standing with his arm about his wife. Tears were in his eyes, and he drew her closer to him, as he said:

"O, Jennie, will you not learn that piece for my sake?"

"But I never could make it sound like Mrs. Herbert," she replied, "for you know I don't like masonry."

"And why do you not like it?" asked Mrs. Herbert.

"Because it rises like a mountain between me and my husband. I am jealous of masonry," and the glance she cast upon him at her side, told Mrs. Herbert how this wife loved her husband, and she almost pardoned her for her dislike of masonry, upon the ground she had mentioned. But she felt that Mrs. Henderson was in error, and she said:

"Will you allow me to tell you why I love masonry?"

"O, yes," replied Mrs. Henderson.—"I should be glad to feel differently if I could."

After all were comfortably seated, Mrs. Herbert began:

"My father was a commission merchant in Boston, and in consequence of causes which I could never fully understand—for I was very young at the time—he failed in business. Our beautiful home was taken from us, and he removed mother and me to an humble, but comfortable cottage in the suburbs, while he procured employment in a dry goods establishment.

He was disheartened by his sudden and heavy losses. It was seldom, indeed, that he was heard to speak cheerfully. His health declined, and, before we had ever dreamed of the threatening danger, he was a confirmed consumptive. But he was a mason, and we were not allowed to feel that his inability for labor had deprived us of the comforts of our home. Supplies of provisions, clothing and fuel came regularly to our door. But one still evening in September, we were gathered around the bedside to take the last farewell. The friends of our prosperous days were not there—they left us with our riches—but a circle of true, manly faces were there, and tears were brushed aside which were the overflow of sympathizing and affectionate hearts. I stood beside my grief-stricken mother, who knelt beside the couch of death, her head bowed helpless upon the emaciated hand upon which she had always depended for guidance and instruction. My father kissed me tenderly, and turning to his masonic brothers, said: 'I can but leave my dear ones to your care, and I know that I can trust you. I feel that poor Alice will not long survive my loss, and then this little one will be a helpless waif on the great sea of humanity. I give her to you, not as the child of one, but of all—the child of the lodge.'"

"A few moments and I was fatherless. One of those strong, noble men lifted me in his arms and bore me from the room. I had heard what my father had said, and although but a child of seven years, I comprehended it all. I threw my arm around the good man's neck, who held me so tenderly, and sobbed, 'O, sir, will you be my father?'"

"Yes, my dear little girl," he said, in a broken voice, 'you shall never want.'"

"Mother, was a frail, delicate creature, and her constant watching at father's bedside combined with the last terrible shock, threw her into a fever from which she never recovered. We remained in the cottage until my sweet mother's death, and my father's masonic brothers anticipated our every want. And when I was at last an orphan, my new protectors took me away. All felt that I was a sacred charge. I was placed under the care of the most reliable instructors and lived in the house of him whom I had asked to be my father, and I believe he loved me as his child. When I arrived at the age of twenty years, I was married—with the full approbation of my guardians—to Mr. Herbert then a confidential clerk in a dry goods house. The young man was a mason; he was honest and attentive to business. Now he is partner in the same house. We have an elegant home, and a wide circle of friends; but none are so dearly prized as the tried and true; and once every year our parlor is opened to receive, with their families, the few who remain of those who, at the time of my father's death, were members of the lodge to which he belonged. You understand now, my friends, why I love masonry."