



The Crooked Foot—A Masonic Incident.

BY JEFFERSON.

"Think not the good, The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done, Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the prisoner, The fatherless the friendless, and the widow, Who own the bounty of thy kindly hand, Will cry to heaven and pull down blessings on thee."

Crissy Weimer, of Maples, is the young daughter of a poor widow and the orphan child of a Master Mason. Since the death of her father her mother has had to struggle hard to raise her large family of children; and to add to her afflictions the youngest, Crissy, was deformed with a terrible crooked or reel foot. Well and beautifully developed every other way, and full of the promising spirit of a noble womanhood, this blight, this deformity weighed upon the mother's heart with the threatened pressure of a lifelong misfortune. What to do she knew not. Poverty forbade expenditure, and the only alternative seemed an humble submission to the order nature had forced upon her child.

Some few months over a year ago, Mrs. Weimer and her little daughter were seen by a Brother of the Fraternity on the train of the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railroad. He noticed the reel foot of the little unfortunate. The sight of such a deformity on the limb of a little girl of nine summers made him feel sad.

"Poor child," said he, "that foot is too badly deformed. It should be straightened."

"How? Where?" queried the mother with evident feeling, for she loved the child as a mother only loves her latest born. Its father was dead, and she was left on the battle side of life without means. "How, and where?" she repeated, with a despairing tone.

"At the Surgical Institute, in Indianapolis," (there is also a Branch in Philadelphia), responded the Masonic Brother.

"That might be," said the good woman, solemnly, "if I had the means to pay for it."

Alas! how often it is that misfortunes like this befall the poor. Nature seems not to recognize the differences of wealth and poverty, and oftentimes the inmates of the cottage are made to drink of the cup of suffering, while the palaces of luxury are without a single affliction. Philosophers tell us that "time makes all things even," and it may be so; but then we know that "the mills of the gods grind slowly," and the orders of nature, even then, are not always clearly seen.

"Yes," said the Brother of mystic sympathy, "at the Surgical Institute that foot can be made straight, and then that child can grow up to the beauty and strength and life of womanhood without a shadow over her."

"I would give my life, almost, if it could be done," responded the poor woman, "but I have no means—I am poor."

"That's enough," said the mystic stranger; "I'll see that the foot is made straight."

Returning to Indianapolis he called at the Institute, where he saw Doctors Allen, Johnson and Minnick, and told them the story of the poor widow and her daughter.

"Tell her to come, and bring her child," said they; "we'll do up the job without the charge of a dollar."

He then called upon that solid railroad philosopher, Superintendent C. C. Gale, of the Bee Line, who without a word wrote out a pass for Mrs. Weimer and daughter from Munice to Indianapolis and return. He then wrote to W. W. Worthington, Superintendent of the Fort Wayne & Munice Railroad, who gave a like pass over that road. These passes were sent to Mrs. Weimer with directions for her journey to the capital, and the result is now seen in the following note from her own hand:

MAPLES, ALLEN Co., IND., May 30, 1876.
To the Masonic Advocate:

I wish to give Dr. Allen's Surgical Institute the praise it is worthy of. I went to the Institute the first day of last November with my little daughter, who had a reel foot, and it was very difficult for her to get about. Her foot was operated upon, and a brace was placed upon her limb. I am to-day more than happy to say, she is now with two straight feet, going to school and enjoying herself well. Heaven bless the Institute and the good doctors, for the lame are made to walk and the blind to see.

Respectfully, M WEIMER.

We may add, in finishing up this little story of humanity, that every man who touched this case is a member of the mystic tie—Gale, Worthington, Allen, Johnson, Minnick, Carey, McHenry and Maple. Besides all these, the Lodge in Ohio, of which her husband was a member sent Mrs. Weimer a clever sum to bear her expenses. The little girl might now be set down as the Masons' daughter, for insignificant as the deed of service may seem, she feels that it was the life boat that has carried her over her darkest river, and her little heart, she says, will never cease to pray that God may bless all those good Masons for their kindly services.—*Masonic Advocate.*

The following beautiful sentiment was recently uttered by Judge John L. T. Sneed, of a Western court:

"The idea that the judicial officer is supposed to be vested with ermine, though fabulous and mythical, is yet more eloquent in its significance. We are told that the little creature called the ermine is so sensitive to its own cleanliness that it becomes paralyzed and powerless at the touch of defilement on its snow-white fur. When the hunters are pursuing it they spread with mire the path leading to its haunts, to which they draw it, knowing that it will submit itself to be captured rather than defile itself.

Man may loiter by the wayside but time flies on the wings of the wind.

Little Things.

Little charges, little assertions, little careless things, stinging words in a moment of bitterness and anger,—what a world of misery has resulted from them! The cases are very numerous where the smallest matters have made impressions upon selfish people, such as could not have been imagined or foreseen.

A rich banker, who was known to be of a sordid disposition, and careless as to ordinary civilities, wrote to his nephew, whom he intended to make his heir. The answer came on a half sheet with jagged edges, soiled, and folded slovenly. The banker took a mortal offence at this indignity, as he chose to call it, and made a new will, by which his property was given to another person.

A man recently died, about whom the following is told: There were two brothers, who apparently loved each other very much. They had grown to manhood together. At the respective age of fifty and sixty, both of them retired from business with a competency. The younger man soon lost his money by speculations; but his brother gave him pecuniary assistance, and at once made his will in the other's favor.

One night, at some festive gathering, George, the younger, thoughtlessly pulled the chair in which his brother was about to seat himself from under him, so that William, a man of exceptional dignity of demeanor, fell floundering upon the floor. The consequence was a lameness for life, and from that unhappy moment, William never spoke to his brother till the day of his death, and left all his fortune to a stranger.

On the other hand, the smallest offices of kindness, given, no doubt, from pure benevolence, or love of assistance, have been the means of leading to happy results. They seem like the fairy story of the beautiful girl, who met an aged woman of many infirmities, and on being asked a question, repulsed her. Then the malison of the old woman, a powerful spirit in a fairy land, changed the young girl to a fright. But when a poor, homely, tired child offered the miserable dame her arm, because she was so old and sorrowful, down came the fairy gifts and before her stood a dazzling queen, who endowed the child with wealth and glorious beauty. The spirit of this myth is still acted out by humanity. A soft word at the right time proves the guardian of power and grace. A foolish action, or a reckless one seals a man's fate with the direct misfortune.

EQUITY.—An eternal rule of right, implanted in the heart. What it asks for itself it is willing to grant to others. It not only forbids us to do wrong to the meanest of God's creatures, but it teaches us to observe the golden rule, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." There is no greater injunction—no better rule to practice.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

- Hot.
- Dry weather.
- Yellow fever in New York.
- Oats 10 cents a bushel in Kansas.
- Connecticut's tobacco crop is good.
- Pocahontas was the only good Indian.
- Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness.
- The innocent seldom find an uneasy pillow.
- Impure water is exciting Baltimore people.
- Sea mussels are considered dainties in New York.
- Sitting Bull indignantly denies that he is related to Ole, of the same name.
- Croquet sets are now sold under the name of "matrimonial encouragers."
- Grasshoppers are flying thick in some parts of the West.
- If money is not your servant, it will be your master.
- Street cars were introduced in Naples last month.
- If an organ grinder cannot be strictly called a musician, it must be allowed that he has a "turn" for music.
- Taxidermy for parents: If you want to preserve your children do not stuff them.
- A New York bird dealer dyes pigeons any color desired; colors warranted not to run.
- Mr. J. G. Lawton, of Ninety-Six, Ga., lost 650 shocks of oats and 144 sheep by the late flood.
- The peaks of the Rocky Mountains impress one with an awful sense of loneliness.
- Marriage is described by a French cynic as a tiresome book with a very fine preface.
- Mr. Peter Cooper has a barrel of money, but he won't open the bung-hole.
- Newport, Vt., on the Fourth, had music by a drum corps, each member of which was over ninety years of age.
- The glorious times are coming when a fellow can go out and roll in the hay—and roll all over a hidden nest of eggs.
- An Austrian officer, Captain Ahlstrom, swam from Vienna to Pesth, in the Danube, 160 miles, in 39 hours.
- Niagara Falls has been recommended by Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, as a place of religious pilgrimage.
- A Bridgeport baby was burned to death in its cradle, a brother setting the clothing on fire with a match.
- The Sultan gets \$250,000 a month; but he is liable to be the victim of an unprovoked and cold-blooded suicide before the month is up.
- The Emperor William received 41,371 presents from his subjects last year. They included books, charts, works of art table delicacies and other things.
- John Wynne, of Hawkinsville, Ga., ran nine sturgeon out of the creek and captured them with dogs. They weighed nine hundred pounds.
- A hotel waiters' convention is to be held at New Haven. They wish to settle the great question whether a waiter has a right to wipe his nose on a table napkin.
- It is singular that a woman will faint away at the sight of a cut finger. It is also singular that she will flatten her nose against the window of a drugstore to see a man who has been crushed to pieces by the cars.
- Hereafter when a person dies of scarlet fever, small-pox, whooping cough, or other contagious disease, in New York, there will be no church or public funeral, the Board of Health of that city deeming such cases dangerous to those who attend.