



CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED).

A second and third attempt Miss Fulton made to solve the mystery of the haunted chamber. On the second night the place was not visited, and the adventurous girl had slept soundly from 2 o'clock until daybreak. But the third night, just as 12 o'clock struck, she heard the rattle of a key in the lock and directly the door swung upon, creaking, and the tall figure she had once before seen stepped over the threshold. This time the figure was black only, simple black, and the veil that covered her face and shoulders was sable crape. She went forward until she stood upon the blood stain on the carpet and then sinking down to her knees she muttered some unintelligible words that sounded like a denunciation. Then she rose quickly and turned toward the closet where hung the bridal veil.

Helen sprang forward and grasped her firmly by the arm. A hoarse cry broke from under the black veil. With a gigantic strength the arm was torn from Helen's grasp, and, as before, the figure vanished in the shadows of the corridor. But she had left behind her a souvenir. For closely clasped in Helen's hand was a piece of torn cloth, and on carrying it to the light, Helen saw that it was a fragment of heavy, lustrous black silk. The face grew pale as marble and she leaned on a table for support.

"My God!" she exclaimed, under her breath, "what if it should be?" Helen Fulton said nothing of her adventures to any one, but she was watchful and alert, and very little took place at the Rock of which she was not cognizant. With Ralph she was a great favorite. Her playfulness helped to dispel the gloom which hung constantly over him; he liked to listen to her childish talk and he liked to be surprised by the sudden flashes of wisdom beyond her years that sometimes gleamed through the free carelessness of her conversation. He took her out with Agnes and himself in the little Sea Foam and before she had been a month at the Rock Helen Fulton knew every inch of the coast for miles and would manage a boat as well as the roughest old fisherman in the vicinity. Her father kept writing to recall her home, but she was so happy there among the rocks by the sea, she said, that she could not return until she had seen the coast by the light of a summer sun, and so the indulgent old gentleman ceased to urge her.

CHAPTER XI.

LYNDE GRAHAM sat before a little table in his cell. He had a pen in his hand, and writing materials upon the table. He laid down the pen, and leaned back thoughtfully in his chair.

His imprisonment had brought upon him a great change. His face was pale and attenuated, his lips had grown thin by constant compression, and his eyes, once so bright and daring, were sad and misty with the tears pride would not let him shed. For as the time drew near when his reprieve would expire, and the fatal sentence of the law must be executed, he felt a strange, yearning desire for life. Before, when he had been so near death, he had hardly asked for life; some way, it did not seem so easy to die now. Once, he had loved in a wild, passionate way—a little short of madness—Imogene Ireton; he would have given his life to have brought her one hour of happiness. But that fierce passion had died a violent death. It had been very long since he had thought of her with a single thrill, and gradually there had crept into his heart, to be enshrined there in secrecy, the sweet face of Agnes Trenholme, just as he had last seen it, when she lay senseless in the arms of Dr. Hudson, at the foot of the gallows from which she had saved him. A thrill of exquisite pleasure swept over him, as he thought, if she had not loved him she would not have risked so much to save him! He flushed, his mouth grew tender as a woman's at the thought—he put out his arms as if toward some imaginary object, but dropped them again with a sad sigh.

"A prisoner—condemned to die," he said hoarsely to himself. "What right have I to think a single thought of a pure woman? And yet at heart, God knoweth, I am as innocent as she is!" He rose and paced the narrow limits allotted to him with nervous haste. Then he seated himself and took up his pen.

"It can do no harm," he said, thinking aloud. "I have always meant to ask her to come to me, but not so soon—not until my nearness to death should make it my last request. But I am so hungry for a sight of her face!" He wrote rapidly: "Miss Agnes Trenholme—Is it being

too presumptuous to ask you to make my gloomy prison all bright for a little while with your presence? We were playmates once, you know, and in the memory of the dear old time, before sorrow came, I ask you to visit me here. I shall be unhappy until you come. Will you be kind?"

"LYNDE GRAHAM." This little note cost Agnes a sleepless night of weeping and prayer. But when the morning came it found her calm. She said nothing to anyone of her intention, but toward noon she dressed herself in her plainest clothes and walked down to Portlea. The jaffer gave her access at once. She stood alone with Lynde Graham.

His face glowed, his breath came quick. If he had followed the dictates of his heart, he would have sprung forward and folded her in his arms. But he remembered that he was a felon, and restrained himself. Agnes went forward, downcast and confused, and put her hand in his. The consciousness of her love, the love he had never asked for, made her timid and shrinking.

"You see I have come, Lynde." "I do. I thank you for it, and also for calling me Lynde. O Agnes, it seems so much like the old times!" "The dear old times!" she said softly. "O Lynde, Lynde!" And all the terrible change that had come rushed over her mind, and she burst into tears.

He smoothed the hair on her forehead, his hand trembling, his voice hoarse and unsteady.

"Hush, my child! It is all in God's hands. Cannot we trust him?" "Yes, I have. I do. But, O Lynde! only three little months, and then—" She stopped. She could not finish the sentence.

"And then I shall have passed away," he said solemnly. "It will be better, perhaps, but I have just begun to learn how sweet life might be!"

"Lynde, I want you to tell me that you are innocent. I know that you are. I have never felt a doubt of that, but I want to hear you say it. It will be to me a great satisfaction." "You are good to trust me, Agnes. I am innocent. I would sooner have died than harm should have come to Marina. Is that enough?" "Yes, your simple word is all I ask. I am content."

"I thank you yet again for your trust in me. But I have never expressed to you my gratitude for the little more of life given me through your means. I know all the risk you ran, and all the sacrifice you made, and my heart is full of gratitude."

He leaned his head over hers, and lifted her face—their lips almost touched. The temptation that beset him was almost too strong to be resisted. If he could kiss her once, he thought, the remembrance would be so sweet he should forget all that might come in recalling it. But he would not. He was a man convicted and sentenced to death for the crime of murder—his very touch was pollution.

"Lynde," she said, "I could not have you die. Why do I not feel the same terrible anxiety now, I wonder? I know that this time I cannot save you, and yet I feel no fear. I seem to cast it all out of my mind."

He looked at her curiously. She seemed like one who saw far away in the future something so bright and beautiful that its glory pierced even the midnight gloom of the unhappy present. And then, the glow faded, the light went out of her eyes. She saw only the dreary prison cell, and dropping her forehead on her folded arms, she sobbed unrestrainedly. Lynde Graham half lifted his arms to take her into them, but refrained.

"O Agnes!" he said, bitterly, "if I only could! if I had a right to comfort you! But you understand what stands between us!"

She understood him fully, then. The color leaped into her cheeks—she took her hands gently away from him.

"Lynde, I must go now. Sometime I will come again. Good-by."

About this time a very singular circumstance occurred at the Rock. Quito, the great dog that had been Marina's, had been absent from home ever since the marriage of Mr. Trenholme. A friend of that gentleman, a sporting character, had borrowed the dog to take away with him into the wilds of New Hampshire, on a hunting tour he was making with some brother sportsmen; and now having returned, he brought Quito home. From the very first, the dog behaved strangely. Mr. Trenholme thought he had been so long away that he had forgotten his old friends; but that was not the case, for he greeted Agnes and the housekeeper in the most cordial canine manner. But he was restless, and ill at ease. He smelled of the floors and the furniture, and his ears and tail were erect in an instant at the slightest sound. He refused to eat, and would not lie down in his old place on the mat in the library, but sat in a watchful attitude on the threshold of the sitting room. Helen Fulton began to make advances to him at once.

"If he'd only let me pat him," she said to Agnes. "Patting is the finest cure for ill-temper. I always pat papa when I ask him for money."

She put out her hand to the dog. "We'll be friends, won't we, Quito?" The dog winked his great intelligent eyes, and laid his cold nose in her hand.

She put her arms around his shaggy neck.

"I love you, Quito," she said, enthusiastically. "Helen loves you! And let what will happen she'll stand by you!"

The dog barked understandingly, and looked into her face with eyes that were almost human.

A little afterward, a piercing scream echoed through the house. It came from the hall above the main entrance. Ralph rushed out of the library, where he was writing, and Agnes, Helen and Mrs. Trenholme hurried to the place. For a moment they all stood petrified with what they beheld.

Quito was holding Imogene pinioned to the floor with his heavy body, and his terrible teeth were buried in her throat! Every hair on him bristled with rage, and his eyes gleamed like coals. Imogene's face was purple, her eyes starting from their sockets, and the red blood flowing profusely down her white neck to the floor.

Ralph snatched a musket from the bracket in the wall, and struck the dog a terrible blow, and then he lifted Imogene up. Something like a thrill of tenderness went over him as her head sunk helplessly to his shoulder.

"My poor girl," he said, pityingly—then to one of the servants, "William, run quickly for the doctor!"

Imogene heard him, and raised herself quickly.

"Stop, William!" she said, imperatively. "It is not much. Bind it up, some of you. I want no doctors!"

Ralph took her up to the housekeeper's room, and the old woman washed and dressed the wound to the best of her ability. It was severe, but no serious result need be apprehended.

"Now tell me how it happened?" said Ralph, seating himself by the side of his wife.

She replied coldly: "I hardly know. I think the dog must be naturally ill-tempered. I brushed against him as I was passing, and instantly he sprang upon me. Don't question me about it, please? It gives me the terrors to think of it."

Ralph left her and sought Quito. Helen had taken him in charge, and with his head in her lap was doing her best to comfort him for the rough treatment he had received at the hands of his master. Ralph took the animal by the collar, and Helen saw the glitter of a revolver in his hand. She sheltered the dog with her body.

"No! no! you must not have him, if you are going to kill him! I won't let you!"

"He has nearly killed my wife, Miss Fulton; I should not feel safe with him at large. The only way to stop this is to end his life."

"But I tell you, you shall not! Mr. Trenholme, I am your guest, and if I want a dog's life spared, you can't be a gentleman, you know, unless you spare it."

"Indeed, I regret to deny you—" "But you need not regret, for I will not have you deny me! You can chain the dog. If you kill him, now mark me, if you kill him—and you shall not—there will come a day when you will be sorry for it!"

Her singular earnestness influenced him strangely. There was something about this girl he did not understand. "Very well," he said, "I will humor you. The dog shall be chained. Come, Quito."

"Thank you," she said. "That's kind. Give me the pistol."

"What? Cannot you trust me?" "Pistols are dangerous weapons in careless hands. Give it to me. I'll kill a squirrel for your breakfast with it in the morning." And taking the weapon from his unresisting hand, she hurried away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRICKS PLAYED BY PLANTS.

Artful Devices of the Calendula—The Cow Wheat's Joke.

Dr. Lundstrom has recently described some cases of alleged plant mimicry, says London Public Opinion. The cultivated plant known as calendula may, in different conditions, produce at least three different kinds of fruit. Some have sails and are suited for transportation by the wind, while others have hooks and catch hold of passing animals, but the third kind exhibits a more desperate dodge, for it becomes like a caterpillar! Not that the fruit knows anything about it, but if it is sufficiently like a caterpillar, a bird may eat it by mistake, the indigestible seeds will be subsequently dropped and so the trick succeeds.

The next case is more marvelous. There is a very graceful wild plant, with beautiful, delicate flowers, known to many as the cow wheat. Ants are fond of visiting the cow wheat to feast on a sweet banquet spread out upon the leaves. Dr. Lundstrom has observed one of these ants and was surprised to see it making off with one of the seeds from an open fruit. The ant took the seed home with it. On exploring some ant nests the explorer saw that this was not the first cow-wheat seed which had been similarly treated. Many seeds were found in the ant nurseries. The ants did not eat them or destroy them; in fact, when the nest was disturbed the ants saved the seeds along with their brood, for in size, form, color and weight, even in minute particulars, the seeds in question resemble ant cocoons. Once placed among the cocoons it requires a better than an ant to distinguish the tares from the wheat. In the excitement of flitting, when the nest is disturbed, the mistake is repeated and the seeds are also saved. The trick is found out some day, for the seeds, like the cocoons, awake out of sleep. The awakening displays the fraud. The seeds are thus supposed to be scattered; they germinate and seem to thrive in the ant nests.

A preferred creditor—one who never presents his bill.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE GLORIOUS HERITAGE OF EVERY CHRISTIAN.

Golden Text: "Put Ye in the Sickle, for the Harvest is Ripe"—Joel, III, 13—Prayer and Song the Bulwarks of the Christian Religion.

THE sword has been poetized and the world has celebrated the sword of Bolivar, the sword of Cortez, and the sword of Lafayette. The pen has been properly eulogized, and the world has celebrated the pen of Addison, the pen of Southey, and the pen of Irving. The painter's pencil has been honored, and the world has celebrated the pencil of Murillo, the pencil of Rubens, and the pencil of Bierstadt. The sculptor's chisel has come in for high encomium, and the world has celebrated Chantrey's chisel, and Crawford's chisel, and Greenough's chisel. But there is one instrument about which I sing the first canto that was ever sung—the sickle, the sickle of the Bible, the sickle that has reaped the harvest of many centuries. Sharp and bent into a semicircle, and glittering, this reaping hook, no longer than your arm, has furnished the bread for thousands of years. Its success has produced the wealth of nations. It has had more to do with the world's progress than sword, and pen, and pencil, and chisel, all put together. Christ puts the sickle into exquisite sermonic simile, and you see that instrument flash all up and down the Apocalypse as St. John swings it, while through Joel in my text God commands the people, as through his servants now he commands them—"Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."

Last November there was great rejoicing all over the land. With trumpet and organ and organ and thousand-voiced psalm we praised the Lord for the temporal harvests. We praised God for the wheat, the rye, the oats, the cotton, the rice, all the fruits of the orchard and all the grains of the field; and the nation never does a better thing than when in autumn it gathers to festivity and thanks God for the greatness of the harvest. But I come to-day to speak to you of richer harvests, even the spiritual. How shall we estimate the value of a man? We say he is worth so many dollars, or has achieved such and such a position; but we know very well there are some men at the top of the ladder who ought to be at the bottom, and some at the bottom who ought to be at the top, and the only way to estimate a man is by the soul. We all know that we shall live forever. Death cannot kill us. Other crafts may be drawn into the whirlpool or shivered on the rocks, but this life within us will weather all storms and drop no anchor, and ten million years after death will shake out signals on the high seas of eternity. You put the mendicant off your doorstep and say he is only a beggar; but he is worth all the gold of the mountains, worth all the pearls of the sea, worth the solid earth, worth sun, moon and stars, worth the entire material universe. Take all the paper that ever came from the paper-mills and put it side by side and sheet by sheet, and let man with fleetest pens make figures on that paper for 10,000 years, and they will only have begun to express the value of the soul. Suppose I owned Colorado and Nevada and Australia, of how much value would they be to me one moment after I departed this life? How much of Philadelphia does Stephen Girard own to-day? How much of Boston property does Abbot Lawrence own to-day? The man who to-day hath a dollar in his pocket hath more worldly estate than the millionaire who died last year. How do you suppose I feel, standing here surrounded by a multitude of souls, each one worth more than the material universe? Oh, was I not right in saying, this spiritual harvest is richer than the temporal harvest? I must tighten the girde, I must sharpen the sickle. I must be careful how I swing the instrument for gathering the grain, lest one stalk be lost. One of the most powerful sickles for reaping this spiritual harvest is the preaching of the Gospel. If the sickle have a rose-wed handle, and it be adorned with precious stones, and yet it cannot bring down the grain, it is not much of a sickle, and preaching amounts to nothing unless it harvests souls for God. Shall we preach philosophy? The Ralph Waldo Emersons could beat us at that. Shall we preach science? The Agassises could beat us at that. The minister of Jesus Christ with weakest arm going forth in earnest prayer, and wielding this sickle of the Gospel, shall find the harvest all around him waiting for the angel sheaf-binders. Oh, this harvest of souls! I notice in the fields that the farmer did not stand upright when he gathered the grain. I noticed he had to stoop to his work, and I noticed that in order to bind the sheaves the better he had to put his knee upon them. And as we go forth in this work for God we cannot stand upright in our rhetoric and metaphysics and our erudition. We have to stoop to our work. Ay, we have to put our knee to it or we will never gather sheaves for the Lord's garner. Peter swung that sickle on the day of Pentecost, and three thousand sheaves came in. Richard Baxter swung that sickle at Kidderminster, and McChenee at Dundee, and vast multitudes came into the kingdom of our God.

Oh, this is a mighty Gospel! It captured not only John the lamb, but Paul the lion. Men may gnash their teeth at it, and clinch their fists, but it is the power of God and the wisdom of God

unto salvation. But alas, if it is only preached in pulpits and on Sabbath days! We must go forth into our stores, our shops, our banking-houses, our factories, and the streets, and everywhere preach Christ. We stand in our pulpits for two hours on the Sabbath and commend Christ to the people; but there are 168 hours in the week, and what are the two hours on the Sabbath against the 166? Oh, there comes down the ordination of God this day upon all the people, men who toil with head and hand and foot—the ordination comes upon all merchants, upon all mechanics, upon all toilers, and God says to you as he says to me: "Go, teach all nations. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Mighty Gospel, let the whole earth hear it! The story of Christ is to regenerate the nations, it is to eradicate all wrong, it is to turn the earth into a paradise. An old artist painted the Lord's Supper, and he wanted the chief attention directed to the face of Christ. When he invited his friends in to criticize the picture, they admired the chalcies more than they did the face, and the old artist said: "This picture is a failure," and he dashed out the picture of the cups, and said: "I shall have nothing to detract from the face of the Lord; Christ is the all of this picture."

Another powerful sickle for the reaping of this harvest is Christian song. I know in many churches the whole work is delegated to a few people standing in the organ-loft. But, my friends, as others cannot repent for us and others cannot die for us, we cannot delegate to others the work of singing for us. While a few drilled artists shall take the chants and execute the more skillful music, when the hymn is given out let there be hundreds and thousands of voices uniting in the acclamation. On the way to grandeur that never ceases and glories that never die, let us sing. At the battle of Lutzen, a general came to the king and said: "Those soldiers are singing as they are going into battle. Shall I stop them?" "No," said the king, "men that can sing like that can fight." Oh, the power of Christian song! When I argue here you may argue back. The argument you make against religion may be more skillful than the argument I make in behalf of religion. But who can stand before the pathos of some uplifted song like that which we sometimes sing:

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive! Let a repenting rebel live! Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?

Another mighty sickle for the reaping of the Gospel harvest is prayer. What does God do with our prayers? Does he go on the battlements of heaven and throw them off? No. What do you do with gifts given you by those who love you very much? You keep them with great sacredness. And do you suppose God will take our prayers, offered in the sincerity and love of our hearts, and scatter them to the winds? Oh, no! He will answer them all in some way. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! It is not a long rigamarole of "ohs," and "ahs," and "for ever and ever, Amen." It is a breathing of the heart into the heart of God. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! Elijah with it reached up to the clouds and shook down the showers. With it John Knox shook Scotland. With it Martin Luther shook the earth. And when Philipp Melancthon lay sick unto death, as many supposed, Martin Luther came in and said: "Philipp, we can't spare you." "Oh," said he, "Martin, you must let me go; I am tired of persecution and tired of life. I want to go to be with my God." "No," said Martin Luther, "you shall not go; you must take this food and then I will pray for you." "No, Martin," said Melancthon, "you must let me go." Martin Luther said: "You take this food, or I will excommunicate you." He took the food and Martin Luther knelt down and prayed as only he could pray, and convalescence came and Martin Luther went back and said to his friends: "God has saved the life of Philipp Melancthon in direct answer to my prayer." Oh, the power of prayer! Have you tested it? . . .

I invite any one the most infidel, any one the most atheistic, I invite him into the kingdom of God with just as much heartiness as those who have for fifty years been under the teaching of the Gospel and believed it all. When I was living in Philadelphia a gentleman told me of a scene in which he was a participant. In Calowhill street, Philadelphia, there had been a powerful meeting going on for some time and many were converted, and among others: one of the prominent members of the worst club-house in that city. The next night the leader of that club-house, the president of it, resolved that he would endeavor to get his comrade away. He came to the door, and before he entered he heard a Christian song, and under its power his soul was agitated. He went in and asked for prayer. Before he came out he was a subject of converting mercy. The next night another comrade went to reclaim the two who had been lost to their sinful circle. He went, and under the power of the Holy Ghost became a changed man, and the work went on until they were all saved and the infamous club-house disbanded. Oh, it is a mighty Gospel! Though you came here a child of sin you can go away a child of grace; you can go away singing: Amazing grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me: I once was lost, but now am found— Was blind, but now I see.

Oh, give up your sins! Most of your life is already gone. Your children are going on the same wrong road. Why do you not stop? "This day is salvation come to thy house." Why not this moment look up into the face of Christ and say:

Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

God is going to save you. You are going to be among the shining ones. After the toils of life are over, you are going up to the everlasting rest, you are going up to join your loved ones, departed parents and departed children. "O, my God," says some man, "how can I come to thee? I am so far off. Who will help me, I am so weak? It seems such a great undertaking." Oh, my brother, it is a great undertaking! It is so great you cannot accomplish it, but Christ can do the work. He will correct your heart and he will correct your life. "Oh," you say, "I will stop profanity." That will not save you. "Oh," you say, "I will stop Sabbath-breaking." That will not save you. There is only one door into the kingdom of God, and that is faith; only one ship that sails for heaven, and that is faith. Faith the first step, the second step, the hundredth step, the thousandth step, the last step. By faith we enter the kingdom. By faith we keep in. By faith we die. Heaven a reward of faith. The earthquake shook down the Philippian dungeon. The jailor said: "What shall I do?" Some of you would say: "Better get out of the place before the walls crush you." What did the Apostle say? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "Ah," you say, "there's the rub." What is faith? Suppose you were thirsty and I offered you this glass of water, and you believed I meant to give it to you, and you came up and took it. You exercise faith. You believe I mean to keep my promise. Christ offers you the water of everlasting life. You take it. That is faith.

Enter into the kingdom of God. Enter now. The door of life is set wide open. I plead with you by the blood sweat of Gethsemane and the death-groan of Golgotha, by cross and crown, by Pilate's court-room and Joseph's sepulchre, by harps and chains, by kingdoms of light and realms of darkness, by the trumpet of the archangel that shall wake the dead, and by the throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb, that you attend now to the things of eternity. Oh, what a sad thing it will be if, having come so near heaven, we miss it! Oh, to have come within sight of the shining pinnacles of the city and not have entered! Oh, to have been so near we have seen the mighty throng enter, and we not joining them! Angels of God, fly this way! God news for you, tell the story among the redeemed on high! If there be one there especially longing for our salvation, let that one know it now. We put down our sorrows. Glory be to God for such a hope, for such a pardon, for such a joy, for such a heaven, for such a Christ!

Speak Out Your Love. A French journal gives one excellent way by which we may advance Christ's kingdom, as follows: Let your friends know that you love them. Do not keep alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill your lives with sweetness; speak kind, approving words while their hearts can hear them. The things you mean to say when they are gone say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffin send to brighten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary days and open them that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and funeral without an eulogy, than life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for burial. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance over the weary days of our lives.

PROVERBIAL. A maiden should never be married in colors if she wishes to be happy, the most unfortunate colors being yellow and green.

Widows who re-marry ought not to be dressed in white. Wednesday is the most fortunate day for marriages, Saturday the most unlucky.

The thirteenth of the month is unfortunate for all purposes.

Birds in flocks are lucky, and the sun to shine upon a bride is most propitious, denoting success in all matters and mutual love.

If a green-pea pod containing nine peas is put by a maiden over the hall-door, she will be married if the first stranger who enters happens to be a bachelor.

Daniel Webster was lofty and dignified. His abstraction sometimes created the impression of incivility where no discourtesy was intended.

Gladstone is polite to everybody. At his country home he knows everyone in the vicinity, and has a kindly word for even the poorest farm laborer.

William Penn's formal but kindly politeness impressed even the Indians with whom he dealt. One of the names given him by them was "The Good Big Chief."

Madison made it a point to touch his hat to everyone who bowed to him, and the front part of his hat brim was always worn threadbare in consequence of this punctiliousness.

Henry Clay was said to make the most engaging bow of any gentleman of his time.

Haydn was the personification of courtesy. He once said: "It does not pay to be impolite, even to a dog."

The Duke of Marlborough said that he owed his success as much to his elegant deportment as to his talents.

Chesterfield was so graceful that one of his contemporaries said it was worth a journey across England to see him bow.

Andrew Jackson was rough in his manners, but he could be polite when he pleased. He was always courteous to ladies.