

## THE PIPES O' GORDON'S MEN.

Home comes a lad with the bonnie hair,  
And the faded plaid that the hill-climbers  
wore.  
And can hear the Mother say,  
"Where ha' ye bin, my Laddie, where ha'  
ye bin th' day?"  
"Och! I ha' bin wi' Gordon's men;  
Dance ye hear the bagpipes play?"  
And I followed the soldiers across the  
green.  
And down the road to Aberdeen,  
And when I'm a man, my Mother,  
And the grand old parade,  
I'll be marching there, wi' my Father's  
bagpipes.  
And I'll wear the red cockade."

Beneath the Southern sky ye ken the  
melody,  
As the clans reply when the tribesmen  
aspoke.  
Then the charge roars by!  
The death-words cling to the kilted form  
That the stretcher brings,  
And the iron-nerved argosies say,  
"Where ha' ye bin, my Laddie, where ha'  
ye bin th' day?"  
"Och! I ha' bin wi' Gordon's men;  
Dance ye hear the bagpipes play?"  
And I piped the clans from the river-  
bank.  
Across the sands—and through the charge—  
And I skinned the pibroch—keen—and  
high,  
But the pipes—bin broke—and—my—lips—  
bin—dry."  
—J. Scott Glasgow, in McClure's Maga-  
zine.

## THE TUMULT OF PASSION.

By CHRISTINE V. PENNEY.

Brentwood stood in a narrow door-  
way and gazed across at a closed  
window. The old, wild passion cap-  
tivated him. His fingers twitched  
nervously. His eyes burned through  
the night, evening mist, and strained  
toward the building opposite.  
"G—d, what a fool! What a fool!  
Don't keep away." He pulled a roll  
of bills from his fur lined topcoat,  
and quickly ran them through. "Bah!  
Only \$500. The very last, too. It's  
not a drop in the bucket." He start-  
led, as it came upon something un-  
expectedly. From an inner pocket he  
drew a large wallet. Carefully, he  
counted note after note. "Five thou-  
sand!—I'll do it! I'll risk it. I've  
got to win—the tide's bound to turn.  
I can pay it back."  
He hesitated. Brentwood spoke  
aloud. An Italian flower vendor, in  
the alley alongside, listened curiously.  
Brentwood started across the  
street.  
"Flowers, sir? Nice, fresh roses,  
sir."  
"No," snapped Brentwood. The  
old bell up the fragrant blossoms  
dominatingly. "Here, though, I guess  
I'll let you take some up to the  
house for my daughter—126 West  
—4th street; Brentwood's the name;  
how Madge Brentwood, understand?"  
"Madge Brentwood?" The Italian  
peeped.  
"Correct, my boy." Brentwood  
hesitatingly thrust a bill into the fel-  
low's hand, flung past him and en-  
tered the great gambling house of the  
city.  
Within all was brilliant. Lutu-  
ous comfort fawned upon you. Piles  
upon piles of red, blue and white  
dominoes clicked in your ears. Win  
or lose their rattle lured you on, and  
on again! Stacks of greenbacks gloat-  
ed behind the bars of a cashier's  
cage. The sight of them made your  
eyes bulge, your cheeks feverish, and  
your brain throb! The call of the  
cards! Harvey Brentwood knew well  
the irresistible fascination!  
Three men lolled at a table near  
the door.  
One of them motioned to Brent-  
wood.  
"Play?" he asked.  
"How many?" Inquired Brent-  
wood.  
"Four-handed."  
"Lamé?"  
"No limit, sir."  
Brentwood sat in. The game was  
on! Pot after pot rolled away from  
him. Seat after seat snapped on new  
goods of cards. Brentwood held  
good hands, antled and raised, but at  
the end the other fellow always had  
better. His cash was petering out.  
His cash? That was long since gone.  
It was the balance of the \$5000.  
Heaven! He must win this  
time!  
"It will cost you fifty to draw  
cards," said the dealer. Two of the  
players threw in their hands.  
"I'll stick," said Brentwood, care-  
lessly. He drew one card. He no-  
ticed that his opponent did likewise.  
"I'll bet you \$500," cried the man.  
"There's your \$500, and \$300 bet-  
ter," muttered Brentwood. He had  
sweated his last dollar!  
"Well, I'll call you."  
"Two pair," Brentwood's voice  
sounded harsh. "Aces high—aces  
and kings." He held out his hand.  
"Two pair here. Jacks up and  
Jacks down," sneered the man oppo-  
site. "Four of a kind, if you prefer."  
The cards trickled from Brent-  
wood's fingers. He crumbled like a  
cracker, blighted plant. With a piti-  
able groan he shoved the chips from  
him. They clattered across the board,  
and the winner drew them in. Smil-  
ing, he arranged them in neat rows  
before him. Brentwood's bleared  
eyes stared at them. They seemed to  
stretch menacingly, and they all  
amounted—dollars—thousands of them!  
With a gasp, he fell back.  
"Try another hand, Brentwood?"  
"No, all in, gentlemen. I'll have  
a—ay—good night." He staggered  
to his feet.  
"TI back you." A quiet voice  
spoke from the doorway. Brentwood  
whirled about and scrutinized the  
speaker. It was a young man,  
peaceably more than a boy, he seemed.  
The collar of his ulster muffled up to  
his ears, and a soft hat, the brim  
pulled down in front, still lay upon  
his head. It was no unusual thing  
for a lower here to find some willing  
champion to back him. But this  
was a mere boy! Brentwood consid-  
ered—hesitated. Then the thought

of his loss—his crime—beat about  
him.

"All right, sir. Come in, won't  
you? I'm losing heavily. You're  
sure you want to chance it?" The  
man nodded. "Come in, and hang  
up your coat. Be comfortable."  
"I'm comfortable, thank you. I'll  
look on from here. Win—we'll split.  
Lose—I'll stand it."  
Brentwood looked sharply at the  
lad. He had spoken so listlessly, in  
a worn-out way. Men who talked so  
seldom came here. But he turned to  
the table, to the fight that meant  
honor—everything to him.  
The first time round the pot was  
his. Then he won again—again—  
and again! The other players were  
bidding cautiously.  
"Brentwood, the kid sure's brought  
you luck," said one.  
Brentwood didn't answer. He was  
dealing. He looked closely at his  
cards. Folded them up. Ran his fin-  
ger quickly down the stacks of chips  
in front of him, roughly estimating  
about \$3000 and then said: "How  
many?"  
"Two."  
"The same here."  
"One."  
Brentwood held a pat hand. The  
three glanced at one another.  
"I'll bid \$200," said the man on  
his left, slowly. The others came  
up.  
"Two hundred," called Brentwood,  
"and \$800 better. An even \$1000,  
gentlemen."  
Ordinarily, some one of them  
would have tried it out. But Brent-  
wood had had a straight run of luck,  
and their cards went down. Brent-  
wood quietly gathered up his win-  
nings. The pat hand had done it.  
He had bluffed it out. But if they  
had called him—he had held only  
nine high!  
"That's all, I'm satisfied."  
He jumped up. He felt buoyant.  
The whole ugly affair seemed far  
behind and insignificant. His man-  
hood fought for recreation—for vic-  
tory over his tumultuous passion!  
In the elation of his success he had  
forgotten his champion. He turned  
now to the doorway. It was empty!  
Excitedly he searched the large room,  
but there was no trace of the stran-  
ger. He left the building hurriedly,  
and stood on the curb outside gazing  
about him. Somebody gently touched  
his shoulder. He turned and looked  
into the face of the youth who had  
assisted him to retrieve his honor.  
"Father!"  
Harvey Brentwood gasped. The  
lad pulled off his hat.  
"Father, it's Madge! Oh, father,  
how could you?"  
The man was speechless. He looked  
wan and old in the dull glare of the  
street lamp.  
"It was Dominic," the girl went  
on, "who told me when he brought  
the roses. He heard you talking to  
yourself in the doorway. He knew  
you were going to use—that money.  
I helped him when he was sick in the  
hospital, and he told me that I might  
save you. But I was too late—the  
money was gone—gone!" Some-  
thing choked in the girl's throat.  
Wide-eyed she gazed in unutterable  
agony upon her father. I—I—pledged  
my jewels—to back you."  
The man never spoke a word. The  
mirage that had deluded him all  
these years faded before him. He  
felt strangely quiet. Silently, he  
reached out his hand and found hers,  
and in the silence they walked, hand  
in hand, the broad avenue that led  
to home.—Boston Post.

"Mend it or End it."  
Lord Morley first used this phrase  
in connection with the House of  
Lords in a famous speech in St.  
James' Hall in July, 1884. We learn  
from the Manchester Guardian that  
he used it again last Friday night  
at the opening of the University  
Union Buildings, when, referring to  
the discussions at Oxford in his un-  
dergraduate days, he spoke of their  
debates about "the mending or the  
ending of great institutions." The  
first literary use of the phrase, our  
contemporary points out, seems to be  
in a passage in Scott's novel, "The  
Monastery," in which Halbert Glen-  
dinning exclaims: "My fate sends me  
elsewhere to scenes where I shall  
end it or mend it." A year or two  
later Byron used it in "Don Juan."  
"This is the way physicians mend or  
end us."—Westminster Gazette.

A Weight Lifted.  
The American heiress felt sobbing  
at the feet of the foreign nobleman.  
A dread fear obsessed her. Was it  
possible that she—she—  
No! It was absurd. Her better  
sense assured her of that. Still, she  
could not stifle this great fear, a fear  
that all was not as it should be. But  
she knew him so well. Surely it could  
not be—No, it was preposterous!  
He was of noble blood. But to ease  
her mind, even at the sacrifice of her  
self-esteem, she would ask him.  
"Tell me," she wailed, "do you  
love me for my wealth alone?"  
"I swear it," he cried.  
A glad light shone in her eyes, and  
a great weight seemed lifted from  
her soul, for she was a girl who had  
a great horror of doing anything un-  
conventional.—New York Times.

Trout Stream in Hotel.  
There is a large hotel in Colorado  
which has a notable feature of inter-  
est in the fact that a trout stream  
runs right through its dining room.  
A guest is allowed to take rod and  
line and angle for the fish, which  
when caught is cooked and served to  
him at the next meal, and it is quite a  
regular custom for a guest to catch  
trout for his own breakfast. Need-  
less to say the stream is kept well  
stocked with fish and is a great at-  
traction to the guests.—Denver Post.



## THE "LEAVITT" SHOTGUN.

All is fair in love, war, or collect-  
ing. A writer in Army and Navy Life  
tells how he finally got possession of  
the coveted "Leavitt shotgun"—a  
weapon with a romantic history. It  
is supposed to have been left in Port-  
land, Me., by an English lord, who  
came to this country to find a family  
black sheep, in the shape of a young-  
er brother. The gun had four bar-  
rels, so arranged that the lower pair  
could be revolved into position as  
soon as the upper pair had been fired.  
The writer had come upon a farmer  
who offered to show him his collec-  
tion, never suspecting that his guest  
was a connoisseur.  
I recognized the Leavitt gun the  
moment it came through the door-  
way. My heart jumped so I won-  
dered that he didn't ask what was the  
matter with me. I didn't touch that  
gun for a long time. I handled most  
of the others and priced some of  
them. Finally I ventured:  
"That is a curious looking gun.  
Where did you get it?"  
"That? Why, lemme see. I  
bought that off'n Tim Brown just be-  
fore he died. Thought I could make  
a dollar or two, maybe, on account of  
its havin' four shots instead of two.  
But I paid putty high for it, and so  
couldn't sell it cheap; an' then it's so  
tarnal heavy—weighs thirteen pounds  
—the boys wouldn't buy it. I was  
disgusted with myself, so I jest  
wrapped it up and laid it away in a  
meal chest, and it's been there ever  
since."  
I looked it over critically, balanced  
it, hefted it and aimed it at the spot  
where I came out of the woods.  
"What do you want for this gun?"  
I asked, indifferently, laying it across  
my knees.  
He hesitated some time, apparently  
debating with himself whether judg-  
ing from my appearance I would  
stand a good charge.  
"Wal, I tell ye," he finally said,  
"how will a dollar a barrel suit ye?"  
"Fine," said I, passing him two  
two dollar bills.  
"Can't I sell ye another, or maybe  
two or three, for a spec?" he asked.  
"I'll just stand this one inside the  
door, as one bought already," said I,  
suiting the action to the word, "and  
we will look the others over again."  
About then a newcomer arrived.  
"Just what I came to see," said he,  
smiling, and indicating the heap of  
guns. "I heard of your guns in Noc-  
kit, and I came right over to see  
them. I live in New York, and I col-  
lect firearms for a hobby, especially  
during vacation."  
"Firearms are my hobby, too," I  
said. "I have about 400, antique  
and curious ones together."  
Isaiah Day's expression was some-  
thing to see.  
The stranger and I looked over the  
pile of guns together, but they were  
cheap percussion and breech loading  
shotguns, altered flint muskets and  
worn out rifles. There was nothing  
there that we wanted. Day didn't  
urge us to buy any, but chewed a  
straw, and had a faraway look in his  
eyes.  
The stranger and I rose to go. I  
reached within the door and swung  
the gun out on to my shoulder. The  
stranger straightened as if he were  
stung. His eyes opened wide and his  
mouth opened, too.  
"Did you get that here?"  
"Just as you came out of the  
woods," I said.  
"Is it the Leavitt gun?"  
"It really is," I answered.  
We started along together. Day  
came, too.  
"What did you say your name is?"  
he asked me.  
"Sawyer."  
"I don't seem to remember any  
Sawyer in Noc'kit."  
"Probably not. I don't live there  
—I spend my summers there—my  
home is in Boston."  
"O-ho," said he, "you're a city  
man! What do you want of that  
gun?"  
"Just to look at," I answered gen-  
tly.  
"I don't believe it. There's some  
mystery about it. I believe I'd order  
asked you more for it; if I'd been  
bright I bet you'd paid another dollar  
a barrel for it."  
"Maybe I would," said I, "but it is  
too late now."  
"BAY O' FUNDY DAYS."  
The newspapers lately reported  
the finding of a rare pearl in the  
South Seas. The pioneer of the Pa-  
pete pearl fisheries, the "Pearl King  
of Tahiti," who is about to retire  
from the business out of which he  
has amassed a large fortune in the  
last twenty years, on one of his last  
visits to Paris brought a magnificent  
pearl valued at \$5000. A dealer in  
gems made an offer of \$50,000 for a  
mate to it. The "pearl king" has just  
returned from Tahiti, bringing with  
him, it is said, the desired jewel.  
This is pearl fishing on a large scale.  
Much more modest, yet no less inter-  
esting, was the amateur fishery car-  
ried on by Mr. Louis Becke when he  
was a boy, and recorded in his "Notes  
From My Sea Log."  
When we were boys in Australia  
we had holidays which we called  
"Bay o' Fundy Days." The light-  
house keeper was a native of Nova

Scotia, and he used to tell us of the  
wonderful tides of Fundy.

Whenever our tides were particu-  
larly low, and a reef two miles away  
showed high and dry, we boys had a  
"Bay o' Fundy Day," and explored  
the coast. We used to go out on  
the reef to gather certain shells, in  
which we found pearls. An old curio  
dealer would give us from five to ten  
shillings each for the larger ones, and  
for the seed pearls he paid a pound  
or two an ounce. This gave us a sum  
sufficient for pocket money, but one  
day we learned how to increase our  
small fortune.  
Ah Yam, a Chinaman, lived with a  
fellow fisherman in a hut near our  
place. One day he broke his leg, and  
our mother was very good to him  
through a long and tedious recovery.  
His gratitude was unbounded.  
One Sunday afternoon Ah Yam ap-  
peared and asked to speak to our  
mother and father in private. They  
were closeted for some time, and then  
mother called us in. She said:  
"Boys, you will be sorry to know  
that Ah and his mate are going back  
to China, and you will see them no  
more. Ah has brought me a very  
beautiful present."  
"No, missee, no," interrupted Ah,  
"not welly beautiful. Just show you  
I like you welly much and I welly  
solly to say good-bye."  
Mother showed us her hand, in  
which lay nine really valuable pearls,  
the size of a pea.  
"These are from the same kind of  
shells which you have gathered," she  
continued, "and Ah Yam is going to  
tell you a secret which will be of  
great value to you boys. You will be  
able to make a nice sum of money on  
"Bay o' Fundy Days."  
Ah then told us where to look for  
the best shells, and that we should  
pick out those which were the most  
aged and deformed and covered with  
coral growth. He said that he and  
Gee Foy had receive £270 for pearls  
in the three years he had lived near  
us.  
After that Bay o' Fundy Days were  
always profitable. We ran great risks  
in diving under the reefs and prying  
off the great shells with blunt chisels.  
We usually came to the surface with  
cut and bleeding hands and heads,  
but we took little heed of such minor  
matters.  
TO JOIN THE TEXANS.  
In 1842 or '43 the Texas war of  
Independence was at its height. In  
the West there was great sympathy  
with the Texans. Lew Wallace, in  
his "Autobiography," tells of a boy-  
ish enterprise connected with this  
war which, fortunately for him, was  
not successful. He said one morning  
to his deskmate, "Let's go and join  
Commodore Moore." Commodore  
Moore was at that time at the head  
of the navy of the infant republic of  
Texas.  
"I'll do it," he returned.  
"He'll make us midshipmen," I ar-  
gued.  
We got a skiff, laid in a supply of  
provisions and an armament consist-  
ing of a rifle and shot gun and big  
butcher knives strapped sailor fash-  
ion to our manly hips. A few days  
prior a flatboat had sailed from the  
port of Indianapolis bound for New  
Orleans. To overtake it was our first  
point.  
The day of departure arrived. We  
went to our boat separately. What  
was our astonishment to find the  
whole male body of the seminary on  
the bank above the landing. They  
cheered us, and we jumped in, un-  
shipped our oars, waved our hats in  
farewell, and shot heroically into the  
friendly current.  
In wise forethought of supper in  
some lonesome jungle of the river at  
night, my comrade landed on an is-  
land and to kill a goose with a stick.  
We flung the bird aboard, thinking it  
dead; but just as we swung by a field  
lively with harvesters the goose re-  
vived, and uttered a "honk!" loud  
and long. The harvesters heard the  
outcry, grasped the situation, and un-  
mooring a canoe, set out in pursuit.  
They were swift; so were we. For  
miles they kept up the chase, then  
fortunately ceased following us.  
Below Indianapolis ten miles are  
the Bluffs, noteworthy because of a  
dam across the river, to supply the  
canal finished to that point. The fall  
over the dam was too high for shoot-  
ing, making it necessary to land in  
the canal for portage. My companion  
stayed with the boat, while I went  
ashore for some kindling. He saw  
two men whom he recognized as my  
mother's father and a constable. My  
grandfather was a wise man. With-  
out a lecture, or so much as a refer-  
ence to my elopement, he landed me  
in Indianapolis that night.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.  
A girl seventeen years old has ac-  
complished the extraordinary feat of  
ascending a church spire 260 feet  
high, in the teeth of a gale of wind.  
A steeplejack had undertaken to as-  
cend the spire of All Saints', Here-  
ford, the highest in the West of Eng-  
land, when Miss Elsie Heins, the  
daughter of one of the church war-  
dens, volunteered to accompany him.  
The ascent was made by means of a  
steeplejack's cradle. In spite of the  
force of the wind and the swaying of  
the cradle, the girl, says the steeple-  
jack, was remarkably cool all through  
the perilous ascent and descent. The  
ascent was made on market day, and  
a great crowd watched in thrilling  
suspense every movement of the  
swaying cradle. Traffic was entirely  
blocked by the crowd until the girl  
had gained the summit and descend-  
ed unharmed.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has  
increased the salaries of common  
pleas judges from \$3500 to \$11,000  
a year.

## Lincoln's Remarkable Intellect

By George L. Knapp

I F we put aside the popular preconceptions of Lincoln, and  
look instead at the recorded facts, we shall find evidence of  
his remarkable intellect at every stage of his adult career.  
In his youth, indeed, he had the misty vagaries proper to  
youth and like so many great men, he came to maturity late.  
But from the time that he entered seriously on his life  
work, his mental powers were held in high, almost reverent  
regard by all who were close to him. In one sense, he was  
not a great lawyer. He lacked the broad education, to begin  
with; and he lacked even more the soldier-of-fortune conscience that enables  
a man to fight on one side as well as on another, in a bad cause as well as in  
a good one. Lincoln's intellect was too keen, too cold, too accurate, to toler-  
ate quibbles or evasions; he hated crooked reasoning quite as virulently as  
crooked dealing. But when he believed in his case, he could state that case  
in a way which made argument almost needless; and he had that sure and  
certain mark of genius, the ability to brush aside non-essentials and seize at  
once on the central, vital issue.  
And yet in the struggles of politics, the work which he really loved, the  
same qualities show out in yet higher relief. Seldom if ever was there a  
more consummate politician than Abraham Lincoln. The aim of his early  
political life was to save the Union. If Lincoln ever made a wrong move to  
gain his goal, history has failed to record it. When he put his famous ques-  
tion to Douglas, as to the possibility of excluding slavery from the territories,  
his friends thought he had thrown away his own future and that of his party.  
Lincoln knew better. He was trying, not to keep Douglas from the Senate,  
but to keep him from the White House. He could see already that the crisis  
of the struggle would come, not in 1858, but in 1860. He offered the gambit,  
and Douglas accepted it—to find himself checkmated two moves later.—Lip-  
pincott's.

## A Man In a Hurry

By W. T. Childs

MAN was in a hurry. He acted like it. He squeezed and  
pushed and shoved through the crowded side of the street  
as if something of the greatest importance depended upon  
his haste. It never occurred to him that he could make  
more progress on the other side of the street, which was not  
so crowded, or that he would be less impeded on another  
parallel street.  
Now and then he would be heard to say "Excuse me!"  
or "I beg your pardon!" but he was not heard to make such  
a remark when he roughly brushed against some child. He was said to be  
very polite, but his politeness seemed to be toward some certain few, not to-  
ward everybody. But he was in a hurry, and of course he thought his haste  
excused a multitude of his sins of omission.  
He thought the old colored woman, whom he pushed to one side, had no  
business on the street when people were in a hurry—when he was in a hurry.  
He did not know that this old colored woman was making as much haste as  
she possibly could, to summon a doctor to attend her sick mistress. Of  
course, if he had known this, he would not have acted so selfishly.  
Indeed, it is doubtful if he saw the little girl whom he almost knocked  
down. If he had, he certainly would have begged her pardon. To be sure,  
he did not know that she was a cash girl in one of the department stores and  
that she was so tired that she could hardly stand upon her feet.  
The blind beggar who stopped him and begged a penny got only a rebuke,  
because he was in a hurry. "Haven't got time!" he gruffly said to the poor  
fellow.  
When he finally reached home, he even forgot to greet his wife with his  
customary kiss; he was in a hurry. And why was he in such a hurry? He  
had an engagement to attend the theatre that evening with several friends.  
It is a good thing that everybody is not in a hurry.

## ...Why Woman Lies...

By Marcel Prevost in Paris Figaro

EXCEPT when in love, man is much less given to lying than  
his long-haired companion. There is good reason for this.  
Primeval man, who controlled woman by the right of  
the conqueror, or, at least, the stronger, had no need for  
lying to make life as pleasant for himself as he saw fit.  
Woman, on the other hand, was a slave, using her in-  
telligence in slave fashion—that is, as a rank egoist. Her  
prime object in life was to please her lord, to work as little  
as possible, to avoid punishment, to fool her master and to  
conceal from him everything that might possibly result in annoyance to her-  
self. So the wife-slave of old developed into a most accomplished liar.  
It would be foolish to deny that woman's status has changed since then,  
at least among civilized peoples. But there are still many laws on the statute  
books compelling women to use deception and lying in self-defense.  
If man did not use his physical and legal muscles against woman, woman  
would be more honest. She might even in time forget how to lie. Most of  
the lies women tell ought to be credited in the Book of Judgment to man's  
account.  
It goes without saying that long-continued experience—I, e., the heredity  
of lying, so to speak—has made woman an expert prevaricator. Man is a  
robust liar only. Listen to the man liar's statements in any court of justice.  
For the most part they are ridiculous, utterly absurd. And worse still, when a  
man liar is found out—as he must be found out—he utterly goes to pieces.  
Of course, men encourage woman's lying. The man who is caught in a  
lie loses caste, is kicked out of his club, while few, if any, men find serious  
fault with woman's fibs.

## A Little Sermon

By Andrew Carnegie

MAN has to give an account of every word he speaks. Ev-  
ery boy weaves a web. No false thread can be eradicated,  
not one, because the web moves on. Every act you do  
leaves its imprint on your character, which is your web. You  
would be better men if you made no false threads in your  
web.  
There is a judge, not on high, nor below, but in your  
own self—your conscience. You can't deceive the judge  
within you. You can't cheat yourself. No fooling that  
court. When you lay yourself down at night and say to that judge, "Today I  
have been kind to all and have done nothing wrong," and that judge is satis-  
fied, then you have no judge to fear above or below, or on this earth.  
That's my sermon today. I'll be thankful if one day some of you men re-  
call me and say, "I one day heard Mr. Carnegie deliver a sermon that was  
worth a hundred sermons I heard elsewhere." If you don't live this world  
well, I wouldn't give three cents for your chances in the next.