

## THE FLOWER OF DEATH.

A Night of Despair and its Joyful Morning.

BY J. F. DAVIDSON.

"You are as good as dead," said the doctor, looking steadily at Anatole. Anatole staggered. He had come to pass a cheerful evening with his old friend, Dr. Bardais, the savant whose works in poisonous substances are so well and favorably known, but one whose excellence of heart and almost fatherly kindness Anatole had been able to appreciate more than any one. And now all of a sudden, without regard for his feelings, without being prepared to hear it, the terrible prognosis is uttered by so great an authority. "Unfortunate fellow," continued the doctor, "what have you done?" "Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole, greatly troubled. "Try to recollect. Tell me what you have drunk, what you have eaten and what you have breathed." The last word spoken by the doctor was a ray of light to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from one of his friends who was traveling in India. In this letter had been a flower plucked on the shores of the Ganges by the traveler—a flower, red, warped and of bizarre shape, the odor of which, he remembered well now, had seemed to him strangely penetrating. Anatole searched in his pocket-book and took therefrom the letter and flower in question, which he showed to the savant. "Without doubt," exclaimed the doctor, "it is the *Pyramenis Indica*—the fatal flower, the flower of death."

"Do you really think so?" "I am sure of it." "But it is not possible. I am only 25 years old. I feel myself full of life and health." "When did you open that fatal letter?" "At 9 o'clock this morning." "Well, tomorrow morning at the same hour, indeed at the same moment, you will feel a sharp anguish at the heart, and it will be all over with you." "And do you not know any remedy, any means of—?" "None," said the doctor, and hiding his face in his hands he sank backward in an armchair, choked with grief. From the emotion displayed by his old friend, Anatole realized that there was no hope. He departed in a dazed manner. With beads of cold perspiration on his brow and his thoughts confused, Anatole moved along unconscious of what was passing around him and not even suspecting that the streets were becoming deserted. He wandered a long time thus, but at last, coming to a bench, he sat down. The rest did him good. Until then he had been like a man who had been struck on the head with a club. The effects of the shock were disappearing, and he began now to collect his vagrant thoughts. "My plight," thought he, "is that of a person condemned to death. Yet I can still hope for mercy. By the way, how much longer have I to live?" He looked at his watch. "It lacks three hours of morning. It is time I was in bed. I go to bed, indeed! To devote the last sad hours of my life to sleep! No, I can certainly do better than that. But, what? Parbleu! I have it. I will draw up my last will and testament." A restaurant which remained open all night was near by. Anatole entered and sat down. "Waiter, a cup of coffee and a bottle of ink."

He took a sip and looked at his writing paper, reflecting: "To whom shall I leave my 6000 francs income? I have neither father nor mother—a fact which is lucky for them. And among the persons who interest me I can think only of one—Nicette." Nicette was one of his forty-second cousins, a charming young girl of 18 years, with fair tresses and large, black eyes. Like himself she was an orphan, and this community of fate had long ago established a bond of sympathy between them. His will was speedily drawn up. He left everything to Nicette. "Poor Nicette," thought he. "Her guardian, who knows little of the world except this class, which he teaches to play on brass instruments at the conservatory, has betrothed himself to promise her hand to a brute, a sort of bully, whom she detests, because she loves another, as she has avowed to me, although with reticence and an embarrassed air. Who is this happy mortal? But he must be worthy of her, since she has fixed her affection on him. Good, gentle, comely and affectionate Nicette deserves an ideal husband. Ah, how well would she have suited me for a wife. It is an infamous tyranny to spoil her life by giving her to a brute. But why should I not be Nicette's champion? I have said it now, and tomorrow morning I will begin to act. But tomorrow morning it will be too late. Now is the time to begin, if at all. The hour is a little late, but I propose to see people,

but as I shall be dead in five hours I don't care a sou for conventionalities. Yes, I'll do it—my life for Nicette." It was 4 o'clock in the morning when Anatole rang the bell at the house of Nicette's guardian, M. Bousard. Badly frightened and wearing his night-cap, he answered the door. "Is the house on fire?" "No, my dear M. Bousard," replied Anatole, "I have come for a chat." "At this hour?" "I am at all hours pleased to see you; but you are not dressed, M. Bousard. Are you going back to bed again?" "That's what I am going to do. But—I suppose monsieur, that to disturb me in this manner you must have something very important to say to me." "Very important, M. Bousard. It is necessary that you give up your plan of marrying my cousin Nicette to M. Capendac."

"Never, monsieur, never." "But I say, yes." "Monsieur, my resolution is taken. The marriage will take place." "It will not." "We'll see about that. And now that you are acquainted with my answer I will not detain you longer." "That is not altogether polite. But I am as good-humored as I am tenacious, M. Bousard. I am not offended at your procedure, and I will remain." "Remain if you like. I consider you as gone, and I will not converse further with you." And M. Bousard turned toward the wall, grumbling, "Did one ever see the like; to disturb a peaceful man, to rouse him from his sleep, for the purpose of listening to such nonsense." Suddenly M. Bousard made a bound from his bed. Anatole had taken up one of the trombones of the professor, into which he blew with might and main, madly moving the slide. Infernal sounds were emitted by the instrument. "My cherished trombone, given me by my pupils! Leave the instrument alone, monsieur." "Monsieur," said Anatole, "you consider me as departed. I consider you as absent, and I am amusing myself while waiting for your return. Um-pa! Um-pa! What dulcet melody!" "You will cause me to receive notice to leave the house. My neighbors will not tolerate the trombone after midnight."

"Then all I can say is they have no love of music in their souls. Z-z-z-z! Wow! Tootle-toot! Um-pa! Um-pa!" "Stop, for mercy's sake." "Do you consent, then?" "To what?" "To give up the marriage." "But monsieur, I can't do it." "Then, um-pa!" "M. Capendac is a terrible man. If I affront him thus he will kill me." "Does that reason influence you?" "Yes, and others besides." "In that case leave all to me. Only swear to me that if I obtain the consent of M. Capendac to the breaking of the match my cousin shall be free." "Yes, monsieur, she shall be free." "Bravo. I have your word. Permit me to retire. But where does this Capendac live?" "Number 100, Rue des Deux-Epees." "I will go there. Good-by." "As for you," thought M. Bousard, "you are putting your head in the lion's mouth, and you will be taught a lesson that you deserve to learn." Meanwhile Anatole hastened to the address indicated. When he arrived there it was 6 o'clock in the morning. "Ting-a-ling-a-ling." "Who is there?" said a deep voice from within. "Open. I am the bearer of a very important message from M. Bousard." He heard the noise of a safety chain being displaced and of a key with which three locks were successively opened. "Here is a man well defended," thought Anatole. Finally the door was opened. Anatole found himself in the presence of a gentleman with a large, curled mustache, who wore a fencing costume as his night-dress. "Always ready, you see. It is my invention." The walls of the ante-chamber were hidden by suits of armor. In the little parlor into which Capendac conducted his visitor he saw only weapons galore; atagahans, poisoned arrows, sabres, one and two-handed swords, pistols, lances; there was plenty there to make a timid heart quail. "Bah," thought Anatole, "what do I risk now? Two hours and a half at the most. Here goes."

Capendac looked askance at Anatole, who was not a large man, but who seemed very determined. "Ah, young man," said he, at length, "you are lucky to find me in a pleasant humor. Profit by it. Do you know that I have fought twenty duels in which I had the misfortune to slay five of my adversaries and to wound the other fifteen? Once more I warn you to retire." "I see," replied Anatole, "that you are an adversary worthy of my steel, and my desire increases to measure swords with a man so redoubtable. Let us see. Suppose we fight with those two swords by the chimney, or these two sabres, or these—what do you say to these curved atagahans. You don't decide? Why do you hesitate?" "I was thinking of your mother and the grief your death would cause her." "I am an orphan. Do you prefer the carbine, the pistol or the revolver?" "Young man, do not fool with these firearms." "Are you afraid? You tremble." "I tremble? Nonsense, it is the cold." "Then either fight or renounce the hand of Nicette." "I like your pluck. The brave should always be in harmony with each other. Do you wish me to confess something to you?" "Out with it." "For some time past I have wished to free myself from this betrothal, but I did not know how to go to work about it. I would consent very willingly to what you desire of me, but you must understand that I, Capendac, can not have the air of yielding to threats. Now you have menaced me." "I withdraw the menace." "Then it is agreed."

"Will you write and sign your relinquishment of Nicette?" "I have so much sympathy for you that I can refuse you nothing." Furnished with the precious paper, Anatole hurried back to the residence of M. Bousard. He reached his door at 8 o'clock. "Ting-a-ling-a-ling." "Who is there?" "Anatole." "Be off to bed," cried the professor, wrathfully. "I have the consent of M. Capendac Open, or I will have to break the door." M. Bousard opened it. Anatole showed him the paper and going to the door of Nicette's room called out "Cousin, rise, dress yourself quickly, and come down." Some minutes after, Nicette, fresh as the dawn, came into the little parlor. "What is the matter?" she inquired. "The matter is," answered M. Bousard, "that your cousin is crazy." "If that be so there is at any rate method in his madness," exclaimed Anatole. "This very night, my dear cousin, I have achieved two things. M. Capendac has renounced his claim to your hand, and your excellent guardian consents that you shall marry whom you please." "Really and truly, my guardian, am I free to marry Anatole?" "Then, I love you, my cousin." At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat rapidly. Was it by reason of the pleasure which the unexpected avowal of Nicette had caused him? Was it the pang predicted by Dr. Bardais? Was it death? "Wretch that I am!" exclaimed the poor fellow. "The cup of happiness is at my lips, and I am going to die without tasting it." Then feverishly taking Nicette's hand he told her all; how he had received the letter which contained the flower whose fragrance he had inhaled and of the prognostic of Dr. Bardais; how he had made his will in her favor, the steps he had subsequently taken, and the success with which his efforts had been crowned. "And now," sighed he, "I must die." "But it is impossible," said Nicette; "the doctor is deceived. Who is he?" "A man who is never wrong in his diagnosis, Nicette—Dr. Bardais." "Bardais, Bardais!" cried M. Bousard suddenly, bursting out laughing. "Hear what the morning paper says: 'The learned Dr. Bardais has just been suddenly stricken with mental alienation. The mania from which he suffers is of a peculiar character. It is well known that the doctor made a special study of poisonous substances. He believes now that all whom he meets are poisoned and endeavors to persuade them that such is the case. He was removed at night to the madhouse.'"

"Nicette!" "Anatole!" The young couple had rushed into each other's arms and were locked in a fond embrace. They Had Not Been Introduced. The Stella disaster furnished an incident typical of Englishmen beyond everybody on earth. Three drenched survivors, after riding for fifteen hours across an upturned boat, were picked up and sent to their destinations. The reporters chanced to meet one and got his story. They asked for the names and homes of his companions and he answered: "I do not know. I did not ask. We had not been introduced." —New York Sun. It is estimated that about 2,000,000 bicycles have been made in Europe and America.

## ART IN AMERICA.

Growth That Promises to Make This Country the "Louvre of Nations." It does not seem to be commonly realized that America—that is, the United States—is on the way to become the Louvre of the nations, remarks a writer in the Nineteenth Century. From year to year the public galleries have been enriched with masterpieces of all the modern schools; and by purchase, bequest, or gift, many valuable and some great pictures by the older Italian, Flemish, and Spanish masters have been added to the already imposing store of national art wealth.

In New York preeminently, but also in Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, and in other large cities from New Orleans in the south to Chicago in the north, and from Baltimore in the east to San Francisco in the west, there is now so numerous, and, in the main, so distinguished a congregation of pictures, of all schools and periods, that the day is not only at hand, but has arrived, when the native student of art no longer needs to go abroad in order to learn the tidal reach and high-water mark in this or that nation's achievement, in this or that school's accomplishment, in this or that individual painter's work. In time, and probably before long, the great desideratum will be attained—the atmosphere wherein the creative imagination is sustained and nourished. At present the most brilliant American painters must follow the trade flag of art, and that banner flaunts nowhere steadily but in Paris and London.

There are now in America more training schools, more opportunities for instruction, more chances for the individual young painter to arrive at self-knowledge than were enjoyed of old by the eager youth of Flanders, of France, of Spain, even of Italy. But the essential is still wanting, without which all these advantages are merely stars among the branches. There is no atmosphere of art in America at large.

In the great majority of towns throughout the States there is no atmosphere at all. But every few years the radical influences at work are transmuting these conditions, and though neither Boston, nor Washington, nor even New York are yet art-centres in any way comparable to London, or Paris, or Munich, the time is not far distant when the inevitable must happen.

In actual respect of art treasures the great cities of the States are already beyond our own provincial cities and towns, among which only Liverpool and Glasgow stand out pre-eminently. New York, naturally, has become the art metropolis of the States. Already the art wealth of this great city is almost incalculable. Boston comes next, then Washington. But notwithstanding the general idea to the contrary, the finest private collections are not in New York. There is no private collection in New York or Boston or Washington to compare for a moment with that of Mr. W. T. Walters at Baltimore. Of all the "homes of art" to be seen in America, Mr. Walters' is pre-eminently "the House Beautiful."

Within the last ten years the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has become the most interesting of all national art collections. First Fish Story of the Year. John Willard Northrop is one of Chicago's most enthusiastic fishermen, and when he makes a big catch he always brings something home with him by way of evidence. As his latest piscatorial prize he is bringing home the head of a devilfish which he caught while tarpon fishing in the Gulf of Mexico off Punta Rasa, Fla. The monster before dismemberment was 22 1/2 feet long 18 feet wide, 3 1/2 feet thick and had a tail the shape of a billiard cue and about twice as long.

It was while fishing from a launch that Northrop sighted the devilfish. One of the guides suggested that if Mr. Northrop would risk a fight with the monster he would try to harpoon him. There were two harpoons on board, and it was deemed best to have the guide use one and Northrop the other. Northrop threw first for a fairly good hold, which the guide "cinched" with another. Then there was a fight. At times the vessel was able to go ahead; at other times the devilfish was towing it. In the meantime the crew fired shot after shot at the prisoner, and finally it was killed. Small holes were cut into each side of the fish, into which shark hooks were inserted. Then the devilfish was towed to shore and "bleached." —Chicago-Times Herald.

Bonaparte's Sugar Bowl. A Hampden (Me.) woman, Mrs. E. B. Maddocks, has in her possession a sugar bowl which was once the property of Napoleon Bonaparte. It was given to her mother in 1812, when Napoleon was in camp at Stansberg. The bowl is made of earthenware and is silver-plated and is considered no less valuable because of a nick in the cover of the bowl, as the story runs that Napoleon was passing it to a friend one day when he accidentally dropped it on the floor, making the forehead nick.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "You Can't Cheat God"—He Will Weigh Our Acts With Perfect Balances—Opportunities Measured Against Sins—Personal Responsibility For Errors.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1897.) WASHINGTON, D. C.—In these days of moral awakening this pointed sermon by Dr. Talmage on personal responsibility before God will be read with a deep and solemn interest; text, Daniel v., 27. "Thou wast weighed in the balance and found wanting." Babylon was the paradise of architecture, and driven out from thence the grandest buildings of modern times are only the evidence of her fall. The site having been selected for the city, 2,000,000 men were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city sixty miles in circumference. There was a trench all around the city, from which the material for the building of the city had been dug. There were twenty-five gates on each side of the city; between every two gates a tower of defense sprang into the skies; from each gate on the one side, a street running straight through to the corresponding gate on the other side, so that there were fifty streets fifty miles long. Through the three branches of the river Euphrates. This river sometimes overflowed its banks, and to keep it from ruining the city, a lake was constructed into which the surplus water of the river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, when this water would stream down over the city. At either end of the bridge spanning the Euphrates there was a palace—the one palace a mile and a half around, the other palace seven and a half miles around.

The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been born and brought up in the country, and in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Babylon, and so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the midst of the city a mountain 400 feet high. This mountain was built on top of terraces supported on arches. On the top of these arches a layer of flat stones, on the top of that a layer of reds and bitumen, on the top of that two layers of bricks closely cemented, on the top of that a layer of lead, and on the top of that the soil placed on the soil so deep that a Lebanon cedar had room to anchor its roots. There were pumps worked by mighty machinery, fetching up the water from the Euphrates to this hanging garden, as it was called, and there were fountains spouting into the sky. Standing below and looking up, it must have seemed as if the clouds were in blossom, or as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a cedar. All this Nebuchadnezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased, and she was pleased. If that would not please her, nothing would. There was in that city also the temple of Belus, with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in the temple an image, just one image, which would cost what would be our \$50,000,000.

Oh, what a city! The earth never saw anything like it, never will see anything like it, and yet I have to tell you that it is going to be destroyed. The king, who was pleased, they are all intoxicated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices! Drink to the health of the king! Drink to the glory of Babylon! Drink to a great future! A thousand lords reel intoxicated. The king, seated upon a chair, with a vacant look, as intoxicated men will, and vacant look stared at the wall. But soon that vacant look takes on intensity, and it is an affrighted look, and all the princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall, and then there drops a darkness into the room that puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the darkness there comes a finger—a finger of the fiery terror circling around and circling around as though it would write, and then it comes up and with sharp tip of flame it inscribes on the plaster on the wall the doom of the king: "Weighed in the balances and found wanting." The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace is followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into 1000 quivering hearts. Now the king is king, and he is seated on a throne of corpses. In that hall there is a balance lifted. God swung it. On one side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities, on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The sins come down. His opportunities go up. Weighed in the balances—found wanting.

There has been a great deal of cheating in our country with false weights and measures and balances, and the Government to change that state of things, appointed Commissioners, whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break or some of the metal may be clipped or in some way the equis may be disturbed, and a pound is not always a pound, and you may pay for one thing and get another, but, in the balance which is suspended to the throne of God, a pound is a pound and right is right and wrong is wrong, and there is a soul and eternal life, and God has a perfect bushel and a perfect peck and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weighs the goods again. If from the imperfect measure the merchant pours out what he intends to be a gallon of oil, and there is less than a gallon, God knows it, and He calls upon His recording angel to mark it. "So much wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes in from the country. He has apples to sell. He has an imperfect measure. He pours out the apples from this imperfect measure. God recognizes it. He says to the recording angel, "Mark down so many apples too few—an imperfect measure." We may cheat ourselves, and we may cheat the world, but we cannot cheat God, and in the great day of judgment it will be found out that what we learned in boyhood at school is correct; that twenty hundredweight makes a ton, and 120 solid feet make a cord of wood. No more, no less, and a religion which does not take hold of this life, as well as the life to come, is no religion at all.

But, my friends, that is not the style of balances I am to speak of to-day; that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of balances which weigh principles, weigh churches, weigh man, weigh nations and weigh worlds. "What!" you say. "Is it possible that our world is to be weighed?" Yes, why, you would think if God put on one side of the balances suspended from the throne the Alps and the Pyrenees and the Himalayas and Mount Washington and all the cities of the earth they would crush it. No, no! The time will come when God will sit down on the white throne to see the world weighed, and on one side will be the

world's opportunities and on the other side the world's sins. Down will go the sins and away will go the opportunities and God will say to the messengers with the torch: "Burn that world! Weighed and found wanting!"

So God will weigh churches. He takes a great church. That church, great according to the worldly estimate, must be weighed. He puts it on one side the balance and the minister and the choir and the building that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. He puts them on one side the balance. On the other side of the scale He puts what that church ought to be, what its consecration ought to be, what its sympathy for the poor ought to be, what its devotion to all good ought to be. That is on one side. That side comes down and the church, not being able to stand the test, goes down. He weighs it. It does not make any difference about your magnificent machinery. A church is built for one thing—to save souls. If it saves a few souls when it might save a multitude of souls, God will sweep it out of His mouth. Weighed and found wanting!

So we perceive that God estimates nations. How many times has He put the Spanish monarchy into the scales and found it insufficient and condemned it! The French empire was placed on one side of the scales, and God weighed the French empire, and Napoleon said: "Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Did I not know the glories of the Champs Elysees? Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Have I not built the gilded opera house? Then God weighed the nation, and He put on one side the scales the emperor and the boulevards and the Tuileries and the Champs Elysees and the gilded opera house, and on the other side He puts that man's abominations, that man's libertinism, that man's selfishness, that man's godless ambition. This last came down, and all the brilliancy of the scene vanished. What is that voice coming up from Sedan? Weighed and found wanting!

People say there is a day of judgment coming. My friends, every day is a day of judgment, and you and I to-day are being canvassed, inspected, weighed. Here are the balances of the sanctuary. They are lifted, and we must all be weighed. Who will come and be weighed? Here is a moralist who volunteers. He is one of the most upright men in the country. He comes. "Well, my brother, get in—get into the balances now and be weighed." "But as he gets into the balances I say, 'What is that bundle you have along with you?' "Oh, my brother, that is my preparation for goodness and kindness and charity and generosity and kindness generally!" "Oh, my brother, we cannot weigh that. We are going to weigh you—you. Now stand in the scales—you, the moralist. Paid your debts? "Yes," you say. "paid all my debts." "Have you acted in an upright way in the community?" "Yes, yes." "Have you been kind to the poor? Are you faithful in a thousand relations in life?" "Yes." "So far, so good. But now, before you get out of this scale I want to ask you two or three questions. Have your thoughts always been right?" "No, you say, 'no.' Put down one mark. "Have you loved the Lord with all your heart and soul and mind and strength?" "No, you say. Make another mark." "Come now, be frank and confess to me. How many marks have come short, have you not?" "Yes." "Make 10,000 marks. Come now, get me a book large enough to make the record of the moralist's deficits. My brother, stand in the scales, do not fly away from them. I put on your side the scales all the good deeds you ever did, and all the words you ever uttered. But on the other side the scales I put this weight which God says I must put there—on the other side the scales and opposite to yours I put this weight, 'By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified.'" Weighed and found wanting!

Still, the balances of the sanctuary are suspended and we are ready to weigh any who come. Who shall be the next. Well, here is a formalist. He comes and he gets into the balances, and as he gets in I see that all his religion is in genuflection and in outward observances. As he gets into the scales I say, "What is the balance in this pocket?" "Oh!" he says, "that is a Westminster assembly catechism." I say: "Very good. What have you in the other pocket?" "Oh!" he says, "that is the Heidelberg catechism." "Very good. What is that you have under your arm standing in this balance of the sanctuary?" "Oh!" he says, "that is a church record." "Very good. What are those books on your side the balances?" "Oh!" he says, "those are Calvin's Institutes." "My brother, we are not weighing books, we are weighing men. It cannot be that you are depending for your salvation upon your orthodoxy. Do you not know that the creeds and the forms of religion are merely the scaffolding for the building? You certainly are not going to mistake the scaffolding for the building. Do you know that men have gone to perdition with a catechism in their pocket?" "But," says the man, "I cross myself often." "All that will not save you." "But," says the man, "I am sympathetic for the poor." "That will not save you." "Say the psalm, 'I sat at the communion table.'" "That will not save you." "But," says the man, "I have had my name on the church record." "That will not save you." "But I have been a professor of religion forty years." "That will not save you. Stand there on your side the balances. I will give you the advantage—I will let you have all the creeds, all the church records, all the Christian conventions that were ever held, all the communion tables that were ever built, on your side the balances. On your side the balances I must put what God says I must put there. I put this 1,000,000 pound weight on the other side the balances, 'Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.'" Weighed and found wanting!

Still the balances are suspended. Are there any others who would like to be weighed or who will be weighed? Yes; here comes a worldlying. He gets into the scales. I can very easily see what his whole life is made up of. Stocks, dividends, percentages, "bnyor ten days, 'buyer thirty days.'" "Get in my friend, get into these balances and be weighed—weighed for this life and weighed for the life to come." He gets in. I find that the two great questions in his life are, "How cheaply can I buy these goods?" and "How deeply can I sell these goods?" On your side the balances, O worldlying, I will give you an advantage. I put on your side all the banking houses, all the storehouses, all the cargoes, all the insurance companies, all the factories, all the silver, all the gold, all the money vaults, all the safe deposits—all on your side. But it does not add one ounce, for at the very moment we are congratulating you on your fine house and upon your princely income God and the angels are writing in regard to your soul. "Weighed and found wanting!"