

A DAY WELL SPENT.

If we sit down at set of sun, And count the things that we have done, And counting find One self-denying act, one word That eased the heart of him who heard; One glance most kind, That felt like sunshine where it went, Then we may count the day well spent.

But if through all the livelong day We've eased no heart by yea or nay; If through it all We've nothing done that we can trace That brought the sunshine to a face; No act most small, That helped some soul and nothing cost, Then count that day as worse than lost.

THE SALTING OF THE ESPERANZA. A Long-Delayed Revenge.

Mining men, assayers and the like will deride and hoot at you if you mildly hint to them that theirs is a very "romantic" business, with its big chances pro and con, its lack of out-and-driedness, and so on. And they may be in the right, for all one knows. But there was one case wherein romance, mining and assaying made a very homogeneous mix—that of the great "Esperanza Gold Mines, Limited," in which the principal actors were Mr. John Simpson, assayer and ore buyer, and Richard Hadley-Benton, M. P., representing an English borough and something like a quarter of a million pounds sterling, which, on his say-so, was invested in the "Esperanza."

Hon. Duncan was shown ceremoniously to the door. Added to all of which, he next day had the happiness of hearing that his ex-chum and present undoer, Hadley-Benton, had again proposed to Miss Butler—this time successfully. The marriage, said the society papers, would take place within 30 days.

No wonder that the girl's family, evoked, stormed and wept, respectively; even Hadley-Benton, with his rich mining and broking father, would have been a more desirable parti. But, no; headstrong Miss Butler would have none of him, none of the nasal Yankee millionaire who was hunting "a wife from the nobility," none of the gony old duke. In short, she would marry the poverty-stricken Duncan Dudley, and no one else. She did not care whether he had money, prospects, a profession or not; she loved him, and proposed to marry him. Which, in spite of tears, prayers and profanity, settled the matter. Miss Butler, in spite of her beauty, had a will and a mind of her own, and there was no use whatever in disputing her.

Regarding Mr. John Simpson, second-class passenger from Liverpool on the British South American and Panama S. S. liner Palma, it would be an impossible feat to follow his fortunes and misfortunes through the next ten years. He had logged on the Amazon, dug for gold (which, like Raehael's children, "was not") in the Guianas, gambled unsuccessfully in Panama, and at last, in desperation, had drifted to the Mexican border. There he had the fortune (or misfortune) to save the life of a Mexican girl, the only daughter of a ranchero, who owned ranchos and a mine or two in the western part of Mexico, just then in process of development by various English and American syndicates.

Wherefore reluctant consents were won, reluctant blessings were said, the engagement was announced, the marriage was arranged to take place within two months, and the Hon. Duncan and his beautiful fiancée were as happy as the day is long. The saying that "true love never does run smooth" seemed to be disproved in their case, perhaps would have remained disproved but for Mr. Richard Hadley-Benton.

In the course of time Simpson's employer died, and Simpson continued the assay office on his own account, for he had learned the business during his five years' apprenticeship, and chemical knowledge gained by him while at Oxford also stood him in good stead. Besides which he had learned a great deal about mines and mining, and knew what was ore and what was not. (You may not realize it, but this last is a great attainment.) Also, in addition to his assay office, he now had a small ore buying agency and was, in fact, making money hand over fist.

And this is where Hadley-Benton's prayed-for opportunity presented itself. For, while in Paris, secure in his present happiness and soon-to-be wedded bliss, the Hon. Duncan proceeded to indulge himself in a particularly foolish though brief flirtation with a handsome American woman. It ended as suddenly as it began, however, for the lady was a little too much for even Duncan, who soon beat a rapid and not too dignified retreat from gay Paris, still accompanied by his faithful Damon, and the "incident" was by him considered as closed.

That entire night Simpson spent in fighting phantoms of the past, memories of his lost and only love, memories of home and friends, the position and happiness which might have been his but for his own folly and his traitorous confidant, Hadley-Benton. It was a hard night and a hard fight, but Simpson went to his office exulting next morning with plans fully thought out and arranged. His enemy had at last been placed in his power, and Mr. Simpson proposed that there should be a plentiful settling of old scores.

or within reach of Palma Sola. And, having engaged Simpson to make the said several assays, this pompous individual departed for the "Esperanza" prospect in peace and content of mind—in which frame of spirit he did not leave Mr. Simpson, assayer and ore buyer.

That entire night Simpson spent in fighting phantoms of the past, memories of his lost and only love, memories of home and friends, the position and happiness which might have been his but for his own folly and his traitorous confidant, Hadley-Benton. It was a hard night and a hard fight, but Simpson went to his office exulting next morning with plans fully thought out and arranged. His enemy had at last been placed in his power, and Mr. Simpson proposed that there should be a plentiful settling of old scores.

When Mr. Hadley-Benton and his large number of carefully sealed samples from the "Esperanza" reached Simpson's assay office later that week, the latter person was entirely and deferentially at the disposal of the lordly capitalist, only Simpson preferred—in fact, stipulated—that Hadley-Benton himself should unseal the samples, with his own hands, and remain in the assaying office, so that the entire process, from grinding the samples down to the weighing of the gold residue, could be carefully witnessed and overlooked by him. For, as Mr. Hadley-Benton must realize, assaying such valuable ore as that of the "Esperanza" was a serious matter, particularly where, as in the present case, there were no other assayers to check against, and one man's results had to be accepted.

This was "quite in order," Mr. Hadley-Benton stated, and with his own hands he unsealed the seals that he had placed on the jute sacks containing his precious samples, and watched pompously the while Mr. Simpson heated up his furnaces, deftly ground up the samples, weighed the pulp carefully, and then poured it into the crucibles containing his gold flux, first insisting that the Englishman test the flux itself, to prove that it was absolutely free from gold, so that any possible "salting" might be prevented. With all of this Mr. Hadley-Benton declared himself content.

The final parting of the silver-gold buttons was done with the greatest possible care and slowness. And well that it was, for the results given by each and every assay were so exceedingly high that Mr. Hadley-Benton might have been incredulous had he not watched the process from first to last. There were 15 different assays on which each duplicate checked its original; there was no discrepancy of any sort, and the total average gave a result in gold of eleven and two-tenths ounces to the ton!

So much for the "Esperanza Gold Mines, Limited," of London and Mexico, and so much for poor Mr. Hadley-Benton, M. P., whose reputation and private fortune were alike lost in the venture. Because, long after the plant and stamp mill were installed, and more money than I care to name irrevocably sunk in the "Esperanza," it was found that the ore of the mine ran, at very highest estimate, exactly one-tenth of an ounce in gold, or not even high enough to pay working charges. Truly "poor Mr. Hadley-Benton," for he had taken the samples, watched and approved the making of assays therefrom, and he alone it was upon whom the wrath of stockholders and directors fell when it was discovered that the "Esperanza" was a dead failure, not to say the greatest swindle of modern times.

No one, not even Hadley-Benton himself, can account for the matter. No one ever offered any explanations as to how such fabulous results were secured from utterly worthless ore. Even the assayer, Mr. John Simpson, professes himself as lost in amazement at the way the "Esperanza" turned out. But, of course, as everyone realizes and concedes, he had nothing to do with the matter, and cannot therefore be held responsible. But, all the same, Mr. Simpson knows—even as we do—that a hypodermic syringe can be used successfully for more purposes than one, and, unluckily for Hadley-Benton, chloride of gold is soluble, and may be injected through the heaviest of jute sackings.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Word Queer.

The word queer has a remarkable origin attributed to it. One night, when the performance at Drury Lane was finished, the celebrated Quin, many of whose jokes are still remembered, offered to bet a young nobleman \$500 that next morning a word would be in universal use which had never been heard before. The nobleman accepted the wager and left the theatre. Then Quin summoned all the "sappers," who happened to be very numerous, and gave each a large piece of chalk. He told them to go to the leading thoroughfares of London and write at intervals on the flags the word "Queer." Quin's orders were faithfully carried out, and on the following morning, of course, people were astonished—the word was in everybody's mouth. The great actor with little difficulty made his claim to the nobleman's bank note, while bequeathing a new word to the language.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Home Life—It Points Out the Duty of Parents and Admonishes the Children—Don't Stuff the Young People With Religion.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage will interest young men, while it is full of advice and encouragement to parents who are trying to bring up their children aright; text, Proverbs 22, 1. "A wise son is the heaviness of his mother." In this graphic way Solomon sets forth the idea that the good or evil behavior of children blesses or blights the parental home, and that there are no special interests in the welfare of their children. The father says: "My boy must take the risks I took in life. If he turns out well, all right. If he turns out ill, he will have to bear the consequences. Let him take the same chance that I had. He must take care of himself." A shepherd might just as well thrust a lamb into a den of lions and say, "Little lamb, take care of yourself."

Christ comes through all our households to-day, and He says: "You take care of the bodies of your children and the minds of your children. What are you doing for their immortal souls?" I read of a ship that foundered. A life-boat was launched. Many of the passengers were in the waters. A mother, while holding her little child out toward the lifeboat, cried out, "Save my child!" And that impulsive cry is the one that finds an echo in every parental heart in this land to-day. "Save my child," you can hardly tell me that I fought my own way through life, I have got along tolerably well, the world has buffeted me, and I have had many a hard struggle. It don't make much difference what happens to me, because my child is coming up, and I am going, as God may help me, to show the cause of parental solicitude and then the alleviations of that solicitude.

The first cause of parental solicitude, I think, is the selfishness and the egotism of parents on their own part. We all somehow want our children to avoid our faults. We hope that if we have any excellences they will copy them. But the probability is they will copy our faults and not our virtues. They are not only apt to copy the echoes of the parental life, some one meets a lad in the back street, finds him smoking and says: "Why, I am astonished at you! What would your father say if he knew that you were smoking?" There is not one of us to-day who would like to be a father. There are not one of us to-day who are going home, and that is the cause of the solicitude on the part of all of us. We have so many faults we do not want them copied and stereotyped in the lives and characters of those who come after us.

The second cause of parental solicitude is the selfishness and the egotism of parents on their own part. We all somehow want our children to avoid our faults. We hope that if we have any excellences they will copy them. But the probability is they will copy our faults and not our virtues. They are not only apt to copy the echoes of the parental life, some one meets a lad in the back street, finds him smoking and says: "Why, I am astonished at you! What would your father say if he knew that you were smoking?" There is not one of us to-day who would like to be a father. There are not one of us to-day who are going home, and that is the cause of the solicitude on the part of all of us. We have so many faults we do not want them copied and stereotyped in the lives and characters of those who come after us.

After awhile one day a messenger from the bank over the way calls in and says to the father of the young man, "I have spoken." The officers of the bank would like to have you step over a minute." The father steps over, and the bank officer says: "Is that your check?" "No," he says. "That is not my check. I never made it." "I have a good time. Go it!" Give me twenty of money and ask him what he does with it, and you pay his way straight to perdition. But after awhile the lad thinks he ought to have a still larger supply. He has been treated, and he must treat his wife and his sisters. There are larger and larger expenses. After awhile one day a messenger from the bank over the way calls in and says to the father of the young man, "I have spoken." The officers of the bank would like to have you step over a minute." The father steps over, and the bank officer says: "Is that your check?" "No," he says. "That is not my check. I never made it." "I have a good time. Go it!" Give me twenty of money and ask him what he does with it, and you pay his way straight to perdition. But after awhile the lad thinks he ought to have a still larger supply. He has been treated, and he must treat his wife and his sisters. There are larger and larger expenses.

for heaven, is the anxiety for every intelligent parent.

But for the most part the children that get into the streets are disposed to quarrel with brother or sister and show that they are wicked. You see them in the Sabbath-school class. They are so unsightly and bright you would think they were always so, but the mother looking over at them remembers what an awful time she had to get them ready. Time passes on. They get considerably older, and the son comes in from the street from a pugilistic encounter bearing on his appearance the marks of defeat, or the daughter practices some little deception in the household. The mother says, "I can't always be scolding and fretting and flogging fault, but this must be stopped." Still, many a home holds there is the sign of sin, the sign of the truthfulness of what the Bible says when it declares, "They go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies."

There is also a cause of great solicitude sometimes because our young people are surrounded by so many temptations. A castle may not be taken by a straightforward siege, but suppose there be inside the castle an enemy, and in the night he snoves back the bolt and swings open the door. Our young folks have foes without, but they have foes within. Who does not understand it? Who is the man here who is not aware of the fact that the young people of this day have tremendous temptations?

Ob, how many traps set for the young! Styles of temptations that just wait for them. Do you suppose that a man who was in the depths of dissipation went down in one great plunge? Oh, no! At first it was a fashionable hotel. Marble floor. No unclean pictures behind the counter. No drunken hiccough and no noisiness. Let the oleik of old glass to the elegant sentiment. You ask that young man now to go into some low restaurant and get a drink, and he would say, "Do you mean to insult me? But the fashionables and the elegant hotel is not always close by. Now the young man is on the down grade. Further and further down until he has about struck the bottom of the depths of ruin. Now he is in the low restaurant. The cards so they are going home. Going home? Let the wife crouch in the corner and the children hide under the bed. What was the history of that young man? He began his dissipations in the barroom of a Fifth avenue hotel and completed his damnation in the lowest gin-shop.

Some times sin does not halt in that way. Sometimes sin even comes to the drawing room. There are leprous hearts sometimes admitted in the highest circles of society. He is so elegant, and he is so educated, no one suspects the sinful design, but after a while the talons of death come forth. What is the matter with that house? The front windows have not been for six months or a year. The furniture has come down on that domestic hearth, a shadow thicker than one woven of midnight and hurricane. The agony of that parent makes him say, "Oh, I wish I had buried my children when they were small!" "No, death in the family? No, Madness? No. Some villain, kid gloved and diamonded, lifted that cup of domestic bliss until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows played around the rim, and then dashed it in desolation and woe, until the harples of darkness clapped their hands and all the voices of the pit uttered a loud "Ha, ha!"

The statistic has never been made up in these great cities of how many have been destroyed and how many beautiful lives have been overthrown. If the statistic could be presented, it would freeze your blood in a solid cake at your heart. Our great cities are full of temptations, and vast multitudes of parents these temptations become a matter of great solicitude.

Begin early with your children. You stand on the banks of a river and you try to change its course. It has been rolling now for 100 miles. You cannot change it. But just go to the source of that river, go to where the water just drips over the rock. Then with your knife make a channel this way and a channel that way, and it will take it. Come out and stand on the banks of your child's life when it is thirty or forty years of age, or even twenty, and to change the course of the life. It is too late! It is too late! Go farther up at the source of life and nearest to the mother's heart, where the character starts, and try to take it in the right direction. But, oh, my friends, be careful to make a line, a distinct line between innocent hilarity on the one hand and vicious hilarity on the other. Do not think your children are going to run because they make a racket. All children make a racket. But do not laugh at your child's sin because it is smart. If you do, you will cry after awhile because it is malicious. Remember it is what you do more than what you say that is going to affect your children. Do you suppose that a child would have got his family to go into the ark if he staid out? No. His sons would have said, "I am not going into the ark; there's something wrong; father won't go in; if father stays out, I'll stay out."

Are all your children safe? I know it is a tremendous question to ask, but I must ask it. Are all your children safe? A mother, when the house was on fire, got out the household goods, many articles of beautiful furniture, but forgot to ask till late, "Are the children safe?" The children elements are melting with fervent heat and God shall burn the world up and the cry of "Fire! Fire!" shall resound amid the mountains and the valleys, will your children be safe?

I wonder if the subject strikes a chord in the heart of any man who had Christian parentage, but has not lived as he ought? God brought you here this morning to have your memory revived. Did you have a Christian ancestry? "Oh, yes!" says one man. "If there ever was a good woman, my mother was good." How she watched you when you were sick! Others wearily, if she got weary, she nevertheless was wakeful, and the medicines were given at the right time, and when the pillow was hot she turned it. And, oh, then, when you began to go astray, what a grief it was to her heart!

All the scenes come back. You remember the chairs, you remember the table, you remember the doleful wailing of her voice. She seems calling you now, not by the formal title with which you address you, saying, "Mr. this or 'Mr.' that, or 'Honorable' this or 'Honorable' that." It is in her own name, your first name, she calls you by this morning. She bids you to a better life. She says: "Forget not all the counsel I gave you, my wandering boy. Turn into paths of righteousness. I am waiting for you at the gate." Oh, yes, God brought you here this morning to have that memory revived, and I shout upward the tidings. Angels of God send forward the news. Ring! Ring! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found!

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

A Tumbler of Claret—An Ohio Editor's Scorching Arraignment of a Banquet to Newspaper Men Which He Recently Attended—A Shocking Scene.

(poured out a tumbler of claret. Of course with intention to drink, and, holding it up in the sunlight I paused for a moment to think: 'I really can't tell you what made me—I never had done so before, though for years every day at my dinner, I had emptied one tumbler or more.

"A friend" in the loneliest hours, "A companion" I called the red wine, "And called it a 'nectar divine.'" And sometimes I poetized slightly. But to-day, as I gazed on the claret, That sparkled and glowed in the sun, I asked it, "What have you done for me? That any true friend would have done?"

"You have given me some pleasant feelings, But they always were followed by pain; You have given me ten thousand headaches, And are ready to do it again; You set my blood leaping and bounding, Which, though pleasant was hurtful no doubt, And if I keep up the acquaintance, I am sure you will give me the gout.

"I remember a certain occasion When you caused me to act like a fool; And, yes, I remember another, When you made me fall into a pool. And when Tom Smither, you killed him dead, Will Howard you made a poor knave; Both my friends, and I might count a dozen, You have sent to prison or grave.

"Is this a loyal friend's treatment? And are you deserving the name? Say! What do you give those who love you? But poverty, sorrow and shame? A few paltry moments of pleasure, An age of trouble and grief; No wonder you flash in the sunlight, You robber, you liar, you thief!

"I'll have nothing more to do with you From this moment, this hour, this day; To send you adrift, bag and baggage, —I have no more to say— And I poured out the tumbler of claret, Poured it out, and not down, on the spot, And all this, you see, was accomplished, By just a few moments of thought." —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Far From the Millennium. On the occasion of the inauguration of Governor Nash, of Ohio, the Press Committee gave a banquet to the editorial fraternity of the State. A daily paper in Zanesville was so profuse in its thanks as to compare their treatment at the banquet to the dawn of the millennium.

This moves Editor Palmer, of the Danville Citizen, to remark that if the editor's views of the millennium are correct, he don't care to be in it. After defining millennium to mean "heavenly place where Christ reigns," he says: "How do you suppose it would look to see a thousand or fifteen hundred men who were erroneously dubbed the 'Conservators of Morals and Good Citizenship of the State of Ohio' smoking corncob pipes and spitting fine tobacco juice, and drinking beer and whiskey and uttering foul oaths etc., now would such a picture look through the glasses of the Saints?"

"The cold facts in the case are namely: That the Chairman of the Press Committee was most courteous to the visiting delegates while in his office, but when the time for refreshments came, to which all the press representatives were invited, a direct insult was offered to temperance and morality. On one side of the room the press representatives, which included bread, butter, two kinds of meat, potato salad and pickles. No water or coffee. On the other side of the room intoxicating liquors in the form of whisky and beer were served, all of which were free to the press representatives." Cigars, also were free and freely used, as also were the intoxicants.

"Rumocore has great cause for rejoicing, while temperance hides her face in shame." "The Citizen has looked in vain for a word of reproach from any of our exchanges, but on the contrary a great number of the press publications endorsed the action in highest terms, and liken it to the millennium." "Cigars, also were free, millennium if that occasion was a smile."

"It's a Pity to Find These Here." "A tall, rough-looking man, holding a child by the hand, entered the barroom of a much frequented saloon. Ordering a glass of beer, he sat down and joined in conversation with those around him; another and another glass was ordered, and soon all thoughts of his child, who stood near the doorway, vanished from his mind.

"Hullo, youngster!" cried the landlord, who had been too busy to notice the child before, whose son are ye, an' where do ye come from?" "I'm my daddy's son," whimpered the child, as his large blue eyes met the gaze of the stern, stout landlord.

"Ob—ah—ahem!" stammered the landlord, as he recognized the man to be one of his best customers. "Thou'rt a bonnie bairn, to be sure; but, after all, it's a pity to find thee here," he said, apparently in deep thought, and scarcely knowing what he said.

"Landlord!" cried the father, as he threw down the glass he had held in his hand, "them are the very words you said to my father when I first came in here with him thirty years ago."

"Landlord!" he cried again, bringing his hand heavily on the counter. "I don't know to what you are alluding, but I shall never come in here again. I see it all now. My father died a drunkard; I, too, shall do so unless I am quickly rescued. And this lad—what will he do? I am going home to ask God to keep from this saloon, and to help me to train up my boy in the way He'll have him go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. I thank you for them words of yours. Good night!"—The Inland.

A Sensible Young Woman. A young couple at Philadelphia were preparing for marriage—the day was fixed and invitations sent out. Just a week before the time, the lady smelled whisky on her lover's breath. She at once declared the engagement off and nothing could induce her to change her mind. He brought suit for "breach of promise. The judge instructed the jury that "it is a woman's privilege to annul her promise of marriage, if she believes, in good faith, that good reasons for so doing have arisen since she entered into the contract." The jury considered wisely drinking a good reason for breaking the contract and found for the defendant. Wisely the brave young woman said: "I'd rather have to work all my life and die an old maid than marry a man who drinks whisky."

The Crusade in Brief. The people build jails and the saloons fill them. The saloonkeepers are ex-officio criminals. Not one in ten obeys the laws. He who drinks alcoholic liquor makes the "temple of the Holy Ghost" a dance-hall for the demons of hell. Satan himself officiated at the marriage of the Government and saloon, but what Satan has joined together let all men put asunder. The love of money is a root of all evil, and the license plan is a gigantic irrigation system, with whisky for water and the saloon for ditches.