## sat at the desk examining some papere, glanced up in surprise at the blooming girl and the bent old man who entered THE EVENING NEWS. together, like May and Decemb r.

Thursday, . . . . January 26, 1871-

MONEY AT INTEREST.

"Please, air, will you give me a penny, ouly a penny?" No-go along with you; I never give

money in the street to beggars."

"See here, boy; I've only got a ffry- Marin.

"Yes, sir," said the boy gleefully, as so kind as to wait a little-" he scrambled up the wheel, "I will be here, sure."

"Paul Parker, you're fool!" said the proud to yield to the fast coming tears woman, angrily. "You scatter your in Ninian Martin's presence. money about as though there was no The young man had listen

"I hope so, wife," said the old man, touching his plac d horse gently with the reins, and uging him into a sleepy jog-trot. "I should be sorry to think there wasn't no truth in that brighteyed little fellow. Give the world a fair chance, that's all I've got to say."

lieus of the town, where a brutal look- ly toward them. haif asleep. A hand organ stood again to anced accounts." the wall, and a monkey dressed in soil-ed red rags chattered in the window. "Sir, I don't understand you," said the bewildered old man. "I don't re-Nino's accordeon and thumbed tambourine lay near by. Nino himself, with member-" tear-stained cheeks and heavy eyelids, was crouched in a corner, wistfully watching the door, as if resolved to avail himself of the first chance that, offered itself for meaps.

There was a wild beauty about the bey, in spite of his swartby cheeks and forlorn uniform of rags, and an attract-iveness that was difficult to understand. His brow, overshadowed by thick, black locks, was frank and open; his years ago I was begging in the streets eyes were soft and liquid, and there of Landnill, starved and penntless. A. were both spirit and gentleness in the kind hand-you know whose, Mr. well outlined mouth. Had Nino Berlani been the offspring of aristocratic , lineage, he would have been called handsome; but rags and poverty and blows are anything but beautifying, and Nino had known little else in his brief and subless existence.

victous side-long glance at the boy.

"Lucy!"

"Ninian! I thought your father-I did not know that-"

"My father is detained at his country seat, and I am acting member of the firm, Lucy. He took me into partnership last week, and that is-"

He turned inquiringly, and with something of a start, to t e brown faced And Mrs. Parker sata trifle more crect old man, who stood in the background. if is were possible, in her buffalo cush- Lucy introduced her father, and stated ioned wagon seat, and grasped her blue their business, with a profusion of very cotton unbrella tighter. But her bus- becoming blusber. She had not expect band, Paul Parker, on whose kindly ed to find her gallant young cavalier of face the boy turned his gaze, said: the past Fall in the office of St. John

"We are in very straightened circent piece, and its more money than I ought to give away. I shall be here at three o'clock this day week, opposite this very tavern; will you be here to this very tavern; will you be here to pay it back to me? Mind, I only am soon to have a very good situation lead it to you; and may be I'll be able in Madam Elvaine's school as music to find some work for you by that teacher, and we can get along and pay s part at a time if your father would be

> Lucy stopped short; her voice was getting upsteady, and she was far too

The young man had listened in siend to it. Do you suppose you'll ever lence, but now he took a tin box from its shelf in the safe, and unlocking it, disclosed sundry packages of labelied

notes, receipts, etc. "Let me see," he said, running his eye over them, "it was a note for \$500." 'Is this your note ?" "Yes, sir.

Ninian Martin tore it in two, and laid The blistering August sunshine was the fragments on the fire. Paul Parker pouring into a little garret room in one and Lucy gazed in astonishment as the of the most squalid and neglected pur- young lawyer lifted his dark eyes calm-

"But I do. It is rather more than ten years, Mr. Parker, since you put that money at interest." "Bit ?"

"I will be more plain with you," said the young man smiling, "Perhaps Miss Parker is not aware that I am only the adopted son of my more than father. My real name is Nino Barlini. I am an Italian by birth. Just ten Parker - extended itself to me in the hour of need."

The old man's face lighted up. "I do remember now. It was a fifty cent piece; and I told you to come

back just a week from that time, and-"I did not come. No, but I tried my Presently the man knocked the ashes very best to come, but was prevented by from his pipe and laid it down, with a the brutality of the man whose slave and drudge I was. Well, I begged my way "So you'd got fifty cents hid away, you was going to gammon me out of, eh?" he demanded. "You young vag-ahond. I'd like to know what you mean by it!" age, and not unlike me in personal ap pearance, and somehow I seemed to take the sore, vacant place in his heart. gave you all I earned in the daytime, I I resolved that if it ever lay in my power I would return the gift a thousand fold. But I never dreamed that Lucy's He turned to her with a bright consplit your head open for you. Where gratulatory smile, while the brown face are you going now? Sit down again." of old Paul Parker, worked with emotions "Only out as far as West Landhill he could not conesal," tavers, " said Nino, entreatingly, as his eyes marked the slowly creeping tide me, boy; I thought your face was a good of sunshine along the floor that formed and true one! But I havn't no right to your generosity. Your father-" "My father and Lare one, sir, in deed, 214 Lake St., thought and wish." Chicago, d-67 1y "I don't know how to thank you,



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BROWN,

"It was mine," sobbed the boy; "I earued it singla' under the great folks' winders, after work hours was over. I

"Yours?" growled the man savagely; "and all you earn is mine, and if ever I father was my benefactor. catch you at any such a trick again, I'll

his only substitute for a clock.

"Well, we won't do no such thing," said the man, evidently in a most contrary and quarrelsome mood. "Go back to your bench again; do you hear? You're not goin! to stir out of this before night, and not then, unless you behave yourself."

"I'll be back in ten minutes, sir; I will, indeed.'

"Hold your noise!" brutally ejaculated his irate keeper. "I tell you you all your life; now it's my turn. shan't stir another peg; there, now!" "Dave," to one of the other boys, "give us a light here for this pipe."

Nino, watching his opportunity as a wild beast might watch for an escape from the cage, gave a forward dart just as the man stopped over to rub his match against the sole of his boot. But May he was not quite quick enough; his tyrant seized him rudely by the arm, and slung him across the floor as if he had been a toy. He fell, his temple strik-ing against the leg of a bedstead stand-ing in the corner, and lay there quite insemable.

"Blest If I don't think he's done for, dad," said one of the hitherto impassive after ali .- Selected. spectators of the scene, boy of thirteen, who was generally dressed as a "wan-dering Bavarian," with tambourine and bells.

"Let him alone, I say," anarled the father, "I'll teach him a Tesson." Just then the bell in the old square

tower of the town clock struck three. "I told you he wouldn't be here, Paul!" exultingly exclaimed Mrs. Parker, projecting her keen gray eyes into every nook and corner around the dull street in front of the "West Landhill House of Entertainment for Man and Beast." "I knew it! Now, what do you think of your flue, honest boy?"

Paul Parker's countenance clouded visibly.

"I'm sorry for it, wife sorry from the bottom of my heart. I somehow thought he was different from the common lot of 'em, but I s'pose I hadn't ought to expect much from a lad brought up in the streets. Well, let's drive on."

The swift rolling years had sprinkled their silver blossoms more pleatifully on the head of Paul Parker, and plowed deeper lines in his wife's face. The little girl at their fireside had grown into a tall, handsome young woman. Once more we enter the inner sanctuary of their lives.

"It is father's step, mother," said Lucy Parker, jumping to open the door. "Wall, father, what luck?"

"Bad enough, child," said old Paul, meekly shaking the powdery fringe of snow from his overcoat. "Milton's down

snow from his overcoat. "Milton's down ag'n with fever'n ague; his wife's poor-ly, and Bruce has had a stroke, so he can't work no more." "And they didn't pay you the money? Paul you were a fool for ever lending it," shrieked his wife shrilly. "And what are we to do, with lawyer Martin writin' and writin' for the money we owe him."

"We can do nothing, wife."

2

young man." "Then do not attempt it. Perhaps one of these days I may ask you for yet

more favors." Old Paul Parker went home to his wife sedately triumphant.

"Wife, you've said, 'I told you so,'

"What on airth do you mean?" grumbled his ascetic helpmate. I do believe

you're gettin' in your dotage." "Maybe I am; in that case though I wish I'd got into it long ago." And he told his adventure, while

Lucy sat by, smiling like a morning in "Didn't I invest that fifty to a pretty

good advantage?" he asked. "Well, I never!" was her ultimatum. "He wants new favors some day from me. What do you say, mothes? Can

we spare our little girl, here?" "Don't, father!" cried Lucy, hiding NOS. her face; but she didn't look ve y angry,

The cholera is committing feaful rava es in Southern Russia. In one district 6,000 persons fell victims to the dire disease.

The Monmouth, N. J., Democrat estimates that at least 100,000galions of apple jack were made in that county last fall, for which 60,000 bushels of apples were required.

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