

# THE EVENING NEWS.

Thursday, September 12, 1872.

**TIRRED MOTHERS.**  
A tired mother, with a weary face,  
With tired knees, that has so much to bear,  
A child's eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair,  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;

You do not prize this blessing over much,  
You are almost too tired to pray tonight.  
But it is blessedness. A year ago  
I did not see it as I do today—

We are so dull and thankless; and too slow  
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.

And now your sons are passing strange to me,  
That while I wear the badge of motherhood,  
I did not kiss more often, and tenderly.

The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest,

You m<sup>s</sup> as this elbow from your tired knee;  
This restless, curling head from off your breast,

This hissing tongue that chatters constantly;

If from your own the dimpled hand had slipped

And he would meet a in your palm again;

If the white feet into the grave had tripped,

I could not blame you for your heartache

Then I know he is gone.

I wonder so that mother ever frets!

At little children clinging to their gowns;

Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,

Are ever black enough to make them brown.

If I could find a little muddy boot,

Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor;

If I could kiss a tiny restless foot,

And hear the patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken part to day,

To know make a kiss to reach the sky—

There is no woman in God's world could say

She was more blissfully content than I.

But still the calm pillow next my own

Is the rampart of a shivering sea.

My single birdling finds its nest is low;

The little bay I used to kiss is dead;

The Adieu.

**THE YOUNG IN GREAT CITIES.**  
The world learns its lesson slowly.  
Much of the world does not learn its lesson at all. The young are everywhere growing up amid the ruins of other lives, apparently living or caring for the reasons of the disasters to life, fortune and reputation that are happening, or have happened, everywhere around them. One man, having great trusts of money in his hands, both in confidence of the public, becomes a hopeless defrauder; another blows his brains out. Another, led on by love of power and place, is degraded at last to a poor demagogue, without character or influence. Another, through a surrender of himself to sensuality, becomes a disgusting beast, with heart and brain more like the nests of vulture birds. Another, by tasting the taste of the wine-cup, becomes a drunkard and烂醉 and dies with a horrible delirium, or lives to be a curse to wife, children and wife. There is an army of these poor wretches in every large city in the land dying daily and dying to die. A young girl, loving "not wisely but too well," yields herself to a seducer who rules and then forakes her to a life of shame and a death of despair. Not one girl, but thousands of girls yearly, as that, though a great company of those who robes are sold beyond measure hide themselves in the grave during every twelve months under great company of the pure due to vice, disease and keep filled to repletion the ranks of prostitution. Again and again, in instances beyond counting, are these tragedies repeated in the full presence of the rising generation, and yet it seems to be wise. Nothing has been more fully demonstrated than that the first steps of folly and vice are fraught with peril. Nothing has been better proved than that temperate drinking is always dangerous and that excessive drinking is always ruinous. Nothing is better known than that a man cannot consent to a course of vice without receiving a sense of remorse. Remorse cannot wholly eradicate. Since time began have women been led astray by the same promises, the same pledges, the same empty rewards. If young men and young women could possibly learn what it would seem as if they might win it in a moment by simply using their eyes and thinking upon what they see. Yet in this great city of New York, and in all the great cities of the country, young men and young women are all the time repeating the mistakes of those around them who are wicked in character and in fortune. The young men keep their wine bottle, and seeks resorts where dissipation and ruined women lie in wait for prey, knowing perfectly well, if he knows anything, or has ever used fairly the reason with which Heaven has endowed him, that he is in the broad road to perdition, which lies before him a life of disgust and a death of honor.

When the result of certain courses of conduct and certain indulgences are well known as these to which we allude, it seems strange that any can enter upon them. Every young man knows that if he never tastes a glass of alcoholic drink he will never become, or stand in danger of becoming, a drunkard. Every young man knows that if he preserves a chaste youth and abstinence from the lewd, he can carry to the woman whom he loves a self-respect which is invaluable, a past freely open to her questioning, and the pure physical health which shall be the wealth of another generation. He knows that the rewards of charity are ten thousand times greater than those of criminal indulgences. He knows that nothing is lost and everything is gained by means of moral sobriety and self-denial. He knows all this, if he has had his eyes opened to exercise the reason in even a small degree; and yet he joins the infatuated multitude and goes straight to the devil. We know that we do not exaggerate when we say that New York has thousands of young men, with good mothers and pure sisters, who, if their lives should be uncovered, could never look those mothers and sisters in the face. They are full of fears of exposure and consciences of irreparable loss. Their lives are mashed in a thousand ways. They live a daily lie. They are the victims and signs of vice which are just as certain to cripple or kill them unless at once and forever for some time to come. There are thousands of others who, now pure and good, will follow every example unwarmed by what they see, and within a year will be walking in the road that leads evermore downward.

One tire of walking to God, and falls back in sorrow that hell and destruction are never full—in sorrow that men can not nor will not learn that there is but one path to an honorable, peaceful, prosperous, and successful life and that all others lead more or less directly to ruin.

*New York Paper.*

**STRAYED.**

A YOUNG Red and White Cow, thin back and brook face, straight horns, braided tail, and white blaze on forehead. The hindquarters be swollen. The animal will be easily recognized.

REWARD, \$10.00.

Subscriptions.

Persons residing in the City will please bring in on Wednesdays and Thursdays.

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## RAILROADS.

### UTAH CENTRAL RAILROAD

#### Pioneer Line of Utah.

ON AND AFTER

MONDAY JULY 17th

1872.

Trains will leave Salt Lake City daily at 5 a.m. and 2.45 p.m., arrive at Ogden 7 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; leave Ogden City at 5 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.; arrive at Salt Lake City 10 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. In addition to the above

**MIXED TRAINS**

WILL RUN

DAILY, SUNDAYS EXCEPTED

Leaving Salt Lake City at 5.30 p.m. and

and Ogden at 6 a.m.

Passenger will please purchase their tickets at the office. Fifty cents additional will be charged when the fare is collected on the train.

For all information concerning Freight & Passengers apply to

M. H. DAVIS,

Master and Freight Agent.

JOHN SHARP,

Superintendent

ALL THE

UTAH SOUTHERN RAILROAD

WILL RUN

DAILY.

Leaving the Utah Central Railroad Depot, Salt Lake City at 5 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.

Sandy, (nearest point to Little Cottonwood Canyon,) at 10 a.m. and 4.30 p.m.

Arrive at Point 8.10 a.m. and 4.30 p.m.

Leave Point at 9.10 a.m. and 8.10 p.m.

Sandy at 10.10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m.

Arrive at Salt Lake City at 9.10 a.m. and 8.10 p.m.

FARES:

Salt Lake to Cottonwood Station .50 cts.

Sandy .10 cts.

Casper .15 cts.

Point .17 cts.

Leaving Point at 9.10 a.m. and 8.10 p.m.

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