

**A DIE TO MAKE A
MINT OF MONEY**

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A die to make a mint of money by Marian Frances Fernando

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MARIAN FRANCES FERNANDO

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A DIE

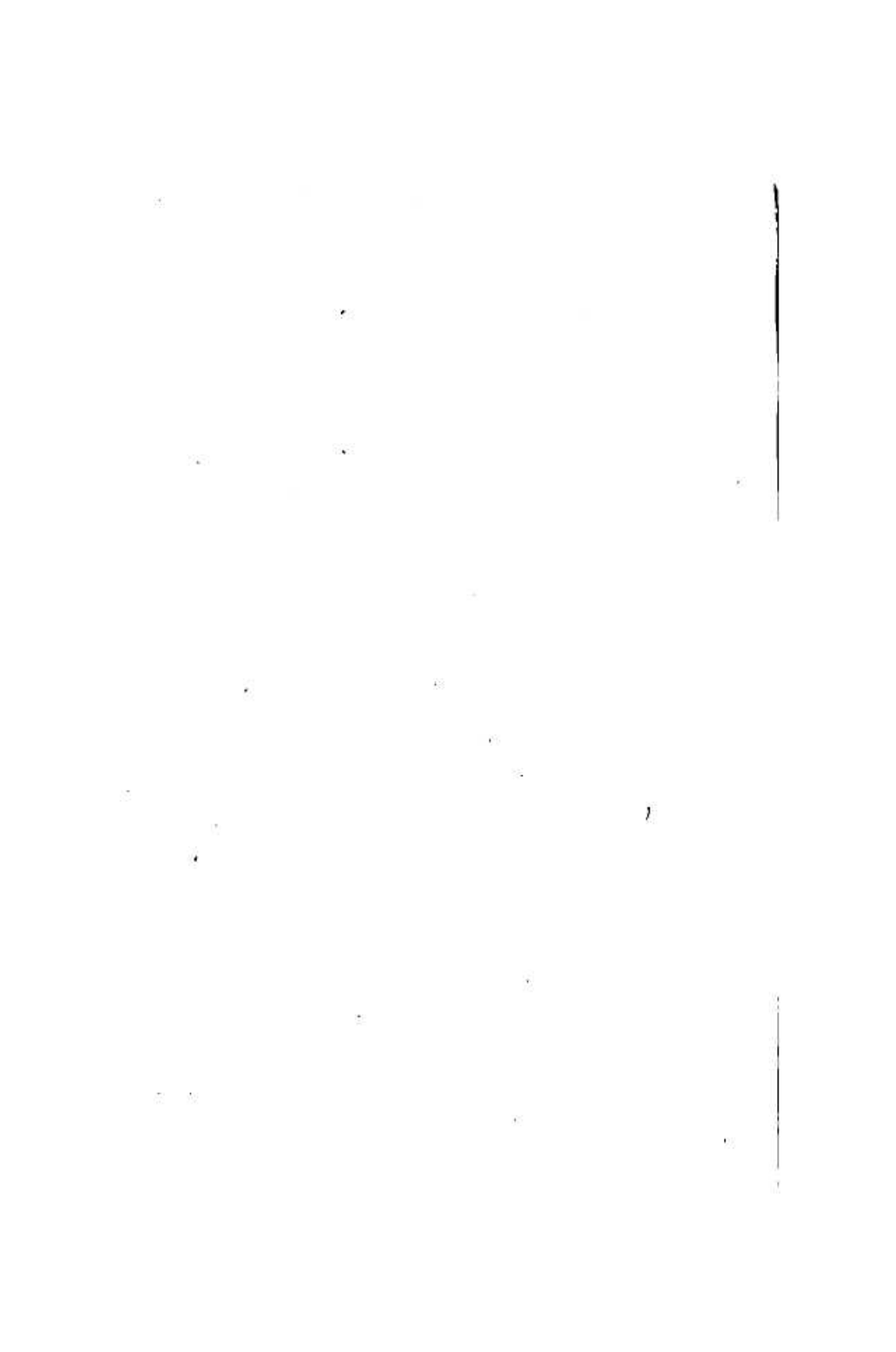
TO MAKE A MINT OF MONEY.

DEDICATED

TO

THE MEMORY OF

MY BELOVED FATHER.



A DIE

To make a Mint of Money.

A CARELESS saunterer strolling up one of the principal streets in the ancient and interesting town of C——, could not fail to remark that the shop of Mr. Jolly, gasfitter and ironmonger, far outstript its neighbours in its magnificent appearance and character. Its entrance doors, with their massive gilt handles, were large and substantial. Its heavy and expansive plate glass windows were ornamented and decorated with everything glittering and dazzling in the shape of metal, from a nutmeg grater to the most elaborate and gorgeous five-limbed chandelier. A huge mercurial ball was suspended from a showy gas jet in the very front of each window. This was the great attraction and delight of the "street Arabs," who loved to contemplate themselves before it in their ragged

garments, in various attitudes, frequently reflecting themselves in an inverted position.

The external appearance of Mr. Jolly's shop was never complete unless its owner was standing on the doorstep, as was his usual practice on a fine mild afternoon. Then it was a pleasure to see his portly well-dressed figure surmounted by his rubicund benevolent face, expanding with the pleasures of the moment, for it was his intense delight to stand there exchanging nods with the passers-by, indulging in little gossipings with some, and holding little important consultations with others.

Mr. Jolly was the leading tradesman in the town, and by far the most wealthy of them all. It might have been owing to this latter fact, that he was exalted by his admiring fellow-citizens and townsmen to the dignity of a Justice of the Peace, then Alderman, and twice Mayor. These distinctions could not be attributed to his learning, nor to any knowledge of jurisprudence. Gas fitting and a display of significance were his fortes—but, notwithstanding this latter weakness, a kinder heart did not beat in the whole town of C—.

All the vagrants, beggars, and even vagabonds, revered him in his magisterial capacity, for his kind and generous nature often caused his judgment to err. He frequently extended his benevo-

lence so far as even to send away a well-known vagabond with a few shillings in his pocket, saying to his brother magistrates, that such a course was the best safe-guard against begging, while he forcibly impressed upon the recipient of his liberality, that a repetition of his offence would be visited on him with punishment, and make him less worthy of his generosity.

Mr. Jolly's business being large, extensive, and flourishing, he employed many hands, the youngest of whom was a lad of fourteen, and the hero of this story. He was engaged at Mr. Jolly's from seven in the morning till seven at night, and was a great favourite with his master, owing to his truthful persevering character, quick intelligence, and ingenuity of mind. His name was Richard Stanley. He was the son of humble parents. His father was a paralytic, half-idiotic; his mother supported the family by dressmaking, and a lodger.

One afternoon as he was going home for his tea a lucky accident befel him. He was walking briskly onward, trilling a blythe air. Young as he was, he had already learnt that Time was money, and did not lag, like many boys of his age, to play at leap-frog in the street or marbles in an alley. He was conscientious too. His time was his master's, and therefore he had no right

to waste it. What moments he had to spare he preferred spending with his mother, whom he loved and revered, and with his paralyzed idiotic father, whose painful existence he tried to brighten by his cheerful talk and presence.

Richard Stanley was a fine specimen of a British boy artizan. Happiness sat incarnate on his brow. Health glowed in his countenance. The grime on his face, the consequence of his occupation, could not conceal the nobleness and intelligence of its expression. His ill-cut, ill-fitting clothes failed to hide the well-formed limbs, straight as the poplar, supple as the willow.

When very near home his foot struck against something. He looked down and perceived it was a gentleman's pocket-book. Picking it up, he saw a number of bank notes crammed in one pocket, although he did not count them. There were also several papers and a thickly-written book of memoranda. A glow suffused his heart at this easily-acquired fortune.

"Father shall have a new suit of clothes—mother a black silk dress, and I can buy myself some books," he determined; but suddenly he thought, "No, I must not do that, for it is not mine. If I kept it, I should be little better than a thief; mother says, ill-gotten goods bring ill-luck. I must find out the owner."