

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA.

THE PREACHER.

A preacher has no E Z time;
In D D works away,
And with an X T C sublime
To battle sin's E A.

Preachers must X L in jokes,
Or I C can not keep
Await the great X S of folks
Who C K can't X sleep.

Sometimes to A K sleeping man
He pounds with N E G;
In K C tries another plan
He makes up N M E.

In case U E A sinner smart
He'll C Q out and pray
Until he melts your I heart
App'ly says you soul's D E.

If old A J preacher can
Not fill the M T pew,
His flock N K J younger man
A wrong we can't X Q.

A C T preacher has, no doubt,
A princely gal R E,
While some, in E K living out,
Depend on dear I T.

A perfect life he must S A
To do us N E good,
For other Y Z can't convey
The holy A D should.

E'en when in P C leads apart
A spirit U L life,
S K P can't the poisoned dart
Of N V and of strife.
—H. C. Dodge, in N. Y. World.

BIG BEN.

His Cruelty to a Helpless Boy and What Came of It.

Were we afraid of Big Ben? Well, yes, to a certain limit. There were five of us in a bit of cabin out in the silver country, and Big Ben was boss of the ranch for several seasons. First and foremost, he was too much for any one of us single handed, and, secondly he had many good points about him. While he was overbearing and brutal at times, he was the best miner in the party, and no bad luck could discourage him. With any one else as boss we should have scattered at once, for the winter was coming on and we had been down on our luck all the fall.

"Break up! Hunt for luck!" sneered Big Ben whenever anything was said about abandoning our claim. "Well, you are a lot of coyotes—a cussed bad lot. You haven't got the pluck of a sick wolf. I'd like to see some of you try to walk off and leave me in the lurch—yes, I would. Curse your eyes! but I'll turn to and lick the hull crowd out of your boots if I hear another growl."

Big Ben insulted us a dozen times a day, and on three or four occasions he laid hands on us in a violent way, but somehow we stuck there. As I told you, he was a practical miner, the hardest worker in the lot, and we leaned on him in spite of the fact that we hated him. We could have shot him down in some of the quarrels, and the verdict would have been: "Served him right;" but we knew that he had a good heart down in his bosom, and the hand which clutched knife or pistol was always restrained.

One afternoon, while I was minding the cabin and the other men were at work in the tunnel or shaft, a stranger entered. He had come up from the Forks, three miles away. He was a boy of sixteen or thereabouts, with a girl's voice and shyness, and he was hungry and in rags. It was bitter cold, and yet his clothing was of the thinnest kind, and he had hungered so long that he was hardly more than a shadow. I welcomed and fed and warmed him, and then he told me that his name was Charley Bland, and that he had wandered out there to look for his brother James, from whom he had received no word for two or three years. They were orphans, and both had been bound to farmers in Illinois. Both had been ill used, and Charley had finally followed James' example in running away. This boy had been knocking around the silver camps for six months, sometimes meeting friends and sometimes treated like a dog, and he had found no trace of his brother. Some one down at the gulch—it was a cruel thing to do—had told him that James was at our camp, and he had periled his life to come up there and see. On that day, as I shall never forget, there was a foot of snow on the ground, a blizzard raging, and the thermometer marked ten degrees below zero.

The boy was asleep when the men returned from the shaft. Big Ben was out of sorts at the way things had been going, and no sooner did he see and hear the lad than he called out:

"He can't stay here another hour. We don't run a poothouse, and we let no baby-faced swindler eat our hard-earned provisions."

"I'll work. I'll work as hard as ever I can," protested the boy with a sob in his throat.

"There's no work for you. You've got to move on to the camp above."

The four of us protested in chorus, and we took such a firm stand that deadly weapons were drawn, and would have been used but for the action of the boy. He was terribly frightened over the row he had been the innocent cause of, and as the four of us had our pistols leveled at Big Ben and meant to shoot if he moved a foot, the boy opened the cabin door and glided out into the dark and bitter night with the silence and swiftness of a shadow.

"You are his murderer," we said to Big Ben as we lowered our weapons, and he growled:

"Curse him! If we took in every straggler he should be crowded out of house and home before New Year's.

What is it to us whether he lives or dies?"

I think he felt conscience-stricken within the hour, however, as he went to the door and acted as if he hoped to see the lad standing outside. The boy had been gone half an hour before we fully realized what his going meant, and then two of us went out with the lantern and searched and called for him. The snow was being whirled about in a furious manner, and the wind was rising to a gale, and the bitter cold drove us back after a quarter of an hour. It was true that we had little enough to eat, and that we were cramped in our cabin, but the idea of driving that pale-faced orphan boy out to freeze was something we could not get over. It was just the thing needed to set us up in rebellion against our boss, and that night we threw off the yoke and gave it to Big Ben right and left. We had two or three rows before bedtime, and all turned in sulky and indignant.

When! But what a night that was! The cold increased until the rocks were split, and the wind roared until our cabin threatened to topple over at every blast. At midnight Big Ben crept carefully out of his bed and opened the door, and then I almost forgave him for his brutality. Conscience had been at work, and his heart was touched. He hoped to find the boy crouched on the threshold, and I heard him sigh and mutter to himself as he shut the door and returned to his blankets. The strongest man in our party, clad as we were for the winter, could not have stood against that blizzard half an hour, and I fell asleep to dream of finding poor Charley's frozen corpse on the trail leading down to the Forks, and of his big blue eyes being wide open and staring at me in a reproachful way.

For breakfast next morning we had some canned meat—opened a new can from our slim store. We thawed it out, and all ate our full shares, and were on the point of starting out to search for the boy when one of the men was taken ill. Inside of half an hour all of us were down with pains and cramps, and it was evident that we had been poisoned by the meat. We had no antidote of any sort, and one after another went to bed to suffer the most agonizing pains and to lose consciousness. Big Ben was the hardest hit of all, while I, perhaps, suffered the least. That is, while all the others raved and shouted and lost their senses, I was all the time dimly conscious of every thing going on. The blizzard was still raging, and the thermometer was marking a still lower degree when the door opened and Charley walked in. I saw him, but I was fighty, and it seemed to me that he was dead. I remember his looking down upon each of us in a strange, scared way, and starting to retreat when one of the men shouted a louder curse.

I was the first to come back to life, as it were, and that was twenty-four hours after being first taken. The pains were gone as I opened my eyes, but I was weak and wretched, like one just over a terrible fever. The boy Charley was standing before me as I opened my eyes, and he bent down and whispered:

"You have all been terribly sick, and I think one man is dead. Can you eat something?"

I did feel a bit hungry, and I had no sooner signified it then he came to me with a bowl of broth. As I afterward learned, the storm had driven a couple of hares to seek shelter at the door, and he had secured both of them. He did not know the cause of our sickness, but suspected some calamity, and was prepared to feed us as soon as we could eat. It seemed that when Big Ben drove him out he stumbled into the ravine a quarter of a mile away, and found shelter under a ledge. How he kept from freezing to death that night heaven only knows. Indeed, heaven preserved him. It froze our water pail solid when standing within six feet of the fire, and there he was, out in the cold in a threadbare suit. When morning came he returned to the cabin to make one more appeal. He found us suffering and out of our minds, and the fire about gone out. Had it not been for him we should have frozen stiff as pokers, for on that day it was thirty-one degrees below zero all day long, and it went down almost to forty degrees when night came on.

The boy kept up a rousing fire, dressed his rabbits for soup, and all day and all night long he kept forcing strong coffee down our throats. That doubtless helped us to pull through, or at least four of us. The other man, whose name was Hale, had his teeth firmly clenched, and from the way his features were distorted and his limbs drawn up it was evident that he died in great agony. In a couple of hours I was able to be up and assist Charley in caring for the others, but it was far into night before the last man could use his tongue in a sensible manner. It was Big Ben, and when consciousness returned and he saw the white-faced boy bending over him the great tyrant whispered:

"Aye! The corpse of the lad has risen up to confront and accuse me! It was a cruel thing I did to drive him out, and the Lord will never forgive me for it!"

While out of danger we were yet weak and almost helpless, and none of us could attend the fire or do a bit of cooking for nearly a week. The whole work devolved upon the boy, and no one could have done better. He was cook, nurse, doctor and protector, all in one. He got three more hares and a couple of birds, and I don't believe a spoonful of the broth went down his own throat.

Well, I, for one, had been watching

Big Ben to see what he would do. The first moment he was able to sit up he called Charley and pulled the frail little fellow down on his breast, saying:

"If you'll only forgive me I'll pray to the Lord to do the same. I'm rough and wicked, but to turn a lad like you out o' doors on such a night as that wasn't me at all. Old Satan must have had possession of me."

That great big fellow cried like a child, and Charley cried with him, and I might as well own up that we all cried. What made it more solemn was the fact that we had a corpse at the door. When it was known that Hale was dead, none of the other four of us could lift a hand. How the boy got body out of doors I never could understand, but get it out he did, and it was three long months before we could give it Christian burial.

On the morning when we got out of bed feeling pretty strong again, Charley went to bed with a fever, and before noon was raving crazy. I tell you it was awful to hear him cry out every few minutes in his delirium:

"O, Ben, don't drive me out. I'll work. I'll work as hard as I can!"

Every cry went through the big fellow like a bullet. He nursed and soothed the poor boy with all the tenderness he could command, and two or three times carried him about in his arms as a father would his ailing babe. There was a doctor at the Forks, and after dinner Big Ben braved the blizzard and made the trip down and back. The doctor could not be induced to return with him, owing to the cold, but he sent some medicine. Poor Charley was beyond human aid, however. He raved through the afternoon and night, and next morning was struck with death. His mind came back to him at the last, and as we stood over him he calmly said:

"I know I'm going to die, but I'm not afraid. I'll see father and mother in Heaven, and perhaps Brother James is there too."

While we all felt bad enough, Big Ben was completely broken down. He got down on his knees, and begged Charley to forgive him, and I never saw a man feel the bitterness of an act as he did.

"Yes, I'll forgive you," replied the boy, "and if you pray to God, He'll forgive, too. Has it come night so soon again?"

"No, my child," answered one of the men.

"But I can't see any of you any more. Good-by. Let me take your hand, for—"

And with that he breathed his last, and there were two to rest in the snow until spring came. Did you ever hear of "Charley's Gulch?" Yes, of course you have, and if you have passed that way you have seen the boy's grave. The head board contains only the name—cut deep by Big Ben's knife—but the story of the boy's heroism has been told in every mining camp in Nevada, and it has never been told without bringing moisture to the eyes of all listeners.—N. Y. Sun.

GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

Auriferous Deposits in the Dead Rivers of the Western Sierras.

California will continue, as in the past, one of the chief gold-producing countries in the world. A prolific source of its future mineral wealth will be the dead rivers which abound in the lower western Sierras. A dead river is a channel once occupied by a running stream, but now filled and covered with gravel, or earthy or rocky matter. The dead rivers of California became such mainly through volcanic causes. This fact is nowhere more apparent than in the eastern part of Butte County, where merely a glance at the topography plainly reveals a horizontal strata of lava in places several hundred feet in thickness that in some past age has spread over the country, crushing obstructions, filling depressions and burying a channel system as complete and extensive as the water system of to-day. This great overflow of lava came from active volcanoes, presumably the Lassen Buttes.

Since hydraulic mining has been declared illegal, more attention is being paid to drift-gravel mining than ever before. By drift-gravel mining is meant the following of the subterranean channel by tunnel or incline, and the extraction only of the gold-bearing gravel. This mode of mining precipitates no perceptible debris upon the low lying agricultural lands, and in every case where conducted with judgment and discretion is proving remunerative in the highest degree. Appearances indicate unwonted activity in channel mining. The suppression of the ruinous system of hydraulic mining, with the increased knowledge which miners are acquiring of dead rivers, together with rich results recently realized from drift-gravel mines, all combine to direct attention to this particular branch of mining. A field of universal promise seems to be developing in Butte County. Big Bend, the largest riverbed mine in the world, will start full force in the spring—sufficient tests have already been made to insure success. The famous Magalia mine, a few miles distant, which has yielded fabulous returns in the past, has just emerged from several years' litigation and is making ready to resume operations. The Aurora mine, a valuable and extensive property close to the Magalia and on the same channel, is about ready to start. A number of other rich claims in the Magalia ridge locality, which have only been awaiting intelligent development, are likely soon to receive attention from investors. All of which would seem to indicate that channel mining in Butte County is going to assume an importance hitherto undreamed of.—Sacramento Bee.

THE COLONEL'S TRIAL.

He Didn't Want to Hear Miranda Talk But She Wouldn't Hush.

One of the most annoying faults of the hired "colored lady" is her persistent disposition to talk about the affairs of her own family. Sometimes, despite every attempt at discouragement, she will begin a story, of which her brother is the hero, and keep it up until patience is gray-haired with age. Miranda Napoleon, a likely colored woman, applied to Colonel Wetheral for a position of trust in his family. She began to tell him of her honesty.

"That makes no difference," said the Colonel. "I don't care whether you are honest or not, and you may be reasonably negligent in the discharge of your duties, but there is one thing I wish to impress upon your mind."

"What's dat, Colonel?" case I can do any thing."

"I do not wish you to take me into your confidence and tell me about your family. I don't want to hear a word about your mother and father."

"I un'stands, sah."

"I will pay you extra to keep your mouth shut. Speak when you are spoken to, and then merely answer questions."

"Why, sah, dis is de place dat I've been looking fo' all dese years. I 'spies folks dat is allus wantin' er pusson ter 'tain dem wid conversation, 'case er body gits tired. Now, dar's my sister Jane, she's de udder way, an'—"

"But you are not to speak of your family."

"Dat's de pint, sah, dat's de pint. I warked last year for Misses Simpson, an' de folks kep' me er talkin' all de time, an' mudder she tell me not ter pay no 'tention ter de folks."

"Never mind all that. I don't wish to hear anything of your mother. I don't want you to mention your family while you are in this house."

"'Cose yer doesn't, sah; an' I doesn't blame yer tall. De las' word my brudder Henry said ter me 'fore I lef' dis mawrin' wis gibben me 'vice how ter please der white folks. Henry he's er favorit all down in our neighborhood. Worked for old man Desmutes three years, 'an wouldn't er quit den 'cept de ole man died an' erander pusson tuck de place. Henry's de fines' han' wid horses yer ever seed. Dat clay-bank hoss o' Mr. Anderson's, what wouldn't let nobody go in de stable—"

"Say, Miranda, you—"

"It's jes' like I tell yer. Dar wan't a bressed soul on de place dat could do nuthin' wid dat hoss, an' Henry—"

"Listen to me, I tell you!"

"Yes, sah. What was yer 'bout to observe?"

"I told you that I wanted to hear nothing about your family. I see, though, that you are like all the others. Go on—"

"Yes, but Henry he tuk a blin' bridle—"

"Stop!"

"Didn't yer tell me ter go on?"

"Yes. I tell you to go away from here. I don't want you."

"What yer 'gretter hire me fur, den? Ain't my s'ciety pleasin' ter yer?"

"You can't keep your mouth shut, and I don't want you. Now go."

"Why, yer's de curiest pusson I neber seed. Doan' kere ter stay heah, 'case yer's sorter common folks, no-how. I 'e glad I refused yer offer ter hire me. Good mawrin', sah."—*Opie Read, in Texas Siftings.*

STORMS AND RAILS.

How Rain Appears to Follow the Laying of Railroad Tracks.

A singular theory has been promulgated in Mexico concerning an alleged relation between the steel rails of railways and the prevalence of storms. The northern section of the Mexican Central road has been seriously damaged by washouts, and people who observed the phenomena express the opinion that the waterspouts which burst on the track were attracted by the rails and the telegraph wire. An electric current, they say, runs along the track, which makes a convenient avenue for storms.

This would appear to be a somewhat fanciful conjecture, but the engineers engaged in building the Guadaluajara branch of the Mexican Central railroad offer testimony which gives it at least an air of plausibility. They state that as fast as the construction advances rain follows, and they believe it is due to the large quantity of steel rail on flat cars which are carried forward as fast as the work permits. The country, according to their report, is dry in advance of the construction trains, and also behind them far many miles, but in a circle of a few miles in diameter, having its center at the point where the steel rails are, the rain comes down in torrents.

It appears that enough importance is attached to these theories to induce scientific men to make them a subject of study. We do not, however, anticipate any immediate practical results of great value. With all the skill and knowledge which the Government can bring to bear, it has not yet succeeded even in predicting storms with such certainty as would be desirable, and when it comes to producing or preventing them, we shall probably have to wait some time before the matter assumes the character of an exact science.—*Safety Valve.*

The old Senate House of historic renown, at Kingston, N. Y., has been restored and now stands as it did in former days. The walls of the building are over two hundred years old, and were erected by Colonel Wessel Ten Broeck in 1676. It was in this building that John Jay, in 1777, drew the draft of the constitution of the State of New York.

BEGGING EPISTLES.

Some of the Querer Letters Translated for the President's Benefit.

Perhaps the most curious begging letters to the President are those in foreign languages. The President never sees these in the original. They are sent in batches of nine or ten to Henry L. Thomas, the official translator for the State Department. Mr. Cleveland rarely sees the whole of any of these letters, and seldom any part of them. Translator Thomas runs his learned eye over them, finds out what the request and who the beggar is, and makes a brief note in abstract of each one of the missives. These then go over to the White House to be looked over by the correspondence clerk, and, as the requests are usually even more absurd than those which come written in the English tongue, they are never shown to Mr. Cleveland, except, perhaps, when a particularly funny one drops in and the clerk or Colonel Lamont thinks it would be enjoyed all round. The letters from people who beg in foreign languages average about one a day the year through, but often run up to forty a month, then fall to twenty-five. They come both from Europe and America, and are most commonly written in German. Those which come from abroad are the funniest, because the writers display not only their own cranky notions, but the most eccentric ideas of the way in which the government of this country is managed. The authors are frequently foreigners who have had some residence in this country, but also come from persons who have never been here, even on an imaginary geographical trip.

One came only recently from an inventor in France. He wrote to inform the President that he had discovered a new method of facilitating travel by canal. He was sure that his method would make the United States a great deal of money, and he was only waiting to receive the necessary funds for his voyage over. A man in Switzerland wrote asking for money in an imperative way. He put his plea on the ground that the President had once been very kind to his mother, and that on this ground he should take particular pains that her children did not suffer. This letter is like the majority in two respects. It demands money and in a considerable sum, asking \$3,000 for the purchase of a house. It evidently came from a man who had lost his wits. Translator Thomas does not like the reading of the epistles when they turn out to be in a large per cent from crazy writers. He finds that it has a tendency to make him melancholy.

Of a more laughable sort are the letters from writers who imagine the President has a minute knowledge of the whole country and its people, like a postmaster in a country town. The man in Spain, whose letter asked Mr. Cleveland if he knew whether his second cousin, who came to this country nearly ten years ago, was still here is a fair sample of its class. A German woman in New York wrote in sober earnest, saying that she understood from the President's message that he had the disposing of a very large surplus of money in the Nation's Treasury, and as she was poor and deserving she thought that in all justice she should have some. The western Germans write queer letters. A man who signed himself Krausskopf and dated his letter Allegan County, Michigan, has been a persistent correspondent of the President ever since he came into office. In spite of never receiving a reply, he has written again and again in ungrammatical misspelled German, demanding a part of the President's salary. He never mentions any particular sum, but is always holding out his hand for a share of it. A boy, evidently a Norwegian from his name, wrote from Minnesota not long ago. He said that he lived by the shore of a lake and was poor. He needed to earn money and was trying to do it by shooting ducks on the lake. He had only an old gun and wished, if it were possible, that the President would send him a rifle.

Mr. Thomas does not always get free from the petitioning foreigner when he leaves his office. It is not long since he was besought fervently by a Greek then staying in the city to bring it about in the State Department that a fine estate in Greece, which he declared belonged to him, should come into his possession. There was not any evidence of his ownership beyond his own statement, but he assured Mr. Thomas that if the State Department could only secure the property Mr. Bayard should have a clear \$2,000 for his services. After many assurances that nothing could be done for him, he began to write to the Senators entreating them to interfere in his behalf. There was no satisfaction there, and he tried the same method on the House, asking this body in fact to compel Mr. Bayard to act for him. Rebuffed again, he turned to the Supreme Court. He visited Chief Justice Waite. "What did he say?" was asked of the crank as he returned from this mission. "He would not say a word," was the despairing reply.

Mr. Thomas has held his present position twenty-three years. He is a short, thick-set man, with good-humored face, gray beard, and gray hair closely cropped.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

"Good morning, Mr. Hill. What's the matter with your eye?" Mr. Hill—"O, one of those idiot editors put an e in my name instead of an i, and I went up to have it out with him." Friend—"Well did you find him in his sanctum-sanctorum?" Mr. Hill—"Yes, I did, and besides having an i knocked out of my name, I had an e knocked out of my person. Bad set, those editors."—*Detroit Free Press.*

FULL OF FUN.

"He—'I declare, Miss Angelina, you treat me worse than your dog?'" She—"O Mr. de Mogyans, how can you say so? I'm sure I never made the slightest difference between you?"—*Punch.*

"Did it rain?" exclaimed the Western man, in the course of a thrilling recital of border life. "Say, it rained so hard that afternoon that the water stood three feet on a slant roof."—*Buffalo Courier.*

Deacon Jones (to country minister)—"Some of the members of the congregation, Mr. Goodman, complain that you do not speak quite loud enough." Country Minister—"I speak as loud as I can afford to, Deacon, at \$500 a year."—*Epoch.*

First Masher—"Are you on to the snap, Arthur?" Second Masher—"Looking around eagerly—"No? Where? What?" First Masher—"Cold snap!" Everybody—"Ha, ha!"—*Critic.*

"What do you think of my week-old whiskers?" he asked, proudly, as he coaxed them gently to stay in sight. "They look like weak, old whiskers," she answered, with a cruel intonation of scorn.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I want your advice very much, Cicely, dear. Would you buy a seal or a seal plush cloak, if you were in my place?" "Well, of course I can't say. Seals are growing scarcer every year." "But I hear that they are not killing so many plushes this year as usual."—*Hartford Post.*

Physician—"Patrick, don't you know better than to have your pig-pen so close to the house?" "An' phy shud it not, sor?" "It's unhealthy." "Be away wid yer nonsense. Sure the pig has never been sick a day in his life."—*Omaha World.*

"Remember, my son," said a fond but practical father, "that if you would succeed in life you must begin at the bottom and work up." "In every thing, father?" asked the young hopeful. "Yes, my son." "But, father, suppose I started to dig a well?"

Leap year in Washington; young man at foot of a tree; young woman three squares away, coming rapidly toward him; young man to policeman: "Can I climb this tree?" Policeman: "You'd better take the next one, sir; there's sixteen men already gone up this one."—*Critic.*

"What are you doing, James?" said a teacher to one of a group ofurchins who was hanging by his toes from the fence of the school-yard, about the time that the rage for calisthenics was permeating our country. "Only doing ecclesiastics," replied one of his companions, glibly.—*Harper's Bazar.*

TWO FAMOUS PAINTERS.

The Early Struggles of Sir David Wilkie and David Roberts.

It is expedient to humor "the twig" that has an inclination—the tree will be all the better for it. Pope expresses but a half-truth in his lines: "Education forms the common mind: Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," for many a tree has been distorted by inclining the twig against its bent.

Rev. David Wilkie was much troubled by the fact that David, his son, had tried three schools, and in each of them had shown himself indifferent to classical knowledge. The good father was also annoyed at the lad's propensity to cover the walls, the kitchen pavement and the uncarpeted floors of the manse with figures of men and beasts drawn in various attitudes. Even in church, when he should have listened to his father's sermons, the rogue, ignoring the sacredness of the kirk, would draw on the blank leaves of his Psalm-book and Bible, portraits of the remarkable faces in the congregation.

Sorrowfully convinced that though the boy would not make a scholar, much less a minister, he might make a painter, Mr. Wilkie made application for his admission as a pupil of the Edinburgh Academy of Fine Art. The secretary looked at the lad's drawings, pronounced them worthless, and rejected the application. Private influence reversed the secretary's decision; young Wilkie became a pupil, gained a prize, went to London, where he became "the Raphael of domestic art," and as Sir David Wilkie made a name which was honored at home and abroad.

One day a gentleman of culture and taste, while walking in the suburb of Edinburgh, stepped into a shoemaker's cottage. He was surprised to see on the whitewashed wall several admirable representations of animals drawn with red chalk and charcoal. On commending them to the shoemaker's wife, she answered:

"Hoot! these are bits o' drawings o' oor Davie; he was seein' some wild beasts at a show, and he's caulked them there to let me see them."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "and what do you intend to make of that boy?"

"Deed, he'll jist need to sit doon on the stool as de his father, and learn to mak and mend shoos [shoes]."

The gentleman, thinking that cobbling was not exactly the employment for a boy who could execute such drawings, persuaded a house-painter to take Davie as an apprentice. Industry and genius made the youth a painter of dramatic scenery; then he painted the Gothic ruins of Scotland. By these pictures he obtained the means of making tours in Normandy and Spain, from which countries he returned with pictures that brought money and reputation. The shoemaker's son was David Roberts, one of the most gifted of British artists.—*Youth's Companion.*