

**DICK THE  
NEWSBOY**

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Dick the newsboy by Thos. Keyworth

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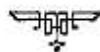
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**THOS. KEYWORD**

**DICK THE  
NEWSBOY**



DICK THE NEWSBOY.





"DICK AND THE OLD BOLDIE WENT AWAY TOGETHER."



# DICK THE NEWSBOY.

BY

REV. THOS. KEYWORTH,

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## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
CHAP. I. DICK'S WORK, . . . . .	7
II. DICK'S HOME, . . . . .	12
III. DICK'S LEISURE, . . . . .	16
IV. DICK'S SCHOOL, . . . . .	21
V. DICK'S COMPANIONS, . . . . .	25
VI. DICK'S TRIALS, . . . . .	27
VII. DICK'S CUSTOMERS, . . . . .	31
VIII. DICK'S TROUBLES, . . . . .	36
IX. DICK'S LOSS, . . . . .	41
X. DICK THE GUARDIAN, . . . . .	45
XI. DICK'S DARKEST HOUR, . . . . .	49
XII. DICK SEES THE DAWN, . . . . .	53
XIII. DICK'S BRIGHTER DAYS, . . . . .	56
XIV. DICK "TAKING STOCK," . . . . .	61





## DICK THE NEWSBOY.

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### CHAPTER I

#### DICK'S WORK.

**S**IX o'clock in the morning and winter time. It was quite dark, as dark as it had been at midnight. It was a cold morning. The people who could lie in bed until the fires were made and the breakfasts ready were fortunate. There were some roughly clad men in the streets, going to their homes after working all night. Other men, just as roughly clad, but somewhat cleaner as regarded their hands and faces, were on their way to work. But there were not many people astir at six o'clock that morning. Work did not begin very early in Sheffield. Most of the workmen at that time were paid by the piece, and not by the day; so they generally took

things in a very easy fashion at the beginning of the week, and made up for it by labouring late into the night on Thursdays and Fridays. Well, it was six o'clock in the morning, and the month was December. The weather had been cold, and snow was lying upon the ground.

There is a dark-looking river runs through the town of Sheffield, and this is called the Don. Not far from the centre of the town another stream flows into the Don, and this gives the town its name; for it is called the Sheaf. A very large district on the left bank of the Sheaf, looking up the stream, is called the Park. Once upon a time it deserved the name, for there was a splendid open space of country stretching from the pure water of the river right away to the distant hills. But now the Park is simply a portion of the town. On the outskirts it is rural and beautiful, but most of it is filled with closely crowded houses. Between South Street and Duke Street are many narrow lanes and crowded courts where poor people congregate. Duke Street Lane is long and narrow and somewhat steep. It looked very dreary early in the morning of that December day. Here and there the lamps were burning dimly; but people in poor neighbourhoods are not generally favoured with a very liberal supply of public light. Not far from the bottom of the lane a door was opened, and a young boy looked anxiously out, that he might judge the nature of the weather. This boy

had not much time to spare; he had the fire to light, and a few other duties to fulfil before he started out to perform his early task. At about half-past six the boy came out. He was not very well clothed, and did not seem prepared to meet the cold wind which was blowing. But his garments were free from holes or rags, and he was clean.

Let us see him as well as we can while he makes his way with rapid steps through the streets. He appeared to be about ten or eleven years old. He was not what people generally call a pretty boy, or even a handsome one. His cheeks were not ruddy, and he was not plump and healthful in his looks. But sometimes people said of him that he looked good, and that was just and fair as a description. He was a thoughtful boy. His life had been spent among those circumstances which either drag human beings down to misery and degradation, or spur them on to make the best of things, and atone for want of opportunity by twofold care and diligence. His eyes were bright but sorrowful, and his lips were almost always compressed as if he was resolving upon something difficult.

He was eating as he walked. The food was nothing very delicate and costly; it was a piece of thick bread, over which he had scattered salt at starting.

This was Dick the Newsboy, as people sometimes called him, and he was on the way to the printing-office, that he