

PAINSTAKING

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649331864

Painstaking by Various

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

VARIOUS

PAINSTAKING



WILLIAM OVERTAKEN BY THE TRAVELLER



PAINSTAKING.

A Story for the Young.



LONDON:
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1872.

12

6 4 2

3

1

10

9

8

7

6

5



4

3

2

1

11



PAINSTAKING.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER.



FATHER! I've something to show you," said little David Ford, as his father came in from his day's labour, and seated himself directly in front of the bright wood fire, which was burning in the open fire-place.

"Well, my boy, what is it?"

"Look here, papa," said David, holding a small slate up before his father's face. "What does that look like? Doesn't it look just like pussy?"

"Ha! madam pussy, is it?" said his father evasively; for he did not like to disappoint his little son by admitting that he could trace no

manner of resemblance between the figure on the slate and the tabby cat, asleep on the rug before the fire.

"Yes," said David eagerly; "don't you see her four feet, one—two—three—four? and don't you see her nose?"

Before Mr. Ford had time to decide whether the mark pointed out by David could, by any stretch of imagination, be supposed to resemble pussy's nose, the door was suddenly opened, and two stout boys entered the room.

"Father," said the elder of the two boys, "here is a letter directed to you, which we took from the post-office to-night. We have been studying it all the way home."

"You surely did not open it?" said Mr. Ford.

"Oh no, father! We would not do such a thing as that. It was the outside we studied," said Isaac.

"It is written by a boy," said John, the younger of the boys; "that's what excited our curiosity. It's a boy's handwriting; but we can't make out the post-mark. Here is the letter."

"It is from C——," said Mr. Ford, after he had examined it.

"Then it must be from Cousin William," said

John. "It is strange that he should write to father."

"What is there strange about it?" inquired Mr. Ford.

"Why, William is no older than I am."

"Don't you think you could write a letter if you tried?"

"I suppose I could, if I tried hard enough; but I should have to take a great deal of pains to make it look like that."

"That is very true," said Mr. Ford. "No boy of eleven can direct a letter like that without taking pains to do it. So even the outside of this letter tells us at least one thing about your cousin William; it informs us that he is a boy who is not afraid of painstaking. That is something in his favour, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said John, blushing a little. Perhaps he thought a covert reproof for himself was lurking in this commendation of his cousin.

"If we have sufficiently discussed the outside of the letter, we will open it," said Mr. Ford.

"Please, father, read it to us," said Lucy, after her father had opened the letter.

"Presently, my dear," said Mr. Ford.

Lucy Ford, though only fifteen, was a confirmed invalid. Her large easy-chair occupied

the coziest corner of the fire-place, and she was now reclining therein, supported by pillows.

"I suppose you all want to hear it?" said Mr. Ford, after running his eye over the letter.

"Yes, father," cried two or three voices at once.

"Well, listen then."

"DEAR UNCLE JOHN,—Mother has received your kind letter, and wishes me to answer it. I am afraid I shall make very awkward work, as I have never written a letter except to my schoolfellows. But I will try to do my best, for I always mean to do what mother wishes. She thinks you are very kind, to offer to let me live with you this winter, and go to school with Isaac and John; and I think so too. She says I may go; and I am very glad of it. We have not a good school here. Some of the boys have gone out of town to school. I almost envied them. I did not think I was going too. I am very glad indeed; though I shall be sorry to leave mother, and Mary, and Lizzie. Mother says I must thank you very much for your kind offer. I am sure I do thank you.

"I shall go one week from to-morrow. Mr. Mason, our nearest neighbour, is going to D—, and has offered to take me there. If we start early, we can get there by ten o'clock,—time enough to take the stage, which I suppose will leave me at your house about dark. I shall try to be a good boy, and not give you much trouble. Give my love to Aunt Mary, Lucy, Isaac, John, and little David.—Your affectionate nephew,

"WILLIAM DAVIDSON."

Mr. Ford had no reason to complain of inattentive auditors while reading this letter.