

all three had names. The red cow was Cowslip, the Jun was Belle, and the black was Meadow-Sweets.

The cows knew their names like three children, and would come when called.

"One day" the boy tells us, "I was not with them, but had been given a holiday and gone up on the side of the hill. I climbed until I was so high that I got dazed, and lost my footing upon the rocks, and came tumbling down and snapped my ankle so I could not move.

"It was very lonesome there. It seemed to me that it was hours that I lay there, hitching along among the bracken. I thought how night would come and nobody would know where I was. I could not move for the anguish of my foot. It was no use to call, for there was naught in sight save the crows, skirting against the sky. My heart was fit to break, for I was but a lad, and mother looked to me for bread. I thought I would never see home again.

"After awhile I spied a cow beneath grazing on a slip of turf just between a rift and the hills. She was a good long way below, but I knew her. It was Cowslip!

I shouted as loud as I could, Cowslip! Cowslip! When she heard her name, she left off grazing and listened.

"I called again and again. What did she do? She just came toiling up and up—till she reached me. Those hill cattle are rare climbers.

"She made a great ado over me; licked me with her rough, warm tongue, and was as pleased and as pitiful as though I were her own. Then like a Christian, she set up a moan and moaned—so long and so loud that they heard her in the vale below.

"To hear a cow moaning like that they knew meant that she was in trouble. So they came a-searching and seeking. They could see her red and white body, though they could not see me. So they found me, and it was Cowslip saved my life."

**A BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS.**

"Well, I used to think no one could do two things well at once, but that boy seems to have managed it, and no mistake."

So spoke an English traveller who was inspecting one of the great cottonmills in the west of Scotland, not far from Glasgow. And well might he say so. The lad whom he was watching—a pale, thin, bright-eyed boy, employed in the mill as a "piecer,"—had fixed a small book to the framework of the spinning-jenny, and seemed to snatch a brief sentence from its pages every time he passed it in the course of his work. "Ay, he's jist a wonder," answered

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the Scotch foreman, to whom the visitor had addressed himself. "We ca' him 'Busy Davie' here, for he's aye readin' like ony minister; but he does his wark weel for a' that."

"And does he really understand what he reads?" asked the Englishman, looking wonderingly at the young student's book, which was a treatise on medicine and surgery that would have puzzled most lads four or five years older than himself.

"I's warrant he does that," replied the Scot, with an emphatic nod. "There's no a quicker chiel than Davie i' the haill mill."

And then the visitor passed on to look at another part of the works, and forgot all about "Busy Davie," for the time being.

But he was suddenly reminded of him two hours later, when the mill hands "knocked off" for dinner.

Coming back across the yard when his tour of inspection was over, the traveller caught sight of a small figure in a corner by itself.

A second glance showed him that he was not mistaken. There sat "Busy Davie," holding in one hand the big oatmeal "bannock" that represented his dinner, and in the other a soiled and tattered book without a cover, which he was devouring so eagerly that his food remained almost untouched. The Englishman stole softly up behind the absorbed boy, and glancing over his shoulder at his book, saw that it was one written by himself a few years before, describing the most perilous of all his journeys through the wild regions beyond the Orange River in South Africa.

Just as the visitor came up, the little student, quite unaware that the author of the book was standing beside him, read half aloud one of the more exciting passages, following the lines with his roughened forefinger:

"The progress of our party was necessarily very slow, as we could only march in the mornings and

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