

ments excited even Uncle Benny's curiosity; so he gradually edged round toward the pen, and, sure enough, there was a real crowd of people admiring the pigs! In the centre of the group he observed two or three fussy, important-looking men, with paper and pencil in their hands. These were the judges, who were just then going the rounds of the fair to decide as to who were to have the different premiums, but that important announcement would not be made until the next morning.

In the course of their wanderings over the fair grounds they came suddenly to a great open space, —a huge circle, surrounded by a low fence. On the outside of this fence an immense number of men and women were collected, all crowding upon each other to get a view of at least a dozen persons, in light sulkies, who were trotting horses at the top of their speed around the circle. It was a fine gravel road, made expressly for fast driving.

The boys looked on with the utmost enjoyment. They had never seen such fast driving before, except when a horse was running away. Then they were in continual fear lest one sulky would run into another and cause a smash-up, they came so near together. Every now and then there was a shout and a hurrah from the spectators; and at the same time the women waved their handkerchiefs as if somebody had done something wonderful. Bill Spangler suddenly turned round to the old man, and inquired,—

"Why, Uncle Benny, ain't this a horse-race?"

"Well," replied Uncle Benny, "this is what the society calls 'a trial of speed.' Don't call it a horse-race, or some of the managers might hear you. I know these fairs would be dull things if no fast horses were to be exhibited, and I am afraid they are becoming mere excuses for horse-racing. But everybody seems to expect it. Look at the number of people who stand round this fence, gaping for hours together at nothing more than a parcel of trotting-horses, driven as fast as they can be made to go. At least one half of the spectators are women; and, taken altogether, there are three times as many people now round this fence, enjoying the races, as there are on the rest of the ground. I think the managers should change the name of their shows, and call them the annual county horse-race."

But the boys soon tired of a display that had so little to interest them; and, as it was drawing toward sundown, they turned away, and started for home. It had been a somewhat tiresome day, as very hot and dusty, as fair-days generally are. Still, they had enjoyed it greatly, as boys, when bent on pleasure, do not seem to care whether it rains or snows, or whether the day be fair or hot or dusty,—all is about the same to them.

The next morning they returned, and found a crowd even greater than on the preceding day. The first place they visited was the pig department; for, as their treasures was there, so did their hearts yearn toward it. As they approached the pen where their pets had been deposited they found quite a number of persons gathered in front of it, some of whom were reading a paper which had been stuck on the post, and which read thus:—

FIRST PREMIUM,—CHESTER WHITES.

The boys hardly knew what to make of it, but Uncle Benny explained to them that they had really taken the first premium. Their surprise and gratification knew no bounds, while Uncle Benny himself did not fail to experience a degree of pleasure which fully rewarded him for all the care and trouble he had given to the undertaking from the beginning.

"Where is Mr. Spangler, the owner of these pigs?" inquired a well-dressed gentleman in the crowd. "I want to see him."

"Here he is," replied Uncle Benny, taking Bill Spangler by the arm, and bringing him forward, very much to his confusion.

"What, my lad did you raise these fine pigs?" inquired the gentleman.

"Well, I helped to, sir," replied Bill.

"I want to buy them, and will give you ten dollars apiece," added the gentleman.

Bill was more confused than ever, and turned to Uncle Benny for relief, as the other boys had nothing to say, none of them being used to making bargains.

"You can have them, sir," said Uncle Benny.

"And cheap enough, my boys," added a voice in the crowd, which they recognized as that of their neighbor, Mr. Allen. "You deserve great praise for what you have done. I never saw finer pigs in my life. Do equally well another year, and you will get your names up."

The gentleman counted out forty dollars into Uncle Benny's hand, which he folded up, and put into his pocket. But if the taking of the premium had surprised the boys, the getting of so large a price really astonished them. But the old man afterwards explained to them that anything on which a great amount of care had been bestowed was generally sure to bring with it a good reward. He had no doubt it would be so with their cornfield, their blackberry patch, and, in fact, with everything else to which they might devote their utmost care and attention. It was the pains-taking boy or girl who went ahead, while the lazy and the slattern fell behind.

When the party reached home, and told Farmer Spangler that their pigs had taken the prize, and been sold for forty dollars, he was even more aston-