

highly edified by them. Also, when Peter was a clerk, there were several young and handsome damsels who loved to bask in the sunlight of his smiles, and one of them he fancied he loved. After he had got his hillside planted he went to see Cornelia Henderson, and he asked her if she would become his wife at some future time, when he was prepared to take such an article to his home. She told him she would think of it and let him know by letter. Three days afterwards he received a letter from her, in which she stated that she could not think of uniting her destinies with a man who could only delve in the earth for a livelihood. Peter shed a few tears over the unexpected note, and then he reasoned on the subject, and finally blessed his fate, for he was sure that such a girl was not what he needed for a wife.

When the first of July came, Peter reckoned up his accounts, and he found that Mr. Stevens was owing him just two dollars, and all he owed in the world was seventy-five dollars for manure. On the third day of July he carried to the hotel ten dollars worth of green peas, beans, and radishes; and in three days afterwards he carried to the city twenty-eight dollars worth. Towards the end of the month he had sold one hundred and thirty dollars worth of early potatoes, peas, beans, etc. Then he had early corn enough to bring him fifteen dollars more. Long ere his melons were ripe, a dealer in the city had engaged them all. He had six hundred fair melons, for which he received fourteen cents apiece by the lot, making eighty-four dollars for the whole.

During the whole summer, Peter was kept busy in attending to the gathering and selling of the products of his hillside. He helped

Mr. Stevens in haying; and about some other matters—enough so that he could have some help when he wanted it. When the last harvesting came, he gathered in seventy-eight bushels of corn, and four hundred bushels of potatoes, besides turnips, squashes, pumpkins, etc., and eighteen bushels of white beans.

On the first day of November, Peter White sat down and reckoned up the proceeds of his land, and he found that the piece had yielded him just five hundred and five dollars, and besides this he had corn, potatoes, beans, and vegetables enough for his own consumption. That winter he worked for Mr. Stevens at getting out lumber for twenty-five dollars per month; and when spring came, he was ready to go at his land again.

In the meantime, Walter Sturgis had worked a year at a fashionable calling for three hundred dollars, and at the end of the term he was the absolute owner of just two dollars.

"Say, Peter, you aren't going to work on that land of yours another season, are you?" asked Walter, as the two met in the street one evening.

"To be sure I am," was the response.

"But here's Simons wants a clerk, and I told him I guessed you would be glad to come."

"What will he pay?"

"Three hundred."

"Ah, Walter, I can make more than that from my land."

Sturgis opened his eyes in astonishment.

"You're joking," he said.

"No, sir. I received five hundred and five dollars in money last season. Seventy-five of that went for manure; but some of that manure is now on hand; as I found the land so rich last year as not to