

made a strong impression upon Tony's thoughtful mind. He was now old enough to appreciate them in all their bearings. One Tracey, a farmer, had married a farmer's daughter, whose misfortune it was to dislike a rural life. She desired her husband to seek some other employment, anything but that of farming, and was ever ready to commend the superior charms of a life in the city. She held out the same idea for her daughters, and hoped that, when they married, it would not be to become farmer's wives. Her oldest, Jessie, at nineteen, was the belle of the township,—the life of every picnic, the charm of every quilting-party, a picture of rural beauty, and perfectly happy in her modest home.

Between Jessie and the son of a neighboring farmer there sprung up an attachment which was fast ripening into an engagement of marriage. They were not only well paired, but suitably matched. He was every way deserving of her, and his prospects for life were quite as promising as hers. But he was only a farmer,—the very occupation which Jessie's mother had hoped might never fall to the lot of her daughters. He could offer no dazzling future, no fortune, no display, only the reasonable promise of a genuine domestic happiness. The unsatisfied and exacting mother wanted more.

Meantime the summer vacation brought into the neighborhood a spruce young shopkeeper from New York, a Mr. Dimity, whose business was that of measuring out lace and ribbons behind the counter of a Canal Street store. But though a perfect obscurity in the great city, he set up for a flourishing merchant when in the country. He talked extensively of his brilliant prospects, glibly enough to impose upon the weakness of Jessie's mother. His dress was elegant, his manners easy, and his attentions to Jessie soon became very decided. But, while, courting the daughter, he first won the mother to his side. The former should have her brown-stone mansion in one of the avenues, her carriage, her servants, and then there would be operas and theatres, and concerts. Life in the great city should be one round of pleasure, to which the dull quietness of a farmer's sitting-room would be mere barbarism.

Jessie's mother was readily won over by these spacious foreshadowings of what might never be realized, and then Jessie herself gave way. The next winter she became Mrs. Dimity, and took up her abode in New York. There she saw all the heart-scalding phases of city life. Ten years of ups and downs were hers. Dimity was fortunate, and then, in turn, unfortunate,—rich to-day, but poor to-morrow. The mansion in the avenue, and the carriage with it, took wings and flew away. If her life were gayer in the city than in the farm-

house, it was far less happy; and often did she sigh for the soft quiet of the rural home which her mother had urged her to abandon. Dimity died bankrupt, and his once blooming Jessie returned to the old parental homestead, a faded and disheartened widow.

Her history was known throughout the neighborhood, and was many times referred to in the hearing of Tony King as another illustration of the danger of leaving a happy country home for an unhappy one in the city. It made him thoughtful and wise, and served to confirm him in his new determination of never abandoning the farm.

This conclusion of Tony was encouraged by Uncle Benny whenever an opportunity presented; nor did he fail to enter into all his various plans for achieving his praiseworthy ambition of getting a little farm for himself. Time was passing rapidly away; and Tony was fast becoming a man. Their success in fruit-growing had been so decided that every year afforded convincing evidence to Tony's mind that fruit could be made more profitable than grain, and that a few acres, worked as they ought to be, would pay far better than a great farm only half cultivated.

"You see," said Uncle Benny, "from what you have been doing, that all wealth is the result of well-directed labor, and that fortune is not chance work. Money is the evidence that somebody has been at work,—working either with his hands or head. All that you have in the savings-bank is the result of work done on these few acres of ground. It is, moreover, a positive assurance that, if you continue to do more work, you will accumulate more money. Besides, money thus acquired is much more likely to be kept than when made by fraud or speculation. That which comes easy generally goes easy. But after all, Tony, money is not everything in this world. Its possession has many times been known to be a great misfortune. But with good health, a virtuous family, moderate desires, a generous heart, and a life here which ever keeps in view the immortal one to come, it may be considered a great blessing. Without these, the rich man is a miserable being."

"But what," inquired Tony, "would you consider the best way for a poor fellow like me to get up in the world?"

"Well," replied the old man, "the way to wealth is about as plain as the way to market, and is open to all who are industrious and frugal, both of time and money. It has been well said that time well employed is certain to bring money, as money well spent is certain of gaining more. Acquire habits of punctuality, and you establish a character for accuracy which will give you credit; and credit is the prize which all aim at, but which too few