

an ox-team through the village. At first he could hardly believe his own eyes. Could it be possible that was Peter White, in that blue frock and those coarse boots? On the next day a relation from the city came to visit Walter. The two walked out, and during the day Walter saw Peter coming towards them with his team. He was hauling lumber which Mr. Stevens had been getting out during the winter. Walter saw how coarse and humble his quondam clerk-mate looked, and he knew that Peter would hail him if they met; so he caught his companion by the arm and dodged into a by-lane. Peter saw the movement, and he understood it, but he only smiled.

By-and-by the snow was all gone from the hillside. The wiry garb was removed from the spot some time before it left other places, for Peter's lot lay on the southern slope of the hill, and thus had all the advantages of the warm sun all day without any of the cold north and east winds. The youth found his land very rocky, but none of the rocks were permanent; so his first move was to get off some of these obstructions, and as Mr. Stevens' land was not yet clear from snow he was able to give his young workman considerable assistance. They took two yokes of oxen and two drags, and went at it, and in just five days every rock was at the foot of the slope, and made into a good stone wall. Peter then hauled on his hundred loads of manure, which he had for seventy-five dollars, and part he saved for top dressing.

Peter now worked early and late, and much of the time he had help. Mr. Stevens was surprised at the richness of the soil, but there was reason for it. At the top of the hill there was a huge ledge, and

the rocks which had encumbered the hillside must, at some former period, have come tumbling down from the ledge: and these rocks, laying there for ages, perhaps, and covering nearly half the surface of the ground, had served to keep the soil moist and mellow. The first thing Peter planted was about a quarter of an acre of watermelons. He then got in some early garden sauce,—such as potatoes, sweet corn, peas, beans, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes and so on. And he got his whole piece worked up and planted before Stevens' farm was free from snow. People stopped in the road and gazed upon the hillside in wonder. Why had that spot never been used before? For forty years it had been used as a sheep pasture, the rocks having forbidden all thoughts of cultivating it. But how admirably it was situated for early tilling, and how rich the soil must have been, with sheep running over it so long. An adjoining hill shut off the east wind, and the hill itself gave its back to the chill north.

Peter had planted an acre of corn, an acre of potatoes, and the rest he had divided among all sorts of produce. Then he went to work for Stevens again, and in a few weeks he had more than paid for all the labor he had been obliged to hire on his own land.

In the meantime, again, Walter Sturgis had been looking after employment. His hundred dollars were used up, to the last penny, and just then he accepted a place in one of the stores in the village, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year. He still wondered how Peter White could content himself in such business. Peter used to be invited to all the little parties when he was a clerk, but he was not invited now. Walter Sturgis went to these parties, and he was