

some writers, laid the foundation of those depletions of the treasury which brought on the French Revolution. The traveller thinks it a great thing to see these artificial water-works, where a little water is pumped up by creaking machinery or a panting steam-engine, to be scattered in frothy spray; and we talk of its not being a good day when God's great engine is exhibited to us. His imperial water-works sending up the mist and vapors to the clouds, to be rained down again in comfort and beauty and plenty upon grateful and thirsty man! Sir, as a mere gratification of taste, I know nothing in nature more sublime, more beautiful, than these rains, descending in abundance and salubrity from the skies."

But out came the sun at last, and more blossoms with it, and than a hot day, with a young thunder-gust in the afternoon, and a hail-storm, the night clearing up so cold that a white frost was visible in many places the next morning. It was quite an unusual thing for that portion of New Jersey. But farming is not all profit, and crops are subject to many casualties,—some from excessive moisture, some from excessive dryness, others from heat, and others from premature cold. The first blossoms of the strawberries, which the boys had been so recently admiring, were blasted by this untimely frost, and the expected crop diminished by at least a third.

It would have been a sore grief to the boys, this prospect of a great loss. But Uncle Benny assured them the case was not a distressing one; he had seen cases far worse than this. He explained to them that there were several distinct sets of blossoms, which unfolded themselves one after the other, not all at once. The first set of theirs had opened, while the second had only half exposed the white flowers. But both were blasted. Hence, there was reasonable hope that from the yet undeveloped blossoms they would gather a plentiful crop, as none of them had been injured. Besides, he said there was little doubt of their getting very nearly as much money. The frost did not fall on their field alone; it must have blasted many others; and the diminished quantity of fruit would be made up by the increased price which the half or quarter crop would command.

When Uncle Benny began his course of training, his idea was that, as the hope of reward was everywhere admitted to be the great sweetener of toil, so, if the boys could be put in the way of accumulating a little money for themselves as the result of their own labor, it would be a powerful stimulant to exertion. His experience with them proved that his idea was the correct one. Their anxiety was now beginning to out-grow even his. Their ambition was increasing,—one wanted twice as many

blackberries, another wanted a great peach-orchard; and Bill Spangler insisted that he must have more pigs, as there were not half as many as he could sell. He said there was no more need of taking Nancy's progeny to the fair in order to obtain customers, as they came to the farm for the young Chester Whites in greater numbers than he could supply, and if one Nancy did so well, he wanted to have six or seven more of the same sort.

Some writer has observed that

"A slight knowledge of human nature will show that, when a man gets on a little in the world, he is desirous of getting on a little farther. Such is the growth of provident habits, that it has been said that, if a journeyman lays by the first dollar, he is on the high road to fortune. It has been remarked by one who has paid great attention to the state of the laboring poor, that he never knew an instance of a man who had saved money having afterwards to depend on public bounty."

It was so with the boys. Their experience had shown them that farm labor and farm employments, when rightly directed, could be made very profitable, while they had already begun to save money. The getting thus far ahead stimulated them to get and save more. But this stimulant, in Uncle Benny's opinion, was getting too strong, and he was constantly obliged to impose restraints on their ambitious projects for expansion. As to Tony King, the orphan boy, he had long since abandoned all idea of giving up the farm for a city life. Hence, he was now turning his attention to how and when he should have a farm of his own. Knowing himself to be friendless, and none to aid him, it was natural enough for him to be casting about for an enlargement of the moderate profits which two years under Uncle Benny's instructions had enabled him to make and save.

Uncle Benny had been with the Spanglers some three years, and Tony was now a well-grown lad of nineteen. His manners were remarkably pleasing, his appearance was manly, and wherever he happened to make acquaintances, he quickly became a favorite. It was no wonder, then, that, as years increased upon him, he became thoughtful of his future. The Spanglers had parents, and the parents had a farm, on which their children would always have a home. But it was very different with Tony King. He was to carve out his own fortune, and that by the labor of his hands, not by help of any friendly purse. His good character and moderate education were all the capital he possessed. But if young men only knew it, such capital, carefully preserved, will gather round it all other desirable forms of wealth.

An incident had occurred in the neighborhood some years previously, the results of which had