

side of the hill just back of the town-house. There are four acres of at his land, and I have been offered hundred dollars for it repeatedly, by those who have land adjoining. I feared this blow, which has come upon me, and I conveyed this land to my brother; so now he can convey it to whom he pleases. Now I wish you would make your choice. If I could pay you both in money I would, but as I cannot, one of you must take this land. What say you? You, Walter, have been with me the longest, and you shall choose first."

Walter Sturgis hesitated some moments, and then said:—

"I'm sure I don't want the land, unless I could sell it right off."

"Ah, but that won't do," returned Mr. Somers. "If you take the land you must keep it. Were you to sell it, my creditors would say at once that you did it for me, and that I pocketed the money."

"Then I am willing to divide the hundred dollars with Peter, for if I had the land I should do nothing with it."

"O, you need not divide the money, for I can easily raise the hundred dollars on the land. My brother will do that. But I imagined that you would prefer the land, for I knew the soil was good, though quite rocky. However, what say you, Peter?"

"Why, I will take the land," returned Peter, "or I will divide equally with Walter—each of us take half the money and half the land."

"But what should I want with the land?" said Walter. "I could not work on it; I—I—should hardly like to descend from a clerkship to digging and delving in a blue frock and cow-hide boots."

"Then it is easily settled," rejoined Peter, "for I should prefer the land."

Walter was pleased with this, and before night he had the hundred dollar bill in his pocket, and Peter had the warrantee deed of the four acres of land upon the hillside. Both the young men belonged in the village, and had always lived there. It was only five miles from the city, and of course many city fashions were prevalent there. It was under the influence of this fashion that Walter Sturgis refused to have anything to do with the land.

Times were dull, and business slack, even though it was early spring. Peter White's first object, after having got the deed of his land, was to hunt up some kind of work. Had he been a mechanic he might have found some place, but he knew no trade except that of salesman and book-keeping. A whole week he searched in vain for employment, but at the end of that time he found an old farmer who wanted a hand, though he could not afford to pay much. But Peter finally, with the advice of Mr. Somers, made an arrangement of this kind:—He would work for the old farmer (Mr. Stevens) steadily until the ground was open, and then he should have half the time to devote upon his own land; and in part payment for his services, Stevens was to help about all the ox-work that the youth might need. Next Peter went to the hotel, where there was quite a stable, and engaged a hundred loads of manure, the landlord promising to take his pay in produce when harvesting time came. So Peter White put on a blue frock and cowhide boots, and went to work for farmer Stevens.

In the meantime Walter Sturgis had been to the city to try to find a situation in some store, but he came back bootless. He was surprised when he met Peter driving