

places in which to build their nests, yet only two or three took possession. Uncle Benny was not sorry, as the great ragged boots, hung where, he could not fail to see them, were a constant eyesore to him; and as soon as it was evident the birds refused to build in them, he had them all taken down.

On coming out of the garden, Mr. Allen let them into the open yard in front of his carriage-house and corn-cribs. There was a great flock of pigeons picking up the remains of the noonday feeding which had been thrown to them. The Spanglers were delighted, and examined the pigeons attentively, but could not discover that they were any better than their own. The proprietorship of pigs and pigeons had already produced the good effect of making them observant and critical, thus teaching them to compare one thing with another.

"Now," said Mr. Allen to Uncle Benny, "these all belong to my boys. They began with only two pairs of birds, and you see to what they have grown."

"How many of them do you sell every year?" inquired Tony of the Allens, in a tone too low for the others to hear.

"Thirty dollars' worth of squabs," he answered, "and some seasons a good many pairs of old birds, —besides what we eat up ourselves."

"But who finds the corn?" inquired Tony, bearing in mind the bargain which Spangler had imposed upon them when consenting to his boys procuring pigeons.

"O," said he, "father finds it, but I'll show directly how we pay for it."

In addition to the pigeons there was a large collection of fine poultry, with a dozen broods of different ages, some just hatched out, the little fellows running round the coops in which the mothers were confined. There was also a flock of turkeys moving slowly about, with all the gravity peculiar to that bird. Uncle Benny made up his mind he had never seen a more inviting dinner-party than these would very soon make.

From the poultry-yard they wandered fall over the farm. Everything was kept in the nicest order. No unsightly hedgerow of weeds and briars fringed fences, nor was a broken post or rail to be seen. The fencing had been made in the best manner in the first place, and would therefore last a lifetime. The winter grain stood up thick and rank, showing that the ground was in good heart. The corn had been planted, and in fact all the urgent spring work had been done, Mr. Allen having so managed it as to be ahead with whatever he had undertaken. Great piles of manure, with marl intermixed, were scattered about several fields, ready to be used on crops that would be put in at a later day. The

springing grass on the mowing ground showed that it had been top-dressed with manure the preceding fall, and that the grass roots had been all winter drinking up the rich juices which the rain and melting snow had extracted and carried down directly into their ever open mouths. Everything about the farm showed marks of its being in the hands of a thorough man, who, in addition to understanding his business, had an eye to neatness, taste, and economy.

Uncle Benny was impressed with the completeness of all that he saw. He called the attention of his pupils to the remarkable difference between the practice of Mr. Allen and Mr. Spangler, stopping repeatedly to explain, and enter into minute particulars. The results were so manifestly superior to any they had witnessed at home, that they did not fail to appreciate them. The old man's effort was to make them understand why it was that results should differ so widely. He told them the soil of the two farms was exactly similar, one farm, naturally, being as good as the other. The difference was altogether in the mode of management. Mr. Allen manufactured all the manure he could, and bought quantities of fertilizers. He sold some hay, because he produced more than he could use, but his straw was all worked up on the farm. He was quite as likely to set fire to his dwelling-house as to burn a pile of corn-stalks. On the other hand, Mr. Spangler took no pains to accumulate manure, neither did he purchase any; but even what he did collect was spoilt by the deluge of rains that carried off all its stimulating juices into the highway. As to selling hay, he had scarcely enough for his own use, while more than once he had burnt up a whole crop of corn-stalks. Thus, while one farm was growing richer every year, the other was growing poorer.

Presently they came to a beautiful meadow of at least ten acres, through the centre of which ran a wide ditch, with a lively stream of water in the bottom. As they came up to the bank the Spanglers observed an earthen pipe projecting from the opposite bank, and spouting forth a strong jet of water. Proceeding farther they noticed another, and then another still. In fact they saw them sticking out all along the course of the ditch, about thirty feet apart. Every one of them was discharging more or less water. As they had never seen such things before, Tony inquired what they were.

"These are underdrains," replied Uncle Benny. "You know I showed the other day what surface-drains were,—now you see what underdraining is. Those pipes are called tiles."

"But where does all the water come from that we see pouring out of them?" inquired Joe.

"Come from? Why, it comes from everywhere,