

with, but he was full of ambition to do something for himself, and this was about the only chance he saw. Then during the whole growing season he kept the ground clear of weeds, and frequently stirred it up on the surface, all which greatly promoted the growth of the plants. They threw up such luxuriant tops, that by midsummer they shaded most of the ground and smothered a large portion of the weeds. All this attention to his horseradish bed was bestowed at odd times.

But he was well rewarded for his labor, as at the close of the season he had a fine crop of roots. They were so large, and there were so many of them, that he was obliged to hire a man to dig them up and wheel them to the house. His employer had paid no more attention to the crop during the summer than he had to Robert's bees; but when he came to see the splendid results of his labor, he was astonished at his success, and told Alice to help him wash and trim them up for market. This she was willing enough to do, as Robert's tastes and hers were so similar that they had long been close friends, ever ready to oblige each other. By devoting one or two evenings to the task, the roots were made ready for the Trenton market. There Robert was allowed to take them, and there, sure enough, he found the old man at work in the market-house with his machine, still grinding out horseradish for a large circle of customers. He sold his crop for sixty dollars, and was so delighted with his success that he treated himself to a new coat.

He also bought for Alice, in return for the help she had given him, a neat little dressing-box, containing trifles which he thought would please her, for there was not a particle of meanness in Robert's disposition. While he was ambitious, and industrious, and saving, he was far from being stingy. Besides, he had already learned that pleasure was reciprocal, and that no one feels it who does not at the same time communicate it; for to be really pleased, one must be pleasing to others. As he saw that Alice was gratified by his thus thinking of her he was abundantly gratified himself.

The purchase of a new coat was a clear saving to Mr. Screwme. He was pleased in turn, thinking how much he had saved, and readily gave Robert permission to use the ditch-bank as long as he desired, as his horseradish farm. Thus the industrious fellow was encouraged to look ahead, and a bit of waste land was in a fair way of being turned into a productive one, by the shrewdness and energy of a mere boy. Taking all the land on the farm, there was not an acre that produced more clear profit than this, though the rest had had twice as much labor in proportion bestowed upon it.

Still, the owner did not take the hint thus given to him, and try what could be done on a larger scale.

The reason was, that raising horseradish was not regular farming,—it was something out of the usual line,—well enough for a boy to amuse himself with, but not the kind of farming he had been brought up to. Another reason was, the neighbors would ridicule him. In truth he was not a wise man, for wisdom is not the mere seeing of things that are actually before us, but consists in discerning and comprehending those which are likely to come to pass. He would have thought it all right for him to plant an acre of cabbages, because it was done by others; but an acre of what he considered a new farm product, such as horseradish, was too great a novelty, though he saw that the crop paid well. Nor was he sufficiently wise to see that the time was coming when a plant so easily cultivated would be grown upon fields as large as any of his.

Thus Robert was left in undisturbed possession. He started the second year under better auspices, as, in trimming his roots for market, he had cut off and saved the lower ends for another planting. This would save him ten dollars, besides affording him not only better "sets" than he had begun with, but twice as many. He thought that he would double his crop by planting both sides of the ditch. On asking permission of his employer, he readily gave it, adding that, if he chose, he might plant the bottom of the ditch also.

The boy's ambition seemed to have won some little sympathy from his master; for, when planting-time came the next spring, he actually assisted Robert by ploughing up the ground and putting it in order for him. Then, as Robert made the holes in the ground, he called on Alice to drop the roots into them, as she was quite willing to do. With this help he got on finely with his double crop. But he was obliged to hire a man occasionally during the summer to keep the ground in order, as he knew it was never worth while to set a plant in the ground and then neglect it. But he had the money with which to pay for such labor. Still, it cost very little, as to his ditch-banks was devoted all the spare time he had. His bees gave him no such trouble, as they took care of themselves. The better preparation of the ground caused a quicker and larger growth of the plants, and of course there was a better yield than that of the first season. He sold the second crop for more than a hundred dollars, and could have disposed of three times the quantity. That season his honey sold for over twenty dollars.

Most of this money he saved, spending very little except for books and papers, all which he studied so assiduously, that, by the time he came of age, he was one of the best-informed young men in the neighborhood, with a respectable library about him. He was a fine, handsome-looking fellow, of pleasant