

for when I set out to raise anything, I can't afford to raise weeds also. Weeds don't pay,—we don't believe in them."

"And what can the New-Yorkers afford to give you per root?" again inquired the old man.

"Don't know what they *can* afford, but they *do* afford to pay me an average of five cents," was the rejoinder.

"Why, that's far better than Spangler's cabbages, or anybody else's," added Uncle Benny.

"No doubt of it,—it's better than my own, and they are equal to any in the neighborhood," replied Mr. Allen. "The fact is, Uncle Benny, agriculture has made such astonishing progress within the last fifteen years, and our great cities have so increased their population, that what at one time was the most insignificant farm product has risen to the position of a staple, which everybody wants. I could name a dozen such. But take the single article of horseradish, one of the most insignificant things that ever grew in a farmer's garden, in some wet place where it could catch the drip of the kitchen pump. I see you are smiling at the idea, but hear me through. It is now cultivated in fields of from ten to twenty acres, and goes to the great cities by hundreds of tons. There is a single dealer in New York who buys thirty tons annually. He has machinery, driven by steam, which grinds or rasps it up into pulp, after which it is mixed with vinegar and bottled up in various ways, to preserve its strength and flavor. It is then sold in great quantities as part of the stores of every ship, not only as a condiment for the table, but as a certain preventive of the scurvy. In this prepared state it goes all over the country, and is thus consumed in every hotel and boarding-house. Even private families have become so luxurious and indolent in their habits as to refuse to grate their own horseradish, preferring to buy it ready grated. Thus there is a vast body of consumers, with only a limited number of growers. But it is used in other ways, in the arts, and for other purposes. Go into any market-house in a large city, and you will see men with machines grinding up horseradish for crowds of customers who come daily to be supplied with a few cents' worth. These apparently small operators do a very large business, for the pennies have a way of counting up into dollars that would surprise one who has never gone into a calculation.

"The facility of getting horseradish ready ground induces people to buy many times the quantity they would if compelled to grind for themselves. I have no idea that the business of growing it can be overdone. I have been raising it for twenty years, and have found that the more I can produce, the more I can sell. Besides, there is no farm crop that gives less trouble or pays better." While this

colloquy was going on, the boys had wandered some few paces away, and the Spangler's were examining the three acres with attention, when one of the Allens exclaimed, "That's our acre,—we take care of that,—that's the way we pay father for our corn."

This piece of information was very satisfactory to the Spanglers. They had been wanting to know how the Allens contrived to feed their pigeons, whether out of their own crib or their father's.

Just then Mr. Allen and Uncle Benny came up, and the former said, "Now this outside acre of horseradish belongs to my boys and their sister. They take the whole care of it except harrowing the ground, but doing the hoeing, weeding, and harvesting, their sister helping them to wash it and get it ready for market. I think it right to give them a chance to do something for themselves. I remember when I was a poor boy, that a very mean one was offered to me, though I wanted so much to make some kind of a beginning. All the money this acre produces belongs to them. They keep regular accounts of what is done upon it, charging themselves with the ploughing, cultivating, and also with what we estimate their pigeons will consume. All the money produced from these two sources, after deducting expenses, belongs to them, and I put most of it out for them as an investment, where it increases a little every year, and will be a snug capital for them to begin life with. I think it is about the best investment, next to underdraining that I have ever made."

## Poetry.

### COUNTRY CHILDREN.

Little fresh violets,  
Born in the wildwood;  
Sweetly illustrating  
Innocent childhood;  
Shy as the antelope—  
Brown as a berry—  
Free as the mountain air.  
Romping and merry.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes  
Peep from the hedges,  
Shaded by sun-bonnets,  
Frayed at the edges!  
Up in apple-trees,  
Needless of danger,  
Manhood in embryo  
Stares at the stranger.

Out in the hilly patch,  
Seeking the berries—  
Under the orchard tree,  
Feasting on cherries—  
Tramping the clover blooms  
Down 'mong the grasses,  
No voice to hinder them,  
Dear lads and lasses!

No grim propriety—  
No interdiction;  
Free as the birdlings  
From city restriction!  
Coining the purest blood,  
Strengthening each muscle,  
Donning health armor  
'Gainst life's coming bustle!

Dear little innocents!  
Born in the wildwood;  
Oh, that all little ones  
Had such a childhood!  
God's blue spread over them,  
God's green beneath them,  
No sweeter heritage  
Could we bequeath them!