

"BROWN-EYED DICK."

He is just a common mongrel, But has eyes of silken brown That are scintillating magnets As he goes around the town; He is always kind and friendly To the children when they meet, And they hail him as a comrade As he passes on the street.

CHILD OF THE HEART.

I had been out of the hospital a month, and had taken the children from St. Mary's Home and was settled with them at last in the few rooms I'd hired on the ground floor of a cottage at the end of the town before any consciousness that I'd had another baby came to me; and then it was in a sudden, odd kind of way.

I was sitting on the edge of the bed, my gown partly off and my hair hanging down over my shoulders—I was as thin as a rail—feasting my eyes on my four little ones rolling on the floor; my big boy, Louis, who was eight, and Pauly and Marie and four-year-old Catherine, no one, not if they were worth millions, could have had grander children! With their beautiful, clear, rosy skins, their blue eyes and light wavy hair, and their lovely sturdy legs. They were all fair like me; their father was French and dark. When I took them out people's eyes always followed them; they had a way of walking like him, with their shoulders thrown back and their heads held high, as though they came of the lords of the land, instead of having only a working-man for their father.

And while I sat there now looking at them, I found myself with my arms folded as if I were holding something; and I rocked to and fro with that feeling of a little round head on my bosom. . . . and it came over me that I had a baby and didn't know where she was, and the thought was as sharp and terrible as a cut with a knife, so that I gasped with the pain and ran out of the room. But in a minute it was gone. That was the only way that I remembered, for well over a year, at odd times like when I least expected it, when I found myself rocking and crooning, with empty arms, to the baby that wasn't there.

But for the most part of the time I never thought of her at all; I had given her away before I ever felt that she was mine. It was all like a bad dream. It was this way, you see: When Antoine, I had married him at seventeen, out of the high school, —my lovely, brown-eyed, merry, warm-hearted Antoine, fell from the scaffold, —he was a builder, —he was dead, but I never saw him again after he kissed me good-by that morning, when I didn't know it, was for the last time. It was three weeks before the baby was born, and I went sort of wild with longing to see him once more, just once was all I'd ask! And with that was the thought, drumming over and over in my mind, how I was ever to earn a living, and the children with yet another to hamper me. It didn't seem now as if the one that was coming were mine; all feeling had been killed in me.

When I talked to the matron at the hospital she was very kind. She told me she knew of some good people who would be glad to have the baby and bring it up, if I were willing to give it away entirely. And it seemed in my weakness, as if a great weight had been taken off my mind, —only I cried. I didn't know why. I was so ill afterward that everything was a haze. They told me the baby was a little girl, I never even saw her, to realize it; I seemed as I looked back to have been conscious only once, propped up with pillows and seeing a strange gentleman with black eyebrows looking at me. I heard him say: "What eyes she has!"

Then somebody asked, "Are you still willing to give away the child, Mrs. Blanchet?" And I said "Yes," and I signed a paper with the pen they handed me. Then I went down and out again for a long time.

Antoine had belonged to a benevolent order, and their money buried him and kept me for awhile after I got back. Mrs. Hallett, the clergyman's wife, wanted me to keep the two younger children in the Home and send Louis and Pauly to a farm. "And in that way," she said, "you will be free to learn to do something worth-while." She was one of the nicest ladies, and one of the least understanding I ever knew. She never seemed to think with her heart.

I went out for day's work at first, sending the children to school and running back at lunch time to give them a bite, and I went without my own; but after a while I got a little trade at home. I did up curtains and laces and fine dresses. One lady told another about me.

But one day, when my tall, pretty Miss Lily came in from the Settlement to the room where I was smoothing out a lace collar in my fingers, she kept looking at me while she talked, and all of a sudden she got up and took the collar from me and held my hands close to hers. "You poor thing!" she said. "What is the matter?"

For a moment I couldn't speak, and then I said in a whisper: "It's Antoine's—it's my husband's birthday. If I could only see him once more—it's all I'd ask, ever. . . . Just once! You see, I didn't know it was for the last time when he went out of the door."

Well, that very afternoon I was taking back a bundle of laces, as it happened, alone; I usually had one of the children with me—when you haven't your husband you have to hold on to a child's hand, it's like linking you here to him where he is, above.

As I went down the road from the big house on the hill into which the new rich people had just moved, I came a nurse in a cap and a long white apron, and a long, flying-back dark cloak. She was pushing a white wicker baby carriage. There was an eighteen-months baby sitting up straight inside, with pink bunches of ribbon on either side of her cap, her hands beating the pink, lacy coverlet, and as she came nearer I looked straight into Antoine's big brown eyes, his eyes, and the long curling black lashes, and the dark curved eyebrows with the little upward twist to the corners; Antoine's dark curls were on her forehead, his dimple at the corner of her mouth, that little mole of his in front of her left ear, and as she smiled at me—four at one corner—the little red lips went up at one corner just as his had done.

I knew, and it was as if my heart turned over within me; I knew, past anybody's telling me, that this was my own child. I'd promised the things and I hurried on with my legs shaking, and the earth and sky whirling around me. . . . I couldn't think at all. But as I came back over the hill I caught a glimpse of the carriage in the pine grove by the lake, and I turned off down there and dropped down on the other end of the bench on which the nurse sat. The baby was asleep—but she was my child.

"That's a beautiful little girl," I said. My voice sounded strange. "Yes, everybody says that," she answered, straightening herself up as if I saw, wild to talk to someone, the way all nurses are. "But it's a lonesome job taking care of her, though I'm well paid. She's brought up modern and hygienic!"

"What's that?" said I, without taking my eyes off that little sleeping face. "You're never allowed to talk to her or play with her, because it interferes with her developin' herself; and summer, day and night, she sleeps in a crib on the porch with curtains, because she's delicate like her mother—that's why I have her out here under the pines. They have the grandest doctor for her. We have a trained nurse now that's like an eagle, she spies on you so fierce; everything goes by her word. It would make your heart ache sometimes to see the mother look at the child when she's brought into the house and longing to kiss it and fondle it, and not daring to."

"Why not?" said I, turning hot and cold. "It's not hygienical," said the nurse, going on like a mill stream. "The baby never allowed to be near other children, for every one of 'em's contagious but her; and no chance do I get to see my own friends, or any of the germs I'll be bringin' off 'em. If the head nurse knew I was talkin' to you she'd fire me. The father, maybe he has other notions, but he's that crazy about the mother he'd do anything in life to please her. The child's to go to the finest schools and learn all languages; and travel in kings' countries, and if she's after having what they call a genius she's to use it in any way she fancies, or a singin', or play-actin', or marryin' a prince. Every night when himself comes in the first thing he says is: "And how is our little ToINETTE to-day?" She's christened Antoinette after her mother."

ToINETTE! Did you ever in your life hear anything like that? I fell to trembling worse than ever. My head was swimming with all the talk of "her mother," and "her father," Antoine's child! She opened her eyes and looked up at me, and I got up and ran home before I should scream, and when I got there I sat on the side of my bed, and rocked and rocked—I wanted to hold Antoine's little girl tight in my own arms, to kiss her, to feel her mine. Why, it was just as if he had sent her to me from out of heaven!

The next day I went up to the matron of the hospital in the city, but I got nothing from her. My baby was legally the child of other parents who loved her and I had no right to her any more. She wouldn't even tell me their name, but she started and changed color when I told her that I knew it was Carrington. Oh, I knew I would they'd never give her up! It roused something wild and fierce in me. I went home clean beat out, and the next morning I couldn't raise my head from the pillow, and my big nine-year-old boy Louis came to my bedside and said: "You just stay in bed, Mummie,"—that was what they called me,—and we'll bring your breakfast in to you." And so they did. My children were all the handsiest little things! They were like Antoine that way! There wasn't one of them, not even little Catherine, who couldn't fry an egg or turn a pancake or make a piece of toast; they cooked for each other often, and it was pretty to see their

fair little faces, so wise and eager, over the pan. Well, I got so that whenever I saw the baby carriage going over the hill to the pines, I'd let everything else go and start up the hills to the pines, myself. And every time I looked into the brown eyes of my baby my heart jumped so I thought Rose must hear it. She was glad to have me to talk to for a few minutes. ToINETTE grew to know me, and clapped her hands. She had the dearest little voice. She would talk to the toys in her lap, the dolly and the Teddy Bear, and stretch her hands to the birds and the squirrels. But I never dared to touch her. I didn't know what I might do or say she was, she hadn't the look of the child that's warmed and fed by love, she wasn't hardy, for all her grand nursing.

Once I got a little cap of hers to clean, the darling little cap, with the pressure of her head in it. And when I took it back I saw Mrs. Carrington. She was a slender lady, with all sorts of lace things falling over her gown; she had pretty, fady blue eyes, and a little half smile around her pale mouth, and something drooping, yet sweet, about her as if she knew everyone was going to be good to her; you couldn't help wanting to yourself. In one way I liked her, and in another I hated her.

I had been taken up the back stairs to a small room, and as she took the cap out of the paper she said: "You have done this very nicely. Step in here and I will give you up more of my baby's things to do up!" She opened a door as she spoke, and I walked after her into the nursery. It was the most wonderful room I had ever been in; it was full of broad windows, and everything in it was a satiny, creamy white, the floor, the furniture and half the walls—the upper part was all pictures in blues and greens and pinks and yellows. There were a great many playthings, dolls sitting on chairs or lying in beds, and all sorts of animals.

"It is a pretty room, isn't it?" said Mrs. Carrington, as if I had spoken, and smiling as if she were pleased. "You see there's no bed; my baby sleeps on the porch outside her nurse's board and took out a couple of lace coats. "I will give you the things now! Ah, here comes my baby now!" And, sure enough, the little thing ran in, —Rose and the trained nurse, the stiffest thing behind her, —turning her sweet eyes on me.

"That's a lovely baby," I said. My voice sounded thick in my ears, but they didn't notice. "It's time for her bath, ma'am," said the nurse, "before she has her supper." "Oh, dear, it's always time for something!" said Mrs. Carrington, smoothing the baby's hair; but she didn't kiss her, Rose was right there. "So many rules and regulations for my darling!"

As we left the room I looked back to see a door opened to a little white porcelain bath beyond, and a white weigh-scales, and what not, all fit for a little princess. "You have children?" she asked. "Five," I said. "Five," she repeated, but not as if she really heard me. "You must have your hands full. I have only one, you see." She smiled proudly, yet wistfully too, and my heart suddenly ached for her. She took out her purse and paid me the quarter for the cap. She was so sweet and gentle it puzzled me what it was I missed in her.

Her husband came in just before I went; he was a tall man, with heavy black eyebrows and a straight mouth. When he stopped still he seemed to stand very quiet, without an eyelash moving, and I knew that he was the man I had seen in the hospital. I heard him say, "Who is that?" And his wife's voice answered: "It's Mrs. Blanchet from the village. She's doing up some things for ToINETTE." I turned at the foot of the stairs to see him smiling at his wife, and he looked quite different. But if I had needed to know any more, I knew it then.

And, oh, my child was well off; she had all the care that money could buy, there was no lack there—though there was a lack. . . . But if I couldn't have her openly for my own, I could at least feast my eyes on her every day, and for once, if for once only, I would have her secretly for my own—I had a plan.

When I got home, I can't tell you how I looked, no place for the children ran to meet me, helter-skelter, their hair flying, and I kissed them and listened to their talk, and got the supper and put them to bed. And when they were fast asleep I went to the cupboard and took out fresh white covers for my bureau and the table, and I got all the candles I had and stuck them in candlesticks on the mantel and on the table behind it, and I hunted some flowers out of the garden, tall, pearly white and golden flag lilies, and set them in between the candles. Antoine was Catholic though I was Methodist, and sometimes I had gone with him; 'twas somehow to me as if my little dark bedroom was to be made like the High Altar. And when all the village was still, and the lights mostly out, for the rising moon, I lighted my candles and went my way, silently up the hill, a dark shawl over me. The house was built on a slope and the porch where the baby slept, that was the second story from the front, was not far above the ground in the back. With a bench and a box from the area I managed to get to the top of the brickwork and then climbed over the stone railing, and pushed aside the screen. Oh, my God, there lay my little Antoinette, her face white like a flower toward the moon, the dark curls brushing her cheek.

I slipped my arms under her—she was in a sort of white, woolly sleeping bag—and lifted her to me, so gradually that she didn't know that she was being moved. And still holding her close on one arm I managed slowly to edge myself over the railing again and reached the ground, and went swiftly, yet holding her steadily, down the hill. But of a sudden she

stirred and opened her eyes and began to whimper. The voice of her! I was mad with joy. And the feel of her—"You darling! You darling!" I whispered. "You're with Mummie now, you're with Mummie—" And when she heard my voice she stopped crying and put up her little hand to touch my face. And so we came into my altar room, all set with the candles and the pearl and golden lilies, and my baby raised her head and stretched out her arms and said, "Pretty, pretty!" Oh, the darling, the darling! And I took off all the things she was bundled in. And then I went and waked the sleeping children and said: "Come and see what Mummie has for you!"

So they came stumbling out one by one, Louis and Pauly and Marie and Catherine, the hair falling over their sleepy eyes, and then they all screamed at once and ran forward. There on the table, in the midst of the flowers, with the altar lights behind her, stood my baby in her little white shirt, with her lovely bare arms and neck, her bare legs and dimpled feet, her head with the brown curls throbbing back, and her big brown eyes shining solemnly; but the sight of the children's faces she began to laugh, her red lips parting to show the tiny white teeth.

"Oh, Mummie, is it an angel?" cried Marie. And I said, "Yes, she's come down to play with you." And then I set her on the floor and they all danced around her, she laughing with delight and plucking at them, and each had to touch and hold her, her little pink toes curling up when they kissed them. Oh, she knew her brothers and sisters that she was born to, and that I had cheated her of! When I looked in the glass I didn't know myself, my cheeks were so red. When I packed them off to bed again I said: "Mind you, there's not a word to pass your lips to any living soul about our little angel. Remember that, Louis, and Marie, and Catherine and Paul."

Then I put out all the lights but one and took my baby into my own narrow bed with me. I kissed her from her curls to her little warm feet, and she went to sleep, sighing and cooing with content, as I kissed her—when was mine, mine, mine! I lay awake while she slept so as not to lose a minute of her. I can't tell you of my joy and my pain. God lets love hurt us so much, doesn't He! But before it was light, —and oh, the dawn comes so early in the spring!—I was up the hill with her, still sleeping, in my arms, and put her in the crib on the porch outside of the room where the trained nurse slept—I'd outwitted her for all her training!

But after that, if I'd thought I'd be satisfied, I was mistaken, I wanted my baby more than ever. I kept watching to see Rose wheeling the carriage over to the pines, and then I'd leave everything and run. How is it that you can't keep what you're thinking out of the world? My children never told about that night when I stole their little sister for them, small as they were; they never told. But one evening Louis began to cry, sobbing with his face in his hands, turned away from me, and though I asked him why, he wouldn't speak. Children are so much wiser than we. Sometimes I was afraid of Louis. It isn't what you do or say, it's your thoughts that you can't find that slip away from you, and find their way into the minds of others. It seemed to me that people began to look strangely at me.

One day I met Mr. Carrington in the town, and Rose didn't come to the pines the next day or the next, or the next. The day after that, Miss Lily, came in for a China crepe shawl of her mother's. She'd brought a chocolate sweet thing, the mother's heart of her,—and they'd thanked her prettily, they had nice manners, and she said, looking at Marie, "Do you know, Mrs. Blanchet, Mrs. Carrington's little girl always reminds me of your children, though her coloring is so different! She has the same way of holding her head, and there's something in her smile. She's such a dear little thing; I'll miss her when they go."

"When they go!" I repeated, staring at her. "Yes, they sail on Saturday. Mr. Carrington has business in France, so they're going there to live. Mrs. Blanchet, you really must not work so hard, you look terribly!" "Oh, I'm all right, Miss Lily," I said. "Going away, going to take my child away, and to France, her father's country!" That night I went up the hill, it was black dark with no moon, and I crept over the railing of the porch and stole my baby once more.

So I brought her home to have her in my arms for the few hours that I might—anc what I would have done or not have done the night decided for me. It rained. The heavens opened, and the waters fell down in torrents; the thunder crashed, the lightning flashed; the drops rattled on the roof with noise so loud and continuous you couldn't hear yourself speak, and the wild wind hurled them at the window panes so that they were like to break; did one storm seem as if it would die down, another followed it. The children were frightened and came rattling out of their beds to me—little ToINETTE cried; I had to walk the floor with her. I couldn't have taken her back again if I would. And I was frightened at what I'd done—and afraid of Mr. Carrington—but I knew I'd have done it all over again.

It was seven o'clock, with the children up and the rain stopping at last, that Mrs. Barns, a woman who lived above me, put her head in at my door, and says, "Have you heard the news? The Carrington's baby has been stolen? She disappeared in that awful storm last night! Ain't it terrible!" "Stolen!" said I, with a quick glance behind me. The children were all in the inner room. "Have they—?" "I don't know. Mr. Carrington was

away last night, but they've sent for him. Mrs. Carrington is wild." It was only what I expected to hear, and yet—there's such a strangeness in it when bad things come true! But I went back to the children when she left, with the baby running around among them on the floor and laughing, with her little head thrown back and her eyes, Antoine's big, brown eyes, shining. She ate all her breakfast of bread and milk with the rest. She had a look about her she'd never had before, the look loved children have. The others had their breakfast and went to school—only Louis looked at me strangely. And after I bathed the darling in the green tin foot tub, and dressed her in some old things of Catherine's I was waiting all the time for the moment to come when she'd be taken from me. And it came! When I heard that knock on the front door I opened it to Mr. Carrington.

He was alone. He strode in, his face black and stern, and when he saw the child in my arms he put out his hand and pulled her from me, though I tried to hold on to her, I screamed, and he said sternly, "Why not? She's mine. Oh, I knew where to look for her all right! I've been watching you ever since I recognized you at the house. Now I want to tell you, you've got to stop this game. You won't make anything by it." "What did he mean? "But she belongs to me!" I stammered.

"She belongs to my wife and myself," he said. "You can be sent to prison for stealing her. Don't you know that? If we weren't sailing to-morrow morning I'd have you put where you couldn't do any more harm. Your child! What kind of a mother were you to give her away? What kind of a mother are you now to want to take her from all the comforts and luxuries of life with everything to make her good and happy, when she's growing up, and drag her down into a stewed-to—she glanced around—"this! If you were to die, what's to become of her? Do you want her to go to the poorhouse? You're a wicked, selfish woman, and when you talk of mothers—you don't care whether you break her true mother's heart or not!"

He saw her sleeping bag and picked it up from a chair and wrapped it around her all wrong, like a man does, and strode out the door with her in his arms, and off up the hill, me hurrying along behind him, wringing my hands as I went. I saw people staring, but I took no heed. Once he looked back to see me following; the baby was laughing at me over his shoulder. I went into the house after him to where Mrs. Carrington was sitting in her drooping laces, and she gave a cry when she saw the little thing in her husband's arms and ran and snatched the child to her.

"Oh, Hubert! I knew you'd find her, I knew—Why—" She stopped for she saw me, my hair in wisps against my face, my lips twisting, and my hands twisting, too, against my apron. "What eyes she has!" she said, drawing back as if in terror. She turned questioning to her husband, and he nodded. "This is our woman. You'd better go," he ordered, not roughly, but I knew I had to obey. Yet first. . . . "Madam," I said, "it's only a word I have to speak. Your husband's been telling me how cruel I was to give my child away, and how cruel I am to want her now, cruel to you, and to her. I'd tell you what I went through before she came, if I could make you understand all my trouble—if I could make anyone understand what it is to have your husband die and leave you! And it's true all Mr. Carrington says—I'm selfish to want her, —yes—if she were my baby alone. I'd give her up to you again, yes, I would!—But she's her dead father's child too! She's a part of him, come back from heaven to me! There's something in me that's stronger than I—God put it there! I can't let her go, I can't, I can't!"

I had fallen on my knees with sobbing. "You may take her away to the ends of the earth, but you can't take her from my heart's longing, and it will come between you and her till I die!" I heard the lady's voice saying, "Oh, Hubert!" as if faint-like, and I found myself at home more dead than living.

Late that evening, a carriage stopped by my gate, and Mr. and Mrs. Carrington got out. He had my baby in his arms. His wife was clinging to him, very white, but cold and proud-looking. "We have come to give you back the child," he said in that stern voice of his. He put up his hand imperiously. "Don't speak, please. My wife and I have made up our minds. My wife feels that knowing of ToINETTE's parents makes a great difference in her own feeling of possession—the thought of another living mother is unpleasant to her. And she is very tender-hearted." His voice broke a little; that the man loved his wife was plain to be seen! "To think of your longing for the child would take all her own pleasure and comfort away. So we give ToINETTE back to you.—Wait. One thing is to be clearly understood. One such trial is enough. We will never take the child back under any circumstances. You are never to make any appeal to us!" His voice wasn't as hard as his words. He was looking at his wife.

"Never!" I whispered, but I only looked at the lady, our eyes hung on each other for a moment. I tried to say, "May the Lord bless you," and she came close to me, and I put up my lips, and we kissed each other, as if we might have been sisters, each so sorry for the other. Then they left me with my darling child, Antoine's and mine. . . . "Mummie, Mummie!" she cried, and patted my face with her little hand. But wouldn't you think it strange! That other woman loved the child, yet she never sent one of the baby's little clothes down to her when they left. Christmas or a birthday, since never anything has come. Kind she was, but I knew from the first that she hadn't the real heart of a mother!

Sometimes I'm frightened that I won't be able to work as hard as I ought. Louis says: "Motter, I'm going to begin and earn money soon for my little angel sister," for I'd told him all. But oh, will she judge me when she grows up, and finds what I've kept from her?—By Mary Stewart Cutting, in "Woman's Home Companion."

FARM NOTES.

—The poorest potatoes in the basket set the price for the entire bushel. —Philadelphia "Record." —Preparedness in industrial training and in practical farming is just as essential to the country's welfare as military preparedness. —A good, reliable, intelligent farm hand is worth keeping, even if you have to pay several dollars a month above ordinary wages for his services.

—Farmers of today face different problems to those that confronted our fathers and grandfathers. The day of cheap lands has passed and we need hardly remind ourselves that it has passed for all time in America. —It is now announced that saddle horses are again coming into style and that a really handsome animal may be purchased anywhere from \$150 to \$300. This is strangely confirmatory of a belief prevalent among a very large and important section of the public that just as soon as automobiles began to promise to come within reach something would happen.

—That green forage crops lower the cost of pork production materially is demonstrated by experiments at the Ohio Experiment Station. Alfalfa, clover, rape, soy beans and bluegrass are adapted to hog pasturage, in one experiment lasting 11 weeks in midsummer clover pasture replaced 71 pounds of corn in every 100 pounds gain made by the hogs. Rape replaced 64 pounds, and soy beans, 54 pounds. All these hogs received corn in addition to pasture. They made cheaper gains than those fed only grain in dry lot. Rape makes an abundant, palatable growth and has a long grazing season. An acre will usually supply green feed for three months for 30 hogs weighing about 100 pounds. Soy beans may be grazed from July 1 for a period of about 10 weeks. Since bluegrass is susceptible to drought, it has its greatest value for early spring use.

—Spinach is an annual plant used as "greens," for which there is a great demand very early in spring, and late fall. The leaves are succulent, and rather large, the seed stalk growing about two feet in height. Spinach is a rapid grower when planted in a soil that is rich in humus and in fine tilth. This quick growth makes the leaves and stalks tender. It is of easy culture, and thrives best in cool weather. The best market is in spring, and for this purpose the seed should be sown not later than early September. In the Middle and Northern States the plants should be protected during the winter with leaves of straw. This cover should be removed very early in spring.

As the crop is a rapid grower, it can be gathered very early in spring. In market gardening, the application in the spring of nitrate of soda has been advertised, but now, instead, owing to the scarcity of that article, a dressing of hen manure, or well-rotted barnyard manure, is substituted. The crop should be ready for market in April or May, and be all gathered by early June. Being hardy, spinach endures severe winter. The spinach field should be made into slightly raised beds six to nine feet wide, so that water will not stand on the plants. The rows should run lengthwise of the bed. The plants should be thinned out when the leaves are an inch wide. An ounce of seed will sow 100 feet of drill; 12 pounds to the acre.

There are two races of spinach, the prickly seeded and the round seeded. The prickly varieties are hardiest, and more generally used for fall planting. For early spring and summer use, the Long-Standing Spinach is desired by many growers. The Round-leaved is a good shipping variety. Prickly or winter spinach is valuable for fall seeding; the Bloodsail is also a good one. The New England spinach one sees frequently in market is not a spinach at all, but is one of the best substitutes for it. The enemies of spinach are mildew, anthracnose, leaf blight, white smut and black leaf.

Mildew can be detected by the gray, velvety patches on the under side of the leaves, with corresponding yellow spots on the upper side. Anthracnose shows itself in gray spots on the leaves, containing brown pustules, which may be found on either the upper or under side of the leaves. Leaf blight forms numerous small pimples on the lower part of the leaf. In white smut the spores are colorless, giving a frosty appearance to the leaves. Black mold occurs as dark blotches on old leaves, but seldom attacks young, vigorous plants. Treatment of any of the above diseases consists in rotation of crops and destruction of affected plants. A mixture consisting of equal parts of sulphur and airslaked lime, raked into the bed before planting, is recommended.

As a rule, spinach is free from insect pests, although at times the leaf maggots become troublesome. They deposit their eggs on the under side of the leaves and the larva mines in the tissue of the leaf, resembling a blister. The leaf maggot not only feeds on spinach, but also on beets and such weeds as lamb's quarters. These weeds in the neighborhood of the spinach and beet fields should be destroyed. Deep, early spring or late fall plowing, followed by rolling, is recommended. —They are all good enough, but the WATCHMAN is always the best.