

"BROWN-EYED DICK."

He is just a common mongrel, But has eyes of silken brown That are scintillating magnets...

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...

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...

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...

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...

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...

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 spoke...

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...

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 on my knees 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 drawn if it rains or snows, 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."

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 talk to her 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 so warm and beautiful as if I touched her. For 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 smiling, rosy cheeks, 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!' 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.

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 Catharine 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 she was 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 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 piece for each of the children—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. Carrington, 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. Carrington, 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 one more.

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 tomorrow 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 the gutter?—he 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 the 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 Bloodsails 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 loaf. 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 loaf 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.