

"Our milk-weed is tenacious of life; its roots lie deep, as if to get away from the plough, but it seldom infests cultivation crops. Then its stalk is so full of milk and its pod so full of silk that one cannot but ascribe good intentions to it, if it does sometimes overrun the meadow.

'In dusty pods the milk-weed
Its hidden silk has spun.'

sings 'H. H.' in her 'September.'

"Of our rag-weed not much can be set down that is complimentary, except that its name in the botany is *Ambrosia*, food of the gods. It must be the food of the gods if of anything, for, so far as I have observed, nothing terrestrial eats it, not even billygoats. Asthmatic people dread it, and the gardener makes short work of it. It is about the only one of our weeds that follows the plough and the harrow, and except that it is easily destroyed I would suspect it to be an immigrant from the Old World. Our fleabane is a troublesome weed at times, but good husbandry makes short work of it.

"But all the other outlaws of the farm and garden come to us from over the seas; and what a long list it is:—

The common thistle,
The Canada thistle,
Burdock,
Wild carrot,
Yellow dock,
Ox-eye daisy,
Camomile,
The mullein,

Elecampane,
Plantain,
Motherwort,
Stramonium,
Catnip,
Gill,
Blue-weed,
Stick-weed,