

eye glance only occasionally at the machine, rather than keep looking at the implement, casting a glance now and then at the team. If the team is guided properly, the implement behind the team will move in the proper place. A great many inexperienced drivers will watch the harrow, or mower or reaper, instead of the team, and, before they are aware of it the horses or mules will be two or three feet either to the right or left of the proper place. When harrowing we walk by the side of the driver and instruct him to look forward of the team along the edge of the harrowed ground, then keep the eye on the heads and forward feet of the animal nearest the harrowed ground. Hold the lines steadily but not too firmly. If you desire the team to move either way, pull one rein only a little. Avoid pulling the team so far to the right that you must immediately haul on the left line. When the mowing machine is in use, aim to drive straight, which can be done only by holding a steady line. Teach the team, if possible, to go right with slack lines. Almost any team can readily be taught to travel close to the standing grass without being hauled by the lines to the right or left. When the lines are slack and a team begins to turn only a trifle too much to the right or to the left, pull one rein only a trifle. Let inexperienced drivers be taught that the common practice of pulling and hauling this way and that way on the lines, and then fretting and scolding at the team because they do not move straight forward, will worry and fret a spirited horse more than all the labor he performs.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Why Seeds Fail.

In the first place, we will examine the causes of failure. If small seeds are planted too deep, they either rot in the damp, cold earth, for the want of the warmth necessary to their germination, or, after germination, perish before the shoots can reach the sun and air; so that which was designed for their support and nourishment proves their grave.

If the soil is a stiff clay, it is often too cold at the time the seeds are planted to effect their germination; but it must be understood that warmth and moisture are necessary to the germination of seeds. Neither of these will do alone. Seeds may be kept in a warm, dry room, in dry sand or earth, and they will not grow. They may be placed in damp earth, and kept in a low temperature, and they will most likely rot, though some seeds will remain dormant a long time under these circumstances. But place them in moist earth, in a warm room, and they will commence growth at once. Another difficulty with heavy soil is that it becomes hard on the surface, and this prevents the young plants from "coming up," or, if during showery weather, they happen to get above the surface, they become locked in and make but little advancement unless the cultivator is careful to keep the crust well broken; and in doing this the young plants are often destroyed. If stiff, the soil where small seeds are sown should be made mellow, particularly on the surface, by the addition of sand and light mould.

If seeds are sown in rough, lumpy ground, a portion will be buried under the clods, and will never grow; and many that start, not finding a fit soil for their roots, will perish. A few may escape these difficulties and flourish.

A Strange Fight.

The Giant's Causeway in Ireland, a short time ago was the scene of a combat of the most extraordinary nature. Some carrion had been deposited on the rocks near the sea, and a fox, evidently with the intention of making a meal off one or two ravens, which had been attracted to the spot by the putrid meat, curled himself up apparently asleep, close to the carrion. The ravens, however, regarded him with suspicion for some time, and finding that Reynard was not likely to sheer off, and probably unable longer to withstand the effects of what to them was a grateful and seductive aroma, they, by their threatening attitudes, left little doubts in the minds of the numerous spectators that they intended to bring matters to an issue. The ravens eventually advanced, and one of them took his stand at Reynard's head and the other at his tail. The latter led the attack by assailing Reynard's brush, the other immediately following suit by a powerful tap on the head. Reynard feigned indifference to these polite attentions during a few rounds, trusting no doubt that his persecutors would become emboldened and indiscreet, and at the same time, place themselves within his reach. Indiscretion however, is not a prominent characteristic of the *corvus* family, and, after a few more applications alternately on the head and tail, the position became uncomfortable, and the fox began to show fight; but the ravens followed up the assault, first snapping at one and then the other. It is stated that the warfare was carried on for more than two hours in this way, and, on the whole, the balance was against the fox, which was much dragged and weakened, but became more reckless as the fight waxed hotter. At this juncture they had worked or fought up to the edge of the rock on which the carrion had been deposited. The raven at the enemy's tail again tackled him, and after doing so, the one at the head gave

him a fearful pinch, upon which the fox turned upon him in great fury. The one at the tail again performed, and, during the passage of the fox after the other raven, gave him a sound outward thud, accelerating his speed so much that he lost his balance and tumbled headlong into the water, amid the plaudits of the spectators and the exulting croaks of the ravens.

The Owd Wooden Plough.

We make no apology, says the London (Eng.) Farmer, for printing thus prominently a song which is still popular among the farmers of certain districts in Derbyshire and Staffordshire. It comes to us through a correspondent who has notions very far ahead of the "owd wooden plough." Our correspondent thinks it is quite time that "wooden"-ness should be got out of the heads of all farmers:—

Th' Owd Wooden Plough.

Up by th' Blake mere o' Morridge, not a long time ago,
There lived an old chap w' an old wig o' tow,
His name was Tom Morris, and I'll tell ye how
He made a discourse on an owd wooden plough.

Geo ho Dobbin, gee ho Dobbin,
Geo ho Dobbin, gee up and gee wa.

Twor the tenth of October, and the oats was just ripe,
On the settle he sat, and he smoked his long pipe;
And he thought a long time about this thing and that,
And said "Tommy, sit down, and I'll tell the what's what."

Geo ho Dobbin, &c.

"These are terrible times, lad: I pritheo draw nigh,
And I'll give thee a wrinkle or two ere I die;
I can't stand it much longer, it shortens my breath,
These new-fangled notions will soon be my death."

Geo ho Dobbin, &c.

"They're going too fast, lad, I tell thee, a deal:
There's Lord Talbot, o' Ingestro, and Ralph Sneyd, o' Keele,
And Sandon, and Muller, and Mainwaring, and Bill—
Lord! the stuff they've been talking—it makes me quite ill."

Geo ho Dobbin, &c.

"W' their bones and their acids, their drills and gihanner.
Thy grandfather, Tom, never farmed i' that manner;
He'd ha' stared hard enough if he'd heard what they say
About boiling o' oil cakes and chopping o' hay."

Geo ho Dobbin, &c.

"Then souglings a thing as, in course, they mun alter,
So the go a mon's depth for to get at th' top water,
And they scoop out the dirt w' a thing like a spoon,
And for tiles—they'll be using o' bacey-pipes soon."

Geo ho Dobbin, &c.

"Then they prate o' their carrots, and manxlez, and sich;
(As if grown o' carrots would make a mon rich)—
Of hoeing o' turnits and cleaning o' yallows—
Stuff and nonsense!—and growing of wheat without fallows."

Geo ho Dobbin, &c.

"Why, it makes me to laugh; without fallows indeed—
I think they mun ha' a soft place in their yed,
And what d'ye think they've been doing just now?
Why, they've got up a laugh at an owd wooden plough!"

Geo ho Dobbin, &c.

"Aye, an owd wooden plough; and they say, to be sure,
As the wile awake farmers mun see 'em no more;
They mun all be of iron, and wood there's no trade for;
Why, what do fools think as ash trees were made for?"

Geo ho Dobbin, &c.

"Talk o' ploughs made o' iron! why th' next thing they'd do,
As sure as you live, they'll be painting them blue,
Then they've two tits abreast, as they call a gee ho,
They may call long enough, but it niver can go."

Geo ho Dobbin, &c.

"No! g'ive me a good wooden plough as is strong,
And a good pair o' big wheels to help it along,
And four bon' tailed tits, a mon, and a lad,
And a good steady pace, and it shanner be bad."

Geo ho Dobbin, &c.

Then Tommy, my lad, never heed what they say,
But get thee on still i' thy fether's owd way,
Thou'lt bring all their lugs to fine markets I know,
But stick, while thee lives, to th' owd wooden plough."

Geo ho Dobbin, &c.

Food Facts.

It has been observed that a small quantity of beef tea, added to other articles of nutrition, augments their power out of all proportion to the additional amount of solid matter.

The saying that an egg is equivalent to a pound of meat is a mistaken notion. It is a question whether, weight for weight, eggs are equal to beefsteak. With many persons, particularly of nervous or bilious temperament, eggs disagree. Almost any one can eat an omelet who would find a pound of meat superfluous, yet the former may contain several eggs.

The nutritive power of milk, and of the preparations from milk, is very much undervalued; since there is nearly as much nourishment in half a pint of milk as there is in a quarter of a pound of meat. Hence, milk might be taken as a sort of representative diet, and as better adapted to sustain the body in health, or to strengthen it in sickness, than any other single article of food.

The almost universal testimony of men and women who have undergone great fatigue, such as riding long journeys without much stopping, or sitting up several nights in succession, is that they could do it best upon an occasional cup of tea—and nothing else. But a little tea or coffee restores quite as much as a great deal; and a great deal of tea, and especially of coffee, impairs the power of digestion.

The question is often asked: At what time in the day should fruit be eaten? In tropical countries, where fruit is the chief article of food, the rule appears to be that the earlier in the day it is taken the better it is, and the later, the worse. In hot weather, many wise people will eat none after noon, alleging that the digestion then declines in power with the decline of the day, and the fruit, instead of digesting, decomposes, owing to the presence of saccharine matter. The objection to fruit and certain kind of vegetables late in the day, be the explanation what it may, is certainly justified by an ample experience, though some persons can eat fruit at all hours without feeling any inconvenience.

It is made a frequent recommendation to persons about to incur great exhaustion, either directly, and with the least trouble of digestion, from the nature of the service, or from their being not in a fit state for it, to eat a piece of bread before they go. If they can take a bit of bread with the cup of hot tea, so much the better, but not instead of it. The fact that there is more nourishment in bread than anything else, has probably induced the mistake. That it is a fatal mistake there is no doubt. It seems, though very little is known on the subject, that what "assimilates" itself with the human body is the best under the above circumstances. Bread requires two or three processes of assimilation before it becomes like the human body.

Eating Too Much.

"Nobody ever repented of eating too little," was the sage remark of an old gentleman on the verge of ninety, next to whom the writer had the pleasure of sitting at dinner the other night. The host was pressing him to take more, and urging him in the usual phrase. "Why, you have eaten scarcely anything!" Now, it is to be assumed that the old gentleman's words indicated one of the by-ways to good health, along which he had travelled through his long life, and to which he owed his present remarkably hearty condition; so it was suggested to him interrogatively that he had always been a small feeder. "Yes," he answered, "ever since I was two or three and twenty; up to that time I was a weakly young fellow enough, and I used to make the great mistake of trying to eat and drink as much as I could, in the hope of becoming strong. All my friends and the doctors backed me in my error; but fortunately I found it out in time and 'knocked off'—as your modern slang has it—more than half my usual amount of stimulants. I gave up the idea of making myself strong, and merely strove to make myself well, and I was contented with eating just as much as I could digest, and no more. Of course it took a little time and experience to discover the precise limits; I could not adopt the golden rule of always leaving off with an appetite, because I never began with one, but by persistently erring on the right side I got hold of one of the great secrets of life—the secret of knowing when one has enough, and after a year or two I became so much better that I used to find myself ready to eat a meal at any time, and by degrees actually acquired an appetite. Then, once found, I never destroyed it, but always determinately rose with the feeling that I could eat more. Naturally temptation grew stronger, but I was firm. I did not behave ungratefully to my stomach and immediately presume upon its increased powers by overloading it. I did not live to eat, but only eat to live; and behold me! I have no need to be very particular as to what I eat, even at my time of life; I have only to be careful not to eat too much." Here, indeed, is the great secret of a great deal that is amiss with many of us. We are in the habit of eating too much, more than our digestive powers can tackle, and that which is not assimilated more or less poisons. The system becomes overcharged, and gives any latent tendency to disease within us every facility for developing itself. The question is not so much what to eat as what quantity to eat, and nothing but a sharp look-out kept by ourselves can give us the answer.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

Resuscitating Persons Apparently Drowned.

1. Lose no time. Carry out these directions on the spot.
2. Remove the froth and mucus from the mouth and nostrils.
3. Hold the body—for a few seconds only—with the head hanging down, so that the water may run out of the lungs and windpipe.
4. Loosen all tight articles of clothing about the neck and chest.
5. See that the tongue is pulled forward if it falls back into the throat. By taking hold of it with a handkerchief it will not slip.
6. If the breathing has ceased, or nearly so, it must be