

IMPROVE THE DRY WEATHER.

Those who have wells to dig should do it now so as to reach the lowest stage of water, and make sure of enough. Oftentimes the neglect of digging a foot or two further, when sinking a well, causes disappointment, and the necessity of performing much more labor hereafter.

Those who have lands that need draining, will find this a favorable time to do it, whether it be bog or upland. In underdraining uplands we have recently seen a rate given which we do not fully agree to. A writer on this subject advises to dig holes in those fields which may be thought to require draining, two or three feet deep, and if water stands in them the field should be underdrained. They most certainly should be. But it does not follow if the water should not stand in them now that they do not need underdraining. We know of fields that may be as dry as a bone now, that are in the spring of the year so saturated with water that they cannot be cultivated as they should be, and thus remain until it is too late to sow or plant. Such fields should be underdrained in order that they may be dry enough to cultivate in due season. Being drained then will not make them any drier now.

Those who have a chance to dig muck and peat, should improve it now by all means. If you cannot dig and haul into your yards now, dig it and lay it in such a place and manner that you can do it in the winter. This can be done. The muck or peat may be frozen as hard as wood, but it may be cut up in junks—we once knew a man to saw it up with his crosscut saw, and load the frozen blocks into his sled and haul them home with good profit.

Swamps, when you have bushes to cut, may now be cleared. By throwing the bushes into heaps or winrows, they will soon be dry enough to burn off. Bushes that are quite green, may be burnt by making a hot fire of dry stuff first, and putting on the green ones slowly and with a pole crowding them down into the fire. Many other permanent improvements may now be made by taking advantage of the dry weather.—*Maine Farmer.*

EUROPEAN PLOWS AND PLOUGHING.

So with regard to ploughing. It is not quite so bad here as in Spain, where a friend this season saw peasants ploughing with an implement composed of two clumsy sticks of wood, one of which (the horizontal) worked its way through the earth after the manner of a hog's snout, while the other, inserted in the former at a convenient angle, served as a handle, being guided by the ploughman's left hand, while he managed the team with his right. With this relic of the good old days, the peasant may have annoyed and irritated a rod of ground per day to the

depth of three inches; and, as care is taken not to afflict any field that cannot be irrigated, he may possibly, by the conjunction of good luck with laborious culture, obtain half a crop. It is safe to guess that this cultivator, living the year round on black bread moistened with weak vinegar or rancid oil, because unable to live better, cherishes a supreme contempt for all such quackery as book-farming.

The displays of Plows in the Palace of Industry, I may have already alluded to, but I am not yet done with it. It is therein perfectly demonstrable that the same expenditure of human effort and animal muscle which is now employed to disturb the earth indifferently to an average depth of five inches, would suffice, if properly directed, to pulverize the same area to the depth of ten or twelve inches, increasing our annual harvests by at least twenty-five per cent., and affording a safeguard against the evil influences of both wet and dry seasons. A few enlightened minds here are contemplating this result; the great majority of French farmers either never think on the subject, or else regard it much as one of our own inveterate blockheads—of that sort which not only knows nothing but glories in it—expends his substitute for wit on any meeting of a Farmers' club.—*Horace Greeley.*

VARIETY OF FOOD NECESSARY.—It is in vegetable as in animal life; a mother crams her child exclusively with arrow root—it becomes fat, it is true; but alas! it is rickety, and gets its teeth very slowly, and with difficulty. Mamma is ignorant, or never thinks that her offspring cannot make bone—or what is the same thing, phosphate of lime, the principal bulk of bone—out of starch. It does its best, and were it not for a little milk and bread, perhaps now and then a little meal and soup, it would have no bones and teeth at all. Farmers keep poultry; and what is true of fowls is true of cabbage, a turnip, or an ear of wheat. If we mix with the food of fowls a sufficient quantity of egg shells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay many more eggs than before. A well bred fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs, but cannot do without the materials, for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be. A fowl, with the best will in the world, not finding any lime in the soil nor mortar from the walls, nor calcareous matter in her food, is incapacitated from laying any eggs at all. Let farmers lay such facts as these, which are matters of common observation to heart, and transfer the analogy, as they may do, to the habits of plants, which are as truly alive, and answer as closely to every injudicious treatment, as their own horse.