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## **The progressive bee-keeper. Vol. IX, No. 10 Oct. 1, 1899**

Higginsville, Mo.: Leahy Manufacturing Company, Oct. 1, 1899

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OCT. 1, 1899.

**THE PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER**  
A JOURNAL  
DEVOTED TO BEES, HONEY AND  
KINDRED INDUSTRIES.

MURRAY & HESS CLEVELAND, O.

PUBLISHED BY  
**LEAHY MANUFACTURING CO**  
HIGGINSVILLE, MISSOURI.

Entered at the postoffice, Higginsville, Mo., as second-class matter.

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Higginsville, Mo.

## WANTED.

10,000 pounds of beeswax, for cash.

**LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginsville, Mo.**

# 1899.



I am now ready to receive orders for May delivery, 1899. Full colonies of three-banded Italian bees in 8-frame dovetailed hives, \$5. Strong three-frame nucleus, with tested queen, \$2.75. Untested Italian queens, each, 75c; per doz., \$7.00. Tested Italian queens, each, \$1.00; per doz., \$10.00. Best breeding queens, each, \$2.00, \$2.50.

I know what good queens mean to the producer, as well as how to rear them. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. No disease.

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Box 103.

GRAYVILLE, ILLS.

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PATENT LAWYERS,

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Golden Italians, Adel or Albino Queens.

Dr. Gallup of California, writes Oct. 6, 1896: "The queens received of you are decidedly the very best honey gatherers I have in a lot of 30 stocks, and I have received queens from ten different parties this season." Price of Untested Queens, \$1.00.

J. D. GIVENS, Lisbon, Texas.

I have used Ripans Tabules with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tabules in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5-cent boxes of the Tabules and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tabules induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

A. T. DEWITT.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bower, Ph. G., 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand results.

Miss Bessie Wiedman.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper indorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tabules.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

RIPANS

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.



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## BEE STING CURE.

A sure cure for bee stings in about two minutes if applied at once. Will stop the pain and swelling. 25c and 35c a bottle. Send silver or money order

CHARLES CHANDLER,

E 12th Ave.

Emporia, Kas

Please mention the "Progressive."

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tabules. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tabules for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a

car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tabules from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. BROOKMYER.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saffron color.

Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tabules, I tried them. Ripans Tabules not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tabules. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

E. W. PRICE.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores - FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—o. a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABULES may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

Please mention the "Progressive" in answering this advertisement.

# "Higginsville" Bee Supplies at Kansas City.



Having purchased the good will and business of H. L. Miller, of Supplies, I will be in a position to furnish all Bee-Keepers' Supplies at Higginsville prices.

You will save freight by ordering of me. Write for Catalogue.



419 Walnut St.

## C. E. Walker, Kansas City, Mo.



### PRICES OF Bingham Perfect Bee-Smokers and Honey Knives,

Smoke Engine	largest smok- er made.	per doz.	each
Doctor.....	3 1/2 "	\$13.00—Mail,	\$1.50
Conqueror.....	3 "	9.00—	1.10
Large.....	2 1/2 "	6.50—	1.00
Plain.....	2 "	5.00—	.90
Little Wonder.....	2 "	4.75—	.70
Honey Knife.....	wt 10 oz	4.50—	.60
		6.00—	.80

All Bingham Smokers are stamped on the metal, patented 1878—1892—Knives B. & H.

The four larger sizes have extra wide shields and double coiled steel wire handles. These SHIELDS and HANDLES are an AMAZING COMFORT—always cool and clean. No more suttly nor burnt fingers. The Plain and Little Wonder have narrow shields and wire handles. All Bingham Smokers have all the new improvements, viz.: Direct Draft, Movable Bent Cap, Wire Handles, Inverted Bellows, and are ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

Fifteen years for a dollar. One-half a cent a month.

Cuba, Kansas, Jan. 27th, 1897.

Dear Sir:—I have used the Conquerer 15 years. I was always well pleased with its workings, but thinking I would need a new one this summer I write for circular. I do not think the four inch "Smoke Engine" too large. Yours,

W. H. EAGERTY.

Corning, Cal., July 14th, 1896.

I have used Bingham Smokers ever since they first came out. Working from three to seven hundred colonies twelve months in the year. I ought to know what is required in a smoker. The Doctor 3 1/2 inch just received fills the bill. Respectfully,

O. W. OSBORN.

Mt. Pleasant, Mich., Aug. 7th, 1896.

Dear Sir—Smokers came O. K. They are the best I have ever seen; sell like hot cakes. Respectfully,

WM. BAMBU.

With a Bingham Smoker that will hold a quart of sound maple wood, the bee-keepers' trials are all over for a long time. Who ever heard of a Bingham Smoker that was too large or did not give perfect satisfaction. The world's most scientific and largest comb honey producers use Bingham Smokers and Knives. The same is true of the world's largest producers of extracted honey. Before buying a smoker or knife hunt up its record and pedigree

Please mention the "Progressive."

T. F. BINGHAM, Farwell, Mich.



# The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

A Journal Devoted to Bees, Honey, and Kindred Industries

50 Cents a Year.  
Published Monthly by Leahy Manufacturing Company.

Vol. IX.

HIGGINSVILLE, MO., OCT. 1, 1899.

No. 10.

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## FAR DOWN THE WEST.

Far down the west the king of daylight slopes,  
A dying god, his pathway all agleam  
With golden banners fairer than a dream  
Of olden days aurora-hued with hopes;  
And in the shadow, one who watches, gropes  
Toward the light where all things brighter  
seem,  
And sweeter than a draught from Lethe's  
stream,  
Or visions pictured in life's horoscope.  
Thus, too, as life slips out the present time,  
We sit within the shadow, seeing light, [lime  
Then leaving darkness, strive for things sub-  
And bravely mount toward the ways of right,  
For only those who dare, nor fear, to climb.  
May hope to reach the goal upon the height.  
—Will Ward Mitchell.

## WAYSIDE FRAGMENTS.

### Somnambulist.

CONSIDERABLE inquiry for honey, and still prices are about as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. I am glad to know Friend Ritter's bees piled up the finest white comb honey in 20 years' experience. (Green county, Mo.) This section was less fortunate, both as regards quantity and quality, the former being limited, and the little that we did get is of an amber variety. With us, as with him, "such a crop of clover was never seen." The sloping roadsides were simply great banks of snowy whiteness. One could scarcely resist the temptation to linger and loll about on the luxuriant masses, and inhale their honeyed sweetness, so cool, soft and inviting did they appear. Indeed, the denial of such blessed privileges is one of the trials of bee-keeping. Were the busy season on when nature is dressed in her more sombre garbs, there would be the less to rob us of; but

"Summer nothing fair denies,  
Silvery seas and sunny skies;  
Hedgerows sweet with scent and song,  
Idle breezes lingering long;  
Birds and butterflies and bees—"

and so on, almost ad infinitum, the procession is always and ever passing; yet the hustling bee-keeper must almost shut his eyes lest he

lose one precious moment in drinking in the wealth of beauty all around, above and beneath. I've thought that to be a successful bee-keeper, one should be a true lover of nature, and again I've doubted the same. In short, I find myself in sort of a dilemma, much as the celebrated composer must have felt when a very pretty lady singer asked, "Tell me, my dear maestro, which would you like the better, to be blind or deaf?" "Deaf, madam, when I am looking at you, and blind when I hear you sing."

Judge Hilton's prodigal son, at the age of 42 says that "to walk in the woods is enough to occupy a man's life." Having seen everything and owned everything, he is neither curious nor envious. He talks of the uselessness of travels, the annoyance of fashionable drawing-rooms, the emptiness of social distinction, and says with convincing sincerity that ALL the pleasures of the world are insignificant in comparison with those that nature gives. If there chance to be a cessation of hostilities long enough to permit of an extra dreamy mood, then I find myself in perfect accord with these sentiments; but I also concur with Friend Doolittle, where he says (September PROGRESSIVE, "The man or woman who thinks physical labor, and lots of it, is a thing to be despised, does not know how to get the most comfort and happiness out of life." It has long been a cherished wish that my physical constitution should be sufficiently robust as to permit of a life of activity; but though I ever so much enjoy the bustling on to reach an objective point, it does seem like a deprivation to be denied even a glance, as it were, into the show windows on either side.

Yes, I noticed that closing of bee business hours at 8 o'clock, and

have not been so sound asleep but that I've dreamed over the strikers cutting down the working hours to eight. I've sometimes queried in what manner these hours gained to the employee were spent; if to the moral, physical, or financial advancement of these self-same strikers, and found that they were most usually put in at the corner grocery or saloon. Just how much benefit is to be derived from such an use, I've failed to discover. In music we have the ascending and descending scale, and these poor dupes must surely be traveling the latter route. Have I not repeatedly been told that many men are compelled to leave lucrative situations on account of their enormous beer bill, amounting in some instances to \$2.00 per day? And still others have to me personally regretted leaving MODERATE wages in the country for positions paying treble the amount in the city, because they could save nothing from their wages on account of these NECESSARY expenses.

But what has all this rambling talk to do with bee-keeping? It might indicate that in bee-keeping we have something more to be thankful for than dollars and cents, and as Doolittle expresses it, "fun and good health." Good morals and reputation surely have some weight, more especially when we view the wrecked lives strewn around us, and the more forcibly realize what might have been.

S. P. Culley is striking some effective blows—for instances, on page 284, No. 2, September PROGRESSIVE: "Yourself—What sort of a man are you?" Forbear, I beg of you, Friend Culley; some attributes of character will scarcely bear investigation. Who's going to admit they belong to that ever increasing band whose main business is to sit around and shine the seat



or rather to 2 colonies and 22 nuclei, but left hives so full of sealed honey that the remaining bees could not carry it all out. These bees were not packed. About 3 miles away, another apiary, extracted 3 times; so scarce of winter stores they had to be fed. Young bees by the bushel; packed in chaff; winter loss about 5 per cent. Both apiaries had to endure unusually intense cold, one cold spell lasting three weeks, and reaching the record-shattering maximum of 30 degrees below zero. I attribute the difference to the fact that one had plenty of young bees, the other did not. The packing may have been a factor of some importance that time. We believe in packing here to save stores and economize all vigor and colony strength, but do not believe bees ever freeze here in good hives and on combs full of honey.

So much for theory. Something we know is this: We always see to it that the brood chambers are full of brood when or just after the fall flow stops, and we never have any spring dwindling. Still, next spring may possibly contradict this. Even "weather signs" that never fail, do fail the 41st year, after holding good for 40 years; and so it may be with us; but we are not expecting it. To sum up: Our experience is, that colonies put away with plenty of young bees have come through the winter strong. The individual units have energy and vigor, and such colonies give a good account of themselves the following season. On the other hand, colonies put away with old bees either die outright, or come through so weak as to be worthless at least half the next season. Hence, we can say, see to it that your bees go into winter with young bees instead of old ones. In other words, see to it that all colonies hustle brood-

rearing in September and October. Italians are more disposed to cram the brood chamber with honey and compel the queen to loaf, than blacks. If you have Italians, or even hybrids, you better see to it that the queen has room to lay, and does lay, even if you have to feed a little. The way to do this: Extract from the brood chamber, and if the flow stops, practice stimulative feeding. You can feed back the honey later, if need be. Some trouble, but it pays.

We have had no experience with cellar wintering, but our "theory" is that in CHANGEABLE climates, where one day it is below zero, and quite warm the next, packing is the better method. Dampness is also a factor. If we lived in a locality where winter comes and camps and stays, we would theoretically incline to cellar wintering.

The "Higginsville" telescope cover is something of a nuisance in summer, but atones for it all in winter. There are better devices for the specialist, but it is a grand thing for the non-specialist—in winter.

Packing pays well. Getting a colony of bees through the winter alive is not necessarily successful wintering; it may be very poor wintering if being alive means having a queen and a pint or so of spiritless bees that go feebly forth when the fruit trees bloom, get a little load, return and light on the fence to rest. When a colony comes through strong in numbers, with bees full of push and pluck, rushing to the early flowers and, returning, light at the entrance and go in with a Chicago rush—that is successful wintering.

Double walls are far better than single, though not so good as proper packing.

Hill's device, or any other that gives clustering room over the frames, is a grand, good thing dur-

ing a protracted below zero spell.

Bees winter best in half-depth frames, two or more stories high, or in Heddon hives, than on deep frames. The shallow frames give a passway through the center. Those using deep frames should provide winter passages through the combs, about 4 inches from the top, 3 to 5 to each frame, and about  $\frac{3}{8}$  inches in diameter. This slightly mutilates the combs, but mutilated combs covered with live bees or full of brood and honey are ahead better than of empty combs. When there are no winter passages, many bees get outside the cluster, get caught in a cold wave, and are lost, weakening the colony, if it does not destroy it.

Bro. Thompson is right in his position about brood-rearing, and about the "one short flow folks." In most localities south and west there are only two weeks between spring and winter when it is either advisable or profitable to check brood rearing. At all other times brood rearing should be kept going—the more vigorously the better. Of this more later.

Higginville, Mo.

—••••—  
 "Bee-Keeper Simon Buzz," by R. C. Aikin,  
 begins in the December "Progressive."  
 Don't miss it. Subscribe now.

—••••—  
**WAS'T EVER THUS?**

—••••—  
 DR. PEIRO.

**D**EAR PROGRESSIVE.—I'll just tell you how it all happened, and leave decision to your candid judgment.

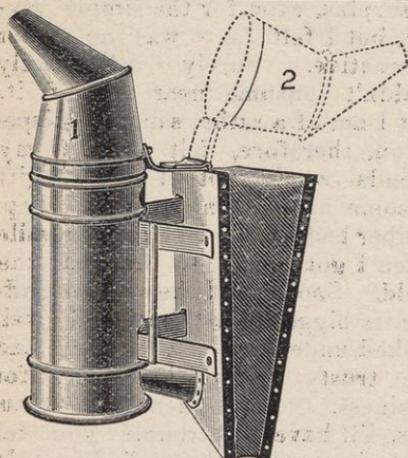
This spring looked so propitious for bee industry that I modestly concluded 100 pounds from my one remaining colony would be about the right thing to expect. The season started in grandly, blossoms ga-

lore, with little rain to wash out the nectar. As the bright days went on, I began to think I had been entirely too modest in my expectations. I certainly should anticipate 200 pounds of finest sections. Frequent investigation of the colony certainly indicated encouraging prospects. The leathery Italians were increasing at a rate that threatened to replenish the earth. Some good vigorous bee stings certainly portended that result. Well, things progressed merrily; brood-chamber filled almost to the bursting point, so that fearing sudden escapes of swarms, I hastened to put on one super, and soon another, to make certain to give those bees room according to their size, you know. Along about August I began to seriously conclude on a suitable place to store my prospective crop. Indeed, I wondered now and then what I should do with so much honey. I much dislike to beg, nay, to urge my neighbors to relieve me of surplus, even for the simple giving, but I felt there was no other alternative. Surely my family couldn't consume near all of it. But I am of a rather sanguine disposition, therefore, felt certain my friends would not all refuse a gift of some nice clean sections. September had passed its quarter mile when I got ready to harvest the yield. Soon I had the smoker puffing its biggest blast, my veil well tucked under my coat collar, and the trusty screw-driver ready for business. "Now then, my beauties, I'll have to trouble you for that immense surplus," I gently whispered to them. Ah, yes! Umph! Am I quite correct, or does the vision deceive? It often does, you know, in seeing double. In this case, the results were reversed. I did not even see a single, not a single super full, but only a beggar-

ly part of each super, about twenty propolis-besmeared sections in all! No sulphur was needed around the premises for a week after that episode. My disappointment evoked great streaks of blue flames that must have condensed into big chunks of the yellow mineral. A small fruit basket hangs on a nail. In it is cradled my entire honey crop of the season.

But philosophy comes to the rescue. I recall the incompatibility of honey gathering from so protracted a drouth, and many other valid excuses, and my disappointment wanes. The further reflection of what NEXT year will bring impels me to secure more bee appliances and larger receptacles to hold the bountiful supply that must, in the very nature of things, occur next season. And this sweet thought forcibly reconciles me to present impossibilities.

Chicago, Ill.



THE "HIGGINSVILLE SMOKER."

☛ A Good Smoker for a Little Money.

THE HIGGINSVILLE SMOKER A DANDY.

The "Higginsville" Smoker is a Dandy with a big D.  
J. M. MOORE,  
Holden, Mo.

Price 75c; by mail, \$1.00. Address,

LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginsville, Mo.

## COMMENTS.

F. L. THOMPSON.

DR. MILLER does not see why a bait section would not be as good as a super of shallow extracting-frames, to get the bees to work above. He seems to think there is but one consideration, that of having bees upstairs; and if they once do that, little or much, that is all there is to it. But by having opportunity for CONSIDERABLE honey to be stored IMMEDIATELY upstairs, the queen will not be impeded in her work below, and the result will be more brood below than if that same first honey was all stored below except what little could be put in the bait comb. The effect, therefore, is right in line with the plan of forcing the bees up by taking care to have full brood-combs below when the first honey comes; and it is right in line with the universal experience that the bees put less honey in the brood-chamber when run for extracted honey than when run for comb honey. With a bait comb, on the other hand, even if the bees do work right along in the super after starting on the bait, several days will elapse while more or less honey is being stored in the brood-chamber, because there are not enough drawn cells, or the cells are not drawn enough, to hold it above; and it will stay there, and there will be that much less honey upstairs. I tried this plan of starting the comb-honey hives with supers of shallow extracting-frames several years ago, the last year I had bees of my own near Denver before they evaporated (the only reason I have not tried it since), and it was easy to see there was more honey upstairs (consequently less downstairs) the first few days, as well as subsequently, than in the

colonies with a single bait-comb apiece.

But in this locality I don't see any particular necessity for extracting those combs. If one does not want to raise both comb and extracted honey, why, let him not extract. Nothing will be lost. After tiering with a section super, which in strong colonies should not be very long after the bees are well at work in the shallow combs, and after the drawing out of the foundation of the sections is well under way, the super of shallow combs may be removed before they are all capped, and stored away until about the 1st of September, then used to catch those tedious dribbles that come at the close of the season. (No danger of that unsealed honey deteriorating in this climate.) Then they will be just right for putting on next season about the middle of May, and relieve one of a good deal of work and anxiety (for there is no fruit-bloom honey to speak of) on the short-storage question. The supers for those combs need not be factory-made, so long as chinks are avoided.

Some time ago a writer referred to the habit of loquacious paid writers of advising the cutting out of unfinished combs in sections and melting them up. (I hadn't noticed that as a characteristic of the loquacious paid writer, but will take his word for it.) Well, for this locality, with a few brilliant home-marketing genius exceptions, I believe the loquacious paid writer is right. I have never yet tried the plan, but have disposed of the sections in other ways, and conclude it doesn't pay. Hereafter I shall cut out those combs and melt them up, and use the honey for feed honey, if I can't get rid of it in any other way. As for extracting such things, I hope never again to be guilty of such put-

tering work, though my extractor will take 24 at once.

But there is another possible way of fixing those remnants, when one hasn't the gall to ask the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker to take them when they are expecting cash (a very pleasant, easy, and agreeable solution of the problem, I must say!) That is, to save them up, and use them from year to year just as those shallow extracting-combs would be used by the plan referred to above, and save the inconvenience of making extra frames. I have never tried it.

Lately in Gleanings some one raised a plaintive wail about the shortness of the veils usually sold. I felt like saying "Amen! Praise the Lord!" for that very thing has been bothering me excruciatingly; and the mere mention of such bunglesome things as safety-pins and strings, and other ideal methods of fastening a veil, makes one nervous enough to fly. I want a veil capable of being INSTANTLY raised; and the only way to accomplish that is to tuck the front end in the shirt bosom. The editor suggested sewing the veil to the under side of the hat-brim, about an inch back from the edge. I tried that, but the veil isn't long enough yet, by a good deal. The only thing left seems to be to sew on a half-oval extension, so as to make the veil about nine inches longer in front; but I have been too busy, and so have gone on in the old way, like an old horse fighting gnats in a pasture. That picture of a short veil neatly drawn under the suspenders looks well, and just for curiosity I tried the scheme, but it was torture. Few things are more wearing than a constant pulling and settling of a fiery hot and stifling hat-band, when one is bending over hives on a blazing hot afternoon. I wonder how many

bee-keepers wear their veils that way?

R. L. Taylor and A. C. Miller have been expressing different opinions in the Review as to whether propolis will combine with wax. Locality, gentlemen. It won't in this locality, for I obtained perfect wax, without a smell or suspicion of propolis, from a lot of section-scrapings in the solar extractor; though Mrs. Axtell says in the American Bee Journal that by so doing she obtained a dark wax, softer than beeswax, and smelling of rosin, that would not do even for brood foundation, but might do for ointment.

The following appeared lately in Gleanings, in a department in which the editor had said there were to be no flings flung or mud slung: "I know by correspondence the light esteem in which Mr. Thompson seems to hold all rules concerning spelling, punctuation, prosody, and syntax. Really, I do not believe he would unqualifiedly indorse the multiplication table without first putting a coat of varnish on it, or something of the sort." A more misleading or unwarranted perversion of the said correspondence it would be hard to imagine. Whatever implication it has is false, and the writer knows it. But that is usually the way these sugar-coated writers pan out. Then follows the customary gob of taffy, ending with the words "even if one cannot indorse all he says," "one," of course, being generic. Proofs for that assertion, please, and let the taffy go.

I beg Mr. Hyde's pardon for not having noticed the word "Heddon" in the title of his article. Speaking of the manipulation of moving young brood to the outside, and sealed brood to the center, I wish I could report that this and nothing else was the cause of the present

strength of my colonies. But truth compels me to add that other bee-keepers, too, near here, who practiced no such manipulation, have stronger colonies than usual for this time of year. So I don't know. At any rate, it is gratifying to notice that in the buckwheat regions of New York this matter of sustained strength is attracting attention for the same reason as here, and that some are not satisfied with the Italians for just that reason. S. A. Niver says in Gleanings, page 608, "With us buckwheaters, we want the queen that will keep as much honey out of the brood nest as possible, and to keep it as full as possible, so that at the beginning of the buckwheat flow—say about the 27th of July, or from the 25th to the 30th, we shall have a big colony coming on at that time, ready for buckwheat, which lasts four weeks with us, and thus we have all the queens [sic] we are after, and the Carniolans fill the bill." Substitute "second crop of alfalfa" for "buckwheat" and "bees" for "queens," and those words apply here exactly. Mr. H. Rauchfuss has tested Carniolans for a number of years, and prefers them to Italians for our conditions.

In paragraph 2, column 1, page 207, is an obscurity. "The remaining and largest number of storing hives have section cases put on. The case of brood next the top is to contain the youngest brood" is what I understand it to mean, but it is not so punctuated. Then I don't understand what is meant by "raise up to case" in the sentence "In looking for queen cells I simply raise up to case;" and by the words "hood case" a little further on.

I am sorry to observe that some of our writers have been misled by Dr. Miller, who strangely prefers brevity to correctness, into the ugly

little trick, that sets one's teeth on edge, of omitting the word "the" where general usage requires it. It is wrong and un-English.

On page 183, (June PROGRESSIVE) Mr. O. P. Miller criticises Mr. Bruce and myself for spreading brood. He speaks of it as being done in early spring, though; and I did not say so. Mr. Bruce says he never does so before the first of May, and then it requires judgement. For example, this year he spread no brood at all until the flow came in the middle of June, nor did I, because it was plain it would not do. Under ordinary circumstances, he gets brood in every frame in the hive by the middle of June by so doing, in fair colonies, which result proves the wisdom of the method as he employs it in this locality, for that result would not be so generally attained if the colonies were let alone. If any rule is to be given, I should say spread no brood in colonies which in average weather do not cover considerably more than their brood, so that when cold weather comes they will not be likely to withdraw within the limits of the brood-nest. But the judgement arising from experience is better than a necessarily indefinite rule.

Our bland writers choose to suppose, whenever their slush is criticised, that the desire to be friendly and agreeable is frowned on. Not at all; but the means taken to achieve that end are deplorable. Cheap banalities, that would be of questionable propriety even in the carelessness and rush of verbal expression, and are doubly so in cold print, are bandied about like "Dear Sir" in letters. This is called "kindness," "not waiting to strew flowers on one's coffin," and the like. Bah! Perhaps it is not as bad as a whited sepulchre, but it is bad. How is one to express him-

self when he is consciously and earnestly sincere? This careless blandness is not worthy of the name of kindness; and, indeed, experience proves it has no necessary connection with that much-abused word. It is nothing more than the automatic smirk of the dry-goods clerk as he comes forward to take your order. Better than gruffness, certainly,—but these two are not the only possible qualities of discussion. Simplicity is the ideal treatment—to take a person at his apparent valuation, as if there were no question about it; not administer doses of flattery, as if there were some reason why we needed to be reminded that he is not a questionable character. "Let your communication be Yea, yea, and Nay, nay."

Montrose, Colo.



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## A SUMMER IDYL.

BY ELLEN BRAINARD PECK.

This story began in the August PROGRESSIVE  
CHAPTER V.

"As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I."

AT the edge of the wood stood the old wooden shanty in which Job lived, and in front of it he sat, with his dog and three cats, watching the sun go down, and as the setting sun lit up the scene, it made a quaint picture.

"How do you do, Job?" said Alice, as she and her companion drew near. "This is Mr. Carrington, who lives way out in Missouri."

Job scraped his throat, looked pleasantly at the stranger, nodded his head, and said, evincing a polite interest:

"Want ter know, be ye visiting these parts fer pleasure?"

"Yes, mixed with a little business. I was born in Connecticut," replied Carrington.

"Was?" said Job. "I want ter know. Tuk out fer the west though, I see. Reckin the east an' ole Connecticut wuz too slow fer ye."

"Connecticut is a good place to hail from, and Missouri is a good place to live in," laughed Carrington.

"I went to Missouri myself, long back," said Job.

"I suppose you've been quite a traveller," questioned Alice.

"Land, yes! by land and sea, but gettin' old, I calk'lated 'twas best to cast anchor somers, so here I be."

"What do you think of the modern style of bee-keeping? Miss Alice is getting much interested in it," said Carrington, trying to draw the old fellow out.

"Don't think nothin' about it. Don't mount to nothin' no way. I see Alice

'tother day standin' 'fore a hive on 'em, but she ain't got no right idees about 'em." Here he chuckled and spit out a long stream of tobacco juice. "Why, I can pick up the little critters bare-handed. Folks now-a-day says there ain't no king, but I've see him many a time. He looks suthin like the queen, only not so pintoed as to body."

"I declare," said Mr. Carrington, stroking his face to hide his smiles.

"An' folks preten's it ain't no use ringin' bells nor beatin' on tin to keep a swarm from flyin' off; but I tell you the critters likes the noise. It's music to 'em, and they stay by to hark to it."

"I am glad to hear you talk on bees, Job," said Carrington, "and do you think, as you are so well acquainted with their habits, that you could secure a couple of wild swarms for Miss Alice?"

"If there's any bees about these 'ere woods, I reckon I kin ketch 'em. Like enough, if its pleasant, I'll go fur ye to-morrow."

"I should like to go on this bee hunt with you, if I may," said Carrington.

"Like ter hev yer, frustrate. Be around close onto six in the morning, an' we'll start out."

On the way back to Alice's home, after the goodbyes had been said to Job, Carrington asked Alice if she had read of the origin of the custom of ringing a bell after a swarm. Alice replied that she had not.

"There used to be a law in Germany," he went on, "that upon whosoever land the swarm settled, that person was their rightful owner, unless the man from whom they were escaping followed them ringing a bell, to let people know that he had the bees in sight, and was following them. There are many curious superstitions about bees, but now-a-day they are fast dying out, and only find lodgement in minds like queer old Job's. There was a strange idea which prevailed around these parts, that a man must not sell and take money for a colony of bees; so when a per-

son wanted to purchase a colony, as the old English adage has it, the would-be purchaser and seller 'whipped the devil round the stump.' The purchaser came in the night, took the hive, and left the money on the stand, where the owner of the bees could find it in the morning, and thus avoid losing his luck, which the selling of bees involved."

"How ridiculous," laughed Alice. "I have no doubt Job believes that way to this day."

"Old-fashioned people do not readily change their ideas, and there are a good many young people who hold old foggy ideas about bee-keeping," he replied, and by this time he and Alice had reached the Dayton home. Mrs. Dayton came out on the porch to meet them, saying:

"You have gotten here just in time for supper, so come right in, for you both must be hungry."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Dayton," said Carrington, "but I had no idea of remaining to supper. If it did not sound too much like fishing for a compliment, I should say that I had worn out my welcome already."

"There, now," laughed Alice, "you have fished already; but set your mind at ease, for our welcome to our friends never wears out."

"No, indeed," assented her mother.

The pleasure of that tea was ever after indelibly fixed in Carrington's memory. The snowy napery of the table, with a bowl of wild violets in the center, the thin white china, and the great silver coffee urn, an heirloom in the family; the fragrant coffee and rich yellow cream, the tender fried chicken and light raised biscuit, and other dainties, and, crowning all, Alice's flower-face smiling at him across the table.

The evening star hung tremulous in the ear of night when Robert Carrington wended his homeward way down the dusk country road, flooded with the soft blue light of a summer night. Gradually, outlines of the landscape re-

vealed themselves to him, bordered by the dark of the woods. The soft music of a distant stream came to his ears, and pausing, he said over to himself those beautiful lines:

"But now by this, my love hath closed her sight,  
And given false death her hand, and stol'n away  
To dreamless wastes, where footless fancies dwell

Among the fragments of the golden day.  
May nothing there her maiden grace affright.  
Dear heart, I feel with thee, the drowsy spell'."

And then he whispered:

"Let all be well, be well'."

## CHAPTER VI.

"The little rift within the lute."

"Ah, me! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth."

THE next day, while Robert Carrington and Job were observing the airy flight of the bee through the woods, Alice and Jeannette sat talking together on the back porch of Jeannette's home. It was a beautiful balcony overlooking the green-sward, which was covered with tall trees, and this sward extended in a gentle gradation of terraces to a brook that ran sparkling and rippling through Mr. Benton's domains.

The girls had always delighted in this porch from the time they had played house upon it. They had fished in the brook, and played their childish plays under the great trees, and when they grew older, they sat under them and read through long summer afternoons.

"So you have met this Mr. Carrington," said Jeannette to Alice. "Do you like him? and what is he like? Tell me all about him, Alice," she continued. So Alice told about the morning call, about the transferring of the bees in the afternoon, and the walk to Job's shanty.

"Bless me!" cried Jeannette, "he

certainly hasn't wasted any time. And you say he is hunting those little imps this afternoon? Poor man. Daft, dafter, daftest. He is dead in love with you, Alice, and you know it." Alice was blushing furiously. "Ah, Alice, Cupid has sent his little shafts straight to the mark this time, and there's no use blushing about it."

"I do not feel so very red," said Alice meekly, and then growing very serious, she said: "Jeannette, I've only known him one day. I think that is rather soon to fall really in love. Don't you?"

"Not at all; it's delightful, but not a bit what I expected you would do. I always thought it would be a deliberate matter with you, but we never know even those we think we know the best." Jeannette had a way of tipping her head backward and looking at people through half-shut lids, and she sat watching Alice just this way. "If he is worthy of you, I'll approve; otherwise, I shall try to point out the error of your way."

Alice took Jeannette home with her when she went, to take tea and spend the night, and to "meet Mr. Carrington," said Jeannette. "And he doesn't know what a critical judge is preparing to cross swords with him."

"He may not come," said Alice, "and he may, to tell me whether he and Job succeeded in getting the bees."

"Of course he will come," said Jeannette.

But instead of coming, he sent Alice a little note, telling her that he and Job had the swarms secured in two boxes, and that he had sent an order for the two other hives. He was intensely sorry not to be able to tell her, instead of writing, but that Job, in his self-confidence, had gotten badly stung, and that he would have to spend the evening doctoring the poor old man up, who declared that "Bees hez changed."

"That's nice of you, Mr. Carrington, I declare," said Jeannette, "but isn't

there something more?" mischievously added she.

"Nothing very much," said honest Alice. It was only this that Alice did not read:

"It is very lonely not to be able to see you, so I shall dwell with memory until tomorrow. Goodnight."

During the next few days the friendship between Robert and Alice attained the sweetness of fullest completion. He brought out the best and brightest part of Alice's nature, and she brought to him that which heretofore had been lacking in him, and which added a strength of charm to his manner. In these days the new hives received the two wild colonies, and Alice was delighted with the thought that now she was fairly started in her new industry. But the drop of bitterness now had come to her cup. The time was drawing near when Robert Carrington would have to leave Meadowbrook, and go back to the duties of his western home. She did not doubt but that all would be made clear between them, and yet, even in these circumstances, she retained the sweet calm of her manners, so much so that Mrs. Dayton did not realize how deep Alice's affection for this man was.

The evening of the day before his departure, Mr. Carrington came swiftly down the road to the Dayton's. He had already spoken to Mrs. Dayton of his love for her daughter, and she had wished him God-speed with his wooing.

It was a warm spring twilight that told of the approaching summer.

As he neared the Dayton's gate, he saw two people standing there, a man and a woman, and they seemed totally unconscious of his coming. Suddenly he saw the man lift the woman's hand to his lips, and then turn and walk rapidly away. He knew the woman was Alice, and the man, he concluded was that young George Benton, of whom he had heard his sister speak. Emma had told him that she suspected that George

Benton wanted to marry Alice, but that the girl did not reciprocate. Could it be that Alice was a flirt? A tree hid her now from his sight, and he heard her light footfall going up the path to the house. He felt stunned and wretched. In his jealous misery he exaggerated the scene in his mind's eye. Remember he had never been in love before, never knew what the word jealousy signified. He would have scorned himself had he realized how out of harmony with his own nature he was.

"I will not go there tonight; I cannot; but in the morning I must have an explanation. And yet what right have I to ask, except that she has been courteous itself to me? What can I lay to her door?" And so thinking first one thing and then another, he reached his sister's house, hardly conscious of when he turned around. His sister was sitting in her room sewing, and heard him coming up the stairs. Mr. Henry had not yet returned from a neighboring town, whither he had been absent all day on business, so she was alone when her brother entered her room in response to her call.

"Why, Rob, you look as if you had seen a ghost," she exclaimed.

"I have," he answered grimly, "the ghost of my hopes."

"What are you talking about?" she said, putting her sewing down in her lap and looking anxiously at him.

Then in a few brief sentences he told her.

"Robert Carrington, are you beside yourself? The idea! Perhaps she had just refused him, or he did it before she knew it, or in gratitude, or something. The way you talk, anybody would think she had eloped with another man."

"Well, perhaps I've been a fool," he muttered, looking at his watch. "Where's William? I'll get him to take up a note, as I'm so upset I should spoil everything."

"I'll call him. You go write your note. I declare, men are just like children, and I don't know where they would land if we women weren't around to set things straight. If there was one man that I thought was level-headed, it's Rob, and now look at him—no more account than a bundle of sticks."

In his room, Robert Carrington wrote his note:

"Alice," it said, "forgive me. I saw another man kiss your hand. Tell me why you allowed it, and relieve me of my misery."

It was an unfortunate little note, but it sounded worse written than if spoken, for the doubt of her looked out between the words uncompromisingly.

A little later in the evening, when Alice read it, she grew very white, and then her brown eyes glistened with a smothered fire.

"To think he dare to doubt me so. What is such love worth?" There is an old saying, "Beware the anger of the patient man," and Alice, who thought she had revealed her love too much, was wounded to the core. Her womanhood rose up in rebellion against his accusation. She handed the note to her mother, who read it over twice.

"So he saw George Benton bidding you his 'last farewell,' as he called it, and imagined there was a mutual love passage between you."

"Yes," said Alice.

"And what are you going to do?"

"Nothing. When he comes and apologizes, I shall forgive him, but the man I marry must never distrust me, and so I shall never marry at all," and she broke down and began to sob.

"Never mind, dear, it will come out all right. Do not be too hard on him," said the mother.

Alice had a great deal of fortitude, but these days with their varying emotions, their doubts and hopes and uncertainty had told on her nerves, and she was not quite her own calm self for some few minutes, when she dried her eyes and sat still by her mother.

While they were sitting in silence, a loud, sharp knock came at the door, and Mrs. Dayton opened it to Lawyer Smith.

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CHAPTER VII.

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"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver."

**M**R. SMITH was the village lawyer, the only one of which Meadowbrook could boast, and he drew up the wills of all its inhabitants, settled all its small disputes, and gave advice for little of nothing. In all his sixty years he had had nothing startling to attend to, but his business life had proceeded without a ripple of excitement. He was a small rotund man, with a bald head and a nervous little manner, and he was known to all the village people as "Lawyer Billy" Smith. Lawyer Billy had often longed for something that would distinguish him in his profession; but as the years went by and nothing great happened to him, he acquired an expectant manner, as if it would have to happen pretty soon, if it did at all. Tonight as he stepped into the brightly lighted sitting-room out of the dark, he blinked in a dazed way, and grasping Mrs. Dayton's hand, exclaimed:

"An event worthy of me is about to happen." Mrs. Dayton looked at him in amazement and said:

"Why, Mr. Smith, what are you talking about? I'm sure I do not understand you." Alice also looked at him in wonderment, thinking perhaps the little man had gone mad.

"I have news, such news," he said, and swelled up till he looked like a poultier pigeon. Lawyer Billy was given to grandiloquent terms, and bowing in little jerky nods toward Alice, and shifting his feet nervously, he said: "Let me greet you, an heiress." Mrs. Dayton was now thoroughly frightened, and was considering how she could get Lawyer Billy out of the house. But the little lawyer's moment had come to

announce something, to make a startling denouement. "I received today, as your family solicitor, news from Paris," (here he paused, and mother and daughter looked at each other helplessly—"the poor man is very bad indeed," was their inward comment.) "From Paris," he went on, "in regard to one Gregory Burton, Esq."

"Oh," said Mrs. Dayton, "we have not heard of him since Alice was a baby. He was her godfather."

"One Gregory Burton, Esq.," he proceeded, unconscious of interruption, "who has died recently, who has left a will, and bequeathed his estates to his god-daughter, Alice Burton Dayton."

Mrs. Dayton had been standing as the lawyer talked, and now sat down and laughed softly to herself till the tears came to her eyes, while the little man still stood, watching with delight the impression his news had made, and thinking that Mrs. Dayton was weeping with joy, and her daughter, who was looking at him with a puzzled expression, was dazed with happiness. "What a moment," he thought, and did not break the silence. Finally, Mrs. Dayton said:

"But, Mr. Smith, pray sit down, and we will talk over your news, which is certainly most surprising. When Gregory Burton and my husband were young men, they were great friends," she continued, "but some time after Mr. Dayton married me, and Gregory began to lead a life of wild dissipation, they drifted apart, and finally my husband lost all track of his old friend, although he made several ineffectual efforts to find out his whereabouts; and then we concluded that he was either dead, or had left this country."

"That is just what he did," said Mr. Smith, "and after leading a life which led him almost to the brink of ruin, he suddenly reformed, and, with his remaining capital, went into business in a big silk exporting house in Lyons, and made another fortune. He never

married, and when he died several weeks ago, he left a will, of which I have the honor to possess a copy, and which, with your permission, I shall now read to you," and he pulled a long, slim document, tied with a narrow blue ribbon, from his pocket.

During the reading of the will, which was a short one, bequeathing all of Gregory Burton's estates to one Alice Burton Dayton, the mother and daughter sat very quietly listening, and when he had finished, Mrs. Dayton said:

"You are very fortunate, my daughter." Alice smiled a little tearfully and said:

"Yes, mammy; and now you and I will amuse ourselves taking some of those trips of which we have so often talked."

"But what about the apiary?" smiled her mother: but just about here, fortunately, Lawyer Billy, who had been fumbling about his pockets for a memorandum, produced it, and went on with his news:

"Mr. Burton's Paris solicitors have sent over here a young attorney, who is now in New York attending to some business, and who is here to accompany you ladies to Paris, as it is thought best to consult with you there and explain about the property. For this trip I have the honor to present you with a certain amount accumulated since the deceased's death," and there-with he handed a roll of banknotes to Alice.

"Do you mean to say that it is necessary for Alice to go all the way to Paris?" for to Mrs. Dayton this seemed quite like going around the world.

"Yes," answered Mr. Smith, "and you are requested, if possible, to take the steamer which leaves tomorrow night from New York, and I may add that your stateroom is engaged by the Paris representative."

Hitherto Alice had taken very little lead in the talk, but here she spoke up promptly:

"Mother, you will go tomorrow, will you not? A trip on the ocean would perhaps do us both a world of good, and at present I so long to get away from all these scenes, even my apiary, which just now is no joy to me. It reminds me of too many things; and if that young man is there to take care of us, it would be better to go with him now than to go later and alone, since we know so little about traveling."

"If we must go, we must," answered the mother, looking anxious, for such a journey to a quiet country woman seemed a mighty undertaking. "And we must leave here then on the early train tomorrow, I suppose, Mr. Smith, and if so, I must make my arrangements for leaving home complete tonight. Jake, our hired man, has gone over to his house for the night, but he may not yet be in bed; and if he is, he will have to get up; so I will go and ring the bell on the back porch, and he knows that is my signal, and will come."

Soon after Mrs. Dayton had rung the bell, Jake made his appearance, looking alarmed, as he thought there were burglars in the house, he said:

"Jake," said Mrs. Dayton, "my daughter and I are obliged to leave home tomorrow and take a long journey, which will keep us from home for some time; and I will tell you in confidence, Jake, (for you have always been a trusty man,) that Alice has been left money by a man who was a friend of her father's boyhood. Perhaps you remember Gregory Burton."

"Yes'm, I do, and he was a wild un. Many's the scrape Mr. Dayton got him out of, to the loss of his own time, and money, too, when young Burton was hard up, afore he come into the old squire's money."

"Well, Jake, he has died a rich man, after all, and perhaps he atoned for his faults—none of us can judge him—and he has left all this money to my daughter; and as he died in Paris, we are to

start there by steamer tomorrow night."

"Land sakes alive! Wall, I swan!" exclaimed Jake. "I'm glad on't, glad on't, Miss Alice. But don't ye let none of them counts over there walk off with ye."

"Jake," she answered, "you needn't be afraid of that. But, Jake, you'll take good care of my bees, won't you?"

"Certain; they'll be all right," he answered.

Then Mrs. Dayton had a quiet talk with the lawyer, and after he had gone she made all necessary arrangements with Jake about the care of the house and farm, and told him to have his wife come over early in the morning to help them get off.

So all that night Alice and her mother were busily packing, and making preparations for the journey.

"We can make the sleep up later," said Alice.

(Concluded in our next).

—♦♦♦—  
**You, We Mean.**

You should not fail to read the continuation of "A Summer Day." If you are not now a subscriber to the PROGRESSIVE, or if your time has expired, send us 50c. and we will mail you the PROGRESSIVE for one year. Remember, there are many other interesting features, in addition to the prize stories. You should not miss a number. Send in your subscription at once, and make yourself glad.

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## 10-Inch Second-Hand Foundation Mill For Sale.

We have just taken in a second-hand foundation mill in exchange for goods. This mill has 2-inch roll, the round bottom cell, of which the foundation comes off so easy, and from the looks of the mill, I do not think it has ever been used. The price of such a mill is \$30.00, and we will take \$18.00 for it on cars at Higginsville. This is very little over half price. Address,

**LEAHY MFG. CO.,  
Higginsville, Mo.**

### INDIAN SUMMER IN MISSOURI.

Indian summer in Missouri,  
And the frost is in the air,  
Painting forest, field and meadow,  
Glen and valley, everywhere.

Crimson sumac leaves are gleaming,  
Where the maples bend and nod,  
And with yellow banners flying,  
Smiles the modest goldenrod.

In the forest, nuts are falling  
From the over-freighted trees,  
And the song of wild birds calling  
Mingles with the hum of bees.  
Happy lads and lassies ramble  
Through the woodlands day by day,  
Gathering a store for winter,  
Bearing myriad nuts away.

Here the frisky squirrel saunters,  
There the shy-eyed rabbit skips,  
While the startled hawk, uneasy,  
Through the leafy branches slips.  
Saucy blackbirds holding meeting  
In the gay-hued boughs above,  
Pause betimes to watch the raiders;  
Now is heard a cooing dove.

Indian summer in Missouri,  
Was there ever fairer scene.  
Than a fair Missouri autumn,  
When the frost has kissed the green?  
When the russet, brown and yellow  
Of the forest soothe the eye,  
And the soul is strangely solemn,  
Saddened, hardly knowing why.

Indian summer in Missouri,  
Yellow-bladed corn in shocks,  
New-born wheat to life up-springing,  
Meadows graced with divers flocks.  
And the dreamer somehow wonders  
If God's heaven, after all,  
With its glory, can be fairer  
Than Missouri in the fall.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

—♦♦♦—  
**SHARP.**

A story is told of a lord and a clergyman who were once driving together, and passed the city jail. The lord turned to his companion and jokingly said:

Where would you be, sir, if that jail had its due?"

Without a second's hesitation his companion smilingly responded:

"Riding alone, I fear."—Youth's Companion.

**EDITORIAL:****The Progressive Bee-Keeper.**

A journal devoted to Bees, Honey and Kindred Industries.

TERMS: Fifty cents per year, in advance.

R. B. LEAHY, }  
G. M. DOOLITTLE, } - - - Editors

Are your bees in good shape for winter? Now is the time to prepare for it.

JUST as we go to press we have received a notice of an advance of \$1.50 per thousand feet on lumber.

THE Western Bee-Keeper has been sold to C. H. Gordon, of Denver, Colo. Mr. Gordon will spare no pains to make a No. 1 bee journal out of his publication. See his advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

MR. S. P. CULLEY, Missouri's largest individual bee-keeper, whose honey crop was twenty tons, mostly extracted, expects to realize \$3,500 from honey alone. Mr. Culley has about 450 colonies of bees, and has produced considerably over 100 pounds of honey (mostly white clover) per colony, spring count.

THE editor of Gleanings wishes to know why the price of honey does not advance in the face of such a short crop. We know of no reason, unless it is that honey is regarded as a luxury, and dealers will be slow to take hold of the new crop at an advanced price. A little later on, however, when they find they cannot buy it at their own price, they will come to time.

We have just received a copy of the latest edition of the A B C in Bee Culture, published by the A. I. Root Co., Medina, O. The book has been revised, having much new and useful information added. It is the most excellent encyclopedia on the subject of

bees and the manufacture of bee-keepers' supplies we know of, and we heartily recommend it to anyone keeping bees. The price is \$1.00, or \$1.25 when sent by mail. We have just ordered 100 of these excellent books, and we will be pleased to receive your order for a copy.

FOLLOWING the lead of Bro. York, we have obtained permission from the board of directors of our public schools in Higginsville, to address the scholars on the subject of bee-keeping. We will procure a hall that will seat all the children and the teachers, and each teacher, some afternoon in November, will bring his or her pupils to this hall where the address will be delivered.

THE Australasian Bee-Keeper, a journal devoted to bees, honey, and the bee-keeper's interests, and published by Pender Bros., West Maitland, New South Wales, Australia, is one of the late additions to bee publications. The editorial department is looked after by W. S. Pender, and is interesting and to the point, as in fact are the contents of the journal as a whole. It is issued monthly.

IN our issue for August we made mention of prices advancing on all kinds of lumber and metals, to such an extent that we were compelled to cancel all price lists. Since that date, lumber has advanced fully 25 per cent more, and that is not the worst of it: We find it almost impossible to get some grades we use at all. We have delayed until now in getting out our new list, and append on the next page the following prices of hives and sections, which prices we will not guarantee for the season, but will make them hold good as long as we can. Should you be in need of supplies, we would advise you to buy early, as we may be compelled to make another advance before the season is over.



**The Philadelphia Convention.**—The national gathering of bee-keepers at Philadelphia, on Sept. 5, 6 and 7, was not fully up to the expectation of some as to numbers, but from an intellectual point of view, few, if any, bee conventions ever held in the United States were equal to it. Each seemed to do their level best to convey some important fact regarding that which should elevate and bring a greater success to our beloved pursuit, bee-keeping. All was peaceable and harmonious, something which cannot be said of some of the meetings of the past.

**Stereopticon Lecture.**—A new feature for bee conventions was that brought in by W. E. Flower, and his stereopticon lecture, during which he threw on the canvas pictures of many different apiaries round about Philadelphia; the many different flowers and plants yielding honey; the interior of a bee hive showing the workings of the inmates thereof; and something very ludicrous, showing how the sting of the bee had different effects on different persons, especially on the one receiving the sting and on the one who looked on but did not get stung. While much of his lecture was applauded, this last brought down the house in such a manner that it was hard work to restore order again for several minutes.

**The Philadelphia Bee-keepers' Society.**—This society is rather of an amateur nature, for the most of the members (somewhere about 80 to 100 in number, so I was informed,) keep bees as a source of amusement and recreation, rather than for the profit there is in them. But regardless of what they keep bees for, this society showed itself the most unselfish of anything yet known by the good entertainment they gave the National society. At the first meeting the best of Philadelphia music and singing was given, for which the Philadelphia society paid a good round sum, and a good professional reader

was employed to read the most of the papers sent in to the convention, thus relieving the secretary of a tiresome task which usually falls on him. Then, if I am correctly informed, they paid for the fine hall we had in the Franklin Institute, and many of the bee-keepers were entertained at the hospitable homes of its members, in an enjoyable, luxurious style, "without money and without price."

**Discussions.**—Some of the discussions were very spirited, but so far as I see, good nature prevailed throughout all. This was one of the *very nice* things about this particular convention. Bee-keepers are quite apt to be "cranks," and to think that the way they see things is the only way that the thing can and ought to be looked at, and in many another convention the writer has heard and seen angry words and looks, because some bee-keeper could not see things in the light that another did. Such heat and passion only mar the good that comes from bee-keepers meeting together, and while I would not say that the millennium has now dawned on the bee-keeping world, yet I am free to admit that a little portion of something akin to what the millennium may be, came near to the Franklin Institute and the bee-keepers associated there in the early part of September, 1899.

**How Shall Bees Be Fed for Stimulating Purposes?**—This was one of the questions discussed at the convention, and upon which so much time was spent that the moderator had to call it to a close before the subject was fully exhausted. Some favored taking combs of sealed honey from the hives, and after substituting frames of empty combs, placing these combs of honey a few rods from the apiary, in the open air, when the bees were allowed to carry the honey back again, the claim being made that such a course was preferable to any other way of feeding. Others

opposed, believing that such a course not only incited robbing, but allowed the stronger colonies to appropriate the most of the honey, and thus the weaker colonies, which needed the greater stimulation, were helped very little. Others thought that where colonies had plenty of sealed stores in their hives, they were well enough off without any feeding for stimulation of any kind, and that with all the colonies in the apiary in this condition, any sort of feeding was simply a waste of time, and the writer of this was very largely of that opinion. Still others advocated taking those frames of sealed honey and breaking the sealing to the cells by passing a knife flatwise over them, when this prepared frame was to be placed in the center of the brood nest, and by the removal of the honey the bees were stimulated to feed the queen more largely, while the activity in removing the honey kept the temperature of the brood nest higher, so that a great gain in brood was made. And this is fully endorsed by the writer, providing that due caution was used as to the time of the year and the strength of the colony. It is useless to do anything along this spreading line, and worse than useless, if undertaken when there is likely to be freezing nights 3 or 4 times out of every week, and even later, when we do not expect frost very often, weak colonies will be harmed by dividing their two or three combs having a little brood in them, through placing a frame of honey between the combs of brood.

### Are Your Bees Ready for Winter?—

By the time this number reaches the different readers of the PROGRESSIVE, all colonies of bees should be ready for winter, unless in the most extreme southern states. Are they thus ready? is the question each should answer. Fearing that some may not be, (from the many letters I receive telling of the poor season and that they will be obliged to feed,) I am led to urge any

who have not attended to this matter of winter preparation to do so at once. And I am asked to tell what to feed where stores are lacking, and the person has not enough honey to go around. In such a case I know of nothing better for winter feeding than the following: Take any tin, iron or copper vessel, of suitable size, and put therein fifteen pounds of water, placing the vessel over the fire till the water boils, when thirty pounds of granulated sugar is poured in, stirring briskly while slowly pouring, so that it may not fall in a mass to the bottom of the vessel and burn it before it is dissolved. Having stirred till all danger of burning is over, allow it to remain over the fire till the whole begins to boil again, when the vessel and contents are set from the fire and five pounds of extracted honey stirred in. As soon as it is so cool that you can bear your finger in it, it is ready for the bees, and can be fed in any of the many good feeders in use, or you can provide a feeder by using any pan, basin or can you may happen to have, always using some grass, shavings, corn cobs, etc., for a float to keep the bees from drowning. The honey is put in the feed to keep it from turning back to sugar again, and is the only sure thing in keeping thick sugar syrup in the liquid form that I know of.

G. M. DOOLITTLE, Borodino, N. Y.

### HONEY JARS.

A good small package for retailing honey in is the square honey jar shown in the cuts. They are the cheapest and most popular small package we know of. We handle the Powder Jar, which is made in three sizes, and packed 100 in a package. The prices are as follows:



5 oz jar,	30c for 10;	\$2.50 per 100;	weight 30 lbs
8-oz "	35c for 10;	3.00 per 100,	" 45 lbs
1-lb "	45c for 10;	4.00 per 100;	" 75 lbs

Corks always included. Neck labels for these jars 30c per hundred; 500 75c.

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Large and yellow all over, warranted pure-  
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Queens by return mail. Safe delivery and  
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queens are young and will soon be taken.

### READ TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. Quirin: Dear Sir:—

The queens you sent me turned out the yel-  
lowest bees in my apiary. Are gentle to han-  
dle, are large and well marked. Yours truly,  
C. C. CHAMBERLAIN.

Romeo, Mich., July 10, 1899.

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The queens got of you last year are giving  
good satisfaction—better than some untested  
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sell for no less at any time of year.

EDWIN BEVINS.

Blockly, Iowa, July 5, 1899.

Address all orders to

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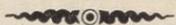


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**GEO. W. YORK & CO.,**  
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Try J. W. K. Shaw & Co.'s strain of Italians, and you will be convinced that there are none better. Every queen guaranteed.

Tested Queens, \$1.00 each. Untested, 50c; 6.00 per dozen. Send for price list.

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**ROCKFORD, ILLS  
 914 Ruby St.**

# Superior Stock.

Every bee-keeper who has had experience with several strains of bees knows that some are far superior to others—that there is scrub stock among bees, just as there are scrub horses, cattle, sheep and poultry. Let me give my own experience: Years ago, while living at Rogersville, I made a specialty of rearing queens for sale. Before engaging in this work, I bought Italian queens, and Italianized not only my own bees, but all within three miles of my apiary. In buying those queens I think that I patronized nearly every breeder in the United States; and even in those years of inexperience I was not long in noting the great difference in the different strains of bees. The queens from one particular breeder produced bees that delighted me greatly. They were just plain, dark, three-banded Italians, but as workers, I have never seen their equal. They seemed possessed of a steady, quiet determination that enabled them to lay up surplus ahead of the others. Easier bees to handle I have never seen. It sometimes seemed as if they were too busy attending to their own business to bother with anything else. Their honey was capped with a snowy whiteness, rivalling that of the blacks. In addition to these desirable traits must be added that of wintering well. If any bees came through the winter it was the colonies of this strain. They came as near being ideal bees as any I have ever possessed. All this was 20 years ago, and several times since then I have bought queens of this same breeder, and I have always found this strain of bees possessed of those same good qualities—industry, gentleness and hardness. In addition to this, they cap their honey as the blacks do theirs. I have frequently corresponded with this breeder, and with those who have bought queens of him, and I am thoroughly convinced that he has a strain of bees that are far superior to the general run of stock. If I were starting an apiary for the production of honey, I should unhesitatingly stock it with this strain of bees.



This breeder has always advertised in a modest, quiet, unassuming sort of way, nothing in proportion to what the quality of his stock would have warranted, and at last I have decided that I can help him, and benefit my readers at a profit to myself, by advertising these bees in a manner befittingly energetic.



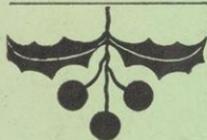
The price of these queens will be \$1.50 each. This may seem like a high price, but the man who pays it will make dollars where this breeder and myself make cents; and when you come to read the conditions under which they are sold, it will not seem so high. The queens sent out will all be young queens just beginning to lay, but as there are no black bees in the vicinity, it is not likely that any will prove impurely mated. If any queen *should* prove to be impurely mated, another will be sent free of charge. Safe arrival in first-class condition guaranteed. Instructions for introducing will be sent to each purchaser, and, if these instructions are followed, and the queen is lost, another will be sent free of charge. This is not all; if at any time within two years, a purchaser, for any reason *whatever*, is not satisfied with his bargain, he can return the queen, and his money will be refunded, and fifty cents extra sent to pay him for his trouble. It will be seen that the purchaser runs *no risk whatever*. If a queen does not arrive in good condition, another is sent. If he loses her in introducing, another is sent. If she should prove impurely mated, another is sent. If the queen proves a poor layer, or the stock does not come up to the expectations, or there is *any* reason why the bargain is not satisfactory, the queen can be returned and the money will be refunded, and the customer fairly well paid for his trouble. I could not make this last promise if I did not *know* that the stock is *really superior*.



I said that the price would be \$1.50 each. There is only one condition under which a queen will be sold for a less price, and that is in connection with an advance subscription to the Review. Anyone sending \$1.00 for the Review for 1899 can have a queen for \$1.00. Of course this special offer is made for the sake of getting the Review into the hands of those who are unacquainted with its merits.

**W. Z. HUTCHINSON, Flint, Michigan.**

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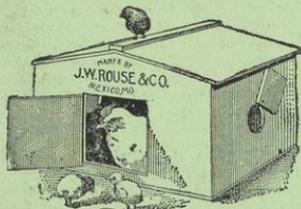
on January 1st, 1899. It is now under the editorial charge of Mr. H. E. Hill, and is regarded as strictly up to date. Send for a sample copy, and we are sure you will subscribe (50 cents a year). Also get our catalog of Bee Supplies, free. Our prices are low, and our goods are the best. Address,

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