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THE NATIONAL BEE JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE CULTURE OF THE HONEY-BEE.

VOL. II.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, DECEMBER 1, 1870.

NO. 1.

For the National Bee Journal.

Bee Hives, Bee Feeders, and Fertilizing in Confinement.

Mr. Editor and Brother Bee-keepers:—It is true that I have been a bee-keeper for the past twelve or fifteen years, but this is my first letter addressed to my brethren, who, like myself, love to fondle with the little busy bee. I never thought it looked well for a man in any business (inexperienced) to be making a fuss about something that he knew nothing about, in order to bring himself into notice. I know some one has already said, "this fellow, King, has an 'ax to grind.'" I am one of those men that, whenever I have anything to do, I am not afraid to let it be known, especially if it is to benefit myself as well as the community at large.

As I before said, I have been a bee-keeper for some twelve or fifteen years, and have had a large experience in keeping bees in movable frame hives, and I must say that there were objections in all the hives used by me heretofore. I have been brought into notice this fall by exhibiting at seven fairs a hive of my own invention, which I familiarly call the "Triumph." It has triumphed at each and every one of these fairs where there was a premium offered over twenty-three different patent hives. First, at Champaign City, Ill., Fair; second, at Springfield, O., State Fair; third, at St. Louis Fair; fourth, at Jackson, Miss., State Fair; fifth, at Russellville, Logan county, Ky., Fair. Now, brother bee-keepers, why this success? There was no premium offered at the Indianapolis Convention, and at Decatur, Ill., State Fair, both of which I attended.

I do not propose this as an advertisement of my hive, for so soon as I get an engraving of the "Triumph" that suits me, I will place it before the readers of all the bee journals in the United States, also the readers of all the prominent agricultural papers in the country, with full description, and how I succeed with the "Triumph"—how I get more honey and handle my bees with more ease and certainty, both winter and summer, in the "Triumph," than in any other movable frame hive I have ever used. All bee-keepers who are lucky enough to be in attendance at Indianapolis on the 21st and 22d of December, 1870, shall have an opportunity to examine the "Triumph," as well as my new bee feeder, and my arrangement for fertilizing the queen in confinement. It was not my object in getting my bee hive and feeder to have them patented, but by the advice of large bee-keepers in different parts of United States I have done so.

Now, friend Mitchell, as I promised you at Indianapolis to give you and the readers of the *BEE JOURNAL* my method of fertilizing in confinement, I will attempt to do so, although it will be almost impossible to understand it without an engraving of my fertilizing box.

This box is made of five pieces of three-eighths of an inch in thickness, similar to a section or frame in a movable frame or section hive. The end pieces are ten inches long and two and a half inches wide. The top and bottom pieces are twelve inches long and two and seven-eighth inches wide, and when nailed together the top and bottom pieces should project equally over the end pieces, both bottom and top, that either side will receive a ten by twelve inch glass. In the top of this section or box, and three or four inches from either end, we bore an inch and a quarter hole; into this hole we insert a cage made

of No. 12 wire cloth three inches long; we then turn the top edge of said cage down so that it will support the cage on the top edge of said hole. It (the cage) thus hangs suspended in the hole. By the side of this cage, and close against, we fasten, with a little melted wax, a piece of comb filled with honey, uncapping the side that presses against the cage, that the queen may help herself when she hatches. Next in order, we take a piece just exactly the length and breadth of the top piece of the box; we cut out our capped over queen cell, and with a little warm wax we stick it to the last named piece, so arranging it that it will come down into the cage, and at the same time the piece is attached to will fit exactly the top of the box. Now put a small nail in each end of this last piece to hold it in place on top of the box. We now bore a three-eighth inch hole in the back of the box, and have a cork to fit said hole. This last named hole is for the purpose of introducing any particular drone that we may select. Our box is now complete, with the exception of about a half a pint of bees—just enough to cover the cage containing the queen cell and the piece of honey in the box.

We now take this box to our room, and let it remain undisturbed until the young queen is five days old; on the morning of the fifth day we take out the cage, and, turning it bottom upward, let her pass down among the bees. We have our selected drone ready; take out the cork and introduce him. Always catch one just leaving the hive, never one that is returning, by the way, and consequently is ashamed of his failure, and is not prepared for the work before him.

I have succeeded with this method during the past season time after time, without one single failure. I fully believe that the fertilization of the queen bee in confinement is a settled fact, at least it is so with me. We will all find that it is useless to try fertilizing when the honey season is short and the workers are wearying the drones. In order to always have drones fit for work, we should place one of my bee feeders on the colony we wish to breed from; give them plenty of strained honey, and by so doing keep them busy, and they will not interrupt their drones, and we will have them ready and ripe for any work we have for them. This thing of theorizing too much is what spoils everything; practice is what we want. I say to all brother bee-keepers, experiment for yourselves; keep your experiments to yourself until you have really found out something new and valuable, then let us have it. If it has cost you days, weeks, months or years of study, and is valuable, have it patented, for we ought to be willing to pay each other for the time and labor bestowed upon a valuable invention. When you find anything that suits your purposes better in bee culture than what you are using, speak it out and let us all hear it, and be sure to give the whys and wherefores.

Now, as to my bee feeder, it is a very simple invention, and can be made any size to suit any particular kind of a hive, even the round log or square box hive, though I do hope that there are but few men that have log or square box hives to use them on. It can be made of tin or wood, with the exception of the bottom, which we are compelled to make of perforated tin. We make a box six by ten inches, two and a half inches deep, without either top or bottom. Three-eighths of an inch from the

lower edges of said box we fasten on a strip to both sides and ends. We now cut a piece of perforated tin (such as is used by tanners for strain-ers) to fit close into this box and rest it on these strips. Use the second size of perforated tin, not the finest. Make a frame of tin or wood that will exactly fit in said box and down on the perforated tin; spread a piece of fine cotton cloth over this frame and push it down on the perforated tin. This is set on over the brood chamber. The bees come up to the bottom and take the honey or melted sugar through the perforated tin bottom, the cloth keeping it from running through faster than the bees take it down. By this means the bees do not lose the heat of the brood chamber below, nor are they in the way when you remove the cap of your hive to give them a fresh supply of food.

Now, friend Mitchell, I will give you some items respecting my brethren in Missouri and Southern Kentucky. The Missouri Bee-keepers' Association met during the week of the St. Louis Fair. I was invited to meet with them, and did so, and joined them. They had quite an interesting meeting, and elected Mr. W. G. Church (editor of the *Apiculturist*, printed at Mexico, Mo.), President for the ensuing year. These Missourians are whole-souled fellows, and are wide awake, carrying the culture of bees before them.

After leaving St. Louis I have visited Southern Kentucky—Logan, Christian and Todd counties. I find that, although it is a long way from the low bee-keeper Gen. D. L. Adair lives, there are hundreds of men who still stick to the old log and square box hive. I talked bee to them from the movable frame standpoint. I also distributed bee journals and bee papers freely, and you may be assured I did wake many of them up to their duty as regards their bees. Many, yes, very many, at once ordered the movable frame hives, and I took many orders for Italian queens and colonies, to be furnished in early spring. I tell you there is a great work to be done. Bee-keepers, be up and at it, for it is just begun.

Now, as my ax is ground for the present, I will quit by saying to any one who may wish to address me, to do so at Milton, Trimble county, Ky., as I expect to make my headquarters at that point until spring opens.

Respectfully your fellow bee-keeper,
WM. R. KING.

For the National Bee Journal.

National Bee-keepers' Convention.

The long talked of convention is close at hand. While the friends of apiculture throughout our country feel a deep and lasting interest in this great work, the friends of progress and the lovers of apian science shall meet to deliberate and to devise means whereby this great branch of rural industry may be thoroughly and practically understood. They will report progress; also the best method of securing the greatest amount of profit from our labors; also to organize a permanent organization of the bee-keepers of America. It is expected that there will be a large gathering of bee-keepers from all the States in the Union, and we expect there to see and shake the friendly hand of all the practical apianians in our country.

Mr. Editor, in the Nov. No. of the *Bee-keepers' Journal* Mr. King is yet at work fighting against the location of the National Convention.

It will be remembered that in my last article I referred to the course pursued by Mr. H. A. King in the *Bee-keepers' Journal*, showing that he had unjustly and wrongfully withheld from the American people their "rights;" why, in withholding from them the call of the national question (he acknowledges he received it, but hid it from the people) the people will be the judges in this important decision. After the consideration of the National Convention had been published in about every leading paper in the land, inviting every one interested in apiculture to meet in convention at Lansing for the purpose of calling a National Convention, this important matter was wrongfully withheld by H. A. King from the readers of his paper, and he quickly whipped himself into a meeting which had been called for the express purpose of effecting a State organization in the State of New York, and took measures that had a tendency to divide this great brotherhood. They passed resolutions inviting the Western people to appoint one or two to meet them in Pennsylvania or Ohio, or some other central place. Their resolutions were read with much care, and all the credit given them that could be expected under the very peculiar circumstances in which they came into existence. The Western association knew this not to be parliamentary treatment, and took the whole matter to be a gross insult upon the American people; and the Michigan Association, which is composed of men from several States, after discussing the interests of the people, and the most central place of the bee-keeping fraternity, voted unanimously in favor of Indianapolis, Indiana. And the North-Western and other bee associations have recognized the National Convention, while Mr. King has labored as faithfully to break it up.

When this gross charge was brought against Mr. King, he gave as an answer this thing and that thing, too foolish and simple to mention, and when the question was put to him, why did he suppress the consideration of the National Convention? he well knew that the people would not accept anything but the truth, and they wanted the whole truth, and he has finally given the people the great ground-work of his whole acts; and for the benefit of your many readers I will here state that Mr. King has given you now the whole reason why he did withhold your rights, and for the course pursued by him in calling another convention, after eight or nine months have passed since the call of the National Convention, which has been recognized by all the largest and best organizations of bee-keepers in the United States. As Mr. King has given his readers in detail the cause why he has done as he did, I will introduce the reader to Mr. King, editor of the *Bee-keepers' Journal*, and patentee of the American Bee Hive, and he will explain for himself. Mr. King says:

"When we first noticed the call for the Michigan Association, (we) criticised the circular as having the appearance of liberality, while the narrow lines drawn showed the platform only of a faction, and for this reason we then refused, and now do not propose to give undue prominence to that which will not interest nor benefit the great mass of our readers. We bid adieu to our Michigan friends," etc. Again, he says: "We did not intend to refer to the subject again, but can not withhold the following extract, which is from

a liberal-minded gentleman living in Missouri." This liberal minded gentleman thinks that the Michigan Bee-keepers' Association overstepped the bounds of their authority when they presumed to speak "for the whole country." I would say right here for the benefit of the reader, that this gentleman knows about as much when he tries to convey the idea to the people that Michigan was the one that called the National Convention—he knows just about as much about it as I do about geology. He further says that he don't object so much to Indianapolis as the place, although he thought Cincinnati more central, and would be more satisfactory to the friends from the East, but he did object to those Moon-struck individuals up in Michigan.

Kind reader, I am unprepared in this article to give you the exact number that have been struck, as they have not yet reported; however, I have heard of two outside of the State. From the accounts from all quarters, and from what I learn from the journals, I should think they had got terribly struck. I really hope the mark will not be fatal, or even very lasting. My friend from Missouri seems also to have a terrible itching from some cause. What is the matter with him? what ails him? He certainly acts to me very much like a fault-finder, a cynic, one who is determined to be dissatisfied whether or not. What ails him? Is he troubled with indigestion? Swain's Panacea is said to be a sovereign remedy for that disease which makes its victim so choleric. I hope Mr. C. will find it useful. I am always healthy, and always successful, and therefore, can not vouch for its efficacy of the remedy I have recommended. One more word to friend C.: If you will take one-half the pains to inform yourself upon this subject that you have to save friend King from his falling condition, you will then be prepared to give to the public instruction that will benefit man; such extracts never will.

In the *Bee-keepers' Journal* Mr. King says, "You are invited to meet in Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 8 and 9, 1871." I would ask, for the benefit of the bee-keeping fraternity, who it was that called this convention? The record, so far as facts can be had, will show, and I will leave it, as I am confident that at such meetings there may be some one present that will always stand up for the right that right may be vindicated, and in all these things the right will be sustained.

I notice in the *Bee-keepers' Journal* that in Wisconsin there has been a meeting called for the purpose of sending a delegate to Mr. King's convention. I would say that those wishing to attend are instructed to call at the *Western Farmer* office for information. The names signed to the call give no post office address. We see none of our eminent bee men's names attached to the call. I am informed by one of our practical bee men in Wisconsin that he don't remember of ever having heard any of their names before. Go to Iowa. Do you see any of our eminent bee men's names signed there? No, sir, not one; and, as a general rule, you will not find one in any of the States. As my friend King has bid the people in Michigan a final farewell, I am sorry; I would like occasionally to hear from brother King, and, from what I hear from east to west and from north to south, I presume I shall.

Mr. Editor, I wish, for the benefit of all bee men, great and small, that you publish the programme in full, and be sure to get the small lines

spoken of by Mr. King, as it will be looked at by thousands—yes, tens of thousands will be eager to know whether Mr. King has got any just reason for such actions as we have been in the habit of witnessing for several months past, blaming the people, and trying to break down the National Convention—for what? He says, because he "thought the little narrow lines indicated only a faction." When looking over the *Bee-Keepers' Journal*, and my eye caught his last "get out," the first thing or idea that came into my mind was the comparison made of the impossibility of the camel passing through the eye of the cambric needle, and the great difference, as I see, in the case is, "that the camel did not get through."

Mr. Editor, I have, since the last number of the *Bee-Keepers' Journal*, taken some little pains to show this programme to some of the most experienced editors that we have in the United States, and not one of them but what tells me that Mr. King's excuse, as set forth in his paper, with regard to the little narrow lines indicating a faction, is all moonshine. They think, or have expressed themselves, some one way and some another, but the general expression was, that it certainly was the smallest hole that any editor ever went through. Had Mr. King come out like a man with the Western people, and hailed them as co-laborers with him in bringing before the world a knowledge of the honey-bee that would benefit mankind—but instead of that, he has seceded from the path of duty, and gone his way—I hope, rejoicing. But, friend K., and Mr. C., come to the National Convention at Indianapolis, on the 21st and 22d of December, 1870, and let us have a good time—one long to be remembered—in meeting old friends and forming new acquaintances, exchanging views, etc. A. F. MOON.
Paw Paw, Mich., Nov. 15, 1870.

Programme of the meeting of the Michigan Bee-Keepers' Association, Lansing, March 23d and 24th, 1870:

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23.

1 P. M.—Remarks on the management of the Apiary in spring and winter. Speaker, E. Rood, Wayne, Mich.; alternate, Dr. A. V. Conklin, Bennington, Ohio.

2 P. M.—Remarks on foul-brood and other bee maladies. Speaker, E. Gallup, Osage, Iowa; alternate, R. C. Otis, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

3 P. M.—Remarks on the Italian bee. Speaker, L. L. Langstroth, Oxford, Ohio; alternate, J. M. Marvin, St. Charles, Illinois.

4 P. M.—Remarks on summer management. Speaker, Wm. Beal, Rollin, Mich.; alternate, Adam Grimm, Jefferson, Wis.

7:30 P. M.—Consideration of National Convention. Addresses by A. F. Moon, President of the Association; M. Quimby, of New York; D. L. Adair; L. L. Langstroth, &c., &c.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24.

9 A. M.—Remarks on natural swarming. Speaker, J. G. McKee, Laingsburgh, Mich.; alternate, W. Campbell, Royal Oak, Mich.

10 A. M.—Remarks on mel-extractor. Speaker, M. M. Baldrige, St. Charles, Ill.; alternate, D. L. Adair, Hawesville, Ky.

11 A. M.—Remarks on Alsike clover. Speaker, J. H. Thomas, Brooklyn, Ontario, Canada; alternate, J. H. Townley, Parma, Mich.

1:30 P. M.—Remarks on queen raising. Speaker, J. H. Townley, Parma, Mich.; alternate, Dr. Jewell Davis, Charleston, Ill.

2:30 P. M.—Artificial swarming. Speaker, D. L. Adair, Hawesville, Ky.; alternate, Rev. J. G. Portman, Dowagiac, Mich.

3:30 P. M.—Remarks on transferring. Speaker, E. Rood, Wayne, Mich.; alternate, C. J. Balch, Kalamazoo, Mich.

4:30 P. M.—Remarks on increasing the interest in apiculture. Speaker, M. M. Baldrige, St. Charles, Ill.; alternate, A. J. Cook, Agricultural College, Lansing, Mich.

7:30 P. M.—Lecture by N. C. Mitchell, Indianapolis, Ind., editor *BEE JOURNAL*.

Each subject will be discussed after the prepared address is given. Also, any other topics of interest can be discussed during the meeting.

As the subject of a National Convention is to be considered, and as this is a matter of general interest, we hope to see a full attendance from all the States and Canada.

Any speaker who can not be in attendance will confer a favor by informing his alternate of the same.

By order of the Executive Board.

A. J. COOK, Sec. of Association.

Agricultural College,
Lansing Mich., Feb. 10, 1870.

[For the National Bee Journal.]
Transferring from the Box or Log
"Gum."

Mr. Editor:—As I ground my ax just a little in your issue of November the 15th, I thought while it was in pretty good trim, I would use it a little, although I expect that in this issue of December 1st, some of my brother bee-keepers will pitch into me pretty strong, and will likely think they have knocked all the temper out. No, I am like the Irishman who fought with the Dutchman. It was agreed that when either of them had enough, he was to *holler nough*. The Dutchman pummeled the Irishman well and long, but he would not *holler nough*, finally the Irishman found he would be killed, so he set to work in earnest and whipped the Dutchman out-right, and Mr. Dutchman *hollered nough*. Says Pat, "and faith that's the word I tried to say an hour ago, but I could not think of it."

This is an old story, but suits to come in just here. I have no doubt I will, (to all appearances) get badly used up, but look-out, for there is considerable Irish blood afloat.

Well, Mr. Editor, as I visited Southern Kentucky this fall, and found lots and scores of *nged* and *log gums* with plenty of black bees and a short supply of honey in them, I took great pains to explain the advantages of the Movable Comb Hive, and especially those claimed for the "Triumph."

You will remember you sent me a large number of *ILLUSTRATED BEE JOURNALS* while I was at Rushville, Logan county, Kentucky. I assure you that they were all distributed to the best advantage, and you may look this winter for many more subscribers from that region, than I have already sent you. Very many of those that said they would subscribe, made me promise to commence a series of articles on the culture of (our little friends and companions) the honey bee, commencing with the transferring from the old box or log gum. I therefore, propose to give my way of doing this thing, believing it to be all important that those just commencing should have an insight into what many, yes, very many, consider a great *mystery*.

It is next to impossible for a beginner to take up any of the *Bee Journals* published, and find out the place to begin this great, and as I consider, most profitable work. Why is this? It is from the fact that all those writing for the *Bee Journals* are far advanced (so they think) in bee culture, and never once think of that poor brother who is just learning (or trying to learn) his A B C's. So, thinking that I may benefit my younger and less experienced brother, I will commence with the transferring process.

1st. I furnish myself with a movable frame hive (we will say the "Triumph"); we then take a piece of cedar wood about three inches long, and split it up into little blocks about one-fourth of an inch square. We then trim them down with a sharp knife, (not a dull one) making them look very much the shape of the thorn that grows upon the large sized Thorn tree of Kentucky and Indiana, (these thorns answer the

purpose well). What are you going to do with these pegs and thorns? Are you going to prick your bees to set them to work? No, we are going to fasten the comb in the frames with them, the pegs all made, say twenty-five in number.

We then, with an awl, (made of an old hand-saw file, with a handle on it) punch or ream a hole in the end or side of the frames, and two inches from the top end, punching one in each side. Now these holes are to put the pegs or thorns in, not to punch up the bees as you supposed.

We next bring out a table under the shade of a tree (unless we have a vacant room about the premises, which will suit better, on account of keeping off the robbers). We then sit the "Triumph" along side with the frames and pegs already, laying a large knife on one corner of the table—not to fight our little pets with, but to cut comb with.

Now to business. I know you are just a little afraid of the helm of these little fellows, so if you have not got a bee hat (made of No. 12 or 14 wire cloth, with a pasteboard crown in it, and a piece of your wife's old calico coat-tail sewed around the bottom to tuck in around your neck) just take her veil and spread it over your head, hat and all. Put on your buckskins with long gauntlets. All ready. Take the old box gum off its stand (any time from May the 10th, to June the 25th) carry it out, setting it at the opposite end of the table from the "Triumph," turn it (the gum) bottom upwards, and be sure to blow a little smoke (corn-cob is the best) into the old gum, before you lift it from its old stand; and, after turning it bottom upwards (gently), place a box over the end that is up. We call this box the swarming box. If this box does not fit close (which it will not do unless made expressly for it) we tie an old table cloth or some other material around where it is.

Next, we take a small box of any kind, and place it where the old box (gum) formerly stood, that the bees that are out gathering honey and pollen may have some place to collect and call home, while we finish our job. We now go back to the gum turned up, take a seat on the grass beside it, and with a Bee Journal in one hand, a hammer in the other, we hammer away lightly, on the side of the old box gum for about twenty minutes, hammering a little on this side, and then on that, in fact, hammer all around. After twenty minutes of reading and hammering, we untie the old table-cloth and spread it on the ground, hard by.

We now lift off the swarming box and place it on the spread table-cloth, putting a corn cob under one edge, to let the bees have air; for we have now all or nearly all the bees in this box. We now place three or four piles of corncobs at intervals, around one table, then throw a little fire on the cobs and start a tremendous smoke. What for? To keep off the robbers while we remove the comb from the old gum; which we do by prying off one side, cutting the nails with a chisel, if necessary.

We now cut out the first sheet of comb with our big knife, laying the sheet of comb on the table, gently, so as not to bruise the young brood, or mash the honey that may be in the top end of it. Now we take one of our frames, lay it on to the sheet of comb, being sure that we do not have it bottom-upwards; but place the top of the frame to the top of the comb as it came out of the old gum. If this is not done, all the uncapped honey will run out, besides, you will stand the young brood on their heads, and that is a position that none of us like to be in, unless it is our beautiful queens. After placing the frame on as directed, we cut just inside the frame, all around, with that big knife, we then slip the knife under the comb

at the top end, and raise it and the frame all together, until we can get our fingers under.

We now lay the knife down and catch hold with both hands. Set the frame erect, with the comb in it. After getting it perfectly straight in the frame, we bring in the pegs or thorns, putting one in each side, into the holes previously made.

We now hang the frame in the "Triumph," and proceed in like manner until we get all our frames (ten in number) filled. Be sure to cut out all the drone comb found, and not put it into the frames. What is drone comb? I never saw any. What do you mean? Drone comb can be easily distinguished from brood comb. The cells are about one-third larger, and about one-third deeper than that of brood-comb. If you have plenty of comb, and a large colony (swarm) of bees, you can likely fill sixteen frames, or at least, have a piece of comb for each, and in that case, you can have two colonies (swarms). In case you make two, be sure you have some eggs in each hive (not gum). Eggs! What do you mean by eggs? I mean that by looking carefully down into the bottom of the cells, you will find a little long white speck attached to its bottom, these are the eggs of the queen bee.

Now, as we suppose you have done as directed, we will tell you how to finish the job. Set the "Triumph" back on the stand of the old gum with all the full frames in it, then take your swarming box with the bees in it, lay a board or an old door down, resting one end on the alighting board of the "Triumph," and the other on the ground. Spread another old table cloth on the door, then shake out a few bees at a time, being sure to shake them at the lower end of the door from the hive; and, as they run up into the hive, you will have an opportunity to see the much talked of, queen.

She is about one-third longer than the worker, and moves up the board as carefully as you ever saw a young damsel move around a ball-room. She keeps her wings close to her body. Catch and kill her, and the workers will set up a terrible hum, (but don't get scared) throwing their wings wildly in the air, and in a few minutes they will have all gone in. Put on the cap of the hive and let them rest, say for seven days. In the mean time, send to some reliable queen raiser and get you an Italian queen.

If you subscribe for the *ILLUSTRATED BEE JOURNAL*, the editor will send you a queen bee free, and in the next Number we will tell you what to do at the expiration of seven days, with both your new queen and newly transferred colony.

Now this management in transferring applies to all movable frame hives; for I have used several of the different patent hives, but find that all of us must, now-a-days grind his own ax. But it will not be long before I will have scores, yea, thousands, who are willing to turn, at least while I hold. So I'll just quit for this time. Respectfully,

WILL R. KING.
Milton, Trimble Co., Ky.

[For the National Bee Journal.]
Reply to Articles in the Bee Journal for Sept. 1st.

Mr. Editor—Dear Sir:—I fully agree with you, (page 495,) as my own experience has been that if an Italian queen copulates with a black drone, or *vice versa*, her drone progeny is not pure Italian. I will not fertilize with such drones. But I can not agree with the Dzierzon theory, for it is only a theory, I think, and not a fact. As to your black nurses, (page 496,) I do not like them. My experiments have not yet gone far enough for me to explain my reasons. Queen-breeders can not be too careful in the selection of their drones. "This is not correct, (page 514,) as they frequently raise forced or artificial queens in horizontal cells." Yes, and sometimes they raise queens

that are neither forced nor artificial, in horizontal cells. Now tell me, Mr. Gallup, the world over, did you ever see a queen lay an egg in a prepared cell? I never did, although I have seen hundreds built, and watched them closely. My experience teaches me that a queen cell is never used but once, and that after the queen leaves it, it is then cut down—sometimes entirely cut away. When bees want to raise a queen, they select an egg or grub and build a cell around it. You are right, the compression theory does not explain everything satisfactory. Apprentice, (page 530,) considering the season, I think you have done well, at least better than some of your brother bee-keepers. (Page 526.) How do you prevent your syrup from graining in the cell? No need to have your spout so small; just pour the syrup in slowly. Thank you, Mr. Davis; (page 536,) that "Big Bee" has a stormy sea, but no more, I think, than Mr. Apiculturist. No, (page 540,) it is not humbuggery, as you will find to your sorrow, if you attempt to introduce all of your queens in that style. (Page 543.) I consider my empty comb half the battle.

Now, St. Peter, you have had a very busy time this season, raising queens, editing the *JOURNAL*, and getting carried on all sides. You surely are tired by this time. ONE BIG BEE.
Leesburg, Ind., Oct. 1870.

[For the National Bee Journal.]
Movable Frames, and Onondaga County.

Mr. Editor:—On pages 442 and 446 of the August number of the *ILLUSTRATED BEE JOURNAL*, Mr. T. R. Allen speaks of his bee-hive and the bee-keepers of this county, and of the latter very discouragingly. I will notice what is said about the hive first. He says, "Though the combs may be as crooked as the rails that the man built his fence with," etc. And again: "And so with crooked combs in my hive, they go in with perfect ease, without injury to combs or bees." Suppose Mr. Allen wished to exchange combs, full ones for empty ones, to enable light stocks to pass through the winter, etc., what would he do then with his crooked combs? When our hives are such that we are obliged to have crooked combs in them, at that moment they cease to be movable combs in the true sense of the word. In all our manipulations of the hive, we want straight combs.

The past summer I had twelve new swarms, which I put in twelve empty hives, and at the end of bass-wood blossoms my stocks were so strong I thought I would make some new swarms on your plan, Mr. Editor, given by Dr. Jewell Davis. So I took twelve frames from the twelve different hives spoken of, and put them in an empty one; gave them a queen, confined them forty-eight hours, and all was right. Could I have done this with crooked combs? No, sir. I have no trouble in getting straight combs, and out of the one hundred and forty-four made by those twelve swarms, you could not find twelve but what would go into an empty hive as well as though the bees had built them there.

Now a word or two for the other side. Mr. Allen says: "To sum up in a word, bee-keeping in this section of country is in a miserable, low, uncultivated state." I should like to have him come out this way, fifteen miles from Syracuse, and see us, and see if there are not some enterprising bee-keepers out here. There are several, and as for me, he will find me with bee on the brain every day. He further says, "We need a bee association in this county, and must have one." This I fully endorse, and will do all in my power to have one.

Wishing much success to the *ILLUSTRATED BEE JOURNAL*, and all enterprising bee-keepers, I remain,
Yours respectfully,

G. M. DOOLITTLE.
Bovdine, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Oct. 22, 1870.

Mr Alfred Joseph Fisher East Liverpool Ohio

MISCELLANEOUS BUDGET.

AN INTERESTING PAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

VOL. I.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, DECEMBER 1, 1870.

NO. 1.

BOOK NOTICES.

A VALUABLE BOOK.—The New York Observer Year Book and Almanac, to be issued January 1st, 1871.

One of the most complete compends of important information which has ever been compiled in this country. It should be in every library, as a book of reference.

It contains an interesting History of Almanacs; Civil, Commercial, and Agricultural information concerning all the Governments in the World; a General summary of all the benevolent Institutions and Religious denominations in the world, with a complete ministerial Dictionary of nearly every religious body in the United States; a complete list of all the Colleges, Theological Seminaries, medical, and Law Schools in the United States. Price, one dollar.

All persons subscribing and paying for the *New York Observer* for one year (\$3) will receive a copy of this valuable work gratuitously. Sample copies of the *Observer* sent free. Sidney E. Morse, Jr. & Co., 37 Park Row, New York. Mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY for October contains the following choice collection of Music, printed from full size music plates:

Truly Yours, song and chorus by Hays. Papa, Come Help Me Across the Dark River, song and chorus by Persley. The World is full of Beauty when the Heart is full of Love, song by Von Smit. Eyes of Loving, Laughing Blue, song and chorus by Phillip Phillips. We Won't Leave the Farm, song and chorus by Persley. Cast thy Burden upon the Lord, Quartet. Jesus and the Children, Quartet. Halte Militaire, or Camp Polka. Falling Leaf Polka. Christine Nilsson's favorite Schottische, and Floating Breezes Valse, Sentimental.

This Magazine is invaluable to all lovers of music, any single piece of the above being worth as much as is asked for the entire lot. It is published monthly by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York, at \$3 per year. Sample copies mailed on receipt of thirty cents.

Arthur's Lady's Home Magazine.—The December number of this "Queen of the Lady's Magazines" is the richest and handsomest ever issued. The publishers announce their intention to make it lead all others for the coming year, in the "richness and extent of its illustrations, the brilliancy of its novelettes and stories, the beauty of its getting up, and the high tone of its reading." As an earnest of what is to come in 1871, we have in this number a fine steel colored fashion plate, a cartoon on toned paper, giving a lovely picture, called, "The Welcome Home," a double fashion engraving, and a large variety of styles of dress patterns for needle work. Send a stamp for postage to T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, and get a copy of this elegant number of the "Lady's Home Magazine." You will, if you see it, surely want the magazine for 1871.

The Children's Hour.—The December number of this pure and beautiful magazine closes the year, and we advise all who wish to put into the hands of their little ones a wise counselor, a loving friend, and a pleasant companion, to take it for 1871. T. S. Arthur, the editor, will commence a serial in the January number called, "The Wonderful Story of Gentle Hand," which cannot fail to be deeply interesting. A Holiday Supplement will be given with this number, containing nine Carols for Christmas, new and old. Send a stamp for postage, etc., to T. S. Arthur &

Sons, Philadelphia, Pa., and get a specimen of "The Children's Hour."

The Queen of the Lady's Magazines.—A Brilliant Programme for 1871. Arthur's *Lady's Home Magazine*, the most brilliant, high-toned, and readable of all the Lady's Magazines; combining their most attractive features with new ones not found in any others, and leading them all in the extent, variety, and literary excellence of its novelettes and stories!

A long stride in advance for 1871! Colored steel fashion plates, colored patterns for needlework, double fashion engravings, music. A series of Pictorial illustrations, richer and more extended than has ever been given in a Lady's Magazine. Besides an endless variety of designs for the work-table. Novel attraction! A splendid series of cartoons on toned paper. This is a new feature, never before attempted.

ARTHUR'S "Queen of the Lady's Magazines" will lead all others for 1871 in the richness and extent of its illustrations, the brilliancy of its novelettes and stories, the beauty of its getting up, and the high tone of its reading.

Sewing machines, Silverware, Encyclopedias, valuable books, steel engravings, etc., given as premiums for subscribers.

TERMS:—Two dollars a year, in advance; three copies, five dollars; four copies, six dollars; eight copies, and one to getter-up of club, twelve dollars; fifteen copies, and one to getter up of club, twenty dollars.

Specimens free. Send stamp for postage.

PREMIUM FOR CLUBS.—Every one sending a club will receive a copy of our splendid new steel engraving, "The Wreath of Immortelles." Or, it preferred to this, a copy of either "The Angel of Peace," "Bed-Time," or Rice's large steel Portrait of T. S. Arthur.

Subscribers to "The Home Magazine" are entitled to order any of our choice premium steel engravings at one dollar each. Fine pictures like these cannot be purchased at any printseller's for less than five dollars. Address T. S. Arthur & Sons, 809 & 811 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Children's Hour.—Edited by T. S. Arthur. The most beautiful magazine for children in the world. Full of charming stories and elegant illustrations. Free from all coarseness, irreverence, and slang. The mother's favorite and the children's delight. Eight splendid volumes have already been issued. Volume nine begins with 1871.

"The Wonderful Story of Gentle Hand," by the editor, will be commenced in the January number, which will be the richest and most attractive ever issued.

TERMS.—One dollar and twenty-five cents a year; five copies, five dollars; ten copies, and one extra to getter-up of club, ten dollars.

A large list of very desirable premiums. Send for specimen numbers. Enclose stamp for postage. T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1871.—The first edition of one hundred and fifty thousand copies of Vick's Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds and Floral Guide, is published and ready to send out—one hundred pages, and an engraving of almost every desirable flower and Vegetable. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, illustrated with three hundred fine wood engravings and two beautiful colored plates. The most beautiful and the most instructive floral guide published. A German edition published, in all other respects similar to the English.

Sent free to all my customers of

1870, as rapidly as possible, without application. Sent to all others who order them for ten cents, which is not half the cost. Address James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

A NEW book of universal and abiding value, entitled *Satan in Society*. By a physician, for many years Professor of Theory and Practice in a leading Medical College.

This work, written from a high moral and physiological standpoint, will be of universal and abiding value for the following reasons:

1st. It treats of the prevalent errors in the education and training of boys and girls from the cradle to adult age, and indicates the true method of avoiding fatal mistakes and fallacies. For this reason it will prove indispensable to every well-meaning father and mother.

2d. It treats of the vice of self-abuse—"the most frequent and fatal of all vices"—and points out the remedy. For this reason it will commend itself to all sufferers from this malady; and to all who have at heart the interest of their fellows.

3d. It treats of the delicate subjects of love and courtship, boldly dealing with those false and pernicious practices so common and peculiar to our American society, and pointing with unerring precision and prudence to the real nature of the one, and the proper conduct of the other. So it will commend itself to lovers of both sexes, as well as to parents and guardians.

4th. It deals with the nature and objects of marriage, indicating the Divine origin and purposes of the institution, and supplies a complete, practical, and minute instructions.

For terms, etc., address C. F. Vent, Publisher, 38 West Fourth St., Cincinnati Ohio, or No. 5 College Place, N. Y., whichever is the nearer to you.

A New Book of Absorbing Interest.—Belden, the White Chief; or Twelve Years among the Wild Indians of the Plains, [from 1858 to 1870.] from the diaries and manuscripts of George P. Belden, the adventurous white chief, soldier, hunter, trapper, and guide, edited by General James S. Brisbin, U. S. A.

In one elegant octavo volume of about 513 pages, embellished with twenty-three elegant and spirited full-page engravings, including a likeness of the author in frontier dress, and about forty smaller cuts, all from original designs made expressly for this book, and engraved by the New York bureau of illustration.

Agents wanted everywhere to take exclusive territory, and commence at once an active and thorough canvass for this truly unique work, for which there is a clear field and no competition.

Bound prospectus, circulars, and posters, etc., by mail, one dollar, which amount will be credited on the first order for twelve or more copies. Sample copies to agents at wholesale price.

Terms in accordance with the liberal policy we have always pursued toward agents. C. F. Vent, Publisher, No. 38 West, Fourth-St., Cincinnati, Ohio, and No. 5 College Place, New York.

All communications for the Eastern, Middle, and Southern sea-board States should be sent to our New York office; all others to the Cincinnati office.

P. S. Agents are now being started upon this book at the rate of from twenty to thirty, per day, and those that have commenced work are doing splendidly.

The Little Corporal Magazine for December closes the eleventh volume of that brilliant juvenile. The magazine has now been published five years and

a half, and has attained an unprecedented popularity and circulation. It is now enlarged, improved, and beautifully illustrated. The November and December numbers for 1870 are offered free to all who subscribe now for next year. Don't fail to give your children this sterling juvenile magazine. It is published in Chicago, Illinois, by Sewell & Miller, at one dollar and a half a year, fifteen cents for a single copy. Beautiful and generous premiums are given for clubs.

We have made arrangements with the publishers of the *St. Louis Home Journal*, the great literary paper of the West, whereby we are enabled to furnish the *ILLUSTRATED BEE JOURNAL* and the *Home Journal* for the low price of two dollars and fifty cents per year. We trust our friends will come forward at once and avail themselves of this very liberal offer.

REMOVAL.—Wm. T. Gibson has removed his office from 5 Odd Fellows' Hall to No. 14 Eden's Block, Market Street.

EXPANSION OF THE LUNGS.—To prevent consumption has been the laudable endeavor of many scientific physicians, as well as many quacks. That more can be done to ward off this fell destroyer is beyond a doubt, than can be effected to cure the malady when fixed.

Our object in referring to this disease now is, not to repeat or lay before our readers all the hygienic means that may be used in such cases, for they are legion; but simply to call attention to a single case that may be useful in preserving the lungs in a healthy state. It is simply expanding them. Consumptives are usually narrow-chested. Asthmatics are usually broad-chested, and become so very much from the difficulty they have in breathing when attacked with asthma. Hence, asthmatic persons are seldom the victims of consumption.

Many inventions have been sought out for expanding the lungs; but the following simple means will accomplish the work as well as it can be possibly done. Go into the air, stand erect, throw back the head and shoulders, and draw the air through the nostrils into the lungs as much as possible. After having thus filled the lungs, raise your arms, still extended, and suck in the air. When you have thus forced the arms backward, with the chest open, change the process by which you drew in your breath, till the lungs are emptied. Go through this process several times a day, and it will enlarge the chest, give the lungs better play, and serve very much to ward off consumption.

If the lungs are tender, or the blood-vessels weak, due care must be used, at first, not to overstrain them.—*Farmers' Union.*

RECENTLY a thief, of the Mawworm type, said to the judge quite confidently: "I really assure you, I committed the theft in a weak moment; quite, indeed, against my own will, your honor."—"Oh, very well," said the judge, "it is only right that you should have no cause of complaint. The offence will be met in a proper spirit. As you committed the act against your own will, you will be punished against your own will."

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous.

An Ohio youth who desired to wed the object of his affections, had an interview with her paternal ancestor in which he stated that although he had no wealth worth speaking of, yet he was "chuck full of work." He got the girl.

No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—*Sidney Smith.*

BOYS OUTWITTED.—A Delaware fruit-grower, whose orchards were infested by boyish depredators, got rid of them by making a wooden foot of gigantic proportions and making tracks with it in the sand around his premises about eight feet apart. The boys believing the giant Blunderbore, or one of his descendants, was roaming around the orchards, have not been seen there since.

PROFITS OF GARDENING.—The *Picayune*, of Nov. 5th, says that three brothers, Germans, who cultivate cabbages on the Jackson Railroad, near Frenier Station, have shipped to New Orleans, within the past year, not less than twenty thousand dollars' worth of cabbages; and that the profits derived from the sale of these cabbages, average five or six thousand dollars for every male person in the little settlement around where these brothers reside.

GALLS IN HORSES.—A subscriber to the *Prairie Farmer* says: I will give you a receipt that is almost invaluable to persons who have horses with sore or galled shoulders: one-half ounce, sugar of lead; one gill good vinegar one gill alcohol. Put in a quart bottle and fill up with a strong decoction of black oak bark; when black oak bark is not to be had, white or red oak bark makes a very good substitute. Shake well before using, and bathe the parts intended to cure, or toughen, three times per day. It is excellent to harden colt's shoulders when first commencing work.

SPEND WISELY.—Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like little mice in a barn when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald. Straw by straw, the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you begin to save, begin with your mouth; there are many thieves down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste, all other things keep within compass. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. Never stretch your legs further than the blanket reaches or you will soon be cold. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the saving bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you have a chance for rest when you are old.

In 1828 there was three miles of railway in the United States, and now we have 48,860 miles, and the increase cannot be less than 30 miles a day.

WINNING A LOSS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Charles Falconer was young for so responsible a place. Though only three-and-twenty he was cashier in a wholesale house, and large sums of money passed daily through his hands. His father had been a cashier before him, and it was believed that honesty ran in the blood. From earliest boyhood Charles had been noted for the promptness and faithfulness with which he had discharged all duties devolving upon him, and when it was found that he was trying to support a widowed mother, and to help his only sister to complete the course of academic studies upon which she had entered, his friend secured for him the position of which we have spoken. And so far as the young man's native qualities were concerned, he had not been over-rated.

But Charles Falconer was young and ambitious. Moving continually in the glare of great wealth, he often found himself wishing that he was rich. And with the glare of wealth was the continuous din of speculation. At first Charles thought it looked like gambling. He saw men risk their thousands upon the hazard of a single telegram,—he saw fortunes staked upon the events of the time as yet unborn,—and he saw men grow suddenly rich upon the lucky turning of a die.

At first, we say, it looked to him like gambling; but he saw that those whom he honored and respected often engaged in the business, and he came to look upon it more leniently. At length he became aware that his own employers occasionally ventured large sums where the promise was flattering—doing it, of course, through a confidential agent,—and he learned, furthermore, that they were very fortunate.

One day a friend came into the store, flushed and jubilant. He had made fifteen thousand dollars at a single leap of the Grand Trunk stock; and he had done it all upon the investment of five thousand dollars. A friendly broker had advised him that Grand Trunk was going to jump. The stock was then at twenty. He gave the broker five thousand dollars, and told him to go in. The broker took up one thousand shares, paying down five dollars per share, the rest to be paid within ten days. On the very next day the stock went up to thirty,—then to thirty-five,—and at this figure the friend sold.

Charles thought how grand it would be if he could make fifteen thousand dollars as easily as that. But where should he get the capital to start with? He went out upon the street, and talked with those who were posted. He talked to other cashiers who he found had tried their hand at the golden game. He heard that his old chum, Phil. Bret, had won a fortune, and he went to see him.

"How did you do it, Phil?"

"I bought just in the nick of time."

"How much?"

"I put out ten thousand dollars on Dublin and Erie, and made a cool fifty thousand by the operation."

"But where did you get the ten thousand?"

"I borrowed it."

"You?—borrowed—ten thousand?"

"Well! You're simple, Charley. But you can keep a secret?"

"Yes."

"Then you can borrow as I did."

"How?"

"Are you not cashier in a big house?"

From that time Charles Falconer's feet were wandering from the only safe and reliable path. And yet he could not at first so far overcome the better part of himself as to go upon the street with his employers' money. He dragged himself down to another plan. He learned that others had made money at the gambling table. If he could only get enough to make one successful speculation—he would ask no more.

Charles Falconer took the leap—and he lost! He lost not much in

bulk; but much for him, for it was all he had.

What next? He must win back what he had lost, if no more. Ah! most fatal of all the counsels which the demon of the gaming table whispers into the ear of his victim! He who bravely faces his loss, and gains wisdom therefrom, may save himself; but he who thinks to win back what he hath lost, is in the evil one's trap, body and soul!

For the stakes with which to win back his losses, Charles borrowed from the funds of the house. He really regarded it as borrowing at first; because to the amount of fifty or a hundred dollars he could keep cash in hand without trifling with his books. But by and by he was forced to withhold more from deposit than he should have done.

About this time Ned Phillips arrived from Calcutta. Captain Edward Phillips, though only six-and-twenty, had command of one of the finest ships that sailed out of New York. His father had been a shipmaster before him; and his grandfather had been that doughty Captain Jasper Phillips whose surpassing seamanship stood Bainbridge in such good stead at Tripoli.

And at this very self-same time, too, Laura Falconer had come home on a visit from the academy. She had graduated some time before, and was now employed as a teacher. She was younger than Charles; and even her female friends called her handsome; and, moreover, they did it without envy, which plainly showed that she must have had a strong hold upon their good-will and esteem.

Captain Ned Phillips had carried away with him Laura's promise that she would some day be his wife; and as soon as he could leave his ship he called upon her,—and the old love had not grown dim nor cool; and it was very soon arranged that she should not go back to the academy any more.

One day Laura spoke to Edward of her brother Charles. She was distressed about him.

"Something ails him," she said.

"He is changed."

"I have noticed," remarked Phillips, "that he does not smile as he used to in the other times; but I thought it might be his business."

"No, no," pursued Laura. "It has come upon him recently. He is suffering. Last night I heard him groaning in his sleep, and I arose and went to his door. He was talking in a sort of feverish delirium,—and he talked of loss and gain, and of salvation and of ruin."

"Have you spoken with him upon the subject?"

"Yes,—but he kisses me, and puts me away, and says it is nothing."

Edward promised that he would try his hand at solving the mystery.

And straightway Capt. Phillips entered upon the work. His suspicions were very readily thrown upon the right track, and he watched the falling man with great care and circumspection.

It was late at night, and Charles Falconer was alone in the counting-room. He was pale and wan, and about his lips and eyes hard lines were drawn—lines of desperation.

He took a package of bank-notes from the desk, and held it in his hand. It was a large package, and it represented thousands of dollars.

The money was not his; but he had resolved to use it.

"This is the last!" he said as he put the notes into his breast pocket, and buttoned up his coat. "It is my only hope. If this fails me—but it will not fail. Luck must have a turning-point. Fortune can not always frown. If I win to-night I am saved. I might have won last night if I had had money enough to have followed the game. I have enough to-night—more than I shall need. I shall not stake it all—but I will go prepared for the worst.—The worst!"

"No, no,—I will not say that. It shall be the best! I will win back what I have lost, and I will toy with the fatal hazard never again!"

He went forth to the gaming-house, and was soon engaged in play. His principal opponent was a man whom he had often seen upon the street—a broker named Barnes—but whom he had never before seen at play.

"I have come to-night," said Barnes, with a smile, "to lose my pile, or to win its equivalent. If I lose, I shall lose heavily. Let us play coolly."

The game went on. At times Charles won, but never quite so much as he had lost. He had separated his money into two parcels, one of which he hoped not to touch, holding it as a reserve. But he came to it at length. It was long past midnight when his last dollar was upon the table—the last of five thousand staked that night—and he lost! He arose, and swallowed a glass of brandy, and staggered out from the hall.

It was a chill November night, but the keen air could not subdue the fever that burned in Charles Falconer's veins. He stopped upon the street corner, and looked up at the stars.

"This is the end!" he said, with his hands clasped upon his bosom. "The coming day shall not look upon my shame! God be merciful for those I leave behind. Ned will care for them. He will take my place!"

And then he walked swiftly away, and stopped not again until he had reached an empty, forsaken pier, at the foot of which the waters of the river rolled swiftly and darkly.

"The tide is ebbing," he said. "My body will be borne far out and away!"

Just then a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned and saw Edward Phillips.

"Come, Charley,—come home with me."

"No!—no!—Leave me! You do not know to whom you speak!"

"I know all."

"All?"

"Yes, I was in the gaming hall last night."

"Then you know that I am ruined—lost!"

"I know, Charles, that but for a sweet angel who has watched over you, you might have been lost. Your sister set me to save you; and I am to do it."

"O, Ned! You don't know all."

"I know all."

"No, no. I have lost five thousand dollars this night. And—and—the money was not—O! let me go!"

"Charles—my brother, as I hope soon to call you—have you not suffered enough?"

"More, Ned, than I can survive."

"Suppose you had won to-night instead of losing?"

"I should have paid back to my employers' bank-account the money I had already withdrawn, and never, never again looked for help in any game of hazard. Such I had sworn in my very heart of hearts."

"How much had you lost before?"

"Almost three thousand dollars."

Ned Phillips took both his hands, and held them while he spoke.

"Look ye, Charley: Laura begged it of me, and I have watched you. I have been as a shadow to you when you knew it not. I knew what you would do to-night, and I hired Barnes to help me. I did him a good turn once, and he answered my call. In other times he was a successful gamester, and all the tricks of profession are known to him. He won your money to-night with my help, and for my benefit; and I have it safely in my pocket at this very moment. And I have also another thousand dollars which you lost night before last. That was won for me, also. As for the other two thousand, I must ask you to borrow them of me. I am amply able. I shall repay me when you can.—Hush!—Not a word! Remember your mother! She knows nothing of this. You and I will spare her all pain. Come, my boy,—let us go home."

Weak and weeping, like a lost

child, after long and weary wanderings, Charles Falconer took the arm of his brother, and walked back toward his home. They found Laura up, waiting for them.

"It is our own Charley, safe and well," said Edward.

She knew what he meant,—she knew it from the eloquent light of his own eye, as well as from the eyes of her dear brother which were so red with weeping; and she embraced and kissed them both, and blessed God.

On the following day, with the money which Phillips had secured for him, Charles Falconer went to the counting-house, and called the members of the firm—there were only two of them—into the private office; and there he told them the whole story, omitting not one single thing that bore either for or against himself.

"And thus," he concluded, "as by a miracle, my life is saved, and I am able to restore to you every dollar that is your due. Aye, and more,—I am saved from the dreadful pit which has engulfed so many; for, having once gained knowledge of its fearful burnings, be sure I will never tempt its Tartarean flames again. I can square up all my accounts, and balance my books, in less than an hour; and though I leave your service under a cloud, I trust you will not bear unnecessarily upon me."

But the merchants did not hurry about discharging their youthful treasurer. They considered the matter calmly, and were of the opinion that a brand plucked from the burning charred and tempered in the fiery furnace, was safer far than new and untried material. And then, again, they knew that the youth was of true metal. And they kept him in his place, and did not even take the precaution of advising him with regard to the future; for they evidently felt that his own bitter experience, to a nature like this, would furnish all the warning he could possibly need.

Touching the final settlement between Charles Falconer and Edward Phillips, we can only say that the latter made but one voyage after his marriage, upon returning from which he and his brother-in-law went into business together as importers of Chinese wares. They prospered, and were blessed.—*New York Ledger.*

POPULAR ERRORS.—To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become. To believe that the more hours children study the faster they will learn. To conclude that if exercise is good, the more violent it is the more good is done. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior effects. To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and weary waking in the morning.

A TOUGH CASE.—Elder Knapp, while baptizing converts at a revival meeting in Arkansas, advanced with a weary, sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause, a tall, powerful-looking man, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning on a long rifle and quietly looking on, said: "Elder, I don't want to interfere in this yere business; but I want to say, that is a hardened old sinner you have got hold of, and I know that one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him, you'll have to anchor him out in deep water over night."

USEFUL HINTS.

HANDLING PEPPER.—To allay the burning caused by handling peppers, sugar of lead has been recommended, but a friend states that the application of molasses to the affected parts, will allay the pain at once, which is not the case with the lead solution.

TO DESTROY HOUSE-FLIES.—It is perhaps not generally known that black pepper, not red, is poison for many insects. The following simple mixture is said to be the best destroyer of the common house-fly extant: Take equal proportions of fine black pepper, fresh ground, and sugar, say enough of each to cover a ten cent piece; moisten and mix well with a spoonful of milk, (a little cream is better), keep that in your room and it will keep down the flies. One advantage over other poisons is, that it injures nothing else, and another that the flies seek the air and never die in the house—the windows being open.

A GOOD BREAKFAST DISH.—Four eggs, three quarters of a pint of new milk, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut; salt and pepper to suit the taste. Beat the eggs, add the milk and butter, and pour all together into a hot frying-pan containing half a spoonful of fryings. Stir constantly for three or four minutes, when it will be ready for the table. Quite a nice flavor is obtained by making it after frying ham or fresh sausages. This receipt will make enough for six or eight persons, and in these times, when eggs are so scarce and are sold at such exorbitant prices, it is quite an economical dish, as it will often answer in their stead.

A VALUABLE RECEIPT.—Take one pound of sal soda, and a half a pound of unslacked lime, put them in a gallon of water, boil twenty minutes and let it stand till cool, then drain off, and put it in a stone jug or jar; ~~soak your dirty clothes over night~~ or until they are well wet through, then wring them out and rub on plenty of soap, and to one boiler of clothes, well covered with water, add one teaspoonful of washing fluid. Boil half an hour briskly, then wash them thoroughly through one suds, and rinse well with water, and your clothes will look better than the old way of washing twice before boiling. This is an invaluable receipt, and I do want every woman to try it. I think with a patent wash tub to do the little rubbing, washer woman might take the last book and compose herself on the lounge, and let the washing do itself. The woman who can keep a secret has known this a year or two, but the husband told it while on an electioneering tour.

HOW TO KEEP CABBAGES SUCCESSFULLY.—Every farmer, and indeed any one who has a garden-patch, raises cabbages, but very few are successful in keeping them over the winter. They should be allowed to stand until just before extreme cold weather sets in. Before it freezes up, dig a trench four feet wide and ten to twelve inches deep, and when perfectly dry place the cabbages therein—having previously stripped off all decayed leaves—heads down, but inclining slightly, and cover with earth as compactly as possible, leaving only some of the roots exposed—say six to eight inches. After the earth has frozen somewhat, cover the whole earth with litter to keep the frost in, and so as to shed rain if possible. Cut them out from one end with an old axe as wanted, being careful to close again the hole so made. You will be surprised to see how easily they may be kept, and how nicely they come out for use when green things are scarce. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that pits for any vegetables must be made upon land where the drainage either naturally or artificially is perfect.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

Encourage the Boys.—No. 2.

Once more I snatch a bit of time to hammer away on the subject of "Encouraging the Boys." I have closely watched the columns of the *Maine Farmer* for several months to gather information in regard to the above subject, and have been much interested in many articles that tend to strengthen the weak, and encourage the strong boys of our State. I was minded to head this article "Encourage the Girls," but the thought struck me that at the State Fair, the evidence was strong that the boys needed encouragement more than the girls. Perhaps I am mistaken in my judgment, or it may be my dull eyes were not open to behold the ingenious works of the boys; but I am inclined to the belief that where there was one article exhibited by a lad under twelve years of age, there five were exhibited by girls no older. Where were the boys? It may be they were on the grounds, with their sharp eyes gazing at those handsome animals; but too many of them were left at home while their parents were at the Fair. The boys are not to be blamed for not being at the Fair, but rather to be pitied, that they could not, for one day at least, have the privilege of seeing the huge oxen, the fast horses, the big beets and the tremendous squashes, with a thousand other things worth looking at. It is my humble opinion that the boys of our State, are seriously neglected in this matter of encouragement. In the *Farmer*, (No. 46) Mr. Dewberry wants information, and hits the nail fair on the head, when he, in deploring the emigration of the "bone and sinew" of our State to the far West, says: "Were a better knowledge of the advantages of these new lands [in our State] scattered among the people, it would turn many to them that otherwise would go West."

That is just it. Now the question arises, how is this diffusion of knowledge to be brought about? The most speedy way to accomplish the desired result, is through the press. But if the "bone and sinew" is to be reached in that way, the hook must be baited so as to conceal the point. In other words, the boys must be induced to read the papers; and there is no way to interest them in the perusal of a paper easier than the following method. First, *Make your children owners of something.* (And why not let the family newspaper come to your door with your son's name on it instead of your own?) Second, whatever else you vote for, vote for a liberal sum of money annually for the support of schools. If these hasty scratches are worth setting in type, I will next time, endeavor to speak more directly to Encourage the Boys.—*Maine Farmer.*

Deceitful Jenny.

Mary and Jenny were very intimate friends, and always made a point of walking to school together as lovingly as two little sisters. But by and by a coolness sprang up between them. It began on Jenny's side, and was very trying to Mary's loving heart. She was cordial and pleasant as ever until Jenny's manner repelled her. After sundry kindly overtures on her part, she became almost indignant at her friend's behavior.

"Mother," she said one day, to that best confidant a girl can ever have, "I don't believe I will ever speak to Jenny again unless she speaks to me."

"Don't say that, daughter. How do you know but she may have heard something that has offended her?"

"But what could she hear? I have never said anything about her."

"She may have heard you did for all that; and I would just go down to her after school to-night, and get her

to explain the matter. I would not give up until I found out."

Mary finally took this good advice, and went down to the other's home that very evening.

Jenny was not a bit sociable, but that was only as Mary expected. Finally Mary said:

"I have come, Jenny, to find out just what it is that makes you so cool, and I'm not going away until I find out what is the matter."

"Matter enough, I should think," said the other, tartly.

"Well what is it? I am sure that I don't know."

"I don't think you can be much of a friend to me, and talk about me the way you do."

"Why, Jenny, I haven't said a word bad about you."

"Didn't you tell Lida Jones that I was just as deceitful as I could be? Or at least she heard you say so."

Mary was amazed at such a charge; but after a moment's reflection she burst out laughing.

"I know how it all came, now. I have a canary bird named Jenny, and she is as sly and cunning as she can be. One day I was saying to some of the girls that Jenny was as deceitful as she could be."

Jenny joined in the laugh too, and was glad enough to get her old friend back again.

Just such a foundation is there to nine-tenths of the slanders in the world. Some little girl, when asked to define slander, very justly said: "It's when nobody does nothing, and somebody goes and and tells of it."

—*Schoolday Visitor.*

Why Everybody is Cross.

One day little John came running into the house where his sister Mary was sewing. He held something in his hand which he had found out of doors.

"O! sister Mary," said he, "I have found a pretty thing. It is a piece of red glass; and when I looked through it everything looked red too. The trees, the houses, your face, and everything is red."

Mary replied, "yes, it is very beautiful. And let me show you how to learn a useful lesson from it. You remember the other day you thought everybody was cross with you. Now, you were like this piece of glass, which makes everything red because it is red. You were cross, so you thought everybody around you was cross too. If you are in a good humor and kind to every one, all will seem kind to you. The color of the world around us depends much upon the medium through which we view it; and the same world looks very different when lighted with the bright sunshine, from what it does when seen in the darkness or gloom."

Woodchucks and Rabbits.

"Father," said Eustace, "I do not like to kill rabbits as well as I do woodchucks."

"Why, my son?" asked the father. "Because," replied Eustace, "rabbits will not fight back again. They lie right down and die, and look so pitiful and beseeching, and seem to say, 'I forgive you.'"

"How do you feel when you kill woodchucks?" asked the father.

"O, they get angry, and bite, and fight back again. They look fierce and savage, and try to keep me from killing them. That makes me angry and then I kill them. I never feel bad for killing woodchucks."

This tells the whole story. Children are cut to the heart when they get angry with others, and try to quarrel, and find that they will not get angry nor fight back again. Never try to fight back again is the way to conquer.

One-half the children of England do not go to school. Thirty per cent. of the English army can not read or write.

"Darling, it's bedtime. All the chickens have gone to bed." "Yes, mamma, and so has the old hen."

[An extract from Putnam's for November.]

LINCOLN'S PETITIONERS.

A RECORD FROM THE EXECUTIVE CHAMBER.

It was the custom of Mr. Lincoln, during the latter years of the rebellion, to hear petitions at certain hours of the day, from all who chose to present them to him—the formality of an introduction from some member of Congress being the condition on which they entered the Executive Chamber.

The writer of this record pleaded for the discharge from military service of a brother who had entered the army at fifteen years of age. The petition was granted, and the President kindly asked if he could do any thing more for her. She asked if she might be present at some of these public interviews, and write notes of them for publication. He answered that she could do so.

Of the many hundred petitions she has selected a few only, and has endeavored to present a faithful record of what she actually saw and heard on the occasions described.*

All day long President Lincoln had received petitioners, and still they came. He could hear the murmur of voices in the outer rooms, as they were anxious to be admitted; yet he must rest for a few moments.

"Tad, my dear son, go to your mother, you must be tired here."

"No, no, papa; I don't want to go now—I want to stay and see the people." And he forced his hands down deep into his pockets, threw himself on the floor under a writing-desk which stood near his father, and settling his head on a cushion, continued: "Ain't you tired of folks, pa?"

The little bell which the President sounded—a signal for the doors to be opened—remained unringed—and he sat with his hands clasped together and his head drooping forward.

His little son moved softly from the room, returning in a few moments with a sad faced woman, who had an infant in her arms. The President motioned her to a chair, and she modestly stated that she had come from a town in the far West to plead for the life of her husband, who was sentenced to die in six weeks for desertion.

"He ran away from his regiment, then?"

"No, sir; but they think he did."

The President frowned, and shook his head rapidly from side to side.

"Of course, madam, you think that he did not?"

"Oh, sir! oh!—" And she began to cry aloud, the baby joining the chorus.

The President seemed much annoyed, but, turning to her, kindly said:

"If you can prove to me that your husband did not run away or desert his regiment, I will have him pardoned. Will you go on with your story, and stop your crying?"

"How kind you are, sir!"

A faint smile played upon the President's face, as he answered, "Please go on with your story."

She told him she was dangerously sick, and her husband, hearing it from a comrade, went home, about three miles from the camp. The next day he was seized as a deserter, and dragged away. As soon as she could walk a little, she had gone to the officers to plead for him, but they would not listen to her. She was sick after that long walk, and as soon as she could get up again had started for Washington.

"It was a long and tiresome journey," he said, sympathetically:

"Yes, sir; but somehow, I felt if I could only see you and tell you, that you would believe my story. I have no letters to speak for me, only this one," moving her hand towards her pocket.

The President shook his head. He was twisting a piece of paper over and over through his fingers. Lift-

ing his eyes suddenly to her face, he said:

"Who is that letter from?"

"It is from a kind minister; I asked him to write it. He said you did not know him, and would in all probability not read the letter; yet, if it would be any comfort to me, he would write it."

"Let me see it."

As he bent forward to take the letter the infant seized his hand. The President patted the little hands and face, and then leaned toward the light to read.

How anxiously the woman watched him! But his countenance gave no indication of his thoughts. He folded the letter carefully; slowly he handed it back again, saying:

"I am satisfied with it. I believe your story. I shall pardon your husband."

The baby looked up steadily at him; the woman arose, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. President, how can I thank you?"

"Take this note to the War Department, and they will give you a paper of release for your husband from the charge of desertion. It will make your journey home more comfortable. Good night."

"God bless you!" she answered, and was gone.

The President struck the little bell, and a tall usher opened wide the door, until the room was filled. Some of these petitioners were insolent beyond human endurance; some were silly to excess; some were ludicrous in their pompousness, displaying piles of letters of introduction, which the President would not look at. They would, however, persist in their endeavors to make him look at such letters from such persons.

The President soon became exasperated, as he listened to one and another. In vain he shook his head and stamped his feet, and brought his hands violently down upon the table, telling them that he would not and could not listen to such petitions. They, with an assurance never to be imagined, would still go on.

Men with defiant faces, men whining and pleading, and forward women, grasping his arms to arrest his attention. His patience with rudeness was wonderful. If he expressed contempt for affectation, he also did not forget to respect modesty and real sorrow when he met it.

Again the little bell was rung, and again the room was filled. Those who had just gone out, muttered their dislike for the good man who listened from early morning until late at night to people of every grade.

Often the President was grave to sadness. For hours in succession he expressed no anger, no mirth. Petition after petition was presented in rapid succession. It was the same story of sorrow—of fathers, brothers and husbands in prison, each pleading for theirs to be the first released in the exchange of prisoners. Some had dear ones dying in camp, beyond the lines; they were begging to go to them. Hundreds had made the same request.

"Oh, let us go to them—only let us go."

There were bands of poor, oppressed sewing-women stating their wrongs, Peace Commissioners and Southern refugees.

Many times the President started to go to his private room; but sad faces pressing up the stairway stopped him as he crossed the hall, and he turned and went back again.

"Do, kind President, grant my request!"

The woman's voice was very plaintive, and large tears were falling, but she made no sound of crying.

"No, no, I can not. I can not, good woman—I can not! I might grant such requests a thousand a day. I can't turn the Government inside out and upside over. I can't please everybody. I must do my duty—stern duty—as I see it. Nobody

wants their friends drafted—nobody wants them taken as deserters. He should not have been absent so long. He should not have taken upon himself the appearance of a deserter. How do I know—how does anybody know—how does the War Department know—that he did not intend to stay upon the boat where the soldiers found him? How does anybody know that he didn't think about his furlough being ended? Didn't think! That was his business, to think. I am sorry. Everybody ought to be sorry for those who do wrong. When he knew the law, why did he break it? When he knew the penalty, why did he bring it upon himself? You plead for him, and tell me how upright he is. That is all very well. It is easy for us to over-estimate the goodness of those we love. You are his neighbor. It is very kind in you to come so far and plead so strongly; but I can't—I can't do anything for you!"

"Please, President Lincoln!"

"No! no! no! no! I can't—I won't!—I won't!" and he sprang to his feet, but in an instant resumed his former position in his chair, and leaned forward to snap the little bell.

"Oh! oh!"

It was a sound of intense grief, disappointment and surprise, all mingled together; coming up so from the heart as this peculiar sound did, it arrested the hand upon the bell, lifted the eyes that were growing cold and stern to the pleading face of the woman behind him. She had left her chair and stood so near that her clothes brushed against him. Heavy were the lines upon her face—lines of care and sorrow; earnest were the tear-dimmed eyes.

"Do, kind sir, consider my case a moment more—oh, President Lincoln! Remember you were poor once—and—"

"Had no friends, do you mean?" he interrupted, almost scornfully.

"No—oh, no!—had a few friends—tried and true friends, who would never forsake you. Only one of them I know—one, who is alike a friend to you and to me. For his sake—for our dear Lord's sake—grant my petition!"

There was a striking solemnity in her whole attitude; and the President turned very pale, his eyes misty, sad and then sadder, as he repeated slowly and reverently:

"For our dear Lord's sake!"

"Here are three hundred dollars; it was made up by his neighbors. Couldn't you save him from an ignominious death, which he does not deserve?—no, he does not deserve!"

"Take back your money!" cried the President, throwing away from him her extended hand. "Take it back! I do not want it!"

Only an instant his hand and voice were raised, and then he resumed kindly:

"I shall not have your money, good woman; the War Department will not have it. Take it back where it came from; and you shall take back his release. Your petition shall be wholly granted."

"Oh, President Lincoln! I believe you are a Christian. I will pray for you every day with my whole heart."

"I have need of your prayers; I have need of all the prayers that can be offered for me."

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln, that is the Christian spirit—that is faith in Jesus! Oh, let me hear you say that you believe in Him!"

"I do," was the solemn answer.

"I believe in my Savior."

And when she arose to depart, the President also arose, and opened the door for her, and led her through the outer room and across the hall to the head of the staircase, and shook hands, said "good-by," and went back again to receive more and still more petitioners.

*The authenticity of these "notes" is vouched for by the writer, whose good faith is well endorsed.

A verdant Cape Codder, upon seeing a locomotive for the first time, threw up his arms, exclaiming, "By thunder, what a darned great stove."

BEE DEPARTMENT.

[For the Illustrated Bee Journal. The Allen Hive.

Mr. Editor:—On pages 587 and 588, of the ILLUSTRATED BEE JOURNAL, I noticed an article written by a man whom we saw at the Indiana State Fair with a number of Langstroth hives, and a wagon for moving them from one locality to another, during the honey season. His true name I have forgotten. He writes over the signature of "Italian." He is too dark complexioned for an Italian bee—that is what I suppose he meant to compare himself too. He urges some objections against the Allen hive. First, he says it will not do to stand out in the weather, as the bottom board projects beyond the ends and sides of the hive, which will cause it to rot.

I would say to friend Italian, that I know of hives that stand on old bottom boards or benches that are probably as old as he is, still they are not rotten. And besides, the time is not far distant when most well posted bee-keepers will winter their bees in houses, as it costs less honey and less risk all round, to winter them in that way, so that the hive will be in the dry air, or one-half of the year at any rate. Not only so, but as I have one of the hives, I know that the projections of which he speaks, do not extend out at the rear end of the hive at all; and, as it should be set slanting, it will drain off all the water that falls on it.

Secondly, he said if it is made substantial, it will be too costly to construct. In this I beg leave to differ with him, also, as it will, if anything, cost less than the Langstroth hive. I will state for the information of all concerned, that I have constructed several Langstroth hives, and know just what they cost. I am a warm friend to the Langstroth hive, and use it altogether; but think the Allen hive just as good, and perhaps, more convenient to handle. With some slight modifications, it can not be superseded by any hive with which I am acquainted—and I have seen quite a number of good ones.

But, he urges another objection, and says there is too much space between the end pieces of the comb frame and the outside shell—thinks there can not be less than one inch space. In this particular I beg leave to differ with him, as the space he refers to is scant 3/4 of an inch, and when the frames are equally spaced, as is the case in this hive, the bees will not go to the front or rear of the hive when there is space above them to build comb, especially in so small a space as 3/4 of an inch. If said space were above the frames, they would build small spurs of comb; but, as it is, they seldom, if ever, build any in the space he refers to.

Again, he says there is no means by which the hive can be ventilated when shut up, or the less when shut in. Now this, I will admit, is true, but the same is true with the Langstroth hive, as usually constructed. I know Mr. Italian has his differently arranged, and the Allen hive can be equally as well ventilated as his hive, and with less deviation from the original pattern than Italian has resorted to. But, he goes on to say the time is now coming, when it will be found necessary, where bee-keeping is made a speciality, to move them from one location to another; and not confine them to one apiary. Now in some localities this may be true, whilst in others, it will be found altogether unnecessary; as many apiaries are situated conveniently to both poplar and linden

groves. And in other localities, again, the bee-keeper can and does cultivate honey-yielding plants on his farm, which come on in rotation, so that the bees are kept constantly engaged. White clover comes on soon after the crop of fruit blossoms, and, I think, still a little later, we have Alsike clover; after this, we have buckwheat; and, finally, we have Golden Rod, so that under these circumstances, it will be found unnecessary to use Mr. Italian's wagon. But in his particular situation it doubtless is of much value to him, and will be found equally so to any one who is similarly situated.

But in regard to the Allen hive, I will say that I have one in use, and have not had any difficulty in lifting off the outside shell at any time, and when it is lifted off, it leaves the combs completely uncovered, and the frames may be handled without crushing a single bee. When the shell is to be put back, a little care (which is necessary in the use of any hive) will prevent the loss of bees equal to, or more so than any other hive with which I have had any experience. Another good feature in this hive is, that if another story is put on it, (which can easily be added) there can be no other hive found that will surpass it in giving a large yield of surplus honey; beside, it will be admirably adapted to the use of the mel-extractor.

Now, I do not wish to be understood as denouncing the Langstroth hive, or any other, yet I am ready to correct any one, who, through a lack of knowledge in regard to the Allen hive, may misrepresent it. G. BOHRER.

[For the National Bee Journal. National Convention.

In regard to the time and place of holding a National Bee-keepers' Convention, I see there is some controversy between friends King and Moon, which I am sorry to see.

Now, I think I can furnish satisfactory evidence that such a Convention was talked of more than one year before either of them made it publicly known. In respect to the time and place of holding the Convention, my judgment is that the Michigan Convention should be sustained. They gave all an invite to attend and take a part in the deliberations. I did think at the time, and still think, the call was a fair one, and should be sustained by all. Some may think I have an axe to grind. Not a bit of it. All three of the locations—Pittsburgh, Columbus and Cincinnati—mentioned by friend King are nearer and easier for me to attend than Indianapolis. But I think there is more interest taken in apiculture west of the State of Ohio than there is east, and there would be a much larger attendance.

I expect to attend at Indianapolis, and shall consider this Convention the true one, and hope all will do the same.

I see (November number, first article,) "Ignoramus" thinks the day not distant when we will be supplied with artificial comb by the square foot, yard or acre, to fill our hives. I thought, as the dies were not yet cast to make this comb, I would give my plan for getting surplus comb—by removing full frames from strong colonies, giving them empty ones in place. I sometimes keep several strong colonies on purpose for comb-building, managing in this way to get nice, straight, and mostly worker comb. The full frames I use in making new swarms and strengthening weak ones.

Page 613, our friend Edward Difany, in his article on "Wintering Bees," failed to tell how he put them up for winter. Perhaps I may be pardoned if I tell how it was done.

He put them in a log cabin that he had occupied as a dwelling up to a short time before the bees were put in. Of course the house was dry and perfectly free from dampness. He set dry bundles of corn-stalks at the windows, on the inside, to darken the room. He told me that when he set them out in the spring they were nearly as heavy as when put in—the comb bright and free from mould. I think no better place could be devised for wintering bees.

On page 627, November number, my esteemed friend, Jewell Davis, does not answer friend Levitt's inquiry in back number 8 to suit me. My plan is to not transfer queen cells before the tenth day, although sometimes the queen will hatch between the eighth and tenth day; this is the exception, not the rule. Cells should be left undisturbed until within a short time of hatching. Their larvae are very tender up to within a short time of hatching, and will not bear rough handling. A little shake or jar is sufficient to alter the position of the larvae in certain stages; is very liable to cause deformity, if not entirely destroy them. My advice would be to let the cells remain undisturbed up to the ninth or tenth day; then carefully transfer. AARON BENEDICT.

Bloomington, Ohio.

[For the National Bee Journal. A Successful Amateur.

Mr. Editor:—I have been a constant reader of the JOURNAL since its establishment, and I must say I am becoming strongly attached to it, and the more so, now, that it has become a semi-monthly, as I don't have to wait so long for its appearance. I can not afford to be without it, and shall try to get some subscribers.

I commenced my first bee-keeping one year ago with two colonies, in the old box-hive. These I soon transferred into the movable-comb hives, and increased by artificial swarming to six, all of which I wintered; and, though the season here was called a poor one, had a few pounds surplus honey.

I also, though a beginner, transferred about a dozen stocks for neighbors, with good success. This gave me confidence, and I soon became known as the "Bee-man," a title of which, of course, I was a little proud. But I feel that, as yet, I know but little of this beautiful science.

Last spring, desiring to go into business that would prevent my attending to them, I sold out my bees. Next spring I shall buy again and go into the business on a larger scale.

Now I will tell what I did from one swarm last year. A friend residing about fourteen miles off, wished me to take care of his, one solitary swarm, which I accordingly did, with the following result:

Early in May the hive threw off a heavy swarm, which I, happening along at the time, hived. This swarm I divided in July, it having filled its hive and stored about thirty pounds of box honey. I transferred the old stock at the time, and, after leaving all enough to winter, found that I had taken honey enough with the increase of bees, to amount to \$40 net profit. I think that with an extractor, I could have doubled this amount. More anon.

I. M. HATCH. Anoka, Anoka Co., Oct. 18th, 1870.

Mr. Editor:—David Macy, President of the Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago R. R., informed me that he would make arrangements with the different Ticket agents on their road to let passengers, who came to attend the American Bee Convention, to be held at Indianapolis, Dec. 21st and 22d, come and return at reduced rates. A. J. POPE.

Secretary Marion Co. Bee Association.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

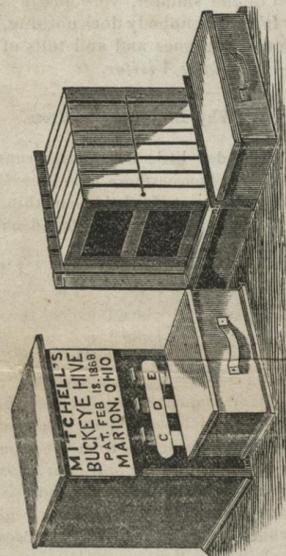
TAKES EFFECT NOVEMBER 21, 1870.

Table with columns for TRAINS DEPART and TRAINS ARRIVE, listing various routes like C. C. C. and I. R. R. (Bee Line), P. C. & St. L. R. R. (Indiana Central), Terre Haute, Vandalia & St. Louis, Indianapolis & St. Louis R. R., Lafayette Railroad, Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western, Cincinnati Railroad, Cincinnati Junction Railroad, Vincennes Railroad, Peru and Chicago Railroad, Jeffersonville and Madison Railroad.

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From Mothers, directly from the highlands of Italy, and purely fertilized. Safe arrival guaranteed. Also, small swarms to build up or raise queens. Address, A. SALESBUR, Camargo, Illinois.

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Queens shipped in June, for \$2.50; after July 1st, three for \$7, or five for \$10. Full Colonies of pure Italian Bees for sale in the fall, winter and spring. Price \$20, delivered at the Express Office in Anderson. Money to accompany all orders, which may be sent at my risk, either by Express and directed to me at Anderson, or by Post Office Money Order on Anderson, Madison County, Indiana, and directed to Alexandria, Madison County, Indiana. Purity and safe arrival of Queens guaranteed. Send to nearest Express Office to purchaser. Address, H. ALLEY, Wenham, Essex County, Mass.

SPECIALTY OF IMPORTING QUEEN BEES EXCLUSIVELY FROM UPPER ITALY.

For one Queen in May, \$14; in June, \$13; in July, \$12; in August, \$11; in September, \$8 to \$10. The money to be remitted in the month previous to the date fixed for the receipt of the Queen, will be sent from here genuine, and safe arrival guaranteed. CHARLES DADANT, Hamilton, Illinois.

PEABODY'S HONEY EXTRACTOR.

In testing the above machine with others at the State Fair, this fall, it is found that it runs much more steady than geared ones and others, consequently is not so liable to break the combs. Sent to all parts of the country on receipt of price, fifteen dollars. Price of Knives, by mail, post-paid, \$1 25 Express, 1 00 Two Knives given with each machine. J. L. PEABODY, VIRDIN, MACOUPIN CO., ILL.

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TO THE BEE KEEPING PUBLIC.

As I can not properly attend to all my bees, I will sell a number of colonies this fall, very low for cash, also as I intend to break up a number of colonies that are getting too old to prosper, I will have an equal number of finely colored, choice, tested Italian Queens to sell, very low, to wit: \$4 each or \$36 per dozen. Orders filled in the order of receipt.

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N. C. MITCHELL,
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A Word to our Subscribers.

Many of our subscribers will doubtless be surprised upon receipt of this number, to see that we have changed to a forty-column paper. Our reason for so doing, was simply this. We are daily in receipt of well written contributions, and that by contributors that have never appeared as writers upon Apiculture, to our knowledge.

Many, doubtless, have wondered why their articles have never appeared in the JOURNAL. The non-appearance is easily explained. Our old and tried contributors always have kept us flooded with articles; and still they come, daily accumulating. There are but two ways left open to us: Either enlarge the JOURNAL, or quit. If we published it in the old form, it cost too much to publish semi-monthly; and enlarge it as we might, we could not keep up with the contributions. We consulted with a few of our friends living near Indianapolis, and they said give us the reading matter, enlarge the paper in some way, that all may be heard.

And to-day, we present the JOURNAL in its present form, and hope that our friends may be well pleased with it. And now let us say right here, to our old contributors, send in your contributions. We say to all our new contributors and every body else, send us any items of interest that you may have. Our paper is now large enough for all contributors that may want to write for the JOURNAL.

You will notice, too, that we have changed the name of the JOURNAL, and hereafter it will be published under the title of "NATIONAL BEE JOURNAL." And we assure our patrons and the public generally, that we will still pursue the same liberal course that we have heretofore done, and we ask every one that has made any discovery that would benefit bee-keepers, to consider the columns of the NATIONAL BEE JOURNAL always open to them to describe there every discovery or improvement, and that, without money. And to every inventor, we say, consider the NATIONAL BEE JOURNAL your own to describe your bee-hives, or other instruments for the good of apiculturists.

Send us cuts of any improvement that you may have, and they will appear in the JOURNAL free. Right here let us ask the bee-keepers, would you rather have the NATIONAL JOURNAL semi-monthly or weekly? If you will assist us, every one of you, procure subscribers, and do all you can to help us, the day is not far distant when we will be able to send you a paper every week, for the same price.

You will notice that we have devoted a part of our columns to miscel-

laneous matter. We do this for the reason that the NATIONAL JOURNAL may, in that way, find its way into many houses that it could not reach in any other way. And who knows the vast amount of good that may result therefrom. But to make it a success, either as a semi-monthly or weekly, we must have the stamps to do it with. And we would here ask all those that have not renewed for 1871, to send in your subscription at once. Get your neighbor to join you, and in that way, our subscription list may be greatly enlarged.

The coming year we promise to you a better BEE JOURNAL. It will contain four times more reading matter than heretofore. Our old and able contributors will continue to write for the JOURNAL, and our friends will no doubt be pleased to learn that we are to have a host of new contributors; and to-day, we can truly say that no Agricultural, Horticultural, or Apicultural Journal published in the world, can boast of so able a corps of contributors as the NATIONAL BEE JOURNAL.

The National Bee-Keepers' Convention.

The National Bee-Keepers' Convention, to be held at Indianapolis, on the 21st and 22d of December, will be a grand success. From every State they are coming; from every quarter we hear good news. They say that they are coming and their neighbors with them.

We invite every body to come that is in the least interested in bee culture, and hear our ablest writers and speakers upon Apiculture. All are invited to come and join in the discussions. It matters not what hive you are using, you are welcome here.

The National Convention was called for the good of the bee-keepers generally, and not in the interest of a few. One word about the half-fare arrangement with the different railroads. We have published a card of each railroad that will return visitors free, and we will say to you that we have now in our office, tickets or passes to return every visitor free, providing they return on the 23d day of December. All you have to do is to select the route you wish to come and return by, and we will guarantee you a return pass over either of the lines that have advertised to carry at half fare. Parties coming from Michigan by the way of Jackson, Mich., and Fort Wayne, Ind., to Munice, Ind., thence by the Bee Line to Indianapolis, will get return tickets free; but if they come by the way of Michigan City, they must procure half-fare tickets before leaving Michigan City. The officers of that line will not accept our return passes. The Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railroad will return visitors at one-fifth local fare.

Organize.

We would urge upon bee-keepers the propriety of forming an Apicultural Society in every county. Such an organization in each county would do much good. Apiculture is a branch of rural industry that is too much neglected.

The people want more light on the subject. Let the people know there is more money in bee culture than anything else they can engage in, and we will see them buying bees, and in the place of seeing one here and there, keeping bees, we will see all keeping them. That is the way it should be.

What better way can we educate the masses, than to form organizations, discuss the subject, and circulate Bee Journals; and, if necessary, we will meet you, if not too far off, and talk to you on Apiculture.

We invite all visitors upon their arrival at Indianapolis, to call at our office. The Convention will be held at the State House, in the hall of the House of Representatives.

Agricultural College, Lansing, Mich.,
December 3, 1870.

To Editor of Bee Journal:

Dear Sir:—I have been much grieved, because of the unpleasant differences which have arisen, as to the National Bee-keeper's Convention. The more so, as I am Secretary of the Michigan Association, and was one of the first movers in the affair.

With a view to pacification, I wish to present to your readers the following facts:

In 1869, at the regular meeting, the members of the Michigan Association talked much of the propriety of a National Convention, without bringing the subject to a vote. Before our semi-annual meeting, to be held at Lansing, in March, we published a circular containing a programme for that meeting, mentioning as chief of the topics to be discussed, that of a National Convention, stating particularly, that time and place would be decided. These were sent broad-cast, to journals and bee-keepers throughout the country.

Just before the day of our meeting, came word from the New England Association, that they had discussed the subject of a National Convention; and voted to confer with other associations, as to time and place of holding the same. Had there been time, (as there would have been, had they published their action in either of the two *National Bee Journals*.) the laws of comity would have prompted us to confer with the officers of said association; but, as four States were represented, and as we had letters from a large number of the leading apiculturists of the country, all advising immediate action, and as there was no time for conference, we had no idea but our movement would receive hearty support from all quarters. I am sure there was no unkindness felt at the time, and no thought of discourtesy prevented our conferring with other associations.

All persons present thought Indianapolis a central position. So think we still. Boston and New York may be "hubs" to the Universe, but certainly not to our country. Eastern people, in their judgments often ignore the Great West. If we mistake not the countries, two great diagonals from Maine to Texas, and from Florida to Minnesota, cross just about at Indianapolis.

The members of the association thought it desirable to have sufficient local interest to secure proper arrangements for the meeting; and we have read the *ILLUSTRATED BEE JOURNAL*, and studied the character of N. C. Mitchell to little purpose, if its, and his interest and sympathies are not broad as our country.

Having no desires in the matter, except the promotion of Apiculture, I really wish that all parties might forget bitterness; fling aside aspersions and invectives; bury forever the tomahawk, and all of us meet at Indianapolis December 21st, bringing our hives, extractors, theories, and systems, and having no other intention than to enjoy each others' society and learn what we may of our favorite pursuit.

A. J. COOK.

Railroads.

For the benefit of all those contemplating attending the National Bee-keepers' Convention, we publish the names of the railroads that have agreed to return all visitors free, over their lines. This will enable all to decide before leaving home what route to take to reach Indianapolis. Bear in mind that in order to get return tickets, visitors must return by the same line, or they will pay full fare both ways. The following are the roads that will return all visitors free:

- Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis Railroad.
- Indianapolis & St. Louis Railroad.
- Terre Haute, Vandalia & St. Louis Railroad.
- Cincinnati & Lafayette Railroad.

New Albany & Chicago Railroad.
Cincinnati & Indianapolis Junction Railroad.

Cincinnati, Munice & Ft. Wayne Railroad.
Fort Wayne, Jackson & Saginaw Railroad.

Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railroad.

The following roads refuse to make any reduction on fare:

- P. C. & St. Louis Railroad (Indiana Central).
- Jeffersonville, Madison & Indianapolis Railroad.

Agents.

Agents wanted, both male and female. We want agents in every township and county in the United States, to devote a part or all their time in canvassing for the NATIONAL BEE JOURNAL and our *Rough and Ready Bee Hive*.

We will do better by agents than any other Publishing House. Our terms are so liberal that good agents can make from \$100 to \$500 per month.

Send for terms to Agents.

[For the National Bee Journal.]

National Convention.

Mr. Editor:—I wish to throw out a few thoughts through the medium of your valuable paper.

I have been a bee-keeper now nearly forty years, and have labored long and in earnest to advance the interest in apiculture, that it might take rank with other industrial and agricultural pursuits.

About thirty years since, I made an effort to call the bee-keepers together in the town where I was then living, for the purpose of organizing a bee association, to bring about the same good results which we are now laboring for in the associations now being formed in almost every county and State in the Union. And when I began to hear of associations being formed for which I had labored so long and hard, and failed in the effort, you may well imagine, Mr. Editor, that my pulse beat high in anticipation of seeing the day when *brimstone pills* for bees will be among the things that were.

And yet we have to-day deacons in the church, and I fear, some clothed with ministerial office, yet in that awful practice of dooming the poor industrious bees to the fumes of a brimstone hell. Ought not such unprincipled beings to be held up to the scorn and ridicule of all posterity? I think so.

And now, Mr. Editor, I wish to ask every candid bee-keeper in America if we have not got bee-keepers (or those that claim to be the friends of bee-keepers, and, I fear, some that are clothed with ministerial office, by the laying on of hands, who will be weighed in the balance and found wanting), that have disgraced themselves with deeds blacker than the smoke-house of purgatory, and are worthy to be hung higher than Haman's gallows.

On opening the November number of the *Bee-keepers' Journal*, published at New York, by A. H. King, I was not a little chagrined at the course he had taken. In that number we see an article headed "The American Bee-keepers' Convention," in which he (King) says the North-Eastern Bee-keepers' Association, at its annual meeting, held at Albany, N. Y., March 10th and 11th, appointed the President and Secretary (M. Quinby and H. A. King,) a Committee to correspond with the Presidents and Secretaries of sister Associations, and eminent bee-keepers of America. The idea of appointing a Committee of only two on such an important decision of the time and place of holding this our first National Bee-keepers' Convention, is what I can not understand to be parliamentary. They had the whole power in their

own hands (a Committee of only two—Messrs. Quinby and King,) to correspond with those favoring their own peculiar institutions.

And then the same article goes on to say, that at the late semi-annual meeting the Committee's report, that the majority favored Cincinnati, Ohio, was unanimously adopted (by whom adopted? Messrs. Quinby and King, they assuming the right to decide the question for all bee-keepers in the United States), and it was voted that this Convention desires the National Convention held at Cincinnati, Ohio, because centrally located, free from local influences, and near the home of Mr. Langstroth, whom we want present.

Now, when this unanimous vote was taken (as Mr. King claims it to be), there was not a person present, except myself, but the special friends of Mr. King, who were anxious to help him run the whole bee kingdom, with the assistance of his brother committee-man.

Now, I would not have it understood that I am not a friend of Mr. King, though I claim the right to advocate honesty and discountenance selfishness, and if I make enemies in advocating right, then enemies they be. But let them bear in mind the day is not far distant when they must stand or fall on the merits or demerits of their own acts.

Mr. King says that he prefers Cincinnati, Ohio, for the National Bee Convention, because centrally located. Now, that is foolish, and not worth talking about. Any one that can go to Cincinnati can go to Indianapolis.

Next, he says it is free from local influences. Now, in that I do not know what he means, unless it is that he has a *patent* on all Bee Associations and Conventions, and thinks he will meet with less opposition at Cincinnati in vending his rights for Bee Associations and Conventions than he would at Indianapolis, where there will be a full attendance and free discussion.

His next and last reason is that it is near the home of Mr. Langstroth, "whom we want present." Why is Mr. King so anxious about Mr. Langstroth? Is it because he (or his agents) claim a patent on all bee hives, and all the bees that make the honey?

Although I do not live up in Michigan, yet I may be considered one of the Moon-struck individuals; though that matters but little to me. Whether I am Moon, sun, or King-struck, truth must prevail. And I do not believe there is an individual in America that more deeply regrets that any such difference of feeling should have crept in to mar the feelings of a single individual bee-keeper; but that we might all come together and take each other by the hand in brotherly love and friendship in the Legislative Halls of Indianapolis. And we will make the reports of our first National Bee Convention a perfect thesaurus of facts and incentives to the promotion of apiculture.

Now, in conclusion, I would say to all bee-keepers—and in saying all, I do not mean merely eminent bee-keepers, but all that can get there, high or low, rich or poor, every bee-man and his wife—attend the National Convention at Indianapolis.

T. R. ALLEN,
Prof. of Apiculture.

P. S.—Now, brethren, let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and come together in friendly feeling—yes, come up in one mighty phalanx, and let your light shine; and if any of you are sensitive about Moon-light, went will furnish you sun-light, or an still other. We intend to have light that will suit all eyes and capacities of understanding.

T. R. A. read.
Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1870

[For the National Bee Journal.]
Purity of Italian Queens.

Mr. Editor:—On page 600, ILLUSTRATED BEE JOURNAL, 15th of October issue, Mr. E. Gallup states that he does not regard three distinct stripes on the Italian bee as being an infallible test of purity, and refers us to Mr. Langstroth and Professor Kirtland as additional evidence, after stating that he had a queen impregnated by a black drone, whose workers showed three distinct stripes. Now, although I am a queen breeder, I must say that Mr. Gallup's observations, together with those of the two gentlemen he has referred us to, fully agree with my own in some respects. I have had queens whose worker and drone progeny both looked well during the first season, but the next season I could occasionally see a black bee hatch out, whilst her drones still continued to look well. But I have not, as yet, been fully able to attribute such a lack of continued uniformity in breeding to the queen having mated with a black or an impure drone, and for the following reasons: First, I can not regard any queen as being entirely free from impurity whose queen progeny will occasionally show one bearing such color as stands out so prominently among queens of known impurity. Now, such a lack of purity I am well convinced arises from two distinct causes. First, she may be dashed with impurity herself, or, secondly, she may be pure herself, but may have been impregnated by a black or an impure drone; either of these causes will show a want of uniformity in color in queen breeding.

But, in order that persons may not be led to suspect the purity of queens generally, I will state that we have few queens, and perhaps none at all, that will invariably duplicate themselves in color. Some may be, and often are, a shade lighter in color than the mother, whilst others will be a shade darker; but at the same time all will be free from that peculiar, glistening, dark color which is so almost invariably present among queens of known impurity.

Now, from what I have above stated, it will be seen at a glance that I do not regard the worker progeny of any queen as affording us infallible proofs of purity, yet in all cases where a single worker from an Italian queen is found with less than three distinct yellow bands, commencing with the waist, it affords unmistakable evidence of either the impurity of the queen herself, or of the impurity of the drone by whom she has been fertilized.

Now, Mr. J. H. Thomas, of Canada West, thinks such queens as I have referred to mate more than once with drones. He makes mention of queens whose workers at first showed them to be decidedly impure, but afterwards, perhaps the second season, turned out all three-banded bees; and he also makes mention of such as I have above referred to, namely, such as at first showed all handsome workers, but afterwards showed evident marks of impurity.

With reference to cases of this kind, I can not favor the custom of arriving at final conclusions hastily, for it may be with the honey bee as has often been shown to be true in the propagation of the species in other departments of the animal kingdom, namely, that either of the parents may be dashed with impurity, and yet not give external evidences of such a condition through several generations, and then suddenly surprise the unsuspecting bystander with an offspring badly spotted or striped; or, to reverse the case (which not unfrequently happens), in the outset they sometimes produce an offspring which is universally regarded as impure, and thence forward cease to produce any more young which afford external evidence of impurity, with occurrences of this kind we are, I do not feel as though we should be fully warranted in accepting Mr. Thomas's theory as being

correct, until he or some one else thoroughly tests it by carefully conducted experiments, and thus show it to be correct beyond a shadow of doubt. I at least can not accept his position as being an established fact—that queens do mate with drones after having once been fertilized.

If Mr. Thomas will crop a number of fertile queens, say fifty, and keep them entirely excluded from the society of drones during two seasons (which he can easily do with his metallic entrance regulator attached to his hive, and then prevent the queens from raising any drones), he will, I think, be fully able to give us more reliable testimony in the case. But I will further state that in my opinion, in both of the cases spoken of by Mr. Gallup in the article referred to, we have evidence which affords us strong grounds upon which to base the conclusion that queens or drones either may be impure and yet afford no evidence to that effect at all times in their worker progeny, but that it is just as it happens, say at first they may afford unmistakable evidence of impurity, and in a short time fail to exhibit any apparent marks of mixed blood, or it at first may not be perceptible, and in a short space of time stand out glaringly.

I will make one other statement which corresponds with my experience and observations, namely, that had Mr. Gallup reared queens from those he speaks of, he would have been fully able to detect impurity in their queen offspring. Some would have looked well, but others again would have carried with them that deep, glistening, brown color, scattered all over their bodies and occasionally interspersed with bright, yellow streaks, which is so common among bogus queens.

Now, from the arguments I have advanced, it will be understood that I do not regard a queen as having been subjected to a final test until her queen progeny has been seen, when, if they are all free from the unsightly color which I have already described as well as I know how, she will do to depend upon for breeding purposes. Yet I will say this much in favor of the three-banded test, that a queen whose workers all show three distinct yellow bands, commencing with the waist, will, as a general thing, do to use for breeding purposes; yet, from what I have been able to learn, there will be some exceptions to this rule.

But here let me say that the three bands must be plainly visible on every bee, and not, as one distinguished writer has stated, require their abdomens to be distended with honey or some other liquid before the third band can be seen; for in all cases where this is necessary the third band, when it is brought to light, will exhibit a dirty, clouded, yellow color, instead of being clear, bright yellow; and it will require no coarse or careless looking to detect this clouded appearance of the third band, for most, and perhaps nearly all, will show up well, and it is on this account quite difficult to find one worker sometimes whose third band does not look well, and hence the uncertainty of the striped test. But in the queen offspring from a mother producing such workers as these, those marks of impurity will stand out more prominent. As to why such is the case, I shall not at present attempt to say, for my reasoning would only be of a speculative character, instead of being supported by observed facts.

Now, gentlemen of the bee-keeping profession, in order that I might avoid impurity, it has been my custom to breed queens and drones from such mothers only whose worker and queen progeny were free from the above described marks of suspicion, and, as I stated on a former occasion, this has also been the custom of our friend, Dr. Hathaway, of Muncie, Indiana, and who informs me that this practice gives him satisfaction. In addition to this, if I find a queen in my apiary whose progeny shows

the least grounds for suspicion, I do not permit her to breed either queens or drones; and I will say that if queen breeders will adopt this course generally, they will be well satisfied with the results; and whilst I do not think that queens can be furnished for a mere song, I do think, with the above precautions, pure queens can be furnished just as cheap as impure ones, for it certainly costs no more to raise them.

But I hope we can soon have queens fertilized in confinement, when, if pure mothers are used to breed from, and pure drones are used to fertilize them, we will have no further grounds for complaint; and then if importers will only furnish all our breeders with pure queens, there can be no further grounds of complaint. But I feel confident that many queens shipped from Italy are not pure, but in many instances serve only to make bad worse, by introducing decidedly impure stock into apiaries with which the owner is already discontented on account of suspicions as to impurity.

G. BOHRER.

For the National Bee Journal.
Introducing Queens.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me to say something upon the subject of introducing queens, as I have had considerable experience in that line. I have tried caging, smoking with rotten wood; also tobacco smoke, until both bees and myself were intoxicated. I have also experimented in chloroform, and have let the strange queen go among the bees, as soon as I had killed the queen of the hive, and with all the above, I have had success and failure. I will now give you a plan for introducing, as I have not had one failure on that plan, and would like to see it further tested. Select a rainy day—a slow steady rain is the best, open your hive, kill the reigning queen, turn your bees out to the rain, let them remain so until they have clustered, and are thoroughly drenched with rain. Now take a queen, let her loose on top of the frames; the rain will cause her to seek shelter in the cluster of bees. As soon as she has done so you are all right; close your hive, and let them remain quiet. Caging is the next best plan. No patent on the above, brother beekeepers. You who have used camphor with such great success against robbers, did it never occur to you, that you were injuring your own bees by placing the camphor within the entrance, but contract the entrance so that one bee can pass thereby. Strow camphor about one inch from it, and all is well.

Friends of science, I thank you for the few extra queens furnished me for experiments. Drones are also acceptable. ONE BIG BEE.
Leesburgh, Kosciusko Co. Ind.

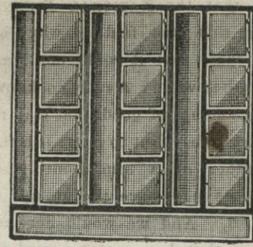
For the National Bee Journal.

Brimstone and Honey-Bees.

Mr. Editor:—In some of the bee journals, some one wonders if Gallup will ever go back to administering brimstone to his bees, and to-day, the 15th of October, 1870, I was at our post office, and a man came in and inquired for brimstone, and asked me how much it required to smother a swarm of bees, and how to use it, etc., and I was under the necessity of confessing that I did not know, as I never did such a thing, and never saw it done. "Why," says he, "I thought you was a great bee-keeper." I informed him that I never could see how bee-killing had anything to do with bee-keeping.

Now for my method. In former times I used to double up, and sometimes treble up swarms. If I had forty swarms, and wished to reduce them one-half, I would take away the honey from one-half, and allow the bees to go into the remaining hives. If they were well filled with honey, they would be well received in a majority of cases. If there was any disposition to fight, a little smoke would subdue them. I have frequently taken home bees from neighbors where they were going to brimstone them.

QUEEN NURSERY.



This important invention is now ready for sale, and is furnished to order to suit any Movable-Comb Bee-Hive, at short notice.
Individual, Township, County, and State Rights are for sale.
Those wishing Rights and Models should address,
DR. JEWELL DAVIS,
CHARLESTON, ILL.

PURE ITALIAN QUEEN BEES.

AARON BENEDICT,
Importer and Breeder of
PURE ITALIAN QUEEN BEES.
Queens and Full Stocks constantly for sale.
BENNINGTON, MORROW CO., OHIO.
All orders promptly filled. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for Circular Price List of Queens and Bees.

AGENTS!

Great inducements offered to agents to sell Italian and Egyptian Queens.
Address, LITTLE BEE MAN,
Springfield, Ohio.

FIFTY COLONIES ITALIAN BEES.

I will deliver at express office in this place, full colonies of Italian Bees "Queens warranted pure," with honey to last till May next, packed ready for shipment in Langstroth hives, and guaranteed safe arrival to any express office by railroad or river in the United States or Canada for \$30.00 per colony, to be shipped this Fall or next Spring.
Purchasers to pay expressage.
Address, H. NESBIT,
Sept. 14th, Cynthiana, Kentucky.

PRICE OF BEES AND QUEENS, FOR THE YEAR 1870.

Full Colonies of Italian Bees, with tested pure Queens of last summer's raising, in a Langstroth movable comb, full of comb, and honey enough to last until May 20th, I will deliver at the express office at Jefferson station, for \$15 each.
6 colonies for \$14 each; 10 colonies for \$135; 20 colonies for \$250; above 20 at \$12 each; any number over 50 \$11 each.

I will sell 200 colonies for \$1000.
Parties that wanted such a large number of stocks, would have to order them at their own risk, and would do well to oversee transportation.

Italian Queen Bees, whose worker progeny has hatched in my Apiary, and shows by its marking that they have mated with an Italian drone, I will sell at the following prices:

If sent from April 20th to May 5th, \$8; May 5th to June 1st, \$7; during the month of June, \$6; during the months of July, August and September, for \$4. If from 10 to 20 queens are ordered, a reduction of ten per cent will be made; if above 20, a reduction of twenty per cent.

All queens will be sent by mail post-paid. The box or boxes in which the queens are sent must be opened in presence of the Postmaster or another witness, and a certificate from one of them must be sent by return mail. If one or more of the queens should die during shipment, on receipt of this certificate from the Postmaster or other witness, another queen will be sent or the money refunded.

Young Swarms of Italian Bees, medium sized with a tested pure Queen of last summer's raising, sent in a common box, with feed enough to last the journey, if sent before June 25th, will be sent for \$9; between June 25th and July 10th, for \$8; from July 10th to August 1st, for \$7; and after that time for \$6. If a colony with a queen reared from an imported one, or queens of that kind are ordered, one dollar extra will be charged. Express charges to be paid by purchaser.

In some cases, where claims are made on account of losses incurred during shipment, I will demand an affidavit setting forth the facts in the case before I will satisfy the claims.
Safe arrival and purity guaranteed in every shipment. The Cash must accompany every order or it will not be noticed.
ADAM GRIMM,
JEFFERSON, WIS., February 1, 1870.

ITALIAN QUEEN BEES FOR 1870.

In order to prevent too close breeding, I made two importations of Italian queens last fall—one importation from the celebrated apiary of Dzierzon, the other from Italy. Queens from these importations at the usual orders. Those wishing queens will do well to

PATRONIZE MY APIARY,
both for pure queens and promptness in filling orders. Send for Circular.
A. GRAY,
RILEY, BUTLER CO., OHIO, April 1, 1870.

QUEENS AND ITALIAN BEES.

Queens reared from queens imported from Italy. Also stocks of Italian Bees for sale. All orders promptly filled.

PURITY OF STOCK GUARANTEED.
Send for Price List.
Address, J. WHEELDON,
GREENSBURG, IND.

ADAIR'S SECTION BEE-HIVE.

PATENTED AUGUST 27, 1867.

Frames close fitting and forming a hive of themselves that can be handled like a solid box, and shipped any distance. No unnecessary draft of air through the hive, as in open side frames. No surplus room around the frames to be occupied by idle bees. Can be enlarged or contracted at will in a few minutes. Is the most perfect queen nursery; as the brood chamber can be broken up into nuclei of any size, and reformed when desired. It can be arranged so that queens can be fertilized without leaving the hive. Several queens can be kept in these same hives during the winter, and it is believed it can be done all the year, so that each hive may have the services of one or more queens. It needs no winter protection; but if housing is preferred, four times as many can be stowed away in the same space that other hives occupy. Box room unlimited. Supers or laterals, or both, can be used. It is a perfect observing hive. Bees can be fed in it, in the center of the cluster, in any weather, without disturbing them, with both meal and honey; and brooding kept up all the year. It can be built of wood, stone, brick, adobe, concrete, lath and plaster, paper, straw, iron, and other materials.

THE "OUTLINES OF BEE-CULTURE," which gives full description, with illustrations, and much other valuable information, sent for ten cents.

Rights and Territory for Sale.

Competent Agents Wanted on Liberal Terms
Send for circulars and terms to agents. Rights free to ministers of the gospel who buy a sample hive.
D. L. ADAIR,
Hawesville, Kentucky.

THE QUEEN BEE-HIVE.

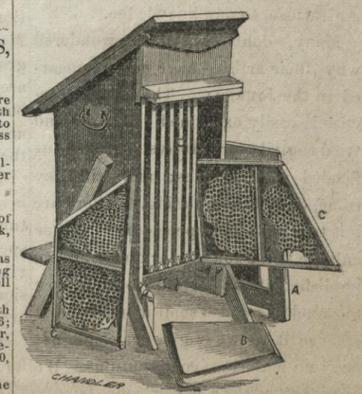
The accompanying Engravings represent
THE QUEEN BEE-HIVE.

Patented August 10, 1869, by THOS. ATKINSON, of Memphis, Tenn., and acknowledged by all who have used it, or know the practical workings of this superior Hive, to be the

Greatest Improvement of the Age.



Some of the advantages claimed in this Hive are: 1st. Simplicity of construction and cheapness. 2d. Ease of access; the brood comb in any or all of the frames being removable from the back of the Hive, without, in the least, disturbing the working of the bees, or the surplus honey frames or boxes. 3d. Perfect management of the hive, and bees without drugs, fumigation, or "CHARMING" humbugs. 4th. The most effectual MOTH TRAP yet invented. 5th. Perfect ventilation, winter and summer, and security from sudden changes of temperature, having inner movable sides (B in engraving) making double sides with air chambers between. 6th. Adaptation to the wants and instincts of the bees. 7th. Perfect artificial swarming arrangements; C, showing the frames as turned out and removed. 8th. Economy of animal heat. 9th. In a word, all the advantages of any or all other movable comb hives; and to corroborate this statement we would refer inquirers to disinterested parties who have used the Hive.
The construction of the hive induces industry in the colony, and any of the frames may be removed at pleasure, without danger of being stung.



The hive is PERFECTLY SIMPLE AND EASILY MADE by any one of ordinary mechanical skill, yet is a perfect house in itself, having two openings for the ingress and egress of the bees, and a glass door, which affords complete inspection of the colony.

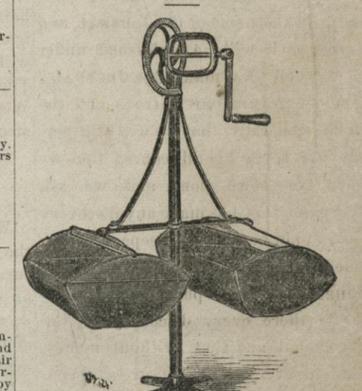
THE QUEEN BEE-HIVE will prevent bees from swarming by removal of a few sections into a new hive, and by this process of artificial swarming, the colonies are rapidly and successfully increased. Every section or frame is free, independent, movable, and self-adjusting; all of the same pattern, and will fit any hive.

Hundreds have been sold, and from almost every section of the country the most unqualified recommendations are offered; yet the only recommendations we desire to offer are the merits of the Hive itself. Territory and Rights in the United States for sale by Atkinson, Schofield & Barber, the undersigned, except the state of Ohio, which is under control of Parker & Barkley, 39 1/2 East Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

We are rapidly selling Hives, Rights and Territory, as follows:
Sample Hives, \$4. Personal Right, \$8. Township Right, \$50 to \$100. Counties, \$200 to \$300.
For circulars and further information address,
ATKINSON, SCHOFIELD & BARBER,
Indianapolis, Ind.

ADAIR'S MEL-EXTRACTOR.

PATENT PENDING.



This machine is all iron, except two buckets in which the honey is collected, which are of tin, and are just large enough for the frame of honey to lay on. No wood about it to get sour or dirty. The black grease from the gearing cannot fall into the honey. It only weighs about twenty-eight pounds and can be packed in a small box and be sent for less freight than any other. It will empty small pieces of comb; as many as can be laid on it at one time. It will strain liquid honey or extract the juices from fruits for making jelly. It will separate sugar from sorghum after it grains, and make a nice article of sugar. The frames of comb are laid on it horizontally, and assume a vertical position as soon as set in motion, thus making it a filter for liquids, as well as the best mel-extractor.
Price \$14. Three machines for \$35, with a liberal discount to those who buy to sell again.
D. L. ADAIR,
Hawesville, Ky., July and August.

FOR SALE.

The genuine Alsike Clover Seed—80 cents per pound by Mail, or 65 cents by Express, where ten pounds or more are ordered at one time.
Address, COL. JOSEPH LEFFEL,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.
P. S.—Send for my Poultry Circulars of all kinds of Pure Breeds of Poultry.
COL. JOSEPH LEFFEL.