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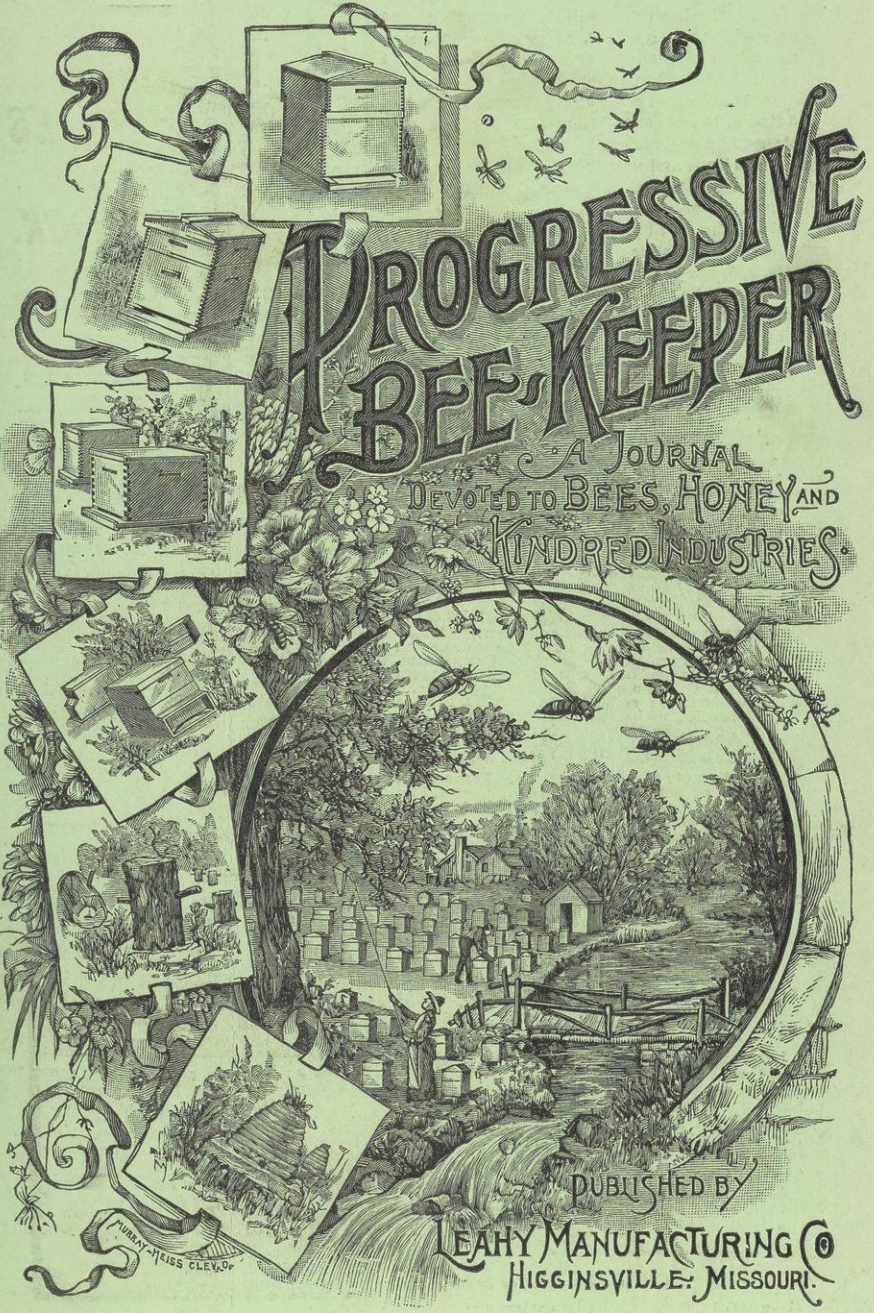
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JULY 1, 1899.



THE PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER

A JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO BEES, HONEY AND
KINDRED INDUSTRIES.

PUBLISHED BY

LEAHY MANUFACTURING CO
HIGGINSVILLE, MISSOURI.

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

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Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Please mention the "Progressive"

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We will send the Progressive Bee Keeper with

The Review.....	(\$1 00)	\$1 35
Colman's Rural World.....	1 00	1 35
Journal of Agriculture.....	1 00	1 35
Kansas Farmer.....	1 00	1 35
Home and Farm.....	50	75

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No bee keeper can afford to be without a library of bee books. A book costing from fifty cents to one dollar is worth many hundreds of dollars to one who would succeed. Every beginner should have a book suitable for beginners, (one that will point out the road), and those more advanced will need something more scientific as a reference book. We will here give the names of such books as we recommend, and will be pleased to furnish you, sending them by mail at the following prices:

The Amateur Bee Keeper, (a gem for beginners), by Prof Rouse, price, 25c.

Advanced Bee Culture,—by W. Z. Hutchinson; price, 50c.

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The A, B, C of Bee Culture, by A. I. Root; price, \$1.25.

A Treatise on Foul Brood, by Dr. Howard; price, 25c.

Address,
LEAHY MFG. CO.,
Higginville, Mo.

WANTED.

10,000 lbs of Beeswax, for Cash.

LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginville, Mo.

1899.



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

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

E. W. Moore,

Box 103.

GRAYVILLE, ILLS.

PATENTS

Quickly secured. **OUR FEE DUE WHEN PATENT OBTAINED.** Send model, sketch or photo, with description for free report as to patentability. **48-PAGE HAND-BOOK FREE.** Contains references and full information. **WRITE FOR COPY OF OUR SPECIAL OFFER.** It is the most liberal proposition ever made by a patent attorney, and **EVERY INVENTOR SHOULD READ IT** before applying for patent. Address:

H. B. WILLSON & CO.

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Le Droit Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Please mention the "Progressive."

TEXAS QUEENS.

Golden Italians, Adel or Albino Queens.

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

J. D. GIVENS, Lisbon, Texas.

BEE STING CURE.

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

CHARLES CHANDLER,

E 12th Ave.

Emporia, Kas

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

A. T. DEWITT.

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

Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tabules from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. BROOKMYER.

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

Miss BESSIE WIEDMAN.

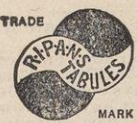
Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper indorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons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

ANTON H. BLAUKEN.

R·I·P·A·N·S

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

ONE GIVES RELIEF.



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

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

E. W. PRICE.

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

"Higginville" Bee Supplies at Kansas City.



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

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



419 Walnut St.

C. E. Walker, Kansas City, Mo.

PRICES OF Bingham Perfect Bee-Smokers and Honey Knives,



	largest smok- er made.	per doz.	each
Smoke Engine	4 inch stove	\$13.00—	Mail, \$1.50
Doctor	3½ " "	9.00 " "	1.10
Conqueror	3 " "	6.50 " "	1.00
Large	2½ " "	5.00 " "	.90
Plain	2 " "	4.75 " "	.70
Little Wonder	2 " wt 10 oz	4.50 " "	.60
Honey Knife		6.00 " "	.80

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

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

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

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

W. H. EAGERTY,
Corning, Cal., July 14th, 1896.

I have used Bingham Smokers ever since they first came out. Working from three to seven hundred colonies twelve months in the year. I ought to know what is required in a smoker. The Doctor 3½ inch just received fills the bill. Respectfully,

O. W. OSBORN,
Mt. Pleasant, Mich., Aug. 7th, 1896.

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

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

Please mention the 'Progressive.'

T. F. BINGHAM, Farwell, Mich.



The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

A Journal Devoted to Bees, Honey, and Kindred Industries

50 Cents a Year.

Published Monthly by Leahy Manufacturing Company.

Vol. IX.

HIGGINSVILLE, MO., JUL. 1, 1899.

No. 7.

I WOULDN'T, WOULD YOU?

I wouldn't (would you?) when the skies were
blue,
Go moping and pouting the whole day through
But I'd smile with the sky, and I wouldn't be
blue
As the blue of the sky. now I wouldn't
(Would you?)
I would'nt (would you?) were the skies not
blue,
But gray and forlorn and discouraging, too,
Be gray as the skies, for it never would do
To mourn for the clouds, and I wouldn't
(Would you?)
—Will Ward Mitchell.

MOTHER'S SONG.

Sing it again, the sweet, old strain,
The tender words, the plaintive air,
Are bright as "sunshine after rain,"
And holy as the voice of prayer.
Around each well-remembered word
Immortal memories twine and cling,
The dearest song was ever heard,
The song that mother used to sing.
A little cottage far away,
Amid the hills of Lafayette,
Where life was sweet—when life was May,
A time the heart can ne'er forget.
And in the evening cool and still,
The summer birds would offer wing
Their way toward the window sill,
And listen to my mother sing.
The honeysuckle grew about
The lattice porch, a cozy nook,
The buzzing honey-bees without
And one betimes upon my book.
And father plowing by the way
That led toward the willow spring,
Could hear her voice throughout the day,
In songs he loved for her to sing.
I do not know that you would call
The song a sweet or rare—I know
We loved it dearly, that is all,
Because she sang it years ago,
And when she died, O, mournful day,
When only One could solace bring,
She strove, and striving, passed away,
To sing the song she used to sing.
Somewhere beyond the river cold,
Some time, and it will not be long,
I hope to tread the streets of gold,
And hear again my mother's song.
And while I walk the way below,
Fond memories into being spring,
For in the sweet to-be I know,
I'll hear the song she used to sing.
—Will Ward Mitchell.

LEISURE AND TIME-SAVING.

F. L. THOMPSON.

MOST individuals, if the demon of money-getting did not grip their earliest youth, would find their most appropriate activity in something not directly connected with money. Statistics show that over 95 per cent. of those engaged in business fail—a lamentable situation indeed, if money-making measured energy. But it does not. That mere indolence causes these failures, everyone who has had experience in life knows to be a childishly inadequate explanation, though the only one offered by the mentally lazy, the selfish and the unjust, who will not put themselves in another's place.

But we must live. Hence an occupation that both enables a member of the great majority to live and to employ his best powers is a boon indeed. Owing to stupidity in following misplaced ideals, custom has made such occupations rare; but bee-keeping may fairly be claimed as one of them, for by its nature it yields periods of leisure—that is, the opportunity for disinterested activity—during each year. Above all things, therefore, we should strive to retain that characteristic of our business. Even from a sordid point of view, it is valuable, for the chief use of money is to

purchase leisure or free action, and much more when that leisure is properly used. And when some leisure at least is afforded by a pursuit without the necessity of slaving for money to buy it, it is a most precious attribute of that pursuit; and hence it is obligatory on bee-keepers especially to study on short cuts and advanced methods, lest the mechanical spirit of the age, seeking what it may devour, destroy it.

One of the insidious ways of undermining our security in this direction is the advice now frequently heard to cultivate a home market by personal peddling. The experiences of success held before us, with the silly iteration "What one man has done, another man can do," are given away by the instructions we are told to follow, instructions which a child can see can only be carried out by native ability. For some things, such as tact, quick-wittedness, lightning-like rapidity in determining the best thing to say, men are born, NOT made. The proportion of even passable salesmen is small; the great majority earn their money twice over and lose their leisure besides in accomplishing but a small portion of the results flaunted before us by those flushed with the insolence of easy success.

I should like to see the tables turned on those fellows once. I should like to see the average type of a salesman—the man who hates to work in solitude, or to study at something—compelled to earn his living by doing some of the things that I have done willingly and gladly for many years, under all kinds of discomforts EXCEPT the knowledge of nearly wasted energy, without hope of reward other than improvement. I think he would stop his fine talk about unqualified perseverance pretty quick, and would find

out for once that there is a foolish and a wise kind, and that there is such a thing as misdirected energy, and that life is too short to neglect one's special talents; though it is well enough to resort to other things for a time for the sake of discipline. I have tried this very thing of honey-peddling for two winters, and do not merely think but KNOW, that the SAME AMOUNT of energy, applied in different ways, produces vastly different results. Hence I say again, don't follow the leaders. Think for yourself before taking advice.

By the way, this phrase of mine a recent writer pretends not to understand. The derogatory sense of the phrase "follow my leader" is familiar, and I have no doubt he understood my application perfectly. But the criticism is a proper one, as the words might be interpreted literally; though the writer makes a curiously inapt application of the word "leader" toward the close of his remarks.

One writer in *Gleanings* claims that honey-leaflets do all that is claimed for them, and gives a number of rules to be observed in handing them out, and adds "Don't you see we almost compel people to read those leaflets, and also to buy our honey?" I observed every one of those rules, and personally found leaflets of no advantage. It is all in the man. The right man knows how to make the leaflets aid his work; but if one is not cut out for a salesman in the first place, the result is otherwise.

Producing and selling are utterly dissimilar, and it is neither right nor justice to keep insisting that if a producer is not also a salesman, he is a failure. To cultivate the home market is well enough, providing the proper persons do it; but incompetent hands do little more than

spoil the territory, even if they do sell nothing but well-ripened honey.

The natural and appropriate outlet for the produce of the specialist is the wholesale trade. All this talk of peddling and drumming is beside the mark. People go to the groceries for their food, and the groceries go to the wholesale houses for their stock. When a commodity has to be peddled, that simply shows it has not yet been sufficiently introduced. That may be the case with honey, but if so, we are not to conclude that it must forever be sold in a different way from other commodities. The thing to do is to keep working towards its complete introduction into the regular channels of trade. The consumption of honey has greatly increased during the last thirty or forty years. Was this due to personal peddling? Partly, no doubt, (but what a waste of energy!), but mainly because the wholesale market was worked. Then why not keep ahead on the same line?

"Low prices" says someone. True, the tendency of individual marketing to wholesalers is to upset the legitimate balance of the law of supply and demand, by artificially lowering prices. Those who have chosen the business of trading because of their special adaptation to it, and whose wits are sharpened by constant practice therein, find the average producer an easy prey to a little bluffing for the purpose of buying his wares cheap. Then in turn the competition of other equally sharp wholesalers makes it hard to sell dear, and so they must keep on buying cheap. Don't talk of the law of supply and demand in this connection. It's ridiculous. Natural supply and demand would give us good prices for our honey.

Right here is where the reason for marketing associations comes in.

They, and nothing else, tend to keep supply and demand in its right place. As producers, they have no inducement to sell too cheap; as competitors in trade, they are subjected to a force that makes it difficult to overstep the law of supply and demand. When one selected man as manager does the work of many in marketing, the requisite business talent may be found even among producers. And finally, the producers are not compelled to earn their money twice in peddling, or to receive less than their due in wholesaling.

These are not generalities, but facts, that are exemplified by certain marketing associations in the west, which have been in existence long enough to pass the experimental stage. The secret of their success has been indicated to lie in the observance of two rules: Don't attempt too much, and Don't take risks. An individual may make a fool of himself on one occasion, and get experience to succeed the next time. But one loss for an association, directly traceable to management, is one loss too much. By recognizing this truth, it is possible for associations to succeed as well as individuals.

Now as to the acquisition of leisure by short cuts in work, many of these have been gone over in the bee-papers, and should be thoroughly re-read and studied from this new but all-important point of view. I would call attention especially to the possibilities of greater quickness in doing the work that does not admit of short cuts. For example, it takes me eight minutes to THOROUGHLY scrape a slatted super. But this spring, having decided that the relative importance of other things demanded that this time be cut down, I scraped the supers in one minute apiece, getting off, say, two-

thirds as much propolis in one-eighth of the time. Perhaps a little more time would have been better; but this illustrates. Again, it takes me at present ten or eleven minutes to find and clip a queen, i. e. without hurrying at all, and beginning at one end of the hive and taking every frame in succession, which of course is not the speediest method. But I have heard Mr. H. Rauchfuss say his average time is four minutes for finding a queen. So there is plenty of room for improvement. Then, there is no necessity for the elaborate records kept by some. Why compute what equivalent of SOLID Langstroth frames of brood there is in each hive about the first of May? Does not "brood in four frames" convey a sufficiently close idea of the breeding of that colony for all practical purposes? But why mention the brood at all? If it has no brood, mention that, but if it has, let it be understood, and just put down m, w, or s—medium, weak, or strong. Again, if it has stores enough, let that be understood, too—the mere record of the fact of inspection is sufficient.

And speaking of clipping, here is a little point: have the scissors where you can reach for them without looking at them. This is so you can keep your eye on the queen from the time she is first espied. It is astonishing how long it takes sometimes to find a queen again when she is lost sight of.

Supply dealers might help a little too by having the grooves of the sections all turned one way in the section packages. I wonder why they don't do it? It has to be done sometime, not to wet the sections, for that is easily done in any position, but so time may be saved in picking them up rapidly to fold.

And Mr. Doolittle to the contrary

notwithstanding I would like to make a cat's-paw of some one who has mechanical talent (I havn't) to get him to make a scraping-machine for general purposes, supers especially, something on the principle of a dentist's wheel or a horse-clipper, that will reach into the corners and do efficient work in any position just by moving it along, without the everlasting scrape, scrape, of a hand-scrapers. A little tin cylindrical rasp, like that in Mr. Bruce's section scraper, would form the business end of the instrument. It works all right (in my head). I have not tried it. (Wink.)

There are hundreds, yes, thousands of such points in the saving of time that might be profitably enlarged on.

Page 114, lines 3 and 4 of my article, I inadvertently wrote brood-nest where brood-chamber was meant.

Montrose, Colo.

GOLDEN ITALIAN QUEENS.

Warranted purely mated; all queens by return mail; will run 1200; nuclei; queens reared by the Doolittle method; safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Have 11 years experience, and know what good queens are.

Price 75c each; 6 for.....	\$4.00
Selected, \$1.00; 6 for.....	\$5.00
After July 1, 50c each; 6 for..	\$2.75
Selected, 75c; 6 for.....	\$4.00

My queens are prolific and workers industrious as well as beautiful to look at. Hundreds of testimonials prove this. I just now now have a nice lot of queens which have just started to lay. Order at once and I will send you something fine. Special low price on queens in quantities. Address,

**H. G. QUIRIN, PARKERTOWN,
ERIE COUNTY, OHIO**
(Money Order Office, Bellevue, O.)

It is said that some of the sheep farms in Australia are as large as the whole of England.

THE IDEAL OR DEEP HEDDON HIVE. ITS ADVANTAGES.

H. H. HYDE.

SO much has been said lately in regard to hives it seems useless to continue the subject, but after giving my methods of manipulation with the regulation hive, I will first describe and then tell how I manipulate the hive I really favor above all others. The brood chambers (for there are two or more) of this hive are 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep and wide enough (16 inches wide by 20 long) to take 10 frames 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. The bottoms and covers are the well known Danzy; the supers are same depth as the bodies holding 35 tall 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ plain sections. Pressure being used in the shape of super springs. The separators to be used are the Hyde-Scholl or Root's fence. First you see the hive is standard all round, already being manufactured.

Now for the manipulation. The manipulation of this hive is done principally by cases instead of frames. Each hive consists of one, two or more cases, owing to strength of the hive. Plenty of honey is left in the fall, and in the spring brood rearing pushed to its utmost limit by having lots of honey and prolific queens. Extra good queens will have 3 cases full of brood when the flow commences. Just as honey commences to come in, all hives are gone through and fullest frames of brood especially capped are placed in the cases, reducing all hives to full 1, 2 or 3 cases of solid brood. The now extra cases are put on the hives with one hood case; and said hives are run for extracted honey. The remaining and largest number of storing hives have section cases put on the case of brood next the top, is to contain the youngest brood. In looking for queen cells, I simply raise up to case, and if there are any cells in the hive they will be along bottom bars of top set of frames. If we see none there, it is

safe to say none are in the hive. About every two weeks the cases are interchanged. This places the youngest brood again next the top, and if there was any honey stored in the case formerly on top, it will now be put in the sections. If the apiarist desires to requeen any of his hives, he can do so, and not interfere with section honey production. I use the West cell protector, and about 8 or 10 days after giving of cell one of the cases of emptiest combs can be removed until a young queen needs them. By doing this, not much honey will be stored below and bees will be kept at work in the sections. If a swarm issues I only give one case of brood combs and the supers at the start. Another case is given later on when the queen needs it.

In my locality, where we have a long slow flow during the summer, I gradually reduce the number of hives with sections until all, or at least all but the strongest, are run for extracted honey. With above hive and system, I have the least swarming and the largest crop of honey insured by reason of the complete management or control of the bees.

I wish to say again that I use full sheets of foundation in the supers and bait combs when I have them. Also have no earthly use for queen excluders except in queen rearing.

Now I will tell you how you can convert your 8 or 10 frame hives into divisible ones. It can be done by giving sets of shallow frames (like those in hive just described) on top, letting the queen use them for brood the same as the large frames. When the season comes on they can be manipulated in much the same manner as the hives just described.

In closing I wish to say that the bees I prefer are the Holy Lands, because of their prolificness and honey gathering qualities. They will be storing honey when Italians are doing nothing. They are also not inclined to rob. I will at some future time tell all about their habits and characteristics. I would do so now, but somebody would accuse me of catering to my own pocket.

Hutto, Tex.

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"PRODUCTION OF COMB AND EXTRACTED HONEY."

S. P. CULLEY.

MR. H. H. HYDE's article, under the above heading, is one of unusual merit and bristles with valuable points—especially for southern and western bee-keepers. He gives one manipulation which we beg leave to amplify and suggest another way to utilize the same principles. It is a plan we have used successfully. We refer to the following in his article: "Just as soon as the fast flow has commenced, I go through, filling the bottom story full of sealed brood as much as possible, placing frames of the youngest brood at the outside of the hives,"—this arrangement being made for colonies he desires to work for comb honey. This manipulation has proven so valuable in our experience that we wish to emphasize its importance and suggest a variation or two. The principles involved, are briefly, it secures the right conditions to insure prompt starting and vigorous work in the sections, to-wit: (a) it gives a brood chamber full of brood, not much honey; (b) it obviates the necessity of bees TRAVELING OVER MUCH HONEY to reach the super—a thing 4 out of 5 colonies do with extreme and expensive reluctance and 1 or more out of 5 refuse to do at all; (c) it invites the bees to store honey direct-

ly over the brood, which is in harmony with their own idea; (d) placing "frames of the youngest brood at the outside" of the brood-nest diverts from storing at the sides of the brood to storing above, in the sections.

These same principles can be better applied with far less labor on the following plan, to-wit: Take say 50 colonies and make the brood chambers of two bodies half depth, that is, of two supers filled with the half depth, THIN TOP frames, with exactly $\frac{1}{4}$ inch bee space between upper and lower frames.

Follow Mr. Hyde's plan as to getting them strong; when the fast flow comes, run the bees out of the top halves of the brood chambers of 30 of the strongest colonies, lift off the top halves, extract if much honey and give them to the other 20 colonies by tiering up. Put supers of sections on the 30 lower half depth brood chambers, give $\frac{1}{8}$ space below the brood frames if weather is warm, and, if the flow is good, watch those colonies store in the sections. It pays to exchange the CENTER combs from the upper halves of brood chambers for the OUTSIDE combs of the lower halves, but this is not an essential part of the manipulation. Removing the upper half will do if work is pressing.

The top half of the brood chambers will contain nearly all the honey; the top of the lower half is usually solid brood, except the outside frames. Now note that this carries out all the principles Mr. Hyde's plan does, and in addition CONTRACTS THE BROOD CHAMBER ONE-HALF DURING THE FAST FLOW. If, later on, the comb honey colonies are not as strong as may be desired, shake young bees hatched in the 20 colonies down before the entrances about sunset, and let them run in, sending a little smoke after them to

prevent a possible battle.

The only drawback to this plan in our experience is that the bees may take to swarming instead of storing, seeming displeased with this sudden contraction of the brood chamber. The best way to overcome this development of the swarming impulse is as follows: In 3 to 5 days after taking off the top halves of the brood chambers (by which time colonies not satisfied will have queen cells started), gently raise one end of the hive, blow smoke between the combs, and then look for new queen cells. Those which have started queen cells intend to swarm, and will loaf for 6 to 12 days waiting for the cells to be sealed or hatched. These should have all their brood taken away except one frame of drone brood or comb at outside. Not best to fill all frames of the new brood super with foundation, but use inch starters of worker size. To get the bees into the new super, take such colony in order, run the bees up into the sections by smoking moderately from below, lift off super of sections, put old brood supers over the new ones, blow a few puffs of smoke to start them down, take out one or two frames and brush off every bee, spread the remaining frames and gently brush and jar every bee into the new super of shallow brood frames. Then put sections on new hive and give a little smoke to run the queen below, add more sections if needed, and they will rarely swarm for 14 to 20 days, usually not at all.

The brood withdrawn can be placed on top of the 20 colonies worked for extracted honey, and as hatched returned to the parent colony. Bear in mind this applies only to those colonies which indicate by starting queen cells that they intend to swarm instead of store. After

this manipulation a colony will not swarm for 14 to 20 days, even if you give them a bushel of bees, and, usually, before they can get ready to swarm the **STORING HABIT** is so firmly established that they will not swarm that season, but work with full vigor storing in the sections.

We intend contributing to the **PROGRESSIVE** a series of articles on "Management and Manipulation," beginning with "Locality, Variations of the Seasons and their Relation to Management," and ending with "Suggestions on Manipulation and Reports on Experiments," in which series all the foregoing has its logical place. But give this now on account of the time of year, thinking perhaps some might wish to try the plan the present season.

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EXPERIENCE AND ITS LESSONS.

R. C. Aikin.

(Continued from Apr. PROGRESSIVE.)

CHAPTER XIX.

"A RECAPITULATION."

WRITING IN BRIEF—PAINTING HIVES
—WINTERING FACTORS NECESSARY—OBSERVE AND PREPARE

FOR 18 successive issues of the PROGRESSIVE, "Experience and its Lessons" continued without a break, the 19th chapter to be delayed a month at least. I know not how profitable or otherwise these articles have been to the readers—I hope they have done much good; but whether or not they have benefited, I believe I have enjoyed them as well as any and have received good from them. The thought necessary to the work the better fixes in my own mind the ideas expressed, and the comments of Friend Doolittle help me to understand better many things.

It seems to me very appropriate that I now "recapitulate" a little as well as Doolittle, so I am going to review and try to clear up some things not made as clear as they might be, in the original.

Let me tell the reader that when I began taking the bee journals in the late 70's, one writer that lived in New York state, and signed himself G. M. Doolittle, always attracted me by his articles. Said articles were quite lengthy, that is, used many words in describing his experiences, but in the multitude of words there was wisdom. He al-

ways made the thing discussed so clear there was no mistaking his meaning. I want to say to you, reader, that as among those who have helped me to climb the apicultural ladder, E. Kretchmer, of Red Oak, Iowa, and G. M. Doolittle, of Borodino, N. Y., have done more than any other two men in our ranks. I put Kretchmer first, because the first written matter I ever obtained along this line was Kretchmer's "Bee-Keepers' Guide." This work is now out of date, yet it was unquestionably good in those days, especially for the beginner. That work taught me the foundation—Doolittle put on the roof.

This is a fast age. Too much in all our structures, both material and moral, is either shoddy or superficial—will not stand wear. Some of us, perhaps, make our written language too brief. Brevity is a grand thing when it can be properly used, but often is used to disadvantage. I admire the man who can clearly express himself in one-half the number of words required by myself. I have endeavored to curtail my words and evidently have thereby been not nearly so intelligible as I should have been. I want to congratulate Friend Doolittle in a decided improvement along this line. I believe today he can convey his meaning with many less words than he did 15 or 20 years ago.

In Chapter One of this series, Nov., 1897, I referred to a certain colony, and said that it was "eat up by moths," putting these words in quotation marks, supposing that perhaps 99 out of every 100 readers would get the full meaning by reading the quotation marks. Doolittle enlarged upon the matter, supposing my language too brief. Let me enlarge a little, too, and say that such sentences as the one in which those words were found have as

much "between the lines" as in them, and must be so read. It is hard to draw the line and know just how far to go in the use of brevity and double meaning. A very good and intimate friend of mine says he "always reads between the lines" when reading my articles, and this leads me to wonder whether 'tis best to so write. But when one does not study brevity, (more strictly, conciseness), the words become out of proportion to the ideas they bear. Oh, for the ability to state ideas in a few words and with clearness.

To come more closely to my reviewing, Chapter 5, (March, 1898,) I spoke of painting hives, and of colors. Doolittle in his comments discussed the matter at length and said he had never seen one good reason advanced for painting, save the one of looks. Well, looks is something, yet I do not care so much for the appearance of the hive as for its utility; but other reasons are in hand, and good ones, for painting.

Friend D., come to this dry climate, and I can show you that unpainted hives, or any other thing made of wood, can scarcely be held together unless well painted. Put the very best of lumber, in a hive cover and let it be exposed to the sun for one year, and it will not "hold water." The sun warps and splits the very best of lumber. Do not say they ought to be shaded; not every state in this big country has as many trees as New York. I can show you farm after farm here that could not furnish shade trees for a dozen hives. Yes; we could make shade boards.

You say bees winter better in unpainted hives. I think maybe you are right. The hives warp and split so that they are well ventilated and let off the surplus moisture. You surely know by this time that a hive

not ventilated accumulates moisture in severe cold weather, even to the death of the colony. A DRY CONDITION is a NECESSITY in wintering a colony, and your old unpainted "shacks" facilitate the escape of moisture.

I want to tell you that I can go out among the farmers here and find bees that have wintered well in old rackets boxes that let the bees out and in, almost anywhere top or bottom, and why? Because, principally, of two factors—the colony had its own way about filling in a solid store of honey for winter, and, 2d, the ventilation took away moisture and kept them dry. Let me whisper in your ear that YOU can stand 20 to 40 degrees more or less of temperature here than you can in New York, and because it is so DRY, and bees likewise. Paint your hives to keep them right side out, then PROVIDE VENTILATION.

Say, Friend D., less than 300 feet from where I sit writing stands a colony of bees on 20 frames, dimensions of said frames $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches deep by 17 long, a "divisible brood chamber" Heddon style. The bottom of the hive is a rim with common wire cloth tacked on it. That colony has stood there, a chunk under the front and another under the back, clearing the ground by 4 to 6 inches and open both sides so the wind can sweep under. It will soon be two years since it was so placed, and it has wintered so for two winters. Just think of it! that colony with no floor between them and outdoors save a common window screen wire, last winter the thermometer 20 and 30 degrees below zero, and there for several nights in succession, yet this colony came through clean and dry, and hatching bees March 1st, when other colonies were wet and soggy and struggling for an existence, with little or no brood.

There now, won't tell you any more about that colony till I get ready. My PAINTED chaff hives did not winter so well—were not so well ventilated. See?

Last fall I taught that a colony should have combs SOLID full of honey to winter, that the honey must be very close to the bees in cold weather. I wonder how many of our readers acted upon the idea, and how many have looked dead colonies over to see if the advice was sound or not. How is it, brethren? Were there not more dead colonies where stores were scattering than where VERY COMPACT? Let a colony go into winter with honey very easy of access—to obtain this, combs very full and heavy and ABOVE THE BEES, ample ventilation to let moist air out and avoid CONDENSATION IN THE HIVE (keep them dry), and a colony normal in strength and age of workers and reasonable wintering is assured. Very long confinement may make trouble by diarrhea, but the other conditions right, this is largely prevented. Begin now to accomplish these conditions, and by spring of 1900 you will not regret it.

Loveland, Colo.

Recapitulation by G. M. Doolittle.

Extremely Interesting.—"For 18 successive issues of the PROGRESSIVE 'Experience and its Lessons' continued without a break," says Bro. Aikin, and so did Doolittle's review of the same. It would seem that Bro. Leahy planned "better than he knew" when he projected that idea, for I have had many letters telling me that this feature of the PROGRESSIVE was "extremely interesting," while one writer said that it "outdid anything before appearing in any of the bee papers of our land." And we know that all of the other bee papers have appreciated the effort put forth, for some part of nearly every number of the eighteen has been spoken of or copied into the other papers. We were sorry for the

break, but believe that much good will be the result of Bro. A.'s going into that fight for good government, especially as he comes into a position by his election where he can have his "say" about how the government of his place shall be conducted. We believe he will be *one* of those representatives of the people who *will represent* after he is in office, rather than *misrepresent*, as most of our would-be representatives do when their fellow-citizens put them where they can make the laws of our country.

Kind Words.—I wish to thank Bro. A. for his kind words regarding my writings in the past, and also for what he says about Kretchmer's "Bee-Keepers' Guide," which is now out of date. As he was enabled to lay the foundation to his *apicultural structure* through Kretchmer's Guide, so Quinby's "Mysteries of Bee-Keeping Explained" and letters from Elisha Gallop were the *foundation* on which I built, and from these foundations have sprung whatever there is of good to the world in both Aikin and Doolittle, and it is no more than just that we acknowledge the "source" from which we sprung. And as those writers of the past were willing to shed light on our apicultural pathway, we would be ungrateful children indeed were we not willing to hand down that light to others, together with all of the accumulated light that we may have been able to gather as we have journeyed up the mount of apiculture. Oh! how much we owe to those who have preceded us, and yet how often we are selfish enough to hug the whole unto ourselves and keep all we may get and all we may produce within ourselves, claiming that we have a *perfect right* to all we can secure for ourselves. Having received, there is a *debt* hanging on every one thus receiving, to pay that debt with interest, to all who are about us, and in the paying comes far greater happiness than in the receiving. And this is the reason why I write, often when weary and greatly fatigued, when the couch looks far more inviting than the paper and thoughts which I am about to try to convey, but I think God that duty calls louder for me to pay my *debts* than does the ease of the couch, especially if my "scribbling" is of help to anyone. Only as all unite in giving their mite to the common good, can apiculture reach the high table grounds at the top of the perfected summit.

Reading Between the Lines.—

Yes, Friend Aikin, I did read between the lines when you said you had a colony "eat up by moths," and probably four out of five would read the same between the lines that you and I would. But that fifth man would read between those lines, or into them, just what was not there, and so would go wrong. Now as the PROGRESSIVE has several thousand readers, don't you see that 200 out of every 1000 would read *wrong*, and, thus reading, would be led astray? Say, Bro. A., it is a serious thing to lead *even one* true "seeker" astray; and this is the reason why you and I, as writers on a subject which is so mystifying to the masses that Quinby had to call it the "Mysteries of Bee-Keeping," should make any matter on which we touch so plain that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." Multiplicity of words is all right when *every word sheds a direct ray of light* on the subject under consideration. It is the multiplicity of words that are as opaque as midnight, which some writers indulge in, that are objectionable to the readers of our bee literature. And it is just these "opaque" words that you and I, as writers, should be seeking to leave off as much as possible, thus setting an example for others to follow.

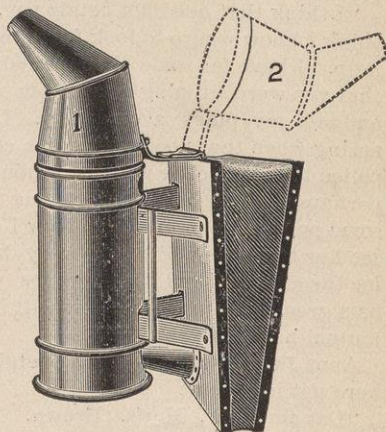
Painting Hives.—Well, yes, I

see all those reasons given for painting hives out in Colorado, and perhaps if I were there, I should paint, but it strikes me just now, away here in YORK state, that I should take two sticks 28x1x1 and nail strips across them 20x3x½, spacing equal distance apart, and on top of these latter pieces I would nail a sheet of 20x28 tin. Then I would nail a piece 20x4x1 to the under side of one end, this piece standing up edgewise, when I would place it over my hive in such a way that the latter named piece would stand on the extreme back edge of the cover to the hive, while the two first rested on either edge of the front of the cover, this allowing our shade board to jut out over the front or south side of the hive, thus shading the entrance, carrying off all rain, and best of all, allowing lots of air to pass over the top of the cover to the hive, so that no amount of hot weather would drive the bees out of sections when they were at work. And then this shadeboard is good for a lifetime, and costs less than the ONCE painting of a hive does,

while the unpainted hive, underneath, will last nearly or quite as long as the best painted hive will, exposed to the elements. Now that the reader has the two ideas about painting hives down to a fine point, all they have to do is to use which they please, and no "blood" will hang on the skirts of either A. or myself.

Say, Friend A.—For all the rest said after Bro. A. says, "Say, Friend D.," I am going to reply, Say, Friend A., Mrs. D. has just called out, "*Bees are swarming!*" and that, too, after I had told her I had them all fixed for this year. I'll gladly say amen to all the rest of what you say if you will just tell us how to CERTAINLY stop all swarming in any apiary, and yet leave the bees in a perfectly normal condition. Yes, I'll do more than say "amen" "out loud in meeting;" I'll give you \$100 in addition. I've spent three whole years on this swarming matter, and it now looks as if Doolittle was no nearer a solution of the thing than when he began. Say, Aikin, out with it! How can it be done? But while the rest are listening for the reply, I'll go and hive that swarm of bees.

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



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TWO WORLDS.

BY MRS. J. M. NULL.

(This story began in the April PROGRESSIVE.)

CHAPTER IX.

NEW HELP.

NATURALLY enough, for some time the subject of the money and its donor was uppermost. It was decided that Eddie should use it, as Essie had suggested, to complete his medical education.

"Who knows, sister, but that your finding the money may be the means of saving lives?"

"Say rather his presenting it to us. But, Eddie, have you ever thought of Father being alone with all the bees when you are off to college and I am in town?"

"Oh, yes, I had not forgotten, and I shall not leave until help is assured."

"I think that need not detain you. I think I know where to look for my next help. I have for some time perceived that you were slipping away from me, and laid my plans accordingly. Last spring when that poor widow was compelled to seek shelter with us, I thought perhaps she had been sent to us for some purpose then unseen. Now I can see her two boys will be the very help for the apiaries, and their wages will be a great help to them—so it will be a mutual help company."

Aunt Judy, who was then helping, here put in an oar:

"Dat am a fac', Mar's. Brown. Des lak our preacher done sed: 'God moves in mischievous ways His wonders to reform'."

The boys began at once to utilize their Saturdays in learning the bee business. Thus all the names of the different appliances were familiarized at a season when time is least precious

to the bee-keeper; and by the time field work began, the boys were thoroughly enthused with their work, for no one could associate with the Browns and fail to absorb enthusiasm. George Brown proved a second father to the orphans, and as their natural father, though a good man, had been a sort of slow, go-easy, aimless, thriftless mortal, his removal probably turned out to be a blessing in disguise. They had been started out in life with the idea that the world owed them a living; but this Mr. B. most emphatically denied, and taught them the all important lesson that in order to success they must put their shoulders to the wheel and make it spin, rather than expect others to make it spin for them. In other words, he taught them self-reliance, the first step toward independence, and that all success in life must be based on the rocks of personal endeavor and character.

The first season Eddie was sorely missed, but by the second season the new help had their hand well in, and Mr. B. gave to each an apiary to manage, he of course retaining the authority of supervision. To stimulate them, he offered a watch to the one who obtained the most honey per colony; and it is safe to say that seldom are the various bee journals as eagerly welcomed or as hungrily devoured as they were by those two boys that season. But little escaped them, and many new lines of thought originated from their busy brains. Mr. Brown sometimes jocularly remarked that he had always been an advocate of the introduction of new blood by the way of queens, but now he did not know but that he should be in favor of the introduction of new blood among the helpers.

"At least," Eddie would say, "it might enable you the better to appreciate your former help."

"Well, Eddie, I don't know but that I shall have to call on you to help me keep up with them anyway."

On Saturday evenings there was quite frequently held a bee convention, on a small scale, at the Brown cottage. The members were Mr. and Mrs. B., Eddie and Essie, the two Handley's, Lewis and Burt, and sometimes their mother, for she, too, assisted. The proceedings would have compared quite favorably with those of some of the public conventions. The various articles in bee lore were dissected and their practicability or the reverse decided, and such was the interest that *all* felt a sense of discomfort when the lateness of the hour made it imperative that they disband.

"What noble assistants the boys are proving, Father," said Eddie, "and while I rejoice, I cannot help certain jealous twinges, for no matter where I am called, bee-keeping will ever occupy a warm place in my heart. In fact, its fascinations are almost irresistible. I think you hit on a good plan when you offered a premium. I honestly believe you will be the gainer by several times the price of a good watch."

In the starting out in the spring, Mr. B. regarded the two yards he had turned over to the boys as near equal as he could make them, with territories quite similar. But the younger boy of the two, "Burt," proudly carried off the prize. Not that Lewis failed to try, either. He probably did much more physical labor, but much less brain labor. *Thinking* may be hard work, but it pays nine times out of ten; and in no business does it pay a higher rate of interest than in bee-keeping.

"Don't get discouraged, Lewis; the great Confucius averred that 'our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.' Failure will sometime teach us more than success. We must set about to discover, if we can, the reasons why your yard fell behind."

"I tell you, Mr. Brown, he was too proud and conceited," said the Widow Handley. "Thought he *'knew it all,*

and would not humble himself to ask advice. I warned him that 'pride goeth before a fall,' but he wouldn't heed."

"Well, well, Mrs. Handley, both could not win, and I am going to see that Lewis gets fair play. I shall offer something of equal value next year. I tell you, if matters are, another season, reversed, I shall give Lewis a watch, but if again Burt comes out ahead, I will give him money to the value of a watch. I am satisfied the difference in the two yards is due to difference in manipulation."

"But, Mr. Brown, I did more hard work than Burt."

"You must bear in mind, Lewis, that hard work, to yield desired results, must be well managed. Oxen will draw heavier loads than horses, but how much more tractable are horses, and in consequence, how much more preferable."

"Mr. Brown, Mother says my pride has cost me this defeat. She may be right, but right here I want to humble myself, and if Burt agrees, we will try it another round. You think the difference in the yield of the two yards owing to the difference in handling. I'll be honest with you. I did some things that I was sorry for all summer, and that anybody who had ever heard of bee-keeping should have known better. You remember what a promising colony No. 61 was in the beginning. In the early part of May, I discovered a fine extra large queen cell. They had lots of brood and honey, and with but one thought in mind, I said to myself, 'Fixin' to swarm, are ye? I'll spoil that little game.' So down went my forefinger through the whole length of that cell. I found it on one of the outer combs, and I searched that hive through and through. That one cell was all there was to be found. I had rendered them queenless, for they were about to supercede their old queen. I felt enough worse whipped than when Burt came out ahead. It was all I could

think of; what a fool I was; and I kept repeating it to myself until heartily sick. I thought I had better throw up the sponge. But after a good, hearty dinner, I tried to console myself with the thought that it was but one colony, that I would give it a frame of hatching brood which contained eggs, and soon they would go to work and raise them another. Mr. Brown, that colony was a perfect loss; they just would not raise a queen, and their honey is gone, too. I think I owe you for that colony of bees, for they are a total loss to you through my carelessness."

"Oh, no, Lewis, you acted unthoughtedly; but as Josh Billings says, 'your foresight wasn't equal to your hindsight'."

"I destroyed another colony for you by clipping a virgin queen. At any rate, it was worthless for this year. I knew I 'had done gone and done it' as soon as the wing was off, but I could not place it back again. Now, Mr. Brown, those two things I've had charged to myself all the time, but outside of them, I am at a loss to know where my mistakes were."

"I think, Lewis, your discomfiture grew out of your being over-zealous. I noticed you, early in the spring, undertaking to spread the brood. I have an idea you overdid the spreading; that is, went faster than the bees could possibly go. Then I noticed you working on windy days when still quite cool. Either of these practices might result in chilled brood to the great detriment of the colony. You've heard of people called "Sooners," have you not? They were those who endeavored to take claims on the government reservation before the land was in the market. They were styled "Sooners," and were not only denied all rights and privileges, but they managed to get themselves into all kinds of trouble. In these two cases you were a 'sooner.' O, you needn't to hang your head and feel so cut up about it. You've lot's of

company in this world. Whenever I see a young man mortgage his first crop to secure a dashing rig, to 'cut a swell,' as he would express it, I smile to myself and say, 'Young man, you are a 'sooner'.' Whenever I see a man mortgage his land to build a fine and costly residence for show; whenever it is evident that a young couple want to start where the parents left off, I feel that they are 'sooners'. As for cutting swells, I have known of people wearing diamond opal rings, forty to fifty dollar coats and dresses, who couldn't pay the taxes on the shelter over their heads. While it is true 'time nor tide wait for no man', and we must be up and ready to act with them, it is equally true that we can not act in advance of them. In supering I strongly suspect some were supplied a little too soon and others a little too late. This is a trick of the trade that is difficult of mastery. You may flatter yourself you are intimately acquainted with the conditions of each colony, but some of them are sure to undeceive you. The clerk of the weather must also be consulted. If it should turn off quite cool, be shy of giving room, but if hot, then be liberal. And don't take time to hold any discussion about it either; if you don't get a move on you, the bees *will*. When once the swarming fever gets a *start*, let it come on as quick as possible. A grand old swarming time, and then to work with a right good will, is much better than sulking and loafing around all summer. The desire to swarm may be eliminated to a certain extent by the closest attention. Avoid being honey or brood-bound, remove the queen, give ventilation from the bottom; supply supers with plenty of bait comb; shade the hives; all of which means work, and plenty of it, too, when the thermometer is dancing around the 90's. But as I've often told you, it's much more preferable to let them swarm than to loaf.

'Lazy man, no money;
Lazy bees, no honey.'

'Idleness travels very slowly, and poverty soon overtakes her'. But don't permit yourself to grow discouraged. You know the Good Book says, 'The first shall be last, and the last shall be first'."

CHAPTER X.

A NEW FIELD.

RALPH RALSTON was, all of a sudden, infatuated with hunting; and from the number of excursions that he and his friends made along the rocky ridges and brush country in the vicinity of Greenton, there were those who suspicioned him to be pretty well infatuated with something else. And the suspicions grew stronger when he and Miss Essie were discovered out for twilight drives all through the summer months, and moonlight drives during sleighing.

Essie's family sought to console themselves for the loss of Essie from "The Nest," in the knowledge that she would be provided for, and who was there to know but that there was work awaiting her in some other field beyond the misty vale which ever divides the living present from the uncertain future? That parent would be inhuman who did not experience pain at the thought of such separation, but having schooled themselves to the inevitable, they were partially fortified when at last matters came to a crisis.

One evening Ralph, as he was now familiarly called, imparted the news to the parents:

"Essie and I have been discussing the advisability of her relinquishing work for the public, and taking a rest, or at least working only for the happiness of herself and Ralph, provided you are willing."

"Be it far from us to place any obstacle in your pathway to the happiness I trust you will reach; and as you deal each with the other, so may God deal with you." And so it was settled that

in the sweet May-time Ralph and Essie were to be made one.

When the eventful day arrived all the countryside was astir. As the home rooms were small, it had been arranged that the ceremony should be performed at the little white church where Essie had so faithfully filled her position in the choir, as well as in the church charities. As if in harmony with the occasion, nature furnished one of her brightest and balmiest days. The air was burdened with perfume from the blossoming trees, the birds vied with each other in song, even the little brooks babbled cheerily, and all things seemed to have invested themselves with the garments of gayety. The solemnity of the occasion, however, asserted itself in the knowledge of the loss of the popular Essie. The young folks strewed flowers so as to literally cover the pathway from carriage to church door. The ceremony ended, the assembled guests were invited to refreshments, which were served beneath the ancient trees of an adjoining grove. This latter feature was a complete surprise to all, the groom having made arrangements with city caterers, who were on hand and served the astonished crowd with many delicacies. The affair was a never-to-be-forgotten one, and was marked with a white stone in the history of Greenton.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WRECK.

EDDIE BROWN was now the proud possessor of a diploma from a medical college, and was soon coming home to institute a practice he could call his own. He was only now lingering in the hospitals to the more nearly perfect himself in surgery. On a "catch as you can" visit to the parental roof shortly after Essie's flight from "The Nest," he made the discovery that the lone parents were ageing rapidly and really needed the presence of young

blood to assist them in recovery from their recent loss. So he decided the sooner to launch his little craft upon the sea of uncertainty.

The first year of professional life offered the young physician no occasion to distinguish himself. Indeed, had it not been for the bees, he would often have found himself out of employment. But they, true to their nature, would not permit him to be idle. His having grown into a professor did not deter him from using his muscular powers. He was of a kind not to be overcome by trivial difficulties, nor did he permit his professorship to develop into an incubus. The following year, however, nature put a veto on the bee business in the shape of one flood succeeding another, until the blossoms and their sweetness were hopelessly divorced. The bees were not alone the sufferers. The fruit crop was almost a blank, and much of the wheat so badly damaged as to be abandoned in the fields as worthless. The little fruit that remained never fully developed, being gnarled and one-sided, and bore the general appearance of having suffered many ins and outs. The wheat kernels were so small and inferior as to be scarcely salable for any purpose.

The streams were out on "a tear," refusing longer the controlling restraint of their banks. The lowland was flooded, while the upland was gullied and washed almost bare of its soil. The earth was as a great sponge saturated with water, and the very air seemed dripping with moisture. The *sun* had become a stranger.

At the close of one of these dreary, dun-colored days, Eddie was just saying, "If there's anything more productive of sluggish circulation, and as a consequence, anything better to breed the blues than such weather, I've failed to discover it," when a loud, imperative knocking at the door arrested their attention. When admitted, the excited messenger called out:

"Quick, Dr. Ed! come quick! Needed down at the bridge. Whole train's ditched. Lots dead, and more going the same road."

While Dr. Ed snatched up his case, Mother Jessie was hurrying him into rubber boots and waterproof, and Father was placing in his hand a lighted lantern. Scarcely had Eddie and his companion escaped by one door, ere Aunt Judy and Uncle Eben burst in at the other.

"Dis am awful. Yo' done heah dat de 'butmints done gib way an' went down in de creek, an' took de train wid 'em? Lawd a massey! De world am comin' to an end, suah an' sartin."

"Yes, it has come to a sudden end to many of the unfortunates. Mother, as Judy is here to be with you, Eben and I will go and see if we can be of help. Here, Eben, get inside of this old duck coat, for it is very threatening."

Brave Jessie Brown experienced a sinking of heart as the last of the men folks disappeared in the gloom; and with her heart almost bursting with grief and sympathy for those probably perishing at that very moment, she followed the faint flickerings of the lantern which told of their slow progress towards the scene of disaster. Aunt Judy rocked her body to and fro, and accompanied the motion with low moanings indicative of distress.

"It seems a sin, Aunt Judy, to be here sheltered from the storm, while others no stronger are exposed." Yet much as she longed to be at the front with her husband and son, the miry roads, the intense darkness and the ever succeeding showers, rendered that an impossibility. She suffered tortures from her keen, sensitive, abnormally-active conscience, which censured her for a sin of omission. Useless worry and censure. Work there was for her patient hands to do, but it came in an unexpected way. A loud "Halloo" at the gate startled both of them. Mrs. Brown was instantly at

the door, and the flood of light that cleaved the darkness materially assisted the men who were bearing something between them. Was it—yes, it was a human form.

“Lor, Mis’ Brown, dey bringin’ a cawpse heah! Fo’ hebben’s sake, doan’ let ‘em bring it in. We’ll nebah git shet ob its hant.”

“Calm yourself, Judy, our work is brought to us.”

“Mrs. Brown, this woman was sent here because most of the houses around are full, and Dr. Ed told us to bring her to you.”

“Just take her to Essie’s room, and you return to the others. Aunt Judy and I will do all that can be done.”

The insensible form was that of a richly-dressed young lady, and as soon as Aunt Judy knew that she still lived, her nerve returned, and she proved a valuable nurse. The clothes were changed for a simple gown, the wounds dressed and restoratives applied as faithfully as if the stranger had been darling Essie herself.

Down at the bridge the heroic little band worked all night. A relief train had arrived to help, but it required the united help of all to get it started on its return to the city, with its load of human misery, by daybreak. Not until it was off did the Browns return home, where a tempting breakfast awaited them. But Eddie must first see how the patient fared.

“I declare, little mother, when I set up a hospital, I shall engage you and Aunt Judy as head nurses. Couldn’t have done better. But don’t let this little piece of flattery throw you off your guard. That wound on the head is an ugly one.”

Work on the wreckage continued all day. A special train arrived bringing friends of those known to have been passengers. The scenes of the previous night had been trying, but those now enacted were heartbreaking. Most of the bodies were identified and claimed,

or sent home to friends. Three remained, however, unidentified, and these were buried in the churchyard at Greenton. Most of the patients likewise had friends who hunted them up and looked after their interests, but the young lady at the Brown cottage remained unclaimed.

“What will be done about it, Mother? The indications are that she is in for congestion of the brain. Shall we make arrangements for her removal to the hospital?”

“No, Eddie, the removal might kill her in which event I fear I should always accuse ourselves of having been her murderers.” So all unknown to her, it was decided that she remain their charge. And a charge it was, for it was many weeks before she was again herself. When she began to ask questions, she was told she was with friends, and should know all when sufficiently strong.

“O, yes, I remember—that fearful fall— But where is Uncle? Why doesn’t he come to me? O, I was afraid to come here. This city has a dreadful fatality for me. O, if I only could find him, I never would come here again.’ And so she would talk on until Eddie would order a quieting powder and she fell asleep from its effect. Gradually, she became stronger and knew she was among total strangers, and would try, O, so hard, to make little trouble. At times she would ask:

“Dr. Brown, could I get you to make arrangements for me to go to the city?”

“Are you not doing pretty well here?”

“Too well. I shall never get you paid.”

“Well, if that is all the trouble, I should prefer not to make the arrangements. Now is the very time you should remain. You see, being your doctor, I should know.”

“You tempt me too far. I know I should go, but all my inclinations are just the other way. Don’t make it any harder for me.”

"Suppose I make it easier for you by forbidding you to talk on the subject?"

That same evening when they were all together, she forced them to tell her all they knew about her coming.

"And Uncle? Could it be possible he never was found? Those who were buried here, please tell me of them."

Faithfully they were described, and in the description last given, she recognized her uncle.

"A watch and pin were removed from his person, I think for the purpose of future identification, should inquiry be made."

"When could I see them? And if indeed buried, I must at least see his grave. O, how terrible!" Mrs. Brown drew the trembling, quivering form close to her, and poured sympathy into the gaping wound until she grew calmer; then she accompanied her to her room, assisted her to disrobe, and when in bed, mother-like, tucked the covers in here and there, then stooped and kissed her goodnight. This last act caused her to burst into a fit of violent weeping; but Mrs. B., knowing that relief had come in the shape of tears, quietly withdrew. She herself was on the verge of losing her self-command, and all were deeply affected. On the following morning she was more collected and asked to go and see the articles by which she might the more certainly know the truth. The ordeal was finally over—the visit to the grave had been paid. The same afternoon she had said:

"And now, my friends, we must part. These are hard words for me to utter. It is useless to tell you I will pay you. I never expect to be able to do that; and thanks, O, they are so empty. You certainly know that I feel very deeply obligated, but to what degree you cannot realize. So you see it places me in a pitiable plight."

"My dear Miss Cecilia," (for that was her name,) "you crucify yourself for naught. Our Father in heaven holds our reward. You, and we, must bow

to His will. May I ask, have you any plans for the future?"

"Not now. I was on my way to accept a situation when this dreadful thing happened. Now I feel I must recruit before I take up work again."

"Yes, you should. You will gain but little, and perhaps lose all, by attempting work, and that, too, after such a hard pull for life."

"I have a plan to propose," said Mrs. Brown. "How would it suit you to stop with us at present, and when you get into a position again, you can pay us as you are able. We've become good friends, and I confess I do hate to see you go, more especially with no friends to look after you. Let us be your friends."

And so it was arranged. As time advanced she entered into the every day duties of life with spirit. Then Mrs. Brown's health began to decline, and she was delicate for weeks, and needed the kind nursing and attention which Cecilia so gladly gave her. Her board, however, Cecilia paid regularly out of money she had prior to the accident. That Dr. Ed should fall a victim to her charms, was little to be wondered at, and finding himself hopelessly entangled, he proposed that she remain permanently.

"Oh, Dr., you marry an unknown?"

"You're not unknown to me. I know you all *too* well should you refuse to share the life of a poor country doctor about like me."

"Being poor yourself, as you claim, could you afford to take a poor girl for your wife?"

"I could ill afford not to take her. All I am asking is the chance. I hold a happy home need not be a large home nor a home of wealth. There needs to be only mutual interest and a union of sentiment. Now, Cecilia, could you once for all join your interests with mine, so that we two may start a home of our very own?" She was trembling now, and the tears were just ready to

overflow. "Forgive," he said, "I see I've struck some tender remembrance. Believe me, I would not give you pain for worlds. Forgive me, and this shall be the end of it," and he reached out his hand. Slowly and with averted face, she extended a trembling member; but when he had taken it in his, she burst into tears and cried out:

"O, there's nothing to forgive."

He folded her in his arms and bade her seek no other shelter. An hour later he led her in the presence of his parents and told them he had found them a new daughter, which was "glad tidings of great joy."

The wedding affair was a very quiet one. Only the home friends, Essie and Ralph, were present. Just as they were leaving the table, after partaking of the wedding feast, which Cecilia and her mother-to-be, with the help of Aunt Judy, had themselves prepared, there halted in front a smart rig drawn by a dashing team. A gentleman alighted therefrom and with alacrity presented himself for admission. As he came in, all saw Cecilia and the stranger exchange glances.

"Excuse me, sir, I believe this is Dr. Brown. Strong is my name, and I have here an important paper which I am compelled to serve on you. You will please read the same. Considering the occasion, I shall not give it more publicity than can be helped," and straightway began congratulating Mrs. Brown, No. 2. Eddie was so stunned he could not believe his own eyes, but after scanning the legal looking document until all were consumed with curiosity, he turned to Cecilia and said:

"You were too deep for me. I never suspected such trickery."

"Ah, a few more fellows would consider themselves fortunate to be tricked in the same manner. 'Tis nothing more nor less, ladies and gentlemen, than a conveyance of about \$10,000 worth of property from Miss Cecilia Archer to Dr. Edward Brown." Won-

der and surprise are two small adjectives to express the feelings then and there evinced. When questioned as to her course of action, Cecilia replied that Mr. Strong, her attorney, should speak for her after he had partaken of refreshments.

It turned out Cecilia Archer had been a noted singer. She had both made and inherited money. Wherever her wealth had been known she had not lacked for suitors. She had become disgusted, and formed a resolution that should she ever marry, her lord and master would take her in ignorance of her wealth.

"She says this is her first chance," laughingly said Mr. Strong. "And now for the rest: When a little child, her parents (both are now dead) were stopping at the old 'Grand Central,' the night of the great fire, which you all remember, and after everyone was supposed to be safe, a little girl appeared at an upper window. That little girl was Cecilia Archer, and she was saved by the man she married tonight, when he was a mere youth. See, their's is an old flame born in a great flame, for she says their love-making dates back to when he took her in his arms at that dizzy height, and she responded by embracing him in a most emphatic manner. She further deposes that she could not find it in her heart to deny him after he had twice saved her life."

While all were laughing and making merry, Cecilia found the old folks and sought the kiss of forgiveness, for which she gave to each in exchange a check for \$500, saying she would not part with their love for the wealth of worlds.

A modern cottage was built in front of the old-fashioned one, but Father and Mother Brown live in the old one, while Dr. Ed, Cecilia and the twins, flourish in the new one. Essie and Ralph built them a summer residence not a half mile away, and Nellie Murray is now Nellie Hunter, and lives in full sight, in the white house, just on the next rise from "The Nest."

And now, dear reader, we will leave them in their happiness, glad to know that after having thoroughly tried *two worlds*, "city life" and "rural life," they are well content to remain on the farm.

THE END.

"A Summer Idyl," a charming story, by Ellen Brainard Peck, begins in the August "Progressive." You should not fail to read this, the second of the Prize Stories.

Bee-Keepers. Four Reasons Why

Hyde's Strain of Golden Italians and Holy-Landers are Superior.

Beauty, Honey-Gatherers, Gentleness, and Hardiness are all combined, together with all cells grafted and built out in full colonies. We have no cheap queens. They are costly as a gift. Untested, either race, 75c. Tested, \$1.50. Discounts on quantities. We have years of experience in queen-rearing and honey-production. Root's goods always on hand. The Hyde-Scholl separator, best out. 36-page catalogue free. Motto: Prompt service. Address and make orders payable to.....

O. P. HYDE & SON, Hutto, Tex.

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**Holy
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Queens, untested in Mar.,			
April and May.....	\$.90	\$5 03	\$9 00
Untested, June to Nov. 1..	.75	4 00	7 50
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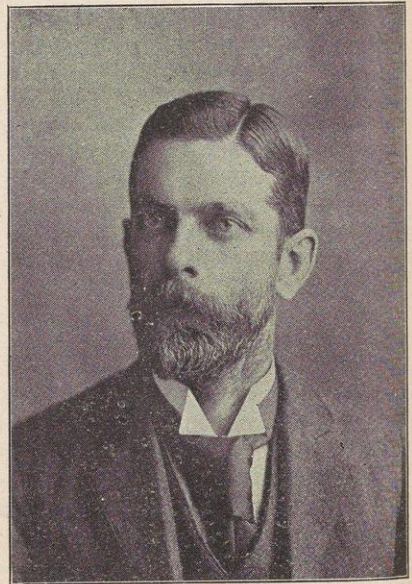
If you want two dozen or more, write NOW. Satisfaction guaranteed. My '99 circular free.

E. R. JONES, Milano, Tex.

W. S. PENDER.

READERS of the PROGRESSIVE will remember our speaking in the March issue of a visit from W. S. Pender, a prominent bee-keeper of the firm of Pender Bros., manufacturers of bee-keepers' supplies, of West Maitland, Australia. After visiting many of the leading manufacturers and apiarists in the United States, Mr. Pender has returned to his home once more. His visit was one of pleasure and business com-

bined. Mr. Pender enjoys his vocation more than anyone we ever knew. It was a pleasure to converse with him on the subject of his favorite pursuit. We are glad to be able to present to PROGRESSIVE readers the accompanying picture



W. S. PENDER.

of Mr. Pender, and one of the Pender family at their Australian home. The following from April 1st Gleanings, concerning Mr. Pender, will be found of interest:

"We have just enjoyed a visit of several days from Mr. W. S. Pender, of Australia, one of the leading bee-keepers of his country. He is now making a tour through the United States in the interest of bee-keeping; and as he goes about from place to place he has notebook in hand, and jots down everything he can pick up. He goes back to his own country expecting to take with him, or order shortly after, a full set of machinery, including engine and

boiler, for starting supply-manufacturing in Australia.

His father, Mr. W. L. Pender, made a tour through this country during the World's Fair in 1893. Both the senior Pender and W. S. by profession are architects. Mr. W. L., as well as his son, has long had a side issue—bee-keeping—in connection with manufacturing bee-supplies. W. L. finally dropped out, leaving the supply busi-

Mr. W. S. Pender has also distinguished himself as a queen-breeder, his choice stocks being of the five-banded sort. Among his other accomplishments he is a microscopist, having made the study of foul brood and of bee paralysis a specialty. He has written considerably for the bee journals of America; has been connected with various publications in Australia; and it is safe to assume that there is hardly



THE PENDER FAMILY AT THEIR HOME IN WEST MAITLAND, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA

ness to the management of the boys.

Mr. W. S. Pender is one who has accomplished not a little in the interest of bee-keepers for New South Wales. It was through his personal influence that the unjust restrictions regarding the mailing of queens to Australia were removed, so that now queens can be sent from here to Australia for 4 cents in place of letter postage, or about a dollar.

a bee-keeper in all Australia who is better informed than he.

Gleanings predicts for the firm of Pender Bros. a bright future; and although they will doubtless enter into direct competition with ourselves, we wish them all success."

The PROGRESSIVE joins with Gleanings in wishing Pender Bros. much success.

HONEY JARS.

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



5 oz jar, 25c for 10; \$2.00 per 100; weight 30 lbs
 8-oz " 30c for 10; 2.60 per 100; " 45 lbs
 1-lb " 40c for 10; 3.40 per 100; " 75 lbs

Corks always included. Neck labels for these jars 25c per hundred; 500 75c.

LEAHY MFG CO., Higginsville, Mo.

ITALIAN QUEENS.

Untested, each, - - - \$.50
 Tested, each, - - - 1.00

Queens large, yellow and prolific.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Please mention the "Progressive"

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A journal devoted to Bees, Honey and Kindred Industries.

TERMS: Fifty cents per year, in advance.

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

WE are glad to again have with us Bros. Aikin and Doolittle in the entertaining series of articles, "Experience and Its Lessons" and the recapitulation thereof, and are sure PROGRESSIVE'S family will welcome the same once more.

For the past two years we have offered what we have called 'PROGRESSIVE' queens; that is, we offer the PROGRESSIVE for one year, and a warranted golden Italian queen, both for one dollar. Several of our subscribers take the advantage of this offer, as it is practically giving them the PROGRESSIVE for

nothing, as the queen alone is worth \$1.00. We are now filling orders for queens within a week after receiving the order. If you are in need of fine queens, please don't forget us.

WITH this issue of the PROGRESSIVE are published the concluding chapters of Mrs. J. M. Null's interesting story, "Two Worlds." This story has elicited much interest from our readers, and no doubt they will be loath to lay it aside even after the happy finale is reached.

IN the advertisement of J. W. K. Shaw & Co., Loreauville, La., page 228 of this issue, you should read: "Untested queens, 50c instead of 75c, and \$6.00 per dozen instead of \$8.00. The change came in after the advertisement was printed, but our readers will note the reduced prices of untested queens.

IN the August number of the PROGRESSIVE will be given the opening chapters of our second "Prize Story," written by Ellen Brainard Peck, of Clinton, Conn., and entitled, "A Summer Idyl." The story is a very pretty one, and we believe you will find it intensely interesting.

THEODORE BENDER, of Canton, O., writes us as follows:

"Elvert W. Haag will attend to my bee and queen business in the future. He is a competent man, and customers can depend upon being served with the best. He is honest and reliable. I will still handle supplies as before for the home trade. THEODORE BENDER."

Mr. Haag's advertisement appears in another column of this issue.

IN the August PROGRESSIVE we begin the publication of a series of articles on "Management and Manipulation," by Mr. S. P. Culley, who also contributes to this issue. The first paper in the series will be entitled, "Locality, Variations of the Seasons and

their Relation to Management and Size of Hives." You should not fail to read these articles. Mr. Culley is a large bee-keeper, a close observer and a prolific writer.

WE are much pleased to hear that Mrs. Hutchinson, wife of Editor Hutchinson, of the Review, has improved in health, and her mind has become much clearer and stronger.

BEESWAX is very plentiful. The St. Louis market has declined to 22c per pound. We pay 23c in cash or 25c in trade for good beeswax delivered at our station. The wax we buy now will have to be carried over to another season.

BRO. R. F. HOLTERMANN, editor of the Canadian Bee Journal, lost his six year old boy on Monday, June 12. The child died very suddenly from what was thought to be sunstroke. We condole with our brother editor in his sad bereavement.

MR. S. P. CULLEY in his August article will say that years ago the eight-frame hive was large enough for this part of Missouri, while now the ten-frame is not too large. He will then give his reasons why this is the case, which we consider very logical.

LUMBER HAS ADVANCED 25 per cent, tin, 20 per cent, nails and zinc, 33 per cent, and labor, 10 per cent, over prices we paid in 1898. Unless the present prices of materials decline some, it looks as though we will have to advance our prices on supplies another year 20 or 25 per cent.

BRO. DOOLITTLE under date of June 20, writes:

"I am fearfully driven with work now, and have sore eyes and a lame back to make work as uncomfortable as possible."

We trust Bro. Doolittle will soon recover from his temporary indisposition.

WE renew our offer again this month (see page 193 June PROGRESSIVE) to

sell 4½x4½x1½ No. 1, "no-bee-way" sections cheap. Our offer last month brought very poor results, as we sold only one lot of 4,000, and then the party—why, he ordered entrances cut in them. Did you ever? Say, friends, this offer is for "no-bee-way" sections, not sections with entrances cut in them.

BUSINESS AT THIS DATE is still good and we are having about all we can take care of in ten hours a day. The last season has been the best in our experience, and our output was a third larger than ever before. From the 15th of December until the last days of June, we run over time continually, part of the time 22 hours a day and part 15 hours a day. We surely got all the trade we wanted, and then some, and we took pretty good care of it, too, even if it did come near killing us all. Don't believe we ever want so large a trade again to fill in so short a space of time. In our spare time from now until winter we will make up a large stock of goods so we will have something to draw on when the rush comes again. This we think will be better than again enlarging our plant. We take this opportunity to thank our many friends and patrons for the more than expected favors of the past season, and it is with considerable pride that we can say that not one, not a single one, has sent in a word of complaint in regard to our hives, either to the material used in, or the workmanship on, them, the past season.

10-Inch Second-Hand Foundation Mill For Sale.

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

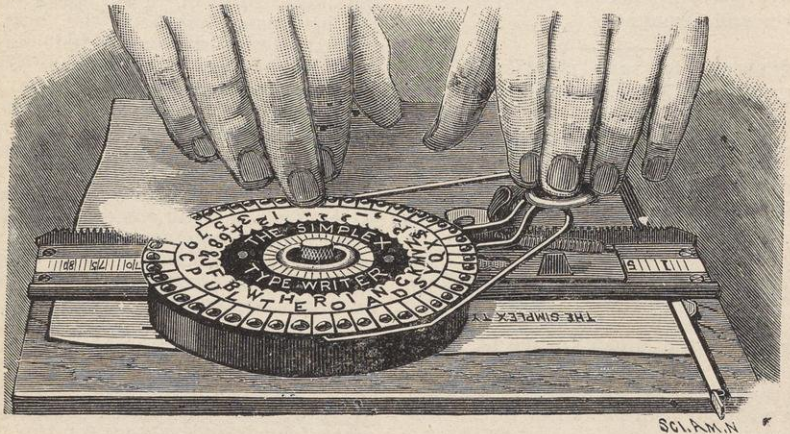
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Higginville, Mo.**

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THE SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD

The only really practical cheap typewriter ever put on the market.
Is Rapid and Does Good Work. Is Easy to Operate. Is Handsome. Can be
Carried in the Coat Pocket.

PRICE - \$2.50.



THE LATEST OF THE BEST TYPEWRITERS. THE CLIMAX OF IMPROVEMENTS. THE
MINIMUM OF PRICE. DESTINED TO REVOLUTIONIZE WRITING, AS THE SEW-
ING-MACHINE REVOLUTIONIZED SEWING.

The "SIMPLEX" is the product of experienced typewriter manufacturers, and is a PRACTICAL TYPEWRITER in every sense of the word, and AS SUCH, WE GUARANTEE IT.

FOR BUSINESS MEN.—Every man, whatever his business, has need of the "SIMPLEX." LAWYERS find them indispensable. MERCHANTS acknowledge their great value. CLERGYMEN write their sermons with them. AUTHORS their manuscripts. Letters written with the "SIMPLEX" are legible and neat, and at the rate of FORTY WORDS PER MINUTE.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.—The "SIMPLEX" will be hailed with delight by BOYS AND GIRLS. It will improve their spelling, and teach proper punctuation. It will encourage neatness and accuracy. It will print in any colored ink, violet, red, green, blue or black. It will PRINT A LINE EIGHT INCHES LONG, and admit any size letter paper. The printing is always in sight. A USEFUL, INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING NOVELTY, AT THE PRICE OF A TOY.

Nothing is of greater importance than correct forms of correspondence. The "SIMPLEX" encourages practice, and practice makes perfect. Writing with this machine will be such jolly fun for your boys and girls that they will write letters by the dozen. This may cost you something for postage stamps, but the improvement in their correspondence will repay you

EXTRA POINTS,

The alignment of the "Simplex" is equal to the very highest priced machine. It is positive in action, and each letter is locked by an automatic movement when the stroke is made.

It has no ribbon to soil the fingers.

The "Simplex" is mounted on a hard-wood base, and put up in a handsome box, with bottle of ink, and full instructions for using.

"I think the 'Simplex' is a dandy."—D. L. Tracy, Denver, Colo.

"The 'Simplex' is a good typewriter, and I take pleasure in recommending it as such."—B. F. Bishop, Morsey, Mo.

"I received the typewriter one hour ago. You can judge my progress by this letter. It is much better than I expected, and with practice I think I will be able to write very fast with it."—E. T. Flanagan, Belleville, Ill.

Price of Machine, \$2.50. By mail, 25c extra for postage.

LEAHY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, HIGGINSVILLE, MO

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Tested Queens double the above prices.

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year.

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



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



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



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

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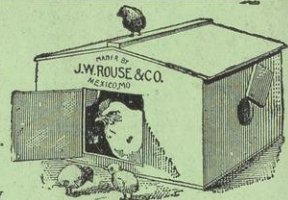
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