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The progressive bee-keeper. Vol. IX, No. 6 Jun. 1, 1899

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

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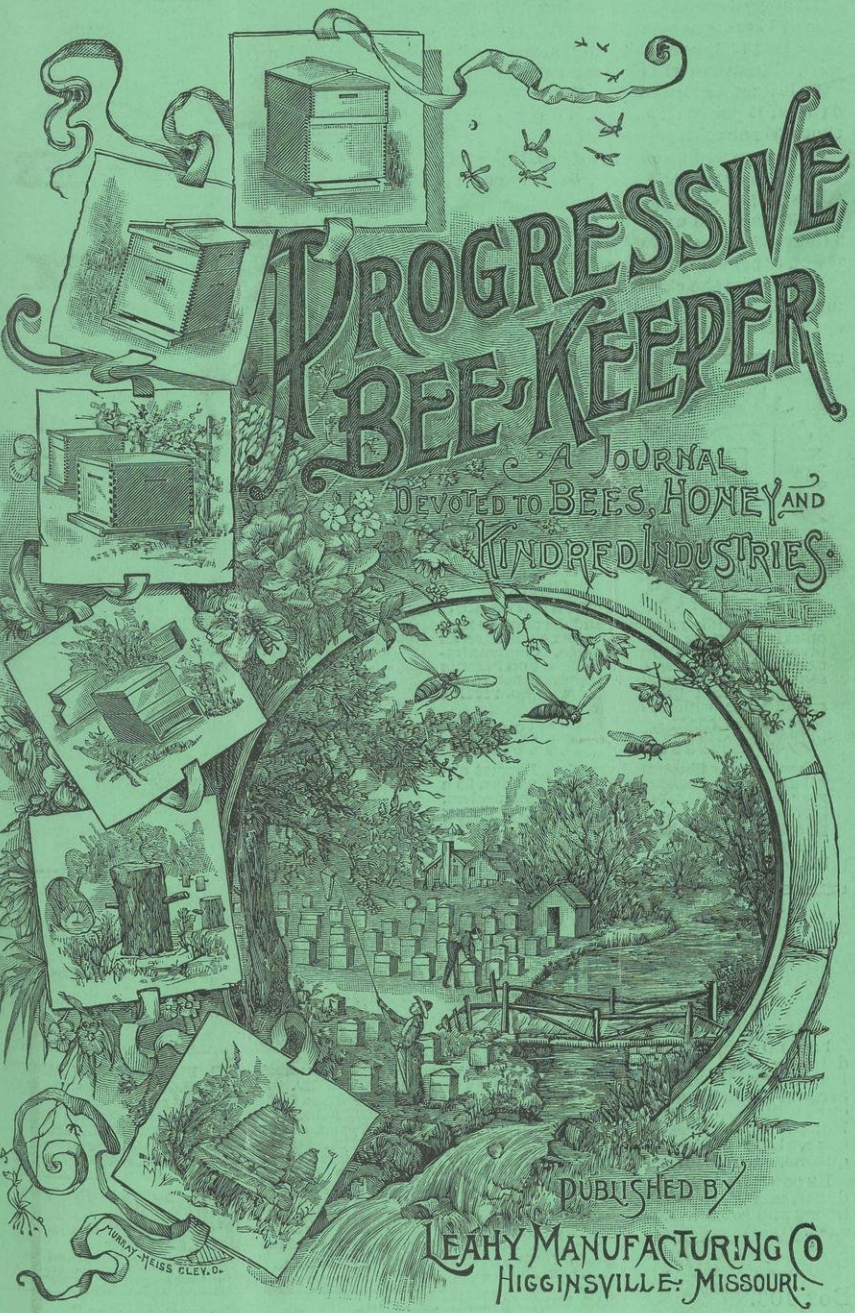
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JUNE 1, 1899.



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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1899.



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

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PATENTS

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

A. T. DEWITT.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bower, Ph. G., 538 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with great results.

Miss BESSIE WIEDMAN.

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

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

R-I-P-A-N-S

—

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

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

Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

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

Mrs. J. BROOKMYER.

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

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

E. W. PRICE.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cent. 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.

"Higginsville" Bee Supplies at Kansas City.



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

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



419 Walnut St.

C. E. Walker, Kansas City, Mo.



PRICES OF Bingham Perfect Bee-Smokers and Honey Knives,

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

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

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

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

Cuba, Kansas, Jan. 27th, 1897.

Dear Sir:—I have used the 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 ¹⁰ 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., JUN. 1, 1899.

No. 6.

A CHANGE.

He was jest about as common as they ever
get to be;
An' I tell you he was ragged-moughty nigh
as bad as me.
He never had no schoolin' for he wouldn't go
to school,
An' he hadn't any manners—but he wasn't any
fool.

Rather go a swimmin' in the creek than any-
thing.
Or huntin' molly cottons with a rifle or a
sling.
Wasn't worth the powder that would kill him
people said,
Vowed he was too honry for to even comb his
head.

Went to Chickamauga, an' was sent away to
fight,
Mustered out a captain, an' I guess it's only
right.
Gets a han'some pension—for he lost an arm
you see,
He's jest about as honored as they ever get
to be.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

MARGARET.

Among the lofty mountain ways of eastern
Tennessee,
Where swiftly blow the healthful winds
across the valleys free,
A spacious farmhouse beautiful beneath the
old trees stands,
Set like a kingly citadel among broad fertile
lands.

Upon the porch a maiden sits, the dayshine in
her face,
The light and life and happiness of that idyl-
lic place.
Fair Margery, the household queen, the gen-
tle Margaret,
When one the kindly face has seen, he never
can forget.

The mountain home is lonely now, for she
has gone away
To glad another mountain home, where love
asserts his sway.
Where happiness and bliss is hers—the bliss
that into life
May come but once, the sacred bliss that
crowns a cherished wife.

Blow softly, breezes, to the east across the
skies of May,
And bear to these a wish replete with earnest-
today:
May life for them be fraught with love and
peace until the end
With heaven at last—and simply say the
wisher was a friend.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

SPONTANEITY VS. ROUTINE.

F. L. THOMPSON.

No more of that dull time
When some unlovely scheme
Clouded for truth the clear and healthy brain,
When it was thought a crime
To look above and dream,
To look below and recognize the pain;
When the poor will was fain
To know its earthly part
(Not feel the natural growth
Checked year by year in sloth),
Yet could not enter in the world's foul mart
To cry its goods abroad
And bicker with the traffickers of fraud.

Ah, see how that bright bird
Flits upward to essay [rife
His careless notes with power and sweetness
(How many sounds are heard
Throughout the fields today
That have no other meaning but fresh life)—
Free! free! and if some strife
Makes bright and fierce his eyes,
It is a passing thing,
It is but quickening,
No venom stays behind to paralyze;
And then death comes at last,
But on beloved hills the breath has passed.

Working among the bees I hear
every day a bird's song that brings
back far-off and almost forgotten
things, scarcely to be put in words
even if well-remembered, and seems
to tell of other things not experi-
enced and hence not thinkable, that
yet strongly impress one with pow-
er and reality as they beat at the
mind for recognition. What do
these wild sounds say that stir the
brain with mingled pleasure and
perplexity?—making one feel as if
long since he had made a mistake at
some turning-point—as if he had
once had the power to learn this now
unfamiliar language, and think its
large thoughts, and had let slip the
opportunity. Shall a bird be so

free and joyous, and hence so energetic and resourceful, and shall we, whose thoughts are to the bird's as words to dreams, be quite impotent before this possibility, and only stupidly wonder at it?

We have some common ground of existence with wild things, or they could not stir us so. Man has plainly made a virtue of a defect in assigning all honor and praise to what would differentiate him from them entirely—the substitution of routine for spontaneity. He has but half learned his lesson. He foolishly strives to rest satisfied with doing a certain amount of work in a certain period of time, and considers that a successful effort to overcome one kind of indolence is about all of duty, as regards work. Bestow half as much acumen, O would-be truth-searcher, on the harm of the stupefying, narrowing effects of routine alone, and you would conclude there are two sides to the question.

Routine or automatism is, indeed, a powerful aid to work. Let us give it its due. To acquire by patience and perseverance the habit of sticking to tasks begun, not yielding to discomfort and temptations to rest, is indispensable to success of any kind. But THEREFORE are we to childishly infer it to be the acme of ability, and overlook the still greater patience and long-suffering and sacrifice and enduring vigor of the same when subordinated to and started and nourished and guided by the force of interested intelligence? This numbing and besotting of the mind is virtue, forsooth, and this dull apathy, with no such vibrations of fresh energy as shower forth in the bird's song, is man's normal state when he has outlived his youth, and become mature, and put away childish things. Are there no specks on that virtue? No

mental indolence? No taking to one's heels at the first glimpse of the necessity of choice and discrimination and relative value of actions?

Of course, the explanation is easy. Man in his transition from the pure spontaneity of animals to the same guided but not lessened by reflection (the ideal state), finds it hard to reconcile the two, and welcomes the easy crutch of routine—a perilous aid for a sole reliance, for it impairs the use of the natural limbs.

Here is an example: "I take the ground that if any person put forth the energy necessary to make a success of any calling in life, that person will learn to LOVE that calling, whatever it may be," says a recent writer, implying that such a result is generally desirable. His assertion is correct, but what of it? Let us not have the dry bones of truth without the life of relation to action. Does he mean to say that because one can do what he is not so fitted for as for something else, and can learn to do it better than at first, so as to achieve a passable success (though not to be compared with the success of those who are fitted for it), therefore it is his duty to not change it for something for which he is fitted? Then hitch your cow to the buggy; plough with a crooked stick. It can be done, and there is a best way of working with such imperfect instruments, and you can learn that—yes, and it is a fact that you can learn to LOVE such work. When once the callousness of habit enables you to find room for the pleasure of such achievement, rest content. Seek no applications for special talents. How about that parable of the talents, anyway? Why, the man with the one talent did just right, of course, to lay it away in the napkin of routine, and dig a hole in the ground, and bury it.

Then this writer goes on to speak of half-hearted people who conclude when unsuccessful that they have mistaken their calling, so change to something else, which gives no better results for their half-hearted service. True; but the pity of it is, that so much more is true, and that any teacher of ethics should care so little for the whole truth in a matter of such vital importance to the usefulness and happiness of us all.

He also says thousands upon thousands do not love any calling in life. That assertion does not agree with my experience. Special aptitude may be more or less covered up, and indolence may be one of the things that covers it up; but I have yet to see the person I knew WELL in whom it did not exist.

Indolence and cowardice are great and common enemies; but let no one lay the flattering unction to his soul that he is diligent and brave because he shuts his eyes, and turns his back, and runs away from the scaring fact that individual spontaneity is one of the most difficult courses for the modern man to choose and follow, because of the insane but common impulse to follow the crowd and take for granted that pernicious half-truth, or rather one-tenth truth, "what one man has done, another man can do," which has been the ruin of so many lives. We all know it is sheer fudge, beyond a certain point; and yet keep passing it along, with parrot-like iteration. It saves thinking. Let us all be Rubinsteins, and Michael Angelos, and Shakespeares, and Napoleons, and Blind Toms. Did you ever hear of Grub Street, and its starving authors, who tried to do what others did? Why didn't they do it? And why were Rubinstein and the rest successful? Because they followed their bent, of course. Hard, patient work was an aid, but no more.

It was indispensable, but special aptitude was more so. How many musicians and artists bestow their utmost diligence and best powers on their work—and what a vast difference in results! However, if one is going to ignore facts, it is useless to argue.

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be" unsuccessful, in that application which has most value to you. Indeed, in many cases, it is just the thing to do to change from one thing to another before success is reached in the former. When stupid mental sloth takes the form of mulishness, we are prone to take it for all-sufficing perseverance. Let us fight half-heartedness, by all means; but you who strain at the gnat and swallow the camel of error, who prate commonplaces of idleness in its grossly visible forms and ignore its widespread and dangerous and subtle manifestations—THOU ART THE MAN—you are too lazy to think. Farm papers are full of such stuff. One consolation is, that probably little attention is paid to its extreme forms. "You can fool some of the people all the time, and you can fool all the people some of the time: but you can't fool all the people all the time."

Listen to Shakespeare, and honestly ask yourself whether he does not strike a deep responsive chord in your breast:

"Alas, 'tis true I have.... # [most dear,
Gored my own thoughts, sold cheap what is
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely.
O for my sake, do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners
breeds. [brand.
Thence comes it that my name receives a
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To that it works in, like a dyer's hand;
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed;
Whilst like a willing patient I will drink
Potions of isel 'gainst my strong infection."

And all this while the spontaneous birds are singing, and "wild music burthens every bough," and every thicket, "with blissful treble ringing clear," is the scene of such simple happiness as the human animal scarce dreams once in many years. "What fools we mortals be!"

But in spite of formal systems, we are still children of nature. It would be wiser to recognize and apply the fact. For example, statistics show that more crimes of all kind are committed in spring than at any other season of the year. Probably this indicates simply that all impulses, the good as well as the bad, (the good ones being necessarily unchronicled) are then free-er, and the basis of this must be physical, as is that for the migration of birds, and many other actions of animals. But though physical, yet just as a good temper depends somewhat on digestion, so the effects of this obscure periodical change, physically linking us with the rising of the sap and stirring of the blood in all nature at the coming of spring, are mental and moral.

"Thrice welcome, darling of the spring;
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again."—(Wordsworth).

Hence our good resolutions are more appropriate at this season of the year than at its beginning, and should have this underlying thought: let us recognize the **WHOLE** truth—and be **TRUE TO OURSELVES**—and use routine as a servant, not as a master.

I must wait until next time to apply these thoughts to our pursuit.

Montrose, Col.

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

ITALIAN QUEENS.

Untested, each,	-	-	\$1.00
After July 1, 70c each; three for			2.00
Tested, each,	-	-	1.25

Safe arrival guaranteed.

0A7

Theodore Bender, Canton, O.

JORDAN'S WAVES.

J. H. DE MYER.

You make me say "yarn" in place of "yam" in May number of PROGRESSIVE. I should have said I was using ten frame hive.

To narrow down end bars I use small iron plane, and cut them down to 1 5-16 inches, which gives room for followers and leaves 5-16 space between hive and follower board, where I wedge at both ends to hold frames tight together. The kind of follower I use is the "Higginsville." I have adopted the follower this spring, as wedges against frames only give too much space on outside, and were about the only place where bees made burr combs.

I have all the ends of top bars cut out down to end bars V shape, which admits bees to pass up through notch on outside of end bars and leaves but little surface propolis.

The staple end spacer is far better, as there is bee space at the end of top bars. I have not tried staple side spacers, but I am of the opinion they will get out of plumb. Some brother who has tried them

please give results.

Now for the supers:

For comb honey, will have all my supers raised to five inches by addition of one-fourth strip on top. Then I can lay loose section holder strips on top of sections to keep clean. In placing section in supers place super on level surface, place in sections with separators or without, put in key-board the "Higginsville" draw wedge system, partially tighten wedges, then press all the sections down firmly with the hands, and if without separators, see that sections are in line crossways. If not, use some thin tool on outside of end blocks and slip them in line, then press wedges down tight; split wedge open and make two out of one, or you may have trouble in getting them out. If the bees glue them tight you will have to break them loose sideways to get them out.

My next article will be on "Shallow Frames and their Uses." This will be somewhat after Bro. H. H. Hyde's mode as given in the May PROGRESSIVE.

Jordan, Ky.

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

NEWSY NOTES.

J. T. HAIRSTON.

Isaac Brown in the May PROGRESSIVE asked for a method to keep the frost and ice from accumulating under his hive covers. If he will put on supers in the fall and spread a cloth over the frames of the brood nest, and pack super full of nice clean hay or forest leaves, he will not be bothered any more with this trouble. I am firmly convinced that if bees have plenty of good stores in the proper place, with a deep brood nest protected as above, we would not hear so much about winter losses. I have good success with the 8-frame standard depth, but one as shallow as the Danzy hive won't do to winter on the summer stand.

Last fall I tried wintering a nucleus with three frames, with bees enough to cover one frame. I put them on one side of the hive with division board, and spread a cloth over the frames and let it extend down division board to bottom of hive; then put on empty super and finished filling hive and super with nice clean hay. You can imagine my glad surprise to find them considerable stronger after the extreme cold winter than when I packed them. It was 22 degrees below zero at one time.

Extracting supers should never be placed under brood nest for wintering. The brood nest should be as compact as possible, with plenty of honey over the cluster, or else when it is cold for a long period the bees will consume what honey there is over them, and not being able to break cluster, will starve with plen-

New and Sec- ond- Hand Founda- tion Mills For Sale.

We have the following new and second-hand foundation mills that we offer for sale. We have taken these mills in exchange for other goods from parties who used them a few times, and then concluded they preferred to buy their foundation in place of making it.

One 6-in. mill, used but once; 1st-class in every respect. Price new, \$18. Our price, \$13.

The above mill will make extra thin foundation.

One 6-inch Mill; has been used once or twice; in perfect order for making thin foundation. This we consider a new mill. Cost, \$16. Our price, \$12.

All the above mills are rare bargains, especially the 10-inch mill.

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Higginsville, Mo.**

ty of honey in hive. Dampness, starvation, or inferior stores, such as honey dew and fruit juice, is what causes winter losses. Bees will not freeze if kept dry, with plenty of stores accessible.

I am having from 4 to 8 swarms a day now. How thankful I am to the man who invented clipping of queens' wings. I had 5 in one cluster today, but I had the queens caged. When I thought I had enough bees in one hive, I covered it and started them in another, and so on until all were hived. What a job if I hadn't had them clipped.

I hive the swarm on the old stand and move the old hive away without opening it and taking out frames as Friend Doolittle does. On the morning of the seventh day after hiving swarm, I go to the old stand and hold my ear close to entrance for a few minutes. If I hear piping, I take out the frames and shake the bees off in the hive and destroy all cells. I continue to listen for several days if I don't hear her at first, that is, at night or soon in the morning.

I keep my record on the hive cover. On the swarm I mark, say, "S-5-20-99C," which means, "Swarmed May 20, 1899, and queen clipped." On the old stand I mark, "Cast S-5-20-99," and when I look in due time for eggs or brood, and see she is laying, I mark, "L," or better still, I look her up and clip, and mark "C" on cover.

I always keep a few entrance guards around handy, and if a second swarm starts forth, I put on in front to keep the queen back. I hardly ever fail to get it on before she gets out. I have no use for queen traps. I never owned but one, and I sold it to a beginner, and I never would use another. Throw them away and clip your queens, and leave the entrances so

the bees can get air. Raise the fronts in warm weather.

Salina, I. T.

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 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.)

A RESUME.

O. P. MILLER.

For better than a week I have been confined to my room with grip, and am now in a good position to find fault with somebody, so will commence on the first one I meet—Sommy. Don't you know it's wicked to teach your children that there are ghosts, and tell them witch stories, and make believe Santa Claus comes down the chimney with three span of reindeer hitched to a sleigh, with all manner of presents, and fills your stockings chuck full? The children know better; at least they do in Iowa.

When I was a small boy, one Christmas Eve while sitting around the open fireplace (in the old log cabin) wherein was a good fire blazing and crackling, we children were cracking walnuts and having a merry time. Some noise was heard at

the only window in the house, a 6-light, 8x10 window, and upon looking out—horror of horrors! there seemed to stand the—well, Old Scratch at least. Soon he came to the front door and knocked. Yes, FRONT door, and all the one there was, or we would have gone out at the other one. But someone ventured to say, "It is 'Chriskindly'," so the gentleman walked in. From under his ponderous gray coat he took a handful of hickory nuts and threw them into a pan (because the floor had cracks that the nuts would go through), and when the children commenced to pick them up he hit them over the fingers with a long switch, and that caused them to smart with pain, and some cried out. This caused this "Chriskindly" to laugh outright. We then discovered that it was Uncle Pete, who lived a short distance away. We soon had him stripped of his Santa Claus habiliments. There were plenty of Indians in the country at that time, and we were at first sure we were attacked by Indians; that is, we children were. Our parents knew he was coming, so of course thought it was funny, as also did Uncle.

We come next to F. L. Thompson, page 7, January PROGRESSIVE, and find a little fault with him, or rather Mr. Bruce. If we always knew that warm weather would continue, it might do to insert an empty comb in the center of a brood nest. Of course the queen will fill the comb immediately, and the bees will cover it, but in doing so, I have had them to very often neglect the outside combs that were already filled with brood; therefore I consider it a great loss instead of a gain to do so, and have concluded the best way is to let the bees manage that to their liking; in fact, in my short bee-keeper's pilgrimage of 30 years, I find the less I tinker with my bees

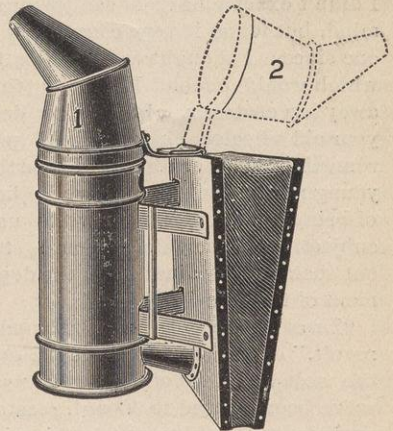
in the early spring, the better they will do. All I want to know is that they have plenty of stores on hand and a laying queen. They will do the rest.

Separators. Well, I never used any until last year, and then I didn't raise enough honey to hardly tell, but I am well pleased with them so far as I have gone. But no fence. The common will do me all right.

Bottom starters. Yes, I've tried them, and don't need them in my business. I find the less the starter the better the honey. I would not use any if it could be avoided as well as not.

If Bro. Doolittle's better half had not called dinner so soon, G. M. would have told us something that perhaps we would all want to hear. Out with it, G. M. How do you fix the wide frames? We don't know any better than to use T supers and pattern slats.

Glendon, Iowa.



THE "HIGGINSVILLE SMOKER."

☞ A Good Smoker for a Little Money.

THE HIGGINSVILLE SMOKER A DANDY.

The "Higginsville" Smoker is a Dandy with a big D."

J. M. MOORE,
Holden, Mo.

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

LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginsville, Mo.

TWO WORLDS.

BY MRS. J. M. NULL.

(This story began in the April PROGRESSIVE.)
CHAPTER VI.

"OH, JOY, ONCE AGAIN WE ARE HERE."

Each year the last days of June or the first in July found a bevy of young ladies from the city at "The Nest." These annual excursions were prompted and promoted by and through the influence of Dr. Murray. And happy was she who was fortunate enough to have her name included in the list. Sometimes the jolly old doctor would himself drop in for an hour or two. He was an inveterate joker, and would laugh and chuckle to himself as he endeavored to tease them.

"Brown," he would say, "you never suspected any double dealing when you were ordered out here, did you? Well, I didn't exactly have a sanitarium in mind, but found it very convenient for one since. I thought in all reason that which would enable Eddie to throw away his crutches, and you to desert your old wheeled chair, might prove remedial for other ills. So I send these young revolutionists out here in hopes of bringing the various revolts under subjection. I certainly would stamp out such insubordination in the department of the interior, girls."

"I would like to know who wouldn't revolt," exclaims Daisy Temple, one of the most vivacious of the party, "when we've been treated to enough plaster of paris in our baking-powder-biscuit to set up within us an art museum."

"Is that the reason of your complaining of such a 'heavy feeling', Daisy?" asks Nellie Murray.

"If it is, then you must feel correspondingly light, for I've more than once heard you lay claim to having a

gas factory working on full time, and from the display of long faces and sour looks, I think some of the others must be possessed of a vinegar plant."

"And, dear little mother Jessie. Papa says we are to leave all these acquisitions with you, in exchange for all the pure air, water and food we can consume while at The Nest. Won't you be rich, though?" cries Nellie.

"Don't imagine you are indebted to us, though," adds Daisy, "you owe it all to the fearfully and wonderfully made articles of diet on which we are compelled to eke out an existence. Just think of it! Peas-wheat-and-chicory coffee, glucose honey and syrups, jellies perfectly innocent of fruit, made of paste flavored with chemicals and colored with coal tar dyes. Precious little you country folks know of managing, else you might be the proprietors of all these factories, just as we are."

"Come, Daisy, it is doubtful if you are in the least succeeding in making these people envious of our wealth, and I am all eagerness to make a raid on the honey house. You have not the slightest idea of how many beautiful white cappings there are on the uncapping table, all dripping with honey, just waiting to melt in our mouths," and away they went to the honey house where Uncle Eben and Aunt Judy did much of the extracting. The pile of cappings was visibly diminished after an onslaught by these young ladies.

"Oh, girls," one said, "don't you wish the grand army of chewing gum devotees could catch one little glimpse of our supreme enjoyment? My! but their eyes would roll with envy. Expect they would surpass the very best performance of Uncle Eben and his dusky tribe."

On these visits to the honey house, all sorts of antics were indulged in. They must each try their hand at uncapping until someone would cut their fingers with the keen, sharp knife; would turn the extractor; open the

honey-gate to watch the beautiful honey fill the receptacle beneath; and sometimes they would *not* watch it, and would turn to see it running over and rapidly spreading on the floor, and then would set to work to repair damages as much as possible. They delighted in teasing and tormenting Uncle Eben, and he in turn considered them a great nuisance, always much preferring their room to their company.

"I clar to gracious, Boss, it am an eye-opener how dese gals can stow away de cappings. De beeswax crop am bou'n' to run short dis yeah. Shuh you'll all be turned ter honey one ob dese days, and'll hab all de bees in dis hyar yawd arter you."

"O, Uncle Eben, do look out of the window. The bees are after the pony now."

Having had many games played on him, Uncle Eben was a little slow to heed, but when he did look, sure enough there was Gyp, the pony, dancing the Highland fling, as the girls expressed it. Vigorously he let his heels fly out at his persistent tormentors, but they only redoubled their forces. Higher and higher went his heels, but heedless were his darting, dodging enemies. Furious from their stinging attack, he madly, madly kicked in mid-air until the shoe on one foot caught in the clothes-line, which he brought down with one wide swoop against a row of hives, all of which were toppled over. Consternation seized and controlled that little group of watchers, and had not Eddie opportunely arrived on the scene, the consequences might have proved serious enough. He quickly cut the wire, and the freed animal lost no time in yielding the disputed territory to his infuriated enemies. All negotiations for a treaty of peace were most unceremoniously left in the hands of his master. Gyp seemed glad enough to escape with his life. Uncle Eben could not on any account be coaxed from the honey house to render assist-

ance. But by a judicious use of smoke, and by holding a firm hand, order was restored in an inconceivably short space of time. When Gyp was again caught, many willing hands were anxious to plaster the bumps indicating wounds with salt and soda, but in the end, as is the case in many other things in life, it was discovered he had been worse scared than hurt. It all came about through the thoughtless kindness of his latest rider, who gave him his liberty in the bee yard that he might enjoy the tempting tufts of clover on its margin, which luxuriated, undisturbed, during the whole season under the protection of the myriads of guards in close proximity. Gyp's lesson, however, never had to be repeated, and that is more than can be said of many people who have occasion to visit bee yards. He never neglected to display a most profound deference in regard to intruding on their domain. The young ladies were somewhat disposed to retaliate (in thought only), and much as they enjoyed eating honey and chewing cappings, they declared in favor of doing without bees rather than run the risk of having their pets or themselves stung to death.

"But you must not forget," returned Mr. B., "that pony was out of place, and if there ever was a rule adhered to in nature, it is 'a place for everything, and everything in its place.' Hence the origin of such expressions as 'a fish out of water,' 'a hen on a hot griddle,' and many others."

"*Bees* never get out of place, do they, Mr. Brown?" asked Daisy rather sarcastically.

"Oh, yes, but that superior officer, man, to whom nature gave power to command, is the more frequently to blame when bees get misplaced. In reference to today's trouble, the question might arise, which was the most out of place, the pony, the bees or the clothes-line? Almost any beginner in bee-keeping would have known, had he

stopped to consider, that for more reasons than one, apiaries and clothes-lines are not the best calculated for near neighbors."

"Now, Father," cried Jessie Brown, "don't look at me with that fun-making, accusing eye. You will remember that I called your attention to the matter when it was put there."

"But in self-defense I will have to state how the clothes-line came to hold forth in such an inappropriate position: On last wash-day, the line kept sagging so that some large pieces of white linen had to be returned to the tubs for rinsing. This aroused Aunt Judy's wrath, and Uncle Eben in his anxiety to quiet matters, used too long a pole or too high a pressure, and neglected to use caution, and of course the line snapped asunder. 'Great was the fall thereof,' but Uncle Eben's was greater. All morning the two had worked together, and it had been 'honey,' and 'deah,' but now it was, 'You honery, thick-headed niggah! I 'clah to goodness, de good Lawd mus' hab made you outen ob de leabins ob de yearth. Jest lak a goodfer-nuffin man—done gone an' pull down what de wimmen-folks builds up. It's a wondah you know de road to yoh mouf! Ebenezah, you heah me? Hitch dat line up sumwhah. Land ob marsey, niggah, de most conscientious church-goah would lose dair 'ligion an' dair seat in heben, if dey hed you fuh a life pahdnah!' and amid this shower of scintillations of Aunt Judy's wrath, the poor old man went one place and then another, as he sought (and found not) some place to fasten the line, and finally succeeded in using the lower limb of that evergreen."

And so it seemed one mishap called for the other, or as Uncle Eben said, "Trouble nebah trabbles individuually—it always hez company." One young lady of the spit-fire class, gave vent to her feelings on this order:

"Who ever dreamed those golden beauties *could* be so resentful? The

wickedly vindictive little things, with salt and pepper tempers. I shall never again like them."

"Whew! It would seem some other beauties besides bees were capable of resentment," playfully rejoined Mr. B.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME RESULTS.

The coming of the young ladies from the city had become the signal for happy evenings for the young folks of Greenton and vicinity. Impromptu entertainments were given at which formalities were laid aside and true cordiality shone out with undimmed radiance.

"Did it ever occur to you," queried Nellie after one of these affairs. "that city cordiality as compared with that of the country, is about like a candle to an electric light?"

"Just listen," cries Daisy, "a convert to country life, though 'tis small wonder she should have 'experienced a change of heart,' considering the quantity and quality of devotion young Hunter has expended on her. I've had my suspicions all along—but there, Nellie, you needn't blush so; that only serves to intensify them. But after all, it almost takes my breath. I suppose I should be thankful I am in full possession of my wits."

"Sure of that, Daisy?"

"Oh, yes; and if you have sort of outgeneralled us, we are all ready to congratulate you."

"Dear Daisy, I beg of you, don't go so rapid. The way you rattle along, one would think that in the event of my having been asked, I was so very anxious that there could be no possible chance of my answering in the negative."

"Oh, you know as well as I, that most girls, like photographers, know how to retouch their negatives. Seriously, I am glad it is so settled, for

don't I now see clear sailing for myself? You'll surely be sufficiently charitable to turn over your old flames to we unfortunates. Let's see: There's the wealthy Mr. Cassell—well, I've always heard it said, 'Money talks,' but it must have failed to talk this time—or were you deaf? How could you, Nell?"

"Good character is property. It is the noblest of all possessions. And, Daisy dear, you will not deny that the simple, earnest and happy lives of these our friends, whom it is our greatest delight to visit each year, strongly emphasize the fact that wealth is not necessary to true happiness. Bacon said, 'Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayst get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and leave contentedly.' I cannot rid myself of the feeling that people of such character are the *very* happiest people."

"Well, putting aside shadowy, earthy acquisitions, why do you find it in your heart to drop that charming, cultured Prof. Denton? He's not overburdened with riches."

"Riches do not, universally, prove an obstacle to happiness, but that they frequently do, cannot be disputed. As to culture, true, it is embellishing, but after all, 'tis but outside polish, like the nickle-plate on the stove, while love is the heat that emanates therefrom."

"Ha, ha! 'Open confession's good for the soul,' but I've still a parting shot: Let it be a warning. People will go anywhere barefoot to *preach* their faith, but must be well bribed to *practice* the same."

"Daring Daisy! You count on the mantle of friendship covering your wicked, wayward thrusts, and as your willful ways have most generally carried the day, you expect to come off victorious. From lack of experience, I decline to discuss your last assertion, but I am willing that Mr. Brown shall represent my side, and as here he

comes, you may as well gird on your armor."

"Mr. Brown, can you not testify in behalf of what I am trying to uphold?"

"If such support as you are capable of giving fail, of what avail will mine be, Miss Nellie?"

"I expect to decide the matter by throwing the weight of your experience in the balance."

"All right; if I've ever had the experience wanted, you are welcome to it."

"It's not exactly the experience that is wanted, but the lessons learned from it. We were discussing riches and happiness. Are the former necessary to the latter?"

"Not a bit of it, not a bit of it. The happiest days have been those when we were compelled to rustle for a living. The only wealth needed is health. It would be difficult to imagine more poverty-stricken people than we ourselves have been. One-half the family confirmed invalids, and the other half much broken in strength through constant work and worry attendant upon the necessary care of their patients. I used to tremble and grow sick with nervous fear lest our dearest guardian angels would be completely crushed beneath their burden. And to know that the weak were compelled to assume and fill the position which rightfully belonged to the strong, *this* was the most severe trial of all. But courage conquers all things—it even gives strength to the body; and the heroism displayed by wife and daughter inspired Eddie and I with hope, and with hope came a new lease on life; and as cheerfulness and health mutually beget each other, we grew in strength until it is difficult to believe we are the same persons. Now as to our happiness, I leave you to judge. The whole of it is, not what we *have*, but with what we are *contented*. Really I suspect a greater percentage of true hearts beat beneath jeans than beneath broadcloth, and

who will contend but that love and peace in a cottage is preferable to strife and turmoil in a castle?"

"Oh, Mr. Brown, do stop long enough to catch your breath. Now if you will not admit wealth to be a necessity, you will at least submit that it is a great convenience," triumphantly claimed Daisy.

"Not always; wealth of a necessity must be accompanied by manifold cares. Its possessor knows not at what moment it may take its flight. The methods of transfer are as numerous and perfect in action as are the means of all modern transportation. Out of this knowledge is born anxiety, and the mind compelled to be anxious about the future is miserable. 'Tis impossible for riches to always bring contentment, but contentment brings riches—health, health of body and mind."

"Granted you are as *poor* as you desire to be, do you never have any gray days? I would be willing to endure almost any phase of poverty you might trump up, provided it was accompanied by a guarantee of freedom from them."

"Yes, indeed, Daisy, we've had them; but we were not slow in finding out we could ill afford them. Experience taught us that it was of the greatest importance to cultivate the most buoyant frame of mind which our circumstances would admit. More especially was this impressed upon us in those threatening days when Father and Eddie were such great and constant sufferers. 'Twas then we learned that the power of good spirits is a matter of great moment to the weak and sick, be their ills of mental or physical origin," said Jessie Brown.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown, am I at last on the eve of finding a friend and advocate? Now Mama often tells me I shall drive her wild when I am in one of my high-flying moods, but I tell you I feel like I shall go wild when my spirits take a downward swoop."

"You are right; mental influences

greatly affect the system, and joyous spirits not only relieve pain, but increase the momentum of life in the body. Many a life and limb has been saved by moral courage. Eddie can witness to that fact."

"Yes, I can never forget how those doctors would swarm around me morning after morning, with faces as long as yard-sticks. Why I sometimes felt nervous lest they would trip up on their own chins, and they never stocked up with anything except the worst. 'Come off it *should*, and come off it *must*!' always the same song without variations. But I tell you little mother's face was just as unvarying as theirs, and it told a different tale. Every passing expression bid me hope. And I must have inherited some of the God-given inspiration, for that, and the idea of piece-meal burial being distasteful to me, saved my limb."

"And tell all of it, Eddie, or I will for you—its usefulness was restored to him through the instrumentality of the bees."

Interrogative glances expressive of awe, wonder and unbelief, were rapidly exchanged between the visitors.

"Oh, you needn't wonder," said Essie. "Mother's faith in bees is of the kind that removes mountains."

"Unbelievable as it may appear, it is strictly true. His physicians could never agree as to the exact nature of his trouble, and after several attempts to name it, they finally were inclined to pronounce it rheumatism. Youth and elasticity of temperament being with him, he battled bravely with disease. Still he was compelled to use a crutch. I think all of us had given up that it would be a life-time companion. One afternoon when all but him were away at the out-apiaries, he having been left at home on account of a more than usually severe spell, he thought he would examine some of the supers to see if we were getting behind in the extracting, for the bees were pushing us. He did

not use smoke, and the bees resented this undue familiarity by settling on his hands and arms, and stinging him without mercy. But the most curious thing about it is that he always claims he did not feel them stinging him."

"And there were dozens of them putting in their best licks," said Eddie. "I remember thinking how beautiful they were. I thought I never saw them look such a bright golden yellow, and I smiled contemptuously at their puny but undeniably wrathful resentment. I gently replaced the tops, and beat a quiet and peaceable retreat; came into the house and set to work to rake out the stings, all the while wearing the smile of contempt, and pitying the poor deluded bees. That day marked my last remembrance of rheumatism; and with relief from pain, came growth and development and strength."

CHAPTER VIII.

UNEXPECTED OPENINGS.

When these visitors returned to their city homes, they each took a case of honey to present to some friend. In this way the honey from "The Nest" became famous. Its appearance went a long way in selling it, but many an equally beautiful and honest lot of honey failed to reach the figures which that bearing the Brown brand usually brought. For once, "What's in a name?" might have been answered, "Two to three cents per pound."

One or more members of the family would accompany each consignment, and often succeeded in securing a choice place to display the goods. Essie developed a most decidedly artistic taste in the arrangement of shipping cases, glass jars of extracted honey, to the best advantage. It grew to be an absorbing study with her; she even dreamed some of the plans which afterward became realities. "Castles in the air" she called them, but they proved to be

altogether too material for that appellation. The artistic piling drew the attention of passers-by, and many a purchase was made because of its having been the work of a woman. The wonderful ingenuity, as well as originality of design displayed, led to offers from merchants in other and decidedly different lines of business. "Wind and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators," and here was no exception. Essie soon found herself so flush with orders for the new work she decided to give up teaching. The Browns had grown to fully recognize the importance of the wheel in working out apiaries, and now Essie was enabled to board at home through its use.

These evenings at home were very happy as well as valuable, as plans were discussed, suggestions freely offered and as freely accepted, and the retiring hour always arrived all too soon. The daily news was usually read aloud, and one evening toward the close of the year, the following advertisement chanced to catch Eddie's eye. He read it aloud:

"LOST--On east side of Main, between 6th and 9th, a plain brown pocketbook about six inches long. Contains papers of great value to the owner, who will divide equally with the finder the cash contained in the pocketbook. Should it be returned to 2628 Penn Ave."

"How is that for an offer, Essie? Now suppose you find that pocketbook. Between 6th and 9th! Why, 715 is right where you will work tomorrow."

"Small chance there would be. I fancy every inch of space between 6th and 9th has already been carefully gone over. The keen-eyed, sharp-witted newsboys have left no stone unturned." With this remark the subject passed from their minds.

715 was occupied by a hustling drug company who had resolved on a fine window display for the holidays. Knowing the day's duties to be arduous, on the morrow Essie stood at the front of 715, ready to enter at the first swinging open of the doors. Soon she was

deeply absorbed in working out the plans of her dreams. Someone has said, "To wish is of little account; to succeed, you must earnestly desire, and this desire must shorten thy sleep."

In moving some of the many small boxes, there fell to the floor a small dark-looking object. She stooped to replace whatever it might be. Consternation seized her. She almost cried out, for there lay the pocketbook described in the 'ad.' As quick as brain could act she realized that she was responsible for its safe deliverance to the owner. Hastily writing an apologetic note to account for her absence to her employers, she was in a very few minutes speeding her way to 2628 Penn Ave.

The distance seemed longer than she ever before had thought, but in less than twenty minutes from starting-point she stood in the presence of a smiling gentleman who wore a business-like air, and who presented her with a card bearing the name:

RALPH RALSTON.

She briefly stated her errand, at the same time reaching him the lost pocketbook, and turned to go amid profuse exclamations of gratitude.

"Excuse me, but you've forgotten something. Was there not a reward offered?"

"The pleasure of duty performed, and your gratitude just expressed, are a sufficient reward, thank you."

"Then if the performance of duty constitutes a reward, I insist on having my reward at once; beside it is your right and duty, as I discern you insist on a proper respect for duty, to know you have turned over the lost property to none other than its owner. Pray be seated; I shall detain you but a very few moments. Excuse me, but I draw the inference you are not acquainted with the contents of your find?"

"Sir!" the tone, the quick flash of the eye, the hot flush which instantly suffused the face, were more eloquent and expressive than words, but she quickly brought her wounded feelings under command and sought to conceal the hurt. "Of course, sir, I had forgotten we were strangers, but I beg leave to state, sir, that my parents taught me to 'touch not, taste not, handle not,' that which belonged to another."

"I crave a thousand pardons. Believe me, I was not so stupid but that my perceptive faculties telegraphed to me that I was in the presence of a lady, but being somewhat acquainted with the world, I happen to know some who

honestly and sincerely think themselves ladies, who would not hesitate on a tour of inspection had they been placed in your position. Now, with your consent, we will proceed on one in company." First he produced therefrom a card which was a duplicate of the one already presented. Then some notes that were made payable to Ralph Ralston. "But you are interested in these papers insofar as they identify only. Now as to the cash, I will state it contains over \$700, half of which is yours."

"Oh, sir, I must be going. I could not think of accepting such an amount for so small an act of courtesy. I am compelled to bid you good morning, sir, as my time is much needed," and she hastily rose to go. With a profound bow he accompanied her to the outer door and saw her mount her wheel, and she was away. "A little sprite," commended he to himself, "for surely it was a spirit and not a mortal. I declare I'm tempted to embrace spiritualism. Come to think of it, though, spirits don't ride wheels. Ha, ha! She seems to think this ends the matter; has had her say, and how high she carried her head. Well, I didn't want a scene, and I was just forced to humor her."

Essie was a very happy girl as she returned. Happy that she had been of material service to a fellow-creature. "Such a nice-appearing and kind man, too—so profuse in his thanks. Won't the folks feel proud?" and with lightened heart, brain and fingers assumed the greater activity, and true to her contract she completed her task on time. Just as she stepped down for the last time, who should she see waiting to speak to her but her morning's acquaintance?

"I very much desire, since you refuse to be rewarded for honesty, that you deliver this package to your father. I find I know something of him. I could send it otherwise, but thought anyone so true as you would be perfectly safe to trust."

"Oh, yes, sir, thank you;" and amid showers of compliments on the brilliant and artistic creations of that day's work she started for home.

"Few young women like that, healthy in body and brain," emphatically asserted her new friend to her employer.

"Lucky for her, as brains and fingers are her only capital; but I tell you she can instantly command them and put them to good use."

"Yes, she is evidently making a success of life, and is one of many exam-

ples which demonstrate that the very best training one can get in the world is the uplifting effect of struggling against adversity."

"Yes, it is true that the graduates from the school of adversity are hard to keep down. They *will* rise, and most generally reach the top rounds."

The shades of night enveloped Essie ere she reached home. Dismounting, she ran in and found the tea table spread for them to gather around.

"How gladly I hailed our light. I saw it when it showed a mere speck, and then it grew larger and larger, shining true and steady, as if resolved to encourage me, and telling me I was nearer and nearer home. I fell to humming, 'nearer home, nearer home,' but changed to 'There's a light in the window for thee.' It was there for me, was it not, darling Mama?"

"Yes, dear, I cannot help feeling just a little nervous until you are safe within the fold."

"Papa, there's a package for you from a gentleman who claimed he knew something of you. I believe he said something about being a friend. But let's have supper; I am just famishing."

"Thought him worth remembering, then. Open it up, Pa. Maybe he wants to come and stay long enough to learn the bee business, like the fellow who boarded with us three weeks and then skipped. The bee business was nothing for him to learn. Had it all in a nutshell before you could hardly say 'scat!' What a pity all men are not born smart. Here we've plodded along for several years, and I feel just like a beginner. The more we learn, it seems the more there is to learn. Father, do you reckon we will ever reach the end?"

"What end, Eddie, the end of perfection? Not in this life.* Always and ever there are higher attainments almost within our grasp, and we are impelled by nature to reach out after them. This is in accord with the great plan of our Creator, and it seems to have been so arranged to bring out all there is in man."

Essie had all along delayed telling of her day's experience until after the tea-table had been cleared, but no sooner was this accomplished than her father said:

"And now we will see what this friend wants or what he has to say. It must be that the world is awakening to our financial rising, and recognizing it, as few old friends seek out a man who is down. Heigho! What's this? A First National blank check book, and here in gilt letters the name, 'Miss

Essie Brown,' and a credit of \$370.00. Essie, child, what does it mean?"

"Oh, Father," was all poor Essie could articulate, and burst into tears. But Eddie was fast reading to the astonished group how the money came to be deposited in Essie's name. Even though she had refused to accept it, hers it was, as Ralph Ralston had said.

"Well you are a very good little girl," cried Eddie. "Didn't I tell you to do that very thing? and didn't you say you couldn't? Don't ever again say you cannot after this." Even though the parents slightly demurred, he was wild with delight. At last Essie came to the relief by saying:

"Perhaps it is strictly a god-send, Father, as you always regarded the bees; for if it so happens we *do* keep it, I shall turn it over to Eddie to enable him to complete his medical course."

"Oh, no, little sister, the bees have come in one ahead of you on that score. Do you know, honey has advanced a cent, and the supers we handled today are so much better filled than we anticipated. Really, Essie, it shall remain in the bank as a nuclei for you."

"But if I am forced to own it, of what value is it unless in use?"

"Just listen! she doesn't propose to tie it up in some old stocking and hide it away. Well if you want to lend it, so as to be getting interest, and are not afraid to trust your brother, he's your man. Father, I fear your oft-repeated assertion that the bees have made us all we are, is in danger of falling short of the whole truth."

"Not much danger, Son. Had not Essie's ingenuity been developed as it was in the arrangement of the honey, I doubt very much if it had ever been discovered. Her work there indicated to her the material upon which she had to draw. That she has been so very successful, we have to be thankful; and my prayer is that she may yet discover much hidden wealth—not that which someone has lost, but that which lies within herself. Not long since a poor woman wailed to me, 'There is no room in this world for the poor; I do not see why they are born.' 'Born to rise,' I replied. To rise financially and intellectually. Nature has given to all mankind the privilege of being happy if they can but learn the use of her gifts.

'Heaven is not gained by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise.
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.'

(To be concluded in our next).

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EDITORIAL:

THE - PROGRESSIVE - BEE-KEEPER,

A Journal devoted to Bees, Honey and Kindred Industries.

TERMS: Fifty cents per year, in advance.

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

W. E. PICKETT, of Omaha, Neb., was a friend in Manila, coming home soon, who is collecting *apis dorsata* queens which Mr. Pickett will attempt to introduce in this country.

TRADE at this date is holding up, and we have been compelled to run over time for the entire season. It looks now as though we will be obliged to run fifteen hours a day for a few weeks longer. As a rule, goods are going out within three or four days after we receive the order. We are all pretty well tired out, and will be glad when we get down to the ten hours a day work again.

WE are sorry to say we are unable to furnish any more Cormac section presses at present. The manufacturer, Mr. Cormac, writes: "I am entirely out of presses, and castings for them, and am unable to procure any anywhere, as the mills all seem to be behind on orders."

80 COLONIES OF BEES DESTROYED.

We are in receipt of the following from Mr. T. F. Bingham, of Farwell, Mich., under date of May 15:

"Presuming if railroad sparks set apiaries on fire sometimes when near them, that perhaps you would like to know of it when it does happen, I will say that 80 of my colonies went up in smoke, Thursday, May 11. But our system of waterworks and the efficient firemen saved all my other buildings. My shop, as you know, is in the business part of town, so was out of danger. T. F. BINGHAM."

While sorry to learn of Friend Bingham's misfortune, we are glad the loss was not even greater.

THE Senate Pure Food Committee met in Chicago recently, and on May 12, Bro. York, of the American Bee Journal, was put on the witness stand, and told in a masterly way the woes of bee-keepers. We take the following summary of his testimony from the Chicago Evening Post: Concerning the adulteration of honey, he said it was not the bee-keepers who were doing it, but the jobbers almost exclusively. The practice is carried on to an alarming extent. The only adulterant that he knew of that was being used was glucose, not particularly injurious to health, but the fact that the jobbers resort to fraudulent methods shows some legislation is needed to protect bee-keepers. Adulteration is solely for pecuniary purposes. Glucose is worth 1c a pound, while pure honey in liquid form is worth 7 or 8c. Only in the liquid form is there adulteration; honey bought in the comb is usually reliable, as it cannot be successfully imitated. Some jobbers put comb in a glass jar, and pour glucose over it. This itself is proof of adulteration; no true bee-keeper puts honey up that way. A whole colony, to which it was attempted to feed glucose, died—bees will not eat it. No preservatives were used in honey; it often granulates, but nothing is done to prevent this except to extract honey from comb and market it in this form. One of the adulterators said honey put on market for his customers contained $\frac{2}{3}$ glucose and $\frac{1}{3}$ pure honey—was really glucose adulterated with honey. The only aid bees are given in making honey is a base that is furnished for the combs. These are placed in the middle of the cell, and help the bees, and likewise aid in having tiers of cells built straight. These bases are made of pure beeswax. Paraffin and beeswax had been mixed and experimented with, but the former was too susceptible to heat and would not answer at all. Other bee-keepers corroborated Mr. York's statements.

A \$45 fire which might have been a \$30,000 or \$40,000 one, was started recently in one of the Root warehouses by an electric starting box that is used to start a small electric motor that runs one of their warehouse elevators. The fire was discovered by a boy passing through the building after closing hours, and was extinguished with a few buckets of water before it did much damage. We are pleased to learn that the loss was no greater, for had the fire

gotten beyond control it would have consumed a large lot of manufactured supplies and lumber, and no matter how well insured, fires at bee hive factories at this season of the year are expensive, as it works a hardship on customers who are waiting for their supplies.

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.

ON account of a rush of work incident to preparing for a large honey crop, as well as a number of other imperative duties, "Somnambulist" has asked for a rest from his labors as correspondent for a few months. We believe this is the first issue he has missed contributing to since his first article for the PROGRESSIVE some six years ago, and we are sure our readers will be glad to hear from him again when that first good harvest of honey for years is gathered and stored.

FENCE separators and no bee-way sections are not having the boom it was intended they should have. They have many disadvantages, and following are a few of them: They cannot be used without separators, and there are many small bee-keepers who do not use separators at all, as they only produce honey for home consumption. I know some will think that this class of bee-keepers should be compelled to buy separators so that they will produce a smoother article of honey, and should be compelled to pay 10c more per hive and take separators, yes, even expensive separators. Again, there are those who have for years used nothing but 7-to-the-foot sections without separators, and they are doing it with marked success. We purchased a carload of honey last year in Colorado, put up in 7-to-the-foot sections without the use of separators. It was as fine-looking a lot of honey as I ever saw, and it brought on the Kansas City market one-half a cent more per pound than other carloads that came in at the same time from other alfalfa fields where separators were in general use. We

sold during the past winter 500,000 7-to-the-foot bee-way sections to be used in the alfalfa fields of Colorado, and the most of them will be used without separators. Another detriment to the plain section is that you must have expensive cleated separators that cost four times as much as our present sawed separators. Here are the figures for it:

Plain sawed separators, per 100.....\$ 35
Fence separators, per 100..... 1 35

Another very expensive drawback. It is stated by those who have had some experience with the plain sections that they cannot be shipped without separators between the rows of sections, and there must be a follower board and wedge to each shipping crate, the same as are used in a bee hive to key them up with, for if the sections all fitted snugly in the crate, they could not be lifted out with the fingers like sections with bee-ways, but would have to be dumped out of the crate all at one time. Under the same management and conditions I do not think they will be filled any better than other sections, as some have claimed. In speaking on this subject in a recent issue of Gleanings, Editor Root has this to say:

"Under like conditions, plain sections will be filled no better than bee-way sections, and if there are any of my remarks that can be construed otherwise, I desire to repudiate any such construction as emphatically as I know how."

If they will not be filled any better "under like conditions," I see no use of changing to them, but if any of our friends wish to try a few, we have 80,000 of the 4½x4½x1½ No. 1 "no-bee-way" sections—50,000 are at our Omaha branch and 30,000 here. The price until this lot is closed out will be \$2.25 per thousand. Address, Leahy Mfg. Co., Higginville, Mo., or Omaha, Neb. Separators to go with these sections, \$1.35 per 100.

Fruit Bloom.—Since fruit trees have been in bloom, the weather has been so cool, cloudy and rainy, with ice forming nearly or quite one-fourth inch thick on some nights, that most of the time bees have gathered very little honey, and as bees at this time of the year consume large amounts of honey in brood rearing, many colonies will run short of stores, unless fed, before white clover furnishes a supply. All colonies should be looked after when fruit bloom fails to give a good supply of nectar, and those short of stores should be fed by setting in frames of sealed honey if we have them; if not,

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 a few pounds of sugar syrup will answer, and if fed now will pay the bee-keeper in large returns in a short time. Use the first time syrup made from granulated sugar, when a syrup made of cheaper sugar can be used as the bees learn to take it. This year is the first time I ever noticed the plum, cherry and apple trees in bloom at the same time.

Discolored Combs.—I see that there is much being said in some of the bee papers regarding how the combs of honey in some sections are discolored or "travel stained," as it is sometimes called. We have been accustomed to think that such discoloration near the bottom of the combs of section honey came from the bees taking dirt from the brood chamber below on their feet and leaving the same on the nice white combs of honey as they traveled backwards and forwards through between the combs. And because the "travel stain" was greatest in hives having much old and black combs below, it was thought that the dark color from these combs was taken up on the feet of the bees and left on the cappings to the honey in the sections. But it now appears that such is not the case at all, but that the bees take bits of wax from these old combs and incorporate it with the white wax being secreted from which the combs are mainly built, and that it is this *incorporation* which gives the dark appearance to the combs in the sections, rather than travel stain. I quite agree in this conclusion, for I have had combs built scores of times between old combs in the brood chamber when fully one-half of the wax they contained was that taken from the old combs each side of the one being built. While I agree to this part, I also believe there is such a thing as "travel stain," or something of the kind, for I have yet to see a single section of honey which has been left on the hive three weeks after it was finished that was as spotless snow-white as it was on completion; and if left on two months it is discolored to a sufficient extent to throw it into a lower grade when putting up for market.

'Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel.'

—Bro. Williams is just as sure that he is "conversant" with all the things written in the bee papers of the past as he is that he did not even "feel the wind" from the "shot" I fired at him regarding queens laying in queen cells,

as he tells us in the May PROGRESSIVE. He is perfectly sure that my assistant was mistaken in seeing a queen lay in a queen cell while I held the same in my hand, which sureness tallies with his accurate conversancy of what has been written in the past. Where I gave the account of what my assistant witnessed, I also told how I had looked in that queen cell just a moment before to see if there was an egg in it, and found *none*, and immediately after the assistant said, "There, she is through laying," I turned the comb, saw her on the side of the queen cell, and upon looking in this cell there *was* an egg in it. But whether conversant with these facts in history or not, Bro. W. casts them all aside as amounting to nothing beside his placing a frame behind a queen excluder and finding a larva and an egg in two queen cells 48 hours later. Say, Bro W., did even *an assistant* see the bees put that larva and egg in those cells? "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel." If Bro. W. was as "observant" as to what there was in those queen cells when he put them behind the queen excluder as he seems 'conversant' with what has been written in the past, there might have been eggs in them laid there by the queen before he placed them behind the queen excluder. But hold on! I see Friend Williams does not say that he even looked in those cells to see whether there were eggs in them or not before putting them between the queen excluders. This is what he says: "'Bro. W.' on one occasion saw this proceeding [the queen crawl over a queen cell] and immediately marked this particular cell, put a excluding zinc down in the center of the hive, shook the queen off on the other side of the excluder, put another excluder over the frames so she could not crawl over, put the top on and awaited the results." And the result was just what would have been expected where the queen had laid in one of the cells four days previous and one day previous in the other. And after his saying that both myself and assistant were mistaken in what we saw, he will excuse me for believing that there were eggs in those cells when he set the comb over behind the excluder, especially when he does not tell us that he knew to the contrary. This faulty experiment seems to have been to him all conclusive proof that queens do not lay in queen cell, while what I and my assistant *actually saw* is no proof at all toward convincing him that they *do so*

lay. Under these circumstances it will be useless to try further toward his conversion.

Destroying Foul Brood by Boiling.—There seems to be some doubt now as to the germs of foul brood being killed by simply bringing honey to the boiling point, some being sure that 3 or more hours' boiling are required to render honey from a foul broody colony safe. Well, I am no scientist along this line, but if such is the fact, I would like to know why my bees did not contract the disease again after this happening: A large quantity of such honey from foul broody combs was placed in a tin vessel over the stove to "scald," [that was thought to be all that was necessary in the early seventies] when company came and Mrs. D. was called away from the kitchen while I was out in the apiary. This was in the evening. Returning to the house I found the honey nearly one-half run out of the vessel, all over the stove, floor and carpets, from suddenly rising to the boiling point when no one was there. I took what had not run out from the stove as soon as possible, and when Mrs. D. returned, there was one discouraged woman I assure you, for nearly one-fourth of the kitchen floor and carpets was just floating in honey. What to do we did not just know, so left it as it was till morning. The morning was very warm and the doors and windows were left open. Mrs. D. was again called away, and on her return so many bees had found the honey that she did not know what to do, so she called me from the field. When I reached the house, I told her that we were out of a kitchen for one day but I guessed we could afford to have it that way, inasmuch as this would solve the matter of cleaning the floor and carpets. As it was at a time of scarcity of honey, that room was a sight to behold a half hour later, for it seemed to me there were as many bees as would be in ten swarms in that room, and going to the apiary it showed that nearly every colony was partaking of the "feast." Well, the result was that *not a single colony* contracted the disease from this honey. Such being the case, and thousands of colonies being cured by having "scalded" foul broody honey fed back to them without their ever having the disease again during the years between 1850 and 1890, how does it come about that honey needs boiling in the year of our

Lord 1899, three hours, in order that it may be safe to feed? I should like to hear from the "three hours' boiler" advocates by way of explanation.

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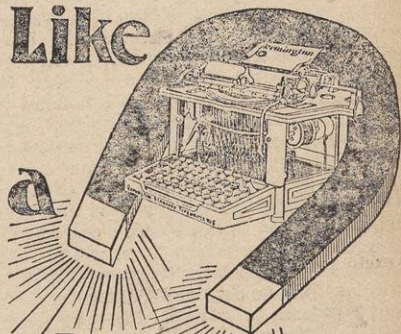
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Superior Stock.

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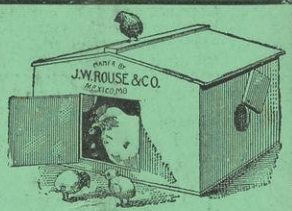


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