

and Wyckoff and their wives. It was a pleasant and profitable meeting.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

—From Waterford Star.

What Has The Harvest Been?

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I would like to state through the C. B. J. what the honey harvest has been so far as I have been able to gather, also some of the lessons we may learn from the season just past. Taking it as a whole the honey crop has been considerably below the average. In some localities we hear of fair crops, but in the majority of cases the reports seem to indicate about one third of an average crop, or in other words about thirty pounds to the colony, spring count. In most of the reports mention is made of the amount of swarms that have issued, which is generally the case when honey is coming in steadily but slowly. I think the shortage of the crop is due in the first place to the drouth of last season killing off the clover and then the extreme drouth of of the present season. This reminds me of what an old box hive bee keeper used to say years ago, it was this: if you want to see the honey roll in we want to have plenty of wet and heat. We have had the heat minus the wet this season. In this section clover was almost an entire failure. Basswood done better than it has for the last three years. It is very seldom that detestable weed, wild mustard, is good for anything, but our bees gathered quite a lot from it this season. The honey from it is a little dark and not so good flavored as that from clover or basswood, but is superior to buckwheat or goldenrod honey. It came into bloom about the middle of June and the bees worked on it until basswood opened.

Well, what are the lessons to be learned from the past season? I think one of the most prominent of them is that we demand a good price for the honey we have. I don't mean by this that we should ask exorbitant prices, for that would be unreasonable in this time of depression, especially when nearly everything else is selling so low, but we will have no occasion to rush our honey on the market and take any price that is offered for fear some one else will get ahead of us and thus beat us out of some sales, a thing which is very often done, thus damaging the market for the entire season.

Another thing, supposing we haven't reaped an abundant harvest this season, don't let us get discouraged and soured at the business, but let us be more determined

than ever that we will put our bees in the very best shape possible for winter, and if we stick to our editor's motto, keeping everlastingly at it, we will most assuredly find success. It makes no difference what kind of business we go into we will find out that it has its poor seasons as well as its good ones, and we will as certainly have some good seasons and who knows but next season may be one of them. Another lesson we should learn is frugality. Barnum said in his lecture "How to make Money" be sure and spend a little less than your income each year, and put the balance out at interest. I suppose some of you will say that if we have to live on less than we get from our bees this season, we will be ready for the rag and bone man by the time another season rolls around. But what I mean is this, don't let us go in debt for anything unnecessary, and do with less cigars and other luxuries that you can do without, and if next season brings a good crop and fair prices, we will find that those things will taste far sweeter for having done without them during the present season.

JOHN MYERS

A Bee and Snake Story.

The boys went out deer hunting a few days ago, and Charles found some bees watering in a knot on a tree, and he traced them to their hive very soon, and found them in a small live-oak tree, scarcely larger than a common candy jar. The bees went in about three feet from the ground. Well, the boys were in a "bad box," as they call it. They had no smoker, nor anything that they could smoke bees with and they feared that if they left the spot without taking the bees, they would likely not find it easily again, as it is very thickly wooded. So when Willie came up, they concluded to tear the left pocket out of their pants (as they can best spare that one), and made a smoke, the moss and rotten wood being wet. They blew in smoke at the entrance, and cut the tree above and below the bees, put their coats in the ends of the chunk, and moss in the entrance, laid the treasure in the buggy, and brought it home and transferred it—a nice colony of Italian bees.

There was a snake about eight feet long that also lived in the tree with the bees. It was coiled right on the top of the combs, and the bees clustered all over it, and it seemed to be quite at home. The boys said it seemed to be a pity to break the poor snake up in the bee-business, but the temperature was too great for them, so they killed it and took its bees.—JENNIE ATCHLEY in American Bee Journal.