

Journal, the general testimony seemed to be that bees secreted about as much wax when fed on sugar as when fed on honey. It might be insisted, however, that when fed on sugar the bees had access to pollen at the same time.

Queer, that fashions prevail in bee-keeping as well as in ladies' dresses. There's the carbolic acid cloth to drive bees out of sections. In common use this long time in England, hardly known here, and practiced less. Same with Apifuge. On the other hand something will go into general use over here, and we'll wonder why they never touch it in England. I hardly know why I never tried the carbolic cloth, but if you'll promise not to tell I'll whisper in your ear that I make very little use of bee escapes. Haven't time. I never want supers of comb honey left out over night. Too risky. And by the way, if it should become generally known that supers of honey were standing around in apiaries with no bees to protect them, don't you suppose a good many of them would disappear before daylight. And when I go to an out-apiary I want to bring home the honey with me that day.

So in taking off supers I give a pretty heavy dose of smoke, and I think that drives down all the youngest and most of the other bees, then I pile up the supers five or ten high, put on the top a Lareese escape—I like that better than the little mosquito net tent of my own devising—and when I'm ready to go home the bees are all out.

In Selection for Breeding, p 346, all your markings seem to refer to the quality of the honey and not to the quantity. I hardly believe you can consider quality of comb honey of more importance than quantity, but it may make that impression. It may easily be, however, that up to a certain point, quality is of more consequence than quantity. For instance, if No. 34 gives 45 pounds of very choice honey that I can sell at 14 cents as readily as I can sell the 50 pounds of watery honey I get from No. 104 at 12 cents, then it is better to breed from No. 34 even though it gives less honey. for the better price more than makes up for the lesser quantity. But if No. 104 yields 60 pounds, then I'd rather breed from it, as the greater quantity will net me more, even at the lower price.

Marengo, Ills., U. S.

FAITH.

A solitary star can light
With loveliness the blackest night.
Hold fast to faith, and it shall be
A star in Sorrow's night for thee!

Autumn.

Sweet summer with her flowers has passed,
I hear her parting knell;
I hear the meaning fitful blast,
Sighing a sad farewell.
But while she fades and dies away,
In rainbow hues she glows;
Like the last smile of parting day,
Still brightening as she goes.
The robin whistles clear and shrill;
Sad is the cricker's song;
The wind, while rushing o'er the hill,
Bears the dead leaf along.
I love this sober solemn time,
This twilight of the year;
To me, sweet spring, in all her prime,
Was never half so dear.
While death has set his changing seal
On all that meets the eye,
'Tis rapture, then, within to feel
The soul that cannot die;
To look far, far beyond the sky,
To Him who changes never,
This earth, these heavens shall change and die;
God is the same for ever.—Sel.

Rhubarb and Honey.

Another most excellent vegetable that should be grown in your garden—since it can be had so easily—is rhubarb, or “pie-plant.” I do not recall another vegetable that is so useful, and so pleasant in a hundred instances. Nothing can be more healthy or enjoyable than pie-plant stewed with honey. The children love it, liberally spread on their big slices of bread! Incidentally, you save your butter. It not only tastes good, and nourishes well, but it is excellent to keep the stomach and bowels in natural condition. Jelly made from it rivals that made from currants or crab. By all means, can lots of it for winter's supply. Set out big roots this fall for next year's use.

Indeed, I look upon “pie-plant” as the poor man's orchard. It possesses all the good qualities of the fruits, beside some special merits of its own. When I visit farmers—I may come to take tea with you some day—and don't find plenty of this excellent vegetable in the garden, I know there is something wrong with their judgment.—Dr. Piero in A. B. J.

MURRAY, Aug. 20th, 1894.

Scales gained eight lbs yesterday and will go about the same to-day, also two swarms to-day.
C. W. Post.