

nectar in the open cells about the brood acts as a ferment to the best of honeys. I am a stickler for the finest, thickest honey that can be produced by the best management that can be brought to bear on the business. When my honey goes to a home customer, or to the city market, nothing but words of praise are ever heard spoken concerning it. The queen excluder enables the intelligent apiarist to manipulate his bees in almost any and every fashion, especially at swarming time.

DESTROYING* BEES.

These dyspeptic words have alarmed very many sentimental people besides "Uncle Gates." Just leave off these horrid words and manage your bees on the same principle that you apply to your domestic animals and you have all I have ever contended for. Brother Gates don't eat "starved animals." Certainly not, his selfishness dictates otherwise. There is a sort of refinement of cannibal cruelty in fattening a man, a brute, a bee, before you kill them. If it is a question of cruelty, the fattening process and feeling of the ribs to know when to lead the victim to the slaughter pen, is the keenest cut of all cruelty. If it is a question of suffering, I know of no more merciful way to dispose of bees, if you have a surplus, than to just leave them alone. That is nature's way of disposing of them intenseness of dearth. No brimstone match is necessary. A little cold, without food, brings on no dread roar of suffocation, but rather a sort of hibernation, attended with no suffering and no waking to suffer. Sometimes when walking among my hives in the winter, I am wont to say, "how many of these busy bees will live to ring out the glad hum when the elms bloom, and echo answers how many. It brings a pang to me to have to take the life of domestic animals for food or profit. But I contend when viewing the matter from Mount Consistency, that the man who can draw the knife across the throat of the fatted calf plays the part of a weeping hypocrite when he raises his hands in the attitude of an implorer of mercy when his neighbor destroys his bees for profit. Brother Gates being pressed between the ruthless jaws of consistency, attempts to show that I contradict myself in the figures \$4.12 and \$5.12. I had never noticed the discrepancy, and do not know who is to blame for it, the printer or myself. Very likely I was in fault. 32 sections, at 16 cents each, I believe makes \$5.12. Mr. Gates had the key to unlock the mistake if he wanted to do justice.

—G. W. DEMAREE.

Christiansburg, Ky.

Information Wanted By No. 2.

WHAT is a snidelawer? Will Mr. Heddon please answer? Who are the "pseudo-professional men and quack Doctors," possessed of "imaginary apiaries?" Where abide those "voluminous writers" who are well educated, possessed of literary ability and who write vigorously and learnedly," From whence come those "literary apiarists with vivid imaginations who possess everything but practical talent?" that Mr. Heddon professes to know, and whose names he would have expunged from the list of contributors to bee papers. I am curious to know who these clever intellectual people are. Will Mr. H. kindly inform me. I want to know because a kindly feeling towards my fellow men always wells up in my heart about Christmas-time, which finds its expression in good advice. I know it does one good to do good, and I am anxious to bestow upon those highly favored but mis-guided men a little of this cheap commodity, and warn them not to cast their pearls before—beekeepers any more.

Beeswax will be cheap and dead bees plentiful next spring. That Indian away back among the nickel mines should have sold his wax when Jones sent his pack mules after it.

Why is the Heddon hive like those "snidelawyers, pseudo-professional men and quack doctors?" Because its merits are patent, but not generally appreciated.

"Those beardless laddies
Who think they better are informed
Than their auld (scientific) daddies"—Hasty

Now, Mr. Hasty, this is altogether too hard on "the boys." You were a boy yourself once and you ought not to forget your boyish conceits. You know there is no time that a man knows as much as when he is a boy. You have no business to drag Aristotle and Galilio out of their graves and stand them up before our boy beekeepers as an example. Let the honored dead rest and our boys have their sway. Don't repeat those sages "assertions concerning physical phenomena" to those who know better. What did those venerable worthies know about physics anyway? To kill a man they had to drench him with hemlock tea. They knew nothing about homeopathy or one-price sections.