

of Scotland, the white or brown honey of Switzerland, or the far-famed Hymettian of Athens, I never tasted any so delicious as that of the orange-blossom honey of Jaffa, of which last year 30,000 lbs. weight was collected. This year, as with many crops of agricultural and other produce, there is a falling off in the supply, owing to the long, dry season of the district. Nevertheless, I was so impressed with the value of this article, and its new feature of industry, that I purchased 100 lbs. for distribution amongst my home friends and the connoisseurs in honey, and especially with the view to the opening of a new feature of commercial enterprise which the bee-farmers earnestly desired.

In addition to this interesting information relating to the orange groves, I learned from the same informant (to whom I have referred) that special colonies are now being planted in the plains of Sharon, and all round this old city of Jaffa. Four of these colonies have been established by the eminent bankers, the Rothschilds, who have bought lands and have built houses upon them, one of which colonies has been especially provided for, and is occupied by, poor Jews driven out of Russia. In other cases German settlers are located, and one colony in particular, at Sarona, on the Plain of Sharon, is appropriated to the keeping of cows for the supply of fresh and pure milk and butter to the inhabitants of Jaffa, thus realizing the old interesting ideal of a "land of milk and honey."—*Extracted from a letter in the Glasgow "Herald" signed THOMAS COOK.*

From the American Bee Journal.

### Eating Honey.

EDUCATING THE PEOPLE TO THE USE OF EXTRACTED HONEY.

FOUR years ago last June I began the keeping of bees, and since that time myself and family have not known what it is to be without honey in the house, and on the table—eating it almost three times daily during that period. We always ate and preferred it separated from the comb, and whatever I produced in the comb was sold to those who preferred it in that shape. I always considered them, however, more nice and particular in selection than sound and experienced in judgment, as to that which was best; for if comb honey is good, extracted honey is certainly better, and it requires but a brief trial in the case of the unprejudiced, to demonstrate the fact.

Let those who have been "wedded to their idols," so strongly as to eat nothing but comb honey, and who have been swallowing large quantities of the unpalatable and indigestible

stuff called "wax"—which, by the way, is only a receptacle for the pure nectar which is secreted in the flowers—discard it for a time and resort to the use of the pure, clear and clean article, known to the bee fraternity as extracted honey; and after using it three months, if they do not admit that their digestive organs have not improved, and they feel better, and it was the honey they were after, after all, I shall have missed my guess, and still be inclined to doubt their judgment as to that which is good. Let them try it and report.

It has been said before, and said so often that it scarcely needs repeating, that the leading objection to extracted honey, by those uneducated in the mysteries of the art of bee-keeping, is the fear and suspicion of adulteration.

"Tis pity; pity tis;  
And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Now if the consumers of the country (ignorant through no fault of theirs) were educated to the fact that there is no such thing as adulteration at the present time; that glucose, sugar and other saccharine substances formerly used to adulterate honey, cost almost as much as the pure nectar itself, and that those unscrupulous enough to do the mixing, could not make it a success from a dollar-and-cent stand-point (which is about the only thing that would induce them to engage in it), they would soon begin to think differently, and this blight—or curse—which was hung like a black-winged messenger of despair over an innocent fraternity for so long a period, would be at once dispelled, and its stead a new era be inaugurated in which that much-maligned, but never-to-be-praised article, *extracted honey*, would occupy its proper niche among the products of the hive.

The difference in the price of comb and extracted honey at the present time is too great, and it is due to no other cause than the suspicion of adulteration. Here in Kansas City comb honey is retailing for 25 cents per pound, while they retail just as good an article of extracted for 12½ cents. To come down to the real merit of the two—and it is by merit that we arrive at value—the extracted honey is worth the most, pound for pound; and when you buy a pound of extracted honey you get 16 ounces; but it is different when you buy a section of comb honey (it is sold by sections here). The retail dealer would always rather have a 24-pound crate that weighed only 22 pounds, than one of full weight, because in that case he makes two pounds of honey to the crate clear, besides his profit; so that when you buy a pound of comb honey you get about one ounce of wood, one ounce of comb and full one ounce short weight, leaving you only 13 ounces of honey.

Now why should 13 ounces of honey, because it is encased in comb and wood, bring as much in the market as 32 ounces of the pure nectar, thrown from the comb? Surely there is something wrong. And I cannot help thinking that much, if not all of the trouble, is due to the name—"extracted honey." The name is so closely allied with extracts, essences and various artificial compounds, that it is scarcely to be wondered at—though much to be deplored—that nearly nine-tenths of the people outside of the bee-keeping fraternity themselves, look with a suspicious eye upon the transparent nectar display-