

November 1862, for which he gave 500 guineas; Queen of beauty, red and white of April 1868, and Fairy Gem, roan, calved in May 1869. This heifer is twin to Fairy Pearl, which continues in the Killerby herd. The price of Queen of Beauty and Fairy Gem was 500 guineas. The three animals selected by Mr. Cochrane from Mr. John Booth's stock are from his Hecuba family, a very prolific and fine tribe. Lady of the Lake was by Knight Errant (18154). Queen of Beauty by the same bull, from Queen of the Glen by Nalasco (17443); Fairy Gem was by K. C. B. (26492), the son of Knight Errant and Soldier's Dream by Windsor (14913). Mr. Cochrane also bought at Killerby the roan heifer Milliner by Brigade Major (21312) from Lady Percy, bred by Mr. Sergeantson of Camphill. At Braithwaite, he secured a roan bull and a three year old roan heifer of very great merit; the former, calved on the 2nd of September, 1869, Booth's Marksman, by Booth's Kinsman (256.8), from Vernal Star by The Suttler (23961); the latter, Rosa Louisa, by Royal Booth (22772), from Rosa Sybilla, by Baron Booth (21212), grandam Rose Wreath by Windsor (1491.), great grandam Rose Garland by Baron Warlaby (7813). She is in calf to Regal Booth (27262), the Vesper bull sold a short time ago to Mr. Crosbie of Ardlett Abbey Tralee.

Besides the animals mentioned in the preceding article as sold to Mr. Cochrane, Mr. John Booth sold, to Mr. Miller of Canada, Gaiety, a roan heifer calved in August 1867, and got by Brigade Major, from Lady Georgina by Knight Errant; and Madam Booth, a roan calved in July 1867, and got by the same bull, from Vanity and Valasco. Mr. Beattie, moreover, purchased for exportation to Canada, Charns, a red and white heifer of April 1868, by Brigade Major, from Virtue to Valasco.

HUNTING WILD BEES.

The sequel to the going off of the bees in summer is the hunting of them in the fall. It is entirely worth the while to lose one of the later swarms, for the sake of the pleasure of looking for them after they shall have laid up their store of honey. Bee-hunting is the poetry of sport, and has a sufficient reward even if no tree be found. The rich, warm September days is the time chosen. The honey-yielding flowers are nearly all gone by this time, and the bees roam far and wide in quest of food. If the bee hunter has no previous intimation of the probable whereabouts of an escaped swarm, he begins operations in the vicinity of any large wood. His principal appliance is a small box with a glass lid, into which he nicely fits a piece of comb filled with honey. The first honey-bee he discovers leisurely probing some thistle-head in a remote field or on a hill, he gently sweeps into his box, watching its movements through the glass lid. The bee, at first alarmed, struggled to get out; but catching the smell of honey, forgets its captivity, and like a true Yankee determined to make the most of every mishap, falls to taking its fill. The box is then placed upon a stump or rock, the lid gently withdrawn, and the hunter steps back a pace or two to watch the bee take flight, which it does in about one minute—that is, as soon as filled with honey. Rising a few feet in the air, it circles around two or three times, takes its bearings, and strikes a bee-line for home. If it goes toward the woods or mountains, the chances are that it belongs

to a wild swarm, and the hunter eagerly waits for its return; if toward the settlement, or a farmhouse, another bee is procured and experimented with as before.

In case a bee cannot be readily found, the usual mode of proceeding is to heat a flat stone and burn upon it some refuse comb or honey. The scent will soon attract a bee, when it may be treated as above described. If the tree is anywhere within half a mile, the bee usually returns in about fifteen minutes, always accompanied by one or more of his fellows, to whom, by some mysterious language, he has communicated the secret of the box of honey. These fill themselves, and depart as before. Returning, they bring others, and these again bring others; and thus, in a short time a line of bees may be established. The hunter follows them into the woods and, keeping the direction, marks the trees for a long distance. In many cases he finds his prize without much farther trouble; but in as many cases he is obliged to cross-line them—that is, establish a second line at an angle with the first; where the two lines intersect each other, he may confidently expect his search to end. Changing his base of operations, therefore, to another field or hill half a mile or more distant, if the lay of the land permits, he seeks to line them as before, and thus determine the immediate locality of the tree. The tree is apt to be a large one, with top more or less decayed.

The finding of a wild swarm, however, is not so easy and simple a matter as it may appear to be on paper. In the first place, the hunter is much more apt to get hold of a hive-bee than the representatives of a wild swarm. This consumes time. Or, if he captures one of the latter without delay, it is not an easy matter, in the majority of cases, to establish a reliable first-line. A bee is a small object to follow with the naked eye; and then, the wind may cause it to deflect from its course, and thus mis-lead the hunter at the out-set. The native bee-hunters of Australia attach some white cottony substance to the bee, which not only retards its flight but makes it a more conspicuous mark for the eye. I have heard of our bee-hunters sprinkling the bees with flour for the same purpose.

But the most novel and ingenious device I have ever heard of, is the sprinkling of them with sulphur. A young farmer in one of the interior districts of the State of New York, who takes an occasional spare day to look up bees, writes me he has tried it with marked effect. It seems to enrage the bees, and set them in a perfect uproar; so that not only may they be followed through the air more readily by the sound they make, but the whole swarm is presently humming at a fearful rate. He says he has heard the uproar when twenty rods from the tree. And, contrary to what one might expect, instead of being driven away from the hunter's box, the bees come thicker and faster. The swarm is thoroughly waked up, and presently in the wildest state of excitement.

To get a sufficient base for the triangle, in most localities, is another difficulty when two lines have to be established; or, worst of all, the tree may be a mile or two away.

It is fascinating sport, however—the great bright days, the slightly hills and remote fields, and the eager search through the woods, with sharp scrutiny of the old trees.