

for me to even conceive how I could ever be well and happy again.

While the nauseated stomach rejects the most wholesome food, the patient knows all the time that this is only disease; but this knowledge not only fails to stimulate his appetite, but it seems to him almost impossible even to imagine how he can ever want to eat again.

Since my recovery, in the fall of 1887, I found that Dr. Prezinger's treatment had not been continued long enough to complete the cure; but as soon as the relapse was fully established, no persuasions of my family could induce me to submit to further treatment.

In revising this statement, I ought to correct what I said about there never being but one issue to an attack after its incipient stages were clearly developed. In the fall of 1853 I was as much depressed as I had ever been, when, by the kindness of friends, I was able to visit a brother who was residing in Matmoras, Mexico. While travelling by steamboat, railroad, and stage-coach to New Orleans—a journey which then occupied over a week—I recovered entirely before I reached that city, and had an unusually long interval of complete relief. Also on another occasion while greatly despondent, I was summoned, at the expense of one of the parties, as a witness in a suit at law, which had been brought against him for an alleged infringement on the right of another patentee. The entire change of scene, with all its many diversions, completely cured me. But for these instances I might naturally infer that time was the only remedial agency, and that the disease could never be arrested, but must always run its usual course.

Curing Foul Brood

MY friend, Mr. Cowan, on hearing me express, a few days ago, a profound belief in naphthol beta and naphthaline, asked me to put my belief on paper, and now Mr. Woodley thinks it "incumbent on those among the fraternity who have had the pest of foul brood, and have cured it and got free from it, to give their remedy." My experience then, I trust, may be of some service to others.

Three years ago my apiary was full of foul brood. I was foolish enough to transport my hives from Hertfordshire at great trouble and at great expense; far better would it have been to have made a good bonfire and burnt the rubbish which had accumulated with years. My Hertfordshire hives were tainted before they arrived in Essex; the disease soon spread, and several hives were badly affected. Some of these were

broken up and the combs destroyed. In the autumn all the hives not in use and everything in the bee-house were subjected to the action of sulphur. The value of this remedy has been taught me by my experience as a head-master. After a terrible attack in my house of scarlet fever, during which several pupils nearly lost their lives, application was made to the Medical Department of the Privy Council for their advice as to the best disinfectant. "Burn brimstone," was their answer, "in every room, and expose everything in the room to the action of the sulphur." That advice I have followed for many years, and have found it beyond all value. So, in the autumn of 1890, I sulphured every article in the bee-house. Salicylic acid was, of course, used with the food at all times. There were more traces of foul brood in 1891 than I liked. So, last autumn, I washed all my hives with the solution recommended in the Bee-keeper's Guidebook, exposed them all for twelve hours or more to the fumes of sulphur, as well as the combs about to be stored away for future use. These combs were all sprayed over or lightly washed with salicylic solution, tied together in bundles of ten or twelve, wrapped in paper, and a piece of naphthaline was wrapped up with them. All these things take time, but country parsons can find time for such things as a general rule, and bee-keepers, at any rate, must attend to them. Some pieces of naphthaline were put in every hive, and as soon as feeding began naphthol beta was added to the food. Foul brood was scarcely observable early in the spring of this year, perhaps because the bees were so very late in breeding. But the watchful eye of Mr. Hooker, in carefully going over every hive, detected an undoubted case, and I feel convinced that constant care will always be necessary here. Mr. Hooker put four small pieces of naphthaline into every hive, and I have not found any harm arising from what seemed to me an overdose. I should not, however, advise any one to put naphthaline into a hive with a new swarm. The persistency with which the bees bring out the smaller pieces of naphthaline whenever they get the chance, is a clear indication of their detestation of this latest "cure." The queen would probably leave a hive in which there was no brood, and in which the stench (to the bee) of a carbolic ball had to be endured. I remember a case in which poor Marshall (Mr. Neighbor's man) put some carbolic mixture on the sides of a hive in which a swarm was about to be placed but the bees very soon came out from their strongly-scented mansion, evidently preferring the open air. Care should be taken to use