

ween the North and the South, and declared it in effect to be the umbilicus of the Republic. Mr. Newman replied in suitable terms, nor did he fail to "spread the eagle" and show the beauty of its feathers. He can do it well. There were few present outside the adjoining states. The two Dadants were there. Both men are well known in the world of apiculture. Your readers who have not seen them in the flesh will have looked upon their shadows, and enjoyed their company in the quiet of their own homes, and bee-keepers yet unborn will number them among their companions.

I need not introduce Dr. Miller to your readers. He has a way of insinuating himself into their company that few men can follow. During the discussions it occurred to me that in his earlier days he must have been associated with that political party, yeopet "the know nothings." Be that as it may, Dr. Miller is as sensible and as level headed as he is an accomplished bee-keeper, brim full of good nature and good judgment. Kind and considerate, sociable and entertaining, half a dozen Dr. Millers would keep any meeting, however unruly it might be disposed to be, in good tone and in good temper.

Don't think that I am seeking admission into a mutual admiration society. I am impressed with the belief there is too much of this among bee-keepers when they meet in council to understand each others characters. I am simply giving expression to my own opinion of men and matters as I saw them at the convention.

President Taylor was on hand of course. I had formed an opinion of him when I saw him at Brantford a year ago. I thought him cold and deliberate, thoughtful and logical, scrupulously exact in everything he did and said. He is the last man in the fraternity I would have believed to be at all genial in company, but when I met him on my way home from Keokuk in company with a few others, I found my judgment greatly at fault. I discovered in him a warm heart and a genial, sociable disposition, hid away beneath an apparently cold exterior. How imperfect our estimate of peoples' character is when viewed from a distance.

The three editors of the two big bee papers across the line put in an appearance. Of these men I need say but little. I had met each of them once before. These leading lights of apiculture were little known to me when I first saw them. On further acquaintance I should say they are all three more men of action than of words. None of them took a prominent part in the discussions. Perhaps they were otherwise employed. Maybe policy dictate moderation in speech and action when in each others'

presence, and in the presence of each others' friends.

The list of celebrities is nearly finished. There is an old saying, "it would not be a show without Punch," neither would an International meeting be complete without Dr. Mason. He was there "as large as life," and as jolly as usual. But where will you find a big man who is not good natured and without egotism. It is your diminutive five-foot-four fellows who boil over with self conceit and self importance. A kind providence seems to have balanced accounts by endowing this class of men with a sufficient notion of their own importance to make up for their lack of stature. Dr. Mason assumed a fatherly control over the business of the meeting. He seemed to be a committee of one who undertook this delicate duty. Where it got its power deponent sayeth not. I have no recollection of its being selected by the meeting, or appointed by the president. But the Dr. was born to rule, and he sways the sceptre with dignity and efficiency.

The meeting was graced with the presence of several ladies, some of whom are well and widely known by their writings. Mrs. Harrison was there. It was the first time I had met her, and I was very pleased to have done so. Force of character, literary skill and business ability are the marked characteristics of Mrs. Harrison. Hers has been a busy and a useful life; but time is ploughing its furrows in her forehead. Her days of activity are drawing to a close. She told me she does not derive the pleasure she formerly did from these meetings, as her hearing is somewhat impaired. She is a strong, hale, well preserved woman nevertheless. In contrast with her well knit frame was the slender, delicate form of Mrs. Axtell, as she reclined in her invalid's chair. That she bears her infirmities with Christian fortitude and resignation is manifest in the benignant expression of her countenance. She is lovely and lovable in her face and in her feebleness. That she is blessed with a tender, sympathetic husband, one has only to look at Mr. Axtell and hear him speak (which, by the way, he does often, and always with pleasure and profit to the listener,) to be assured of it.

Of those present widely known but seldom met with I would particularize Mr. Eugene Secor, the sweet singer of "beedom," author of "Dot Happy Bee-Man," and other poems less humorous, and far more mentioned. Mr. Secor is a man in the prime of life, tall and straight, with an air of quiet reserve about him, not tactiurn, always bearing about with him the mein of a gentleman. Unassuming as he is, he