

A bare market and higher prices cannot fail to remind us of the anxiety we had last year as to the disposal of that crop. Had we been in less haste we might have enough of that crop left to fill up in a measure this year's shortage and have held up last year's prices to a paying basis. If honey is properly cured and stored it can safely be held one year, and in case the new crop is good the old crop could be disposed of first so that none need be more than one year old. By doing this the market would not be broken down as it was last year and so much time lost in building it up again as is now the case.

We have found too that where only one or two stocks of bees were kept that a fair average yield has been obtained and in a few instances the yield has been exceedingly large, thus proving not only the probability but the certainty of overstocking in such a season as this has been. Bees purely black have fared worse than the Italians and hybrids which proves the superiority of the latter races. When the drouth is universal and continuous but little can be done in the way of raising special crops for honey unless something can be found which will withstand drouth better than anything we have yet tried. Melilot, catnip and buckwheat have all failed alike this year. Extracting and feeding back for the purpose of keeping up breeding has been too burdensome to have found much favor with beekeepers in this locality. It might be made to pay however where the fall bloom could be relied on with perfect certainty. Some considerable honey dew has been gathered lately which may have a serious effect on wintering, otherwise I see no reason to apprehend great losses the next winter.

Orland, Indiana.

G. W. NEIMARDT.

From Gleanings.

A House-Apiary, and One that is Managed Successfully.

WITH a good deal of pleasure I had been contemplating a trip to the above apiary for some time, remembering a similar visit about two years ago. Blue-Point Apiary is owned by Mr. M. G. Young, of Brooklyn, N.Y., and is located at Highland, Ulster Co., N.Y., a beautiful village nestling among the hills that overlook the grand and beautiful river Hudson. To get to Highland from New York you have your choice of three routes, viz., West Shore, R.R., N.Y., Central R.R., and steamboat "Mary Powell." The latter was my choice, as I am passionately fond of sailing, and a brief respite from the dust and dirt of the city and its legion of railroads was a recreation of itself, and I appreciated it fully as I sat upon the deck and

drank in the delightful breeze that fanned our heated bodies, which were almost cooked by the long 96°-in-the-shade stretch of weather. But our bodies, being a good deal like the weather in our climate (very elastic), it did not take long to cool them off, and make us begin to feel a little uncomfortable the other way; however, this condition is easily remedied by simply walking inside the cabin, and accommodating yourself to a luxurious chair. This is just what your humble servant did, and spent the remainder of the steamboat part of the journey in admiring and studying human nature as it is phased among a promiscuous crowd travelling for pleasure on the Hudson River. I could write some very amusing notes of observation in this line, but it would be out of order in this article.

On taking a tour of observation now, I found we had gotten as far along as Newburgh; and being reminded by the inner man that it was time to attend to his wants, and that I yet had time before arriving at my get-off place to do so, I repaired to the lower deck, or cabin, where I found the required refreshments; and with an appetite made keen by the bracing mountain air, satisfied that inner man to the astonishment of my pocket-book.

Soon we arrived at Poughkeepsie, where I was to leave the steamboat and take (or let it take me) a small steam launch, or ferry-boat, and cross the river to Highland. Arriving at the dock, my good friend was awaiting me, and right glad I was to find him there; for the night was dark and the country strange, and his home some two miles from the river, necessitating a walk through the woods by path and road, up hill and down—mostly up; but following close to my friend Young, who seemed to be perfectly at home among these hills, we soon arrived at Blue-Point Apiary, the writer about "played out," and ready to seek the welcome cot, where we were soon ensconced, and, listening to the monotonous music of the katydid, we soon slept the sleep of the weary, awakening only when the light of the coming day shone into my room, and the sound of nature's orchestra falling upon my ears. I was soon into my clothes, and out enjoying the loveliness of the country, as only a city clerk can appreciate to the full.

After breakfast, a visit to my friend's pets, the bees, was in order. Mr. Y. is thoroughly a house-apiarist. He hasn't a colony outside of the house. He has two bee-houses, situated about half a mile apart, one accommodating about thirty, the other twenty. The hives are arranged inside in two rows, one on the floor, and the other about four feet above, and occupying two sides of the house, viz., south and east.