

their arboreal home they may enter the hive, and with ease we can let them down to *terra firma*. Of course it will be necessary to dig a pit deep enough to allow the pole to descend far enough for us to reach the hive. J. E. Pond, Jr. thinks it will hardly be a paying job. H. D. Cutting is not in favor of *cutting* the tree down if you cannot smoke the bees out, and advises that they be let alone.

We are not considering the question of letting bees alone in the top of a tree; we are showing how easy it is to get them out when you have a mind to. There is nothing, scarcely, impossible to him who is determined to succeed. Climbing the tree is the next question after you have settled the question of the presence of bees in the tree. If not too high, climb the tree, carrying with you the hive (where you do not use a pole) and all the implements necessary to drive out the colony—a smoker loaded with proper fuel a box or two of Oshkosh matches, a patch of sand paper sewed to the seat of your pantaloons, because a smoker will sometimes go out (the fire I mean). Have a wire attached to the smoker so you can hang it to a branch when not in use. You may need a veil, so you had better take one with you, for you cannot always be sure that the bees you are going to house in your “patent gum” are gentle. Don’t forget to take an auger along to bore the exit and smoker holes.

I imagine now you have reached the large limb, thirty, forty, fifty feet from the ground. It leans a little and the bees are seen hovering about the entrance on the under side of the limb. You have a rope which you throw over an overhanging limb and bringing the ends down make a swing that hangs just below the part of the limb inhabited by the colony you propose to hive. You climb down upon the swing, taking with you your hive, the brood-chamber only, and your auger. You set the hive across the rope, and placing your feet in the hive you have a convenient platform upon which to stand (after the manner of a rope walker.) Thus standing, you take your auger and bore a hole below and one above the cluster. Now, taking your match box and smoker you light your match and smoker and begin to drive the bees. The bees having observed your ingenious preparation for their capture at once acquiesce, issue from the upper aperture and go directly into the chamber which you hold in your left hand for their convenient entrance, while you use the smoker with your right. After the bees are all in the hive you hang up the smoker, tie a cord about the brood-chamber and lower it carefully to the ground; then sett-

ing down upon the rope you swing back and forth a few times and turn a few somersets, hang by one foot, then by another cord, let yourself down to *terra firma*.

How could any bee-keeper say it would be cheaper to buy bees than to take them for nothing from the tops of trees?

Another plan might be adopted, which may strike you as a little on the Hibernian order, but has been found to be quite successful, namely, to climb the tree, carrying with you a good handsaw. After you have reached the limb containing the colony, climb out beyond the cluster, and saw off the limb next to the body of the tree. The weight of your body aided by the attraction of gravitation of the earth, will cause the limb, and you and the bees to descend to the ground, where you can hive them when you “come to.” I think by carefully observing the foregoing directions any of our readers will be able to capture wild bees.

R. I. BEE-KEEPERS' SOCIETY.

A MEETING of the Rhode Island Bee-Keepers' Society was held yesterday afternoon at the rooms of the Domestic Industry Society, the President, Dr. C.D. Wiggin, in the chair. The first paper read was entitled:

“SOME EXPERIENCES OF A BEGINNER IN BEE CULTURE,”

by Mr. Nathan B. Lewis. The speaker related his experience from April, 1885, when he began the culture, up to the present time. His first colony were Italians in a movable frame hive. He fed them with a dish of sugar syrup, supposing it perfectly safe; but in a few days he noticed other bees about, and his own lying dead on the ground. He returned the hive to the man from whom he purchased and found all the honey robbed and that the bees had deserted. The second colony he fed inside the hive and had no more trouble with robbing. The speaker then described humorously the spread of the bee fever in his neighborhood, and his own headlong investments in all the appliances for bee-keeping. His colony sent out a vigorous swarm in May, which was successfully hived. His experience with a swarm of Albino-Italian bees was related; an ugly swarm, he called it, and as hard workers as he ever saw. But all was not success, and some of the discouragements of bee culture were depicted. The moth miller occasioned much