

is a splendid thing. When we talk about a living, we would better keep still.

Mr. Doolittle—You will excuse a little personal story. I was brought up a farmer. My father thought so much of me that he wanted to keep me with him. If there is any young man present, let me say to you, don't be fool enough to do it. I bought my father off. I earned \$600 working out, for I saw that I could barely make a living from the farm. I bought some bee-papers; I was up in my loft and I overheard father talking to a neighbor, and father said, "I hoped Gilbert would be a farmer. I have even prayed that he would fail in bee-keeping." The bees have bought everything that I have. They bought my home, and Mr. Abbott cannot drop it out, for it is there.

An Attendant—I do not own a foot of land, but I have some bees. The gentleman said that the place to keep bees is on the farm.

Mr. Doolittle—There are some great facts before us, and it is well to understand them. In 1877, a friend of mine and I went to New York with some honey. I told him that we were getting some cheap rides at six cents per mile. As we went to Canada afterward, I said, cheap riding at two cents per mile. But how did you get your money? With honey at 9½ cents per pound; and I measured that I was paying six cents per mile in Canada, and I figured that I was paying nine cents per mile in 1877. The little a man got 20 years ago is two-thirds less now.

Dr. Miller—I want to ask you, Mr. Doolittle, if your bees have averaged as much in the last 10 years as in other years?

Mr. Doolittle—Yes. In the first year of my bee-keeping life I secured 66½ pounds of honey per colony. I don't know as I shall ever see it again. This year was a poor year, but my bees averaged 185 pounds per colony.

After a song by Mr. Haenle, which was encored, the convention adjourned until 9 a. m. the next day, Sept. 6.

(To be continued in our next.)

This poem is the production of Hon. Eugene Secar and has been set to music by Dr. C. C. Miller. Both words and music are published in connection with the official programme of the meeting of the United States Bee-Keepers' Association held in Philadelphia.

THE HUM OF THE BEES IN THE APPLE TREE BLOOM.

When memory pictures the scenes of my youth,
And the farm where my childhood was spent.

The panthom of happy and innocent days,
Like a balm to my spirit is lent;
There comes to my senses a solacing dream
Of the orchard's sweet budding perfume,
And I hear soothing strains in the trees
overhead—

'Tis the hum of the bees 'mong the bloom.

CHORUS.

O the hum of the bees,

O the hum of the bees!

'Tis a melody sweet to my soul;

For it brings back the past, and its magical spell

O'er the care burdened present doth roll.

The curtain is lifted which separates me
From the hills of the charm'd long ago;
I stroll once again o'er the pastures and fields,

And I run in the woods to and fro.

I lie in the meadow, the sweet-scented grass

Vies with Araby's choicest perfume—
Above me the apple trees reach the blue sky,

And the bees rollic free in the bloom.

CHO.—O the hum of the bees, etc.

In the May-time of life, when the spirit is free,

O how near is the Heaven of rest!

It lieth just over the wall by the tree

Where the summer-kist apples are best;

And there in the spring-time, with promise of fruit,

The white-sheeted tree lends perfume

To tempt the young bees with the nectar from God

That's concealed in its life giving bloom.

CHO.—O the hum of the bees, etc.

The Philadelphia Convention.

The Progressive Bee-Keeper writes of the Philadelphia Convention:—"Some of the discussions were very spirited, but so far as I see, good nature prevailed throughout all. This was one of the very nice things about this particular convention. Bee keepers are quite apt to be "cranks," and to think that the way they see things is the only way that the thing can and ought to be."