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### The Bright Side.

"Such a lovely day!" exclaimed a young girl joyously, as she tripped into her aunt's home, one keen, sunny January morning.

"Yes, a regular weather-breeder; it will storm ere night."

The glow died out of the young face and she turned distrustful, apprehensive eyes skyward.

"This is weather to be thankful for," said one neighbor to another on that same morning.

"No use being thankful for what can't last, and we will pay for this later on."

"How are your children, Mrs. Brown?" queried a woman of a bright-faced young mother.

"Oh, as well as can be, thank you, Mrs. Clark."

"Well I hope it will last, but there is so much sickness among children now that if

they were mine I'd not take one minute's peace."

"But they all have good constitutions," the mother protested, but she threw a worried glance at the rosy trio frolicking about the room.

"That don't always count, and Death loves a shining mark."

"With all this sickness and expense we can never get through the Winter," wailed a sick, discouraged man.

"Oh yes, we will," came bravely from the lips of a wan but smiling woman. Plenty of people are worse off than we are and they'll get through it too."

"I don't know where you'll find them." "Why father, there are the Smiths, they have death 'nd—" "Well like as not we have yet." "We trust not, you and Sis are on the gain." "You'll be down by the time I'm up." "I guess not. I'm pretty stout." "And then there are the losses of the grain and pigs!" "But so long as