

He off threw his coat and went to the  
barn,  
And oiled his friend, the lawn mower;  
But as he started to run the machine,  
His wife appeared at the door.

"John, come here; I want you, dear,  
To split and bring in some wood,  
The stuff you brought in this morning is  
wet,  
And does not burn a bit good."

John took in the wood, some water also,  
And did several other chores;  
But what of the honey out in the can?  
Why, it was running, of course.

Now, John took hold of the mower again  
And started to cut the grass;  
But a board was there; he knocked it  
down,  
And broke a big pane of glass.

His wife heard the noise and ran to the  
door,  
To see what on earth was the clatter,  
But there was John mowing the lawn,  
As though nothing was the matter.

"Well, well," said his wife, "of all the  
men  
I ever saw, he's the limit;  
He'll smash the place to pieces yet,  
He'll hear from me this minute!"

John cut one swath around the lawn,  
Returning to the window;  
And when he got there, I do declare,  
His wife got off a lingo.

She wound up sending him off to the  
store,  
To get some putty and glass;  
But what of the honey down in the  
house?  
O, my! Alas, alas!

The can had been filled for over an  
hour,  
And still the honey ran out;

It had covered the floor and run through  
the cracks,  
There was an ocean of honey about.

But John fixed the glass and mowed the  
lawn,  
And started to paint some hives;  
He forgot all about the honey out there,  
He was thinking about cross wives.

Presently a lady came round where he  
was,  
She had a honey jar to fill;  
When John saw the jar, he remembered  
the tank,  
And it made him feel quite ill.

He dropped the jar and ran for his life,  
Down to the honey house;  
When he opened the door he was met  
by a flood,  
Poor John felt small as a mouse.

His season's crop was before his eyes,  
O, yes, it was spread out nice;  
But it was not in a marketable shape,  
And would bring a rather slim price.

John made a vow right then and there,  
That hereafter, for all time to come;  
When he wanted to fill a honey can,  
He would sit and watch it run.

#### THE 8-FRAME LANGSTROTH vs. DADANT HIVE.

By J. E. Hand in American Bee Journal.

In these days when the majority of  
people are blindly following the largest  
crowd regardless of whither it is leading  
them, and when men of original thought  
and independent action are none too  
plentiful, it is very refreshing to meet  
a man who has the courage to stand by  
his honest convictions, even though he  
stand alone. Such a man is my worthy  
and honored opponent, Mr. C. P. Da-  
dant.

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