

of using the tools that have been used in the handling of these bees?

Mr. France—If they have in any way become soiled or stained by the honey from the diseased hive, yes.

A Member—Can you cure a diseased hive of bees in the fall?

Mr. France—If we have plenty of sealed honey in healthy combs.

A Member—Would you starve the bees?

Mr. France—I do not think it would be necessary at this time of the year.

A Member—What harm would there be if you made public the names of the places and owners of diseased apiaries? Have not the bee-keepers the right to know who has it, and where it is?

Mr. France—I think you ought to know if your bees have it. Suppose some one whose bees have foul brood is a breeder of bees, and I should say in my annual report A, B and C have foul brood, would you buy bees of them? Practically I would have "cut their throat."

A Member—Would it be right for a breeder to sell such bees?

Mr. France—No, sir; and if you had legislation in the State you would stop him from doing such business.

A Member—How would you stop him if nobody knows it?

Mr. France—By inspectors going through the yards and finding it out. Some bee-keepers have asked me to go to them and give them a certificate for or against. But if you get a queen from any one abroad and you are not certain, if you will take the queen out of the cage she comes in and put her in a clean, healthy cage, I do not think there is one chance in a thousand in getting a disease. I do not think the queen herself is ever diseased enough to transmit it to a colony. It is in the food in the cage.

One of our city girls who was at the Normal School, thought that she would make a present of a box of comb honey to her mother. She sent the little box by mail; it came from the west in the mail-bag until it arrived at Madison. There it was transferred to the Northwestern train which came to my city, and right in Madison, in making up the mails, I received some queen-bees from a distance that I had paid a good price for. My queen-cages were thrown in the same mail-bag with the box of honey, and the surface of them was covered with honey. The postmaster said to me, "I want to show you something. Here are a whole lot of pictures and letters in the mail all botched up with honey. I am going to hold you for damages." I never before got queen-cages with the surface of the cages covered with honey. I went up and took the queens out and put them into clean cages, and put the other cages into the stove. I went down next day and paid the bill, and the postmaster said, "What do you think I found stuck in the bottom of that mail-bag? A box of honey!" Being a trappers son, I got onto the back-track right away. I went to where the letter was addressed, and asked, "Did you get a box of honey?" She replied, "I got a letter from Annie, saying that she had sent me a box." "Where is Annie?" "Over in Minnesota." "What town is she in?" I finally got her address, and found from whom she bought the honey, and his bees had foul brood, so I took no chance on introducing the queens. There was a chance of my healthy queen-bees becoming diseased through that honey put in the mail-bag.

Dr. Miller—It is suggested here that it is barely possible that some one