

on the morning of the 17th I stopped for a moment to notice the bees working on the fruit blossoms. If the worst of the attack had not been over, instead of stopping I should have given the bees a wide circuit to avoid the sight of them. The next day I retired to my room, after breakfast, to get, if possible, more sleep. In my diseased state my sleep is so poor that I often spend at least twice as many hours in bed as when well.*

My mind became unusually active; my thoughts darted with great rapidity from one subject to another, when, almost instantaneously, the oppressive burden of gloom seemed to be lifted from me, and I cried out in joyful ecstasy: "O blessed Father! I shall be well again." From long experience, I recognized the usual signs of a recovery which I might hope would last for half a year, a whole year, or possibly a year and a half. When this change comes, an electric thrill seems to pass through my hands, extending itself to the very tips of my fingers, just as though something like quicksilver were forcing itself through for an exit. At times this sensation is so powerful as to be quite painful. I never have these symptoms except when I am free, or soon about to be, from the head trouble.

And now begins a period of mental activity and intense enjoyment. My dear wife used to say: "Although you have been a great sufferer at least half of your life since I first knew you, yet none of my acquaintances seem to have got so much enjoyment out of life as you; for when you are happy you are so intensely happy." To this I once replied: "I could wish that this happiness might be spread a little thinner, if only it could thus be made to last a great deal longer." My mind now seems to work with almost lightning-like rapidity, and I feel as though I could keep many persons busy in merely writing out my thoughts. Every one to whom I try to explain myself, or to whom I ask to execute my directions seems to catch my thoughts or to obey me so slowly that with great difficulty can I repress my impatience; and often I can hardly refrain from seizing hold of them to push them into swifter execution. In the night my brain is disposed to work as it were double tides until I quite wear myself out.

We read of intermittent springs which discharge no water until they are full enough for a syphon arrangement. Then they gush forth and flow until entirely empty, to remain quiescent until they are full again. After long depression, seldom speaking unless personally addressed,

*Had it occurred to any of them to try the Moxa cauterizing of my spine, by which Dr. Brown-Sequard cured Senator Sumner, it might have succeeded.

shutting myself up in my room* I seem to act as though I had been cheated out of my legitimate amount of talk, and must make up for lost time by uttering as much in a few days as any reasonable person ought to say in as many months. I am sensible that this exuberance is often so great as to be oppressive to my friends; but I do not despair, although over 81 years of age of learning to control it better. Sometimes, however, it seems to have its advantages; for after I have scarcely given a willing thought to anything connected with bees, for a year or more at a time, I have, in a very short time, regained my position in the mass of inventors, and often been able to keep step with those who have never been forced to leave the ranks.

L. L. LANGSTROTH.

Dayton, Ohio, July 4th, 1892.

(to be continued.)

*Ps. 83: 8.—I am shut up; I cannot come forth.

No commentator, as far as I know, seems to me to have apprehended the full meaning of these words. Only profound melancholia can adequately interpret them.

• Nameless Bee-Disease.

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R. Jacob Moore, of Ionia, Mich., wrote us as follows on July 6th, 1892, about the peculiar actions of his bees:

My bees have something the matter with them, and I cannot tell what it is. In the morning they will come out and seem powerless to fly, but scamper away from their hives and die. They do not seem to be bloated, and they cannot be old. All the colonies seem to be alike—27 in number. What is the trouble, and what is the remedy? Bees have gathered but little honey up to the present time, but they are gathering now.

JACOB MOORE.

Upon receipt of the foregoing, we referred the matter to Prof. Cook, who gives his opinion thus:

If there were any flowers now out that were likely to be sprayed with the arsenites, I should think that Mr. Moore's bees had been poisoned. It does not seem a typical case of the "nameless bee-disease." It may be the malady in a modified form. I suggest that he give salt water liberally, and if no improvement is observed, to replace the queen with a new one. I believe that Dr. Miller has no faith in this cure; but so many have reported to me success by its adoption, that I am disposed to think it effective. I have never had occasion to try it personally.—A. J. Cook.—American Bee Journal.

Mr. Robert Shaw, of Rosemont, Ont., says: "It takes me all my time to control the swarming fever in the apiary. I will give you an article as soon as I can get time. Bees all doing well; gathering lots of honey."