

the honey yield is abundant, it may be worked without stint. The bees will soon fill the empty cells again, and will seem to be stimulated to harder work by deprivation of their stores. There is no way in which the most can be made out of a stock of bees so surely as by the use of the honey-emptying machine. But when the honey harvest begins to fail, the operations of the extractor must diminish or stop altogether. It is no gain to the bee-keeper to deprive the bee of a needed supply of honey, and leave them to starve before winter is over. Many have overworked the extractor, boasted of their large honey yields, and found themselves next spring minus their bees.

Those who have been to the expense of getting one or more Italian queens, must improve the shining hours, during the lifetime of the drones, to get as many stocks Italianized as possible. A queen nursery facilitates and expedites this operation. But where this device is not available, the queen or queens must be transferred from hive to hive; or queen cells put into hives in place of the common queens. It pays to take trouble in this process, even though, in some cases, the result is cross-bred instead of pure stocks. The hybrids are undoubtedly preferable to the common bees, and although it is thought they are crosser and more excitable, they readily succumb to the training power of smoke.

Many bee-keepers are puzzled how to get their bees off the combs, when this is required in using the extractor, and in other operations. There is no difficulty about it. Instead of shaking the frame, thereby running the risk of breaking new comb and irritating the bees, the best plan is to use a broom of soft blue grass or a goose wing, and brush the bees off the frame. This must be done quickly, but not harshly. The sudden surprise of finding themselves tumbling head over heels appears to prevent their becoming cross. Their only anxiety is to recover their foothold.

Precautions must be taken against the ravages of moth-miller, and a watch kept against toads, who are apt about nightfall to seek a supper at the entrance of the hive.

So soon as the multiplication of queens is over for the season, it is well to get rid of the drones, which are consumers but not producers, and are consequently a heavy tax on the resources of the hive.

A STANDARD FRAME.—Everybody—beg pardon—every bee keeper would like to have all other sizes and shapes of frames and hives thrown away, except one. Whose is it? Why, mine, of course. No other is just right. It is like the efforts to unite all denominations of Christians. They are all ready, willing, anxious, but it must be done on "my creed."

WEIGHT OF HONEY IN BOXES.—In the ordinary glass honey boxes now in use, it requires about 35 cubic inches to hold a pound of honey. Larger boxes lose less space, and hence require a less number of cubic inches. Thus a box $4 \times 5 \times 6$ inches contains 120 cubic inches, and therefore, when well filled and sealed over, holds about 3½ lbs. A five-lb. box requires about 33 inches to the pound, and a ten-lb. box, about 30 cubic inches.—*Apiarian*.

IN A "QUANDUM."—A. I. Root, in *April Gleanings*, says he has lost about one-fourth of his bees, and his only way to account for it is, that there were *too few* bees in the fall. But that won't do, for three of the weakest in the fall are among the *best* now—and the *best* in the fall is among the missing. Then he draws the sage conclusion that *weak* colonies *may* build up, and *strong* colonies *may* dwindle down. "We can't most always, generally, sometimes tell what we don't least expect most."

THE EXTRACTOR.—Three years ago I had 40 stocks. The extractor was recommended to me, and I procured one. Writers in the *Journal* said to use it every six or eight days. I did not use it often, but it proved a great curse to me. I lost eighteen stocks, and might as well have lost twelve more. Now I will say to beginners, use the machine once, and then put it away till the next year. It is a good thing if you use it right. I would not do without one, since I have learned how to use it. I have thirty-three good stocks now.—*C. Reisinger*.

Poetry.

Princely Cottages.

"The Prince of Wales began, immediately after his marriage, by building the Alexandra Cottages, a row of 12 dwellings, built of Carr stone found on the estate, faced by white stone, and each entered through a pretty porch, with gardens in front and rear. For these a rent of £4 a year is paid by the tenant. The cost of the erection of each was £195. The Louise Cottages, built on the West Newton portion of the estate, are only inferior to the Alexandra Cottages in outward appearance; but they are also inferior in rent, and even their outside is attractive enough. They cost less than the Alexandra Cottages, the money laid out for the erection of each being only £140. For these the tenants pay a yearly rental of £3 10s each. On the whole, the Sandringham Cottages produce only about 1½ per cent. on the capital invested."—*The Hour, May 12*

"The Cottage-homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
(So once Felicia Hemans sang.)
Throughout the lovely land,
B' many shining river-side
These happy homes are seen,
Clustering round the commons wide,
And 'neath the woodlands green."

The Cottage-homes of England—
Alas, how strong they smell!
There's fever in the cesspool,
And sewage in the well,
With ruddy cheeks and fleshy curls,
Though their tots shout and play,
The health of those gay boys and girls
Too soon will pass away.

The Cottage-homes of England
Where each crammed sleeping-place
Foul air distills, whose poison kills
Health, modesty, and grace.
Who stables horse, or housesine,
As these poor peasants lie,
More thickly in the straw than swine
Are herded in a sty?

The Cottage-homes of England!
But may they not be made
What poetess Felicia
In graceful verse portrayed?
With chambers, where a purer air
The sleepers' lungs may bless,
And pretty porches, gardens fair?—
The Prince of Wales says, "Yes."

The Cottage-homes of England,
Whose aspect makes men wince,
May turn to happy dwellings yet,
With landlords like the Prince:
Then quicker brain and readier arm,
And more strength better spent,
May add an economic charm
To less than two per cent.

The Cottage-homes of England!
The toller gay and blithe,
Who drinks his ale and piles his stall,
And swings his sweeping scythe,
His sons and daughters, braced anew
With strength that nothing ails,
Will bless each Prince of landlords who
Does like the Prince of Wales. —*Punch.*

Miscellaneous.

A Plea for Butchers.

It has often been alleged that the butcher's profession is one that demoralizes all who engage in it. They become like the brute—brutal. From the *Lancet* it would seem that "very creditable accounts" are specially given out about butchers. "They are not midnight drinkers." "One of the dressers" of Bartholomew Hospital, our medical contemporary says, "has kindly informed us that during his three months' experience he has not had a single butcher brought in drunk." This gentleman's experience is, of course, limited. His notion with regard to butchers before he entered the hospital must have been something like that which an English lady entertained when she visited Edinburgh for the first time. She was astonished that all the people in the streets did not wear kilts, and that their hair should be other color than red. From more than three years' knowledge, instead of three months, we can say that we have not seen a butcher the worse for liquor. That the *Lancet* should specially single this industrious class out as a set of reformed reprobates, says little for its acquaintanceship with them and its own taste.—*Farmer (Eng.)*

Keeping Smoked Meats in Summer.

There are various plans and devices for keeping smoked meats for summer use, from the attacks of flies and beetles which infest hams, smoked beef, etc. if left where they may have access to them. Among the more common is, wrapping each piece separately in strong brown paper, and then packing in barrels filled in about the packages, with ashes or other absorbent material.

Another plan is to place the pieces in sacks well surrounded with cut hay, or in tight barrels, with cut hay or straw closely pressed around the pieces. By this latter plan, however, the meat is apt to mould. To prevent this, it should not be entirely excluded from the air, and where light and air can enter insects are apt to follow. A better plan, when the trouble and expense are not grudged, is to wrap each piece separately in paper, and enclose in sacks cut to fit. Sew them up and dip in thick lime wash, and hang in an airy but cool place. Some, indeed, claim that meat may be kept perfectly and indefinitely by simply rubbing the surface with pepper before smoking, but it is almost no protection at all.

The best and cheapest way to preserve meat is to have a smoke-house built in such a manner that, while it is tight and dark, it shall at the same time be well ventilated. All that is necessary to secure this is a chimney on top protected by blinds so that the rays of light cannot enter, while at the bottom is a tube connecting with the outer air. In such a smoke-house you may keep meat indefinitely by occasionally causing a smoke during summer. If the meat has been properly cured, it will keep sweet. If the insects cannot get access to the place where it is kept, they cannot lay their eggs therein, and consequently there cannot be either skippers or beetles or their larvae.

The smoke-house may be used for a variety of purposes when not filled with meat. The first four feet should always be built of brick, both as a protection against fire and as affording a most convenient receptacle for ashes, in all districts where wood is burned for fuel. Where farmers depend so much, as they necessarily must in the country in summer, on preserved meats, they should have a place to keep it safe from insect enemies.—*Western Rural*.

Should Horses Wear Binders?

We never could see what vice or deformity lay in a horse's eye, that could make it necessary to cover it up, and shut out its owner from at least two-thirds of his rightful field of vision. The poets say that old age looks backward, but we have never heard such an idiosyncrasy charged upon the horse. The theory that a horse is less apt to be frightened when shut out from everything behind him we suspect to be a fallacy, else saddle-horses and war-horses would be duly blinded. Every horse is as familiar with his own carriage as with his own tail, and, as far as his "personal" fortitude is concerned, is no more disturbed by being pursued by one than by the other. As for other scare-crows that come up behind, they are mostly so familiar to the animal, that the more fully the horse can perceive them, the more quietly does he submit to their approach. Then it is such a pity to cover up one of the most brilliant features of this most brilliant creature. The horse has borne such a hand in the civilization of this rough and tumble world, that it seems not so much a cruelty as a courtesy, as well as a disgrace, to hide his form with embarrassing toggery. No wonder we estimate the force in the world as horse-power, no wonder the Romans and the Germans, each in their own languages, designate their aristocracy as riders; no wonder their descendants made chivalry a synonym for their highest virtues. Let the horse be given his due, and unblinded. The check-rein is another nuisance in harness-wear which has almost entirely disappeared from England, the army having at last given it up by order of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir George Burgoyne.—*Webster Times*.

CARBON SMOKE FOR PAINFUL WOUNDS.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: Take a pan or shovel with burning coals and sprinkle upon them common brown sugar, and hold the wounded part in the smoke. In a few minutes the pain will be allayed, and recovery proceeds rapidly. In my own case a rusty nail had made a bad wound in the bottom of my foot. The pain and nervous irritation were severe. This was all removed by holding it in the smoke for fifteen minutes, and I was able to resume my reading in comfort. We have often recommended it to others with like results. Last week one of my men had a finger-nail torn out by a pair of ice-tongs. It became very painful, as was to be expected. Held in sugar smoke for twenty minutes the pain ceased, and it promises speedy recovery.