

larvæ of which, when hatched, feed upon the timber

The honey-bees are of four very distinct varieties, each of which forms its nest on a different principle. The largest and most extensive honey maker is the "Bamera." This is nearly as large as a hornet, and it forms its nest upon the bough of a tree, from which the comb hangs like a Cheshire cheese, being about the same thickness, but five or six inches greater in diameter. The honey of this bee is not so much esteemed as that of the smaller varieties, as the flavor partakes too strongly of the particular flower which the bee has frequented; thus in different seasons the honey varies in flavor, and is sometimes so highly aperient that it must be used with much caution. This property is, of course, derived from the flower which the bee prefers at that particular season. The wax of the comb is the purest and whitest of any kind produced in Ceylon. So partial are these bees to particular blossoms that they migrate from place to place at different periods in quest of flowers which are then in bloom. This is a very wonderful and inexplicable arrangement of Nature, when it is considered that some flowers, which particularly attract these migrations, only blossom once in "seven years." This is the case at Mewera Ellia, where the "nillho" induces such a general rush of this particular bee to the district, that the jungles are swarming with them in every direction, although during the six preceding years hardly a bee of the kind is met with.

There are many varieties of the "nillho." These vary from a tender dwarf plant to the tall and heavy stem of the common "nillho," which is nearly as thick as a man's arm, and about twenty feet high. The next honey-maker is very similar in size and appearance to our hive-bee in England. This variety forms its nest in hollow trees, and in holes in rocks. Another bee, similar in appearance, but not more than half the size, suspends a most delicate comb to the twigs of a tree. This nest is no larger than an orange, but the honey of the two latter varieties is of the finest quality, and quite equal in flavor to the famed "Miel vert" of the Isle de Bourbon, although it has not the delicate green tint which is much esteemed in the latter.

The last of the Ceylon bees is the most tiny, although an equally industrious workman. He is a little smaller than our house-fly, and he builds his diminutive nest in the hollow of a tree, where the entrance to his mansion is a hole no larger than would be made by a lady's stiletto.

It would be a natural supposition that so delicate an insect would produce a honey of corresponding purity; but instead of the expected treasure we find a thick, black, and rather pungent but highly aromatic molasses. The natives, having naturally coarse tastes and strong stomachs, admire this honey beyond any other.

From Gleanings.

BEES AND NEIGHBORS.

NOT BEE-LEGISLATION, BUT EXCLUSIVE RIGHT OF TERRITORY BY PURCHASE.

THE only fair and just way for a man to get the monopoly of the bee-business in any locality is for him to pay each farmer or lot-holder within the flight of his bees a certain sum yearly, not to keep any bees on his property. If a law could be had, selling rights to any one person to keep bees in a given locality, then only the rich or well-established apiarist could secure the rights. The poor widow or cripple or broken down professional man would not dare to keep bees within a certain limit, because the Honorable Mr. Moneybags had bought the local right for a few paltry dollars. Lazarus could not keep bees within three or four miles of Dives' residence. The poor widow could not earn a mite for the Lord's treasury by keeping bees, because some Pharisee had bought the township right.

Any law giving one person advantage over another is wrong. According to the plan at the beginning of this article, the widow wishing to keep bees need not sell her right, and the law would not take away her right. Any person should have the right to keep a few bees, or as many bees as he chooses, provided his bees do not harm his neighbors or passers-by, and are not a nuisance.

Just here I should like to say, no man has a right to keep bees in a town if his bees really annoy his neighbors. By annoy, I do not mean make nervous people fidgety. No one has a right to keep chickens to scratch his neighbor's garden; neither has he a right to keep bees where they will sting his neighbors children. Bees are bees, and bees will sting. Whenever my bees become a nuisance I will move them out of town. Our neighbors have rights as well as ourselves.

The same principle applies to foul brood. That disease should not be treated with anything except the furnace. It should be burned, destroyed, root and branch, upon its first appearance. We owe this to our neighbors as well as to ourselves. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." You would not like to have a neighbor tolerating and treating foul brood within the flight of your bees.

Last spring I selected two colonies, about equal in queens, strength, and in good condition. Over one I used a slatted honey-board and a T super. Over the other I used half-depth wide frames, with no honey-board. The one under the T super swarmed out without touching the sections. The one under the half-depth wide frames stored me fifty or sixty sections of surplus comb honey. The honey-boards seem to remove the surplus boxes too far from the brood-nest in a poor season, when honey is scarce and comes in slowly. I think the bee-space between half, depth wide frames should be the same as the sections, thus leaving no little line along the edge, to be propolized.

Once this summer my bees started booming on something. I could smell the honey ten feet or more from the hive. I supposed it was red clover. Upon investigation I found