

ar to agree with

ortality amongst
ema, even when
ttacked by any
ery, for example.
themselves al-
estine, and some-
ian Tubes. In
rs are affected—
ns and drones—

ie can infect the
s easily as the
lony it is differ-
l drones take no
the hive, and so
fection than the
seek their food,
fed by the work-
e mentioned, is
önfeld's opinion
comes in great
yle stomach of
the bee-keepers
opposition to
l others; for the
umstances infect
drones that are
the chyle must
of the bacilli.—
German by Miss

THE HONEY BEE

honey bee,
nenace and dread,
ts for you and me
aily bread.

warmth and the
ir,
mer hours;
she gathers home
st heart of the

from the burning

withering pain
ay rough, vandal

her domain.

When the days are cold she dreams
away,
Secure in her warm winter nest;
Tho' the snow may fly and the winds
blow high,
They cannot disturb her rest.

But soon as the air grows warm and
bright
With the magical breath of spring,
She awakes from her dream and leaves
the hive,
Her cleansing flight to wing.

Dead bees are carried outside the hive,
The cells are made shining and clean
For the eggs of her who holds their
fate—
The pendulous-bodied queen.

Soon pussy willows and maple flowers
Tempt her forth for food,
And stores of pollen are carried home
For the white and hungry brood.

Then when the orchards are white with
bloom,
The pastures with dandelion glowing,
She packs her cells with the golden
drops
Till they're almost overflowing.

But when the meadows and roadsides
all
Are bright with the fragrant clover,
She hears in her heart the ancient cry
Of the future, over and over.

And at last she yields to that ancient
call—
'Tis the glory and pain of living;
The future race demands the best,
And none must refuse the giving.

Oh, the air is full of a rush of wings,
Darting and flashing and gleaming!
Then round her queen she clusters and
hangs;
Is it of the new home she is dream-
ing?

Then forth she fares with a mighty joy
To build anew a city;
She has given herself to the law of the
race,
Nor must you deem it pity.

In graceful festoons she hangs and
clings,
That the "mystery of wax" may
appear;
With wonderful skill she builds it up,
And, lo! a new home is here!

Oh, you who are weary of the world
and its ways,
Come to the bee for your learning;
The law of life is to give your life,
And this is the only gaining.

Miss Ethel Robson.

BUMBLE BEES IN HIVES

By Henry Kacer.

In your April issue Mr. Robinson described a case of strange behavior on the part of his bees, and asked whether any other bee-keepers could suggest the cause. In the May issue you printed a communication from myself, in which I attributed the occurrence to the possible fact that bumble bees may have entered the hives, and that the maimed bees seen were those that had suffered in the fight with the intruders. I had sustained losses from similar causes.

I have had the same experience repeated this spring, and I enclose herewith for your inspection one of two bumble bees which I have just taken from hives. In one case the bees had succeeded in ejecting the invader. You will notice that the bumble-bee is all bare and polished, resulting doubtless from his struggles with the honey-bees. I believe that when the latter get hold of the stranger before he has had time to get up between the combs, they are able to repel him. But when once the bumble-bee is well up on the combs, the others are unable to get rid of him, except after a long and arduous struggle, in the course of which many are wounded and leave the hive, crawling away from the entrance in the manner already described.

The specimen submitted looks very much smaller than when alive upon the combs.

[The bumble-bee has been received in the condition described by Mr. Kacer. We shall be glad to hear from other bee-keepers who may have had similar experiences.—Ed.]