

observable at the time of natural swarming season, are desirable and *very necessary*, in procuring good cells and *well developed* queens therefrom, except—the one, (which is fully explained in the communication he quotes from,) “Swarming Impulse” of bees used in building and feeding the cells and young queen larvæ that condition or time is not desirable with me but is rather an objectionable one for rearing my best queens and drones at, if other conditions then present, is strictly adhered to. That queens reared after the “swarming impulse” is past and under identically the same conditions, otherwise, as near as are observable to man, are in no way inferior to Mr. Doolittle’s *best*, bred under the “swarming impulse” of bees, except in the one of being more disposed to cast swarms when the season for swarming arrives—as are those bred under the “swarming impulse” when it is prevalent with the fostering bees. That all the queens I rear, and drones—as near as possible, are bred under the “swarming impulse” or conditions then present, so far as are perceivable, is *certainly true*, with the exception of the *time*, otherwise Mr. Doolittle and I, probably, would agree, as also, the others answering this query. I, for one, do, and I take it—that all intelligent bee-keepers do, express “their honest convictions,” at any rate they should do so.

ABBOTT L. SWINSON.

Goldsboro, N. C. Nov. 29th, '86.

By a judicious distribution of our leaflets, “Honey, some reasons why it should be eaten” you can sell every pound of honey you have. Customers who used them last season speak very highly of them. Prices with name and address, per 250, \$1.25; 500, \$2; 1000, \$3.25. Send for samples.

THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE N. A. B. K. SOCIETY.

(Continued from last week.)

was the only representative present from Canada, my suggestion and request to have the association called North American, were courteously entertained, and we “Canucks” were welcomed into full fellowship, where we have remained ever since, and propose to do so long as we are well treated, as we always have been thus far, and expect to be down to “the last syllable of recorded time.”

This organization was formed simply and solely “to promote the interests of bee-culture.” Has it fulfilled its mission? I contend that it has; not so fully perhaps as it might have done, if at the outset we had possessed the light of the present, but considering our *then* light, great and important results were accomplished. The first was the harmonization of conflicting interests, and the reconciliation of existing differ-

ences. Without being a resurrectionist of dead jangles and quarrels, I may fearlessly assert that from the first this organization proved itself a peace-maker. Men who had difficulties with each other were brought together, and persuaded to shake hands. Incipient cliques and rings were broken up. This association was the means of placing our venerated father, Rev. L. L. Langstroth, in his rightful position before the public. It prevented the laurels he had fairly won from being torn off his brow. It banished his enemies and the enemies of progressive apiculture into obscurity. Though it could not restore to him the fortune of which he had been robbed, and which no inventor ever earned more honestly, it could and it did “confess judgment” in his favor, and it has from time to time, by little presentations, testified its sense of an obligation it is unable fully to repay. A grand old book says: “The work of righteousness shall be peace.” Adjustments on a basis of righteousness led to peace, and more than peace to brotherhood and good fellowship, so that when, in two years after its organization, this association again met in Indianapolis, I was able, without flattery, to congratulate the meeting from the Presidential chair on the predominant prevalence of the feeling embodied in the pithy Scotch motto: “We’re brithers a’!” I added: “May this feeling be paramount to every other all through our proceedings. May all our discussions be carried on under its influence. Then, though we may have our differences of opinion—and it would be a dull, uninteresting time if we had not—these will not interfere with our good fellowship, nor lessen our enjoyment.”

My prayer on that occasion has been answered too much. I have been like the parson who prayed for rain in a dry time. It came, and not only rain but hail. An old lady who went to look at her garden after the storm, ejaculated as she beheld her cabbages all riddled and torn, “Dear, dear, that’s just the way with our minister, he always overdoes it.” I think, as you know that we have rather overdone the “brothering” business, and have carried it so far that it interferes with free, manly criticism.

Another good influence of the association has been to render apicultural humbugs and jim-cracks well nigh obsolete. I cannot take time to enumerate the number of these that there were sixteen years ago. Hardly any of them dared show face at our meetings, and if they did, it was like moth intruding into a hive of Italian bees—they were soon hustled out-doors.

Again, this association was the means of perpetuating the *American Bee Journal*. It met