

belonging mostly to the Greek orthodox. The man had a big kettle on the fire, in which he put his wax to melt. A sieve, simply put inside the fluid mass, kept all the filth out; and with a ladle he was taking out hot wax and pouring it over foot-long cotton threads hanging over the kettle by hundreds. As soon as the wax was cooled, another ladelful was poured over, till every thread had received some. The first was again cooled enough, and patiently he slowly went over his lot, every time thickening the candles. He had some weighing several pounds, while the greater part weigh 12 or more to a pound. The beautiful yellow candles go fast into the churches as offerings. For sick persons, or any other vow, candles are offered. The whole island may possess between 10,000 and 30,000 bee-hives, which rise and fall in number, according to the season, and these average about three pounds of honey and one-quarter of wax per hive, which is almost all sold on the island itself. Government taxes are two pence a hive.

As in our other Mediterranean countries, the bees swarm out in April and May, and drones are killed soon after. The honey is taken after the 24th of June (equal to our 7th of July), St. John's day. Taken before this the honey must taste bitter—not because it is mixed with the bitter flower of the squirting cucumber, but because St. John's blessing must fully come down on the hives and take away every bitterness! The honey is cut up into small chunks, and put into baskets away from robbers, to allow the honey to drip out. The wax is melted in a kettle and in a sack, and is squeezed out with the simplest machinery possible. Mr. Derwishian tried another day to open his nuclei; but after having got the first sting on his forehead in his life, he put on a veil and took me to his "Iamblike" Cyprians, and gave them a few tablespoonfuls of syrup to quiet them down; but even this sweet inducement would not do. They went for us, all for the sake of Louis G.'s rough handling three days ago. I could hardly look at them, and we decided to have a turn about the town, but we were soon done. Mr. D. took me to a silkworm raisers. He indulges in this branch, and believes he gets a better living from this than by buying bee-fixtures from England and comb-foundation machines from A.I. Root, on which he got along nicely making foundation, but ultimately he found it to be like the friend and bee-keeper I met last year in Malta, a "nice thing to put his money in, and have the pleasure of raising bees." He was told, years ago, of 20 to 50 lbs. average surplus per hive, but believes he was humbugged. He

is almost too cautious, suspicious, and mistrusting, of his fellow-creatures. What would he say if he could read reports like friend Osborn's from Cuba, or friend King's from Phoenix, Arizona? I wonder, too, why American bee-keepers have not established themselves long before in such a paradise. Why! we over here have none of the advantages of Arizona nor what Mr. King calls Cuba's disadvantages, excepting the great heat. With us the thermometer ranges only from 20° to 33° Celsius in the summer months. But here, besides the duty on bees and honey, the poor help we have to put up with, and the poor market which we have to seek in Europe and Africa we have no forests to give us shade, but plenty of unhealthy districts. The grip, malaria, intermittent fevers, etc., have been hard on me for the past two years, and yet I have found time to work bees and make them pay; and I freely endorse Dr. C. C. Miller's answer to question 192, Sept. 1 Gleanings, concerning health. I think I should not have stood all these; but outdoor occupation, and a trip over the sea once in a while, have kept me up.

Cyprus being a little out of the way, steamers only occasionally touch here; and having no time to spare, and still no steamer here, I got into a sailing-vessel about to leave for Syria; but the wind being calm we lay in the road till night. After 24 hours of slow sailing we were still in sight of Mt. Troodos, and could dream of the "the beautiful Cyprus," and think
What dreams of Old-World tales flit o'er thy
brow, O Troodos, in thy calm rest to-day?
Vain visions of the future of the isle thou
guardest in thy loft majesty?

But next morning, 36 hours after we left, our vessel was being idly thrown about by the waves, without proceeding, from morning till night. The loose masts were squeaking as if to tease us and try our patience. The next morning a fine breeze filled the sails and speedily drove us forward. Just before night we could distinguish, many miles away, Mt. Lebanon.

I close my article on Cyprus with the words of an Englishman who says:

And now that all the ancient gods are flown,
Do ye who've made the island all your own
Bless your ever civilizing care

The woful wreck the Turk has left you there!

How glad I was to leave the poor little vessel in which my "first-class berth" was bare planks, after having been tossed about three days and three nights. I fancied the town of Beyrouth could not stand still.—FR. J. BALDENSFERGER, in Gleanings.
Jaffa, Syria, Oct. 1.