

numeraries may be cut out carefully, if situated so that they can be without mutilation, and given to another little box of bees prepared in the same way except that the cell is put in instead of brood. If more than one cell is left, the first queen that hatches makes it her business within a few hours to destroy all rivals. She bites a hole in the side of the cell, and thrusts her sting into the most vulnerable part of her calmly resting sister, which in a few minutes proves fatal. The queen when rid of all rivals will fly out to meet the drone in about six days; if successful, will begin to lay in about two days more. The eggs may be seen in the bottom of the cell. She is now ready to introduce into the full colony that is queenless; but can remain in the little box several days if none are ready to receive her. The old hive having swarmed, the new colony should be put on the stand of the old one, that being moved a rod or more to a new stand. All the old bees return to their old place in a day or two. Upon the old hive and cut out all the queen-cells. Take the mature laying queen from the little box, and if you want to be absolutely certain that she will never lead off a swarm to the woods, cut off one wing to prevent her flying ever afterwards. With some honey in a spoon smear her completely. Turn her over a few times with a feather, or something that will not harm her, and then drop her among the bees at the top of the hive, who will clean her off the first thing, and accept her as mother. Prof. Agassiz is reported to have said in a lecture given at Cambridge recently, that the young queen matures and endeavors to force her way out of the cell, and is kept back by the bees, before the first swarm with the old queen leaves. Those who have full confidence in his statement will doubt the propriety of introducing a queen to the old hive as I have directed. But I will assert, without fear of contradiction from anyone fully acquainted with the subject, that not one first swarm in fifty, or even five hundred, will issue under such circumstances. Erroneous teaching leads to erroneous practice.

Artificial swarms can be made, if their condition is right, later in the season. To make one, do it, if you can, in the middle of the day. Lift out combs carefully, and find the one the queen is on. Put that, with the bees on it, into the new hives with frames, and set that on the old stand, and remove the old one away as before. Two days after introduce the fertile queen, as in the other case, without taking the trouble to cut out cells. Two days is all the time that is lost in brooding. There are bees enough always left in a good stock to nurse the brood. In a few days, or weeks at most, they are as strong as the old colony was. By making swarms artificially, and introducing fertile queens this way, five or six strong colonies may be secured in one season, providing the yield of honey is good. All should be kept strong. If the old queen could have empty combs instead of empty frames it would facilitate operations greatly. If the flowers do not yield honey plentifully, they should be judiciously fed, especially toward the last of the season. More about feeding next month. With the movable frames it is, in a measure, optional with the bee-keeper whether he has increase of bees mostly or surplus of honey. We can not have both largely, any more than we can have plenty of eggs when huddly is hatching a brood of chickens. If the energies of the bees be devoted to the increase, and providing their stores for winter, they cannot get much surplus. We can choose that which we want most, or divide the product and have a moderate increase and some surplus; that is if the season is favorable like the present up to July.

Foul Brood

For the past few years we have been exempt from foul brood in this vicinity, yet I would recommend an examination of every old stock, and if it is found in any—it is fully described in "*Bee-Keeping Explained*," page 216—take out the bees and put them into an empty hive like a new swarm at once, and suffer none of the contents of the old hive to be taken with them. If the honey they have in the old hive be needed for winter stores, it should be thoroughly scalded and skimmed, to destroy whatever poison it may contain, before feeding it.

Surplus boxes taken off this month and next on account of greater scarcity will be likely to need more care to prevent bees taking out the honey and carrying it back to the hive. If the quantity is not much, the boxes may be set into any empty barrel, right side up if possible, in a manner that the bees may get out of them. If turned on one side, have all the sheets of comb vertical. Throw a thin sheet or cloth over the barrel, to prevent outside bees from getting in. Those on the inside will creep to the underside to get out. Take off the sheet and shake off the bees a few times, returning it quickly to prevent others getting in. When honey in the flowers falls greatly, as it does in many sections this month, the bees will begin to

take it out of the boxes on the hives. That in the unsealed cells will be carried down. Close watch is needed to save it. In sections where buckwheat honey is obtained, it is generally stored this month, and boxes part full of clover will be finished out with the darker honey, and appear like all of that quality. If not wanted mixed, take off the clover boxes early. Clover honey sells much the best.

A Swarm in a Hollow Tree.

E. W. Taylor writes: "On the 25th of May, a swarm of my neighbor's bees came over near my house and went into the hollow of a large chestnut-tree. It will be next to impossible to get them by cutting the tree. They are in one of the largest branches. The tree is easy of ascent, and branches near the hollow. A bee-hive could be placed near the hole with but little trouble, if they could be induced to come into it. If there was any way to make them swarm, the hole could be stopped, and they might be hived easily. It is a very nice, large swarm. They are not wild. If you will tell me how to get them, I shall consider it a favor."

Reply—I get such inquiries frequently. An answer to this one will apply to many others. The instincts of bees should be understood. Bees, after they get combs made and occupied with brood, never voluntarily leave a tenement that will possibly answer, even for one much more commodious. They never desert it as long as healthy. If this were understood it would save much idle speculation, and sometimes money. A year ago we sold a lady a stock of bees in the improved hives. They were lost in the winter. She added another in the spring. To save the expense of a hive she was advised to take only combs, frames and bees, sent in a rough box, and transfer to her empty hive. It could have been done in five minutes. But the operator, probably, had never read the directions for transferring, or had any experience in avoiding stings. The bees were received in good order. Her manager not understanding the above mentioned principles or instinct, and supposing that the brood sealed up in the combs was of more value than all else sent, thought if he opened the box that contained the bees, that they would go right into the offered hive of their own accord and abandon all. They did not go. They were then dumped into a hive in bulk—hurriedly, I suppose for fear of stings—all the combs were broken and spoiled but two combs, and they were bottom up. The mature bees were nearly all destroyed. I attended and set matters to rights. They had the queen yet, and may recover by fall, yet there will be a loss of at least \$25 for this season, if the yield of honey should continue as it has commenced. This is in consequence of not understanding principles.

The men with the swarm in the chestnut tree can not expect the bees to come out voluntarily any more than they went to the hive from the rough box. They have brood in a week after they are located. The bees can be got out of the tree only by force. An important question to consider is, will it pay? Are they worth anything as they are in the tree? How much would it cost to get them out? It might, perhaps, take a man all day. How much will they be worth in a good hive? If worth nothing in the tree, and \$15 or \$20 in the hive, will the difference in value pay for the trouble? The value in any case will depend greatly on the yield of honey after they are out. In estimating the expense, it would be well to consider the necessity of obtaining the assistance of a skilled mechanic, and one who has had some experience with bees, that he may work without constant fear of stings. They must be transferred, brood and combs. The tree may be left standing, it is best. A scaffold can be made in the place where a hive can be placed with little trouble, on which a man may work to make the examination. The best thing to do is to ascertain which side of the cavity the shell is thickest, and its extent up and down the tree. With a brace and bit, or augur, bore a few inch holes through the shell to ascertain the extent of the cavity. Make two rows of holes close together at the top and bottom of the cavity, across the body of the tree. With mallet and chisel split out the piece between the holes; or if the grain of the wood will not allow of its splitting, bore another row of holes up and down, and the slab can be readily taken out, exposing the whole surface of the combs. The bees by this time will not be disposed to sting, and the work may progress without fear. The combs will probably be new and tender. Those which are filled with honey only may be cut from the others and saved for the table. Those containing brood must be put into frames and held just as described in transferring in the May number of the *Agriculturist*. If the weather is warm—it ought to be—the combs will be very soft, and care will be needed to keep them straight. They may be laid on a board and brought to the ground and fitted in the frames. When all is arranged, set

the hive as near as possible to the entrance in the tree and put in the frames. Probably the bees will have crept off the combs upward as soon as the work commenced, and will be in a cluster not far off, either out or inside. They can be dipped into the hive as easily as so much sawdust. When the queen is once in, the bees will follow without fail in the course of a few hours. Shut the hive and leave it until cold weather.—M. Quinby, in *American Agriculturist*.

Poetry.

The Forty-Acre Farm.

BY JOHN B. VATES.

'Tis thim'in', wife, of neighbor Jones, that man with staidest arm—

He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm;
While men are all around us, with hands and hearts as sore,
Who own two hundred acres, and stultare wanting more.

His is a pretty little farm; a pretty little house;
He has a loving little wife as quiet as a mouse;
His children play around the door—their father's life to charm—
Looking as neat and tidy as the tidy little farm.

No weeds are in the corn-fields, no thistles in the oats,
The horses show good keeping by their fine and glossy coats;
The cows within the meadows, resting 'neath the beechen shade,
Learn all their gentle manners of the gentle milking-maid.

Within the field—on Saturday—he leaves no cradled grain
To be gathered on the morrow for fear of coming rain;
He keeps the Sabbath holy—his children learn his ways—
And plenty fills his barn and bin after the harvest days.

He never has a law-suit to take him to the town,
For the very simple reason, there are no fine fences down;
The bar-room in the village does not have for him a chair;
I can always find my neighbor on his forty-acre farm.

His acres are so very few, he ploughs them very deep;
'Tis his own hands that turn the soil—'tis his own hands that reap;

He has a place for everything, and things are in their place;
The sunshine smiles upon his fields and contentment in his face.

May we not learn a lesson, wife, from prudent neighbor Jones,
And not—for what we haven't got—give vent to sighs and moans?
The rich ain't always happy, nor free from life's alarms;
But best are they who live content, though small may be their farms.

—*Live Stock, Farm and Fireside Journal.*

Miscellaneous.

Shall Our Boys Stay on the Farm?

Neighbor B. called in the other evening to read the *Country Gentleman* as usual, but his heart was ill at ease because his Joe had taken the western fever, and was determined to seek a new home in Colorado, and again and again he laid aside the newspaper, which ever interests him so much, to talk the matter over, always praising his remarks with the words:

"Well! well! its no use a talkin'—but bless me, I can't see what this country's comin' to!"

I do not wonder that a hearty, ambitious young man, who possesses a good share of idealism, and has spent a great many of his boyish hours in dreaming of the things he will accomplish, should feel a little dissatisfied with a life of drudgery such as Mr B. has always lived. The narrow round of duties, from the early feeding of the stock to the late finishing of the day's work, has little ennobling effect on the characters of those who make farming the chief business of their life, and year after year continue the monotonous toil. Indeed, there is no regular daily occupation which does not become irksome, and require a change of scene and air once in a while, to make us comprehend how beneficial it is for us all to have a play-spell. I here is no truer maxim than the one which tells us that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Visions of wealth, luxury and ease, of good food and fine clothing, fill the head of every boy, whether he feeds stock in his father's barn-yard, or stands behind the counter and deals out yards of calico and tape, and pounds of tea, coffee, flour, and sugar.

"Out West" is considered the goal of every young man's ambition, the *El Dorado* in which he can fill his pockets with gold, build for himself a stately mansion upon whose broad piazza he will recline in his easy chair, smoke his pipe, and read his daily newspaper, while his steeds and herds roam over his wide fields, and hired hands supply their wants, and also minister to his own desires and those of his family. This is a charming picture to contemplate, and it only needs to be framed in gold to be produced in reality. But, alas! gold does not come at one's bidding, and is not gained by simply wishing for it.

No, indeed! The deserted gold mines of Colorado tell a sad tale of the fate of those who sought for the precious metal among the quartz and mica rocks of that land. Gold is dug out of the bowels of the