

this must be the final leave-taking, and although when they started for the woods I grimly followed in the wake of Richard and Nellie as far as the fence, it was without a hope or expectation of any kind.

Richard went on through brush and brier, over logs and around the roots of upturned trees—for their course must needs be over the worst spot in all the woods, a place where two years before a small tornado had whirled through. He followed them till he reached the "dark woods"—(I don't know whether this phrase is peculiar to this locality or not; it means pine and hemlock as distinguished from maple, beech, etc). Here, seeing that they rose above the tops of the tallest pines, keeping straight on, he desisted and returned.

And here, I suppose, my already too long story naturally ends. But there is a circumstance connected therewith which I wish to mention because I don't understand it. On looking into the old hive in the afternoon I found, to my amazement, on the comb of uncapped brood put in in the morning, no less than six queen-cells started. All contained eggs but one; and in this was a plump little larva swimming in royal jelly. We at once concluded (perhaps erroneously) that we had not overlooked a queen-cell—that there was no queen in the hive. Without looking further, we took away their fine beginnings and returned them one of the combs I had hung in the box in the morning, on which was one queen-cell intact. (By the way, despite the elopement of my swarm, I determined not to yield the point of having two colonies. I put our nucleus of a swarm with their queen, and their remaining comb, minus its queen-cells, into the deserted but furnished hive. I contracted the space properly, and with a little help in the shape of capped brood, and most excellent work on their part, they have become a very fine young colony indeed.) Next morning I observed a dead queen lying in front of the entrance of the old hive. Looking into the hive in some alarm, I found a very lively young queen.

Now, what puzzles me is this: if those bees had a queen, why, reduce in numbers as they were, did they start a queen-cell? If they had no queen where did the dead queen come from?

Another (to me) curious circumstance connected with the queen at this hive, occurred a week later. Opening the hive to search for eggs, we espied her youthful majesty hurrying about in a very unqueenly way, with a guard, at the same time piping vigorously!

I don't think I ever observed except when her royal majesty was upon the wax path.

CECILIA LINCOLN.

Jubilant Over the Extractor.

DEAR BEE JOURNAL.—This is the best year for honey I ever had, that I have ever known. I lost all my bees but one stock during the last two winters; but was not discouraged, having got two others this summer. One of them is the largest swarm, that I have ever seen. It is two weeks, yesterday, since it was hived, and I have taken over seventy pounds of honey from it already, and the white clover is better now than ever. Of course, I used the extractor. I had to do it or the queen would have had no chance to lay her eggs. I must just say, that they had a very little comb to build, as I have plenty of nice, bright worker-comb.

About the extractor, I got the description in the A. B. JOURNAL three years ago, and immediately got up one, and I consider it worth all my subscription to the JOURNAL. I am the only person about here that has one. Some of my neighbors thought it a humbug until this year, when their hives got too full of honey and I slung out a few combs for them, since which time they have changed their tune.

What do you think of the new name for the slinger, that I heard the other day? A party, on being told that he had better get one, asked if it was a *sucking machine*.

As white clover is still in full blast, and there is lots of basswood hereabouts, I expect, in the next two weeks, to throw out about a hundred pounds yet from my large swarm. I have tried Novice's plan of placing one hive above another with this swarm, and like it very much, but the way that queen lays eggs since I commenced to give her room, is a caution. I am almost afraid she will fill both hives with brood, when I shall have to put on a third one to get honey. It's a regular race between her and the bees, as the combs I emptied on last Saturday, and on Tuesday the bees had filled one-half with honey, and the queen the other half of each comb with eggs. I never saw anything to equal it, and a black queen at that. Hurray for big swarms, honey-slingers and the AMERICAN BEE JOURNAL!—Geo. T. Burgess, Litchton, Ont., July 2nd, 1873, in *American Bee Journal*.

Poetry.

Improvisations.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Fill, for we drink to Labor!
And Labor, you know, is Prayer:
I'll be as grand as my neighbor
Abroad, and at home as bare!
Debt, and bother, and hurry!
Others are burdened so:
Here's to the goddess Worry,
And here's to the goddess Show!

Reckless of what comes after,
Silent of whence we come:
Splendor and feast and laughter
Make the questioners dumb.
Debt, and bother, and hurry!
Nobody needs to know:
Here's to the goddess Worry,
And here's to the goddess Show!

Fame is what you have taken,
Character's what you give!
When to this truth you awaken,
Then you begin to live!
Debt, and bother, and hurry!
Others have risen so:
Here's to the goddess Worry,
And here's to the goddess Show!

Honor's a thing for drision,
Knowledge a thing for need;
Love is a vanishing vision,
Faith is the toy of a child!
Debt, and bother, and hurry!
Honest's old and slow:
Here's to the goddess Worry,
And here's to the goddess Show!

—Harper's Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

What Shall We Do With Our Daughters.

The Davenport "Democrat" sensibly says:
Bring them up in the way they should go.
Give them a good substantial common education.
Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.
Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.
Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
Teach them how to make their own dresses.
Teach them to make shirts.
Teach them to make bread.
Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room and parlor.
Teach them that a dollar is only one hundred cents.
Teach them that the more one lives within their income, the more they will save.
Teach them that the further one lives beyond their income, the nearer they get to the poor-house.
Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen.
Teach them that a round rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives.
Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.
Teach them to do marketing for the family.
Teach them to foot up store bills.
Teach them that God made them in His own image, and that no amount of tight lacing or Grecian-Bands will improve the model.
Teach them, every day, hard, practical common sense.
Teach them self-reliance.
Teach them that a good, steady, greasy mechanic without a cent, is worth a dozen oily-pated loafers in broad-cloth.
Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

TREE PLANTING BY THE SIDES OF RAILROADS.—The Pacific Railroad Company are planting large numbers of quickly-growing trees along the track of the road, and particularly along the sides of the principal cuts. The preliminary work was commenced last season by ploughing up the right of way, 200 feet wide, where a considerable number of acres were planted, and 40,000 trees were set out, which are doing well. On the last year's prepared ground there is room for half a million trees. This year they are to break the ground up along the whole line of their road, each side of which will be planted with Oak, Hickory, Black Walnut, soft and hard Maple, Larch, white and Grey Willow, and Box Elder. In addition, the Land Department of the Company has broken 120 tracts of 15 acres each, at different stations, where they will plant trees intended for the protection and adornment of the villages and towns that are to grow up around these stations.—*The Gardener*.

A Good Road.

"A good road," says Macadam, "should be nearly flat, i. e., with a rise of only three inches from side to middle in a road 18 feet wide. This provides quite sufficient fall for the water to run off. If made higher, the traffic will be drawn to the centre, three ruts will quickly appear, and more water will then continuously remain upon the roads—and, in a manner, working the greatest possible mischief—than would be the case if the roads were reasonably flat. I will illustrate this in a very simple manner. Let a heavily laden wheelbarrow be drawn up a newly sanded path fifty times consecutively in the same track, and the result will be a rut; but let the same barrow be taken fifty times up the same path, and twice consecutively in the same track, and there will not only be no rut, but the path will be more solid and in every respect better than it was before." With regard to the application of materials, Macadam says, "That they should be laid upon roads in as thin layers as possible, for they seldom wear out, but are simply misplaced by the action of the traffic. If laid on thick, the water runs through them like a sieve, and penetrating to the surface, if I may so term it, there unobserved (but perhaps on that account the more effectually) causes irreparable damage; this specially shows itself when alternate frosts and thaws or continuous rains set in, by the complete breaking up of the roads. Moreover, a road rendered rough for a length of time by the injudicious application of materials, will certainly produce ruts, for the public, naturally shunning the roughest parts, will consequently follow and keep in the first visible tracks, which will soon grow into furrows or ruts. Further, materials should be placed upon roads and allowed time to consolidate, before the water sets in, and then if the roads be correctly formed they will present a hard level surface impervious to rain, and but slightly influenced by other climate changes."

The Tree.

The town of Perry, in Georgia, abates one dollar of taxes for every elm or water oak that a citizen sets out in the street. This indicates the birth of a very different sentiment from that of the early American pioneer who, naturally enough, perhaps, felled a tree with as little compunction as he shot an "Injan." The elms which so gracefully shelter New Haven that, the poet Willis said, a bad night lay above them without seeing the town beneath their branches, and a certain lovely water-oak in Richmond which all who have seen it remember with pleasure, might well justify the action of the town authorities of Perry. One of the finest eclogues of the tree was pronounced by the late accomplished Dr. Haddock, of New Hampshire. He said: "The tree is easily removed; may be set single or grouped; has an agreeable motion; breaks the violence of the winds, and shelters from the noonday heat; may be made to hide from the view unsightly objects; answers the purpose of expensive architecture, by clothing the simplest building with a lively grace; and, what is enough of itself to recommend its culture, attracts from the forest, where they are preyed upon by natural enemies, numbers of our most beautiful and musical birds, who delight in the security, and I have thought in the society, afforded them by the neighborhood of man."—*Farm and Fireside*.

Mark Twain modestly denies that he is the man alluded to in the line—Mark the perfect man.

An aristocratic Fifth avenue papa, on being requested by a rich, vulgar, young fellow, for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather crushing reply, "Certainly, which would you prefer, the waitress or the cook?"

A sorrowing friend, writing on the death of an estimable lady, said: She has gone to her eternal rest. His dismay can only be faintly imagined when, upon a "proof" of his obituary notice being sent to him, he read: She has gone to her eternal roast.

"That's where the boys fit for college," said the professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a school house. "Did they?" said the old lady with animation. "Then if they fit for college before they went, they didn't fight afterwards?" "Yes," said he, smiling and favoring the conceit; "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands." "Butted, did they?" said the old lady.