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"spellbound," for, on the contrary, they were hooting and yelling a good deal of the time at some of his sallies of merriment and huge jokes. In fact, had not the good President gently told him that he really must stick to his subject, I fear he might have occupied nearly the whole forenoon with his queer speeches and antics. When he first started out I feared he was not going to be able to handle his subject; but, oh dear me! what a revelation when he "got down to business!" It was worth the whole trip there to see him and to hear his talk, and yet both Ernest and Huber missed it entirely. They were both continually called on to explain about the large display of implements and other things connected with bee culture. By the way, this exhibition of bee-keepers' supplies ought to be in a room by itself; and the President should lock this room up during the hours of the convention—at least, it looks that way to me.

Mr. Manley said there were many winter losses in his locality. When questioned closely he said he thought it was likely owing, to a great extent, to the aster honey that is gathered clear up till freezing weather. This honey is unsealed and, of course, not ripened. It gives the bees dysentery, and in many apiaries the bees are all dead by the time blossoms open in the spring in his locality. He said he thought it very likely that taking this poor honey away and giving some stores of sugar syrup would save the bees. But how are you going to make them take the sugar syrup when there is honey to be had in the fields? He said he thought it very probable that taking away all combs outside of the cluster containing unsealed stores, and replacing them with combs of good sealed honey, or, better still, sugar syrup fed and sealed up early in the season, would make a success of wintering. But this was a great deal of trouble, and many found it very much "easier" to let the bees take care of themselves; so that, year after year, when springtime came, there were hives of dead bees all over the land.

One spring a few years ago he told his wife he did not believe there were live bees in a dozen hives out of a hundred or more that were covered up with snow. When somebody asked why he did not put them in an up-to-date bee cellar, I cannot remember exactly what his reply was, but I think it was to the effect that, in his locality, where bees can winter outdoors, they are generally ahead of those wintered in the cellar. Well, last spring he told his wife that a hundred colonies or more were dead. She was bright enough and wise enough to suggest that it did not matter very much any way, as it would give them a good chance to start over again with things in better shape, and in due time he and his wife went to work to get the wax and honey out of those empty hives. The combs were mostly old and heavy, and he got so much wax out of them that they had one of their "happy surprises." The honey was also saved and sold to good advantage. If I remember correctly, some of it went to the baker's. But his greatest success came by changing his whole apiary over into modern hives with the bees all on frames of wired foundation. The advantage of working with new up-to-date implements compensated, or more than that, for the value of the bees that died. Of course, this change might have been made with bees that did not die, but had they all lived they probably would have worked along in the old-fashioned way.

Well, after friend Manley and his wife had really gotten into the business he thought he would see how low he could buy the hives and combs of his neighbors where the bees had died. He found them generally glad to have him take the things off their hands at his own figures, and he finally scoured the whole country, gathering up the hives that would probably breed moth-millers or, perhaps, in some localities, foul brood. By the way, friend Manley's scheme of clearing up the remnants of "blasted hopes" throughout the country all roundabout is one of the