

four eggs were ejected simultaneously. It seems probable that when more than one egg has been observed in a cell, those eggs present have been deposited simultaneously and not as a deliberate action on the part of a queen or fertile worker. I have never seen it stated whether the sting of a fertile worker has a tendency to curve as does that of a queen bee. If not, the former would be at some disadvantage, tending to irregularity in ovipositing.

In some places the bees preferred not to build out the foundation to its full extent, and instead they built what might be called fancy combs upon the glass. The clever way in which the cells, of every imaginable shape, and with their entrances pointing in all directions, were filled with honey and sealed, was extremely interesting, but a truly exciting moment was when a full grown grub suddenly appeared in one of these cells with nothing but the glass to protect it from observation. No egg had been laid there, and how the grub had worked its way into the cell I could not say; but there it was, with its head pointing downwards, or nearly so, and waving to and fro at the entrance of the cell, while it did its best to spin a cocoon. I could see the silk thread. It seemed as if I were about to have a chance never before vouchsafed to any observer, of watching all the phases of larval metamorphosis. Alas, it was not to be. At first two bees set to work to build in the mouth of the cell, and looked promising; but I was called away, and returned only to find a bee sucking the last juices from the larva's wrivelling skin, and before long that bee disappeared with all my hopes.

It is not until one has watched a queen for several days in the breeding season than one realizes what a mere egg-producing machine a queen bee

is, and in watching her your sentiment changes gradually from admiration to pity, and finally dwindles—at least, mine did—into a lack of interest. It becomes a relief to turn away and watch the varied occupations of the hive. Pity one must feel, because, night and day, the unfortunate mother of all knows no peace. It is the fashion nowadays to say that the queen has no bodyguard, no band of attendants. And this is true, inasmuch that she does not appear to have a regular band of attendants told off to her. It would not be in the nature of bee life if she were so attended, for all through a hive the labor, if constant, is wonderfully desultory. Yet throughout the breeding season, wherever the queen may turn her steps, she attracts attention from the bees among whom she passes, and especially from the younger ones. Some of these do follow her for a time; it is they who throng around her while she is laying; they stroke her with their antennæ, lick her body with their tongues, by means of which they also feed her. Beyond question the young bee has an awe of the queen. On her coming near enough to one of them for it to become aware of her presence, it turns round at once to face her, probably advances a step or two and retreats suddenly, and if she comes in its direction the young worker bee backs briskly out of the way, running backwards, sometimes as much as an inch, to clear the road. An old bee gets out of the way more leisurely; but it is seldom that any bee remains near a queen without facing towards her.

(To be Continued.)

The "Praktischer Wegweiser" recommends as a removal of certain flavors in honey the method of inserting a heated iron into the same and allowing it to remain in the honey for some time.—B. B. J.