

cells did not make them give up the notion. We have known them to swarm without queen cells, also as soon as queen-cells were started and had small larvæ in them. The other day we were extracting; about half the combs were taken out and extracted, and the others were being taken out, when, to the surprise of the operator, a swarm commenced to issue out of the top of the hive, and in a very short time a large swarm was in the air. No queen cells were capped, but there was larvæ in some. Rules may be laid down as to what bees will usually do, but it is hard to say what they will *not* do sometimes.

INCIDENTS.

CONNECTED WITH OUR FAVORITE PURSUIT.

The London (England) *Standard*, has the following article in a late issue, for copy of which we are indebted to J. M. Jones Esq, Waterville, N. S:—

Considerable excitement was caused in Oxford circus, Regent-street, and some of the West-end thoroughfares, about eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, by the appearance of a tall man whose back, from his collar to his waist, was literally covered with bees, whilst hundreds more hovered over his head and all around him. The man walked on in a state of evident fear, and as may be imagined this strange sight in the midst of the crowded streets, led to his being followed by a crowd, numbering many thousands of persons. It seemed that the man was in the employ of Messrs. Mappin and Webb and was ordered to convey a swarm of bees which had been enclosed in a basket to a railway station. Whilst in the act of placing the basket in a van, the lid came off, and the queen bee and her followers, numbering many thousands, swarmed upon the man's back, shoulders and head. Terribly frightened, he made an attempt to run away, but the bees maintained their hold, the man walked on and on, not knowing what to do but in the hope that his little friends would take their departure, frightened by the noise of the traffic in those central thoroughfares. Ultimately, when he was passing through Oxford-market, a bystander advised him to throw off his coat, and, taking the hint, he slipped off his garment, when the host of bees rose *en masse* and the man made off as

quickly as possible, and so did the thousands who had followed him. Strange to say, the man was only slightly stung in the neck.

EARLY LIFE IN MICHIGAN.

A writer in the *Detroit Free Press* says:—

Frontier life was anything but pleasant or delightful to my elder sisters. But to me it was a paradise. I soon affiliated with the Indian boys and learned their language almost intuitively. The woods were full of game and I could shoot the bow and arrow with the best of them. The bee tree that we had saved from Kishawko's band we sawed off above and below the bees and the honey, moved it to and set it up near the house. In three years time we had over fifty swarms and had supplied all the new-comers who had by that time begun to settle about us. I have no doubt that tree or rather those bees were the progenitors of most swarms of bees now in Genesee County. I am of the opinion that that county came as near flowing in milk and honey in those days as any other. It was so abundant with us that my mother used to strain it into barrels. It would stand so long that it could be cut out like solid cheese. The wax we made into candles, and used no other lights. The Indians kept no bees, but the woods were so full of trees full of honey that they had it in abundance and the wax they had for sale was an important item to the merchant. How the Indians find bee trees: I have known an Indian boy to find twenty bee trees in a single day. His mode of hunting them was not like the white man's, who would first bait a stray bee with honey, then watch his flight until he is able to get a bee-line to the tree. The Indian boy, more observant, has discovered the time when the bees do their house cleaning and will start out of a sunshiny morning when there is still snow on the ground and under any tree containing a swarm he is sure to see the signs of their industry—dead bees, moths and anything they can handle interfering with their ideas of neatness is tumbled out and may be readily seen upon the snow.

TEN FEET OF SOLID HONEY.

Samuel, Asa and Joe Holaday, of Scappoose, took a trip over the Lewiston River, Oregon, in order to look into the resources of that region. While encamped on the river, they discovered an object that was as novel and interesting as it was beautiful and striking. In their rambles upon a fallen tree across the path which, on inspection, they found to be hollow. Through a knot hole they could see something white