

which are suspended from the roof, pass through the middle of the horses, and are secured by a nut screwed underneath. For convenience these rods are taken out when the horses are packed away, thus leaving an entrance to the space inside the horse. It was through this hole that Coppin's bees found their way in.

A fortnight ago the horses were wanted for use, and were taken out of the shed and put together on the roundabouts. The horse with the bees in it was one of the centre ones. When the iron rod was put in it closed the entrance, and the bees were imprisoned inside the horse. After a day or two they found a way out. The wooden plug which fastens the horse's tail in did not fit the hole tight, and by the side of this the bees made a new entrance. Meanwhile the horses were being used, but it was soon too warm a quarter for the visitors. The men in charge of the horses stopped up the holes, but the bees managed to get through again, and soon cleared the course, driving the visitors to a safe distance, which was a loss to the owner of the roundabout. He sent word, asking us to go and destroy the bees. So last Wednesday evening, after the visitors had left, we went, taking, with us an empty skep, smoker, and some tools. We took the horse off the iron rod, took its tail out, which left a hole about one inch in diameter; over this hole we placed the skep, stopped up the hole in the horse's back, and gave an injection of smoke through the rod-hole on the underneath side. After about a quarter of an hour's driving we had about two quarts of bees out and safe in the skep. We then made the tail-hole large enough to put one's arm through, and proceeded to get the comb out. The inside of the horse was quite full. The combs were built very irregular, and were a shapeless mass—no doubt the centrifugal force caused by the horses going round displaced them. There was a fair amount of brood, and a nice lot of honey. Altogether we had a good pailful of comb. We took the bees home, and now they are working very well, and seem none the worse for their visit to the old Rye House, and their ride in the hobby-horse.—HENRY INSTON, in *British Bee Journal*.

Where there are no hollow trees or rocks for bees to get into, of course they have to go into anything they can find. The hobby horse in this instance, happened to be a splendid place, but it is not unusual, we believe for them to be located in chimneys, and many other

out of the way places in Europe, while here in America hollow trees are so plentiful, that they usually make them their place of abode.

#### Carniolans as Non-Swarmers.

HAVING read in the *B. J.* many praises of Carniolan bees as being a good swarming sort, and seeing in the summer of 1889 choice young Carniolan queens advertised for sale at 4s. each, I thought I would try one. She arrived all right, and was safely introduced in the month of August. The bees went into winter quarters very strong, and came out well in the spring of 1890, but did not swarm as I expected. I waited day after day, and though the hive was crowded no swarm came off. What was I to do? Swarm they would not! so I decided to place a second frame hive over the first one, and they at once took to it. The hive then contained fifteen standard combs crowded with bees; they filled the top frames and I extracted twenty-two pounds of honey from them, returning the frames the same evening. In about a week they had filled the combs up again with honey, so I took them off and examined the lower body-box, and to my surprise found that the eight frames in it were well filled with honey, on which they wintered, so that I got nearly forty pounds of honey for myself last year. This season (1891) they were very strong early in May; towards the end of the month they lay outside the hive in a large ball. I again waited day after day to see if they would swarm, but no! they still hung out, the cluster of bees getting larger every day, but they flatly refused to swarm. The fine weather was passing away and I did not like to see them idle, so after waiting nine or ten days I decided to give them surplus room again; they have now sixteen frames this year, and are working well. If the fine weather lasts I am hoping for a good harvest. I may here say my Carniolans are the best stock I have. All being well you shall hear what they have done later on.—T. LINTNER, in *British Bee Journal*.

It is not an uncommon thing to find a colony of bees now that is not much inclined to swarm. We have sometimes thought that we had a non-swarming strain, because they kept so strong and swarmed so little, but the queens we bred from them, did not appear to be any different from others, and swarmed just whenever they took the notion.