

HOW TO KEEP ICE.—A very simple way to keep small quantities of ice, which is given by a German chemist, is to put ice into a deep dish, cover it with a plate, and place the dish on a pillow stuffed with feathers [then feathers will answer], and carefully cover the top with another pillow, thus excluding the external air. Feathers are well-known non-conductors of heat, and thus ice is preserved from melting. Dr. Schwartz says he has thus kept six pounds of ice eight hours. This simple plan is within the reach of every household.

DAMP PROOF MUCILAGE FOR LABELS.—The *Archives of Pharmacy* gives the following recipe: Macerate five parts of good glue in eighteen to twenty parts of water for a day, and to the liquid add nine parts of rock candy and three parts of gum arabic. The mixture can be brushed upon paper while lukewarm; it keeps well, does not stick together, and when moistened, adheres firmly to bottles. For the labels of soda or saltzer water bottles, it is well to prepare a paste of good rye flour and glue, to which linseed oil varnish and turpentine have been added, in the proportion of half an ounce each to the pound. Labels prepared in the latter do not fall off in damp cellars.

Poetry.

PRIZE POEM "ON THE BEE."

A \$40 prize was offered some months ago by the proprietor of the *Bee Keeper's Journal* published in New York, for the best poem on "The Bee," or "Bee Culture." This prize has just been awarded, and the following paragraph which we copy from the last number of the periodical above mentioned will no doubt interest many of our readers. The poem itself will be found subjoined.

"The decision of the committee on Prize Poems, awards the prize to the Rev. W. F. Clarke, editor of the ONTARIO FARMER, Canada. Some fifteen or twenty poems out of the forty competing, were deemed worthy of publication. The Committee consisted of Rev. E. Van Slyke, of West Farms, N. Y., J. T. Mapes, Esq., of Elmira, N. Y., and Miss Mary E. Ervine, of Linden, N. Y. The poems were in the hands of the committee for nearly a month, and the decision was made after deliberate examination, and this on the merits alone, as no names or addresses were given the Committee."

THE BEE.

BY THE REV. W. F. CLARKE.

Where in the realm of nature do we see,
A worthier study than the honey-bee?
What curious instinct dictates every art,
Whereby this little creature sets its part?
How do the marvels of the hive combine,
All other insect wonders to outshine!

A swift-winged forager, the bee sets forth,
Scouting from east to west, from south to north.
Intent on gathering, with industrious haste,
Sweetness that else upon the earth would waste;
And, whereso'er the wanderer may roam,
Laden, she flies unerring to her home.

A skillful manufacturer, she makes
By some internal process, pearly wax,
A substance plastic, soft and delicate,

Beyond the power of man to imitate,
Suited to house the growing luscious brood,
Or to encase the store of luscious food.

The bee is mathematical, and well
Illustrates Euclid in her form of cell.
Sir Isaac Newton, Simpson, or Legendre,
To none of these great masters need we send her,
For she has found what they could never see,
A "royal highway" to geometry.

The bee's a warrior bold, and never saw
The foe could make her from the field withdraw,
In single combat, or in army fight,
No bee has ever shown the feather white:
"Ready, ay ready," any time to rally,
And at any moment's notice, forth to sally,

The bee's a model citizen—ease, too,
Life, all is yielded to the public good;
No individual interests weigh a grain,
Where there are public interests to maintain;
As in old Rome, when all were for the State,
Rich helped the poor, and poor men loved the great.

The bee, in ages past, was little known
In characters of worker, queen and drone;
Absurdest theories and superstitions,
Usurped the place of rational positions,
And, while a dozen bees remained alive,
No man durst search the mysteries of the hive.

Each autumn, when the tempting store of honey
Excited appetite or love of money,
The faithful workers forfeited their lives,
That man might get the contents of the hives;
A tragic finish to the busy season,
For which necessity was made the reason.

Now, thanks to science and its handmaid, art,
The apiculturist acts a wiser part;
The comb is built upon the moving frame,
With smoke or sweet the fiery bee we tame,
Control the busy inmates of the hive,
Obtain their stores, yet save them all alive.

The brisk Italian now assumes the place
Of the familiar, black, old-fashioned race,
Nimble, more energetic, more prolific,
And, happily in temper, more pacific;
A more tauting and adventurous rover,
And able to suck honey from red clover.*

Of old a super glass, or honey box,
Was placed above each of the thriffter stocks,
In hope they might be tempted there to store
A surplusage of twenty pounds or more
Of first-class honey; but a lazy fit
Would oftentimes prevent their doing it.

Now in these palmy days of honey-slinging,
The bees are kept without cessation bringing
New stores of sweet, which quickly we transfer
Into the mel-extracting cylinder,
And thence by use of force centrifugal,
Get honey by the pail or barrel full.

The march of progress is not over yet,
Nor will be till our apiarists get
A plan for making artificial comb,
And thus provide the bee a finished home,
To which all hands shall busily fetch honey,
And smiling bee-men turn it into money.

† Next we will find a bee like the Egyptian
For storing honey, but of a description
Quite opposite in temper, and without
That ugly inclination to dart out
The venomous sting, on slightest provocation,
Nature's worst form of counter irritation.

With all facilities for honey getting
A race of bees that will admit of petting;
Each household of an apiary possessed,
Bee-keeping followed with an unflinching zest,
Honey and milk shall flow all countries through,
And "home, sweet home," obtain a meaning new.

* License of poetry claimed here. The writer has never been able to satisfy himself that the Italian bee gathers from red clover, but it is often asserted as a fact, and "clover" was wanted here as a rhyme to "rover."

† This stanza is respectfully dedicated to N. C. Mitchell, Esq., of Indianapolis, Ind.