

buy it. It sold for an enormous sum, but Angelo took it. Some one asked him, "why did you pay so much?" His reply was, "I saw an angel in the block, and I am going to liberate it." He did so and became famous for "the angel" in statuary.

Have you tried to understand your locality, and failed? If you do not understand your locality you fail of the best success. When you see your bees coming in with pollen in the spring, follow the bees. Then when a load of honey comes in follow it to its source. The bee-keeper must follow his pursuit to perfection. I told the following story at the National convention in Canada:

Henry Clay wanted the presidency. He came to an old friend and said to him, "Are you going to help me now?" The answer was, "No; you failed me once."

Clay saw he was not going to make anything of that, so he said, "John, do you remember the old days?" John said, "Yes." "Do you remember the old gun?" "Yes." (It was an old flintlock.) "Did the gun ever fail you, John?" "Yes, it failed me once when I needed it most." "What did you do? Throw it away?" "No, I pickt the flint and tried again." "Can you not try me again, John?" "Yes, I will pick the flint and try you again." We must pick the flint and try again if we fail.

I am requested to tell the anecdote I told at the Buffalo Convention of this association two years ago. A certain darkey often went to market, but one time it was different—his wife went with him this time. He cried at the top of his voice, "'Tatoes, 'tatoes, 'tatoes!" His wife said, "Keep still, darling, you will wake all the people up." He said to her, "That is what I want to do;" and again he cried, "'Tatoes, 'tatoes, 'tatoes!" That is what we want to do

—wake bee-keepers up about securing a large force of bees in time for the harvest.

Do you wish to know about putting on and taking off sections, doing it at just the right time? Then use "a little strength" along that line.

When we entered the bee-keeping ranks we pledged ourselves by thus entering to do our best. Some may not believe we did so. I am reminded of our great ocean steamers. In the middle of the Atlantic one of the stokers was asked "Are the other stokers all working? Is the vessel going right?" He answered, "I am not the captain, but by taking this place I pledged myself to do the best I could. I am captain of this shovel." He did his part faithfully, and the vessel landed safely in Liverpool.

Have you tried wintering bees and failed? During the winter of 1881-82 three-fourths of all the bees in the United States died. There has been progress in wintering since then and yet we are not perfect. August is the time to prepare bees for winter. So that each colony has a good queen, bees and food enough. If you wait until December, and then write to Dr. Miller or Dr. Mason about preparing your bees for winter, you will be something like the old preacher whose wife said to him one cold Sunday, "Had you not better put on a thicker pair of pants?" The pair he put on had hung away all summer in the attic, and the wasps had built a nest in the roomy part of them. After getting into the pulpit he commenced to read the 103rd Psalm: "'Bless the Lord oh my soul!—oh, what a sting! 'Bless the Lord oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits'—Ge-whitaker, what a sting! I'll tell you what it is, brethren, the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil's in these breeches."