

lard; but never again let us call such honey. It is entirely too remote from it. I think I can give a better definition of the article—a closer definition. Let us call it "*Hutchinson's Hasty Taffy*." You see it would only require a little more simmering down to make excellent taffy; but because it is a little hastily made (not quite done) it is not just up to the mark—a little too thin.

I said before, our worst enemy has not robbed us of the true definition of honey. Yet, as it were, out of our very ranks steps a man, one of ourselves, who sows broadcast to the world the false statement that such a product, not from nectar, is equal to honey. My pen remained silent for a time. I hoped—alas! a hope against hope—that no attention would be paid to such a statement. But the statement has been copied by our press, and the fact (?) has gone abroad, and there is nothing more to be gained by secrecy. The very organ which was established to aid beekeepers to promote their interests has given us one of the very worst blows—a worse blow than any enemy has ever dealt us. It has thrown suspicion upon our extracted honey and upon our comb. I can honestly say I have a love for beekeeping, and a desire for the advancement of the beekeeping industry, aside from any financial advancement that industry can ever give me. I love it to such an extent that if I should ever be placed in such a position that I could do without labor and yet live comfortably, I would still make beekeeping a part of my calling, and would aim for the advancement of that industry to an extent I am not now able to do.

It was then with a feeling of keenest anxiety that I read the statement that syrup fed to bees could not be detected by the chemist from honey. That it could be detected by taste I never doubted. I remember when, but a boy, I went to D. A. Jones to learn to keep bees, and with that taste for honey I had, in the spring of the year, I stuck my fingers into combs, part of the stores were sugar syrup, fed for wintering, part honey, and I could then,

in every case, I am satisfied, detect the difference, and by education I have in no way lost the means of detecting this difference. I did not feel satisfied there was no chemical difference. After Dr. Wiley gave his address at Washington, he held out a hope that we could detect the difference. At the close of his address I questioned him in words to this effect:—"We can then detect the difference between sugar syrup fed to the bees, stored by them, ripened and capped, and then extracted, and nectar so acted upon by the bees?"

Dr. Wiley said, at one temperature we cannot, but at certain temperatures we can.

This was a clear statement from that great chemist (drawn out from anything else in language that everyone can understand) that there was a chemical difference, and excellent as the convention was, I considered it the most important statement made at that convention.

If I had been a great man and Doctor Wiley an insignificant one, I would have taken him by the hand and said, "thank you; you have opened a most difficult path for us." It is strange that the hand which unwittingly harmed us in its statement concerning comb honey, should now be the hand to help us on this matter. I watch with interest Hutchinson's continued report in the *American Bee Journal*. If this statement of Dr. Wiley's, clear and distinct, is not brought out in the next number, how can we help thinking anything else than that darkness is resorted to, to uphold the statement that sugar syrup and honey are alike? And how can we think else, if that is the case, than that, instead of rejoicing, in the interest of beekeepers, that such is not the case, and giving the statement every publicity to repair the damage done, that the desire to uphold the wrong and injurious statement is stronger than the interests of beekeepers and stronger than righteousness. I most sincerely wish that the statement may be made. But if it is not, it will then surely become, if it is not already, the duty of every beekeeper to say:—"I will