

is a little better and I see no more of this trouble. I have seen several reports in the journals where parties ask the cause of bees leaving the hive, crawling away and dying; my idea is that it is poisoned honey. Last year we lost millions of bees in the same way. I never saw it before I came here, and then only when honey was scarce.

A. W. OSBURN.

Apartado 278, Havana, Cuba, July 26, '86.

P. S.—As you know I have for a number of years been opposed to the clipping of queens' wings, I, while at San Miguel and handling many hundreds of natural swarms, did not lose any by their absconding, or when several swarms came together, but my experience this spring here in this apiary has been such that now I am an advocate of the clipping of the wings. I lost three fine young queens and colonies, and I thought that kind of business would not pay, so now as soon as a queen begins to lay, off go her wings. We have got one colony with a young queen that has tried it three times, but as the queen could not go with them, they had to come back; so now I guess I am an advocate of wing-clipping.

From the American Bee Journal.

"BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BEE-KEEPING."

DR. C. C. MILLER.

I MAKE no question as to the general truth contained in Solomon's statement about there being no new thing under the sun, but it hardly applies literally to Rev. W. F. Clarke's new book, "A Bird's-Eye View of Bee-Keeping." A book entirely devoted to bee-keeping, and every word of it in poetry, is certainly a new thing to me. I would like to give the readers of the *Bee Journal* a fair description of this little book, but how can I unless I quote almost the whole book in its practical form? As the entire work costs only 25 cents, it can easily be obtained by all, so I will content myself with sampling its pages here and there. Its author says:

This treatise is for novices, and such should take care not at first to attempt too much.

Then follows advice as to books and papers to be obtained "before a bee is bought."

None should attempt the business till they learn it Or hope to make a cent unless they earn it. None who are seeking a soft place to lie on, Need trouble themselves this pursuit to try on.

If you propose to be a specialist In keeping bees, permit me to assist Your cogitations, by, in brief, suggesting A few pre-requisites before investing. That knowledge of the business and then fitness To follow it are needful, facts bear witness. But what is fitness? Well, it is, in part,

To have a quick eye, soft-hand, and lion-heart;
A mind to grasp the most minute details,
And, with it all, patience that never fails;
Promptness to do all work in its right season,
And clear perception from the facts to reason.
It is to have a perfect self-control,
And let alone the intoxicating bowl—
If you this evil habit once begin,
An apiary never set your foot in.
A hopefulness that never fails or flags,
A diligence that neither lags nor lags,
High moral principle that scorns to cheat,
And makes a point all honor's claims to meet.
The golden rule and law of love your aim,
And your best treasure an untarnished name.
If you are wholly ignorant of bees,
And yet possess such qualities as these,
You must content yourself to be a creeper,
Along the road that makes a good bee-keeper.
Go slowly, do not be in foolish haste.
Nor think that you your time and money waste
In making full and careful preparation,
For entering on your chosen avocation.

The author varies the usual advice and says: Beginners. I advise to raise comb honey Until they scrape together enough money To purchase an extractor, pails, and things, Necessity for which extracting brings.

When hiving a swarm,

Be sure that your new hive is clean and neat,
Smear it with beeswax and with honey sweet,
Have no foul smell about it, for the bees
Are mostly all old-maids, whom you must please
By making things quite tidy and "so—so,"
Else in a fit of dudgeon, off they go!

I go for out-door wintering, on a stand
Where you can manage them with ready hand,
Free from laborious lifting to and fro,
Which makes the luckless bee-man's back aches so.
I set my hives two feet above the ground
Where ease of handling them is always found.
The man who first devised a four-inch stool
To set his hives on was an arrant fool,
And needlessly condemned himself to stoop
Till with fatigue and pain his spirits droop.

Of course "hibernation" is not omitted.

And now, the season's cycle is complete,
The summer hours march on, with nimble feet,
Soon once again the welcome time will come
When honey-gathering bees, with cheerful hum,
Will do the work they understand so well,
And store sweet nectar in each vacant cell,
Smoothing and polishing the surface all
With that small trowel, we a dagger call,
But which by them employed so much is
In giving honey-comb its final touches.

Then after some advice on a few special topics, the book closes with—

Farewell, and in a brighter world than this,
May you enjoy a life of perfect bliss;
Where thrilling music through the welkin rings,
And nectar sweet is gathered without stings!

Marengo, Ill.

Get your friends to take the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL. Two names with \$2. entitles the sender to a copy of Clarke's "Bird's Eye View of Bee-Keeping" (25c.) free.