

much medical heterodoxy (common sense), and make such wry faces over so small a pill of religious heterodoxy (more common sense) is past finding out. But he might better swallow a little good medicine than none at all. Levity aside; Dr. Peiro's hints in his first article are really valuable—more valuable than gold. Nothing could be more useful, no advice could be better for young mothers, or prospective mothers than that the Dr. gives on "Overfeeding the Baby." Well do I remember when a little stranger first appeared in our own household, some twenty years ago, how I advised the mother about the nursing of it, and the feeding of it, and the other management. The "good wife" had the good sense to listen to good advice and to put it into practice, and the consequence was that that child was never sick, and cross and feverish and fretful from overfeeding or any other cause, and never swallowed any medicine of any kind—not even "paragoric," or "soothing syrup" or anything. Dr. P., calls it "stuff," and I call it stuff.

P. S.—I am writing this, as you will see, Mr. Editor, from New York on my way to Mexico. I shall try and hunt up some bees in my travels in Mexico and tell the PRACTICAL about them.—A. P.

Removing Bees from Trees

[1884.] I see in this week's Journal (1881, p. 223) a question about removing bees from trees.

I and my man removed some two years ago successfully. The bees entered by an opening a little distance up the trunk, and the night before removing them we nailed perforated zinc over the hole, thus making the bees prisoners. We then sounded the tree to see how far up it was hollow, and then bored a hole with an auger large enough to take one end of a lamp glass. The first hole was too low; but our second

attempt was more successful, for we came to the new made comb; we then plugged up the holes for the night.

Next morning we took down a skep-hive, securely corded to a floor-board, and we first slung the hive to a small branch of the tree above, then placed one end of the lamp-glass chimney in the hive, and after removing the plug in the tree fixed the lamp chimney to the hole; then commenced to puff in smoke through the hole covered with zinc. For above an hour we thought we should not succeed: but at last the bees, becoming tired of the smoke, began to work their way through the glass, the queen being almost the last to leave the tree and enter the hive.

As "Hawk-eye," Tadenster (1878, p. 226), infers, we Yorkshire bee-keepers have not all been so successful as Mr. Rothery in gathering surplus honey. Although only nine miles further down the Wharfe, and in the midst of plenty of bloom, I have been obliged to feed my bees. Although, when the winter was over, my hives were well stocked with honey, if the weather had been in any way favorable I should not have had to feed; but my hives are all large, and well stocked with bees, but we have had no swarms yet.

I had a honey-box made last year, and at the bottom of each compartment is a little square of oiled butter-paper filled with paper shavings, and sealed up so as to prevent litter. On the top I have a large square the size of the box packed with paper shavings, so that it holds the bottles tight; but we put the corrugated paper round each bottle, as Mr. Woodley suggests, and on the top is a strong wooden handle, so that the box cannot be set the wrong way up.—(Miss) Helen Laurence, East Keswick, near Leeds.—B. B. J.

In getting rich, the more haste the less speed. Haste trips up its own heels. Hasty climbers have sudden falls.