

The Apiary.

BEE CULTURE.

At the late meeting of the Vermont Board of Agriculture, a paper on Bee Culture was read by O. C. Wait, Esq., of Georgia. Mr. Wait said honey sells higher than sugar and costs less. Ten good colonies will earn more than ten good men. Scientific care will be favorably. Bee-keeping may become as common here as in Prussia, and not only be a great source of revenue, but a common luxury. Mr. Wait gave many particulars of the history, management and habits of bees, not only of curious interest, but of importance to any who may choose to engage in the business. For 3,800 years the history of the bee has been intimately associated with that of the human race. He referred to the use of honey as food in the Scripture records. Though the bee is not made in God's image, yet many of their habits—neatness, industry, economy and government—may profitably be imitated by men. Every fruit grower and farmer should keep a few colonies of bees for the more perfect growth of his crops. They carry the pollen from flower to flower, and thus, while gathering honey, they spread the seeds of growth and multiply the fruit. Statistics were given by which it appeared that colonies would produce from five to two hundred and sixty pounds a season, which would average about 29 cents. He thought an average would be about 48 pounds. An investment of \$600 would yield about \$900. He said a single queen may become the mother of 560,000 bees. Bee-keeping ought not to be considered insignificant under these circumstances. It is easy, fascinating, and philosophical besides. Mr. Wait extended his figures, and showed by low estimates that it may be made more profitable than any other branch of our industry.

Bees are exceedingly susceptible of atmospheric changes; even the passage of a heavy cloud over the sun will drive them home; and if an easterly wind prevails, however fine the weather may otherwise be, they have a sort of rheumatic abhorrence of its influence, and abide at home.

SWARMS LEAVING THEIR HIVES.

One of the most vexatious things the bee-keeper has to submit to, is that of swarms leaving their hives. After being called from the field to live a swarm of bees, and losing an hour or so in hiving them, it is very provoking to find, a day or two after, that the swarm has gone, and the hive empty; forcibly reminding him of the statement in Holy Writ, "riches make themselves wings and fly away."

The old foggy beekeeper has no idea what made the bees leave the hive—he "just put them in the hive; the next day they were gone." By questioning him a little you will probably find that he put the swarm into a hive that had been standing in the sun, and very likely with cobwebs in it, then left it unshaded, and no wonder the swarm left. Or he may have used a cool clean hive, but after getting a majority of the bees in left them, supposing the remainder would follow, but the next day found the swarm gone. He probably did not get the queen in the hive, and the bees inside missing her, rushed out, and the queen with the outside bees followed, and so the swarm left.

Now there are a few things very necessary to be attended to, to make it profitable that a swarm will stay. The hive must be cool and clean; the swarm should be hived as soon as possible after clustering; every bee, or at least every cluster of bees, should be made to go into the hive; the hive should be well ventilated from below, and should be well shaded and kept as cool as possible. If a large swarm is hived during very warm weather, frequent syringing the hive with water will many times induce the bees to stay when they would otherwise leave.

No swarm can be reasonably looked upon as permanently located till it has been hived at least four days; by this time larvae are hatching from the eggs laid in a new comb which the bees are loth to leave.

But after the careful bee-keeper has attended to all the details mentioned above, a swarm will occasionally leave the hive—why it would be difficult to tell. With the frame hive a frame of young brood from another hive given to a swarm, will generally prevent its leaving.

A few years ago the writer was troubled exceedingly with swarms leaving the hive after

being hived; everything was done, as he thought, that could be done to induce them to stay. The hives were kept cool with plenty of ventilation, a frame of brood was given to hold them, but they would desert the brood; by using an entrance regulator which prevented the queen from leaving the hive with the dissatisfied swarm, many were compelled to remain.

A friend, after hearing the particulars, suggested whether the hives were not too new and fresh; no, they had been made some time, but the frame stuff had just been sawed, and that was probably the reason the bees took such a dislike to the hives. Since then he has had his frames put together some time before using, giving them a chance to lose the rank smell of newly sawed pine, and he has had no trouble with his swarms.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

Veterinary.

THE HORSE.

THE CHECK-REIN.—Mr. Fleming, veterinary surgeon, says:—"I think nothing can be more absurd than check-reins. They are against reason altogether. They place the animal in a false position. The horse stands with a check-rein exactly as a man who stands with a stick under his arms behind his back when he is to write. It is extremely cruel also. I have no doubt, if the public could only realize the fact that it throws away a large portion of the horse's power altogether, and is very cruel besides, this rein would be discontinued. It is not only the head that suffers, but from his head to his tail, from his shoulders to his hoof, and over his whole body, he suffers more or less."

Professor Pritchard, of the Royal Veterinary College, London, E., says:—"I would say that, instead of preventing horses from falling, the check-rein is calculated to render falling more frequent. Other not uncommon results of its use are, distortion of the windpipe, to such a degree as to impede the respiration ever afterwards, excoriation of the mouth and lips, paralysis of the muscles of the face, &c. It is a useless appendage, supported only by fashion. I feel that if this were more generally understood, numbers of excellent persons, who now drive their horses with check-reins, would discontinue to do so."

These testimonies of the injurious effects of using the check-rein are borne out by other eminent authorities on the subject. Thus the *London Horse Book* says:—"The horse is often prevented from throwing his weight into the collar by a tight check-rein."

The check-rein is, in nearly every case, painful to the animal and useless to the driver. * * * There is an important difference between a tight check-rein and a tightened rein, although not generally understood. The first is injurious, and cannot help the horse, while the latter is often useful. Because the latter is a steady support to the animal's head from a distinct and intelligent source—the driver; whereas the former is only the horse's head fastened to his own shoulders."

CLEAN AND DRY STABLES.—A horse will endure severe cold weather without any inconvenience, so long as he is furnished with a dry stable. But require him to stand on a wet and foul floor, and his health will soon begin to fail. Horses often suffer from cold feet and legs. A great many stables have damp and wet floors. Few men who handle horses give proper attention to the feet and legs. Especially is this the case on farms. Much time is spent of a morning in rubbing, brushing and smoothing the hair on the sides and hips, but at no time are the feet examined and properly cared for. Now, be it known, that the feet of a horse require more care than the body. They need ten times as much, for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered, and then the legs will get badly out of fix; and with bad feet and bad legs there is not much else of the horse fit for anything. Stable prisons generally are very severe on the feet and legs of horses; and unless these buildings can afford a dry room, where a horse can walk around, lie down, or roll over, they are not half so healthy or comfortable to the horse as the pasture, and should be avoided by all good hostlers in the country.—*Vermont Farmer and Record.*

CRUMBS.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married man to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you don't know what a difficult task I find it."

A near-sighted man being advised to use glasses, took four, he says, and saw double.

An Idaho invalid was ordered by a physician to take three ounces of brandy a day, and, knowing that sixteen drachms make an ounce, has patiently been taking forty-eight drinks a day ever since.

A Paris journal which stated that a prisoner under sentence of death had attempted suicide, first by poison and then by knife, and, medical assistance being promptly administered, added, "he is now out of danger, and will to-morrow undergo the sentence of the law."

A clergyman accosted by an old acquaintance of the name of Cobb, replied, "I don't know you, sir." "My name is Cobb," replied the man, who was about half seas over. "Ah, sir," said the minister, "you have so much corn on you that I did not see the cob."

Pawnbrokers and drunkards are always taking pledges. The former sometimes keep them.

The latest case of absence of mind is that of a young lady who, on returning from a walk with her lover the other evening, rapped him on the face and kissed the door.

The Wabash (Indiana) country has always been celebrated for the persistency and quality of its fever and ague. A local physician thus describes the genuine Wabash article:—"It comes creeping up a fellow's back like a ton of wild cats; goes crawling in through his joints like iron spikes, and is followed by a fever which prohibits the patient from thinking of anything but Greenland's icy mountains. It isn't the 'every-other-day' kind, but gets up with a man at daylight, and sleeps on the small of his back all night. His teeth feel about six inches long, his joints wobble like a loose wagon wheel, and the shakes are as steady that one can't hold conversation except by putting in dashes."

We have all heard of the extreme fastidiousness of the female half of the Americans, and that they cannot bear to see the naked leg of a mahogany table; but it was paying a little expensively for the indulgence of that sentiment when, on a yachting excursion, a young lady who was on board sprang out of her berth and jumped overboard on hearing the captain, during a gale of wind, order the mate to haul down the sheets.

A fortune-hunter gives the following advice to husbands:—"Settle as much money upon your wife as you can, for her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a sixpence."

A gentleman in search of a man to do some work met on his way a highly-respectable lady, not as young as she once was, and asked her—"Can you tell me where I can find a man?" "No, I cannot," she replied, "for I have been looking for one these twenty years for myself."

It is common to speak of those whom a flirt has jilted as her victims. This is a grave error. Her real victim is the man whom she accepts. A happy smile runs thus:—"A coquette is a rose from whom every lover plucks a leaf; the thorn remains for her future husband."

"Fred," said a father to a son, "I hear that you and your wife quarrel and wrangle every day. Let me warn you against such a fatal practice." "Wherever told you that, father?" was totally mistaken. My wife and I haven't spoken to one another for a month."

Miss (to new housemaid): "Jane, I'm quite surprised to hear you can't read or write. I'm sure one of my daughters would gladly undertake to teach you." Maid: "O, Lor', mum, if the young ladies would be so kind as to learn me anything, I should like to play the pianer."

A Quaker who had been troubled with rats informs a friend that he greased a thirty-foot board, filled it full of fish-hooks, set it up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and put an old cheese at the top. The rats went up, slid back, and he caught thirty of 'em the first night.

In New Hampshire, the following is posted on a fence: "Nottis. Know how is allround in these medders, my men or women letten there kows run the rode, wet sits inter my meddars aforesaid shall have his tail cut off by me, Obadiah Rogers."

A Yankee, being asked to describe his wife, said, "Why, sir, she'd make a regular fast, go-ahead steamer, my wife would—she has such a wonderful talent for blowing up."

Our sentimental friend having accidentally placed one of his No. 12 brogans upon an unsuspecting Colorado, laments in the following strain:

One more potato bug
Gone to his rest;
Stepped on so tenderly,
'Cause it was best.
Poor little cater bug!
Smashed to the dust,
In thy prosperity
Business has lost.

Land Poor.

BY ROBERT ROLLINS.

I've had another offer, wife—a twenty acres more! Of high and dry prairie land, as level as a floor. I thought I'd wait and see you first, as Lawyer Brady said, To tell how things will turn out best a woman is ahead.

And when this lot is paid for, and we have got the deed, I'll say that I am satisfied—it's all the land we need, And next we'll see about the yard, and fix the house up some, And manage in the course of time to have a better home.

WIFE.

There is no use of talking, Charles—you buy that twenty more, And we'll go scripping all our lives and always be Land Poor. For thirty years we've tugged and saved, denying half our needs, While all we have to show for it is tax receipts and deeds!

I'd sell the land if it were mine, and have a better home, With broad, light rooms to front the street, and take life as it comes. If we could live as others live, and have what others do, We'd live enough sight pleasanter, and have a plenty, too.

While others have amusements and luxury and books, Just think how stingy we have lived, and how this old place looks; That other farm you bought of Wells that took so many years Of clearing up and fencing in, has cost me many tears.

Yes, Charles, I've thought of it a hundred times or more, And wondered if it really paid to always be Land Poor; That had we built a cozy house, took pleasure as it came, Our children, once so dear to us, had never left our home.

I grieve to think of wasted weeks, and year^s and months and days, While for it all we never yet have had one word of praise. Men call us rich, but we are poor—would we not freely give The land with all its fixtures, for a better way to live!

Don't think I'm blaming you, Charles—you're not a whit to blame, I've pitied you these many years, to see you tired and lame. It's just the way we started out, our plans too far ahead, We've worn the cream of life away, to leave too much when dead.

'Tis putting off enjoyment long after we enjoy, And after all too much of wealth seems useless as a toy. Although we've learned, alas! too late, what all must learn at last, Our brightest earthly happiness is buried in the past.

That life is short and full of care, the end is always nigh, We seldom half begin to live before we're doomed to die; Were I to start my life again, I'd mark each separate day, And never let a single one pass unenjoyed away.

If there were things to envy, I'd have them now and then, And have a home that was a home, and not a cage or pen, I'd set some land if it were mine, and fit up well the rest.

I've always thought, and think so yet, small farms well worked are best.

GUELPH HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

This Society has existed, we believe, for something over twenty years, and has maintained a continuous and uninterrupted vitality, not dying out every now and then, and standing up with a sort of spasmodic life, as has been the case with horticultural societies in places that boast greater horticultural advantages. We congratulate our friends on their enterprise and success, and the work they have done in disseminating a taste and love for choice fruits, fine vegetables and beautiful flowers.

Stump

MESSES. P. GENTLE to-day the stump machine you will pl amount. that I like find that t improvement lay it dow the fourth pulled up

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The auc & Sons ca monton, v and two prices. M Iowa, was rying off sold. He bull calf, 4th Duch ter Sweet fers—Jos for \$260; Solway, Tillie Co for \$460; Mr. W. bought I for \$265 her calf, Albion, yearling Paterson 12-year King, b \$100. T \$4,285. We co success C ing. TH able nar also for And wit terprise thinks o too, (at some th—in im warn th

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