

a few days in Seattle, Washington, then over the C. P. R. home taking two weeks to make the trip. There are some things I liked about California, and some I did not. The winters there are very nice, it gets quite warm through the day and you can get about with comfort, then again there is so much fruit, you can pick ripe fruit (of some kinds) off the trees the year round. Just think of peaches \$10 per ton, prunes \$10 per ton, grapes \$5 per ton, and other fruits in proportion. But there are other things I am not in love with, for instance, a sand storm, it will get to blowing sand sometimes and will probably keep it up for 24 hours, you can hardly see across the street for sand, and the air in the house gets so full of dust that you can hardly breathe. California is not all like this but a good deal of the southern part is. Again the long continued drouth and the hot beaming sun during the summer, is very trying probably seven months without a drop of rain, and five or six months without a cloud in the sky. This sort of climate seems to agree with lots of people and lots of them say they like it, but Mrs. A. and myself did not care for it. Some other time when the C. B. J. is not crowded for space I may give you a few lines on the products of California, and the difference between bee-keeping in that country and this.

J. ALPAUGH,

Box 324, Galt.

[Yes, we should like to hear something on the above subject.—Ed.].

P.S.—You will see a short article in the C. B. J. for May, page 1092, where Frank says he was down to the coast with me in California. His other name is Gemmill, and, like most other young folks' first time away from home, pretty hard to look after. He would persist in running down after the waves as they rolled back off the sand, and picking up little shells. He had just picked up a queer little shell and was looking at it when I noticed a big wave coming and just at his heels. I yelled at him to run, but instead he jumped square up, higher than I ever saw an expert jump on the 24th of May. In a moment the wave had passed under him, and was several yards up the sand. At first I thought he intended to stay up in the air until the wave had passed back again; but when I saw him coming down I thought probably he intended to alight on the water and walk ashore; but instead, he came down into the water and sank to the bottom like a wet elm log. If I had not thought more of Frank than I did of my Sunday clothes, he would have been drowned. Of course I

had to wade out up to my neck to get him out; that was how I got wet. And that field where he thought he saw so many cala lilies was nothing but a bare field of sand. I knew at the time it was his imagination, just from being so wet and nearly frightened to death. Now, I don't want you to think that we were both half drunk, and don't know what we are talking about; if you don't believe me, just ask Frank.

J. A.

[You are not trying to insinuate you were both more than half drunk?—Ed.]

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[We take no paid advertisements to be inserted as reading matter, but take pleasure in inserting the above. We not only have four Buck stoves in our house, but have tested for two years in the bee cellar, all with perfect satisfaction.—Ed.]

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June 14, 1897.

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