BEES AND BEE KEEPING

TREATING FOUL BROOD.

Best Done When Honey is Abundant in the Evening.

The Minnesota Experiment Station has found that treatment for American Foul Brood is best done when honey is abundant, and in the evening. Remove diseased comb, and shake the bees into their own hive, having first placed in the hive clean frames with foundation starters. Let them build comb for four days. On the evening of the fourth day take out the combs which have been started, and which may be partly filled with diseased honey, shake the bees on to new frames with foundation starters, destroying the comb and honey which they first made before other bees have access to it. This, the officials of the station state, should effect a cure. One's hands should be thoroughly washed, and the tools used in this work carefully cleaned with boiling water or alcohol to prevent contaminating another colony. The hives should also be disinfected previous to inserting the second set of frames with starters preferably by placing straw in same and burning, slightly charring the interior. The alighting board and entrance should be disinfected in the same way. All infected honey and comb should be destroyed by burning, at night, to prevent robbing and consequent spread of disease.

If a bee-keeper bears in mind the infectious character of this disease, precautions to be observed in handling diseased colonies will naturally suggest themselves to him. He should also bear in mind that where a colony is dwindling from the effect of Foul Brood, it should be carefully guarded against being robbed, since robbing may be the most prolific cause of spreading the disease.

Winter Passages.

Bees often starve in the midst of plenty. They winter in lots called "seams" between the combs, and may be seen packed like slates upon a house roof, the top row removing the food from the cells above them to feed themselves, and by passing it down, those below. While the weather remains mild the bees are able to move about from comb to comb in search of food, or with the object of bringing to the center combs food stored in the outer frames; but this activity ceases as soon as really cold weather sets in and they then pack themselves close together for mutual warmth. Then, as the food around them is consumed, they die simply on account of the cold air by which they are surrounded; and they cannot pass around or under the frames to a probable abundant supply close by. Though they are prevented going around or under the frames a provision may be made allowing them to pass over the topbar in the warmest part of the hive. This is done by giving what are known as "winter passages." The old method, now almost discarded, was to cut a hole through the comb in each frame near the top bar. A more effective passage could hardly be devised, but apart from spoiling the combs it is a tiresome and troublesome operation, and is therefore not recommended. A simple plan is to lay across the topbars four pieces of wood half an inch square and about six inches long, half inch apart. If the quilts are then laid evenly across, effective passages for the bees will be provided. Then again a cake of candy laid upon the frames when closing up the hives in October will be equally satisfactory, for passages will be formed as the candy is consumed over the bars.

Beehive of Concrete.

Among the occupations which offer profit and amusement, and at the same time entirely suited to women, is that of bee raising. Its advantages are that little space is required, there is no great expense and the work is light, requiring only a limited amount of time and care. Much of the apparatus required may be made at

Concrete Beehive.

home and where the facilities for this are not present, the things may be purchased without any great outlay of money.

There have been many improvements lately in the manner of constructing the beehives, and probably the most interesting is one which is made of concrete. A patent has been recently issued covering the manufacture of concrete beehives, but any one with a little ingenuity may easily make them, and a set of molds once having been made satisfactorily, may be used indefinitely and any number of hives made from it. Anyone attempting to make a hive of this material should acquaint themselves with the character of the cement and should also be familiar with the habits of bees.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

Kinks in the Histories of New York and Chicago.

The manner in which the metropolis of the western hemisphere got its name is a matter that has been dealt with by many able chroniclers. The most trustworthy and at the same time the most plausible story is as follows:

After the Dutch had ceased to be dominant in the city a prominent member of one of the English families that had gained influence in the rapidly growing young community one day traded oxen with a neighbor and on his way home stopped in front of a tavern somewhere on what is now lower Broadway. As he did so several of the men who were in the habit of frequenting the place assembled in the front yard, and one of them cried out:

"Hello! Those ain't the oxen you used to have."

"No," replied the owner of the cattle. "I've got a new yoke."

"New yoke" at once became a common phrase and was soon adopted as the name of the city. It was an easy step from that to "New Yawk," the present name of the place.

The naming of Chicago came about in a curious way. Shortly after the building of the first few huts near the banks of the river one of John Kinzie's boys caught two crows, a male and a female, which he tamed and taught to speak the English language. The Kinzies had at that time a young Indian maiden, who did plain sewing and other household duties, and she became very fond of the pet crows. One day the female crow managed somehow to get out of the cage in which the birds were kept and at once flew away. The Indian girl chanced to see the crow make its escape, and, greatly excited, she rushed into the dining room, where the various members of the family were waiting for the finger bowls. Waving her arms up and down as if they had been wings, the young squaw cried:

"She caw go!"

Shecawgo was at once adopted as the name of the town and remains so to this day, the spelling only having been changed.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Suggestion For the Revivalists.

Rip Van Winkle had just brushed the last of the cobwebs out of his eyes.

"I subbose somebody vill werry likely make a play about me," he said in his Catskill stage dialect.

"No doubt about it," replied a bystander.

Rip yawned heavily, the spell of his long nap being still strong upon him.

"Vell," he said, "I hope if dey do write such a play dey von't try to revive it after it has been asleep for dwenty years."

And then he smiled, and they all filed into the tavern and imbibed another one of the kind that didn't count.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Deacon's Parable.

A self conscious and egotistical young clergyman was supplying the pulpit of a country church. After the service he asked one of the deacons, a grizzled, plain spoken man, what he thought of his morning effort.

"Waal," answered the old man slowly, "I'll tell ye in a kind of parable. I remember Tunk Weatherbee's first deer hunt, when he was green. He follered the deer's tracks all right, but he follered 'em all day in the wrong direction."—Housekeeper.

Between Neighbors.

"This thing has gone far enough," stormed the man in the bungalow. "Your chickens come through the fence and ruin my garden."

"Well, why don't you keep an eye on them?" asked the man in the cottage.

"What? I'd have you understand that I'm not going to mind your chickens."

"Mind them? Well, if you don't mind them what in the world are you talking about anyway?"—Chicago News.

Crushing.

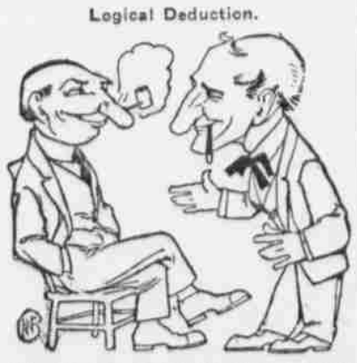
Mars on being introduced to Bellona became very sentimental.

"You look nice enough to eat," he simpered.

She regarded him severely. "You mistake the name, sir—Bellona, not Bologna," quoth she, with crushing froideur.

Whereupon such of the gods as were within earshot gave way to Homeric laughter.—Puck.

Logical Deduction.



"A Nevada coroner's jury decides that a prizefighter met his death in the ring by colliding with the floor."

"By the same token a man pushed from a skyscraper roof by another would meet his death from the fall."

Often Unintelligible.

It was a Boston baby
That came along one day
To grow amid the culture of
The famous old Back Bay.

They named the infant Browning,
For he was simply grand,
And then he said so many things
They couldn't understand.
—Kansas City Journal.

Saturday Night Talks

By Rev. F. E. DAVISON, Rutland, Vt.

THE KING AND THE QUIBBLER.

International Bible Lesson for July 10, '10—(John 6: 63).

There are a great many people in this world who are born hair-splitters. They take keen delight in setting intellectual traps for the unwary, and hooking the unsuspecting with the horns of a dilemma. They put themselves forward to hurl confusing questions at the modern stump speakers, not because they care a rap about the answer, but because they like to see the speaker flounder, or dodge. When they go to church they bristle all over with question marks, and come away criticising every statement of the preacher. They never smell the flowers, they pull them to pieces. They never hear music,—they only watch for discords. They never taste food,—they criticise the cooking. They never enjoy conversation,—they cannot agree with any one. At the ordinary statement they cavil, and the putting forth of an opinion about anything is the signal for an intellectual battle. They will argue, just as long, and just as earnestly over a comma as over a creed, over a molehill as over a mountain, over a flaw as over a fundamental.

An Ecclesiastical Quibbler.

One of these smart Alecks undertook to floor Jesus Christ one day. A lot of people had been trying to entangle and confuse Him, and had got hurt in the operation. This ecclesiastical pettifogger was standing by, and after all the others had been silenced, he tipped them a knowing wink, as if to say, "Watch me discount this Galilean rabbi," never doubting but that he would win their applause as a sharp cross-questioner. So this little manikin lawyer, hunting for cheap notoriety, brought out his great gun and bombarded Christ with his question: "What is the great commandment of the law?" If Christ had replied the first, or the fourth, or the seventh, or any one of the ten, this little mustard-seed lawyer had a poser right on his tongue's end as an argument to complete his victory. But he had found his match at last, and Christ simply swung round where he could fire a whole broadside at once, and said, The first and the last, the greatest and the smallest, the inside and the outside, the meat and the kernel commandment is love to God and love to man. All the law and the prophets hang on one word—L-O-V-E. And the little popgun quibbler sunk out of sight as though hit with a bombshell.

Microscopic Quibblers.

What a good thing it would be for the world if these little microscope carriers who are everlastingly hunting for flaws in something could be as effectually silenced. Every now and then somebody rushes into print to challenge the world in regard to some question of the Bible, or the church, or the ministry, or the creed, or the denominations, egotistically propounding an ecclesiastical conundrum, and strutting about with a chip on the shoulder waiting for some half-scared disciple to attempt to knock it off. It is amusing to see these little bantam hair-splitters run to cover as if they expected to be hit with a cannon ball, when everybody knows that bird shot is plenty big enough for that kind of game.

Love, the Whole Law.

Love is the whole law. It is not a question of sects. It is not a question of understanding the book of Revelation. It has nothing to do with the theory of where Cain got his wife, nor the size of the Ark, nor Jonah's submarine voyage to Nineveh, nor who wrote the book of Hebrews, nor whether the second advent of Christ will be pre- or post-millennial. What has love got to do with any of these things? Love never discusses the difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum. Love never quibbles over non-essentials. Loves serves with Jacob 14 years and counts it only a few days. Love denies itself of every comfort and indignantly repudiates the charge that sacrifices are hard. It is all boiled down and compressed into one word of love. Is that all? That is all! A person might as well say of the mighty ocean, "is that all?"

Fastidious Quibblers.

If the fastidious hair-splitters could have their way, there would never be another Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner, the Red Cross would never again minister to the wounded on the battlefield, every hospital and asylum would crumble, every pulpit would be vacant, every creed would be burned up, every church would be disbanded, every government would be overthrown, every machine would stop, every evil would have full swing, every aggressive, Satanic, demoralizing flood of iniquity would overflow society and debauch mankind. The quibbler is the ecclesiastical nihilist having no object in life but to criticise and destroy.

Understand, there is no objection to reasonable inquiry. To ask questions is the right and privilege, and should be the aim of every man. Only so, can we obtain light on life's pathway for our guidance through this world. There is all the difference imaginable between the man who sincerely wants instruction, and the man whose popgun mind is only looking for material with which to shoot in the back the soldiers of truth, or sharpen a stilletto with which to assassinate the world's deliverers. From such quibblers may we all unite in praying, "Good Lord, Deliver us!"

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:

NECESSITY OF IDEALS.

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BY REV. GEORGE DOWNING SPARKS.

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Text—I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.—Psalm, cxxi., 1.

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It was no haphazard chance, but the yielding to a natural instinct, that men in early times offered up their sacrifices on the tops of mountains. God seemed to be nearer on a lofty peak than in the valley below. Heaven appeared to touch the earth when the clouds kissed the hilltops. This was the thought that stirred the heart of primitive man; and to-day, I imagine, the majority of us can think of God more easily when we gaze from some towering elevation into "the silence of the starry sky" and feel, almost as a divine Presence, "the sleep among the lonely hills."

It is absolutely necessary for us to have ideals. If we have none, then we will sink to the level of the beasts of the field. We will go through life as dumb driven cattle, and not as heroes with the light of God shining in our faces. If we wish worthily to achieve our destiny, then there must ever be before us "the vision splendid." Our religion, as the highest of ideals, beckons us upward and bids us go forward and practice what we believe in daily life and duty.

If it be true that most men "chatter and love and hate, gather and squander, are raised aloft, are hurled in the dust, striving blindly, achieving nothing," then let it not be true of us. We can, if we will, cherish some splendid ideal of character and service. Many men have done this. History glitters with their names. Why cannot we do likewise?

Let us therefore determine to be "souls temper'd with fire," and refuse to look upon life as something mean and contemptible. It is good, notwithstanding what cowards and croakers say to the contrary. It is always our own fault if we let it be barren and fruitless.

"Look up," then, must be our motto, not "look down." Look at the things which make for righteousness and peace, not at the things which produce sin and discord. Keep our eyes on the things that are true, honest, pure and of good report. So gazing, our eyes will be effectually turned away from things false, impure and low.

We shall have oportunities every day, almost every hour, of showing our philosophy of life. It depends entirely upon ourselves in what direction we will direct our gaze: toward those things which will lift us up or drag us down; toward the snow capped mountain peaks, glittering in the sunlight, or to the dark, foul, fever haunted swamps of the valley.

Bunyan, in his "Pilgrim's Progress," sees a man with a muck rake. Over his head hovers an angel proffering him a celestial crown for that which he holds in his hands. But the man will not look up and continues to rake together the sticks and straws on the floor. It is a true picture, grim in its reality, of a man with no ideals, the saddest kind of a human tragedy.

"It Doth Not Yet Appear."

The Bible is our only source of information concerning the future life. Almost everyone has, at some time in life, earnestly wished to know more about Heaven than the Bible has revealed. But we are not sure that a fuller and clearer revelation would serve any good purpose. Perhaps it would render men discontented with their present lot and unfit for present duty.

Perhaps there is no power in human language to convey to men's minds a fuller and clearer idea of the heavenly world. It may be that in our present state we do not possess the capacity to comprehend these things even if they could be uttered in human speech. Whatever be the reason for the comparative obscurity in which this interesting subject has been left, it is enough for us to know that there is a holy city where the saints of God are being gathered home to be forever with the Lord. We are invited to enter through the gates into that city, and the few faint glimpses of that heavenly place are enough to win our hearts to a holy life, and to cheer us on our journey through this vale of tears.—Christian Advocate.

Go Tell Thy Father.

Whatsoever it is that presses thee, go, tell thy Father, put over the matter into His hand, and so thou shalt be freed from that dividing, perplexing care that the world is full of. When thou art either to do or suffer anything, when thou art about any purpose or business, go tell God of it, and acquaint him with it; yea, burden him with it, and thou hast done for matter of caring; no more care, but quiet, sweet diligence in thy duty, and dependence on him for the carriage of thy matters. Roll thy cares, and thyself with them, as one burden, all on thy God.—R. Leighton.

Through the resurrection of Christ the believer has victory; not only over sin and the law, but thanks be to God over death and the grave.—C. J. Felty.

Taste Is Localized.

Taste is curiously localized in the mouth. Put a lump of sugar on the tip of your tongue and you will find it distinctly sweet. Then try it halfway back on the tongue and you will find it tasteless. All sweet or aromatic substances, such as wine, sugar and coffee, can be properly appreciated by the front half of the tongue, a piece of knowledge that every true connoisseur applies when he sips instead of taking a mouthful. With most other substances, however, the reverse is true. In these cases the tip of the tongue serves only for touching—it is the back part that tastes. The sides of the mouth, too, are quite insensible to certain substances not tasteless. Put some salt or vinegar between the teeth and the cheek and you will find them absolutely flavorless.—London Standard.

Wrestling For Rent.

In several cantons of Switzerland the custom prevails of holding wrestling matches and other exhibitions of physical strength at their choral, gymnastic and rifle festivals. The champions taking part in these athletic sports belong to the most diverse ranks in the social scale. Thus at a recent festival at Grenchen, a little town in the canton of Soleure, a wealthy property owner and his tenant, a carpenter, stepped into the arena to wrestle according to the rules of the art. There were to be four rounds, or "falls." The stake for each "fall" was one quarter's rent. After the carpenter had thrown his landlord four times the victor's prize was awarded to him, and he accordingly found himself entitled to live in his house rent free for a whole year.

A Henpecked Astrologer.

Lilly, the astrologer and alchemist, could not see for himself sufficiently far into that future which he professed to be able to scan so clearly for others to guard him against making a fool of himself by marrying. He caught a vixen, "of the temper of Mars," to use his own words, and the fact that she brought him £500 as dowry did not count for much in the way of compensation, seeing that "she and her relations cost him £1,000."

As to Truth Telling.

There is an eastern saying which runs: "It is good to know the truth and to tell it. It may be better, knowing the truth, to talk of date stones."—London Truth.

As Bill Nye Saw It.

Bill Nye described a five shot Colt's revolver as "Professor Colt's five volume treatise on the ventilation of the human system."—Kansas City Times.

His Suggestion.

Wigwag—I never knew such a fellow as Bjones. He is always looking for trouble. Henpecked—Then why doesn't he get married?—Boston Courier.

TRAFFIC OF DEAD SEA.

One Small Sailing Boat Carries Most of the Passengers and Freight.

"Many false and foolish reports about the Dead Sea—that strange and interesting lake—have been circulated," said Abraham S. Abrahams of Jerusalem and London, who is on a tour of this country.

"Much has appeared from time to time in papers and periodicals about steamboats navigating the Dead Sea," continued the banker. "This too is a fabrication. The only boat on the Dead Sea is a small sailing boat about twenty feet long.

"This vessel makes trips as the wind allows from the north end of the sea to the bay on the eastern side of the tongue that divides the water near the middle. At this terminus some Jews are located. The whole concern is, in fact, in the hands of Jews, who, at a low rate, buy wheat and barley from the Arabs to be delivered on the seashore. From there it is shipped to the Jericho side and carried on donkeys to Jerusalem, where it finds ready sale at a good price.

"When adverse winds blow the little craft is in danger of being swamped, for the so-called Dead Sea becomes a living mass of waves. Not long ago I spent four nights such as never will be forgotten on these waters, and the smartness of the old man at the helm and his boy with the sails saved us from being wrecked again and again. A charge of one mejedie, which is about 80 cents a trip, is made for each passenger, and for a unique voyage it is not exorbitant.

"There is some talk about a small steam tug being put on the sea, but the authorities are loath to grant permission. It will be a great boon when it does arrive, as it will bring the east and west sides of Jordan nearer to each other for communication and trading purposes."

MICROBES JUST A FEW.

A Small Matter of 126 Billions in One Corner of the Human Body.

The alimentary canal is the most perfect culture tube known to bacteriological science. No part of the body is so densely populated with micro-organisms. It is estimated that in the alimentary canal of the average adult about 126,000,000,000 microbes come into existence every day.

They crowd this region so densely that scientists originally believed that they were indispensable to human life. According to a writer in McClure's, Pasteur, who first discovered them, maintained this view, but recent investigations have rather disproved it.

There are many animals that exist in perfect health, without any intestinal bacteria at all. Polar bears, seals, penquins, eider ducks, arctic reindeer—these and other creatures in the arctic zone have few traces of these organisms.