

## THE PLEASURES OF BEE-KEEPING.

By F. W. L. SLADEN.

## PART I.

UNDER the above title it is intended to give a series of six papers on the subject of "Practical Bee-keeping," of which this one is the first.



STOCK-BOX AND FLOOR, SHOWING QUILTS AND FRAMES.

It is presumed that the reader is a stranger as yet to the pleasures of bee-keeping, but has some desire to know a little about these extraordinary, interesting and useful insects, and thus to solve some of the mysteries of the hive. The best way to do this is to keep a hive of bees of your own, and the following papers, as they appear month by month, will aim at giving seasonable directions for establishing and managing it.

Bee-keeping is a pursuit that has several peculiar advantages to recommend it. Much pleasure is derived in obtaining an insight into the habits and requirements of these interesting

insects by actual handling and observation. There is also the aid to health, which a moderate amount of exercise in fresh air and sunlight, with a restful change of occupation for the mind, cannot fail to bring. And last, but not least, there is the honey—the prize

at the end of the season for the diligent bee-keeper, the sum-total of little tokens of gratitude contributed by thousands of little workers, each so tiny, but which, when put together, form a very substantial and adequate return for all the trouble and attention bestowed upon them. This last brings with it the pleasure of being able to place on the family table the product of one's own bees, or if it amounts to more than can well be disposed of at home, the profit that will accrue from disposing of it at a fair price to friends. There are, indeed, many people living in the country who are able to make quite a useful addition to their income by following this pursuit.

Perhaps the only thing that can be said against commencing bee-keeping is the possibility of getting stung, but this is almost always the result of too frequent or careless handling; it is seldom worse than a passing inconvenience, and the bee-keeper soon learns to look upon it as a factor not worth taking into account. The timid, however, may render themselves nearly sting-proof by the use of india-rubber gloves lined with wool, besides the veil usually worn by bee-keepers to protect the face.

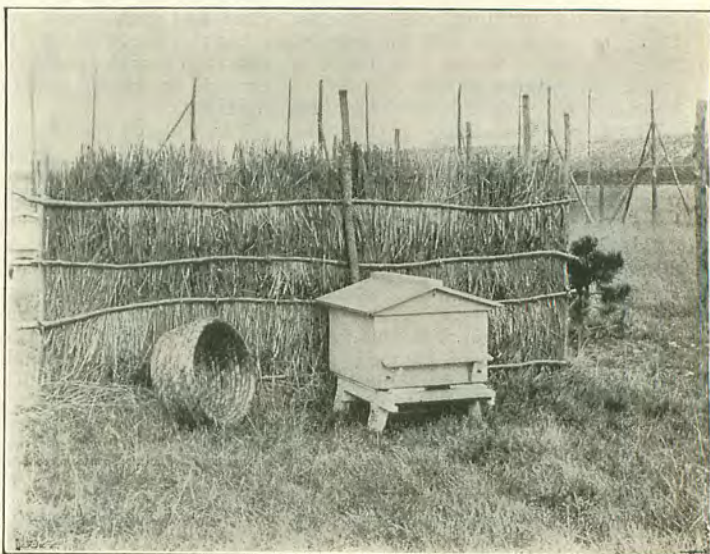
Few people are unsuited for bee-keeping. The invalid can manage to attend to a few hives during the warm sunny weather in summer without fatigue. The only persons who are really unfitted to take up bee-keeping

are those who have not the desire or opportunity to attend to the bees regularly, or those who at first, perhaps, take up the new hobby with great zest, only to leave their pets to neglect when the novelty of the thing has somewhat worn off, or on the occasion of the first difficulty. Such a one should not keep bees. When we become the possessors of dumb animals, which depend more or less upon human aid for their well-being and comfort—and bees certainly do—a responsibility rests upon us which it would be wrong to ignore.

There are few places in this country where bees may not be kept. The heart of a large city is perhaps the most unfavourable place for bee-keeping, but even in London bees have been kept successfully in Regent Street, Holborn, and in other parts. Wherever flowers flourish, bees will generally find a subsistence. In country districts where Dutch clover and sainfoin are largely cultivated, and on the heather-clad moors of Yorkshire and Scotland, they will yield considerable returns of honey in favourable seasons.

On the whole, bee-keeping is a fascinating pursuit to those who are engaged in it, and thus almost every intelligent bee-keeper is more or less of an enthusiast, and there is, I think, a general fellow-feeling and desire to help one another amongst all interested in the craft, be they old hands, beginners, or even merely desirous, would-be bee-keepers, which is a pleasing indication of genuine love of the work they have at heart.

The best advice I can give to those who intend to start bee-keeping is to go and see a practical bee-keeper living in the neighbour-



OLD-FASHIONED SKEP AND MODERN FRAME HIVE.



A MODERN BEE-HIVE.

hood, who keeps a few colonies of bees in the modern wooden hives. Choose a warm, sunny day sometime this month for the visit, and ask him to open one of the hives before you, and to explain its contents to you and how to handle the bees.

It will be seen that a bee-hive consists essentially of three separate parts, (1) the floor, (2) the stock-box, and (3) the roof.

The stock-box contains the combs and bees. The combs vary in number from eight to twelve, or more; they are built in wooden

frames which hang from the sides of the stock-box, and are kept a certain distance apart by means of metal ends, so that the bees may have free passage between them. The number of the frames of comb may be varied according to "the strength of the bees." \* When there are fewer frames than the stock-box is capable of containing, the empty space beyond them is shut off by means of a close-fitting board called a dummy. The entrance is a narrow slit on one side of the hive between the floor and the stock-box through which the bees pass in and out. The portion of the floor which projects beyond the entrance is called the alighting-board. Several thicknesses of cloths, or quilts as they are called, are placed on top of the frames to keep the bees warm.

Besides these simple essentials of every hive, there should be an upper story or lift to contain the super, which is a box placed over the frames in summer, in which the bees may store all honey beyond what is required for their own use. In many hives the lift is made so that by inversion it will drop down over the stock-box for the winter, and so help to keep the bees extra warm.

\* An expression used to denote the quantity of bees in the hive. The bees are said to be "so many frames strong," that is, so many frames are covered by bees.

It will not be necessary to trouble the reader at present with any details of the structure of the bee-hive, these being of use chiefly only to those who intend to make their own hives; and this is not recommended, as good hives can now be obtained ready-made from the leading dealers, which are much more satisfactory.

A hive with the combs fixed in movable frames like the one described above has a great advantage over the old-fashioned round straw hives or skeps in which the combs are fixed immovably. In the former, any or all of the frames of comb may be lifted out and examined, and the exact state of the colony ascertained in a few minutes, while with the latter the bee-keeper could never tell what was going on inside the hive. Without knowledge there cannot be much progress, and we can understand how, by keeping bees in this latter style, our forefathers for so many centuries never dreamt of any improvement on their barbarous plan of destroying the bees by burning brimstone when they wanted to obtain the honey.

In this country we have now a further advantage in the movable comb system by the universal adoption of a standard size of frame, which has been fixed by the British Beekeepers' Association. These standard frames

are of course interchangeable, and will fit any hive made to take them.

There are one or two ways of making a start in keeping bees, but the best for this time of the year is to procure a swarm. Two swarms obtained in May or the early part of June would make a very good beginning. It is not advisable to start with more, until a little experience is gained, and thus the chances of failure and disappointment will be diminished.

The following is a list of articles necessary for commencing bee-keeping which should now be procured, so that all may be in readiness for the swarm when it comes, some directions for hiving which will be given in the next paper.

#### LIST OF ARTICLES FOR COMMENCING BEE-KEEPING.

|                                                            |       |
|------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| 1. Hive, with 10 standard frames and 2 dummies, 10s. to 20 | s. d. |
| 2. Super, containing 21 1-lb. sections                     | 2 6   |
| 3. Sheet of queen-excluding zinc                           | 0 8   |
| 4. Brood foundation, 1½ lbs.                               | 3 3   |
| 5. Super foundation, ¼ lb.                                 | 0 8   |
| 6. Bottle feeder with wooden stage                         | 1 0   |
| 7. Smoker, with guard                                      | 2 3   |
| 8. Bee-veil; net, with black before the face               | 1 0   |

(To be continued.)

## THE HOUSE WITH THE VERANDAH.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Other People's Stairs," "Her Object in Life," etc.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### AN EXPERIENCE.

FLORENCE BRAND presented herself at her sister's house on the following morning, to take her to a large registry office, "You'll see plenty of girls there," she said. "You must be prepared to wait a while if you are told that a suitable article is not then on the premises."

"I suppose I shall get home before my half-past-one dinner-hour?" said Lucy.

"It is not in the power of woman to prophesy when you will get home," Florence answered. "But surely," she cried, as her little nephew came in equipped for a walk, "you do not dream of taking Hugh with us?"

"Certainly I do!" answered Lucy. "It may not be much of a pleasure for him; but he is good and patient. Indeed, there is nothing else to be done."

"Cannot you leave him with your charwoman?" asked Florence. "Don't you think she is respectable?"

"Hugh," said his mother, "run upstairs and find my gloves in my bedroom. Yes," she replied to her sister as the child ran off, "Mrs. Sim is perfectly respectable as a charwoman. But I know nothing of her as regards children. She might think it kind to indulge Hugh with lumps of sugar, or by telling him stories of ghosts or murders."

"Well," said Florence, "you think I am hard on the lower orders; but I'm sure I'd leave my youngsters in their charge for a few hours—in one's own house too, where there can be nothing dirty or infectious. I don't know much more of the nurses I hire than you do of your Mrs. Sim."

"I could trust Hugh with Pollie

without any misgiving," answered Mrs. Challoner. "I knew her ways with him as I know my own."

She said no more, though she might have added that nothing but bitter compulsion would induce her to trust her darling to the tender mercies—mental and moral—of many women not of the "lower orders," even of Florence herself!—whose motherly methods were by no means those of her sister.

The registry office was kept in an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street. A few men, with that undefinable stamp which marks a manservant, were lounging about the door, while dotted over the pavement were groups of smart and voluble young women. Now and then one of them raised a shrill mirthless laugh.

Lucy's heart sank within her.

"Of course, some of all sorts come to these places," said Florence reassuringly. "Let me tell you these very girls would pass muster in any respectable house once they are arrayed in their caps and aprons. They put on their good manners with their livery."

Lucy wondered whether it may be true wisdom to insist on a garb which so easily becomes a mere domino in which very unexpected human nature may masquerade.

"We shall have to go up to the second floor," whispered Mrs. Brand. "The menservants are seen on the ground floor, cooks and head-housemaids on the first, and smaller fry, such as we want, on the second. Possibly lodging-house keepers interview their little slaves in the attics."

Women hanging about on the landings managed to make plain their contempt for ladies who were manifestly seeking a

mere "general." The front room on the second floor was so thronged that the sisters could scarcely find standing room. It was not easy to distinguish between mistresses and maids, for nobody was of a refined type, and in dress—at least, on first glance—all seemed equally smart and fashionable.

A clerk of the office was edging about, note-book in hand. She was a red-faced middle-aged woman, wearing a dusty, jet-trimmed black alpaca gown.

"A general servant is scarcely to be had, madam," she said.

"Then what are all these?" asked Mrs. Brand. "I thought this was the 'general servants' department."

"So it is. But most of these are general servants 'where another is kept.' They would not go as a single hand," explained the clerk.

"I must have one who will consent to do so," said Lucy. Something in her low clear voice and simple decision of manner made the registry office clerk turn and look at her. This was not the style of mistress with whom she was best acquainted.

"I will try to please you, madam," said the clerk. "I fear there is nobody suitable in the house at present. But one may come in at any moment. A great many girls do not appear till about noon. May I ask you to take a seat? There is a sofa vacant near the window."

As the sisters took their seats on the shabby little sofa, two or three gaudy girls strolled past them, inspecting them from their hats down to their boots.

Lucy whispered—

"This puts me in mind of what we used to read about the slave marts in the States."

"Yes, only it is the employers who

often, I could never make out if they cared for one another. Effie's never been allowed to talk about the fire, so I don't know if she saw or remembered what Cyril did then. I don't much believe that Cyril cares for anybody but *himself*; only May is well born, and Effie is an heiress. It's those things he thinks about."

"Sheila, Sheila, don't be cynical!"

"Well, I've heard people say so. Even Ray said something very like that. Ray is sensible; she doesn't go down flat before the family idol. She is fond of Cyril, but she sees his faults. She and North have really much more in them than Raby and Cyril."

Sheila enjoyed her little gossip with Miss Adene, and was almost reluctant to go to bed. However, when once there she slept soundly, and only awoke when the stewardess brought her a cup of morning tea.

"It's pretty rough, miss, but fine and sunny. Not weather as sailors call it, but a capful of wind right in our faces. If you feel like getting up, I'll bring you hot water; but most of the ladies are lying still, even those that aren't ill."

But Sheila was all for getting up, though she staggered about her narrow little cabin, and was glad to sit down as much as she could, for the vessel pitched

and lurched a good deal, and her hairpins went flying over the floor, and her clothes swayed and flapped in a comic manner.

But once up and out in the breezy sunshine, all the little dizziness of getting up vanished. Ronald was on deck before her, and welcomed her with a most friendly smile, and little Guy was trotting about, the pet and plaything of the captain, who had found him a ship's cap, vastly too large for him, which was tied on his head by a broad ribbon.

Sheila was the only lady up at breakfast, and was made much of by the captain and the other passengers. She was full of sparkle and fun, was delighted to be taken to various mysterious portions of the boat where passengers seldom ventured, and spent a perfectly delightful morning, learning a vast deal of nautical lore, and winning the goodwill of everybody on board.

She flitted into the cabins where Effie and Miss Adene lay. Effie was quite comfortable, but indisposed for the exertion of getting up in such a rough-and-tumble sea. Miss Adene rose for lunch, but was a little disinclined for talk, and Lady Dumaesq did not appear at all that day.

But soon they passed through the

troubled Bay; the water became calm and smiling; one after another the passengers appeared; and Effie would lie on her deck-chair all day, watching the indigo blue of the great Atlantic rollers, which lifted them gently up and let them down, and shone with rainbow tints when the sunlight caught their foam-flecked crests.

Mr. and Mrs. Cossart appeared in due course to sit beside their darling and watch how the fresh breeze brought some colour to her face. But Sheila flitted about like a sprite, never still, always intent upon some fresh fancy. Her merry laugh was one of the familiar sounds about the deck, and she seemed always the centre of a group of admirers.

People were kind to Effie, and would come and chat to her; but the mother began to look with rather jealous eyes upon the little court that Sheila always had round her.

"I hope she is not going to be a little flirt," she said once to her husband. "She is certainly pretty, but I don't know if I like that way of hers. She attracts more notice than I think quite seemly." And in her heart she added, "I can't have my Effie cut out and overshadowed by that little chit!"

(To be continued.)

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### PART II.

A LITTLE care will have to be exercised in purchasing the swarm. It should be got from a reliable local bee-keeper—a man on whom you can depend to give you what you want, namely, a healthy, natural, "first" swarm, weighing not less than about three pounds. You should receive the swarm in May, but the middle of June will not be too

and a site must be chosen for it. This should be in a quiet corner of the garden, sheltered from the prevailing winds, and, by preference, shaded from the midday sun; but a dark, damp place under the constant drip of trees should be avoided. Most bee-keepers prefer to have their hives facing south or south-east to catch the early morning sun, but this is not a matter of great importance.

The location having been decided upon and the hive set level in it, the next care will be to furnish the hive.

Each frame must have a sheet of beeswax, called *brood foundation*, fixed into it, to act as a foundation on which the bees may build their comb. Bees naturally start building their combs from some support above them, continuing the work in a downward direction. The foundation must, therefore, be fixed into the top bar of the frame, which has a saw-cut down the middle on purpose to receive it. Prize the saw-cut wide open, and then insert the edge of the foundation into it. Two or three fine shoemaker's brads driven through the side of the top bar will make the work secure.

Strips of foundation about two inches wide are generally considered sufficient for fitting into frames, but larger sheets answer better. The illustration shows a full-sized sheet of foundation which is held in the centre of the frame by means of tinned wire embedded in the wax. The sides and bottom of full sheets must be kept clear of the frame.

One or two quilts should be cut out of some warm material just the size to cover the tops of the frames; a three-inch round hole should be made in the centre for the feeder. A

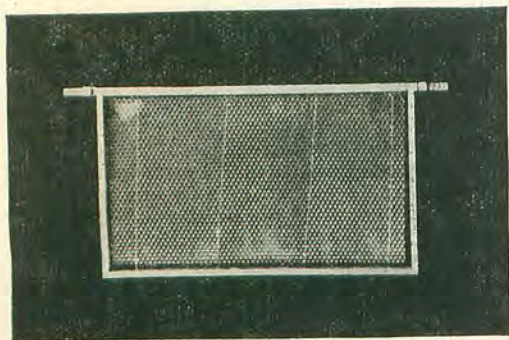
small square piece of cloth should also be cut for covering the hole when the feeder is not on. Felt or baize is best for quilts, but pieces of old carpet answer the purpose very well. A quilt of ticking or unbleached calico, similarly cut, should be placed under the other quilts, next the bees, to prevent them from nibbling holes in the soft material.

In preparing the hive for the reception of the swarm, see that the frames are equally spaced by means of the metal ends, so that they hang one and a half inches apart from centre to centre. Do not attempt to hive the swarm until late in the afternoon, say about 4 P.M. and 5 P.M. If the swarm arrives in the middle of the day, place it in a cool place, and see that it has plenty of ventilation.

Do not follow the old-fashioned plan of smearing the inside of the hive with beer and sugar. It is a mistake to suppose that the bees require such mixtures when swarming, or, indeed, at any other time. The only thing they want now is a clean dry hive.

For hiving the swarm, the alighting board will have to be extended by means of a large board, one or two feet wide, called a *hiving-board*, which may be propped up with bricks so as to be on a slight slant. The whole should be covered with a sheet. Also raise the stock-box up a little in front, so as to enlarge the entrance. The stock-box may be kept in this position by means of two little pebbles.

Though the chances of getting badly stung while hiving a swarm of bees are more or less remote, it will be advisable to wear the bee-veil, if it be only for the purpose of inspiring confidence during the first attempt at bee-work. The smoker also, though seldom necessary on this occasion, may come in useful, and should be at hand, charged with a roll of smouldering brown paper.



STANDARD FRAME FITTED WITH FOUNDATION.

late in many parts of England, especially if the season is at all backward.

Everything should be in readiness for the swarm. The hive should be given three or four coats of good light stone-colour paint,

\* The "first" or "prime" swarm is the first swarm of the season that issues out of the hive; it is headed by the old queen. Second swarms or casts, which come off about eight days after the first swarm has left the hive, are headed by young newly-emerged queens. They are not so valuable as the first swarm.



BEE-VEIL AND SMOKER.

Now shake a few bees on to the sheet. They will immediately commence running up into the hive. Scarcely any will take to the wing. When this first lot of bees has made a good start, some more may be shaken down on top of them, and this will have the effect of making them all much more eager to press into the hive. A few light puffs of smoke from the smoker may now be useful to dislodge an inert cluster, or to correct the course of a group of bees that may have a mistaken notion as to the direction in which the entrance to the hive lies.

Unless the queen has been caged, she should now be carefully looked for amongst the living moving mass on the sheet. It will be very satisfactory if we can succeed in spotting her, and can see her enter the hive safely amongst her subjects, for should she by any chance be missing, the swarm will be useless. She is considerably longer, though very little stouter, than an ordinary worker-bee, her tail being particularly long and tapering; her wings also are shorter than those of the workers, and there is a reddish appearance about her legs. We must not mistake a drone for the queen. There is only one queen in the swarm, but



DRONE.



QUEEN.



WORKER.

there may be several thousands of drones. The drone-bee may be known by his broad body, long wings and large eyes, which almost meet on the top of his head. The drone is stingless. The queen, on the contrary, possesses a sting, but she cannot pierce the skin with it, so we may handle her, when necessary, without fear.

If the queen is in a cage it will be necessary to liberate her and to let her run into the hive with the workers when the latter have almost all entered the hive.

Next morning the front of the stock-box may be lowered, and we may take a peep into the hive by lifting up a corner of the quilts. All frames not filled with bees may be removed and placed behind the dummy, to be given again to the bees when they require more room, which they will do in a few days.

If the weather keeps fine and warm we shall now see a number of workers flying around the entrance of the hive, and carefully noting the position of their new home. Then off they will go to the fields in search of food in the shape of honey and pollen, to return again before long with their bodies distended with the sweet juice, and their "thighs" laden with the yellow paste.

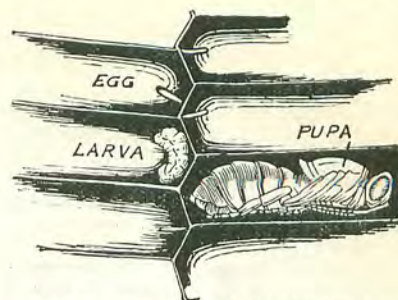
Meanwhile their comrades at home have not been idle. Clustering inside the hive, they have been busy secreting wax, and have already drawn out some of the foundation into a comb of cells to hold the supplies brought in by the field-workers.

And so the work of construction and storage goes on day after day, harmoniously and rapidly. There are no hitches or quarrelling amongst the twenty thousand or so little workers which constitute the swarm. Each one knows and does her share of the work, with results that are astonishing, as we shall see if we examine the hive at the end of even one short week.

Donning the veil,\* and armed with the smoker charged, as before, with smouldering brown paper, we send one or two light puffs of smoke into the entrance, which quiets the bees and prepares them for the intended examination. We then remove the roof, taking care not to jar the hive, and, lifting up a corner of the quilts, we send another gentle puff or two of smoke between the frames. We do the same at another corner. After this we make bold to lift out a frame covered with bees, and to our surprise we find that it is filled from top to bottom with a delicate white comb. It is already quite heavy with the honey which glitters in thousands of cells. Here and there a cell contains, instead of honey, a dark mass of pollen-paste called bee-bread.

A more careful inspection of the comb will show that the queen-bee too has done her share of work, not by helping to gather honey or to build combs, but by laying eggs which will hatch into grubs (*larvæ*), and these, by careful feeding and nursing, will eventually become worker-bees, to take the place of the present workers when they die. Near the centre of the comb is a broad circle of cells, each of which contains a tiny white egg, almost invisible to the eye, which the queen has deposited there. Within this circle, in the very centre of the comb, we shall probably find that these eggs have given place to plump little

\* Best worn with a straw hat. This examination is not necessary.



SECTION THROUGH COMB CONTAINING BROOD (ENLARGED).

*larvæ*, each one coiled up in the bottom of its cell, and floating in a tiny drop of liquid food which the workers have supplied and keep replenishing. When the *larvæ* are full grown the mouths of their cells will be covered over by a thin capping of wax, and, hidden away underneath this capping, they will change to the third or *pupal* stage. The perfect bee gradually develops from this stage, and in three weeks from the time that it was deposited in its cell by the queen-bee as an almost microscopic egg it emerges from it as a full-fledged worker-bee, exactly like the other worker-bees in the hive, and fit in a few days' time for two months of daily incessant toil. No sooner has the young worker quitted its cell than the cell is cleaned out by one of the other workers, and a fresh egg is deposited in it by the queen. Thus thousands of willing workers are raised from mere specks in the space of three short weeks, and as soon as these shall have completed their marvellous transformations, thousands more will be similarly reared in their place. What wonders the beehive contains! But we are only on the threshold of them.

This paper will close with a few hints that may now come in useful to the beginner.

In the first place don't meddle with your bees more than is absolutely necessary. It tends to make them bad-tempered, and if they are once thoroughly roused they may be difficult to manage for months, and become the terrors, not the pets, of their owner. When you have decided that an operation is necessary, have everything ready at hand before you begin, such as frames ready fitted with foundation, the smoker well charged and burning, an extra roll or two of brown paper, matches, etc. If possible, have an assistant to help you, and so avoid trouble and delay at a critical moment.

Though swarms, especially "first" ones, usually come off only in settled fine weather, it sometimes happens that they are unfortunate enough to commence life as a separate colony during a spell of bad weather when they cannot obtain food. In such a case, having no stores to fall back upon, they would starve and die if not fed by the bee-keeper, and syrup must be given to them through the feeder. Syrup suitable for feeding bees at this time of the year may be made by the following recipe:—

Ten pounds of pure cane sugar, seven pints of water, a teaspoonful of vinegar, and a pinch of salt. Keep stirring over a brisk fire, and allow to boil for a few minutes.

(To be continued.)



I write 'Answers to Correspondents' for half-a-dozen ladies' papers. My brother is also engaged in the pursuit of letters. He is, in fact, Lord Mayne's private secretary. He is very clever, as all brothers ought to be, and took a First in Greats. He is to marry, of course, an heiress, and go into Parliament, and make a name for himself and the family, the family being at present comprehended by himself and me. Finally, we are too poor at present to think of heiresses or even to approach the only available one, having piles of other people's debts to pay off. Now for yours."

Catherine told her simply and frankly all her short history. How, left an orphan, with just sufficient money to pay for her education, she had been brought up at an endowed school, and had then won a scholarship to Cambridge, and how, on leaving college, she had found a post in a High School in a large manufacturing town, where she lived by herself in rooms. She had only been there a short time, and did not know many people; there were so few people that she could know, except the other mistresses, living for the most part alone or sharing rooms together. It was less by what she was told than by her quick imagination, aided by her knowledge of other professional women, that Margaret was able to conjure up to herself the long harassing days, the physical fatigue that could seldom find relief, and then the solitary evenings in a dreary lodging-house. She contrasted it with her own life spent in London, among interesting people, and full of change and movement. Certainly she worked hard, but the possession of some private means and the knowledge that her future was comfortably provided for took away the anxiety that haunts the working days of so many women. Her heart went out in sympathy to this girl, who hardly realised as yet the whole significance of her position.

"Isn't it dreadfully monotonous sometimes? Don't you long to get away?"

"Sometimes I feel as if I could endure it no longer, especially in the evening, when I have finished my corrections and am too tired even to read. But then there are the children, and children are so delightful; though at the end of the term I do feel as if I never wanted to see another child all my life. But that feeling soon wears off; they are so innocent and fascinating, and never mind showing what they think. Oh, yes; of course it is only the children who make things bearable."

"Now I can understand the apparent absurdity of a girl like you rushing off on a Swiss tour by yourself. Even I, who am several years older, and have much more knowledge of the world, and no pretension to beauty, should hesitate about such a thing. Did it never strike you that people might misunderstand you, that you were laying yourself out to be misunderstood?"

"Never! Why should it? I did not think the world so cruel. Must we wait till we are too old to enjoy things, from fear of what people will say? In twenty years I

shall be too old to climb mountains and travel cheaply. Then it will be quite proper, I suppose, but quite impossible."

There was a touch of bitterness in her tone that threw a new light on her character to Margaret.

"The world is hard on us women," she answered gently. "We are in a transition state at present. Only the most enlightened and sympathetic men understand the independent woman. The very fact of her independence makes her a prey to men like that cad in the railway carriage, or quite incomprehensible to chivalrous men like my brother. You understand; he would do anything to help you out of a difficulty, but would not understand your preference for all the perils of a solitary tour over the security and boredom of those dreadful lodgings. Most men still prefer the clinging trustful girl who claims their protection at every other step. She makes them so conscious of their own superior power. But the woman who strikes out for herself and asserts her own individuality is a challenge to the cad and an unknown quantity to most men of honour."

"I suppose that we can only suffer and wait for better things."

"Yes. Sometimes I think we are suffering vicariously for the good of generations of unborn women. If we maintain the right of women to live independently and to think for themselves, a future age will concede it as a matter of course. And yet one must be very sure of oneself to take up that independent stand. Are you sure?"

"I don't quite understand," answered Catherine.

"Only this, dear"—there was a lingering, protective stress on the last word that appealed to the lonely girl—"you seem to me one of those women who are independent by circumstance rather than by choice. One of those who proclaim aloud their independence at twenty and at thirty wait privately for the dependence they appear to scorn. One of those, in fact, who would seem more in her place with her foot on a cradle rocker than rushing over Europe accompanied only by a travelling trunk and a green ticket case."

"Oh, you are mistaken, quite mistaken," cried Catherine—"quite mistaken. I am not that kind of woman at all. And besides, if I were, what would be the good? Surely I am happier struggling by myself than making myself miserable over some man; for I can never marry, you know."

"Never marry? But why?"

"I am so poor, and the only kind of man that I could think of would never look at an insignificant person like me. No, I shall never marry; and that being so, I would rather school myself to independence."

"You goose! How little you know of men. But I can assure you that till you have made yourself miserable—or otherwise—over some man, you will be an incomplete and, so far, an ineffective character."

Catherine was unconscious of what Margaret's intuition led her to suspect, namely,

that her conviction of insignificance and renewed enthusiasm for independence were due to Mr. Gray's polite indifference at dinner. He now joined them, and Catherine immediately said "Good night" and disappeared. She did not know that his eyes were following her slim white figure as it disappeared between the festoons of Virginia creeper that draped the verandah.

"Don't lecture me!" cried Margaret when she had gone. "I know what you are going to say."

"Well?" asked her brother, raising his eyebrows.

"Oh, that I am too impulsive and all that, and that I shall get into trouble some day by making friends of unknown strangers, who may turn out after all to be disreputable actresses or anarchists in disguise."

"Nonsense! But really, Margaret, you can never tell; all sorts of people come to these hotels."

"Just as if I didn't know that! Ah, my dear Granville, you may be very clever; your head is full of classics and politics, and things I don't know anything about, but you've 'no art to find the mind's construction in the face,' and that is just what I have. Now, can you say you have ever known me wrong in my estimate of people?"

"Not so far, certainly. But doesn't it strike you as a little odd that so young a girl should be running about the country by herself?"

"Not at all," and Margaret poured out Catherine's story. "Poor little thing! She is terribly lonely. You and I must do our best to look after her, and give her a good time while we are here."

Now this was a very heroic and unselfish resolution on Margaret's part, for she did not often get her brother to herself, and this holiday had been anticipated with all the more pleasure on that account.

"As you will," he said. "I will do my best to please you. I only hope that your charity may not be blinding your judgment. You are the only woman I know who is absurdly susceptible to beauty in her own sex."

"Susceptible to beauty!" cried Margaret, with laughing eyes. "Just as if I should have noticed her at all if you had not made her change places with you. After all, Granville, you see it was you who began the acquaintance."

"How absurd! Any fellow would have done that. Didn't you see that she was on the point of tears?"

Margaret smiled wisely.

"Oh, you noticed that, too? And yet you suspect her genuineness. Now, do you think that any girl who wasn't nice would let an incident like that trouble her?"

"Oh, well, I give it up. I daresay you are right. At any rate I will do my best for your protégée!"

"Mine? Remember your responsibilities," she answered, and so they parted for the night.

(To be continued.)

## THE PLEASURES OF BEE-KEEPING.

By F. W. L. SLADEN.

### PART III.

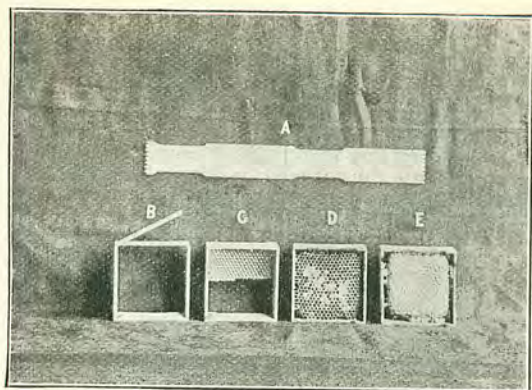
As the combs get drawn out and filled with brood and honey, more room will be required by the swarm in the hive. This may at first be given by putting fresh frames fitted with foundation into the stock-box. When the stock-box is quite filled with frames and bees,

and still more room is required, it will be time to think of putting on the surplus honey-chamber, or *super*.

There are two kinds of super, the *rack of sections*, and the *box of shallow frames*.

The bee-keeper who wishes to work for honey-in-the-comb uses the rack of sections. This consists of a light wooden rack, usually

made to contain twenty-one little wooden boxes called *sections*, each of which when finished by the bees will contain about one pound of honey-comb (E in the illustration). The section (A) is cleverly cut from one strip of wood, which has three V-shaped cuts across it to form the corners, and is dovetailed at each end, so that it can be folded up very



THE EVOLUTION OF A SECTION OF HONEY-COMB.

B, C.—The work of the bee-keeper.  
D, E.—The work of the bees in the hive.

easily by the bee-keeper, something after the style of the outer case of a match-box. In the figure are shown a section in the flat and the same when folded (A, B).

A starter of comb-foundation is as necessary for sections as it is for frames, otherwise the bees might build the honey-comb across the sections, joining them all together, and necessitating cutting the combs to get them apart. For this purpose a saw cut is generally made in the top bar of each section in which a strip of a specially thin description of foundation, called super foundation, is inserted (C).

The sections are placed in the section-rack in seven rows, each row consisting of three sections. Between each row a thin sheet of tin or wood, called a *separator*, is placed. The object of the separators is to ensure the face of the combs being flat, the bees leaving a uniform space of about a quarter of an inch between the separator and the face of the comb. The sections are held in place by means of a dummy-board and spring at the end of the last row.

The rack of sections is now ready to be placed upon the stock-box. You will notice that openings are cut in the edges of the top and bottom bars of the sections. The openings in the bottom bar are to enable the bees to gain access to the sections from the frames below. Often the end bars are similarly cut; when this is so the bees can travel from section to section in the rack.

To prevent the queen bee from going up into the super to deposit eggs in the combs which are intended to receive honey only, it

will be necessary to place a *queen-excluder* between the stock-box and the rack of sections. The queen-excluder is a sheet of zinc which is perforated all over with holes; these are large enough to admit the workers, but just too small to let the queen pass through.

Choose a fine warm day for putting on the super. Midday, when the bees are flying freely, is the best time for the operation.

I will suppose that this is the occasion of the beginner's first attempt at examining the interior of the hive, and will therefore go into the method of procedure somewhat fully.

Several articles will be necessary.

The bee-veil will, of course, be worn on this occasion. A screw-driver may be useful for prizing up the ends of the frames, the bees having a habit of fastening down everything inside the

hive with a sticky substance called propolis, which they collect from the buds of certain trees and plants. This substance is used more freely by the bees towards the close of the summer than at present.

The most useful appliance employed by the bee-keeper is unquestionably the smoker, for by its means the bees can be quieted and put into such a condition that almost anything can be done to them. Smoke for the bees might be compared to the anæsthetic of the surgeon, but it is not intended to stupefy them. Experience and judgment are required in using the smoker, and perfection cannot be attained at once. A few directions, however, will be useful.

It is very important that the smoker be charged with smouldering material that will not go out as long as it is wanted. The best fuel is perhaps a strip of brown paper rolled up loosely in the form of a cartridge, so that the air may have free circulation through it, but see that the brown paper is of the right kind, as some sorts are almost sure to go out in a few minutes' time, while others again are equally liable to burst out into flame. Dry touchwood makes very good fuel for the smoker, seldom going out when once well alight. Old rags, dried fungus, etc., are

also said to be useful, but on no account use any strong or poisonous smoke, such as would be produced by burning tobacco or sulphur. When not being used, the lighted smoker should be stood upright, in the position shown in the figure (see last paper); this will help to keep it alight by the better circulation of air.

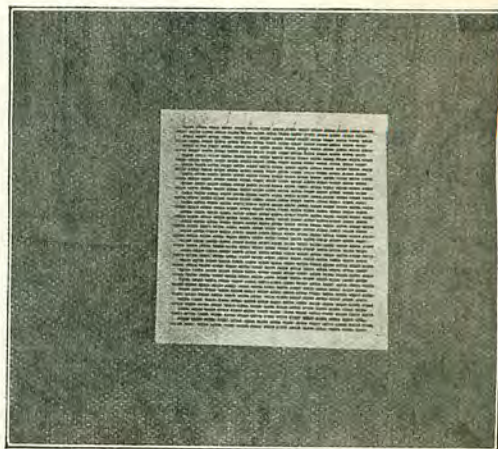
The object of the smoker is to quiet, not to stupefy, the bees; it should not therefore be used too freely. After the roof of the hive has been removed, a few light puffs of smoke may be given under

the edges of the quilts, and perhaps another in the entrance, the bees often replying by a deep low hum. Now wait a minute or two, so that the bees may prepare for the operation by gorging themselves with some of the newly-gathered honey, and then, having got them into a good temper, we may commence work without delay.

If we wish to ascertain the condition of the bees, we may lift a frame gently out of the hive, examine it, and then replace it speedily so that the brood shall not get chilled, care being taken not to crush any bees in so doing.

The bees may now begin to show signs of restlessness, "boiling over" the tops of the frames. This must be checked by the administration of a few more puffs of smoke.

If, as the result of our investigation, we have found that the colony is in an advanced enough state to make use of the super, the quilts must be removed, and the sheet of queen-excluding zinc laid over the frame in place of them. The rack of sections will then be placed on the queen-excluder, the quilts being now transferred to the top of the sections. If the rack of sections does not



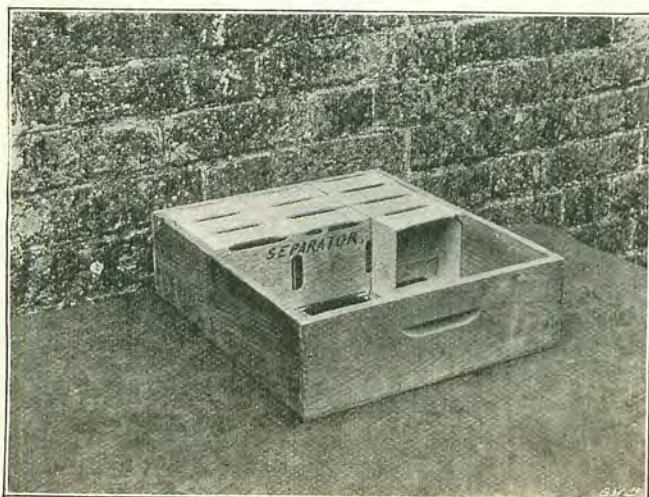
SHEET OF QUEEN-EXCLUDING ZINC.

quite cover the tops of the frames in the stock-box, any spaces that are left round the sides should be covered over with strips of stout cloth. The operation is then completed by putting on the lift and roof.

In doing bee-work like the above, care must be taken not to jar the hive. Bees do not like vibration of any kind, and nothing upsets them so easily as rough handling.

Never open the hive with no definite object in view, except just to see how the bees are "getting on," but make up your mind beforehand what has to be ascertained or done, and then carry it out as promptly and effectively as you can, closing up the hive as soon as your object has been accomplished. Things that should always be noted in opening a hive are (1) the presence of plenty of food in the shape of sealed or unsealed honey, and (2) the presence of healthy brood in all stages, including eggs; these last, owing to their small size, will require a little looking for at first. If some of the brood appears to be rotting, emitting a more or less foul smell, your bees have contracted a serious infectious disease which, to be successfully dealt with, requires the immediate assistance of a competent expert. This disease is known as "foul brood," and it is now sadly prevalent in many parts of this country, owing chiefly to the lack of effort on the part of careless bee-keepers in stamping it out. The symptoms and treatment of foul brood will be described in a later paper.

Do not let an accidental sting or two



RACK OF SECTIONS.

interfere with your work; the pain will go off in a minute or two, but in cases where the whole colony is allowed to get into an irritated state, the only way of reducing it to order will be to leave the work in hand and subjugate them with repeated smoking, but this is hardly good advice to the beginner.

I know of no really effective remedy for bee-stings. Many things are recommended as being more or less beneficial, such as blue-bag, dock-leaf, the juice of the fig-tree, etc. The best thing to do is to extract the sting at once with the poison-bag attached, taking care not to compress the latter, and then apply a little strong liquid ammonia; this will have the effect of somewhat neutralising the poison, which is acid. Sucking the spot before the poison has time to disseminate itself in the blood, does good. These measures, if taken promptly, will considerably alleviate the unpleasant after-effects of swelling and irritation which sometimes follow. The poison contained in the bee-sting does not seem to be really harmful to the system; the chief danger seems to be in excessive swelling, but such cases are so rare that the beginner has no ground for apprehension.

Though most people like sections of comb-honey, some prefer to have the extracted honey, which, when put up in bottles or jars, is a more convenient article for winter use.

In former times the only way of separating the honey from the comb was by cutting the honeycomb up and letting it drain through a canvas-strainer in a warm temperature. This process is apt to be a messy and tedious one, and the honey produced by it is more or less deep in colour from the large amount of pollen that it contains.

Nowadays, thanks to the invention of the *honey-extractor*, we may extract the pure, clear honey from the comb without having to cut it up, and the same frame of comb may be returned to the bees again and again, to be repeatedly refilled with honey, thus saving the bees a large amount of labour in comb-building. The details and working of the honey-extractor will be fully described in the next paper.

Frames of comb intended for extracting are usually not so deep as the ordinary standard frames in the stock-box: they are then called *shallow frames*, and the super containing them is called a *shallow-frame box*. The shallow-frame box is made like the stock-box,

and contains generally ten shallow frames fitted with metal ends. Each frame must, of course, be fitted with at least a starter of comb-foundation, and in placing the box of shallow frames on the hive, a sheet of queen-excluding zinc should be placed under it, as with the rack of sections.

Those who are going to use shallow frames will also now need to procure a honey-extractor. A good extractor costs from eighteen to thirty shillings.

Often a colony is strong enough to take two supers at one time, one under the other. In this case the second one should be placed underneath the first, after the latter has been on the hive for about a week. A rack of sections may be used with a box of shallow frames, or two racks of sections and two boxes of shallow frames may be used instead, if desired. A swarm like the one I am describing is, however, very seldom able to fill two supers at once during its first year, because it does not commence work until a part of the season has passed, and the stock-box has to be filled before work can be undertaken in earnest in the supers.

(To be continued.)

## THE HOUSE WITH THE VERANDAH.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Other People's Stairs," "Her Object in Life," etc.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### A MASCULINE STANDPOINT.

"YOU needn't go into raptures of gratitude till you hear all about my suggestion, my love," said Mrs. Bray; "it's not all advantage. In fact the person concerned has been rather on my mind, because I wasn't at all sure it would be easy to find her a situation in what she calls 'this Babylon.'"

"Please tell me about her," pleaded Lucy.

"To begin with, she is nearly forty years old."

Lucy at once thought of "Mrs. Morison," but what she said was, "I think that is an advantage with me if she has been a good woman and—is sober."

"A good woman? My love, she's one of the unco' guid! And she's a total abstainer—always has been. But she is not what one can call a trained servant. She has not been in a situation for about twenty years."

"What has she been doing?" Lucy asked.

"Keeping her father's house and looking after him," answered Mrs. Bray, "and now he's dead. He had a little farm—a croft, I think they call it—over the hills and far away, somewhere in a Highland place, which, because it is not an island, is called the Black Isle."

The quick, sympathetic old lady caught and understood an expression which flitted over Lucy's face.

"Oh, this is all quite genuine," she said; "that is its one clear advantage. She's a friend of my poor Rachel's—at least, Rachel has known all about her and 'her folks' for years and years. Her brother was piper in the same regiment with Rachel's lover. And when Rachel went North to see that

lover's mother, after he had gone to India, she was in this woman's house, and Rachel says that it was most beautifully kept, and that there were no people in the place more respected than these Gillespies."

"One wonders why she left her native place and came so far away," observed Lucy.

The old lady shook her head knowingly, and replied, "As poor Rachel says, 'there are wheels within wheels.' It seems there is a married brother with his wife living near the 'croft,' and I understand there was no love lost between this woman and her sister-in-law. There was some sort of love-affair mixed up in their animosity. Rachel put me to sleep one afternoon telling me about it, so you won't expect me to remember details. And when the father died, the home had to be broken up anyhow, for the daughter had nothing to live on. I fancy she didn't care to go to service within the range of the sister-in-law, 'mistress in her own house.' There's a deal of human nature in man, my dear, and especially in woman. Rachel says her friend doesn't want to go back, but if she doesn't get a place soon, she's getting so low spirited that she thinks she will," continued Mrs. Bray. "You see she has, after all, only a servant's recommendation—Rachel's—and that wouldn't mean much to many, but it may to you, who have known Rachel in my house for so many years, and who understand how faithful and good she is, poor, silly, sentimental thing."

Lucy looked up quickly into her old friend's face. "I would take your Rachel's recommendation quite as soon as a 'character' from any mistress," she said.

"I think you would be wise to do so," replied Mrs. Bray. "This woman will

be clean and honest, certainly not likely to attract any troublesome flirtations. She's got the soft Highland voice with a pretty little whine in it."

"Oh, call it a wail!" said Lucy, laughing.

"She's terribly solemn to look at, and she ends her speeches with a sigh," went on Mrs. Bray. "But she's not bad-looking, and is of quite superior appearance. Her name is rather a mouthful—Clementina Gillespie—and she's not a person whom one *could* reasonably shorten into Clem or Tina. No—it wouldn't do. You might as well call Robert the Bruce—Bob!"

"Will you send her to see me?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, I will," said the old lady. "That ridiculous Rachel will be so pleased! It seems a comfort to her to think of having her dead lover's dead old friend's sister to live near her. To me it seems a far-off cry of consolation! But everyone to their taste. And now, at last, we'll dismiss the kitchen, and you must tell me all about Mr. Challoner."

Lucy had not only her good news to relate, but she actually had something to show. The *Slains Castle* had stayed for a few days at a certain port, and Charlie had sat for a photograph, which he sent home in his letter. It might not be much as a work of art or science, for the posing was all wrong and the chemicals were manifestly bad. Yet next to Hugh himself it was the very dearest thing in Lucy's present possession, so satisfactory was its assurance of the beloved wanderer's renewed strength and energy. Where were the wasted form and the wan countenance which had hitherto haunted Lucy's memories of her husband? They had vanished, and thus the poor little photograph had cheered Lucy as not even

an expressive glance that travelled from Ronald to Sheila.

Sheila was engrossed by little Guy who had claimed her instantly. Ronald by this time was beside Effie, whom he had helped from her hammock, and who was a little stiff from the long journey in one posture, and was glad to take a turn up and down leaning on his arm.

"I think not," answered Lady Dumaresq. "I think he understands not to be too precipitate—not to frighten the child. But that it is coming I do not doubt. I am so pleased about it both for his sake and hers. They are rather a pair of babies still. But they will grow out of that, and they seem just made for each other."

The luncheon was spread in a sheltered spot, where a bank gave fairly comfortable sitting accommodation to the elders of the party. Miss Adene seemed to see the cloud resting upon Mrs. Cossart's face, and set herself to dissipate it. Her pleasant talk had a somewhat softening effect; but had anybody chanced to note it, they might have observed how very little that lady spoke, and that the glances she threw from time to time towards the place where Sheila sat between Ronald and little Guy, were of a very hostile description.

She never addressed the girl once the whole day, but Sheila did not notice it. She had given herself over to the enjoyment of the little festivity, and she was too happy to be very observant.

Little Guy wanted to play hide-and-seek amongst the bushes. Of course Ronald was pressed into the service. Effie offered herself, but for some reason

or other Guy had taken rather a dislike to her. It might have been her eyeglasses or the occasional sharpness of her voice, but it was noticeable that he only accepted her overtures with great reservation, and to-day he replied firmly though politely—

"No, sank you, you might get tired. Mozzer will come, and Uncle Ronald and Sheila. Sat will be quite enough. You had better rest yourself."

When the afternoon light began to grow mellow, the party got into train again for the descent. It was a two hours' ride up, but the descent was generally rather quicker.

Again they started sociably in a cavalcade, but again by degrees the horses distanced the bullocks and bearers, and once more as they reached the region of the narrow roads Ronald and Sheila found themselves some distance in advance of the rest of the party.

It seemed too natural for her to oppose the arrangement. It did not occur to her that anybody would make any serious to-do because they happened to have faster horses than Lady Dumaresq and her little son. It had been such a perfectly happy day that Sheila was in no mood to think of anything unpleasant, and she had not even noted the cold regards and marked silence of her aunt.

Down and down they rode, the soft sunlight making everything look even more beautiful than its wont. The curtains of flowers hanging over the walls seemed to blaze with a kind of glory, and the rainbows shining over the sea were more than ordinarily beautiful.

"I never saw such a place for rain-bows!" cried Sheila. "Miss Adene told me about them, but I never could have believed without seeing. Why, first thing in the morning as I lie in bed I can see them hanging *over the hills*. Oh, you don't know what the sunrises are like—I mean the reflected light upon the hills, all red and lovely every morning, and to be able to watch it as you lie in bed! I shall never forget it as long as I live! I wonder if I shall ever see Madeira again?"

"You shall if you want to," said Ronald so softly that he did not think she heard.

"Let us come down the steps and watch the sea," said Ronald when they reached the hotel, "the rest won't be back just yet. I love to go down the steps and get right to its level."

Sheila loved it too, and wished that she could bathe there in the mornings, as the young men did. It was something of a scramble, but she delighted in making it. The surf always broke grandly at the base of the rocks, however calm the sea looked from above. They stood watching it a long time, and they talked of many things, till suddenly the quickly coming darkness warned them that it was time to go back and dress for dinner.

"I shall never forget our day at Camacha all my life," said Ronald, holding her hands to help her up the rough boulders.

She looked back at him, and her face flushed softly.

"I am sure I never shall," she answered.

(To be continued.)



## THE PLEASURES OF BEE-KEEPING.

By F. W. L. SLADEN.

### PART IV.

THE hive generally fills rapidly with honey during July. When the super is full it may be removed from the hive, and, if honey is still coming in in fair quantity, another one substituted for it.

When honey—or, strictly speaking, nectar—is first gathered from the flowers, its consistency is thin, almost like water, and if it remained in this state it would soon ferment and go sour. But by means of the high temperature which the bees always maintain inside the hive the excess of moisture is evaporated out, and the nectar is changed into thick ripe honey. As each cell in the honey-comb gets filled with this honey, the bees seal it over with a thin capping of wax, to preserve the contents from any outside contamination, just as we tie the vegetable parchment over our pots of jam. In this condition the honey will keep good any length of time.

The combs in the middle of the super are always finished first, the work extending from

the centre outwards, so that if, by lifting a corner of the quilts we see that the outside combs are sealed over, we may be sure that all the combs in the super are finished in like manner, and that the super is ready for removal.

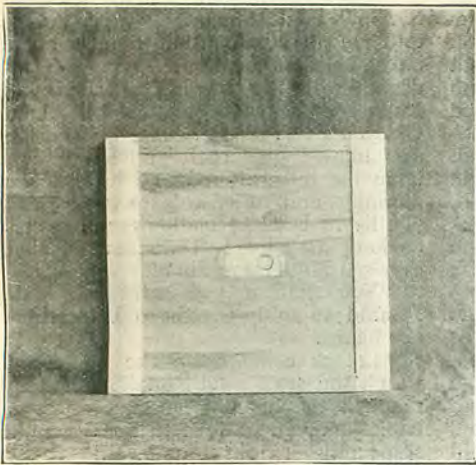
I will now describe the operation of removing a full rack of sections from off the hive. The bees, of course, must first have timely warning that something is about to be done by our giving them a few light puffs of smoke under the quilt. After leaving them for a minute, the rack of sections may be prized up underneath, at the back, with a screw-driver, and a few more puffs of smoke blown into the opening thus formed. The rack of sections may now be lifted right off the hive and taken away. If another rack is not to be put on, the sheet of queen-excluding zinc must also be removed, and the quilts must be taken from off the rack of sections to cover the frames in the stock-box. The hive may then be closed up.

But the operation by no means concludes

here; the super is full of bees, and our work now will be to get rid of these. The quickest and simplest way of doing this is to take each section out of the rack and shake the bees off it on to the alighting-board of the hive; in doing this a goose-wing or bottle-brush will be found useful to brush off any bees that may not be detached by a few gentle shakes. The sections must be handled carefully, as they are rather fragile, and the comb is easily cracked and bruised.

A far better way of ridding the super of bees is to use a *super-cleaver*, which consists of a board with a thick frame round the edge, and having a hole in the centre in which is inserted a little tin appliance with springs, which will allow the bees to pass through it only in a downward direction, so that they cannot go back again into the super.

The super-cleaver is placed between the super and the stock-box. If the weather is warm it will be found that in about twenty-four hours' time not a bee will be left in the super, and it may then be removed and



SUPER-CLEARER.

brought indoors. In colder weather the super-clearer may take two days or more to do its work. It should not be left on the hive after the super has been taken away, but must be removed with a little smoke, its place over the frames being taken by the quilts.

One word of caution is necessary before we leave the subject of removing the super.

Combs containing honey, or drops of honey, must never be left out-of-doors, or anywhere within reach of the bees. Their scent for all sweets of this kind is very keen, especially if there is not much to be obtained in the fields, and they will soon discover and steal them, even fighting over the ill-gotten booty, so that many thousands of workers are sometimes killed by their greedy companions. Frequently the mischief does not end here, for when the robbers have finished their spoil they may, in their thirst for more, attack and force a passage into the hive of some weak neighbouring colony, which is incapable of defending its stores against such an overwhelming army of marauders, and this will often result in the annihilation of the luckless colony—"cleared out," as the bee-keeper, who has not been careful to prevent the mischief in the beginning, exclaims with surprise, when in going the round of his hives a few days later, he discovers too late the sad state of affairs.

Sections of honey-comb should be stored in a warm and dry place. For home use they may be left in the section-rack, but if they are to be offered for sale they must be separated, and the particles of wax and propolis scraped off the sides and edges of the wood of each section, care being taken in so doing not to bruise or crack the combs.

Sections for sale are rendered more attractive if placed in neat cardboard boxes, with or without glass on one side. These boxes can be obtained from any of the dealers in bee-appliances. 1s. to 1s. 3d. ought to be readily obtained for a section of good honey done up in this way; but the price of honey varies in different seasons and districts.

In removing a super containing shallow frames, proceed in the same way as with the rack of sections. The honey must be extracted from these frames in the honey-extractor.

The extracting should be done immediately after the frames are taken from off the hive, while the combs are still warm.

Before placing the comb in the extractor, the cappings must be pared off *both* sides of the comb with a long, sharp knife, which does the work much better if it is warm. It will be convenient to have two knives in a dish of hot water close at hand for the purpose. Uncapping is an operation the beginner cannot

expect to excel at the first time. Plenty of mess and stickiness will most likely be the order of the day during the first few occasions, so it will be advisable to have the clothes well protected by a good apron.

Two combs having been uncapped, they will be placed in the cages of the extractor, and the handle turned so as to make them revolve. This must be done slowly at first. A few turns of the extractor will bring the centrifugal force into play by which the honey will be thrown out in countless drops, which will settle on the inside walls of the extractor, and coalescing, will trickle down to the receptacle in the bottom of the machine in which the clear amber fluid will quickly gather. There is a danger, in turning the handle too fast, of the honey not getting extracted on the inside of the comb, pressing on the midrib, and breaking through it, especially in warm weather when the wax is soft. This danger is reduced by the use of

"wired" combs. In from five to ten minutes' time the honey will cease to flow from the combs. The turning must then be stopped, the combs lifted out and replaced in the extractor with the reverse side outward, the revolving process being then repeated to extract the honey from the second side of the comb. When the combs are again lifted out they will be emptied, and the extractor will be ready to take another pair of uncapped combs. The emptied combs should be given back to the bees, either to be filled again with honey, or to be licked clean preparatory to their being put away for the winter for use next year.

The honey which has gathered in the bottom of the extractor should be strained through flannel to get rid of the small particles of wax and other impurities it is likely to contain. After this, it may be run into jars or bottles, which should be tied over with parchment to exclude the air.

The wax cappings should also be strained in a warm room to separate the honey. They may then be melted down in a pan of water over a slow fire. When they are quite melted, the pan should be removed and stood in a cool place. In a few hours' time the beeswax will be found to have set in a solid

cake, floating on the surface of the water. The impurities which have collected on the under side of the cake can be scraped off. If desired, the wax can again be melted and cast in convenient-sized blocks in moulds which have previously been well smeared with sweet oil to prevent the wax sticking to them. An appliance called a wax-extractor will be useful for rendering larger quantities of wax from old combs.

Beeswax comes in very useful for a variety of purposes in the home. Mixed with spirits of turpentine, it forms a valuable furniture polish. A lump is handy in the work-basket for waxing sewing-threads. It is also useful for securing foundation in frames and sections. A compound of beeswax with mutton fat, with the addition of a little lamp-black, sweet oil, turpentine, and lard, makes an excellent dubbing for children's boots in the winter, keeping the leather soft and dry.

Carrying out the details of harvesting their crop of honey in the manner described above is a pleasant enough occupation with most bee-keepers, but it is one that I fear a good many of my readers may not have the pleasure of experiencing in this their first season.

Perhaps the swarm has not been strong enough to do any work in the super at all, and the sad prospect of no honey this season is rather a damper to your ardour. Never mind, the bees may have been able to gather more than enough for themselves in the stock-box. If, however, the colony is very weak, the bees not nearly filling the stock-box, they will now require a little looking after to bring them up quickly to the requisite strength, to ensure successful wintering, followed by a profitable yield of honey, or perhaps a swarm or two, next year. If the weather keeps unfavourable, they may require feeding. Such feeding should be kept up regularly two or three times a week, and only a small quantity of syrup given at each time. It will then have the effect of encouraging breeding.

Another good way to stimulate a weak colony is to give it a comb containing brood from another stronger hive that can well afford to spare it. The bees on the comb must be shaken back into the hive from which they came before it is put into the hive we want to strengthen, and care must be taken to see that the queen, should she chance to be on this particular comb, is returned to her hive in safety. Bees from different hives will not agree if put together, unless special means are taken to make them do so, and these will be explained later on when we consider "uniting."

Those who have been fortunate enough to secure a crop of honey may sometimes be disappointed to find that it is inferior in quality, with a more or less disagreeable flavour. This is a trouble which it is beyond the power of the bee-keeper to remedy, as it depends on the flora of the neighbourhood. The best honey, barring heather honey, is very pale in colour, and comes chiefly from the Dutch clover, sainfoin, mustard and lime-tree blossoms. Inferior kinds are darker; the blackberry and sunflower are among the flowers to which credit is given for producing them, and probably most honey obtained from mixed bloom, whether in the garden or on the wayside, is not so good as that which is gathered from flowers of the clover group. But what most spoils a sample of honey, making it dark and unpalatable, is leaf honey or honey-dew. This substance is not really honey, being secreted by the leaves of certain trees, especially the lime-tree, oak, and sycamore, and in some years much more than in others. The bees feed on it with relish, but it is not wholesome for them.

(To be continued.)

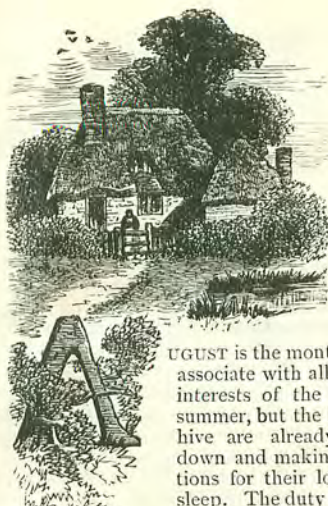


HONEY-EXTRACTOR.

## THE PLEASURES OF BEE-KEEPING.

By F. W. L. SLADEN.

## PART V.



AUGUST is the month we most associate with all the active interests of the height of summer, but the bees in the hive are already quieting down and making preparations for their long winter sleep. The duty of the bee-keeper will be to make sure

that these preparations are properly carried out by assisting them if necessary. One reason for their diminished activity is the disappearance of several honey-producing flowers on which the bees depend for their main crop. Breeding is not kept up so largely—the brood nest growing smaller; and many cells that contained brood last month will now be filled up with honey and pollen. Most of the bees now in the hive are to survive the coming winter, and they must preserve their energies as much as possible, because the colony will stand in great need of their services in the following spring. The drones, who gather no honey, and are of no further use in the hive are now attacked and killed, or turned out of the hive to perish from exposure. The ejection of the drones is rather a gruesome proceeding, but it is one that should give satisfaction to the bee-keeper, because it shows that the colony possesses a healthy and vigorous queen, and this, of course, is an essential condition for its well-being.

All through this month robbing will have to be guarded against, as, now that honey is scarce, it is easily induced, especially where there are a number of hives. To prevent robbing, the hives should not be opened too often, and then only late in the afternoon, and the work done as speedily as possible. No drops of honey or syrup should be left about, and if feeding is going on, care should be taken to prevent any bees from outside getting to the feeder.

When robbing and fighting are found to be in progress, the best means of checking the trouble will be to reduce the entrance of the hive with perforated zinc, so as to allow only one bee to pass in or out at a time. A rag soaked in a weak solution of Calvert's No. 5 carbolic acid, wrung out nearly dry, and spread out on the alighting board will also help to keep the robbers off.

These measures need not be taken unless there is considerable excitement around the hive entrance. At this time of year there will often be a few strangers on the alighting board, which get pulled about rather roughly by little groups of over-zealous sentinels, but no notice need be taken of this.

The middle or end of August will be time enough to think about getting the bees into condition for the winter. A careful inspection of all the hives should now be made, and the following points carefully noted:

(1.) Every colony should have a good laying queen. The appearance of worker brood in all stages will be sufficient evidence of her presence without our taking the trouble to hunt her up.

(2.) The colony must be strong, the bees crowding on at least six standard frames.

(3.) The combs must contain not less than twenty pounds of good honey for food during the winter.

These three conditions being fulfilled, we may be satisfied that the colony is in good condition to withstand the rigours of winter without further attention, and only requires to be wrapped up warmly later on before the advent of cold weather.

If, however, the colony should happen to be queenless, or weak (that is, covering less than six standard frames), it will have to be united to another colony. Thus, two colonies, neither of which, alone, would be strong enough to stand the winter, can be united together to form one strong colony, which, if properly looked after, will almost certainly turn out strong in the spring and do well the following year.

The colonies which are to be united should stand near to one another; by this I mean within a yard or two of one another. If they are further apart or have several other hives standing between them, they will have to be brought together, the moving being done by degrees, a yard or two at a time, and only on fine days during which the bees fly freely, otherwise many bees will be lost.

For the operation of uniting a flour-dredger will be required, containing about half-a-pint of flour. Also a goose-wing for brushing the bees off the combs. The dome queen-cage is an appliance that may come in useful. It is made of tinued wire-cloth, and shaped like the strainer that is sometimes hung from the spout of a tea-pot to retain the leaves. Such tea-strainers make very good queen-cages. To use the queen-cage it is pressed into the comb with the queen inside.

The hive to contain the united colonies should be placed midway between the two old stands. The alighting-boards should be extended by means of the hiving-board which was used in hiving the swarm.

A bright calm afternoon will be the best time to do the uniting. We have already seen that bees belonging to different colonies when mixed will not, under ordinary circumstances, agree. If, however, they are prevented from recognising one another they will unite together quite peaceably, and this condition may be brought about by dusting them over with flour. Every comb must therefore be lifted out of both hives and the bees on them well powdered with flour from the dredger. In replacing the combs, one from one hive should be put next to another from the other hive, thus ensuring the better mixing of the bees. Combs containing brood should be placed together in the middle of the hive. The bees on the lightest of the outside combs may be shaken off on to the hiving-board, where they should receive a sprinkling of flour, the combs being then taken indoors at once.

During the operation a sharp look out should be kept for the queens on the brood combs, and if one of them should be preferred for heading the new colony she should be caged by herself on a comb in the manner described above to prevent any hostile workers from attacking her. The other queen must then be found and removed, and the bee-keeper must remember to liberate the caged queen on the following day. If left to themselves, however, the workers soon learn to recognise one of the

queens as their mother, so that the trouble of finding and caging the queen is not really necessary in uniting, but it is an additional safeguard which the practised bee-keeper is glad to be able to take advantage of.

It was stated just now that the presence of *worker*-brood in the hive was sufficient evidence of the presence of a good queen. In some cases where there is a bad queen or no queen at all, *drone*-brood may be found in the hive. Usually the bees build a special comb with cells of a larger pattern for raising drone-brood in, but a bad queen will often lay drone eggs in worker-cells. In either case drone-brood may be known from worker-brood by its raised convex cappings, the capping over the worker-brood being almost flat. The best thing to do with a drone-raising colony is to unite it to another good colony without delay in the manner described above.

Having settled the question of strength, the next thing to see about will be the food supply. If each hive does not possess the minimum weight of 20 lb. of stored honey, combs containing food must be given from another hive that can spare them, or syrup must be supplied through the feeder.

Syrup for winter use must be made thicker than that used for stimulating in the summer, 10 lbs. of cane sugar being dissolved in only 5 pints of water. The syrup must be given quickly (5 or 6 lb. every day), otherwise much of it may be used for raising brood. For this purpose special rapid feeders, made to hold 6 lb. of syrup, are made.

If the stock-box contains more than 30 lb. of honey, we may take and extract the surplus from the outside combs, or one of these combs might with advantage be given to a colony that stands in need of it.

Bee-keepers who live in the heather districts of Scotland and the north of England will now be reaping the late honey harvest that this plant affords, getting their supers filled with the delicious heather-honey, which is so highly esteemed for its fine flavour. Persons keeping a few colonies a little distance from the moors find it worth their while to send their bees there while the heather is in bloom. Heather-honey has a deep colour. It is so thick that it is extremely difficult to remove it from the comb by means of the honey extractor. It should therefore be stored in sections, as these do not require extracting. Sections of heather-honey should fetch about threepence more than ordinary sections.

What to do with the honey obtained from their bees is a question, I expect, that will not trouble many of my readers. Still it will be a good thing to know some of the uses of honey. In the first place it is delicious eaten with bread and butter. It contains grape sugar, which makes it wholesome and easily digested, and particularly good for children in moderate quantities. Honey-vinegar and mead when well made are acknowledged to be excellent. As an ingredient in cakes and confectionary, honey greatly improves them. A delicious flavour is imparted to tea or coffee if sweetened with honey instead of sugar. "My son, eat thou honey, because it is good" (Proverbs xxiv. 13) is the recommendation the wise King Solomon gave honey.

Honey is also valuable as a medicine. Mixed with the juice of lemons it is universally acknowledged to be one of the best remedies for sore throat and cough. It has been proved to be beneficial in cases of rheumatism, hoarseness, and affections of the chest.

(To be concluded.)

"Don't say rude things of my nice aunt and uncle. They are a great deal kinder to me than I deserve, for I did not always treat them very nicely."

"Stuff! you were an angel; it was they who bullied you, and that Effie always wanted to come between us."

"No, she didn't; that is all your fancy. Effie is much nicer than you think, and is getting more sensible and stronger every week. She will be on

our side, I know. And, Ronald, I only want us to be reasonable and unselfish, and not put ourselves and our affairs first. If you asked Miss Adene, she would tell you just the same."

"I know she would," said Ronald, laughing, and then in a graver voice he added, "Yes, Sheila, you are quite right; one must learn to take the second place, and think of other people as well as oneself. If you can be

patient, so can I; and I love you all the better for your unselfishness."

"I wish I were unselfish," said Sheila with a sigh. "I am only trying to be, and it does not seem quite so hard when one is very, very happy."

Then Ronald bent over her, kissed her once more, picked up the fallen flowers, and walked towards the house.

(To be concluded.)

## THE PLEASURES OF BEE-KEEPING.

By F. W. L. SLADEN.

### PART VI.

CARRYING out the directions given last month for preparing the hives for winter, must not be delayed later than the middle of September. All our colonies being strong and having plenty of stores, they should now be wrapped up warmly and left undisturbed until next spring. Two American flour bags placed over the quilts will be quite enough extra covering, or one of these stuffed with a little dry barley straw will answer the purpose even better, providing a warm covering over the frames from two to three inches thick. An inspection should be made of the roofs of the hives, and if they are not thoroughly weather-proof, two coats of good white-lead paint should be applied to them. The size of the entrance must not be reduced to less than three inches.

The quieter bees are kept during the winter the better they come out in the spring. Being snowed up will not hurt them as long as they get sufficient air to breathe, which they will do through two or three feet of light snow. In the middle of a warm day in February, when the bees are flying freely, it will do no harm to lift a corner of the quilts and take note of the amount of sealed stores they still possess, if care be taken not to expose and disturb them more than is necessary. If they seem to be running short of food, a box containing soft candy should be given to them over the feed-hole. Feeding liquid food would excite the bees too much so early in the year, and it should not be done until the beginning of April. If the stores are almost exhausted, feeding with candy or syrup will have to be kept up until the bees are able to find enough honey in the fields to support themselves. In some districts this may not be until June. On the other hand, it is a mistake to keep feeding our bees unless they really require it.

March and April are often trying months for the bees, the sudden changes of temperature being very unfavourable to bee-life. Colonies that are not very strong may become so reduced in numbers that they "pull through" only with difficulty, and afterwards require the whole of the following season to regain their full strength, yielding neither honey nor swarms.

On the other hand, strong colonies, under favourable conditions, during the latter part of April and May, will increase so rapidly that, unless they are given plenty of room inside the hive in good time, they will make preparations for swarming, which the bee-keeper, who wishes to work for honey and not swarm, will find it difficult to check. The usual way to give the bees more room in the spring is by inserting a frame or foundation, or of empty comb in the centre of the brood-nest. If, however, the bees are not quite strong enough to take it, and a spell of cold weather follows, some of the brood may get chilled and this

will be a worse disaster than an over-crowded hive.

The spring, then, is a period which calls for constant attention and vigilance on the part of the bee-keeper, who must not be satisfied, as many are, that all is going on right because the bees show activity on a warm day, but must be acquainted with their exact condition, so that prompt assistance may be given when it is required.

Having completed my sketch of the chief events in the bee-keeper's calendar, it only remains to add a few details which may be of use or interest.

The subject of bee diseases is one that claims our attention. There is only one serious disease that bees are subject to; but that, unfortunately, is rather common. It is known as *foul brood*. It is caused by a micro-organism, which attacks the brood in the combs, causing it to putrefy and die. In its earlier stages, the presence of foul brood can only be detected by a careful examination of the brood combs, in which here and there a larva or two will be found to be decomposing into a coffee-coloured ropy mass, and some of the capped cells containing pupæ will have their cappings sunken and perforated. As the disease advances, much of the brood gets affected, and a foul smell issues from the entrance of the hive, which may often be perceived several yards away. The colony becomes rapidly weak and profitless, and in the end frequently perishes altogether.

Foul brood is very contagious, and strong measures must be taken to stamp it out directly its presence is discovered. In a bad case the whole colony must be burnt. If the hive is a good one, it may be preserved, but then it must be thoroughly disinfected by being scalded and painted inside and out with carbolic acid. When the disease is discovered in an early stage the combs only need be destroyed, the bees being shaken off them and treated as a swarm. They should be put into a new hive on frames of foundation, and fed with syrup medicated with Naphthol-beta. This drug is supplied in packets by the principal dealers in bee-appliances, and full directions for use are printed on each packet. The old hive and everything connected with the diseased colony must be burnt or thoroughly disinfected. If the combs contain much honey it may be utilised for human consumption without fear; but on no account must it be given back to the bees. When fresh brood develops in the new combs, a sharp look-out must be maintained for the reappearance of the disease; if it should manifest itself, in however slight a degree, the operation of renewing hive and combs must be gone through again. The disease must be looked for in other hives, and these, if found to be affected, must at once be dealt with in a similar way. The source of

infection should be ascertained, and if it be found that a neighbouring bee-keeper has any diseased colonies, he should be persuaded to take immediate steps to cure or destroy them.

Bees do not suffer from the attacks of many enemies in this country. Wasps are sometimes troublesome around the hive entrances in the autumn, and titmice are rather too fond of making a meal on a bee or two in the winter. The latter have an amusing way of bringing the bees out of the hive by tapping with their beaks on the alighting board, until a worker appears to see what the matter is, for which act it is immediately seized and swallowed. Field-mice like honey, and will sometimes play havoc with the combs of a weak colony; but if the entrance is not more than  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch deep, they will find it difficult to force a passage in the hive.

The most troublesome pests, when they get in the hives, are the caterpillars or the wax-moth. They riddle the combs with their numerous silk-lined tunnels, devouring all the pollen food and honey that come in their way. It is difficult to get rid of these caterpillars without destroying the combs. All moths found in the quilts should be destroyed, for they lay the eggs which produce the caterpillars. The wax-moth is very destructive in bee-hives in America, but one seldom hears of its doing much damage in England, except in badly-kept or neglected hives. Two balls of naphthaline placed on the quilts will help to keep the wax-moth away.

A curious parasite called the bee-louse (*Branla cocca*) is sometimes found attached to the body of the queen, and occasionally also the workers. Though it belongs to the order of flies, it is blind and wingless, and most resembles a tiny reddish-brown spider. A few of these parasites do not seem to inconvenience the queen-bee.

Ants may be kept out of the hive by placing the legs in saucers containing water. Earwigs do no harm in the hive.

Experienced bee-keepers are often able to increase their colonies cheaply in the autumn by driving their neighbour's bees. Unhappily there are still many owners of bees in this enlightened country to whom the hive is as a sealed book that they have never attempted to open. They do not trouble to look after their bees, and, when wanting the honey, would destroy them to obtain it, if some practical bee-keeper did not come forward and offer to do the work for them, asking to be allowed to take the bees he has saved from destruction in return for his services, a request which the owner is generally willing enough to grant. It requires a man of some little experience to drive bees successfully, so we will not go into the details of the operation here. Suffice it to say that the straw hive or skep from which the bees are to be driven is fixed in an inverted

position, and another skep placed over it into which the bees, by repeated rapping, are driven. Driven bees can generally be bought fairly cheaply in the autumn. Several lots of driven bees should be put together into a wooden hive provided with frames fitted with foundation, or better still, ready drawn-out combs if you have them. Rapid feeding must then be commenced at once, and sufficient food for winter stores should be taken down and sealed over before the middle of September.

We must not be surprised if our extracted honey becomes opaque and solid on the approach of cold weather. This process is called candying or granulation, and is, in fact, a proof of the purity of the honey, though some kinds granulate much sooner than others. Well-ripened honey, when granulated, will keep good for years.

In concluding these papers a few words on the natural history of bees may be of interest. Some of my readers will be surprised when I tell them that there are about two hundred different kinds of bees to be found in England. Up to the present I have been talking only about one of these, and this one, properly speaking, is a honey-bee. Almost all the other bees are solitary in their habits, that is, they do not live in large colonies in hives, but singly or in pairs in holes in the ground, in old stumps or walls, or in the hollow stems of plants. Still they are, many of them, very

interesting, and well worth studying. They all feed on honey, and may be found on various kinds of flowers throughout the spring and summer. Some of them are large and beautiful like the well-known humble-bees; others are small and inconspicuous. Some resemble our honey-bee so closely that none but an expert could tell them apart; others again have such a strong likeness to wasps



QUEEN HUMBLE-BEE (*Bombus terrestris*).

that a novice would scarcely give them credit for sweeter relationships.

But readers of this magazine, who happen to reside abroad, might come across other kinds of honey-bees, wild perhaps, but to which, if put in hives, all the foregoing remarks would more or less apply. Several of the foreign races of the honey-bee have been tried in this country and have been

found to do very well. One of these, the Italian bee, is quite naturalised, and has spread so extensively over the country that it is hard to find a colony of pure English bees now, most of our bees being a cross between the English and the Italian races. Italian bees may be readily recognised by the pale semi-transparent, orange-yellow markings on the tail, true English bees being entirely black all over. The Italian bees are more prolific than the English race and they are easier to handle because they remain quietly on their combs when the hive is opened. A good cross between the English and Italian races is generally acknowledged to be the best honey-bee for all purposes in this country, but it has acquired a name for being rather bad-tempered.

Books that will be helpful to those who are "going in" for bee-keeping are *The British Beekeeper's Guide Book* (paper, 1s. 6d.), and *Modern Bee-keeping* (6d.), published by the British Bee-keepers' Association.

Finally, the beginner must not be disheartened by a few difficulties and failures. They should, on the contrary, spur on to greater efforts in seeking to avoid them in the future, for it is chiefly by first failures that experience, that most important factor in every successful pursuit, is gained. Persistent effort will bring its reward, and the bees will soon become a greater source of interest than we ever thought could be possible.

## GIRLS AS I HAVE KNOWN THEM.

By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, Author of "Old Maids and Young."

### PART IX.

#### THE TALL GIRL AND THE SMALL GIRL.



"OFTEN the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature has built many storeys high," says quaint old Fuller. "Long and lazy," says the proverb.

"Divinely tall," says Tennyson.

Now in thought go over the tall girls whom you have known. Perhaps they were not unlike the tall girls known to me.

Cicely—by herself called Thithily—is one of these. She has a little head atop of a long body, and when she laughs, which she does much, displays to view two rows of foolishly small teeth. Cicely laughs to keep herself from crying, for she has a very hard time of it.

Poor?

No. She has everything that money can buy, but lacks a thing that money cannot buy.

Muriel is the poor long girl known to me.

Muriel's wail is, *There is so much of me to dress.*

When last I saw Muriel, her boots were down at heel, and to shamefacedness she added—shamefootedness.

Dearest to me of long girls is one Dorothy, big and beautiful and kind, knowing some things—not many—and wanting to know more.

Said Dorothy one day—

"Is there not such a word as 'magnanimosity' for 'kindness'?"

It was hard to have to tell her that there was not, and that, if ever such a word as "magnanimosity" shall be, it will certainly not be a word for "kindness."

Have you noticed that a big girl mostly has a small girl for her friend, and *vice versa*? Shakespeare, who noticed all things, noticed that. With Helena he puts Hermia, and with Rosalind Celia.

The tall girls of prose-fiction are numerous. For *A* there is Blackmore's Annie, who "never tried to look away when honest people gazed at her." For *B* there is Thackeray's Beatrix, and there is one for every other letter in the alphabet.

The "towering big" girl—to put the matter Hibernically—had a great vogue a few years ago as the heroine of *Trilby*, but, on the whole, the small girl has been more singled out for loving treatment by novelists than the tall girl. Dickens had a known preference for her, and his "little Nell" has eclipsed all big Nells. In the description of one Ruth, too, it may be noticed that he uses with loving iteration the word "little"—"pleasant little Ruth! cheerful, tidy, bustling, quiet little Ruth!"

In fiction subsequent to that of Dickens there is a Mary described thus—"a little dumpty body, with a yellow face and a red nose, the smile of an angel, and a heart full of many little secrets of other people's, and of one great one of her own, which is no business of any man's."

All readers of Kingsley's *Two Years Ago* will remember that Mary.

The poets no less than the prose-writers have busied themselves with the small girl. The mere word *Duchess* to most

people calls up a picture of stateliness, yet Browning describes a duchess as follows:—

"She was the smallest lady alive."

In these days of tall girls small girls are apt to fret. There is one known to me whose case is pitifuler than that of the little fir-tree in Andersen.

That little fir-tree, you will remember, thought of nothing so much as growing. The children sitting beside it would often exclaim, "How pretty and little it is!" It could not bear to hear that, says Andersen.

The case of the little girl known to me is just by so much sadder than that of the little fir-tree that she knows that her growing days are over. When last I saw her she was trying to give length to herself by a long tail to her dress, but the world was not deluded thus, and measured her, as naturalists measure the mouse, "not including the tail."

Happily a major number of small girls still carry a high heart, knowing that maids, as well as men, may be "little, very little, but not insignificant."

Those words are Sir Walter Scott's in reference to Thomas Moore, whose pseudonym, it may be remembered, was at one time Thomas Little.

This is perhaps the place in which to say a word about the persons whose littleness is bound up with their fame. One of the greatest generals of all time had for his best known sobriquet "the little corporal." Omit the "little" in that case, and the appellation is robbed of all that gives piquancy to it.

How much there may be in the mere word

