

year ought easily to be cleared, I understand, though again the sum is influenced by *where* the bee-keeper is living, those residing in a moorland district securing far better honey than others, and at less cost, as heather is the delight of the "little busy bee." It is scarcely possible to assist bees by growing suitable plants in the garden of the owner, but crocuses—especially the Tom Thumb species—thyme, Canterbury bells, mignonette, marjoram, and pyrus japonica are all favourites with our useful yellow and black striped friends. The cost of starting an apiary is not much: most likely the swarm will be given as a present; if not, it will never cost over a sovereign, unless in an extra special case. Though the hive must be purchased, still the bar-frame, a modern invention, does not cost more than fifteen shillings, and the skips—as the old-fashioned straw hives are called—are even more inexpensive. It is often advised to get a new first swarm as a start, but thereby one is likely to get an old and worn out queen, which is not desirable. With regard to the disagreeable subject of stings, many bee-keepers use either apifuge or menthyl salicylate; others, again, protect themselves with veil and gloves; but the great art of preventing stings is the art of managing the bees aright and not irritating them, for an irritated bee is a formidable enemy spite of its size.

Of course, like all other employments, numbers pay, and where several hives are kept the average profit may be counted as varying from thirty shillings to £2 per hive. But then care and cleanliness are necessary to keep the bees in good health. A great many bees are kept in Yorkshire and in Scotland, the large stretches of heather being productive of the best honey, heather honey being noted for its peculiar clearness. Still men—or women either—cannot always choose where they dwell, *must* being often obliged to be used instead of *will*. Yet even in a not very favourable site, care, industry, and wise study of the various books which abound on the subject can work wonders with regard to a successful apiary, from a business point of view. Arrangements should be made with some shopkeeper, either in some country town or in London, to undertake to sell this winged insect's sweet store of golden honey—on commission of course—and parcel post can be utilized as the means of transit, postal orders being found very satisfactory for the sending back the golden profits. Oh, the triumphs of modern civilization! Once there were no post offices!

SCOTLAND seems to be, from what I hear, the part of Great Britain most devoted to the rearing of bees, perhaps the reason being that it is "the

land of the heather." A gentleman I wot of, once a schoolmaster, has since started business in bees and strawberries, and has been so successful in his new undertaking that he is now Town Councillor. Perhaps a lady equally successful might become Town Councillor.

THE recent death of Miss Marianne North, the well-known lady traveller and botanist, will be universally regretted. Miss North was also an artist, and it is to her brush and her kindness Kew Gardens is indebted for the magnificent botanical picture gallery which has been a source of interest and pleasure to thousands. Miss North, during her many journeys, visited Brazil, California, India, Java, Japan, Australia and New Zealand, carefully and intelligently studying always the flora of each country. It was during her last visit to South America that she first contracted the illness from which she subsequently died.

I LEARN from a short paragraph in *Good Luck* (which by-the-bye is a very "going" little penny paper, well printed and bright, and deserving "good luck" to attend it) that "the ladies" are talking of forming a bicycle club. What next, I wonder? But after all a lady's bicycle is really quite a graceful affair, though but two-wheeled, and it is sure soon to cause the tricycle to vanish from our midst. By-the-bye, the most dangerous cycle, to hearts leastways, is the "Sociable." It is so delightful, you know, to ride side by side with a pretty young lady, and to whisper nonsense into her conveniently close ear; and as there is not even a horse near to overhear, "fickle man" can, an he will, deny his own words after he has had time to pause and consider—what? Whether he meant what he said or no.

THE sad death of Mrs. F. Morgan (Miss Alice Havers, the artist) is a strong warning against the growing habit of flying to injections of morphia to obtain relief from pain, and proves conclusively the folly of patients being ever permitted to administer the drug to themselves. This gifted lady, who was quite young, used to inject morphia to ease the pain of violent neuralgia in her head, from which she suffered, the result being that her death was caused by an accidental administration of an over-dose of the remedy—a remedy which proves, unless very judiciously handled, oftentimes worse than the disease.

If anyone becomes at all notorious of course they write a book—it is ever a foregone conclusion. Mrs. H. M. Stanley proves no exception to the

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