

Correspondence.

Foul Brood in Bees.

MILL CREEK,
August 20, 1877.

Editors Deseret News:

By request of the beekeepers in convention assembled, it was requested that Mr. John Morgan write an article on the subject of foul brood, and give his practice and experience and furnish a transcript of the same to the editors of the DESERET NEWS, requesting the Herald and other territorial papers to copy for the benefit of all beekeepers.

Foul brood or brood rot, is a disease that has baffled the intelligence of all beekeepers in the United States. They admit that until the past few years foul brood was not known in the Western States and Territories. The first case of foul brood known in this Territory that we have any knowledge of was in a hive of Mr. John Kimball's, Salt Lake City. It came in the first importation of bees shipped from the east. Mr. Kimball purchased one of them, and it so happened that the foul brood was in the hive. Mr. S. H. P. tnam having the care of them, found there was something wrong with the bees, and he called upon Mr. Moses Thurston and myself to go with him and inspect the same, we found it to be foul brood in its worst stage. The hive was kept strengthened up with broods from other hives until the bees became disgusted with the stench of the hive and left for parts unknown. If it was requested, it could be traced back for years to the same hive. Would it not have been better to destroy those bees and burnt the hive, and thereby saved thousands of dollars to this community, even if some should think it a strenuous measure to adopt?

Quite a number of beekeepers have written to me to describe foul brood to them. The disease has more effect upon the brood of the colony than it has on the mature bees. The caps of the sealed brood appear indented and shrivelled, and the young bees and larvae in unsealed cells become putrid and emit a disagreeable stench, perceivable several feet from the hive when they have the disease bad. Its real cause is yet unknown. It is introduced from one colony to another affected with the disease, by the exchange of combs and honey, or, if a bee get but one sack of the diseased honey and that is fed to the brood, that hive will become diseased. The argument is used by some of our beekeepers that the use of the Extractor in an apiary that is infected with the disease, and then taking it to another that is not infected will not spread the disease. Such argument is not in accordance with the practice and experience of all beekeepers in the United States, but the contrary, as the putrid matter is of a dark, gluey substance that will stick very close to whatever it comes in contact with.

It then becomes a matter of great importance to all that keep bees to see that those who attend their bees thoroughly scald out the Extractor, before they bring it in their apiary or where healthy bees can get to it. My advice and practice is to destroy all diseased hives, cutting out all the comb and burying or burning the same so that bees cannot get to it. The honey gathered by a diseased swarm is not fit to use or put into market unless it is boiled and skimmed to destroy the disease. If a beekeeper should be found guilty of putting diseased honey into the market, he should by all means be held amenable to the law governing those matters.

Herald and Territorial papers will please copy.
JOHN MORGAN,
Mill Creek, Utah.

Big Fishing—Harvest.

PANGWITCH, Aug. 10, 1877.

Editors Deseret News:

The people of this place have had the pleasure of a brief visit from Elder W. Woodruff accompanied by Elders Jesse N. Smith and David Cannon, who held meeting here last evening and spoke to the people in an interesting manner.

Elder Woodruff spent a day at the Pangwitch Lake where he caught 100 lbs. of trout, showing, like the apostles of old that he not only knows how to catch men but, the finny tribe likewise.

Should the frost keep off three

weeks longer we will have an abundant harvest in this place.

J. L. HEYWOOD.

Full Particulars of the Fire at Richfield Saw Mill.

RICHFIELD, Sevier County,
Aug. 15, 1877.

Editors Deseret News:

I respectfully submit further particulars of the burning of the Richfield U. O. steam sawmill, which happened on or about the 30th day of June, as collated and handed to me by Hon. A. K. Thurber, for the DESERET NEWS. This unfortunate accident entailed a loss of about 45,000 feet of lumber, 30,000 shingles and 1,000 lath, in addition to the loss of labor, time and machinery. It is a pleasing fact, however, that the mill is again in good running order, having commenced operations on the 3rd of August, just one month after the fire. Thanks for which is due to the company of men at work there, for the energy, and perseverance and skill with which it has been accomplished.

The mill is situated on the north side of Beaver Valley mountain, in a rather deep cañon. The fire was first seen by James Sellars, the superintendent, as he came out from dinner, when the flame was no larger than a man's hat. An alarm being given it was speedily extinguished but the wind being unusually high, sparks had been carried to the side of the mountain where it spread and raged furiously. The wind veered in another direction, when a dry tree near the mill caught fire in the top, but by cutting down the tree that was again extinguished in the immediate vicinity of the mill. On the night of July 2d the fire still raging in the timber with unabated fury, a guard of four men was appointed, and again they watched on the night of the 3rd, when they could hear the fire roaring as it passed into and across the cañon above the mill. At about 11 a.m. the next day, the wind blowing a hurricane sent the fire down the cañon towards the mill inevitably doomed for destruction, the hands employed fighting it as best they could, to prevent, if possible, the dreaded occurrence. While so engaged above the mill, the fire, as if by a whirlwind, broke out about half a mile below, and an up-current from that direction made it apparent that human effort to save the mill would prove futile, and they proposed to leave and save themselves by flight. But on persuasion of Superintendent Sellars and Brother James Gerr, they still remained and continued their efforts to save the fragments. They took the main saw and put it in the creek, also the brass boxing off the engine, shingle saw, belts, and many other things. At this time Sister Marsh and two daughters left, and had to run three and a half miles, barely escaping with their lives. They were the cooks.

It was found on examination after the fire, that the engine was not much damaged, and through the energy, skill and perseverance of the company such repairs were effected as to put the mill again in good running order by the 3rd of August, sawing lumber as before the disaster. It was considered very providential that no lives were lost.

These particulars I forward, as desired. With much respect for the NEWS and its supporters, I am your friend and brother in the Gospel,
WM. MORRISON.

A "CHEW" FOR THE QUEEN.—A story is told of the late Queen of Holland, who encountered one day on the high road a soldier making a frantic effort to light his pipe. "There," she said, giving him some money, "buy good tobacco." "It is the Queen," whispered an equestrian in the soldier's ear. The latter muttered out some thanks, when the Queen remarked, "I fear the regulation tobacco is not good." The soldier opened his pouch, placed some weed in Her Majesty's hand, adding, "Just taste that stuff, ma'am."—Paris Letter.

Virtue is certainly the most noble and secure possession a man can have. Beauty is worn out by time and impaired by sickness. Riches lead youth rather to destruction than welfare, and without prudence are soon lavished away; while virtue alone, the only good that is ever durable, always remains with the person who once entertained her. She is preferable both to wealth and a noble extraction.

SHORT AND SHARP.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who are wretched.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

Better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

Manners require time, as nothing is more vulgar than haste.—Emerson.

The latest lawn mower eats the grass off like a cow, but doesn't give as much milk.

Harvest never comes to such as sow not; and so experience will not, unless you do what God has commanded.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and which he is loved and blessed by.

A soul without prayer is like a solitary sheep without its shepherd. The tempter sees it, and lures it away into its snare.

Be not hasty to cast off every aspersion that is cast upon you. Let them alone for awhile, and then, like mud on clothes, they will rub off of themselves.

First reflection—"Really, I'll either have to quit alcoholic drinking or stop my newspapers. Expenses must be curtailed." Second reflection—"Well, the newspapers don't amount to much anyhow!"

Harper's Bazaar says you may eat corn off the cob, but you must hold it with only one hand. If the cob gets a little the better of you, we suppose you may hold one end of the cob down with your foot.—Hawk-Eye.

I venerate old age, and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.—Longfellow.

A cruel boy tied a live hornet's nest to a dog's tail, but as the dog came to the boy for comfort, and rubbed against his legs, and followed him wherever he went, and professed great attachment for him, there was no need of calling on the Humane Society to punish the lad for the deed.

In the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, in Paris, there is a grave from which rises a woman's arm, beautifully chiseled in marble. The Hand is clasped by another, evidently a man's, that comes from an adjoining grave. It was the fancy of a young husband who did not long survive his bride.

As a class, ministers are a mild, passive people externally, but if you could see deep down in their heart of hearts, you would discover a fierce, wild longing for a congregation who has conscience enough not to put lead five cent pieces in the contribution box.

The Queen's speech, when the British Parliament was prorogued, was commendable for its brevity. The gentleman who wrote the speech and the person who delivered it are deserving of much praise. The Queen will be pleased with it, we think, when she reads it.

Put your round, ripe, red tomato into hot water for a second, so that the skin will come off easily. Put the shorn tomato upon ice over night, so that it is as firm and cold as a snowball. In the morning have it brought fresh cold in a deep saucer, and, with pepper, salt, vinegar and oil, treat it as a cannibal would treat a baby.

The lovely lady from St. Helier's who has made such a sensation in London by her beauty was asked the other day whether her head was not a little turned; by so much homage. To which she made answer like a little woman: "Oh, dear, no; they come up to the drag and ask to be introduced, and then go away, and I hear them say: 'I don't see so very much in her after all, and I dare say she's a perfect fool.' I can't be so very much set up after that, now can I?"

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