

THE BEE.



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FINE CLOTHING

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CORNER 10th AND F STREETS.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Lizzie the Elephant.

Wombwell's collection of wild beasts was once the most famous in Europe. Among the animals was a beautiful female elephant named Lizzie. While visiting a town in England Lizzie was taken very ill with an attack of colic. A doctor in the place brought some medicine which saved Lizzie's life. Some days afterwards the animals were marching through the street. Lizzie caught sight of the doctor standing in his shop, and stopped at the door. The doctor came out to see what was the matter, when Lizzie thrust her trunk gently toward the doctor's hand. The doctor took hold of the trunk and patted it in a friendly way, to Lizzie's great delight. After a little of this caressing Lizzie marched forward again with evident pleasure. All animals are grateful for kindness, and none more so than elephants.

A Young Stoic.

Marcus Annus Verus, afterward to be known as the great Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, was in all respects a model boy. Not the namby-pamby model that all human boys detest, but a right-minded, right-mannered, healthy, wealthy, and wise young Roman of the second century of the Christian era. At that time (for the world was not yet Christianized) there flourished a race of teachers and philosophers known as Stoics, wise old pagans, who held that the perfect man must be free from passion, unmoved by either joy or grief, taking everything just as it came, with supreme and utter indifference. A hard rule that, but this lad's teachers had been mainly of the "School of the Stoics," as it was called, and their wise sayings had made so deep an impression on the little Marcus that, when only twelve years old, he set up for a full-fledged Stoic. He put on the coarse mantle that was the peculiar dress of the sect, practiced all their severe rules of self-denial, and even slept on the hard floor or the bare ground, denying himself the comfort of a bed, until his good mother, who knew what was best for him, even though they were Stoics, persuaded him to compromise on a quilt. He loved exercise and manly sport; but he was above all a wonderful student—too much of a student, in fact; for, as the old record states, "his excess in study was the only fault of his youth."—*St. Nicholas.*

What the North Wind Did Once.

One day a little child went out to have a run on the lawn, but forgot to put on a warm coat and hat. The Wind was blowing keen and cross, and it said to the child:

"You've got pretty noses On each little cheek, But I'll steal them from you In less than a week."

The child was very angry when it heard the Wind say that, for it was very proud of its rosy cheeks. It had two very red noses, one on each cheek, and a whole bunch of cherries on its mouth, and it did not like the thought of losing them; but instead of running into the nice warm house, where the cold North Wind could not catch it, the child staid out of doors to quarrel and it said:

"North Wind, naughty, angry North Wind, Come to steal my pretty flowers! Go and take the glittering snowflakes Falling from the sky in showers."

"Go and eat the frost and raindrops, They are good enough for you; I shall keep my pretty cherries, And my pretty nose, too."

And the child stamped its tiny foot, and scolded the North Wind, who only laughed, and whistled a wild tune as it danced round the child and kissed its cheeks and lips, and then went away, singing:

"Oh! such pretty flowers and berries, Roses red and bright, ripe cherries stolen from a little deary, Who will soon grow pale and weary Now its pretty flowers have vanished, With the Wind to Northland banished."

Then the child became rather frightened, and shivered all through, as it ran into the house and looked in the glass, and found that sure enough all the red roses had gone.

And after that it became very pale and thin and ill, and mamma said it was all through going out and quarreling with the North Wind; but she was sorry for the child, so she asked the South Wind to go and find the roses and cherries, and the South Wind came to where the Babywinds had a playroom, and there were the child's lost treasures.

So the South Wind brought them to mamma, and she put them in a spoon with some sugar, and the child ate them all up, and very soon they came back to its cheeks and lips, and next time it went out it found the young leaves laughing at the stories of its roses, while the North Wind stole out of the garden, crying:

"All that came of being naughty, All that came of being rude; Though the Winds are rough and restless, Children should be always good."

THE ART OF BURGLARY.

Morals and Methods of an Enterprising Housebreaker.

"Never kill a man save in self-defense; get caught rather than drop a man," was the prudent method of a celebrated cracksmen. "It's only the tyro or the bungler who flourishes revolvers and quickly appeals to the bludgeon."

"What is the prime quality in your business?"

"Nerve—nothing else."

"What is the best method?"

"Boldness. Many a job have I done right before the eyes of the people; done it just as though it was the regular thing, and I was just where I ought to be. I have had my pal taking things out of a house when a couple of cops were walking by, and I stood with a pencil in my hand keeping tally of the things. They thought it was all right, as I looked right at them. I tell you a person wants to keep perfectly cool, and know what he is doing, and what he is going to do, every time."

"The right kind of men are somehow lacking. They are either too timid or too rough. It wants a fine man, a real Damascus blade, to do a neat job. There are plenty of opportunities, if there were only the men to fill them. But I was speaking of chances. The people are asleep; you are awake. They are timid; you are perfectly cool. You know just what to do. You know just what they will do if they wake up. They don't know how many are in the house, nor where you are. Most people are cowards in the night. Without any odds you could get the best of them, but in the night, with the bugbear and the reality of a burglar in the house—and they have spent all the years of their lives in working up a dreadful fellow in their imaginations—in such a plight, a man's house is like a foreign land to him, and he is a perfect stranger to the situation in his own home."

"Then you trust most to bewilderment and fear?"

"No, we don't. A good job means getting in and out again without stirring things up. If it comes to the worst, then the dread and fear and confusion which we cause all help us, and sometimes the more fuss there is the easier we can get off."

"How do you feel when you are alone in a house at midnight running such terrible risks?"

"There, now, you have got about as much nonsense into that question as they usually do. In the first place, midnight is not the usual hour when a house is worked. Things are not so quiet then as they are two hours later. And then, if it were midnight what of it? Midnight, except to cowards, is not different from any other hour, only as it is a great deal safer for those like us. Alone in a house? It is a little shaky at times, but generally safe enough; but that isn't the way a house is generally worked. There should be two, and three are better. Terrible risks? We don't think of it in that light. There is something always fascinating in the risk, and it isn't considered objectionable. What do we think? How do we feel? Now, look here, there isn't much time nor occasion for thinking and feeling outside the job to be done. Your sentimental chaps don't want to be prowling about nights on any of these delicate 'rackets.' The man who is going to stop in a bedroom of a strange house at 2 o'clock at night to consult his feelings had better keep out of that bedroom. The man who proposes to enter this profession wants to run slow on the thinking and feeling line, especially when on duty."

Myths About Stones.

According to one theory it was a precious stone in Paradise that fell to the earth at Adam's fall, and was then lost in the slime of the deluge till it was recovered by the angel Gabriel. It was originally a jacinth of such extreme whiteness that it dazzled people's eyes at the distance even of four days journey, and only gradually became black as it now is from shame and sorrow for the sins of the world. But according to the better opinion it was not merely a jacinth of Paradise, but the actual guardian angel, who, having been sent to watch over Adam therein, was at his fall, and as a punishment for not having more vigilantly executed his trust, changed into a stone, and driven from Paradise, but destined to resume his angelic form when the days of the world are all numbered and finished. Both Germany and France still bear vestiges of the same capability of thought. In the former you may still be shown upon a certain heath a large stone, embodying a bridal pair and their followers, who were thus transformed because the musicians who attended them continued to play festive airs, though a thunder-storm broke over them as they were driving over the heath. You may still learn a

lesson, too, from the petrified form of a girl who, when once gathering flax on Sunday, swore she would be turned into stone sooner than go home; or from two great stones, which are really boys, so transfixed for quarrelling over so sacred a thing as a piece of bread, the gift of God to man.

Health Hints.

Never snore.
Never begin a dinner with pie.
Never sleep in your overshoes.
Never sleep on the floor in winter.
Never ride a thin horse bare-back.
Never walk fifteen miles before breakfast.
Never carry a barrel of potatoes on your head.
Never put your feet in the fire to warm them.
Never swallow your food before you chew it.
Never jump out of the window for a short-cut.
Never sleep with your feet higher than your head.
Never drink more than you can carry comfortably.
Never give a tramp your summer clothing in the winter.
Never jump more than ten feet to catch a ferry-boat.
Never go to sleep at night with all the windows open.
Never leave the gas turned on when you retire at night.
Never strain your eyes looking for faults in your neighbor.
Never sit by a red-hot stove with a seal-skin cap and ulster on.
Never thrust your knife more than half-way down your throat.
Never wear eye-glasses to improve your personal appearance.
Never break the ice to take a bath during the winter months.
Never kick at an infuriated bull-dog when you have slippers on.
Never jump out of bed in the morning before you hear the first bell.
Never let your clothes dry on you when you are caught in the rain.
Never put your head under the grate when you want to blow the fire.
Never leave the kerosene-can where the cook may have free access to it.
Never use the eyes of your razor on your thumb-nail or strop it on the palm of your hand.
Never walk into a parlor at a reception and put your feet on the mantelpiece. It will cause the blood to run to your head.
These hints will be found thoroughly trustworthy and reliable. Therefore the invalid would do well to cut them out and paste them on the inside of his or her cranium.

An Odd Washington Character.

Caleb and Joe Willard are among the wealthiest of Washington's most wealthy men, says a correspondent. They came here when they were boys, and worked at odd jobs until they together leased a tavern where Willard's hotel now stands. Here they kept hotel and made oceans of money. Joe Willard is one of the characters of Washington. All sorts of stories are told of him, and he is often denominated the hermit. He lives on Fourteenth street, near the Ebbitt house, in a great brick house of dirty white, which looks like a tomb with its tightly-closed blinds and its forbidding exterior. He has a wife, but he never goes into society, and he is thought by many to be a man-hater. A negro servant always answers the door, and it is impossible to gain admittance. Recently I called on him at his business den. Going through a narrow passage over an uneven and dilapidated floor, I was shown by the negro janitor up a pair of steep stairs, and soon stood in the presence of Joe Willard, the millionaire. A queer looking man with a big head covered with the whitest of white hair and the blackest of black eyes that ever looked into mine, rose from an old chair as I entered. Tall, dignified, and rather good looking, I thought him, and I noticed his great bushy white brows overhanging his eyes, his big nose and his strong jaws. He was beyond a doubt a man of character. He was in a talkative mood, and, like many other rich men I know, his hobby was making money. He discoursed for an hour on Jay Gould, Vanderbilt and others, giving me interesting passages in their careers, and interlarding his remarks now and then with a metallic laugh.

Joe Willard's office is a peculiar place. Its walls is cracked and the oldest of broken furniture stands about the room. A grate of blazing coal is framed in a wooden mantel, and on this stand in a row fifty or sixty glass ink bottles, which cost, when full of ink, perhaps five cents a piece. An old brick or two lies on one table, a broken horseshoe on another, and the floor beneath has neither carpet nor rug, and age shows many a crack. On the wall above the mantel are numerous newspaper clippings about wealthy men and how they had acquired their millions. It is a curious den.

Sunset.

Wear Aurora's robe, night after night,
Some radiant spirit rules the western sky.
Drowning the sun-tints with such rich supply
Of colors weaved of unremembered light,
That it would seem the Master-painter's might
Had wrought anew his palette there on high,
To tell the tired world rainbows shall not die.

Which first his pipe of promise did admit,
Forged newly like a steel-blue comet,
The crescent Moon shines keener than of old,
And, as the dawn-sword of one armed for year,
Marshals those hosts of crimson, green, and gold.

Till underneath the quiet Evening Star
The great review pales out into the cold.
Hermon Meritt.

HUMOROUS.

Cold wether—A dead ram.
A clean steal—Taking a bath.
Dead beats—The stopped clock.
A maiden effort—The first leap-year proposal.
The man who takes medicine goes in for internal improvement.
A man never sees the last of a pair of ready-made boots bought for him.
Young ladies are painting pictures of frogs. They are so suggestive of leap year.
Hand organs are often accompanied by two cranks—one on the end and the other standing behind.
Michelet writes that "woman is the salt of man's life." There is a proverb that every time you upset the salt there is a fight.
A timid young man has married a lady whose weight verges closely upon 200 pounds. "My dear," he says to her, "shall I help you over the fence?" "No," says she to him, "help the fence!"
When a lady living in Chelsea sent to London for a doctor, she apologized for asking him to come such a distance. "Don't speak of it," replied the M. D. "I happen to have another patient in the neighborhood, and can thus kill two birds with one stone."

My lady's eyes are bright,
Like stars of winter's night,
That shine a dark cloud under
She'd make one's heart rejoice,
Had she not such a voice—
It sounds like distant thunder.

A young woman who was married three months ago, was asked how she was getting along with the mysteries of housekeeping. "Oh, I'm learning very fast. Why, would you believe it," she exclaimed, "I hummed a whole towel myself in six hours yesterday!"

Hooks and Eyes.

For more than a dozen years the manufacture of hooks and eyes for women's and children's dresses may be said to have been dead, buttons having superseded them. But there are indications that hooks and eyes are again to come into use, at least to a considerable extent. If this should prove to be the case, it will gladden the hearts of some who have preserved their machinery from a scrap heap. Thirty years ago the state of Connecticut had manufactories within her territory that produced these little articles to the value of \$112,000 annually at fifteen cents a gross. Previous to 1830, or thereabout, hooks and eyes were made by hand, and sold at \$1.50 per gross.

The machines for making hooks and eyes are quite ingenious, those for the hooks being capable of making ninety per minute and those for the eyes one hundred and twenty per minute. That for making the hooks takes the wire from a reel through a straightener, cuts off the wire to the exact length, when a blade strikes the piece in the middle of its length, and two side blades moving simultaneously bend the wire double, laying the two halves of its length close together and parallel. Then two pins rise, one on each side of the ends of the wire, to form the eyes of the hook, and two semi-rotating pushers bend the ends around the pins, making the eyelets for sewing the hook on to the fabric. The unfinished hook is still perfectly flat, when a horizontal pin, and a vertical bender working upward, curve the double end of the hook, and a preset flattens the end to a "swan bill." The eye is formed in another machine, but by means of similar appliances. Brass wire is used for silvered hooks and eyes and iron wire for the black or japanned goods. The silver coating is made by mixing an acid precipitate of silver with common salt and the cream tartar of commerce to produce a paste. Certain proportions of this paste and of the brass hooks and eyes are placed in a tumbling barrel, and by attrition and affinity the brass and silver unite. The articles, as they come from the tumbling barrel, are of a lusterless white, but are polished by being placed in cotton cloth bags with bar soap and rubbed with hot water under the vibrating arm of a washing machine.