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W. R. GRIFFIN

Reports from the Census Bureau show that 11,985,958 running bales of cotton were grown in the Southern States.

The aviation committee which had supervision over the aerial flight across the Alps has awarded \$10,000, half the amount of the prize, to George Charvez, who was injured on the journey.

The Mint in Philadelphia has resumed the coining of gold, which it turns into money during a part of the year. At present the figures show the Mint is turning out 700,000 cents a day.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Newman, who for 20 years was pastor of the First Congregational Church, will go to Hagerstown, Md., to become president of the Kee Mar College.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Schwartz, jeweler and optician, 824 Seventh street north-west, in this issue of The Bee. This is one of the best and most thorough jewelry stores in this city. Everything in this store is first class in every detail. Your eyeglasses are fitted, your eyes examined, and the very best material is used in the construction of your glasses. Satisfaction is guaranteed in everything.

A new silk mill has started in Reading, Pa., with Jansen & Pretzfeld, of New York, as managers, with twenty employees.

THE KEY OF TEBALDO

Curious Messenger of Death Invented by an Italian.

TRAGIC LEGEND OF VENICE.

Unique Weapon With Which the Man of Mystery and Murder Sought to Slay His Way to the Hand of the Woman He Loved.

The chronicles of Venice tell that in the earlier part of the seventeenth century a certain stranger, a man of dark and sinister aspect, arrived in the city. His name was Tebaldo. He appears to have been a man of unruly passions, of great intellectual power, but one whose talents found their chief outlet in crime.

One day he observed a beautiful girl leaving church, attended in a manner which showed she belonged to a family of high degree. She was, in fact, the daughter of an ancient and noble house. He fell violently in love with her. Though far removed from him in station, his blind passion took no count of this fact, and he determined to sue for her hand.

There proved to be, however, a more insuperable obstacle to his suit. The girl was already betrothed to another, a young nobleman of almost equal rank and fortune. The knowledge did not deter Tebaldo, who boldly presented himself before the girl's parents in the capacity of a suitor for her hand. As might have been expected, he met with a curt and unceremonious rebuff.

The repulse rankled in his mind. Enraged beyond measure, he shut himself up in his own house and there secretly studied a means of revenge. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented a most formidable and death-dealing weapon. This was a large key, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned at will. When it was thus turned a secret spring was disclosed, which, on being pressed, launched from the key head a fine needle or lancet. The latter was of such delicate construction that it penetrated the body of the victim and buried itself deep in the flesh without leaving any external trace.

The marriage of the betrothed couple was fixed to take place in the principal church in Venice on a certain day. Before the ceremony Tebaldo, cunningly disguised, stationed himself at the church door armed with his diabolical weapon. As the bridegroom was about to enter the building the concealed watcher pressed the spring and sent the deadly steel lancet into the breast of his victim. The young nobleman had no suspicion of injury at the moment. In the midst of the ceremony, however, he was seized with a sharp spasm of pain and sank fainting on the steps of the altar. He was hurriedly conveyed to his home, where the leading Venice physicians were summoned to attend him. In spite of their unremitting efforts he sank and died, nor were they able to discover the nature of the mysterious and fatal seizure.

With the removal of his rival, Tebaldo once more presented himself before the girl's parents and renewed his request for her hand. Their refusal to listen to him sealed their doom. In what manner he accomplished it is not known, but within a few days both had been done to death in the same sudden and mysterious fashion.

The exalted rank of the victims created a profound sensation, and when, on examination of the bodies, a fine steel instrument was found in the flesh terror became universal. The citizens feared for their lives. The utmost vigilance was exercised on the part of the authorities, but as yet no suspicion fell upon Tebaldo.

The bereaved girl retired to a convent, where she passed the first months of mourning in sorrowful seclusion. Tebaldo, however, sought her out in her retreat and begged to speak to her through the grating.

His dark, evil face had always been displeasing to her, but since the death of her betrothed and parents it had become repulsive. When, therefore, in the course of the interview he pressed her to fly with him he met with an instant and indignant refusal. Her scorn stung him to the quick. Beside himself with rage, he brought his deadly weapon once more into play and succeeded in wounding the girl through the grating, the obscurity of the place preventing his action from being observed.

On her return to her room the girl felt a sharp pain in her breast. Examination of the spot showed that it was dotted with a single drop of blood. Physicians were hastily summoned. Taught by past experience, they wasted no time in vain conjecture, but cut into the flesh and extracted the slender steel, thus saving the girl's life.

The dastardly attempt occasioned a public outcry. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent became known and caused suspicion to turn upon him. The emissaries of the law descended suddenly upon him, his house was searched, and there the abominable invention was discovered. Swift justice followed, and he ended his days upon the scaffold.

The key is still preserved in the arsenal at Venice.—Chambers' Journal.

Lovers' Quarrels.

Nell—A lovers' quarrel always reminds me of a crazy quilt. Belle—How's that? Nell—Always patched up.—Philadelphia Record.

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry.—Goldsmith.

THE BEY'S GUEST.

Admiral Dupetit-Thouars Was Ready For the Emergency and Conquered the African.

A show of force is often the best kind of diplomacy. A writer in the Paris Temps tells a story of the French admiral Dupetit-Thouars, who had been entrusted with the mission of exacting reparation from an African bey who had insulted a French consul.

As Dupetit-Thouars' demands were supported by the forcible argument of loaded cannon, the bey acknowledged that he had been too hasty and proffered profuse apologies. He even invited the admiral to his table and had a sumptuous repast prepared for his guest.

The consul warned the admiral to be on his guard.

"The bey is inclined to be malicious," said he, "and when he strokes his beard and smiles you may be sure that he is concocting some mischief."

"We shall see," was Dupetit-Thouars' reply.

He reached the bey's palace in good time. Profuse compliments and salutations were exchanged. All at once the admiral's foot hit some soft, hairy substance lying on the carpet under the table. He bent down and saw a huge lion showing his formidable teeth. The bey smiled and stroked his beard.

Dupetit-Thouars did not wince, but called his dragoman.

"My pistols," was all he said.

The servant saluted, retired and brought back a pair of pistols on a silver tray. The admiral took them and placed them on the table before him. But the bey, still smiling, continued to stroke his patriarchal beard.

"Tell the commander," he said to the dragoman, "that if those pistols are for the purpose of blowing out my lion's brains they are quite insufficient and perfectly useless."

Then, like a skilled fencer countering his opponent's thrust, after the bey's ironical advice had been translated Dupetit-Thouars replied:

"Tell his highness that my pistols are not there to kill his lion, but to blow his own brains out at the first movement of this objectionable carpet."

Gravely, but a little pale, the man interpreted.

The smile died away on the bey's lips, and he no longer stroked his beard.

"My lion," said he, "is too well trained even to scratch one of my guests, but since he is not wanted he shall be sent away."

At a word from the bey the lion slowly and heavily left the room, like an obedient dog.

No More Cradles.

"A cradle?" said the salesman. "Oh, no! You don't want a cradle." He smiled.

"First kid, ain't it?"

"Yes," admitted the young father, frowning.

"I knew you weren't experienced, or you wouldn't ask for a cradle," said the salesman. "You see, they've gone altogether out. We don't sell two a year."

"Why did they go out?"

"Because they're unhealthy, bad for the kid. They lower the temperature, hurt the heart and bring on nausea, colic, regular seasickness. It stands to reason that the violent rocking of a cradle can't be good for frail little baby any more than the violent rocking of a ship in a storm is good for the passengers. Moreover, they keep somebody busy rocking the baby to sleep. Now the baby goes to sleep of its own accord."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Won With Whips.

According to Herodotus, while the Scythians were away on a long campaign their slaves took the opportunity to rebel and seize all their masters' property. The latter on their return promptly attacked them, but were continually defeated until at last one of them hit on the brilliant idea of attacking the slaves with whips only. That, he said, would remind them of their origin and so cow them that they would never dare to stand. The Scythians followed his counsel, and it fell out as he had predicted. When the slaves beheld their masters riding down upon them flourishing the terrible knotted whips they knew so well they threw down their arms and fled.

Roused His Suspicions.

A naval officer was speaking of the extortions of innkeepers in out of the way parts of the globe.

"In Montenegro once," he said, "I asked for my bill after having slept overnight at a certain inn, and as soon as the document was handed to me I took out my purse to settle it. I did not bother to verify the various items. What would have been the use?"

"But my readiness to pay amazed the landlord. He thought a moment, and then he said uneasily: 'Will you let me have another look at that bill, sir? I think I have omitted something.'"

Her Mouth Was Closed.

Jack—Miss Peachy started to say something about the impropriety of kissing the other evening, but she didn't finish. Tom—Why not? Jack—Because I took the words right out of her mouth.—Chicago News.

The Forecast.

Husband—Well, what did the phrenologist say about Willie's head? Wife—Nothing. He simply sighed and handed me my money back. Husband—Just as I expected. He's going to be a poet.—Exchange.

A man that hath not virtue in himself ever envieveth virtue in others.—Bacon.

THE CONCIERGE.

Absolute Monarch of the Parisian Flathouse, Who Rules With Iron Hand.

The "conclerge" is considered to be the bane of the Parisian flat dweller's existence. His functions are supposed to be the following:

The first and most important is to collect the rent on quarter day; after that he must see that the tenants do not surreptitiously remove. The latter precaution seems to be somewhat unnecessary, as rents in Paris are always paid in advance.

He should also bring up your letters at least twice a day, but as the conclerge is generally a stout, middle aged woman who has a decided objection to climbing stairs the latter regulation remains somewhat of a dead letter.

In Paris the front door of most houses is generally closed at 10 o'clock. After that time admittance can only be obtained by ringing a bell. The conclerge is obliged to open the door, and she does this, as soon as she is awake, by pulling a rope which hangs by her bedside.

If she is a sound sleeper and you are accustomed to come home late at night, the best thing to do is to look for another flat, as the conclerge will put you down as a "bad tenant" and make things as unpleasant for you as possible.

If you never stop out late at night, receive very few friends and see her heavily at Christmas, the conclerge will consider you as a "good tenant" until you give notice to leave, when her interest in you suddenly vanishes.

As there is nothing more to be expected from you and the incoming tenant is obliged to give a substantial tip, called a "denier a Dieu," she is anxious to "speed the parting guest" as much as possible.

The conclerge does sometimes make a final effort to extract something more from you by attempting to make you pay a franc for every nail knocked in the walls of your flat, but this has been decided to be illegal and may be safely resisted.

But the Parisian conclerge is really unpopular because she represents a landlord.—London Mail.

A DELAYED LETTER.

And What Happened When the Missive Was Finally Recovered.

The vagaries of the postal service are sometimes beyond the understanding of the layman. In March of last year a man in New York received a letter from a friend in England, written when on the point of sailing for Philadelphia, urgently requesting him to return a loan of \$10. The man who wrote the letter needed funds and would the debtor kindly send the money to him, care of the steamship line at Philadelphia? The man in New York saw that his friend would reach Philadelphia within a day or two, so he promptly clapped a ten dollar bill in an envelope and addressed and mailed it. A week later he was apprised by mail that the money had not arrived. Both men made a diligent search for the missing letter. But it could not be found. So the debtor gave his friend a check and forgot about his \$10, setting down its loss to the dishonesty of some intermediary who had handled the envelope.

Imagine his surprise when one day eight months later he received his letter from the dead letter office in Washington. It was covered with postmarks and much battered, for it had traveled many thousands of miles, back to England, around the United Kingdom and to America again, but the money was safe inside.

Chuckling, he met his friend a few minutes later and showed him the ten dollar bill.

"How's that for luck?" he queried.

"Great," replied his friend. "Say, old man, you couldn't lend me that for a day or two, could you? It's like picking money up in the street for you, and I could make use of it just now."

Sadly, the bill was handed over.

"What's the use of such wonderful occurrences?" ruminated the "lucky" man.—New York Post.

His Vocabulary.

He was an only child. They were very particular about his manner of speech, constantly correcting him so that he would use beautiful English. He, however, was allowed now and then to associate with other children. He played with a neighbor boy a long quiet one day, and when he came home there was an ecstatic smile on his face.

"I like that boy, mother," he said. "I like him very much. He swears beautifully. He knows every word."—New York Press.

EXPLOSIVES.

Best Way to Destroy Gunpowder and Nitroglycerin.

The best way to destroy ordinary black gunpowder is to throw it into a stream under conditions that prevent any harm coming to human beings or animals through the dissolving of the saltpeter. If no suitable stream is available, the gunpowder may be stirred with water in tubs, or the dry gunpowder may be poured out on the ground in a long thin line and ignited with a fuse at one end.

To destroy dynamite cartridges the paper wrappings should be carefully removed, the bare cartridges laid in a row with their ends in contact and the first cartridge ignited with a fuse without a cap. Even with these precautions a simultaneous explosion of the entire mass may occur, so that it is wise to retire to a safe distance. The row of cartridges should be laid parallel with the wind and ignited at the leeward end, so that the flame will be driven away from the mass.

Frozen dynamite should be handled with special care, as its combustion is peculiarly liable to assume an explosive character. A small quantity of dynamite may be destroyed by throwing it in very small bits into an open fire, or the cartridges may be exploded one by one in the open air with fuses and caps.

Dynamite should never be thrown into water, as the nitroglycerin which it contains remains undissolved and capable of doing mischief. Other explosives which contain nitroglycerin should be treated in the same way as dynamite.

Ammonium nitrate explosives may be thrown in small fragments into an open fire or if they do not contain nitroglycerin may be destroyed by means of water. Explosive caps should be exploded singly with pieces of fuse.—Scientific American.

Getting In Deeper.

"Who is that singing so dreadfully out of tune?"

"It is my wife."

"Perhaps the accompanist plays out of tune."

"She is accompanying herself."—Meggenorfer Blatter.

One Recompense.

"That sheet iron clothing a chap had to wear during the middle ages must have been far from comfortable."

"Still, a fellow could have a permanent crease put in his trousers."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not a Bark.

"Then you don't have any dog-watch on this craft?" inquired the anxious passenger, according to a writer in Life.

"No. This is a catboat."

For artificial evils, for evils that spring from want of thought, thought must find a remedy somewhere.—Lowell.

"Do you believe that the world owes us all a living?"

"Yes, but the smarter fellows are collecting the debt for us on an 80 per cent commission."—Boston Transcript.