



The dog in the manger on the Colored American has it badly.

The daily Record is worrying the editor.

People should not get jealous of others because they can't do what they do.

Too much going into print generally shows the weakness of the ambitious.

THE BEE takes the lead all others follow.

District Attorney Davis will succeed Judge Cox.

If an Ohio man is not appointed District Attorney C. Maurice Smith will be.

He is the right man in the right place.

Dr. Jones will be the alternate of the next republican convention.

L. H. Peterson is the choice of the young colored republicans.

There will be fair elections in the next contest.

Flattery does well sometimes. It will make the wise turn silly often.

It is the fool who grins at his own folly.

The social editor of THE BEE has on foot a Washington Bee Woman's Club.

The Normal School is in need of reorganization.

It will be McKinley and Roosevelt.

It is better to be honest than to betray the confidence of your friends.

Be truthful it will always pay you.

There will be a scramble for the next convention.

Colored lawyers are united.

Attorney King is a polished gentleman.

If you know your man you can never make a mistake.

Dr. Childs, of South Washington, is a progressive physician.

Some people should write decent papers.

Prof. H. M. Brown is making a reputation at Hampton.

It is the great man who does great deeds.

Why does the negro want to go to the democratic party.

Robert G. Ingersoll was a good man.

The colored politician will soon be a being of the past.

North Carolina is hopelessly democratic.

The fall election will tell which way the wind is blowing.

John P. Green is an active politician.

Director Meriman is adhering to the Civil Service.

THE BEE is the people's Colored American that Record(s) all events.

"The daily Record cannot live," remarked E. E. Cooper a few days ago.

In the following issue chastises an imaginary opposition.

Some people cannot do themselves and are jealous because others succeed.

There will be a vacancy in the High School.

There should be strict rules enforced.

The colored democracy of New York is united.

Dr. Jerome R. Rilly is in Massachusetts.

THE CROWNS OF KINGS.

Their Intrinsic Value and Interesting Histories—The Brummagem Crown.

There are few things which appeal so largely to the imagination as the crowns of kings, which, though lying lightly on the palm, are worth many tons of gold and almost every stone of which is a chapter of history. One of the most interesting of European crowns is that of Hungary, a curious composite crown in possession of the Emperor of Austria, which disappeared for several years in mysterious fashion and reappeared as mysteriously.

The crown consists of a circle of gold, richly jeweled with pearls and other costly gems, to which has been attached an old Byzantine crown, bearing an enormous sapphire in a setting of green stones. Just half a century ago this historic crown came into the hands of Kossuth, and, in spite of the most diligent search, nothing was heard of it for five years. At the end of this time it was discovered by a peasant in a hollow tree and restored to the Emperor's keeping.

The famous iron crown of Lombardy, which is now treasured in an Italian cathedral, is the oldest and most sacred of all the crowns of Europe. It is fashioned around a circlet of iron made from one of the nails with which Christ was pierced at the Crucifixion, and from its sacred character is held in the highest veneration. Although through all the centuries the iron band has remained untouched, it is said that no spot of rust has ever been seen on it.

There is no crown quite so imposing as that with which the Russian Czars are crowned. It is fashioned in the form of a mitre, to typify the spiritual sovereignty of the Czars, and it is crowned by a dazzling cross of enormous diamonds with a ruby centre.

In marked contrast to the magnificence of the Russian crown is the simple design of the crown of Denmark. This crown, which is of the most delicate and exquisite art, consists of a gold circlet, wreathed in leaves. Each leaf is traced in precious stones and bears one gem of almost priceless value.

The German crown, which is appropriately militant in design, contains eight shields bearing alternate black eagles and jeweled crosses, while poised on four arches blazing with diamonds is a globe crowned by a cross of gold.

The State crown of Great Britain was made sixty-one years ago for our queen's coronation, and is among the lightest of European crowns. Although it weighs only two pounds, seven ounces, its value is \$1,500,000 or at the rate of nearly \$50,000 an ounce, and it contains 3,000 stones, many of them historical.

One enormous sapphire came from the signet ring of Edward the Confessor, and, from this sacred association, is reported to have the power of healing disease. One of the rubies, however, has a sadly tragic history. It was at one time in the possession of one of the Kings of Grenada, whom Pedro the Cruel, invited to his palace, and basely murdered out of greed for his gem.

In the Pope's treasure house are two crowns, which together are valued at \$2,500,000. One of them, the gift of the great Napoleon to Pius VII., has the largest emerald in the world, and the other, the gift of Queen Isabella of Spain to Pius IX., weighs three pounds and is worth \$1,000,000.

It is interesting to note that the crown has no part in the coronation of the Kings of Spain and Belgium and the Sultan of Turkey. Its place is taken in Turkey by a sword, which is regarded as the symbol of Divine authority.

In ludicrous contrast to these miracles of gold and gems with which European monarchs are invested are the "Brummagem" crowns under which African chiefs love to strut and posture. These are manufactured by hundreds in Birmingham, and are a blaze of mimic gold and paste "stones" of all the colors of the rainbow.

Their prices range from \$5 to \$500 or \$1,000, and even Solomon in all his glory pales before the vision of an ebony chief in the discarded apparel of a Lord Mayor's footman, and wearing in all its paste brilliancy a ten dollar Brummagem crown.

Best Place to Be Robbed.

Of all cities in the world, if a person must be robbed, Vienna is the town in which to have the performance enacted. Some time ago a Boston gentleman had his watch, a valuable gold one, and a sum of money stolen from him while in that city. He offered \$50 reward for the recovery of the property. The watch did not appear, and on returning to America he left his name and address and the number of his watch, together with the amount of the reward, with the police. A short time ago the gentleman received his watch, together with the reward intact, and a polite note from the Director saying that it was against the rules for policemen to receive money rewards; of course if a civilian had recovered the watch the reward would have been paid. The only charge was 50 cents, the expense of transporting the watch from New York to Boston. The thief had been arrested in Vienna, the watch had been found upon him and forwarded by the City Government of Vienna free of charge to New York. There is a degree of innocence about the Vienna police that suggests odious comparisons.

Struck the Right Attorney.

Owing to good crops and other causes, the prosperity of Kansas has been very great during the last year or two, and thousands of farmers have been enabled to remove the financial encumbrances that rested upon their broad acres. A man in one of the interior counties, having disposed of his crop to good advantage and finding himself possessed of several thousand dollars in cash, went to the county seat one day, and while on his way to the court-house stepped into an attorney's office to obtain a little legal advice. "You're a lawyer, ain't you?" he said, addressing the only occupant of the room. "Yes, sir," answered the other. "What can I do for you?" "What's your name?" "My name is Derrick."

"You'll do," rejoined the farmer, nodding his head. "I want your help, Mr. Derrick in lifting a mortgage off my farm."—"Youths' Companion."

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EARN \$10,000 A YEAR

THIS IS THE RECORD OF THREE ELEPHANTS IN THE LONDON ZOO.

These Huge Beasts Earn Their Money By Carrying on Their Backs Patrons of the Gardens—They Are As Jealous Hearted As Actresses.

Three elephants earn \$10,000 a year. This is \$2,000 more than the salary of a member of the President's Cabinet, and \$3,000 less than the income of an admiral in the navy, and a rank done away with because Congress thought the salary too high. These elephants are at the London Zoo, and they earn their money by carrying on their backs the patrons of the gardens. Every Harry takes his 'Arriet and hies him to the Zoo on bank holidays, and for five cents they can jog about the ring on the back of one of the elephants.

The elephants are stationed in different parts of the Zoo, and there seems to be a bit of professional jealousy between them. Apparently they are on very good terms between hours, but when business is brisk, and the largest one is coming money, for he is the favorite, the other two try to lash him with their trunks as he passes.

The largest elephant is a financial record breaker. He is the senior member of the firm, so to speak. On one holiday he carried 1,600 persons.

There are camels which are sought after by those left out in the scramble for the elephants, but the old patrons of the Zoo say the uneven motion of a camel is only appreciated by an old salt, who is most at home on an exceedingly choppy sea. The camels are too cultivated a taste for the ordinary mortal to affect.

Three camels earn about \$1,200 a year, but they cost less to keep than their more successful brothers. The elephants eat up most of their profits. The greatest number of visitors to the Zoo in one day was 44,000, and an average of 500 pounds of dainties were fed to the brothers of the royal executioner of India.

The Migration of Robins.

For many years naturalists like Audubon and Wilson studied and wrote of this bird before it was known that there were "robin roosts," as well as pigeon roosts. Only within the last few years was the fact brought out that a bird more familiarly known than the passenger pigeon followed this mode of spending the night, although it adopted spring instead of fall for massing by hundreds in a high sheltered wood for a night's protection from cold, or because it is the period before pairing time, or for some other reason at present beyond man's ken.

With what stealth that this well-known and much-observed bird have found its way in swarms to the same patch of timber after night in the early months of the year, according to locality coming from all directions so swiftly that a secreted observer could not count, keeping up a chatter that could be heard for a long distance, until the last bird, somewhat belated, perhaps, found shelter in the darkening grove, when all became silent as thousands of wings were folded to rest.

Another peculiar trait of the robin, unnoted except by so keen an observer of bird ways as Maurice Thompson, is that, with all its friendly and confiding relations with the human family during the time of nesting and rearing its young, in the fall of the year, it becomes a wild bird, basking itself largely to the woods and even the secluded parts of mountains, at this season showing little disposition to be on familiar terms with man, giving a note of alarm and flying high and swiftly when surprised at his approach.

At this time they range over extensive tracts of country, but nearly always evince a tendency to seclusion. The writer has seen them in small flocks flying over a wide valley at such an elevation that only by the well known sharp squeak, rather than by the eye, could he surely determine that they were robins.

Even in its migratory habits this bird is somewhat peculiar. They seem to move southward in the fall with more tardiness than most other birds, allowing the increased severities of the cold season to push them off the winter's edge. Or are these late goers the birds injured to cold by a residence in the States further north, which, coming southward, take the place of others that have gone earlier in the season? The question of identity, always a difficult one, almost precludes argument on this point.

Novel Use for Japanese Newspapers. A Lewiston man, a chemist, went into a well-known Lisbon street variety store the other day and began to pick out things of interest and tell where they were made and what they were made of. He found several things made in Japan, where he supposed that the newspapers, which he especially has no liking for, have no pull with the public.

It so happened that the storekeeper knew something about the forcefulness of Japanese newspapers, and he took up a little white skeleton, made in the exact shape of the human one, and a good specimen of Japanese art. This the Lewiston chemist thought was odd, and he couldn't guess what it was made of, but said that he would like to see what it was made of. He went away saying that Japan was destined to be a great country because it was not overriden by newspapers.

When the chemist got home he put the little Japanese plaything into the water and soaked it out. Gradually it unrolled till it peeled off, bone by bone, and the little rolls were found to be closely printed paper, evidently old Japanese newspapers, used by the makers of the little playthings. The chemist took the rolls to a friend of his who has been studying Japanese a little, and he picked out sentences here and there such as:

"The Chinese army was cornered at Port Arthur," and "Fearful slaughter of the Orientals—on both sides." The next time he went into the variety store, says the Lewiston Journal, he found his friend, the store keeper grinning out of his eyes at him. "What were the Japanese skeletons made of?" asked the store man. "Newspapers," said the chemist.

A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties; the divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies.—Martineau.

Love to expect and when expectation is either disappointed or gratified we want to be again expecting.—Johnson.

He that takes truth for his guide and duty for his end may safely trust to God's providence to lead him aright.—Pascal.

RATS CLIMB TREES.

THIS IS NO FAIRY STORY BUT A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACT.

If You Don't Believe It Just Take a Trip to Cocos and Christmas Islands and See for Yourself—Some Wonderful Crabs Are There Also.

Cocos and Christmas Islands would be pretty comfortable resorts if it were not for their extreme remoteness and for the bad habit the rats and the crabs there have acquired of climbing the trees, and making themselves mysteriously active in other surprising directions. Mr. Darwin said that he didn't believe crabs could climb trees, but Mr. Darwin had never lived on the Christmas Islands, and unhappily did not live to read the report that has just been issued, with all due formality, by the Government of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

It is a sisterly interest that the Queen takes in these two islands off the southern coast of Sumatra, for these little dots on the map have a monarch of their own, King George Charles-Ross III. The Queen has made a practice of sending a commissioner to visit her brother monarch once a year, and, according to the report of the latest visit, the labor problem recently has been more troublesome than usual, owing to the fact that the phosphate beds are worked by Bantamese coolies, fourteen in all, who are such a bad lot that it requires the entire supply of native Cocos, seventeen in all, to keep the Bantamese working, one Cocos being told off to watch over emergencies. Just why the Cocos natives are not set to work in place of the Bantamese is not exactly apparent, except that they are said to be rather stupid, and, like the inhabitants of Pitcairn Islands, are degenerating; one indication of the degeneration, according to Her Majesty's commissioner, being the preference of Cocos women for European medicines, with which they dose themselves quite regardless of the nature of their ailments.

It is also reported that on days when the water is smooth the women spend the whole day gazing at their reflections on its surface, and get lost in admiration, although the commissioner does not report that they have any special excuse for this conduct on the ground of extreme beauty.

Unhappily, the commissioner did not see any of the Cocos crabs actually engaged in climbing trees, but there was so much testimony to that effect that he had no doubt about it. Another queer custom of one variety of the Cocos crab is to march down to the margin of the sea in December or January, the entire crab population of the island going down in procession, which lasts for fifteen days. The female deposits her eggs, and then the procession faces about and marches back, attending its return over another fifteen days. When the eggs are hatched, the young crabs likewise form in line and move uphill.

The other variety of crab, which is a big land crab, has for an enemy the rat, and many and gallant are the fights that take place, for while the young crabs are not a match for the rat, the old crab is, on the other hand, too much for him, and when you get a crab at just the right age there is a fight worth seeing.

The big rat is the bane of King Ross's domains, and it is said that if it were not for dogs the houses on the islands would not be habitable. In the simple language of the commissioner, this devastator has "reddish brown hair, deepening into black, with half-white tail, which retires by day under stones and rocks, and comes out at night to devour everything it can get hold of." The commissioner adds: "As their number has increased, and the difficulty of obtaining food has increased also, they have adapted themselves to circumstances by climbing the fruit trees for food. An attempt to grow Indian corn was frustrated by this pest. The commissioner who visited the islands in 1897 reported that he was considerably startled at dinner one day by a commotion in the cocoa palms outside the window, but discovered that it was due to a fight up in the branches between a rat and a bat. A group of dogs, who had learned by experience that one of the combatants would presently tumble to the ground, were waiting expectantly underneath."

One Foot Walks Faster.

You may think this a very silly question to ask, but is it? There is no catch about it. It is a simple demonstrable fact which you can prove to your own satisfaction in a very few minutes.

If you will take any pavement that is clear of other pedestrians, so that there shall be no interference and walk briskly in the centre, you will find that before you have gone a hundred yards you will have veered very much to one side. You must not make any conscious effort, of course, to keep to the centre, or you may do it; but if you will think of something, and endeavor to walk naturally, it is a hundred to one you cannot keep a direct line.

The explanation of this lies in the peculiarity of one foot to walk faster than the other. Or, to be more correct, perhaps it should be said that one leg takes a longer stride than the other, and this, combined with the quicker movement, causes one to walk more to one side than the other.

It is well known, for instance, that if one is lost in the woods, the tendency is to walk in a circle and eventually to return to about the starting point. This demonstrates the fact also that one foot walks faster than the other.

You can try an interesting experiment in this way if you will place two stakes in the lawn about eight feet apart, and then stand off about sixty feet, allow yourself to be blindfolded, and endeavor to walk between them. You will find it as almost impossible a task, because one foot will go a bit faster than the other, either to the right or left. Now, which one of your feet walks faster than the other?

We love to expect and when expectation is either disappointed or gratified we want to be again expecting.—Johnson.

He that takes truth for his guide and duty for his end may safely trust to God's providence to lead him aright.—Pascal.

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