THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

New York's Up-to-date Merchants a Great Feature.

Notes Picked Up on the Way Over.

The accompanying reproduction from the New York Herald of a section of New York City and the Brooklyn Bridge illustrates the advantage the advertisers have taken of the enormous traffic between these two great cities. While there are other concerns than the one shown represented, the great preponderance of these particular signs evidently induced the Herald to give its readers a general idea of what the patrons of the bridge are confronted with the year round.

The Brooklyn Bridge, than which, perhaps excepting the London Bridge, there is no other equally famous the world over, connects the two great cities from Park Row, New York, to Sands street, Brooklyn. It is a great structure and the local authorities are making it still more elaborate by the addition of imposing entrances in each city.

Work on the bridge was begun January 2, 1870, and the public had the pleasure of watching its progress for thirteen years. It was opened to the public May 24, 1883, and from that date to the present time has had an enviable record.

Considering the service since rendered and the fact that the bridge has become a public necessity, the cost, which startled some people at the time of its completion, is not excessive. Fifteen millions of dollars cannot exactly be called a bagatelle by the majority of residents of the Greater New York, but it is not such an enormous sum when expended for such a benefit as the bridge has proven to be.

The bridge, by the way, is quite a money maker. If you walk over you are not required to pay, but that's as far as your privileges extend. You are not allowed to hang over the outer rails and gaze at the river below in a pensive manner, and if you carry a suspicious looking bundle which might contain a diving outfit you are arrested at once as an intending imitator of "Steve Brodie," the bridge jumper, actor, saloon owner and real estate dealer.

If you decide to forego the pleasures of the promenade and ride in one of the company's cars the privilege will cost you three cents. Better pay a nickel and get two tickets. If you are riding horseback you must give up three cents for your steed. The company has not yet started a bargain sale in horse tickets, so there will be no advantage in buying two tickets for your charger. A horse and a vehicle are taxed five cents, and if you are sitting behind a pair of steppers the tariff will be a dime. Each extra horse above two attached to a vehicle is charged for at the rate of three cents.

The bridge is just eighty-five feet wide and has a river span of 1,595 feet 6 inches. Each land span has a length of 930 feet. The length of the Brooklyn approach is 971 feet, and that of the New York approach 1,562 feet 6 inches. The total length of the carriageway is 5,989 feet, and the total length of the bridge, with extensions, 6,537 feet.

The clear height of the bridge in center of the river span above high water, at 90 degrees Fahrenheit, is 135 feet. The height of the floor at the towers, above high water, is 119 feet 3 inches.

There are four cables, the diameter of each being 15¾ inches. The length of each single wire in the cables is 3,578 feet 6 inches. The ultimate strength of each cable is 12,000 tons. Each cable contains 5,296 parallel (not twisted) galvanized steel oil-coated wires, closely wrapped to a solid cylinder 15¾ inches in diameter. The permanent weight suspended from the cables is 14,680 tons.

For the year ended December 1, 1894, 41,714,235 passengers were carried by the Bridge cars alone, and the receipts from this source amounted to $1,111,815, and from the carriageway, $87,268.

A magnificent view of the river and harbor is afforded, as well as that of both cities, Governor's Island, Bedloe's Island and the Statue of Liberty. To the south lies Brooklyn, its broad area carrying the vision as far as the eye will reach. To the north, New York: its marble sky-scraping buildings, golden domes, huge chimneys and noted spires all combine to photograph on the mind one grand panorama never to be forgotten. Not the least interesting feature of the free exhibition is the multiplicity of strikingly conspicuous signs, notwithstanding many people are of the opinion that they mar the general view.

By permission of the New York HERALD.

WHAT YOU MAY SEE WHILE CROSSING THE BRIDGE.
A View of New York City Looking Up Manhattan Island and Across the Brooklyn Bridge.

THE HOUSE OF OTHER DAYS

Recollections of Life in the Lower Branch of Congress in Ante-War Times.

A BUDDING ACTOR IN THE ROLE OF PAGE

Reminiscences of Reverdy Johnson, Jeff Davis, Stephen Toombs, Douglas and Gen. Scott—Men with Big Feet.

Stuart Robson, the noted comedian, received his initial training as a page in the house of representatives. In a chat with a representative of the Philadelphia Times, he relates his experience as follows:

"I was a page in the Thirtieth and Thirty-first congresses, and clearly remember events which then happened, while I readily forget many important occurrences in my mature life. It was not an easy thing in those days for a boy to get such an appointment. I had a great struggle before I was successful, and, after all, I was appointed by accident. I was born in Annapolis and raised in Baltimore. My parents had no political 'pull' whatever, and their means were not abundant enough to make them influential socially. The necessity of doing something to add to the family store therefore came upon me very early in life. I thought of a dozen things; my mother of a dozen more. Finally I hit upon a place in the capitol as page. Reverdy Johnson, who was then a prominent man, was a distant relative of ours, and he gave me a letter to some friends in Washington. On my arrival there I found more than 100 boys, all with more influence than I had, clamoring for the dozen places to be filled. Yet I held on to what little grip my letters gave me, and one day secured Jeff Davis as one of my sponsors. His letter to the doorkeeper of the house was not over earnest, but it was a great kindness to a boy without influence, either socially or politically. I haunted the capitol day after day, and I must have been a nightmare to the man having the appointing power. I was so persistent that he finally promised me that I should go on as a substitute when any of the boys were sick. I have often heard it said that great events turn upon small hinges. It was so in my case. One of the boys was reported sick one morning and I heard of it early. I immediately collared the doorkeeper and reminded him of his promise. I was just in the nick of time, for he had made the same promise to a dozen other boys, and they were on the lookout as well as myself. I was ahead, however, and was sent to the floor of the house to take the place of the sick boy. It seems to me that I must have had a hundred eyes that day, for no member called a page from any part of the house that I did not see and immediately make a break for him. I wanted to do all the work, and the rest of the boys were quite willing to let me do as much of it as I could. Howell Cobb was then speaker of the house and Robert Toombs and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia were members. Mr. Toombs had signed my application.

"I naturally kept my eye on him that fateful day, and never missed an opportunity of jumping to his desk upon the slightest provocation. Late in the afternoon he and Mr. Stephens were at their desk, and talking to them was a very large gentleman, with the biggest feet I ever saw on a man. Of course such a thing as that never escapes a boy, and all the pages were observing those feet. Finally a member sitting directly behind Mr. Toombs clapped for a page. I immediately made for him, and in passing this ponderous man with the big feet, I stumbled over him. I suppose I must have hurt his bunions terribly, for he gave me an awful nudge in the ribs with his elbow, which nearly knocked me down, and said:

"'You careless little rascal! Can't you see where you are going?'

"Mr. Toombs laughed heartily, but I was in anything but good humor over the incident. I completed my errand for the member who had called, and then took my seat below the speaker's desk. A few minutes later the large man with the big feet, whom, as I afterward learned, was General Winfield Scott, left the house, and Mr. Toombs called me. He was in excellent humor, and said:

"'Son, there's another man over there with big feet, and if you will go and fall over them, I will give you half a dollar.'

"I thought he was making sport of me, and was about to turn and leave him for my post when he said:

"'You are a new boy here, aren't you?'

"I explained to him that I was only on duty for the day, and reminded him that he was on my petition for a regular place.

"'Is that so?' said he. 'Well, I will go right to the doorkeeper with you now and have it fixed.' He took me and went directly to Mr. Horner, and said bluffly to him:

"'Why didn't you give this boy a place? Didn't I recommend him?'

"The doorkeeper explained that he was so crowded with applications that he couldn't find a place for me, but he promised Mr. Toombs that I should have the first vacancy.

"One morning I found out that one of the lads had been taken off by his parents. I immediately pounced upon Mr. Horner to keep his promise, but he put me off, saying he was so crowded with other obligations that he could not take care of me. I immediately reported the facts to Mr. Toombs.

"'The devil you say!' said the statesman from Georgia. 'I'll see whether he puts you on or not.'

"He took me by the hand and walked directly over to where the doorkeeper was sitting and said:

"'Why don't you put this boy on as you agreed to?'

"'My dear Mr. Toombs, I cannot do it. I have made some other promises that I must first fulfill.'

"'The thunder you must!' said Mr. Toombs very emphatically. 'You'll either put this boy on or I'll put you out!'

"You may imagine that from that day I was a page in the capitol until I got so big that I had no business there."

"Getting the autographs of members," continues Robson, "was quite a source of income. For this service we received $10, but this money was not easily earned. It was very difficult to get some of the members to sign, while others were delighted to write their names. Andrew Johnson was one who was very fond of giving his autograph, and it was with some difficulty that he could write it. He was just then coming into significant public life, and his education had not been gleaned in a school house. In signing his name he would put his tongue to one side of his mouth and sway his body with every movement of his pen. It was, therefore, great fun for the boys to get Mr. Johnson to sign his name, and they were constantly playing pranks on him. The members were as bad as the boys, and they would put the pages up to go to him for his signature for the purpose of watching him write it.

"Henry Clay," continued Mr. Robson, "gave me an opportunity to make $25. His compromise bill was pending in the senate, and it was taken up unexpectedly when many of those opposed to it were absent, among them Mr. Douglas. There was great consternation among those opposed to it. The pages from both houses were sent in every direction looking for Mr. Douglas, while some senator was put up to talk against time. None of the messengers were able to find him. I came in from an errand in the midst of the excitement and asked what was the commotion. Every one said:

"'We want to find Mr. Douglas.'

"Just then Mr. Jeremiah Clemens of Alabama came up and said: 'I'll give $25 to anyone who will find Mr. Douglas.'

"I at once inquired of the boys where they had been, and suggested half a dozen places where he might be found, for the pages knew very well most of the haunts of the congressmen. 'We have been to all of them,' said the boys in concert. I hit upon a place after a moment's study where I thought he might be. The boys seemed to have covered all the other territory. I rushed out of the door, grabbed my hat and started for the house. The pages in those days had horses to ride in going on errands. They were rather queer horses, but nevertheless they were better than none. Mr. Horner, the doorkeeper, had to give us an order for one. He kept them ready written, and they read, no matter what the boy's name, 'Give Jake a horse.' I got one, quickly ran and mounted one of the nags, and at the top of his speed dashed up the avenue. I drew up to the place, about half a mile distant, rang the door bell and asked if Mr. Douglas was in. 'He is,' said the servant. 'Tell him Mr. Clay's compromise bill is about to pass, and he is wanted immediately.' In a minute I heard Mr. Douglas' voice, saying:

"'Great heavens! is that so?'

"The servant came back and told me to leave the horse at the door, and I started back toward the capitol. Before I had gone a great distance I was passed by Mr. Douglas on the horse, making for the capitol as fast as the animal could go. I thought then, and I think now, it was one of the funniest sights I ever saw—that large man with an immense body and little short legs, riding down the avenue astride the horse, and the awkwardness with which he sat his mount did not improve his appearance. I got the $25, however, for my part in bringing Mr. Douglas to the great debate on the compromise bill.

"As I look back to those times, now fifty years behind me, it seems as though everything was then conducted with great laxity. The sergeant-at-arms used to pay the members in gold, and the congressmen would send the boys after it with the greatest freedom. Sometimes the amount would be small and sometimes far larger than should ever have been trusted to such young hands. One day I was sent to Riggs' bank, where the deposits were kept, with an order for $2,000. It was handed me in two cotton bags, very loosely tied at the ends. After I mounted my horse I found it difficult to carry. So at the first cigar shop I came to I stopped, dismounted, went in and got a piece of twine and tied the two bags together. I then mounted and went galloping down the avenue. Just as I reached the corner by the old National hotel the horse shied suddenly and threw me off. The same movement broke the string holding the bag of gold. As they struck the ground one burst, and the gold pieces went flying in every direction. The lounging negroes about the place came out and helped me to pick them up. I was nearly scared to death, but never lost a gold piece. But I breathed much easier when I landed my treasure at the capitol."

CONDENSED ROMANCES.

Leap Year Precautions Instituted by Young Men of a California Town.

In Alameda, Cal., a score of charming young women and the same number of eligible young men have inaugurated a leap year war. The trouble originated in the declared determination of the girls that, under the rules of a club which they had just formed, none of the members will allow herself to be kissed, even in a game of forfeits, until the engagement of kisser and kissee shall have been announced. Another rule is that, notwithstanding this is leap year, all wooers must gain the consent of papa in the regulation manner. When the young man first heard this proclamation they were amazed. Then they met to discuss the alarming situation. The first proposition was to arbitrate.

"Arbitrate!" retorted the young ladies. "Stuff! nonsense!"

Then the young men gathered their scattered senses and organized. They began to talk about ultimatums, but the young ladies, firmly intrenched behind a whole series of ice cream parties and teas, scorned all the advances. The young men were flatly told they must come to terms and sign an unread constitution promising all sorts of things, or else they must get along in the world as best they could.

Then both sides went into executive session. Out of one came the young men with this resolution painted on their banner: "No entangling alliances this year; no engagements; no marriages; no best girls." On the reverse side was the watchword, "Be Bachelors Brave," and beneath a young lion rising in his might from out a lake of sticky candy and tea.

He Was Pestered.

A traveling man, who makes monthly trips through West Virginia, told a Star reporter a story of a courtship of his.

"There is one of the prettiest girls in the country living in a little West Virginia town," he said. "At one time I thought myself very much in love with her, and wanted to marry her. The girl's father was a customer of mine, and I always timed my trips so that I could spend the evening at his house.

"One night I concluded to try my fate, and managing to see her alone, I proposed to her. I was accepted, conditionally upon my getting her father's consent, and I was not to ask him until after she had a chance to soften him a little. Of course when I went away that night, I thought of nothing but what presents to send her. I could not see her for a month, but we could write. We wrote every day, and I invested a whole month's salary in presents.

"When I reached the town again, I called at once to see her, and she told me to ask her father the momentous question at once. Approaching the old man, he said to me: 'Young man, you act as if you were going to ask me if you could marry Sue. If you are, I'll just say that I've been pestered enough by her lovers. I've just got to the p'int where I don't care who she marries. When that New Yorker asked me, I told him yes; when the feller from Chicago asked me, I told him he had my blessing; when the Wheeling man wanted her, I told him all right. That was last week. You are the sixth this week, and I ain't going to let you say a word. She told me this morning she was going to marry a young lawyer at our county seat, and judging from the two or three wagon loads of parcels she has received by mail and express the last two months, I should think she had about enough plunder to go to housekeeping on right away.'

"I did not say a word, and skip that town now—the girl married the lawyer."

Romance on Wheels.

The silent steed, as the bicycle has been poetically termed, is a creature of a practical age, and not one about which the romantic fancy loves to linger. It has the hurry up spirit of the age. It suggests a time when people take their recreation at top speed and on the shortest possible notice. Yet the wheel has its love story, relates the Washington Post. It is not much of a love story, but it is doing very well for a nerveless animal of steel. The lady resides at Georgetown and the young man on Capitol Hill. Their two hearts for some reason ceased to beat as one and each vowed that the other should henceforth be no more than a stranger. The miles of asphalt between Georgetown and the hill should divide them irrevocably. And the distance is not so trifling as it may at first seem, when it is remembered that the light snow which whitened the banks of the eastern branch this week was not seen on the shores of Rock creek. Possibly it was to help her forget her young sorrow that she got a bicycle. One of the best places in the city for a novice is the space just in front of the capitol. There may be executed all the incidental and accidental curves which attach to the early career of the cyclist. She went there one moonlight night and was beginning to feel well pleased with her progress, when, against the disk of a full moon, loomed up another bicycle rider. She was anxious to be as exclusive as possible, but the wheel rushed from her companions and the black materialized into a man, leaning over a wheel from which he had just dismounted. The more she tried to avoid it the more powerfully was she drawn toward her victim. Her bicycle described one mad semicircle after another and then came the crash. She landed in the arms of the Georgetown young man, also a tyro with a bicycle, from whom she had meant to part forever. The excitement of the catastrophe made her forget her anger, and she said: "Oh, George!"

And he said: "Oh, Clara!"

And the organist of a pretty, ivy-covered Georgetown church is keeping in practice with the Mendelssohn wedding march in the belief that it will come in handy very soon. The mystical and romantic aver that it was destiny; that the affinity between these two young souls was so powerful that she rushed against her own will to meet him. But on the other hand, bicycle dealers say that a wheel has a trick of acting just that way in the hands of any beginner.

An Alaska Wedding.

In the village of Eyack, on the Copper river, in Alaska, up beyond the trading post of Nutchuck, there lived a Chilkat Indian girl known to the white traders as Jennie, relates the New York Sun. This girl found favor in the eyes of Ole Oleson, a stalwart Swede, who was captain of a small steamer that trades on the Copper river and along the coast. Oleson won the girl, but the trouble was that he didn't think it necessary to go through any ceremony of marriage, such as all the other white men at Eyack had who had taken native wives. These men didn't like Oleson's way, and they manifested their displeasure. They were not particular as to what sort of ceremony it was, but they demanded some sort of public declaration from the big Swede. It is customary on such occasions for the man to give a potlach to the girl's parents. The presents are usually numerous, and there ought to be a bonus of from $200 to $300 to pay for the girl. Oleson not only did not pay this bonus, but he gave no potlach, and Jennie's parents did not like it. So when the whites proposed to do things to Oleson, Jennie's parents were filled with admiration and satisfaction.

Now, this is what they did: Oleson's steamer put in at Eyack, and the big Swede went straight to Jennie's house. In less than ten minutes every squaw man in Eyack was outside the house beating an improvised tom-tom or blowing a horn. Oleson didn't like it then. Perhaps it was because he was afraid and perhaps it was only because he wanted to avoid the din that he crawled under a big pile of blankets and hid his head. The squaw men pounded and blew until they got tired, and then they went inside and dragged Oleson out from under the blankets. He was ready, he said, to go through any ceremony with Jennie that the squaw men might select. There were no jurists or theologians among the squaw men, and such of them as had been married in the states before they went to Alaska and committed bigamy had gone through the ceremony so long before that they had forgotten the swing of it. But there was no lack of invention, and a satisfactory ceremony was soon improvised.

Some one produced a broom. Two men held it horizontally about a foot from the floor. Oleson and Jennie, hand in hand, ran at the stick, and at word of command leaped over. Then they were made to jump back again. After that had been done six times Oleson introduced Jennie to each man there as Mrs. Oleson. Then the hoochinoo (native whisky) started around, and the whole crowd sang:

It will do you no harm,
It will do you no harm,
Said the ragman to the bagman
It will do you no harm.

So Jennie became Mrs. Oleson.

A Rejected Proposal.

McAllister McIlhenny was plunged in thought, relates the Chicago Tribune, but he was safe, for it wasn't over his head.

Only over his heart.

He was revolving in his mind what to say to the beautiful Brooklyn belle he had loved last and was still loving.

In other words, McAllister McIlhenny had wheels—emotional wheels.

After a long time he shook himself fiercely and hissed between his firm set teeth:

"She shall be mine. I swear it."

Then he set forth on his heart's journey, and ere long he was seated beside her on an elegantly upholstered fauteuil.

"Miss Dolly," he said after the usual meteorological references had been mutually cited, as is the custom when two persons meet, "I love you with a love that passes understanding."

She looked down at his feet and realized how great his love must be.

"Why, Mr. McIlhenny," she exclaimed twitteringly as a bird might twitter.

"Yes, Miss Dolly—dear Miss Dolly—dear Dolly—darling Dolly," he went on in a succession of emotional explosions, "and you can set my throbbing heart forever at rest if you will."

"How, Mr. McIlhenny?" she murmured.

"By answering a question with one little word—only one."

"Oh, how funny Mr. McIlhenny. What is the question?"

"Will you be mine, dearest?"

It was very sudden and Dolly was scarcely expecting it, but she didn't lose her head.

She merely dropped it, as maidens do when they are proposed to.

"And will one little word answer so important a question," she asked almost tremulously.

McAllister McIlhenny was a creature of impulse, but he did not intend to let his impetuousity ruin his cause if he could prevent such a catastrophe. He might unwittingly have given an opportunity to her to say "no," but he was too careful for that.

So he hedged.

"Only one little word, darling," he whispered, as he slipped his hand over to take hers, "but there must be three letters in it."

The beautiful belle hesitated for an instant; then there came to her soft blue eyes a look of seraphic triumph, a melting as of all the grosser elements into the eternal soul of a saint, the glorified submission of a woman's heart to the blissful tyranny of its master.

At least that was the way it struck McAllister McIlhenny as he held out his eager, pleading hands to her.

"Nit," she said; and McAllister McIlhenny cursed every three-lettered word in the English language.

To the young face Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives fresher charms; to the old, renewed youth. Try it.

THE BOWERY DEPRESSED.

The Old Time Boom Punctured by a Song.

To close estate of Sylvester Brush; northeast corner of Bowery and Spring street, three-story brick, 59.7x100.2x39.6; to Max Dansinger, for $70,800.

Bowery, corner Grand street, five-story brick and iron, 50x75; to Louis Clark, for $122,000—Real Estate Paper.

The abev sales were made on Tuesday last at the Real Estate exchange, says the New York Sun, and are fair samples of the depreciation in value of property on the Bowery. While these two parcels of property brought less than $200,000, they could not have been bought six years ago for half a million dollars. The Spring street corner could have been sold at that time for $135,000, such an offer having been made and refused. For the Grand street corner $400,000 had been refused, but this was before Harry Conor sang the song entitled "The Bowery" at the Madison Square theater in "A Trip to Chinatown." The words of the song were written by Charles H. Hoyt and Percy Gaunt composed the music. According to many property owners along the Bowery the song had a great deal to do with causing a drop in the value of Bowery real estate. These property owners argue that even the first stanza of the song was enough to kill business on the old thoroughfare, and that it had a serious effect upon the retail clothing business. Here is the language used in the first stanza:

Oh! the night that I struck New York,
I went out for a quiet walk;
Folks who are "on to" the city say,
Better, by far, that I took Broadway;
But I was out to enjoy the sights;
There was the Bowery ablaze with lights;
I had one of the devil's own nights—
I'll never go there any more.

"There is now no business man on the Bowery who is making the amount of money he made a few years ago," said one of the clothing dealers. "In fact, the majority of them are only earning their expenses. The result of this is that many are moving away and stores remain vacant so long that the property owners are glad to get tenants at low rents. This being the case, other property owners are compelled to lower the rents of their tenants, except, of course, in certain instances where long leases exist. But long leases on the Bowery are things of the past. Nowadays, when a five years' lease expires the tenant refuses to renew it, and will only rent a store for a year. I remember the time when it was out of the question to rent a store anywhere on the Bowery unless the tenant was willing to pay extraordinary premiums in buying a lease. I blame it all on the song. Take that chorus, for instance:

"The Bowery, the Bowery;
They say such things, and they do strange things
On the Bowery, the Bowery—
I'll never go there any more.

"The words of that chorus have traveled all over the world, and strangers coming to New York are afraid to carry a dollar with them when they walk the Bowery nowadays. These strangers simply stroll along and look for the strange things said and done on the Bowery, but they have no money with them to patronize the Bowery tradesmen. Take the dealers in gents' furnishing goods. There was a time when they all made fortunes selling neckwear and underwear to the grocery clerks, bartenders and railroad men of Jersey City and Brooklyn. They sold good articles at low prices and made small profits, but had plenty of sales. They were satisfied and so were the customers. But that third verse of the song killed off their business:

"I went into an auction store;
I never saw any thieves before;
First he sold me a pair of socks,
Then said he, 'How much for the box?'
Some one said 'Two dollars!' I said 'Three!'
He emptied the box and gave it to me—
'I sold you the box, not the socks,' said he—
I'll never go there any more.

"Those words may have sounded funny to theater-goers, but they are not funny to the ears of the gents' furnishing goods tradesmen on the Bowery. Nowadays even the Italian laborer from Mulberry street buys the storekeeper when buying socks. Next door here I was in my neighbor's store on Monday night when one of those Italians came in. He wanted to buy socks. The storekeeper offered to sell him two pairs for twenty-five cents. The Italian grinned and said:

"'You sella de box or de sox?'

"This is a sample of the insults hurled at the Bowery furnishing goods dealers, who are actually boycotted on account of the third verse of the song. The fourth verse tells of the concert halls. They were all driven out, but the song is not responsible for this. The reform administration drove the concert halls away from the Bowery. But the fifth verse ruined the old-fashioned German barbers, who had gone to the expense of putting in baths. These baths were patronized by the poor people on the East Side, and after the song came out it got to be a common thing for one man to quiz another by saying:

"'Is that a Bowery scrape?' and then singing, 'I'll never go there any more.' Now there are none but Italians running barber shops on the Bowery. Here is the part of the song that killed the trade of the Bowery's German barbers:

"I went into a barber shop;
He talked till I thought he would never stop;
I said cut it short, he misunderstood,
Clipped down my hair just as close as he could;
He shaved with a razor that scratched like a pin,
Took off my whiskers and most of my chin;
That was the worst scrape I ever got in—
I'll never go there any more.

"But the chorus of the song helped to make it popular, and finally brought ridicule upon the Bowery and all of the tradesmen. With business ruined rents had to fall, and consequently Bowery real estate had a big drop."

A CLEVER POEM.

It Had Two Very Different Renderings When Studied.

One of the cleverest political poems ever written is that by Arthur Connor, the friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and like him, a prominent figure in the Irish rebellion of 1798. He was arrested at Margate when taking a secret message to France, and it was while going from Kilmainham gaol to Fort George, Scotland, that he composed the following poem:

The pomp of courts and pride of kings
I prize above all earthly things;
I love my country, but the King,
Above all men his praise I sing;
The royal banners are displayed,
And may success the standard aid.

I fain would banish far from hence
The rights of man and common sense;
Confusion to his odious reign,
That foe to princes, Thomas Paine!
Defeat and ruin seize the cause
Of France, its liberties and laws!

The above sounds very loyal, but if the lines of the first and second verses are read alternately quite a different rendering is discovered:

The pomp of courts and pride of kings
I fain would banish far from hence;
I prize above all earthly things
The rights of man and common sense;
I love my country, but the King—
Confusion to his odious reign!
Above all men his praise I sing,
That foe to princes, Thomas Paine!
The royal banners are displayed;
Defeat and ruin seize the cause!
And may success the standard aid
Of France, its liberties and laws!

This brilliant Irishman made his escape to France in 1807, where he married the daughter of the Marquis de Condorcet. He entered the French army and became a general, dying at the age of 87.

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. Brown's Bronchial Troches give sure and immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25c.