

AT THE END OF THE ROAD.

I was born way back at the end of the road. 'Twas there my remembrance of things first was. An' there I lived, played, worked an' grewed. Jes natural like an' jes because I lived. At the end of the road. At the end of the road 'twas much the same. This day or that—except 'twas play When up from the turnpike some one came. An' jes as long as they happened to stay An' talk. At the end of the road. If I strayed away I was glad to get home To the little red house, where mother an' dad An' I had a little world all our own. An' jes as good as anyone had. Out there. At the end of the road. From my attic window I've looked amazed Hour after hour at the turnpike's line. A yellowish streak, till I grew dazed, Wondering where an' in what long time I'd get. At the end of the road. For where did they come from, the folks that went Jogging along the old turnpike? An' most all strangers that I hadn't met; An' over the hills—what was it like, Somewhere. At the end of the road? One day me an' ma an' dad Started off with the old gray mare On the longest ride I'd ever had. An' 'twas almost right when we got there, I thought. At the end of the road. When I got up next day an' see The road still winding, winding down, 'Twas the biggest world, it seemed to me. From where the end was, through our town Up home. At the end of the road. I've traveled that road now many a year. An' I've found some good an' found some bad. Some up hill an' down, an' I'm not clear If I will be sorry or I will be glad To get. At the end of the road. —Walter M. Hazeltine, in Good Housekeeping.

UNDER STRESS.

How an Urgent Suitor Won a Widow in a Railway Train.

The Comtesse de Monceley—who will soon change her name, as you shall see—is one of the most delicious widows imaginable, and also one of the cleverest I have ever met. From the very first day she knew precisely how to avoid any exaggeration that could be considered bad taste in the expression of her sorrow, without falling into the other extreme and making those who saw her in her widow's weeds think she must wear red satin under her crape. Early in April she had quietly left her Paris apartment, where no male visitor had set foot since her husband's death, and it was only by accident that, a week later, I discovered the address she had so carefully concealed from everyone. It was "Sycamore Villa, Chantilly." On the first of May there might have been seen to arrive at a little bit of a house, situated at a convenient distance from Sycamore villa, several trunks, an English cart and pony, a saddle-horse, a bull-terrier, two servants, and a man bordering on thirty. That man was myself. I hasten to add that, in this circumstance, I acted solely at my own risk and peril, without any authorization, any right whatever, and with no other motive than my love—my profound love—to prompt me to hope that my change of domicile would not be a dead loss. Ah, well—nothing venture, nothing win. And what did I venture? The salon, the May fetes, the Grand Prix, the mob in the Alle des Poteaux, a few balls—what were they in comparison with the charms of a most attractive neighborhood? I have known men to cross the seas and spend fortunes to follow to the ends of the world adventuresses whose whole body was not worth the tip of Mme. de Monceley's little finger. Clarisse's pretty anger when I presented myself at her house, on the day of my arrival, was my first delightful recompense. In spite of her grand air, I saw that she was touched, and I doubt if ever lover experienced so much pleasure in being shown the door by a pretty woman. She took her time about it, too, and only pushed me into the street after a regulation phillip, to which I listened very humbly, replying only so much as was necessary to lengthen the lecture, which concluded in these words: "And now you will do me the favor to return to Paris. The train leaves in an hour." "An hour!" I objected, timidly. That is hardly time to ship two horses and a carriage and throw up a lease—"What is this," she cried. "A lease! You have presumed to—go, sir! What audacity! A lease! And, if you please, where is your house?" "A long distance from here," I hastened to reply; "at the other end of the forest. I am sure it must have taken me fully three-quarters of an hour to come here." "To be precise, it had taken me about five minutes." "To think," she exclaimed, "what a poor woman, deprived of her protector, is exposed to! You would not have dared to do this if my husband were still alive. And to think that he considered you his best friend! Poor Charles!" "He has never had any cause to complain," I murmured. "Let us talk together of him." "Never!" "Then let us talk of ourselves, that will be better still." This suggestion shocked her so that it took me a long time to calm her. Finally, she did not wish to let me go without having sworn never to set foot in her house again. It is needless to say that it took half an hour to per-

suade me to make this promise—which I broke the next morning and as often as possible. I pass over the months that followed, merely declaring that in this vale of tears there is no more happy lot than that of such an unhappy lover as I was. Clarisse had the most adorable way of annihilating me with a look from her blue eyes—eyes that were intended for quite another purpose than annihilating—whenever she saw that I was going to fall on my knees before her, and I must confess she saw it at least ten times during every visit I made her, still in despite of her express prohibition. And when I so far forgot myself as to tell her, if the intent were as good as the deed, the late lamented ought to have a heavy grudge against "his best friend," seeing that I had loved his wife madly from a very first. "Not another word," she would say, severely; "you blaspheme against friendship, 'Poor Charles!'" And her white, dimpled hand would pitilessly stop my mouth, so that, if I had followed my inclination, I would have blasphemed from morning till night like the worst traitor to friendship in the world. The day she left off crape, I profited by the occasion—naturally enough, it seems to me—to propose myself in set terms as a candidate to succeed poor Charles. That evening—it was a June evening, and the acacias made the most of the power which certain vegetables possess of intoxicating one with their perfume—that evening, her hand did not stop my mouth at all, it reached for the bell. Clarisse did not threaten, this time; she acted. I saw that I was on the point of being put out by her servants—who consisted of an old woman who had been her nurse and whom I could have bowled over with a breath. However, it was no time for airy persiflage. Without waiting for Nancy to seize me by the collar, I took my hat and fled. When day broke, I had not closed my eyes; not that the situation seemed desperate, for I had learned to read Clarisse's eyes. But, all night long, I had repeated over and over again to myself: "Heaven grant that the little hotel in the Avenue Friedland is still for sale! We would be so comfortable there." In spite of this, I was no further advanced when September came, the last month of my lease. I was no longer shown the door when I suggested my candidacy, but Clarisse assumed a bored air and calmly talked of something else. Between ourselves, I would rather she rang the bell, for I divined that she was thinking: "My dear friend, you do not displease me; quite the contrary. But you must confess that, in the solitude of Chantilly I have scarcely had opportunity to enjoy my widowhood. Let me see if it is really worthy of its reputation. In a year or two we can talk of your affair." In a year or two! Pretty and charming as she was, Clarisse would have a score of admirers around her, and admirers around the woman one wants to marry are like flies in milk—they may do no great harm, but they certainly do not improve the milk. Early in September Mme. de Monceley informed me one day that she was going to Paris on the morrow to have a look at her apartment. "I sincerely hope," she added, in a severe tone, "that you do not think of accompanying me." "How can you suggest such a thing?" said I, with apparent submission. "You leave at—" "At eight in the evening, as I do not wish to be seen. I shall send Nancy in the afternoon to prepare my room. Ah, poor Paris!" She no longer said "Poor Charles!" I admit that this "Poor Paris!" made me much more uneasy. The next evening, at eight o'clock, the doors of the express train, which stops hardly a minute, were already closed. Clarisse had not appeared. She reached the station just as the bell rang. "Quick, hurry up, madame!" cried the railroad official. "Hurry!" I repeated, opening a compartment at random and helping her in. But, instead of getting in, she fell back, almost fainting, in my arms. Here is what she had seen, and what I, too, had seen over her shoulder: The seats of the compartment were unoccupied, and three men, perched like monkeys on the backs of the seats, held to their shoulders three guns, whereof the barrels shone in the lamplight like cannons. One of them, as we opened the door, had shouted in a terrible voice: "Don't come in, for—" I had closed the door so quickly that we had not heard the end of the sentence. Then Clarisse and I bundled ourselves into the next compartment without quite knowing what we were doing. The train was already under way. We were alone. Mme. de Monceley seemed half dead with fear, and I must confess I was violently shaken. "Did you see them?" she cried. "What can be happening in that compartment? They are going to fight—to kill each other! What terrible tragedy is to be enacted right beside us?" "I don't understand it at all," I replied. "Only one explanation seems possible to me. They are hunters who have suddenly gone crazy. Otherwise, why should they climb upon the seats? If they simply wanted to kill each other, they could do it without all that gymnastics." "No," suggested Clarisse, "it is some dreadful American kind of duel. In such a case, it seems, they climb up on anything they can find. But why didn't they stop them at Chantilly?" "The train itself scarcely stopped there." "Did you hear how they called out 'Don't come in!'? The wretches, they don't want to be disturbed while they are killing themselves. Goodness! Just listen!" The fusillade had commenced right beside us. Several gun-shots had sounded, dominated by a shrill piercing cry, which still rings in my ears.

Then a deathly silence ensued: they were all dead, however bad shots they might have been. Though we were making about fifty miles an hour at the time, I made ready to get out upon the step and find out what was going on in our neighbors' compartment. As I lowered the window two arms seized me and a voice broken with anguish—but which sounded very sweet, just the same—gazed behind me: "Philip, if you love me, do not go! They will kill you!" It was precisely like the fourth act of "The Huguenots," except that my name is not Raoul. I saw the advantage of my situation, and I resolved to profit by it. I profited by it so well that, after a dialogue too intimate to be repeated here, I was in a position to sing—if I had had a voice, which I haven't: "Thou-on ha ast said it." For she had said it. Poor Charles was distanced now. She had said the sweet words: "I love you." A prey to emotions bordering on the hysterical, Clarisse sobbed and clung to me with all her strength, though I had not the faintest desire to intrude on the massacre next door. They could kill themselves at their ease. Let every man tend to his own affairs. As for me, I was very much occupied just then. That is why, early the next morning, I hurried to my lawyer to speak to him about the little hotel in the Avenue Friedland, which was still for sale, but, thank fortune, is now no longer in the market. Decorators and furnishers are at work in it, and when January comes, you will see it occupied by a certain young couple that I know of. But let us not anticipate. When the train pulled into the city, my companion and I had quite forgotten our neighbors, or what was left of them; but now the authorities must be informed and the bodies removed. I had jumped out, and was looking about for a sergeant de ville, when I beheld the door of the famous compartment open and the three hunters calmly descend from it, carrying, rolled up in a rug, an inert mass which looked as if it might be the body of a young child. Without an instant's hesitation, I seized one of the assassins by the collar. "Scoundrel!" I cried. "What have you got in that rug?" "Don't make such a row," he replied, "or we'll have a hundred people at our backs. It is only my poor dog." "Dog!" I repeated, indignant at the man's coolness. "Come, come, you cannot deceive me. I saw it all." My captive, whom I still held by the collar, opened a corner of the rug and showed me a setter's muzzle, with flecks of foam on it dappled with blood. I dropped my hold on the man's collar in the greatest confusion. "Really, I scarcely know how to apologize," I said. "But, frankly, it is not astonishing that I should have been deceived—three men crouching on the seats of the carriage and shooting—" "Still, the explanation is very simple. My dog was bitten three weeks ago. I had the wound cauterized, and thought the animal was saved. We had been hunting all day near Creil, but no sooner were we on the train than hydrophobia developed and the animal began to snap at us. To attempt to put the beast out was to tempt death, and there was nothing for it but for us to climb upon the seats and shoot the dog. We were not able to do so until after we left Chantilly, for the poor brute had taken refuge under the seat. Finally, by calling it, I persuaded it to put its head out, and then we shot it. I tell you, it's a trip I shall not soon forget." "Nor shall I," I replied, and I rejoined Clarisse, who was waiting for me at a little distance and whose curiosity was vastly excited to see me thus politely take leave of the assassins. "Well, then," she said, making a little face when I had told her the story, "that doesn't count. I take back what I said." But at the same time she softly squeezed my arm with her own, and I saw in her eyes that "that" did "count."—From the French of Leon de Tinsene, in San Francisco Argonaut.

A PUZZLED WAITER.

Sad Result of Attempting to Speak a Language He Didn't Know. A correspondent who has returned from the Antwerp exhibition, narrates an adventure which befell two Englishmen there. He says: "Two very presentable, well-dressed gentlemen, who bore the stamp of Englishmen in face, figure, clothes and easy-going air, entered the restaurant where I was sitting, and one of them called out in self-confident tones, which could be heard easily at the neighboring tables, what was undoubtedly intended to be 'Garcon! Deux bocks,' but which sounded: 'Gassong! too bo.' 'Oui, monsieur,' replied the waiter, as he rushed into the inner room. "The two gentlemen engaged in amicable conversation over the table for about five minutes, when it struck them that the waiter was a long time with their beer. 'Gassong!' was again shouted. 'Oui, monsieur,' answered the waiter. 'Lay too de, si voy papa.' 'Oui, monsieur, tout de suite,' replied the other apartment. Again the two Englishmen engaged in conversation for five or six minutes, and again one of them shouted indignantly: 'Gassong! lay too bo!' "The waiter rushed behind the scenes with more violence than ever, and in two minutes returned with a triumphant face to place before the astonished visitors two plates of boiled turbot. They looked at the man and next to explain to the waiter that they wanted beer—bocks—not turbot. The situation was an embarrassing one for all concerned, and I could not help thinking that something should be done at home to prevent my company abroad meeting with such inconveniences."—London Telegraph.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—A man there was and they called him mad; the more he gave, the more he had.—Bunyan. —The country home of Miss Margot Tennant (now Mrs. Asquith), and her sisters used to be known among the men who were entertained there as "Chateau Margot." The young ladies excelled in walking on stilts. —When Earl Ferras had been convicted of murder, great efforts were made to obtain a pardon, on the ground that he was insane. His mother being applied to, and requested to write a strong letter on the subject, answered: "Well, but if I do, how am I to marry off my daughters." —The engagement of M. Ernest Carnot, the second son of the assassinated French president, to Mlle. Chris, daughter of the senator of the Alpes-Maritimes department, is announced. President Carnot had two other sons, Sadi, an officer of infantry, and Francois, a pupil engineer in the Ecole Centrale, at Paris. —In Kansas there is a woman who has a forty-three-year record in newspaper work, and she is only fifty-five now. She is Mrs. N. E. Bronston, of Atchison. She began her extended journalistic career in her father's office in Newport, Ky., and since then has been connected with half a dozen Kansas papers. —Rider Haggard has been suggesting that journalism ought to be controlled by regulations modeled on those which govern the clerical, legal and medical professions. Before becoming a journalist a man ought to subscribe to thirty-nine or more articles and pass an examination. In the meantime a few journalists might be made, while a lot of good newspaper men would be starved to death. —Mrs. Zulme E. Hearsey, of Baton Rouge, La., is one of the most successful business women in the state. After the close of the war, her husband being an invalid, Mrs. Hearsey opened a large book-store, which at once sprung into popular favor, and to-day is the recognized headquarters for all standard publications, as well as the rendezvous of all book-lovers and literateurs. She employs a force of thirty newsboys. She also manages a large floriculture trade. —Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Va., the most noted of all slave preachers, is now over eighty years old, and believes as firmly as he did in 1878, when his famous sermon was preached, that "The Sun Do Move." He recently gave an outline of that celebrated discourse, which, he says, was composed in order to set at rest some doubts which had arisen in the mind of a young member of his flock. —The royalties of Europe patronize the bicycle with as much energy as the boys of America. The king of the Belgians exercises upon one daily, little Queen Wilhelmina rides one when she is at her castle of Het Loo, and the czarowitz, Princes Waldemar and Carl of Denmark and Princes George and Nicolas of Greece are all cyclists. The bicycle of the khedive of Egypt is a gorgeous machine, almost completely covered with silver plating.—Harper's Bazar.

HUMOROUS.

—Uncle—"Well, Walter, I suppose you are pretty busy now?" Walter—"No, not very. You see vacation hasn't begun yet."—Inter Ocean. —Edith—"I am so glad, papa, that auntie gave me a prayer book for all my own, so now I can say my prayers without costing a single cent."—Newport Daily News. —Lawyer—"It is true that my client called the plaintiff an ox; but considering the present high price of beef, I do not consider that a very great insult."—Fliegende Blatter. —"Whur ye bin?" said Meandering Mike. "Lookin' fur work," replied Plodding Pete. "Well, you wanten look for. Yer idle curiosity'll be the ruination of ye, vit."—Washington Star. —"Do you believe in woman's rights?" she asked the shoe-dealer. "You bet I do!" was the reply. "And in woman's lefts, too; and I've got 'em for two dollars and fifty cents a pair."—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly. —Berkeley Place—"Hard luck, old man. On what grounds did Miss Hites reject you?" Jack Hillman (absently).—"Why it was on the Crescent club grounds at Bay Ridge last Saturday."—Brooklyn Life. —He (having nothing better to say)—"Do you approve of short courtships?" She—"Yes; but not too short. I have only known you a week—but, after all, what does it matter? Speak to mother, and I guess it will be all right."—N. Y. Press. —"Talk about lawyers," said the enthusiastic man. "There are mighty few of them can hold a candle to old man Greathed. Why, that man has legal knowledge by the barrel." "By the barrel?" exclaimed the cheerful idiot. "I always thought he sold it by the case."—Indianapolis Journal. —Country Living—"The country's all right," said the housewife from the city, who had been used to ice boxes, cool cellars and that sort. "But you can't keep anything." "You can keep warm, can't you?" inquired the man, who hadn't any summer residence property for sale.—Detroit Free Press. —Hiicks—"I won ten dollars of Kirby on a bet that the Eccentric Rod would print a column article of my composition." Wicks—"You don't mean to say that the Eccentric Rod actually printed it?" Hiicks—"Yes; you see I took the precaution to use up the whole column in praise of its Sunday edition."—Boston Transcript. —When the train made its first stop after leaving home, Mr. Simpkins, who had been in a brown study for several minutes, raised his eyes, which had a troubled look in them, and remarked: "My dear, are you sure we haven't forgotten anything?" "Of course we haven't," responded the good lady cheerfully. "I would have thought of it the minute the train started."—Detroit News-Tribune.

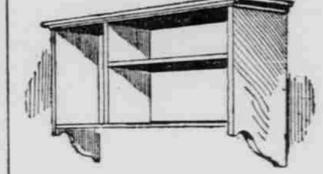
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THAT LITTLE GIRL. I often hear folks talking, a-laughing and a-talking About a little girl who "lives not very far from here." One who's "extremely mussy." And "meddlesome" and "fussy," Who "loves to wander through the house and get things out of gear." I'm glad I'm not so mussy. And meddlesome and fussy. I cannot see why any girl can be so very queer. I've just heard mother joking, a-scolding and a-joking About a little girl who "does not live a mile away." She says she is a "midget." Made up of mostly fidget. And "from Monday until Sunday she does nothing else but play." I'm glad I'm not a "midget." Made up of mostly fidget. I'm glad I'm not so little that I cannot quiet stay. I once heard papa hinting, a-talking and a-binting About a little girl who "doesn't live up in the moon." He says she's "very ally." And her first name isn't Billy. That she "talks the bleasted morning, if she doesn't sleep till noon." I'm glad I am not ally. I'm glad my first name isn't Billy. And I hardly ever talk at all, and always "got up soon." I've heard some folks complaining, a-sighing and a-complaining About a little girl who lives "next door to folks they know." They say she's "very lazy." She "almost sets them crazy." That she's always "doing nothing and does i very slow." I'm glad I am not lazy. I never set folks crazy. And I work so very, very much I've hardly time to go. —Claude Harris, in St. Nicholas. TWO CLEVER POODLES. One Smoked a Pipe, the Other Ran a Boot-Blackening Stand. Like all representative dogs of different countries, the French poodle possesses some of the characteristics of his nation. Vivacity and quick intelligence are the dog's most prominent traits. The brightest poodles I have ever known, says Stuart Travis, were all proteges of shopkeepers, old soldiers and the bourgeois in general. I used to see very often a veteran of the French wars. This old soldier had a poodle who was his pipe bearer. It was a funny sight to see the dog walking gravely upright on his hind legs, and taking quick little steps to keep up with the martial stride of the veteran. Every now and then the man would take a very black meerschaum pipe from his lips and give it to the dog, who would take it between his teeth, brace himself and puff away with evident relish—keeping the pipe lit until it suited his master's pleasure to smoke again himself. The weight of the pipe obliged the dog to lean very far back to keep his balance. Holding this absurd attitude in itself was no easy feat, but far more difficult was his maintaining the erect position on his hind legs so long. It did not seem to tire him, however, for I watched him several times until out of sight, and never saw him get down on his forelegs at all, like other and less accomplished dogs. Indeed, he seemed to enjoy it and to fully realize the dignity of his official position as pipe bearer. There was, a few years ago, a boot-black who had a stand on the boulevard des Italiennes. This artist owned a large poodle, who, for professional reasons, never had his hair cut like most of his dog brothers. This remarkable dog would sit by the stand in clear weather when business was dull, his bright eyes watching critically the shoes of the passers-by. If the dog saw a particularly fine shine on some dandy's boots he would dash out, and, before the astonished pedestrian knew what he was about, would ruin the polish with a few quick lappings of his large, moist tongue. Then in half apologetic and persuasive manner he would try to drag by the coat-tails his victim towards his master's stand, so as to have his boots shined over again. He never failed also to bark, to call his master's attention to the approaching customer. This dog really conducted the whole business. Curiously, if the weather was bad and the streets wet, and there were consequently shoes in plenty to shine, he would not resort to these extreme measures.—Boston Globe. MOUSE AND LION. They Scared Each Other in Turns Until the Little Animal Escaped. One day a keeper wishing to test the affection popularly supposed to exist between a lion and a mouse put a mouse in the cage of a full-grown Nubian lion, says McClure's Magazine. The lion saw the mouse before he was fairly through the bars, and was after him instantly. Away went the little fellow, scurrying across the floor and squealing in fright. When he had gone about ten feet the lion sprang, lighting a little in front of him. The mouse turned, and the lion sprang again.

This was repeated several times, the mouse traversing a shorter distance after each spring of the lion. It was demonstrated that a lion is too quick for a mouse, at least in a large cage. Finally, the mouse stood still, squealing and trembling. The lion stood over, studying him with interest. Presently he shot out his big paw and brought it down directly on the mouse, but so gently that the mouse was not injured in the least, though held fast between the claws. Then the lion played with him in the most extraordinary way, now lifting his paw and letting the mouse run a few inches, and then stopping him again as before. Suddenly the mouse changed his tactics, and, instead of running when the lion lifted his paw, sprang into the air straight at the lion's head. The lion, terrified, gave a great leap back, striking the bars with all his weight and shaking the whole floor. Then he opened his great jaws and roared again, while the little mouse, still squealing, made his escape. Of the two the lion was the more frightened. It is a fact well known in all menageries that a mouse will frighten an elephant more than will a locomotive. Let one appear in an elephant's stall and the elephant, his mountain of flesh quivering, his trunk lashing the air, will trumpet in abject terror; and he will not recover for hours afterward. The trainers say that what the elephant fears is that the mouse will run up his trunk. There is a tradition that a mouse really did this in one instance while an elephant was sleeping and caused the elephant such intense pain that he had to be killed.

CARPENTRY FOR BOYS.

A Wall Cabinet Which Can Be Made in a Few Hours. The illustration shows a simple and useful wall cabinet that can be made by any boy. It should be made about thirty inches long, twenty inches high and seven or eight inches deep, and below the bottom shelf the ends of the sides should project about five inches. Make the two sides first twenty-five inches long and eight inches wide. With a compass saw cut out the bracket effect at the bottom of each side, and then make two shelves twenty-eight inches long and eight inches

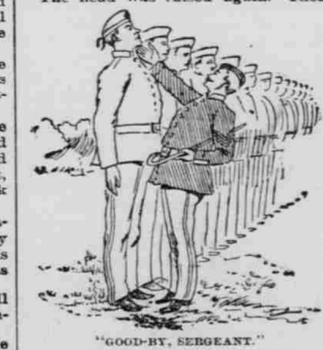


WALL CABINET.

vide. With these two shelves and the sides form the framework of the cabinet, and fasten it together with long steel wire nails or slim screws. Next make an upright division piece, as shown in the illustration, and fasten it at top and bottom a distance of six or eight inches in from one end; make another shelf and fasten it a little above the center, between the top and bottom shelf, making one end fast to the upright division and the other to one side of the cabinet, as the drawing shows. Get from a carpenter a piece of cornice molding about two inches wide and long enough to go around the front and sides of the cabinet; mitre and fasten it around the top, and with the addition of a few coats of paint the cabinet will be completed. A curtain across the front, arranged with rings so it will slide on a rod, will add greatly to the appearance.—N. Y. Recorder.

A LONG FAREWELL.

Why Private Doherty Bade His Sergeant Good-By. It is said to be an old story, this of a man named Doherty, who was drilling with his squad of recruits in London. Doherty was nearly six feet two in height, and at that time the sergeant-major was a man whose height was only five feet four. On this day he approached the squad looking sharply about him for some fault to find. All the men squared up except Doherty, and the sergeant-major at once accosted him. "Head up there, man!" called he. Doherty raised his head slightly. "Up higher, sir!" The head was raised again. Then



"GOOD-BY, SERGEANT."

the sergeant managed, by standing on his toes, to reach Doherty's chin, and he poked it higher, with the remark: "That's better. Don't let me see your head down again!" By this time everybody was interested at seeing Doherty staring away above the sergeant-major's head, when a voice from above said, in a rich brogue: "Am I to be always like this, sergeant-major?" "Yes, sir!" "Then I'll say good-by to ye, sergeant-major, for I'll never see yez again!" A Noted Bridge. Teacher—"This poem refers to 'The Bridge of Sighs.' Do you know what bridge that is?" Dull Boy—"Guess there ain't anything can beat the Brooklyn bridge on size."—Good News.