MONEY MADE AT HISTORIC SPOTS

Speculators Charge for Admission to the Homes of Notabilities.

Last year no fewer than 36,000 people passed the turnstiles which guard the entrance to the little room in which Burns first saw the light. In 1896, the centenary years of Burns' death, the number reached 38,000, and as 2 pence a demanded from each visitor a very simple calculation will show that a large sum of money is annually obtained by this means.

The cottage is a very humble, one-storied little erection, with a thatched roof, and the poet's father when he first went to live there would have opened his eyes pretty widely had any one been able to tell him what a sum was one day to be received for it. The place was bought from him (after the poet's death) by a corporation of shoemakers, who after ed sold it to the present trustees for $20,000.

Another famous birthplace which attracts a large number of people is that of Thomas Carlyle, at Ecclefechan, which is twenty or thirty miles north of Carlisle. There is no fixed scale of charges for visiting this cottage, but as 1,265 people climbed the stairs last year and each probably left something with the caretaker it will be easily seen that here, too, is a nice little property.

There are other places, more or less well known, scattered about in different parts of England and Wales, which the tourist can visits. Shakespeare is still a veritable little gold mine to Stratford-on-Avon. People from all parts of the world make pilgrimages to the little Warwickshire town in order to see the famous poet's birthplace. The charge for admission to the house is 6 pence, but as an interesting museum is usually visited at the same time, for which an extra 3 pence is demanded, few persons leave the building without leaving 1 shilling behind them.

Then there is Ann Hathaway's cottage to be also seen. This is a mile away from Stratford, at the pretty little village of Shottery, and it is where the poet's wife was wooed and won. The writer, during a recent visit to it, was informed that on an average 100 people a day all the year around came to see the cottage, and as each visitor pays 6 pence $3,500 or $4,000 a year must be made out of it.—London Mail.

Pegotty's House Sold.

"Well, I'll be gormed if that don't beat all.

Words to this effect would very probably be uttered by Mr. Peggotty if anyone were to tell him that his famous house at Yarmouth has just been sold for the large sum of £460 ($2,300). The imprecation therein has been chosen advisedly for the reason that Mr. Peggotty's favorite expletive was some tense of the terrible and inexplicable passive verb "to be gormed."

Yet this will not seem a very large sum to those who have read "David Copperfield" and who know how many romantic incidents are clustered round it.

David Copperfield describes it minutely for us. A real boat once, it was never designed for a habitation on dry land, and this was its chief attraction in the eyes of little David. It had a roof and little windows and a door cut in the side, and, as one entered the room, one saw a table, a Dutch clock and a chest of drawers, and on the latter was "a tea tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child, who was trundling a hoop."

In the entire domain of fiction there is no home quite as unique or as fascinating as this. Wherever English is read the life story of David Copperfield, as Dickens alone could pen it, has held thousands of readers enthralled, and they know well how much of the interest of this marvelous story depends upon the incidents that are connected with Mr. Peggotty's ark at Yarmouth.

Violinist's Revenge on Mr. Flood.

The incident of Senor de Reszke refusing a check insultingly offered him by Baron Rothschild after De Reszke had sung by request the other evening in the baron's drawing room recalls an incident that happened a good many years ago in the house that Bonanza King Flood occupied on Eddy street, San Francisco, before he built that gloomy pile on Nob Hill. He had invited a celebrated visiting violinist to dinner, and there were a great many other guests. After dinner the violinist, much to his surprise, was asked if he would not "play something." He said he had not brought his violin with him. But Mr. Flood would not take that hint, and insisted on sending to the maestro's hotel for the violin, and did send, and the owner played on it and responded to two or three encores. When he had done he laid aside the violin, put his hand in his pocket, drew forth a 25-cent piece, threw it on the piano and said: "Now, Mr. Flood, every man to his trade. Mix me a cocktail."—Stockton (Cal.) Mail.

Make Her a General.

When the Boers entered the town of Ladysmith in northern Cape Colony the English postmistress there was the one representative of England's authority who refused to surrender. She ordered the Boers out of her office and they went. They raised the Free State flag over the building and she hauled it down and raised the British flag instead. They posted a proclamation declaring the town annexed and she tore it down and posted in its place the British proclamation in regard to treason. At last accounts she was still holding out. That woman ought to have a commission in the army. She would not be marched off a prisoner to Pretoria, no matter how superior the numbers by which she was surrounded.—Buffalo Express.

"I've got a new slang phrase," said the worm, as he saw his brother yanked out by the early bird.

"What's that?" asked the grub.

"Don't be too early."—Chicago Post.

LOGAN, DANDY AND SOLDIER.

Son of "Black Jack" Noted for Fighting and Dressing Well.

Major John A. Logan, who recently died in battle in the Philippines, in his brief military career earned the reputation of a soldier, and at the same time, in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, preserved his reputation as a man who knew how to wear clothes. He had an advantage in this latter achievement, however, in the fact that he was a handsome fellow. In face and in figure and in dress it is not likely a handsomer fighter went to the Santiago campaign. He was round-faced, and the expression of his countenance was youthful almost to boyishness. There was frankness in his dark, luminous eyes, and a petitioning smile was always playing around his mouth. He seemed more actively considerate and obliging than one would expect of a soldier. And those who knew him in Cuba remember him as a soldier.

In his bearing Major Logan was a West Pointer. He was only a little above medium height, but he was a lightly built figure, with square shoulders and athletic proportions. There was probably a little too much exactitude in the studied precision of his carriage and movements, but one who was looking for a fighting man would pass that when he measured his muscular lines, his strongly sinewed neck, and his well poised head. His head, however, was a little too large for a professional athlete, but none too small for a man who would some day fling brigades where daring and discretion would have them.

As to dress, there was not a soldier about Santiago on the American side who was in his class. In this respect Major Logan might suggest either the well trained beau or the rakish Apollo of the plains. It depended on one's mood at the time. His slouch hat had a wider rim than the regulation campaign hat, and it was of better quality. He tipped it at a rakish angle and dented the crown on four sides, as they do where the cowboy learns tricks of dress from Mexican caballero.

His uniform and its insignia were as the regulations prescribe. As a West Pointer he couldn't transgress there, and as a man who knew the science of dress he wouldn't think of doing such a thing.

Uniforms may be made of the same material and in conformity to the same regulations and still be widely different. Major Logan demonstrated that. He wore his uniform with such pretty accuracy that one never would be brought to notice it, but to observe the general effect, because there was a suggestion of abandon in the way he left a button unfastened or cocked a lapel. Soldiers didn't wear their blouses all the time in that campaign. They usually stripped to their woolen shirts. Even in the matter of woolen shirts there are degrees of effect. That, also, Major Logan showed to be a fact, and emphasized it by wearing a black silk scarf always tied with a fetching effect in studied disorder.

Such a figure as that he made when he reached Tampa as assistant adjutant general of the independent brigade under General Bates that was sent to join the Fifth Army Corps. One day he came up from Port Tampa and met some Chicago acquaintances on the veranda of the big hotel where the corps headquarters were established.

"Hello, there. What? Is it Major Logan?" with accent on the title.

"Yes, didn't you know I was in the army?"

"No. The last time I heard of you you were planning horse shows in Chicago."

"Now, see here. Do Chicago people think I can't do anything but run a horse show?"

The earnestness and the suggestion of injury done that he crowded into the sentence made it a little embarrassing to his Chicago acquaintance.

"I am not only in the army," he added, "but I have succeeded in getting attached to an outfit that will be with the first expedition. I want to see some fighting. I want a chance."

His "outfit" was among the first to land at Baiquiri. The first night ashore a lot of soldiers found a warehouse full of native brandy, and cultivated a liking for it before taps were sounded. There was enough of the strong stuff to make two army corps drunk. Major Logan discovered it, and twenty minutes later he had saved the army from delirium tremens by smashing the hogsheads.

When Bates' brigade marched out over the mountain trail from Siboney on the night of June 30 Major Logan was as exuberant as a boy. This brigade had lain back at the beach so long that it was doubted whether it would have a share in the fighting. The next day it had more fighting than any other portion of the army, and the soldiers in that "outfit," who had been eyeing Major Logan critically theretofore, changed their minds—those of them at least who thought he was not a soldier in fact as well as in appearance.

There were many "sons of their fathers" with that army, and all of them had staff "jobs," but when that long day of fighting for Bates' brigade was over there was one "son" who had found favor in the eyes of the enlisted man, and that is high praise.

"He can fight as well as wear clothes," said a first sergeant, and first sergeancies have to be won. From that moment Major Logan had his rating with his brigade. A man who can fight as well as wear clothes belongs in the army.

The exposure and the hardships of the first few days around the hills sent the fever running through the brigade, and Major Logan was among those who went down with it. He was carried back to a field hospital and laid on the wet ground. Even while he lay there in the mud, half delirious with the enervating fever of the tropics, he looked as if he had arranged his clothing to get the best effect in that posture.

Two days later he was being carried along the trail on a stretcher. All of the intervening time he had been left in the woods waiting for one of the overworked doctors to give him some advice, if medicine was not to be had, but still he seemed dressed for the occasion. His woolen shirt was open at the neck, but the knot in his black tie was dropped to the next button, and his slouch hat, which was tipped over his eyes, had four careful dents in the crown. The mud on his uniform seemed as if it had been splashed on it for stage effect.

When the beleaguering army at last entered Santiago it was probably the most unkempt lot of men that ever entered any city. Torn shirts and trousers seemed to be a part of the army regulations that few violated. Faces and hands were unwashed and beards were as long as the four weeks' campaign. The other "sons" had caught the infection and were about as disreputable looking as their fellows. Major Logan, however, appeared in the Plaza de Armas with his uniform looking as if it had just come back from a tailor. His boots had been cleaned of mud, he had a new shave, and there were four carefully placed dents in his slouch hat.

In that campaign he had won a reputation as a fighter, and had preserved his reputation as a man who knew how to wear clothes.—Chicago Tribune.

SLANG FOUND IN HOLY WRIT.

Many Colloquialisms of the Present Day Have Biblical Sanction.

There are many pictoral expressions in constant and everyday use and familiar as household words, having their origin in passages to be found in the matchless English of the grand old "King James' version" of the Bible. One who did not know might hesitate to believe that they are supported by such high authority, and our modern oversensitive taste might be tempted even to designate them as slang, but they are really word-pictures.

Nearly one-half of these here quoted, with reference to chapter and verse, it will be noticed, are from the Psalms, but David, the sweet singer, was what we would now call a familiar poet.

I have stuck unto thy testimonies, O Lord put me not to shame.—Ps., cxix, 31.

Their heart is as fat as grease, but I delight in thy law.—Ps., cxix, 70.

I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.—Job, xix, 20.

I may tell all my bones; they look and stare upon me.—Ps., xxii, 17.

Spreading himself like a green bay tree.—Ps., xxxvii, 35.

Is his mercy clean gone forever?—Ps, lxxvii, 8.

The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart.—Ps., lv, 21.

His enemies shall lick the dust.—Ps., lxxii, 9.

They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man and are at their wit's end.—Ps., cvii, 27.

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it.—Prov., xi, 15.

Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes.—Is., xxiii, 8.

The Lord of Hosts shall make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees.—Is., xxv, 6.

The nations are as a drop in the bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance.—Is., xl, 15.

As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel. (A wheel within a wheel.)—Ezekiel, x, 10.

It was not the patriot, Patrick Henry, who exclaimed:

"Peace, peace, when there is no peace."—Jer., vi, 14.

These are but a few instances and very many more may be discovered by diligent seekers, so search the scriptures and "when found make a note of."

In the "Book of Common Prayer" of the Church of England we find:

To keep my hands from picking and stealing.

There is one familiar quotation almost invariably attributed to scriptpre authority:

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

It is by Rev. Laurence Sterne and occurs in his "Sentimental Journey."—Boston Transcript.

Take an Egg Instead of a Pill.

A Philadelphia physician advances a theory which, while given in a spirit of jest, nevertheless is based upon authentic scientific experiment. "It looks," says the jocular medicine man, "as though we doctors would be driven to the wall and by that humble but useful fowl, the hen. You see it's this way: A French chemist has discovered that certain drugs, notably those containing iron, can best be assimilated by the human stomach when taken in the albumen of eggs. He has accordingly mixed his medicines with cracked wheat and corn and in this form has fed it to hens. The eggs laid by these hens have been found to be impregnated with the medicinal qualities of the drugs and are said to have been very beneficial to patients. The Frenchman has experimented with pepsin and camomile and says he will try other drugs. This is a matter of medical record. But the point I want to make is this, and it haunts my dreams: Is the time coming when a man can dispense with a doctor and keep a hen? When he has a bad cold instead of sending for me he will get his hen to lay him a quinine egg? If he has indigestion he will take a pepsin egg instead of seeking my advice? When the waiter of the future asks you how you will have your eggs the question will possess an entirely new significance. I tell you the thing is appalling."—Philadelphia Press.

Old Fashioned Life Preservers.

Many years ago a fire occurred on a Staten Island ferryboat which created a panic similar to that which was caused by the sinking of the Chicago. But in those days women wore balmorals and hoop-skirts, and all who had the courage to leap into the water were saved, for their hoops ballooned their clothes and kept them afloat until help arrived.—New York Press.

"I don't see why a woman is always holding up her skirt with one hand," growled Bickett. "I presume," replied Mrs. B., "it's because she has no trousers pocket to carry her hand around in."—Chicago News.