

A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN.
passed by a garden, a little Dutch garden,
Where floral and peony things grew,
And plants and pot-herbs,
And lilacs and roses and rue,
And in the garden, that little Dutch garden,
A chubby Dutch man with a beard,
And a very Dutch frau,
With a shoe like a nose,
And a black-haired little Dutch maid,
Here grew in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
Blue flag flowers, lily and tall,
And early lily roses,
And little pink peonies,
But Gretchen was fairer than all.
By heart's in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
It troubled right in as I passed,
And I wonder how
Of such an old
And Gretchen is holding it fast.
—Mattie Whitney in Boston Budget.

BIG CALIFORNIA FORTUNES.
State of Those Who Inherited Them Are Revealed.
California has long had a reputation as the home of the bonanza king, and a recently issued document, based on the records of the San Francisco probate court, tells an interesting story of the fortunes and entanglements which have passed on the last testament of many famous millionaires and the final disposition of the vast sums they left behind them. The document gives the history of 63 wills, disposing of \$175,000,000, about 400 heirs divided that vast sum, and today nearly half of that number are penniless again, and only a few have succeeded in adding to their inheritance.

The average number of persons provided for by each will was ten, though in a number of instances, the most notable of which was the case of Florence Blythe, the entire estate passed into the hands of single heirs. The comparatively small estate of Kate Johnson, reached more heirs than any other, the number on the list being 35, while the estate of Thomas Blythe went to the one child, Florence, after a celebrated trial. The estate of Maria Coleman was valued at \$1,757,000, and it went equally to three heirs. Charles Crocker's \$22,000,000 reached six persons, while Mary Ann Crocker's \$11,883,557 went to three heirs, and only a few have succeeded in adding to their inheritance.

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ENGLISH RAILWAYS.
THEY ARE SLOW TO ADOPT IMPROVEMENTS IN THE SERVICE.

American Wrinkles Are Adopted in a Sort of Half-Hearted Way, and Very Little Effort Is Made by the Managers to Popularize Them.
Two factors in English holiday travel are obvious from these great piles of passengers' baggage. One is that there is no check system on the railways, and the other that if it cost as much to hire a cab in Liverpool or Manchester as in New York there would soon be a diminution in the number of packages, if not in the weight of the baggage, which English families take with them on their holiday travels. Few big Saratoga trunks are to be seen on the platforms at Crowe. Here and there may be seen a trunk which it takes two men to lift, but the address on it will almost certainly show it to belong to an American visitor. English people will not take the trouble to pack all their belongings into one or two large sized trunks. Neither is there any need why they should so long as the railway companies will accept without demur 12 or 15 small trunks, hampers, bundles and other miscellaneous packages as the baggage entitled to go with one set of railway tickets, and so long as an English cab driver will pile all this stuff on the top or box seat of his cab and carry it and the family attached to it, from their home to the railway station for half a crown.

Every now and again an Englishman who has been in America writes to The Times concerning the advantages of the check system as it is worked on the American railways, but all these letters go unheeded. English railway managers have a dread of innovations, especially if the innovation comes from America, and the English people, who are accustomed to the scramble for baggage at the railway stations, are quite satisfied with the existing system, or rather lack of system. On the whole, they save a little money by it. English railway companies allow a third class passenger 66 pounds of personal baggage, and a first class passenger double that amount. Any excess is supposed to be paid for, but a tip of threepence to a porter will usually see the whole traveling impediments of a family carried straight from the cab to the train and insure that no questions are asked. If it is not usually the lack of a tip or a hostile hint from a cabman who is not satisfied with his fare that leads to a call at the weighing machine on the way from the cab to the baggage van. Under the existing system English people have always to watch over their own baggage at every change, and when sometimes assembled and struggle for it at the end of the journey, and to tumble over other people's baggage as they fight their way into a crowded train. But then, as I have shown, it is a system under which the passenger can nearly always get the best of the railway company in the matter of excess of baggage, and nobody gives any heed to the frequent suggestions that the American system of checks should be adopted.

In one or two directions the English companies are now following the example of the American railway companies. After years of urging from the board of trade and the government department which has the oversight of railways, several of the lines are gradually introducing long cars for long distance travel. The pattern of car now being brought into use is a compromise between the American car and the English compartment carriage. The compartment is retained, but each compartment is connected with a corridor which runs not down the middle, but along one side of the car. This has given the name of corridor train to the train made up of carriages built after this fashion.

On some of the trains all the carriages are connected with vestibules like those on American railways. On other trains there are two or three corridors, while the rest of the carriages are of the old fashioned style. It is characteristic of the English people that there is seldom any scramble for places in the new cars. People seem to like the old compartments better, a fact upon which the railway companies do not fail to lay stress when, after some outrage in a train, the companies are pressed by the board of trade to make the use of corridor cars more general. The corridor trains are principally in use between London and Scotland. On scores of the long distance runs in England all the carriages are still of the old fashioned kind.

Another factor concerning the corridor trains is typical of the English character. Newsboys are not carried on them. The English railway newsboy is still kept solely to the platforms at the railway stations. And he is likely to be kept there, for English people would vote it a nuisance too great to be borne to be pestered to buy books and confectionery they do not want. The newsboy who travels with the train has few friends among Englishmen who have been in America. People grumble at the prices charged by the monopolists who control all the railway news and bookstalls in this country. But it is often put to the credit of the monopolists that their newsboys are always at hand, but never make themselves a nuisance, nor worry passengers who do not want the books they are vending.

One of the newest innovations from America in the English railway service concerns mileage books. These are now in use on the Northeastern railway. They are being tried in a tentative fashion, and so far are issued only to first class travelers. The reductions in fare are quite considerable, and the conditions prescribed by the company are easy. If the experiment works satisfactorily, it will soon be extended to third class passengers on the Northeastern, and, once well established on one large trunk line, the system will soon become general.—London Letter.

LINCOLN COULD GET ANGRY.
A White Man Who Was Brought Up Among Slaves.

Take the case of Rev. W. J. White, the editor of a Baptist weekly published at Augusta, Ga. White is a man of intelligence and integrity, and his account of his early life has never been disputed. Briefly this is the story: A few years before the war a dark faced boy made his appearance on a large Georgia plantation. He was supposed to be a mulatto, and when the planter died the youngster was sold with the estate. After the war this alleged mulatto picked up an education and investigated his ancestry. He was not much surprised to learn that he did not have a particle of negro blood in his veins. His mother was an Indian and his father was a white man.

White was not long in deciding to cast his lot with the blacks. He had always been close with them. It seemed to be the will of the Almighty that he should share the burdens of the negro race, and he made up his mind to stick to his old companions. He prospered and became a leader among the people. He has not been attempted to rise above what he believes to be his divinely ordained sphere. It is easy to see at a glance that this is not a mulatto or a quadroon, for his mixed Indian and Caucasian blood cannot be mistaken; but he has no desire to cut loose from the ex-slaves with whom he has spent the best years of his life.

Many of the white ministers of his denomination know the peculiar facts of his case, and they treat him with great consideration. Unconsciously he leads his life of self sacrifice, and his only object seems to be the advancement of his adopted race. He married a mulatto and admits to all the laws and social distinctions which separate the two races in the south. Few men similarly situated would have followed White's example. As a rule, people of Indian and white parentage claim to be the social equals of the whites, and if they have a Pocomonus strain in their blood, they are proud of it.—Chicago Times-Herald.

HOW ALLSPICE GROWS.
Something About the Beautiful and Fragrant Pimento Tree.
The pimento or allspice tree is cultivated in the West Indies and Jamaica. This beautiful tree usually grows to a height of about 30 feet. It has a straight trunk, much branched above, and covered with a very smooth brown bark. The leaves vary in size and shape, but are always of a dark, shining green color. During the months of July and August the tree is in full bloom, the blossoms consisting of very fragrant, small, white flowers. When a new plantation of pimento trees is to be formed, no regular sowing or planting takes place, because it is next to impossible to propagate the young plants or to raise them from seeds in parts of the country where they do not grow spontaneously. Usually a piece of land is selected either close to a plantation already formed or in a part of the woodland where pimento trees are growing in a native state. The chosen piece of land is then cleared of all wood except those trees, and the felled timber is allowed to remain on the ground for the purpose of protecting the young plants from the sun.

At the end of two years the land is thoroughly cleared, and only the most vigorous pimento trees and plants are left standing. The plants come to maturity in about seven years. In favorable seasons the pimento crop is enormous, a single tree often yielding 500 or more pounds of the dried spice. The berries are picked while green, because if left on the tree until ripe they lose their pungent taste and are valueless. The green berries are exposed to the sun for a week or ten days, when they lose their green color and turn a reddish brown. When perfectly dry, they are put in bags and casks for exportation. The odor and the taste of the pimento berries are thought to resemble a combination of those of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves; hence the familiar name "allspice."—Philadelphia Times.

"All Very Well For Walsley." "Any complaints?" asked the orderly officer of some men who were about to begin their dinner in a certain barrack room. "Yes, sir," instantly exclaimed a raw recruit. "The beef and bacon in this case, an Irish ash isn't fit the likes of us to eat, an' I wish to report it." The doctor was sent for to inspect the food. "So you think this meat isn't fit for a man in your position to eat?" said he. "Allow me to tell you that greater men than ever you will be have eaten it. Even Lord Walsley, our present general-in-chief, wasn't above eating it." "Oh, did he?" said our overnice recruit. "Yes, he did," replied the surgeon. "Oh, well," returned the man, "was all very well for Walsley, 'cause the meat would be fresh an' good then. You see, sir, it's a long time since that 'ere Crimea job, an' it can't be expected to keep good all these years."—London Answers.

The Little Toe to Go.
A comparative anatomist says that the little toe has got to go, that it is a useless appendage, already showing signs of degeneration or withering away. It is proved that the horse, in the course of several centuries, has dropped four toes and now travels on one, and some think that man's pedal extremities are bound to follow a similar line of evolution. In the horse it is the middle digit which has survived as the hoof. In man it will be the first or great toe.

Pleasant Place to Live.
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BARBARA FREITCHIE
ANOTHER VERSION OF THE INCIDENT MADE FAMOUS BY WHITTIER.

It was a Younger Woman Who Waved the Flag at the Confederates—How Barbara Came to the Credit—The Character and Home of Barbara Freitche.
It seems a pity to spend so pretty a picture as the one drawn by Whittier of the aged Barbara Freitche waving the stars and stripes over the heads of the rebel hosts as they marched through Fredericksburg, but truth compels the statement that Barbara only displayed the flag after the arrival of the Federal troops, while a younger woman dated the rebels, without, however, being fired upon.

Barbara's maiden name was Haner, and she was born on Dec. 8, 1796, in Lancaster, Pa. Her family moved to Frederick, Md., when she was a child, and in 1806 she married John Casper Freitche. One of her relatives now living in Frederick is authority for the following statement: "Barbara was intensely patriotic, and in September, 1863, when the Union soldiers drove the rebels out of Frederick, Barbara manifested her delight by standing at her window with a silk flag in her hand. Owing to her advanced age (nearly 66) she attracted a great deal of attention, both officers and private breaking ranks to shake her by the hand. For three hours she continued to stand there, until, becoming exhausted, she was persuaded to come in and rest. Earlier in the day a younger woman had waved a small Union flag from a house in the same street while the rebels were passing. She was not fired upon, however.

In the excitement following on the retreat of the rebels the two incidents became blended together, and a resident of the town, writing to Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, telling them as one. Mrs. Southworth, feeling that she could not do justice to the theme, wrote an account of it to the poet Whittier, who, stretching poet's license to the limit, penned the well known verses entitled "Barbara Freitche."

Barbara's home was situated on West Patrick street, on the east bank of Carroll creek. Directly opposite was the town spring, whose waters still bubble up as refreshingly as they did through all the years of our bitter strife. Whichever party held Frederick was sure to be represented by its soldiers at that spring. During hot summer days they would lounge in the shade of Barbara's stoop. If it were the boys in blue, she was very gracious and would come down and lend them her tumbler or her dipper and give them biscuits, but not so the Confederates, whom she would drive from her premises or order from her porch with a majestic motion of her cane, her great age protecting her from insolence or harm.

Barbara died on Dec. 18, 1863, at the age of 66 years and 15 days. She was buried beside her husband in the German Reformed churchyard of Frederick. In 1868 a food died a great deal of damage to property on West Patrick street, and Barbara's house was condemned and torn down to widen Carroll creek. The carpenter who razed the house made cause of the balustrade and sold them. One was sent to General Grant as a souvenir.

After Barbara's death there was a sale of a portion of her furniture, and it was my pleasure a few years since to see a bedstead owned by her in an upholsterer's store. Old fashioned, severely plain and simple, I should have passed it a hundred times without noticing it had my attention not been called to it by the storekeeper, who told me he had purchased it from a Frederick dealer upon a sworn affidavit as to its genuineness. The bed on which she died is now owned and used by a great-grand-nephew. Her sideboard is the property of another nephew.

The historic silk flag is in the possession of the niece who stood upon that memorable occasion by Barbara's side while the latter held it in her hand; also among her priceless treasures this same niece values a blue china coffee-pot, which was the property of Barbara, and from which coffee was served to General Washington when he visited Frederick in 1791. Upon that occasion Washington spent the night at Mrs. Kimball's house, where the City Hotel brought her Liverpool china to grace the table.

Whittier painted truthfully when he said: "The clustered spires of Frederick stand Green walled by the hills of Maryland." "Significantly enough, the churches are all grouped together within a stone's throw of each other. Barbara was a member of the German Reformed, with Dr. Zacharias as pastor. A few years after the war he was interviewed by some admirers of Whittier's exquisite lines. "Ah, yes," answered the doctor tenderly, "I was Barbara Freitche's pastor for nearly 30 years. I banded her the cup and the bread. At our communion service she always partook, as had been her lifelong habit, standing, and afterward was sure to shake hands cordially with her pastor."—Boston Herald.

TELEGRAPHERS' TALES.
A Newfoundland Dog Kept Watch—Value of Busted Street.

Telegraph operators have queer experiences at times, especially at the only railroad stations where travel is light, hours long and the work is done at night. An experience meeting of sailors, so far as the yarn spinning is concerned, is as mild compared to a telegrapher's social session as milk is to a tar's shore leave. Several knights of the key were sitting about a table down town after hours recently, when the tongues began to wag about experiments. Gil Bradley started the ball.

"I was sent one night to shoo on the Texas and Pacific at a little station called Gordon," he said. "There was no hotel of four rooms a mile from the telegraph station and two or three cabins about the same distance off. The regular operator had his rooms over the station and freighthouse, where supplies were received for the coal mines several miles away. It was the loneliest place I ever struck, but I had to work. After fixing things I lay down on a bench to wait for the next freight. I suppose I dozed, for I jumped up with a start at feeling a cold, wet nose shoved into my face. There was a big Newfoundland dog wagging his tail as merrily as a buzzard out, excepting a stiff second. Well, that dog ran first to the lighted lantern on the door, then back to me, and then pretty soon I began to think something was wrong. Up I got, and he led me all through the freight-house, up to the operator's rooms and sack to the office; then calmly went to sleep with one eye open and one ear pricked up. I waited for the train, but before I heard it he began to bark.

"The next night the same performance. Well, after that I used to go to sleep, and for the week I was there that dog kept watch. You see, the regular was fond of sleep at night, so he could play poker all day. I never told on him, but that was a well trained dog.

"That's no experience," said Billy Marshall. "There was only half a thrill in that. Why, in 1888, during the blizzard, I was holding down a night job in New Jersey. It was the dreariest spot that a railroad official could pick out for a station. It was so quiet in the daytime that you could hear the sun light glint and at night the shadows fall. It was snowing when I went on at night, and all trains were blocked, and by morning I was almost buried. My lunch was long ago gone, and I felt like grinding my teeth into some breakfast. Dinner time came and went, supper hour passed, and no relief arrived. I chewed on lead pencils and rubber bands until I felt like a girl bookkeeper. I pulled in my belt and nearly cut myself in two, but the old hanger was there just the same. So I tried to sleep, but there was no sleep in me with that gnawing at my stomach.

"All at once I saw three muskrats come up through a hole in the floor. I made for them with a poker, killed one, and the others got away to freeze to death. Skinning that fellow and dressing him didn't take long, and with wire I rigged a broiler. You bet your life the smell of that cooking rat was just great joy, and I'm no chit either. It was snowing when I fell asleep and only woke up when he was so burned that the odor nearly choked me.

"The snowplow came along soon, however, and when I got filled up again I was sort of glad I hadn't put down the old muskrat after all. He might not have agreed with me."—New York Sun.

The Science of Smiles.
The gentle art of smiling is the latest thing which science has been meddling with, tracing back to its very beginning and pointing out with something like a sneer how the facial expression first came to adorn the face of primate man. Mr. Edward Cuyler, in a recent lecture in Paris before the Societe d'Anthropologie, stated that our smiles, however winning to outward seeming, are simply records of our very remote ancestors' selfishness, greediness and pugnacity.

The passion that dominated all others in primitive man was the desire for food. The animals of those days were huge and fierce, and the implements of hunting few and crude. The naked hunter, therefore, was forced to go off with an empty stomach, but when he made a kill he gorged himself with meat. The anticipation of the approaching satisfaction of his hunger pained him to open his mouth and show his teeth, partly through pleasure and partly through an instinctive impulse to get himself in readiness for the immediate stowing away of his food.

With the progress of civilization, however, this facial contortion grew to be caused by other pleasurable things, and then came the sound of audible laughter. The graceful smile of the hostess, therefore, as she receives her guests is merely an inherited expression of satisfaction derived from a savage progenitor who anticipated a good time when he had people to dine for his dinner. Again, the open smile of more open pleasure is simply a survival of the gaping mouth with which the semianimal prepared to tackle roast grandmother.—New York Journal.