

Wyoming takes the lead. A woman has announced herself as candidate for the governor's chair.

The case of ex-president Harrison calls attention to the fact that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson and Fillmore married widows.

According to a new directory of the elite, Brooklyn has its 4,000. This seems to the World to open the way to the Greater New York's 4,400.

An editor in Kansas, calls every man who pays a year in advance "Colonel"; six months, "Major"; three months, "Captain"; the others, "Mr."

A California medical paper comments on the startling fact that that state, with fewer inhabitants than New York city, has five great insane asylums, with about 4,500 patients.

One figure of speech has Professor Roentgen of Wurtzberg ruled off the dictionary of cant. Anyone can now see as far into a millstone as the X rays will penetrate and to their prying qualities there is yet no known limit.

A Scot once said that if ever the North Pole was discovered one of his countrymen would be found sitting upon it taking snuff. The New York Sun says it is to be hoped that Nansen is in a position to refute or confirm this tradition.

It has been decided by the supreme court of Michigan that it is not a prejudicial error in the trial of a criminal case for the prosecuting attorney to call the witnesses for the defense a "lot of liars" a "lot of dirty pups who ought not to be believed" if the circumstances of the case seem to justify the truth of the assertion. The court says that while such language is severe, there is no rule prohibiting an attorney from expressing his opinion of the truthfulness of witnesses where their testimony is conflicting, and the jury will be called upon to decide between them.

We make a great mistake when we despise small things, moralizes the Atlanta Constitution. We lose time, labor and money reaching out after the big prizes, when we could make a fortune by turning our attention to the small affairs of life. The New York World calls attention to the fact that our hens contribute yearly over a \$135,000,000 to the wealth of the country. They have caused the rise and growth of that worthy class, the chicken farmers. As our contemporary wells says, no chicken farmer ever led a riot. Few of them have gone to the gallows and few have been sent to jail. They are as a class as quiet, peaceful and contented as their hens. The demand for chickens and eggs is practically unlimited. They are products which will stand shipping long distances, and they are articles of universal consumption. Here in the South we are paying altogether too little attention to this money-making industry.

The Spaniards who made a threatening demonstration, the other day, in front of the American legation at Madrid, were promptly dispersed by the police, but they will doubtless make trouble again, if our government recognizes the belligerency of the Cubans. Spain is a peculiar country. She is proud, sensitive and poor. Once she was one of the powers, but now she lives apart from the other nations, and is out of the line of modern progress. No country seeks her alliance. Her friendship is courted by nobody. But the people of this decaying monarchy still think that they are powerful, and that other nations dread them. They even believe they can bid defiance to the United States, and they do not realize the fact that they have held Cuba simply through the forbearance of other nations. There are good points about these people. They are high-spirited, brave and loyal to their country. Under a great leader they would forge to the front, and in time regain some of their old prestige. Under their present conditions they are handicapped. They owe more than they can ever pay, and when they lapse Cuba foreign money lenders may demand the dismemberment of the kingdom. There is not in all Europe a nation easier to conquer, and yet the Spaniards know so little of what is going on in the world, that they talk about liking the United States, and some of their crazy journalists have boasted that they will take Florida from us after they get through with Cuba. It is a sad thing to see a nation die, but Spain is face to face with death. When this living skeleton scurries the sword and threatens the United States, the spectacle resembles an opera bouffe scene.

Just From Georgia.
TILL SONG TIME
Long time
Till song time:
But birds are on the wing,
An' when the green comes creepin'
An' violets are poppin'
Where now the snows are sleepin'
You'll hear the sweet birds sing!

Long time
Till song time:
But soon the daisy'll spring,
An' in the brightest bowers
You'll mark the days with flowers,
An' love'll rule the hours,
An' all the bells'll ring!

—Atlantic Constitution.

Uncle Sambuq's Fortune.

Trophine Gogolin, generally known in the district as master Trefume, had so often related the story of Uncle Sambuq and his fortune that he had finally come to believe it himself. The simple truth of the matter was that Peter Jambuq, a ne'er-do-well who had given his parents no end of trouble, had shipped as an ordinary seaman on a three master one fine day in the year of grace 1848, and had never been seen or heard of since. These hard facts were too ridiculously simple for the worthy friends and relations of the vanished Peter; they could not understand how anyone could set out for America without reaching that continent and making his fortune; so the worthy people gradually evolved the idea that Uncle Jambuq had gone and done likewise, and would one day return rolling in riches—of course, to die in due time and leave his fortune to them.

So the years rolled by, and uncle Sambuq's fortune grew bigger in the imagination of his people. The older relative died, and master Trefume became heir to his uncle. Now, it happened one day that Trefume met a sailor whose acquaintance he had made a year or so previously. This man had just returned from a voyage to the states, and Trefume seized the opportunity to ask him if he had heard of uncle Sambuq while on the other side.

The sailor, probably out of politeness, and in order to please Trefume and his wife, informed them that he had a distinct recollection of having on several occasions met an individual on the quays of New York, who was undoubtedly very wealthy, and was the exact image of Sambuq. That settled the matter; there could no longer be any doubt that uncle Sambuq had reached America and made his pile, as any reasonable person would do.

A few months passed. One morning when he was least expecting it he received a letter from New York. The letter bore the seal of the French embassy. Trefume carried that precious letter about with him all day without breaking the seal, in order to show it to his friends. Not till the evening, in the presence of his wife and children his hands trembling with excitement, did he venture to open it. It was somewhat bulky—probably it contained bank notes. The papers were carefully taken from the envelope, and proved to be Sambuq's death certificate and a brief note with it from the embassy.

"So he is dead?" remarked his wife.

"Of course he is," replied Trefume; "doesn't the ambassador say so?"

"The ambassador doesn't say anything about the fortune," observed Trefume's better half.

"I suppose you want him to tell us all about it straight off before the man is fairly dead," replied Trefume sarcastically. "We can wait, and he knows it. He'll write again in a day or two."

But, strange to say, the ambassador omitted to write that other letter. As the time went on surprise deepened into anxiety; a veritable fever—a gold fever took possession of them; they lost interest in everything. They could think of nothing but Sambuq's millions and wonder what had become of them. At length their anxiety reached such a pitch that Trefume announced his intention of undertaking a journey to New York—a decision which met with the full approval of all concerned.

"I shan't be away more than a month—or two," said Trefume, "and the boy can look after the boat. A few hundred francs won't break us; besides I know I shall be ill if I don't go and see what is going on over there."

I have said that everyone approved the decision. I may add that had it been otherwise it would have made no difference. When Trefume got an idea into his head it wanted some getting out.

He traveled to Havre and embarked on a vessel bound for New York. He knew absolutely nothing of the great

city he was approaching. He could not speak the language—he was as helpless as a child in a wood. He began to get very anxious, and looked around for somebody to confide in and obtain assistance from. He tried the under-steward, a fellow-countryman, but the latter was too busy to be bothered. Trefume, however, refused to be shaken off, and the under-steward, in desperation, glanced about for somebody to whom he could refer the persistent fisherman, and so got rid of him.

"Here!" he said, pointing to two of the passengers. "These are the men to help you. They know New York so well that they could find their way blindfold any where in the city. Try them."

Trefume looked at the men and thanked his compatriot heartily. He was delighted at the thought of meeting two people who were so well acquainted with New York. They were two shifty-looking chaps, who had been left severely alone on the voyage. He went toward the two passengers, who, after changing a word or two between themselves walked away before he could reach them. Trefume walked after them, but they still avoided him and began conversing earnestly together. The fisherman hesitated; he thought they had something private on, and he did not wish to intrude. It never entered his head that they were avoiding him. He did not intend to lose his chance, so he continued to walk after them at a respectable distance. Two or three times, when he thought the moment opportune, he approached them hat in hand, and attempted to speak to them in his best French but was met with a scowl and growl which made him retire.

The two men were evidently much perplexed at the strange conduct of their fellow-passenger. They were worried about it, too; so, finally, they spoke to the under-steward concerning Trefume. The official was more busy than ever, but he was fond of a joke, and thought he might as well enliven the routine of the day by a little fun.

"You know there has been a big robbery in Paris?" he said in a confidential whisper. "Well, I wouldn't mind betting that this man is Jean Ernest, the cleverest detective in France, who is on the track of the thieves, and has disguised himself as a fisherman from the South."

The two men looked at each other, thanked the under-steward, and dived into their cabin, from which they only emerged when the ship was actually alongside the quay. Poor Trefume looked for them in vain. They got off the steamer unobserved by him, and he was left to find his way around New York as best he could.

How he went through the rest of that day, where he lodged at night, he never knew. He began on the following day looking for the embassy, asking the way in his provincial French, and being laughed at and treated with contempt as an impostor, until sick at heart, and thoroughly discouraged, he sat down on a doorstep and began to cry. Uncle Sambuq might have journeyed to his native country to die, and thus have made things easier for his heir.

After a few minutes he plucked up courage and determined to try again. He had just reached the end of the street when he saw one of the men to whom the under-steward had referred him on the steamer. He had changed his clothes and cut off his beard, but Trefume was positive it was the same man.

"Monsieur, monsieur," he cried, running towards the man.

Whether the man heard the words or not, he took to his heels as soon as he saw the Frenchman running.

"What!" said Trefume to himself in an indignant tone. "This man knows New York as well as I know Edoume, and he won't help me! I'll see about that."

Away they went, the stranger and Trefume. In vain the former doubled this corner and that; his pursuer stuck to him until, thoroughly exhausted, the stranger took refuge in a bar and awaited the arrival of his pursuer.

"So I have you at last!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Why did you run away and give me all this trouble? Now you must—"

"Hush!" interrupted the man, turning pale in spite of the violent exercise. "Don't make a fuss," he continued, in excellent French; "that will be of no use. Come and sit down in this corner."

man; but before he could speak the stranger continued:

"We can arrange this little affair, can't we, without any further delay?"

"Of course we can," exclaimed Trefume, thinking still that the man was talking about uncle Sambuq's fortune.

"That's agreed. Now how much do you want?"

"My fair share," replied the Frenchman.

"I'll give you this pocket book—it has one hundred thousand francs in French notes—I have not had time to exchange them for American money. They are good. You need not be afraid that they are bad or stopped. Will that satisfy you?"

One hundred thousand francs. If it was an immense sum, but was it a fair share? How much was uncle Sambuq worth?

"Is that my fair share?" asked Trefume.

"How much do you expect?" asked the other irritably. "It was a good thing, but it wasn't a gold mine, and there are several to share it. Either that or nothing."

"Well, I'll take it!" said Trefume, beginning to fear that he might lose all.

"Very well! Now, you have this on condition that you go back in the Bretagne, and the Bretagne starts in two hours. And remember, you have never seen me!"

"Done!" said Trefume.

The pocket book was handed to him and he scrutinized the notes. They were all right. He tried to explain it all to himself; he was not clear on some points; but the more he tried to think it out, the more confused he would become. Only one thing was clear; he had succeeded in getting a good slice of uncle Sambuq's fortune and was a rich man.

They remained where they were for an hour, then the stranger went with to procure a ticket, saw him safely on board, and watched him until the ship started on its voyage across the Atlantic.

Thus it came about that master Trefume, having had the good fortune to be taken for a detective, became the heir of uncle Sambuq, who had died penniless in a hospital a few weeks before!

As to Trefume, he was never able to arrive at any proper understanding of the affair, but he did not worry himself much on that head. Later on when he had given up work and donned a frock coat, he used to shake his head and declare, with much gravity, that in business matters those American fellows were far ahead of any other people. See how quickly they settled that little matter of uncle Sambuq's fortune.—From the Franklin Strand Magazine.

War to be Fought on Wings.

Although much remains to be accomplished before either submarine or aerial navigation becomes so perfected as to come in useful for purposes of war, it seems pretty safe to predict that by the end of the twentieth century they will be regarded much as we view telephones and electric light. It is little more than half a century ago since the idea of propelling vessels across the Atlantic by steam power was not only ridiculed by the learned in such matters, but proved to be absolutely impossible. There is no impracticability in living under water or in the upper air; given proper appliances and both are well within the scope of human endeavor. All that remains, therefore, is to discover trustworthy means of propulsion and of steering, of sinking at will in the one case and rising at will in the other. Such trifles as these should be the merest nothings to mechanical science; indeed, claims are already made on behalf of certain talented inventors that both problems are practically solved. What warfare it will be when one power holds supremacy in the air and another power down among the fishes! That would, indeed, be a practical illustration of the grim Bismarckian jest about the whale and the elephant. Perhaps, however, by that time the winged soldier will be rendered capable of diving as well as of flying, while the submarine warrior may be given the flying fish faculty of shooting into the air. We make sure that we shall soon hear these claims also put forward on behalf of the miraculous Edison and the little less miraculous Goubet.—London Graphic.

Telephone Versus Telegraph.

It has recently been pointed out, says The Philadelphia Inquirer, that already the telephone is used, by actual count, ten times as much as the telegraph the annual figures being put down about 75,000,000 telegrams and 750,000,000 telephone talks.

VENEZUELAN GIRLS.

They Ripen at Seventeen Into Captivating Creatures.

Picturesque Cavaliers Court Them Through Grated Windows.

At about the age of seventeen the girls of Venezuela ripen into the most astonishing beauty. Their eyes are of the most lustrous darkness, their hair abundant, wavy, and as brilliantly dark as their eyes. As a rule, their teeth are white and perfect. Their complexions are delicate and transparently lovely as the petals of the tropical night flower, and their figures as supple and slender as lizards. They are especially noted for their well-made feet and hands. It is not uncommon to find them well-dressed, with a great gift of tongues, speaking easily French, English and German, besides their native Spanish fluently. Daughters of wealthier families are usually sent to Paris for a few years "finishing" in a fashionable convent-school, and they quickly acquire in the capital of fashion that grace and chic which is eminently Parisian.

Taken altogether, one of these Venezuelan girls, just home from France, is as captivating a creature as one can well imagine. Unfortunately for their beauty and charm, the climate is absolutely destructive. Only the most energetic can keep up any regular exercise, and without it in these tropical countries this lovely bloom of their first years is almost as evanescent as the life of the rarest flower.

It is entirely due to the climate that this is so, because in very many cases where the girl is able to bring a substantial dowry, the parents arrange for her a marriage in Europe, and some of the most beautiful women of the continental capitals are Venezuelans, who retain their beauty well on into middle age. If, however, their fate is to return to Venezuela they have only to resign themselves to an early flight of all their physical attractions.

As a rule—and this rule is almost without exception—they are married before they attain the age of twenty. Indeed, the greater number of marriages are contracted before the girl has passed her eighteenth birthday. The modes of courtship are very like those of old Spain.

The Venezuelan houses are mostly of two stories. The first door is upon the level of the street and leads straight into the central patio or court yard. This story is given up to the offices and servants' quarters and is very low. The floor above contains the reception and bed rooms and looks out upon the street only by means of a few grated windows, and here and there is a tiny balcony. About sunset it is customary for the young swells to station themselves beneath these windows upon horse back. The first story being so low they are thus almost on a level with the balconies.

The young men ride in the most picturesque fashion. Their horses are descendants of the original Spanish horses which were full of Arab blood and have the same arching necks and abundant wavy manes and tails. They are usually cream color, and their bridles are of elaborately braided and colored horse hair with huge silver bits.

Their saddles are frequently lined with velvet, have high Mexican pommels and are hung with leather tassels and bits of shining brass or silver. The horses are extremely well trained and will stand as still as statues with arching neck and delicately poised feet, while their riders pay calls and compliments at the grated windows, from which look forth dark and brilliant eyes.

Girls of the higher class are very strictly guarded. There are few balls or amusements, so that this twilight smiling through bars or balconies is about the most exciting social experience of their day. A little of this sort of thing gives them some idea of the desirable men of the place, and when one of the prancing cavaliers offers—through the medium of his parents—his hand and heart to some special pair of bright eyes, her impression of his attractions is usually such as she has been able to form through the gratings of a window.

Love—even under these difficult circumstances—is usually the foundation of a Venezuelan marriage, for in a country where life is so simple and inexpensive, considerations of convenience are not as imperative as in more sophisticated communities. As a rule, too, the marriages are happy. The women are generally amiable and, for the most part, excellent housekeepers. Love of their children is an absolute passion with both sexes and forms a very strong tie between the parents.—Detroit Free Press.

Thinks She Was Once a Cat.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox believes in reincarnation. She thinks possibly she was a cat once. This is due, probably, to the fact that she bestows much of her surplus affection, her interest and the unanswered wondering of her heart upon Banjo.

Banjo is her pet cat. He is, of course, the most remarkable example of the feline race that ever scampered after a fluttering ribbon or tried to chase its own tail. Banjo is an aristocrat and he is intelligent. One characteristic that Mrs. Wilcox points to with pride is Banjo's love of mice. Other cats may be afraid of mice, but Banjo is composed in their presence. At night he slumbers in a downy pillow in a warm room, furnished exclusively for his comfort. Mrs. Wilcox declares that Banjo was not always a cat. She has an idea that in some former existence she and Banjo were friends. It is her theory that the soul goes into the vegetable and mineral state from time to time, and that occasionally it passes into animal life—human beings, for instance. By centering our forces on a given point, Mrs. Wilcox, thinks, we can tell in advance the next stopping place of our souls.

"Over three-fourths of the inhabitants of the globe," she said, "believe in reincarnation. I do not call myself a theosophist, because theosophy is only a branch of a mighty tree of truth under which my soul finds shelter and truth and satisfaction. There are too many doctrines in the world and not enough beliefs. I am satisfied with my nameless religion—the reincarnation theory. I believe there is a possible Christ in each of us, and the more unselfish we live the more quickly we attain to it by lessening the future incarnations and hurrying on to the goal."—Philadelphia Press.

Their Wings Darkened the Moon.

"While I was on a hunting trip last month at Inman, Kan., I saw a sight which few sportsmen have ever seen," said Cook Herman. "One night, just as it was growing dusk, our party was hunting on a lake where we had been having good success with duck. Suddenly the sky seemed to be clouded over, so that we thought a storm was coming up, but on looking to see what was the cause of the sudden darkness, we discovered that immediately over us was a flock of wild geese, which literally covered the sky for as far as the eye could reach. I do not believe I would be exaggerating if I was to say that the geese in that flight were numbered by the thousands. For half an hour we watched them flying by, forming all sorts of picturesque groups like maps in the sky, shifting rapidly from one combination to another. They were flying just high enough to be out of gunshot reach, but I managed to kill one tired straggler, which had fallen behind one of the big bunches and ventured where he could be reached by a long shot. It was a sight which I shall never forget, and I am still regretting that we could not have got a crack at them."—Kansas City Journal.

Last Stand of a Maimed Fox.

A fox was captured near Heathsville, Va., recently, that possessed only three legs. Several young men were on their way to the village when a dog belonging to them started the fox and gave chase. A hound belonging to a neighbor was then turned loose to assist the other dog. When the fox realized that there was no chance for his life he crouched behind a bush, waited for the dogs to come up, and gave battle. He was soon dispatched, and on examination was found to be minus a leg. The missing member had been cut off, presumably by a steel trap, close to the shoulder, and the wound had healed up nicely. Those who saw the chase said it was wonderful what speed the fox could make, although thus disabled. The poor fellow has probably had to devise many a cunning trick and use his wits to the utmost to prevent being caught by the many packs of hounds that have been hunting around here during the fall and winter.—Richmond Dispatch.

What Did They Suspect.

The overworked bank cashier who was in need of a vacation had written to the agent of a steamship line to this effect: "I'm a thinking of taking a trip to Central or South America. Please acquaint me with particulars relative to rates of fare, etc., and from the various port usually visited by tourists at this season of the year. The answer came by telegraph: "(Private and confidential) of our steamships will Honduras next Wednesday, and quickest way out of the—Chicago Tribune.