WEDNESDAY, MARCH. 28, 1898.

The French Ministry of Finance recently instituted an inquiry to learn the amount of gold in circulation. It has established that there is $800,000,000 worth bearing the French stamp in circulation. It is claimed that this is a record amount. It is stated that the United States has $720,000,000, Germany, $680,000,000, and Great Britain and Russia $600,000,000.

That belief in lex talionis obtains strongly in New York has been demonstrated by the latest trials for murder. In the Borough of Brooklyn the cowboy Hinz, who shot and killed his brother-in-law, was tried and the jury disagreed, only two men favoring conviction. In Manhattan the jury in the case of Pietro Bargia, tried for killing the man who had slain his father in Italy, also disagreed. In this case only two men were for acquittal. Young Barcia had followed Francesco Cassatta from Italy in pursuit of his vendetta, and was proud of having fulfilled it. Both men will have to be tried again.

The marine sentry who gave Captain Sigsbee the first report of the disaster to the Maine is worthy of mention. His task was trifling, perhaps, but he did it with an American spirit of fidelity to his trust. Amid all the excitement, with explosions filling the air with noises that only partly drowned the shrieks of the wounded and dying men, with the ship blazing and filling with water, this marine calmly drew himself up to a salute as the commander of the vessel stumbled against him in the dark and made the formal report of the disaster in the bravest possible terms. This gallant fellow now makes light of his experience, saying that "any Yankee marine would do the same thing." He pays a high but not undeserved tribute to the trustworthiness of the men who go to sea in the American ships of war. The spirit that animates him is that which enabled the American navy in 1812-15 to sweep the Atlantic and gave to the young Republic the command of the seas and a high rank among the world's naval powers. The English papers were inclined to suggest that the disaster may have been due to negligence or lack of discipline on board the ship. The utter improbability of such a slanderous theory is indicated by this display of good order on the decks of the Maine in the first moments of the disaster, when all conditions were ripe for panic and demoralization.

The World north of the equator is generally too busy to pay much attention to the progress of events in the south of Africa, but the result of the recent election in the South African Republic has an interest of its own. After fifteen years of continuous service President Paul Kruger has been re-elected, receiving about four times as many votes as his leading opponent. As the Presidential term in the South African Republic runs for five years, Mr. Kruger, if he lives, will have enjoyed an administration covering full twenty years. The election is interesting both as showing the grip which the sturdy old Boer holds upon the people of his nation and as a token of the steadfast character of the Dutch people. Other republics have their intrigues and their battles of selfish ambition. Lately the Transvaal has arisen to an importance which might make it well worth the while of any man to figure conspicuously in its history. But the Boers, true to their policy of conservatism, have returned to office the man who has been tried and found to be amply capable to fill his position. Just as the sturdy Oom Paul stood by his people when the Englishman, Jameson, attempted his ill-fated raid, the Dutch people now stand by Oom Paul. On the whole, it is a worthy and admirable trait—this stubborn following of approved leaders and ideals. It is true that rapid progress—enterprise, with its exciting pursuit of flashing forces—is not developed in this way, but the race is content with good government when it finds it, and is willing to let well enough alone.

A wonderful thing is a song
The one thing deathless forever;
The one thing changeless—utterly
Forever old and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant dreamings, blossings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow today, tomorrow will bring
The blossom that proves what sort of thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

Right Man in the Wrong Place.

"Who is that pretty young girl you just bowed to?" said Capt. Bigg to his friend John Arminger.

"Well, she's a girl with whom my acquaintance began in rather a remarkable way. You remember the old-set Stackpole girl?"

"I remember the eldest—Miss Stackpole—Freddy—the one who hunts; but I should never dream of calling her a girl! And what possible connection has she with your charming friend?"

"A very close one, as I will tell you if you keep quiet and give me my head. You have evidently not heard that to the surprise and delight of her friends, Freddy Stackpole became engaged last spring to a fellow called Rodney, worth a lot of money, but rather ancient. You see, I've known the Stackpoles all my life; we belong to the same county, hunt with the same pack of hounds. I sent Freddy a letter of congratulation and a hunting crop—I heard afterward that she got 23—and accepted an invite to the wedding, which was to take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday, at half past two o'clock.

"But this is all beside the question," protested Capt. Bigg.

"It is not—it's the main part; so shut up. I arrived in good time and entered the church. The church was crammed, and I was a good deal surprised, I must confess, for I had no notion the Sackpoles had so many friends in London. However, I had no time to speculate, for an energetic youth buttonholed me and breathless ly asked: 'Friend of bride or bridegroom?'

"'Bride,' I answered.

"'Here you are, sit this side,' and he shoved me into a back seat, next to an old gentleman with a face by the dickens out of three legs and stick I nearly tumbled over. He was a little chap with a white beard and red face and wore an old fashioned blue frock coat and a pair of baggy lavender gloves.

"'Good morning,' said he. 'I give you my solemn word of honor that among all the crowd I did not see a soul I knew. Can you believe it?

"'I happened to sit next the old boy beside me. I caught him watching me furtively out of the corner of his eye. Our glances met and he said:

"'A friend of the bride, sir?'

"'Bless you, yes,' I answered, 'know her since I was in pinafores—'

"'Since you were in pinafores,' he repeated, and he seemed rather taken aback.

"'Why, yes,' and I was thinking of adding that she was ten or twelve years my senior, but, most fortunately refrained.

"He stared very hard for some time and then said: 'I suppose you are acquainted with most of the people here.' Can you tell me who some of them are—any celebrities, eh?'

"You are aware, Briggs, of my fatal passion for a practical joke. Well, here was a temptation I was powerless to resist. So I answered:

"'Oh, yes, I think I can point you out two or three well-known characters.'

"'Thank you,' he replied. 'I am a country grandfather, as you may see—and I very rarely come to London. Now, who is that stout, very dark woman in yellow, with the gold spikes in her bonnet?'

"'Oh, that,' or promptly returned, 'is the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. She is over here incog at present—just a visit to her dressmaker.'

"'Dear me! Why I always thought Mother Nature was her modiste,' said the old man, with a twinkling eye.

"'Oh, no, she is quite civilized—wears shoes and stockings, and rarely touches raw meat.

"'And, pray, why did she honor this ceremony with her presence?

"'Because of the bridegroom's cousins is attached to her court as chief pearl diver. He is called the King Fisher, and I need scarcely add that it is a purely nominal, but well paid, post.'

"'Thank you, I see. Now, can you tell me who those two elderly men are who have come in together?'

"'With pleasure,' I answered. 'The short one is Herbert Spencer and the other is Lord Salisbury.'

"'Dear me, this is most interesting; and the lady in the wonderful mantle?'

"'Is Sarah Bernhardt, and the little man just behind her, in spectacles, is the Spanish Ambassador—Don Jose Manolo; he is a celebrated waltzer, and his fandango is a thing to see.'

"'I'm immensely obliged to you for a great and unexpected treat. Hullo! I think she has come,' he added, craning his neck.

"'Yes, she undoubtedly had arrived—there was the usual commotion and [illegible] to the usual [illegible] troubled expression of your face when the bride, walking very slowly—a lovely bride, though white as her gown, as a girl of nineteen, splendid as lace and diamonds could make her, leaning on her father's [illegible] but an utter and complete stranger. She was followed by ten bridesmaids, in white satin frocks, white feathered hats and carrying immense bouquets of red roses; and the procession passed, leaving me dumfounded. I was an uninvited guest at the wrong wedding.

"My first idea was to make a bolt for it, but grandpapa's legs and stick cut off that door of escape so I determined to sit still, and make the best of an exceedingly disagreeable situation.

"The service over, the bridesmaids, armed with baskets of flowers, scattered themselves among the congregation and the girl you saw just now bow to me came down our way, all smiles, white feathers and favors. She seized on my old country grandpapa—as my Grandpapa—and pulled him out of his pew.

"'Why, fie fie! fie! fie!