

MONSIEUR'S LITTLE GAME.

How's French Matrimonial Agent Boomed His Business.

A matrimonial agent at Levallois-Perrot, a suburb of Paris, who had a special line of business, has just decamped with the money of numerous victims. He had as his clients none but plain or ugly damsels with dowries, who found a difficulty in "getting off" by reason of their lack of personal attractions, for although the great bulk of Gauls have a strong partiality for *déjà*, they do not care to be tied for life to a lady who has nothing to recommend her but her lucre. The absconding undertaker of weddings had a neat way of his own of reconciling intending bridegrooms to the prospect of double-blessedness with dames whose features were the reverse of fair, at the same time that he enabled his lady clients to change their names and find apparently eligible partners. He simply had a select stock of private friends, or rather confederates, who took over the ladies and large lumps of their dowries, and then, after a few weeks or months, decamped most ignominiously from the spouses whom they had promised to love and cherish. The agent, of course, received large commissions from the ladies, and moreover obtained sums of money from the fugitive husband. The system worked beautifully for a time—so far as the agent and his confederates were concerned. Money rolled into his office, until one day lately he was suddenly confronted by some of his outraged clients, who, after sad experience, had seen through his "little game." These ladies told their stories, complained that bad characters had been foisted upon them as husbands, and threatened to take legal proceedings against their victimizer. The agent replied in his blandest manner that he could not guarantee exemplary husbands whose conduct would be such as to keep the course of married life forever smooth and pleasant. When his clients, however, went away, the matrimonial operator, remembering the threats about legal proceedings, figuratively speaking hauled down his colors, or rather his sign-board and brass plate, shut up his shop and disappeared, most probably to foreign parts.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

LUTHER'S WEDDING RING.

A Curious Relic of the Great Reformer Owned by a Newark Man.

Adolph Seeman, of Newark, N. J., has a remarkable relic in his possession. It is nothing less than the ring which Martin Luther, the founder of Protestantism, placed on the finger of his bride on his wedding day. The ring is of pure gold, antique in design, curiously wrought and fully 365 years old. The claims in favor of the authenticity of the relic are certainly strong.

Seeman, who is a professional conjurer by occupation, is the son of the late Baron Harding Seeman, of Sweden. The Baron was a famous conjurer in his day and nation. As Seeman tells the story, an elderly noble woman died thirty years ago in a castle in the suburbs of Stockholm. As there were no claimants to her property the State took charge of it and sold the castle and its contents at auction. A gentleman named Hammer purchased the entire collection of jewelry, among which was the ring referred to. Not being familiar with the history of the ring, he disposed of it to Baron Seeman for \$5. A few years later, when the Baron and his son were visiting America, a copy of the German monthly *Gastelaube*, published at Dresden, came to them, containing an illustration of a ring for which the city of Iseben, Germany, the great reformer's birthplace, offered a reward of \$1,000. The illustration and accompanying description tallied exactly with the ring in the Baron's possession, and the latter at once started for Germany to lay claim to the reward.

There was no difficulty in establishing the fact that the ring was in reality Luther's wedding ring, but upon second thought the Baron concluded not to sell for the amount that had been offered. Accordingly he returned to America with the remarkable relic adorning his finger, and three years ago, when his death took place, the ring became the property of his son, who to-day would scarcely part with it for a mint of money.

As an illustration of the skill exhibited by the artisans of three centuries ago, Luther's wedding-ring furnishes a marked example. Although considerably worn by its long period of existence, it is in almost perfect condition. Upon one of the broad yet delicately-constructed sides the crucifixion of Christ is admirably delineated.

The figure is stretched on the cross, with the nails in the feet and one in either hand, as familiarized by the old masters. A spear scourge, cap of a Roman soldier, all emblematic, and even the dice with the garments of the Saviour, are all clearly delineated. The opposite

side the pillar of a Jewish temple is presented with the sword of Justice overheard.

A ladder rope—the latter winding about the pillar—a sponge and hammer, suggestive of every incident in the death scene, are clearly shown, and on the cross-tree appears the letters, "I. N. R. I." (Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæe). A powerful glass reveals the initials "M. L." on the interior, while the whole is surmounted by a small ruby, beautifully set, and supposed to typify the blood that flowed from the Saviour's side.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

PEONS OF MEXICO.

Men Who Work Hard for Ridiculously Low Wages.

Speaking of the peon, I think to most travelers in Mexico one of the most astonishing things must be apparent differences between accounts read of his laziness and shiftlessness and what one really sees of him in the city or country. I should say, from several months' observation of them, that the average peon far exceeds our best negro workers of the South in industry and energy. On the streets you much oftener see them on a brisk walk, or, as in the case of the *cargadores*, even on a trot, than on the slouching gait of most of our Southern colored laborers. The peon is more ignorant than the latter, due to his isolation from higher civilization, but I would unhesitatingly say that his natural intelligence is greater. He works for smaller wages than the negro, getting on an average about eighteen cents a day in the country. He is frugal—as a rule a little fonder of his pulque or tequila than the negro is of his whisky, but also, as a rule, faithful and good-natured.

In the country they will often be met long before daylight driving their burros or carrying on their own backs burdens into a market town twenty or thirty miles away. The load they carry and distances they frequently make with them are almost incredible. I have known one peon to carry on his back, by means of the peculiar pack of the country, eighty good-sized water jars a distance of fifteen miles in a morning. In the city one is struck by their alert, polite ways. They are very susceptible to kindness, and equally quick to resent severity of language from a stranger. Outside of the cities I have found them noticeably honest, and even in the cities they would rank far above the Mexican (I observe the distinction made by Mr. Bishop, I think, of calling "Mexican" the mixed blood of the Spanish and native, and applying the term "Indian," or "peon," according to the class, to the pure-blooded native) in this respect. The old hereditary traits of the Latin race will crop out, even mixed with other blood and transplanted to other soil.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

—A sagacious canine at Johnstown is not going to get caught in another food if it can help it. Every time it rains the dog rushes to the fourth story and remains there until the downpour is over.

Baltimore's Columbus Monument.

Baltimore is the possessor of the only monument in this country to the memory of the discoverer of America. Strange to say, it was set up by a foreigner, the first French Consul to the port of Baltimore. He was an eccentric man, possessed of great wealth and an ardent admiration of Columbus. The existence of this monument is not generally known, and it has particular interest now in view of the accumulating importance of the coming Exposition of the three Americas. It stands upon an elevated plateau on the lawn attached to the Samuel Ready Female Orphan Asylum, at the intersection of East North avenue and the Hartford road. It was erected nearly a century ago, yet it is in a fine state of preservation after having withstood the storms of so many years. It is the design of the management of the asylum to appropriately decorate the monument in October, 1892, the time of the great Exposition of the three Americas, as a help to emphasize the circumstances under which it was erected. The monument is built of brick said to have been imported from England or France. At first it was covered with plaster, but it has since received a coating of cement by the Ready Asylum trustees. It is quadrangular in form, and slopes from a base of six and one-half feet in diameter to two and a half feet at the top, and is about fifty feet high.—Baltimore American.

—The bell that calls the arithmetic class is the school boys' dread summons.—Merchant Traveler.

We Are All Posted.
The last issue of The Medical Review promises a future article on "What to Do When Stung by a Hornet." We don't believe any one will wait with bated breath for that article. We have all been there. The thing to do is to jump two feet high and yell for the police.—Detroit Free Press.

MISTAKES IN GRAMMAR.

Blunders That Are Frequently Made Through sheer Carelessness.

Faults are pardonable in conversation which are not pardonable in written compositions. But we must be careful not to take too much leeward in this regard, and not to make mistakes in grammar and pronunciation. Some people are guilty of grammatical blunders, through sheer carelessness. Thus, a lady of my acquaintance, who understands trigonometry, and can translate Virgil, often says to me "you was," and yet she knows perfectly well that this is an inexcusable mistake.

Other people, who ought to know better, say "he don't" for "he doesn't," "I don't know as I do," instead of "I don't know that I do." "Aint" and "aintn" are not often used now by educated people, unless in a jesting way. It is an unwise thing, however, to be careless or inaccurate in one's pronunciation or use of language, since tricks of speech are easily caught, and very hard to get rid of. Thus, when one is talking to servants, or other uneducated people, one is often tempted to adopt their phraseology, in order to be readily understood by them, but it is better to withstand the temptation, even if one should be obliged in consequence to take more trouble to express one's meaning clearly.

What shall be said of the woman who says "I done it?" She has certainly placed herself between the horns of a dilemma. Her hearers will infer either that her early education was neglected, or that she associated with uneducated people during her childhood. And yet this is a grammatical fault, which seems hard to get rid of. Persons who never say "I seen it," or "he has went," or "them things," will occasionally betray themselves by letting slip the fatal "I done it."

It is quite as incorrect to use "he" and "I" for "him" and "me," or vice versa, as it is to say "I done it," and yet the first-named class of faults—that of using the wrong pronouns—is sometimes committed by educated people.

Indeed, I have heard the phrase "it is me" justified, on the ground that it was a literal translation of the French "*c'est moi*." But our English grammar does not, like its French namesake, justify the employment of certain pronouns, merely for the value of euphony. "He is older than I" may not sound so well as "he is older than me," yet the former is the correct form. It is a very common mistake to say "Between you and I," and yet a moment's reflection should convince any one who has ever studied grammar that he should say "Between you and me."—Florence Howe Hall, in Ladies' Home Journal.

HOW TO SAVE TIME.

It Can Be Done by Making Every Word and Every Act Tell.

Time is money, says the old adage. Millions of people do not seem to think so, or else are exceedingly profligate in the use of money. The waste of the precious moments is beyond computation, and we do not mean to touch upon the generally recognized methods of wasting time which the idler and drunkard, for instance, make use of. We desire particularly to call attention to the waste of time, of which so many of us are guilty, in ordinary business affairs. We lack strict method in many things that we do every day. The man who builds an inconvenient house or barn makes the waste of time a necessity. Every unnecessary step we take is a waste of time. Perhaps the average man wastes a quarter of his life by practicing poor methods or no methods at all. Frequently old customs are greatly to blame for the profligacy. We too often insist in keeping in old ruts although it requires much longer to arrive at a certain point by the old rut than if we go out and cut across lots. It is said that leaving out the letter u in words like honour is equivalent in saving to the world the productive capacity of five hundred men every year. That is it took all the time of five hundred men every year to make that letter in such words as the one named. The old system of teaching in our schools was another illustration of the waste of time through imperfect methods and old customs. It required weeks and months for a child to learn the alphabet. It required other weeks and months for it to learn the multiplication table. Now many a child is taught to read, who could not repeat the alphabet to save its life, and is quite proficient in arithmetic without being able to repeat the multiplication table. A child is taught to read in a short time. His text book is not a book at all. Perhaps a grasshopper is put into the hand of the little six-year-old and he handles and studies that grasshopper for days and weeks, and from it he learns to read, learns the use of figures and a good deal of natural history. Without going into the details of the system, the child learns more from that system of teaching in a few days than he would

learn in weeks from the old system. It is a great saving of time.

Time is an important element in all that we undertake. It is an important element in reform work, and to save time in such work, we need to be practical in all that we advocate. Impractical theories will not be accepted by the masses. To advocate them is time thrown away. We should aim to make every word and every act tell.—Western Rural.

—The grub makes the butterfly; the blacksmith makes the fire fly.—Yonkers Gazette.

—At a gathering in the Mildmay Conference Hall the Church of England Z. nana Missionary Society bade "God speed" to nineteen ladies who will shortly be aiding in the noble work of the society among the women of India and China.

HOARDING IN INDIA.

Vast Amounts of Money Hidden Away by Native Princes.

In the courts of the native princes of India hoarding takes place on a vast scale. The Maharajah of Burdwan died lately and left a large hoard. It proves that anterior to 1835 there was much hoarding when it is stated that the Maharajah had withdrawn from his store £230,000 of silver, which was in the form of Sikka rupees, none of which have been coined since 1825. A letter was submitted to the royal commission on the subject of the Maharajah's hoard. A description was given of the several treasure houses in the estate, their dimensions and their contents: "One large room, measuring about 48 feet in length, 14 feet, 6 inches in breadth, and 13 feet, 9 inches in height, where gold and silver ornaments and ornaments set with precious stones are kept. These articles are in almirahs and boxes of all descriptions, and also some gold plates and cups, thales and katorahs, as well as washing-bowls, jugs, etc." Two other rooms contain silver domestic utensils, forks, spoons, etc., and, strange to say, English dinner and breakfast sets, all of silver. Two of these rooms were under lock and the doors bricked up. There are four other rooms, one containing ornaments of gold, silver and precious stones, gold ornaments and throne; two others containing the reserve treasury, which included the estate collections and Government securities and debentures, while the other is thus described: "The fourth room measures about 22 feet 6 inches in length, 15 feet in breadth, and 12 feet 3 inches in height, where there are two large-sized vaults prepared for hoarding the current silver coin, and since the year 1267 B. C. some money was from time to time put in and taken out by the Maharajah Mahtab Chund Bahadoor for the expenses of an emergent and extraordinary nature, such as the late Maharajah Aftab Chund Bahadoor's marriage, Lala Bun Behari Kapur's marriage, and buying landed properties. When he died one lac was left in one of the vaults." In another department the ornaments belonging to different gods of the family were kept, and silver thales, sapalas, etc., for the religious purposes, the room being locked and sealed. It was the custom of the Burdwan Raj family to confide the custody of these valuables to the Maharajah for the time being, but the vaults were never inspected save in the presence of the Maharajah. When sums were withdrawn only relations and trustworthy servants were admitted into the room and vault. Treasurers and deans used to be present outside the room or apartment, where the sum drawn was sent out (female guards being placed in the passage) for the purpose of weighing, counting and bagging it before it was sent to the mint.

Other instances of hoarding were given by an officer of the Indian post-office in 1886, who stated that a native prince was then hoarding gold at the rate of £40,000 to £50,000 a year, and on the death of two native princes recently it was believed that they had left £4,000,000 each. One of these princes took a loan of £300,000 from the Government of India in 1887, when he must have been in possession of a large hoard himself; for it is a point of honor with a family not to break into a hoard, which is treated with the sacredness of a family picture. When the prince in question had to make a payment to the Government of India for a purpose in which he was interested, and was asked when he could make the payment—a payment of £150,000—he said: "At any moment." Hoards are only drawn on in extreme cases, and it is such calamities as war or the great famine in Madras or Bombay that will bring them out. During these famines bullion or ornaments were taken out of the hoards and sent to the Bombay mint, to England, or pledged with the native banker or money-lender. But, unless under special circumstances, the gold and silver of the hoards are composed of without any intention of circulation again.—Chc

A LEGEND OF CALLAO.

HOW THE ISLAND MOUNTAIN OF SAN LORENZA GOT ITS NAME.

Midnight Ride Taken by a Peruvian Fisherman Much Against His Will—If Sailors Are a Truthful Set One Must Wonder at the Franks Played by the Waves.

"Whenever seismic disturbances are mentioned in my hearing it always reminds me of the desperately calamitous affair that took place in Callao, Peru, in 1746," said the cap'n breaking in on a spirited discussion touching the best quality of oil for binnacle lamps. It is needless to say that earthquakes had not been mentioned or even thought of by any one present except the cap'n himself. But if the cap'n said earthquakes why earthquakes it was, and the sailors at once placed themselves in convenient listening attitudes.

THE CAP'N RILED.

"Was you there, cap'n?" asked the lubber.

"Certainly I was; been there several times. This seismic dis'—"

"How old a man are you, cap'n?"

"Forty-two on my last birthday," replied the cap'n. "Say," he continued, as he divined the drift of the lubber's question, "if it wasn't for the sailors here I would pipe down on this story at once. You measly, lop eared idiot, did you 'spose I meant that I was in Callao at the time of the earthquake 143 years ago? Couldn't the fact possibly be jammed into your skull that I was there since the upheaval? If I didn't have sense enough to sit and listen to intelligent remarks I'd keep my figure head closed," and the cap'n looked daggers at the wretched lubber.

"Don't be too hard on the poor cuss, cap," suggested one of the sailors. "He ain't never been nowhere or don't know nothing."

"That's a fact," said the captain, somewhat mollified; "but I do get water logged laying up alongside of such unreasonable folks, but I reckon I'll have to stand it. Now, if somebody will tell me what I was talking about I'll get under way again."

"Earthquakes!" shouted the sailors.

"So it was," said the cap'n, again resuming his reminiscent expression. "The desperate disaster of which I spoke took place at six bells on the night of Oct. 28, 1746. The people were first turned out by a tremendous shock and a low rumbling noise like thunder. The first seismic shake was followed by 200 lighter jerks lasting over a period of twenty-four hours. Deep, booming noises came from far out under the sea, and the upheavals kept on until they pumped up a great tidal wave eighty feet high. Callao was built on a rising coast, with the lower portion of the town clustered along the docks. Like all seaport towns this was the most thickly populated part. When the big wave rolled in on shore it was accompanied by a powerful shock which broke off the lower edge of the city. And when the wave retreated it carried the town and 18,000 people with it down into the sea.

SAN LORENZA'S RIDE.

"I'm now coming to the most curious incident of that terrible night," continued the cap'n. "Before the trouble the harbor was clear, but now an island mountain 400 feet high rears its head near the northern shore of the harbor. A lighthouse graces the top of the island, which is down on the map as San Lorenzo, and one of the prettiest and most romantic of the many Peruvian legends is told in connection with the naming of the island. It was named after San Lorenzo, the man who discovered the mountain, and is an intensely interesting story when told in Spanish. I heard it in that language myself, but as none of you fellows understand Spanish I'll tell it in English.

"Mr. Lorenzo, or San, as they called him for short, was a fisherman, and went out to sea every night in his frail Peruvian bark to fish for hake and haddock. The native fisherman has a light skiff or canoe in which he plies his calling and one paddle. He sits on his knees in the stern of the boat and fishes with a line 200 feet long, using his front finger for a pole. On the fatal night of Oct. 28 San had just got a bite when he heard the ominous rumble. Before he could either land the fish or grab his paddle he felt himself going up in the air. It was so dark that San couldn't see anything, so he clutched both gunwales of his boat and hung on. Presently there came another jerk, and the fisherman went up a few more feet.

"The unhappy man was too frightened to move, so he sat there, going up by jerks, until daylight. Then San peered over the edge of his boat and found himself sticking on top of a mountain 400 feet in the air. The peak was so sharp that it pierced the bottom of his boat and stuck up four feet above San's head. He still hung on to his fish line, which had a horse mackerel dangling from the hook, dead, halfway down the mountain. The survivors discovered San in the morning and that is the beautiful legend of how San Lorenzo got its name."

"How did they get Lorenzo down off the mountain?" asked the lubber.

"I was just going to tell that," said the cap'n in an angry tone, "but as you seem to be in such a devilish hurry I'll let you wait awhile." And a dusty old sailor walked away.—