

## POWER OF MIND.

**ARMED & VISIBLE Asset in Presence of Danger.**

Presence of mind is always an asset. It is especially valuable in presence of danger such as springs from the presence of men intent upon murder. This was never better exemplified than when a gang of men set out to rob the life of Mussolini. He got to hear of their project. All the precautions he took was to get ready a store of very excellent sights. The robbers apparently appeared at his address. "You're a gentleman," he said and showed his guns. To each man he pointed one. Taken aback at their appearance, they seemed abashed and confused. "I know that you came to kill me," he said. "Why do you not present to my task?" This was too much for even this bloodthirsty depredators. They could not kill the man whose guns they were smoking and who caused them to carry out their task. Muttering some excuse for having interrupted his studies, they shut themselves out of the room and troubled him no more.

Black man has his own method with which he assassinates. With Napoleon crossed the eye which counted. While he was visiting the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, one of the duke's retainers made up his mind to slay him. He had frequently heard the great man mentioned as the curse of Europe that had impelled to seize the chance to destroy him. He was a common soldier at the time and had to do sentry duty in one of the corridors of the palace along which Napoleon passed. He went closer to the trigger as the Duke, accompanied by Napoleon, drew his sight. He aimed for Napoleon's heart. Napoleon saw him. He said nothing, but simply fixed his eagle eye upon the youth. The latter seemed speechless. He let the musket fall with a snap to the floor of the stone corridor. He felt, he said, as if he must have swooned. Napoleon took no further notice, said no word, passed over his way as if nothing had happened. That one passing glance had saved his life. He knew its effect and value.—*St. James Gazette*.

## LANGUAGE EVOLUTION.

**See also the entry "Less" in Verbs, Nouns and Adjectives.**

Many will remember that some years ago there went on a violent controversy about the word tiresome. The discussion had been made that "less" was a suffix which could properly be appended only to nouns; hence the term must be discarded, and we must take pains to say untiring. The day of so doing was preached from pulpits of professional and newspaper pundits. No one seemed to think or care for the various other adjectives already formed and therefore liable to the similar censure which they never received. Hostility was directed against it alone. The actual flaw which initiated the arguments against "tiresome" was never known or took into consideration. This was that the *functional* role covering the creation of new words had practically long ceased to be operative whenever a new formative suffix struck the sense of the users of language as being desirable.

"Incongruously in our earliest speech 'less' and 'less'" when employed to denote adjectives was joined only with nouns. But the general sloughing off of grammatical and verbal endings which began in later centuries reduced a great proportion of substantives and verbs in the speech to precisely the same form. In consequence the sense of any fundamental distinction between the two broke down in many cases—in one way in particular. There is nothing easier in our speech than to convert a verb into a noun or a noun into a verb. It is a process which has taken place constantly in the past and is liable to take place at any time in the future, either at the will or the whim of the writer or speaker.—*London Review of Books*.

## A Horse Story.

Our dumb Animals tells a remarkable story about the intelligence of a mare who saved her colt from death by stopping a train on a railroad in Paris. The colt had fallen with its legs through a railroad bridge, and the mare started down the track to meet the coming train. As the train came she stood on the track whinnying. The train stopped, and then the mare started ahead of it as it moved slowly to the bridge. Here the colt was disengaged and extricated from its perilous position. The story was vouchsafed by the engineer, railroad men and passengers to the train.

## He Was at Church.

Mr. Saunders, the village squire, was a poor parishioner at the church. One day the minister met him and said:

"Come, now, Saunders, why is it you are never at church nowadays?"

"Because at the kirk," replied Saunders, "We're quite wrong there, sir. Against the hole o' last week at the tap."—*Gloucester Times*.

## This Was to Issue.

Read the London Times of May, 1895. A well-dressed woman was last night brought out into Smithfield Fair, and the brutal conduct of the bill collectors—men who were, or pretended to be, her husband, to refuse to send her on which a scene of riot and violence highly disgraceful to our English law places."

## There's a Reason.

He used to be a lawbreaker, but now he's a lawman. J.C. Keeler within these last days has left Bill—Oh yes, I mean within the last two. You know what I mean.

It may seem a little difficult, any reader that he can't manage, from the law and the press.

## RED OR GREEN.

**Color Troubles of the Color Blind Poet Whittier.**

It is well known that the poet Whittier was color-blind and unable to distinguish red from green. He once bought for himself a necklace which he supposed to be of a modest and suitable olive tint and wore it once. He never wore it again, for his friends soon made him aware that it offended against the traditional quietness of costume enjoined alike by the friends of the Friends and by his own taste. The tie was of flaming scarlet.

On another occasion, when he found a little girl in distress on account of a new gown, made over from her older sister's, which was not becoming to her coloring and complexion, he tried to console her.

"I wouldn't mind what a rude boy says about it, Mary," he said kindly. "Thee looks very well indeed in it, like an acre of bread. Mary, dressed all in green."

Unfortunately, Mary was not dressed in green. She was red-haired, and her dress was red. That was the trouble.

Once, on a day in mid-March, when walking with a friend and deeply engaged in conversation, Mr. Whittier approached too near for safety to a place where blasting was going on. The danger signal was shown, but neither friend noticed it until a workman, violently waving his arms and shouting, leaped before them and warned them back.

"I didn't see the flag at all," said Mr. Whittier's companion.

"I saw it," rejoined the poet, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I thought it was in honor of St. Patrick. Thee knows my defect. I can't tell Erin from explosions except by the harp!"—*Youth's Companion*.

## ROMAN ROSES.

**They Are Beautiful and Abundant Because They Eat Meat.**

"I have yet to see a rose equal to those grown in Rome," said the amateur horticulturist. "They bloom in the greatest abundance all through the winter, and they are as large and rich and velvety as American beauties, living out of doors, climbing like ivy or honeysuckle over the crumbling marble walls of ruined temples gleaming in crimson and green masses upon ancient columns, giving to the grimness and sadness of mediaeval palazzos an air of gayety and youth."

"One day on the Via Sistina, as I passed the garden that had once been the garden of Lucius, I saw an old man tending the superb roses that grow there. He was poring on their roots, a dark, rich looking fluid.

"Why are the Roman roses so beautiful and abundant?" I said to the old man.

"Because they eat meat," he answered.

"Eat meat? Nonsense," said I.

"Well, they drink meat—meat extract, which is the same thing," said the old man. "We Roman gardeners have for centuries watered our roses thrice a week with a strong decoction of fresh beef—a rich grade of beef tea. They are meat eaters. That is why the roses of Rome are as hardy and prolific as weeds and at the same time as richly, daintily beautiful and as sweetly perfumed as flowers grown under glass."

## Called Back.

A commercial traveler for a London firm secured an order for £1,000 in the west of England and, as it was not duly acknowledged, wrote a letter to the firm calling special attention to it and saying, "I thought you would consider such an order quite a feather in my cap."

In reply he received this note from his principal: "We have filed your order and inclose for your cap the one feather you require."

After a fortnight came another letter from the firm: "The people who gave you the £1,000 order have failed, and we lose the goods. We have this day sent to you a bagful of feathers for you to fly home with, as we do not want you out on the road for us any more."—*Sicard Magazine*.

## Food Value of Cheese.

It is said that one pound of cheese is equal in food value to more than two pounds of meat. It is very rich in protein and fat. Considering this, it is low in price when compared with meat and ought to do good service to the poor man in replacing occasionally the regular diet of meat. In America cheese is looked upon more as a side dish and luxury than in some parts of Europe. The Swiss peasant depends on it as a staple food, only in Ireland, while the use of it in England and Germany is extensive.

## Delay Fatal.

Visitor to widow—I am so sorry to hear of the sudden death of your husband. Did they hold a postmortem examination?

"Yes, and like those doctors, they did not hold it until he was dead, or they might have saved his life!"—Clinical Reporter.

## What It Cost Him.

Mrs. Watts—There! We have cleared off the last of that church debt, and it never cost you me a cent. See what women can do. Mr. Watts—I don't know about the other fellows, but I know you have hardly ever spent more than \$100 on extra meals downtown while you were out monkeying around.

## The First Sight.

Ethel—I understand it was a case of love at first sight between Jack and Miss Child. Maud—Yes, dear. But the first sight was at her bank book.

Wonder is the first cause of pillowphy.—Aristotle.

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