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### His System of Self Defense.

"Have you ever studied the art of self defense?" said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his questioner with a quiet smile and then answered thoughtfully:

"Yes, I have studied and practiced it."

"Ah!" said the other eagerly. "Whose system did you adopt?"

"Solomon's," was the reply.

Somewhat abashed, the youth stammered out: "Solomon's? What is the special point of his system of training?"

"Briefly this," replied the other: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

For the moment the young man felt an inclination to laugh and looked at his friend anxiously to see whether he was serious. But a glance at the accomplished athlete was enough, and soon a very different set of feelings came over the youth as his muscular companion added, with silent emphasis, "Try it."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

### The "Green Flash" at Sunset.

A correspondent writes that during the course of a voyage when midway between Marseilles and the strait of Bonifacio a "green flash" was seen at sunset. The sky was perfectly clear after a cloudless day, with little wind. As the sun approached the horizon the line 'twixt sea and sky for about forty-five degrees each side of the sun became suffused with a rich dull rose pink, and the waves reflected a marvelous ruby shade on their surfaces facing the sunset, while the other faces were an opalescent blue or green from the upper sky. The two colors faded and changed in a marvelous way. Such intensity of coloring had never been seen by those on board. The sun set clean into the sea, and about ten (or less) seconds after it had disappeared a bright green single flash, just like a railway signal lamp, but brighter far, met our view and rewarded our watching for it.—*Symons' Meteorological Magazine.*

### A Good Creed.

To be able to look every man squarely in the eyes; to make friends and hold them; to keep clean of mind and body; to smile at ill fortune; to laugh at my mistakes; to frown when temptation comes a-visiting; to be ready with a word of cheer when that word will help; to strive to develop to the utmost the heart, head and hand qualities endowed by the Ruler over all; to hold all women in respect and to love one; to weave the thread of eternal optimism into the lives of all with whom I may come in contact; to worship nature and the Great Spirit that conceived it all—in a word, to play the game of life with a steady hand and a qualmsless conscience and a real desire to be of service—that is my religion. And, say, if I can live up to the mark, don't you think I've corralled about all the creed that is necessary?—*Backbone Monthly.*

### A Stream of Water.

A high pressure jet of water will bowl over a man as easily as a box of matches and leave him half stunned. It will even turn a bullet from its path. Experiments have shown that a jet of water can be produced at such a high pressure that it becomes practically a bar of iron. Swords have been blunted in attempting to cut through these extra high pressure jets. Some years ago an armed thief attempted to hold up a high official of the Bank of England in his private office. The official managed to get out of the room unharmed and locked the door. A resourceful attendant brought the fire hose. He opened the door sufficiently to insert the nozzle. In a few minutes the would be thief was picked up senseless.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

### The Lion and the Lamb.

He was a gentleman of the old school—never mind his wrinkled brown skin and wrinkled brown clothes—and it was with the most distinguished politeness that he gave his order to the butcher man:

"De madam say please to cut her two lam' chops fun de lion, suh."

The butcher man jerked a loin from a hook, and his customer watched him cut into it. And a waiting woman said to herself:

"Addition of forty-eleven to the literature of the lion and the lamb."—*Washington Star.*

### His Denomination.

Dean de Moulins of Trinity cathedral told this bright little story during one of his delightful talks not long ago:

A man was asked to what religious denomination he belonged.

He thought it over.

"Why," he presently replied, "I believe it is the Episcopal church I stay away from."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

### A Misinterpreted Question.

A young Canadian visited Washington one winter to spend the holidays with a pretty cousin and her family. As he was motoring with his pretty cousin one afternoon she said to him: "Do you have reindeer in Canada?" "No, darling," he answered quickly. "At this season it always snows."

### He Wasn't Afraid.

When Bishop Phillips Brooks was "commanded," as the phrase goes, to speak before the queen some one asked if he was afraid. "No," he replied smiling; "I have preached before my mother."

### Not Serious.

"Husband, I found a lock of hair among your old papers. I never gave it to you."

"You needn't worry. I don't remember who did."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

### Two Historic Drinks.

Sir Philip Sidney received his death wound before the walls of Zutphen on Sept. 22, 1586. Parched with thirst, he called for a drink. As he was putting the bottle to his mouth his eyes fell upon a desperately wounded soldier who as he was being carried past threw him longing glances, "which Sir Philip perceiving took the bottle from his lips before he drank and delivered to the poor man with these words: 'Thy necessity is greater than mine.'"

At the battle of Ravenna in 1512, when the allied Spanish and papal forces were defeated by the renowned Gaston de Foix, Dumolard, one of his captains, played a conspicuous part. After a gallant charge, by which he had driven back the enemy, he determined to publicly drink the health of his enemy's brave ally, Jacob von Empser, the leader of the 5,000 German lansquenets. Wine was brought upon the field, and, having sat down, each hero filled his goblet. At that moment, while they were in the very act of pledging each other's health, a cannon ball from the enemy's lines killed them both.

### Quick and Cheap Legal Work.

The French tribunal of commerce is presided over by a judge without a jury. The plaintiff's lawyer argues his own case before the judge, simply to show that he has a case and the nature of it. The defendant does not plead, but if he can dispute the facts. If the judge considers there is no case he dismisses the plaintiff. In the contrary case he appoints an assessor out of a dozen chosen yearly of the town's reputed merchants to decide upon it. The following day the assessor calls the parties to his room in the court. He hears each of them separately without any lawyers. Within fifteen minutes he gathers their documents and dismisses them. Two or three days later he communicates his judgment to the solicitors through the court, and the business is ended. The costs of lawyers and the court fees come to about £6 a side. The same case in England would take six months at least and cost no less than £150 for a claim of £50.—*London Mail.*

### When Bismarck Went Dry.

Bismarck was not without superstition, and this always was noticeable on the eve of the new year. From 9 o'clock that night until after midnight he would not take water in any circumstances from a glass. It was an ancient tradition in the chancellor's family that any one who set the legend at defiance would pass through a serious illness. If another tradition is true the observance of the family legend must have been a sore trouble to the Iron chancellor, for the Paris contemporary from which we take the foregoing says that Bismarck not only loved war, but beer and wines, especially French wines. He was not averse to punch and grog, but on New Year's eve grog was under the ban, for it contains water.—*London Globe.*

### Gambling in Wood.

"To most people my business would seem to be devoid of chances," said a dealer in fine woods, "yet as a matter of fact I know of nothing that is more of a gamble. On every log of wood we buy we take a chance that the inside is as good as the outside. At a recent auction of fine woods in London my partner and I paid \$9,000 for a mahogany log that looked all right so far as we could tell. If the inside was sound we stood to make a good profit, but worm holes or rotten spots at the core would mean a heavy loss. Not until we got the log to this country and got it opened up could we be certain. As a matter of fact this particular log was perfect, and we cleared up \$3,000 on the deal. But it was gambling pure and simple."—*New York Sun.*

### Not From Politeness.

This was heard in an overcrowded Boston elevated train:

"Say, Dick," said the young man whose football tactics had won him a strap in the rush—"say, Dick, I've been riding in on the 'L' every morning except Sundays and holidays for two years, and I've never given up a seat to a lady yet."

"You're a polite one," sneered Dick.

"Nothing of the kind," retorted the young man. "I've never had a seat to give up."—*Boston Post.*

### Sweet Sarcasm.

"Daddy, what makes your nose so dreadfully red?" asked a little boy of his father one day at dinner.

"The east wind, of course!" the father answered gruffly. "Pass that decanter and don't talk so much."

"Yes, Tommy," said the boy's mother sweetly, "pass your father the east wind and be careful not to spill any on the tablecloth!"—*London Mail.*

### His "Turnout."

Clerkley—Isn't this earlier than your usual time for going home?

Barkley—Yes, but my wife said if I came out by the 3:45 she'd meet me with the carriage.

"I didn't know you kept a horse and carriage."

"Er—er—it's a baby and carriage."

### One Marked Difference.

As we understand it, the difference between grand opera and the other kind is that there is very little of the former that can be whistled.—*Albany Journal.*

### Tommy's Congratulations.

Reggie—Tommy, do you know I'm going to marry your sister? Tommy—Then I think I'll go and congratulate mother.

Malice drinks one-half of its own poison.—*Seneca.*

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