

ON THE PORCH

By Robert Jermain Cole

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Every day when it did not rain, and sometimes when it did, Thibse Latch wandered off into the woods or down along the river and came back at night with some added grace from nature's wild treasury. She had run away for rest and health to the little pantheon in the country that called itself a town. She got a good deal besides these gifts. The two men that were happy enough to live in the same house with Miss Latch were far better aware of her gains than she herself.

Mrs. Hedding kept the house. She had only a few guests. Her son Tom protested against those, so far as the principle went. But when the practice happened to include Thibse Latch he began to persuade himself that perhaps something that would interest her and keep her from being lonely, as she had been since his father's death. Miss Latch was a schoolteacher, but no one would have detected it—at least by one of the labels that the pictures in the comic papers furnish. Her hair was as



IN ONE HAND HE HELD A BUNCH OF PANSIES.

yellow as corn silk. Her eyes were direct in their glance, like those of her own school children, and far more disconcerting.

Carlton Cross, another guest at the house, failed to interest Tom very noticeably, although Miss Latch appeared to like him. Cross was spending a few weeks in town setting up an estate for which he was counsel. He devoted his evenings to a pretty obvious effort to settle the estate of matrimony so far as Miss Latch was concerned. Every evening after supper the two sat on the broad porch while sunset glorified the valley below them and twilight crept out of the deepest wood, where it had been lurking and hiding from the sun all day.

Tom Hedding worked in one of the drug stores of the village. That meant that his evenings went into the drug-gist's profits till such time as he could command a store of his own and hire some other poor soul to work for him. That was the end toward which Tom was slowly advancing, but for the present he was forced to pass out of the door after supper, walk resolutely across the porch to where the more favored man and the girl they both wanted sat, and with a brave spontaneous cheerfulness bid them good evening.

On two or three occasions Cross had spared him this path by taking the girl off for a drive. "No," said Tom, but a part of these he always spent with his mother. He felt that Cross was forging ahead of him in the race. The thing that discouraged Tom most was this. As he walked downtown he thought of the beauty of the long evening that was just beginning. Having finished himself, under the spell of twilight, he feared its power upon Thibse Latch. "If that clever chap," thought Tom, "half knows his business and says the right thing and keeps still at the right time, I'm afraid there's no chance for me." But it was not his way to be melancholy for long. He would be another man did get her he would at least make a little place for himself in her memory.

He thought of her through the day, and every night he passed her on his way downtown he had some word—commonplace it might be—but was charged with the shadow of an affection. In the general chat of the table, in the Sunday visits and in many unconsidered greetings Miss Latch was coming to know Tom far better than he realized.

One night as Tom crossed the porch to go to his work Thibse asked him lightly: "What would happen to your old drug store if you should sit here with us awhile? I believe you don't trust anybody but yourself to mix the prescriptions. You couldn't sit still a whole evening, could you?"

"Yes, I could," answered Tom. "I do, anyhow, only you don't see me. I sit right in that chair and listen to everything you say." He pointed to an empty rocker near the one in which Thibse sat. A book of amusements had just come into her hands.

"So when the charming Miss Ritchie thinks you are serving her an ice cream soda it's only an illusion—I mean you, is that so?"

"Tom smiled. Mr. Carlton Cross looked behind him. He was not troubled with any much imagination. Later he had a chance to continue his account of a very grand reception he had attended at Rochester. Miss Latch heard the sound of the young lawyer's voice, but her thoughts were with the drug clerk. The idea that he had down at the store, imagined himself in that particular chair fascinated her. She looked at the empty rocker, and as the twilight deepened and the street lamp was lighted she could fancy that the shadow which the pillar threw on its high back was Tom.

Two days later, instead of leaving by the front door, Tom came around from the side of the house. In one hand he held a little bunch of pansies. He handed them over the rail of the porch, his hat in his other hand, without a word.

"So when the beautiful Here's a yellow one with purple eyes and a purple one with yellow eyes," exclaimed Thibse. When Tom was gone she remembered Ophelia's saying: "Pansies—that's for thoughts." She also remembered that her plot

Keats was an apothecary's apprentice. The conversation of Carlton Cross became less and less interesting. Being no lover of flowers himself, it did not occur to him that the little velvet leaves were his rivals.

When Tom came home that night he found Miss Latch on the porch. She was still holding the pansies in her hands. He walked to the chair beside her.

"I thought you said you were sitting there already," said Miss Latch, with a touch of mischief. "That doesn't satisfy me any longer," broke out the man impatiently. "That chair can't tell you what I think of you. I can't tell you myself, but I'll try. I think you are the loveliest woman in the world. I can't help loving you."

"For a long time she was still. Then she began: "If you can't help it, why then?" She paused, and Tom leaned toward her. His hand covered hers, crushing the flowers.

"Thibse," he pleaded softly, "do you care for me?" The hand he held answered for her. Tom rose from his chair and kissed the girl on the lips.

A little later he said, "You don't know how much I love you, Miss Latch, to leave you here for those long sunset talks with another man." "You needn't have said," she answered happily. "The sunset and the twilight seemed to belong to you. The more we talked the more I dreamed of somebody else."

The Shape of the Earth. A country schoolmaster was coaching his pupils for the yearly examination, and, having before him the junior class in geography, he asked: "Can any little boy or girl tell me the shape of the earth?"

To this there was no answer. "Oh, dear me," said he, "this is sad! Well, I'll give you a token to mind it. What is the shape of this snuffbox in my hand?"

"Square, sir," replied all.

"Yes, but on the Sabbath day, when I change my clothes, I change this snuffbox for a round one. Will you mind that for a token?"

Examination day came, and the class was called.

"Can any little boy or girl tell what is the shape of the earth?"

Every hand was extended, every eye flashed with excitement. One little fellow was singled out with a "You, my little fellow, tell us."

"Round on Sundays and square all the rest of the week!"

Waking Him Up. Amelia was all sweet, nice and nervous, and she said to her sweetheart: "You have been so old a friend I want to tell you something. I am," and she blushed, "I am going to be married!"

"Wait," he cried hoarsely, "before you go farther hear me! I must say it, though I have no right now, but I will have less right later. I love you, I adore you; I have loved you since we were children together. I do not seek to win you, but I see you the wife of another. But, at least, you will know that I have loved you all these years, and when you hear the wind sigh over my distant grave—of course, that is nonsense!"

"Don't take on so, John Henry," she said softly. "I'm going to marry—"

Then the strong man fainting, and as she bent over him a determined little line showed about her mouth, and she muttered: "I had to do something to bring him to it."

Football in 1730. We who complain of hoops and whipping tops and other games played in the streets, to the annoyance of foot passengers, may congratulate ourselves on our good fortune. In the days of old, football is no longer to be reckoned with. In the streets, "we are led" by an old writer, "football is a useful and charming exercise. It is a leather ball about as big as one's head, filled with wind." We do not know if this description is intended to be humorous. "This is kicked about from one to another in the streets by him that can set it at, and that is all the art of it," concludes this disparaging writer, who thinks so little of our heads and our games. There is an old print extant of football players in the Strand in 1730, all in hats, coats and wigs. This sport among the traffic of the London streets, to the words of the London poet, "To play at football, nine holes or ten pipes; to try it out at football by the shuffles."—London Chronicle.

The Courage of Failure. All honor to the man or woman who knows no such word as defeat, who follows the pathway of a consistent purpose and by the line of duty, even if the way seems to lead to failure, observing the way. To have the courage of one's convictions at all times and under all circumstances requires no small degree of character and determination. It is better to go down to ultimate overthrow in a cause which you believe to be just and right than to profit by any compromise with conscience or suffer the lowering of the moral tone which must come to all who lose the consciousness of adherence to their faith rather than wear the laurels of honest defeat.

The Deodar Lake. A British government engineer living in Bombay asserts that India has the largest artificial fresh water reservoir in the world. He says that in the native state of Udajpur, in Rajputana, some thirty miles south of the city of Udaipur, is the great lake named the Deodar Lake. The dam of this lake was built some 200 years ago by the Maharaja Jal Singh. It covers an area of between twenty-one and twenty-five square miles. Its depth at the dam is ninety feet, and its capacity is estimated at 1,300,000,000 gallons.

The Eleven Thousand Virgins. The 11,000 virgins mentioned in Catholic martyrology were the virgin traitors of St. Ursula. While on their way to France they were driven by adverse winds to Cologne, where they are said to have been murdered by Huns. Even to this day visitors to Cologne are shown a pile of human skulls and bones heaped up in a wall and faced with glass. These, the verger asserts, are the relics of the unfortunate females. St. Ursula was a British princess.

A Trivial Matter. The first slice of goose had been cut, and the minister of the Zion church looked at it with as keen anticipation as was displayed in the faces around him.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I ever saw," Brudner Williams," he said to his host. "Which of you get such a fine one?" "Well, how 'stahp Rawley," said the carrier of the goose, with a sudden access of dignity, "when you preach a special good sermon I never axes you where you got it. Seems to me dat's a trivial matter, anyway."

EARLY BOOKMAKERS

THE FINE ART OF THE MONK OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Written and Illuminated Works That Were Marvels of Skill and Industry—Anglo-Saxon Monks Originated the Roman Letter.

There is scarcely any error so popular, yet so unfounded, as that which invariably attributes unbounded indolence to the monastic orders of former days. To them we owe the preservation of literature, both in the pains they took to perpetuate history by their labors in transcribing and by their diligence in the education of youth.

In the large monasteries a chamber was always set apart for writing, allowing space in the same apartment for other quiet employments also. The transcribers were supervised by a chief, prior, superior and preceptor of the convent and were distinguished by the name of "antiquarii." These industrious persons were continually occupied in making new copies of old manuscripts for the use of other monasteries, and by this means many historical records were preserved.

The Anglo-Saxon monks were most celebrated as writers and were the originators of the small roman letter used in modern times. The greatest delicacy and nicety were deemed essential in the transcribing of books, whether for the purpose of general instruction or for the use of the court. Careless and illegible writing is therefore but seldom to be met with among the remains of monastic industry, and when errors were made they appear to have been done with the utmost care and skill. For this purpose the monks used pumice stone, and they were also provided with a pumicium, or awl, to make the dots and with metal pens for writing until after the second century, when quills were brought into use, they being far better than the metal pens then in use.

The larks were composed of lamp-black soil mixed with water and gum for use upon the vellum, paper not being introduced until the tenth century; hence the beautiful distinctness, as well as durability, of very ancient manuscript books. So important was the art of writing in those days that it is conceded as many as 100 different styles were in vogue among the learned.

With so many impediments to the multiplication of books as were attendant upon their slow production in this manner, it is not a matter of surprise that the monks enjoyed almost a monopoly of this kind of labor, as in truth they were the only body of men who could properly conduct it. The expense of preparing books was verbally great, and large estates were frequently set apart for the purpose of purchasing them. In addition to the cost of transcribing, the materials of which books were composed were in many instances very expensive. The leaves sources of great expense. The leaves were composed of purple vellum for the purpose of showing off to more advantage letters of gold and silver. The binding was often very gorgeous, although of rude construction. The prevailing covering for books was a rough wooden board, with impious bosses of brass, but the exterior of those intended for church service was inlaid with gold leaves of silver embossed on ivory plates. Some books had leaden covers and some had wooden leaves, but even as early as the twelfth century the velvet binding was used. Studes were made as presents for exalted personages.

Illuminating manuscripts was also another occupation of the monks of the middle ages, although not confined to them, for the greatest painters of the day disclaimed not to contribute to these labors. The art of correct drawing and a knowledge of perspective came, however, be ascribed to the generality of the fantastic pictures by which illuminated books are adorned. Coloring and gilding appear to have been the chief points to which the attention of the illuminators was directed. The work was first laid out in somewhat the same mode as in the present day, some portions being left untouched in order to be afterward imbedded in gold and silver. The pictures represented different subjects, according to the nature of the book which they were intended to embellish. The title on the pages was formed of capital letters of gold and azure mixed, illuminated pictures are of a dazzling brightness, the white predominating, which, not being an oil color, reflects the rays of light and does not absorb them. So much custom had the monks in their labors of transcribing and illuminating that they were sometimes obliged to introduce hired limners, although contrary to the monastic rule in general, but some monks were sold to the monks being usually the only laborer.

The invention of printing diminished the importance and annihilated the profits of writing, and in 1460 that of engraving superseded the art of illuminating.—New York Herald.

Anti-fighting Trouble. Young Wife (to the honeymoon)—Dearest, I wish you wouldn't be so extravagant with your money. Husband—Why, love, you? Young Wife—Because you'll have no money left for all money if you don't look out.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Touch. "That pianist has a metallic touch." "I've noticed that. He borrows money of me every time he comes to town."—Detroit Free Press.

The Eskimos sing almost constantly when they are indoors, between the intervals of sleeping and eating.

Crematoriums' Odd Jobs. "Mandible is suspicious," said a chemist of the board of health. "Only last week we were notified that you sent me a piece of pie for analysis. He suspected that his daughter, a beautiful and good girl, wanted to put him out of the way. The pie contained, of course, none but the usual ingredients.

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"There isn't a well known patent medicine that hasn't been submitted to me for analysis twenty or thirty times."—New York Press.

"Take an Alder's skin, and Auri pigmentum, and greek pitch of Ruppertium, and grease of an Ass, and break them all, and put them all in a dull seething pot full of water, and make it to seeth at a glove fire, and after let it waxe cold, and make a taper, and every man that shall see light of it shall become headless."

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MAN EATERS IN INDIA.

The Sort of Tigers That Hunt For Human Game.

The "man eater" is the jungle nightmare of India, and numerous are the theories to account for its abnormal appetite. Commonly it is said to be an old tiger which has found game too difficult to bring down, or a sickly tiger which has resorted to man killing in its weakness as the easier method. The consensus of opinion among experienced hunters and observers is, however, that a man eater is an ex-cite killer which in conflict with hunters, who are often quite brave in defense of their cattle, has discovered how much less work it is to kill a man than cattle, for the cattle killer is usually fat and lazy. Nothing has been found, so far as I have discovered, to suggest appetite for human flesh as the impelling motive, or that the man eaters reject all flesh but human, or that the cubs of a man killing tiger inherit the man killing propensity.

Further, it is in a case of contempt for man food of familiarity, and more often the last lust hold of the tigress, very likely because in foraging for her cubs (as she does until they begin to hunt for themselves at seven months) and in their defense she has come more frequently in contact with man, or it may be because the female is more numerous than the male, or because by nature the slyer and more vicious.—Exchange.

WILD DOGS OF ASIA.

Fierce Animals That Pursue and Kill Bears and Tigers.

The quality of courage possessed by hunting dogs of Asia compares favorably with that of any other breed. They are noted for their ferocity and tenacity. As a rule, each ferocious animal has its natural and favorite prey, which may vary in different localities, but in each case the easiest and most profitable victim. Tigers, for instance, are chiefly shyness, but the wild dog does not limit his attacks to these. The packs deliberately pursue and destroy the black and Himalayan bears and the tigers, affording perhaps the only instance in which one carnivorous species deliberately sets itself to hunt down and destroy another.

Leopards prey on goats, sheep and deer, when they can get them, on tame dogs; wolves on sheep and cattle, stoats or rabbits and hares, and weasels on rats and mice. But, though these animals, the wild dog does not limit his attacks to these. The packs deliberately pursue and destroy the black and Himalayan bears and the tigers, affording perhaps the only instance in which one carnivorous species deliberately sets itself to hunt down and destroy another.

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GETTING OUT OF BED.

Take Your Time About It and Don't Shock Your System.

Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered and the circulation not so strong. A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially to the heart, as it starts to pumping blood suddenly. "Take your time in getting up. Yawn and stretch; wake up slowly; give the vital organs a chance to resume their work gradually. Notice how a baby wakes up. It stretches its arms and legs, rubs its eyes and yawns and wakes up slowly. This is the natural way to wake up. Don't jump up suddenly, don't be in such a hurry, but stretch and yawn and stretch. Stretch the whole body and arms and stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch is better even than a cold bath. It will get you thoroughly into exercise and you will enjoy the bath all the more."

The verb "collar" has long been used transitively, meaning to "seize or take hold of a person by the collar; now intransitively, to collar up. The verb was thus employed early in the seventeenth century. Steele, in the Guardian, No. 84, wrote, "If you instances her not to collar any man." Other instances are: Gentleman's Magazine, 1702, "His lordship collared the footman who threw it," and Marryat's sentence in "Peter Simple." "He was collared by two French soldiers."

The Languishless Englishman. The English seem to recognize and enjoy their reputation for stolidity and taciturnity. The London Globe quotes an American asking a waiter in a restaurant: "Doesn't any one ever laugh here?" "Yes, sir," replied the waiter. "Some times we have complaints about it."

An Eternal Puzzle. "Is my hat on straight?" she asked him. He looked at her headgear in dumb amazement. "I dunno," he answered. "When it's straight it looks crooked, and when it's crooked it looks straight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Butler—Hard levery night at the hour of midnight the ghost appears and greets and wrings its hands. Tourist—Ah, must have died in the lumber season.—London Tit-Bits.

Sensitiveness of Plants. Darwin gave it as his opinion that some plants can see, and an Indian botanist relates some curious incidents which tend to verify the belief. Observing one morning that the tendrils of a convolvulus on his veranda had decidedly leaned over toward his leg as he lay in an attitude of repose, he tried a series of experiments with a long pole, placing it in such a position that the leaves would have to turn away from the light in order to reach it. In every case he found that the tendrils set themselves visibly toward the pole and in a few hours had twined themselves closely around it.

Inane Perverseness. The neighbors were discussing the peculiarities of an eccentric old resident. "I do think," remarked Mrs. Higgins, "that old Mr. Tighrum is the contrastiest man on the face of the earth."

What's he doing now? asked Mrs. Jiggins. "I don't know. I remember he used to say he when he had accumulated \$50,000 he was going to quit saving money—the old skinflint!—and settle down to the enjoyment of it?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Jiggins. "Well, he's actually done it!"

Lord Sefton, the renowned gourmet, was once interrogated as to the best mode of eating strawberries and replied: "Sprinkle them slightly with powdered white sugar candy and a few drops of Malines." Take them after breakfast or for supper or after dinner after a plain biscuit tea? When a once well known diplomat attended his first garden party after arriving in London he was shown a dish of strawberries and cream. "Pouquoi faire?" cried he, explaining that he could not bring himself to fancy that the mess tray intended for the food of men.—London Tit-Bits.

What is an Editor? Some boys in an English school were asked the other day to define "editor." Here are some of their definitions: "An editor is a man who handles words." "An editor makes his living out of the English language." "An editor is somebody who does not do anything himself, and when somebody else does, he tells other people all about it." "An editor is a man who has the industry of a beaver, the instincts of a bee and the patience of an ass."

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