

THE LAND OF YESTERDAY.

Would you not seek the country town Amid green meadows nestled down...

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AUGUSTUS.

Mr. Augustus Blair was the assistant secretary of the Paxson Paper Company.

Augustus covered the paper with a blotter and tried to give the boy a glance of much natural dignity.

Augustus arose and passed at once through a door marked "President."

Mr. Blair, said the president, "as I have twice told you, we do not keep our valuable men in the office here.

"Yes, sir," said Augustus, and he blushed a little.

"When we built our mill on the Notre Dame we again offered you a position as mill manager and again you pleaded your inability to get away."

"And as for the assistant secretary of the Paxson Paper Company, he blushed a little more."

"We sent Drake up to run that Canada mill, and he can't keep it running up to its capacity because of the difficulty in getting labor.

"You know how to talk to those people in their own language; Drake doesn't. I leave to-morrow to make a tour of our properties.

"I'll tell you the trouble, Blair," said the discouraged Mr. Drake. "There are plenty of able-bodied men within a few miles of here, but they won't work and that's all there is to it."

"I see," said Augustus, beginning to think very hard.

looked pleasantly at the young blue-eyed giant who was putting the logs in the press.

"What is your name?" asked Augustus. "Jules Parit, M'sieur."

"Jules, tell me. You will be paid on Saturday. Will you return to work on Monday?"

"Ah no, M'sieur! And why not, Jules?" "But why should I, M'sieur?"

"To earn money and to save it." "Ah no, M'sieur. There is the Notre Dame—the forest and the falls—"

"He looked out the window and over the distance to where St. Quentin lifted his snowy top. "If I could only make M'sieur understand," he gently said.

"M'sieur knows, said Augustus, patting his shoulder. "Good-by, Jules."

"What is your name?" said Augustus. "Leon Delagrang, M'sieur."

"And Leon, why do you work?" "There are no dances this week, M'sieur, and I wish a little money to buy Pere Bouvet's guitar."

"And next week, Leon?" "Next week, M'sieur, there is a dance at St. Quentin."

"He flashed his black eyes at Augustus and hummed a snatch of a deux-temps. Very lightly and very delicately he hummed it, "La-la, la-la, la-la, la-la—"

"That is Les Trois Amis," said Augustus. "And M'sieur knows it!"

"M'sieur," sighed Augustus, "knows it somewhat too well."

"What was he singing about?" demanded the discouraged Mr. Drake.

"He was singing," said Augustus, "because he isn't coming back to work next week."

found her, and arising when she heard the door open, she flew straight to the arms of Augustus like an arrow let loose from the bow.

"Of course," said Augustus, "the moment that I grasped the situation, and I knew that no one could do it just like you."

"If you will kindly give me room enough to look modest—"

"And with such a carte blanche as Mr. Paxson has given me, 'Any instructions that he may give are to be followed without question.' Why, Kit, it wouldn't happen this way again in a hundred years!"

"That's it!" cried Augustus; "I do! I instruct you to do this!"

"Then, of course, I couldn't begin to do myself!"

"Any one would like to see you, dear. Besides, Mr. Paxson gave me to understand that I stand or fall by this. I have always held, as you know," he added, whimsically, "that a man should not marry until he has shown what he is worth."

"Well, here is a chance for me to show what I am worth, but in order to do so I must have your help; but if I cannot have your help until I have shown my worth—dear me! Katherine!"

"I haven't a word I wouldn't have! But I don't think you have pleaded enough; do you?"

"And you will love the Therys, too," said Augustus, cunningly pleading.

"Who are the Therys?" "That is where you would stay. There is Mademoiselle Thery and Suzanne and Celeste and Louise. Suzanne has soft blue eyes like a dove, and when she thinks to herself she draws deep sighs and her eyes look far away."

"Celeste—oh, Celeste is magnificent! I believe she is stronger than a man, and she carries her head like a queen. Celeste has flashing eyes."

"They seem to be rather accomplished with their eyes."

"Especially Louise. She has that saucy glance, you know. Dear Katherine! Please!"

"Of course I would have to get a whole lot of things—"

there they found Augustus trimming the window with rolls of silks and satins.

"Tomorrow," said Mr. Drake to Augustus, as they walked from the store to the mill a fortnight later, "our esteemed president calls upon us."

Madame Barhou came out of her gate and crossed the street. She wore a new hat and new gloves, and she had every appearance of a woman who is prodigiously pleased with herself.

"Our esteemed president," said Augustus, "will find his mill running on full time."

Madame Diere approached on the other side of the street. She, too, wore a new hat, and in her hand she carried a new hand-bag.

"Do you notice," said Augustus, "that there is not a man in sight?"

Three little girls walked past. One wore a scarlet silk hair-ribbon and the other two were devouring it with hungry eyes.

"A good reason why," said Mr. Drake; "they're all at work."

"At work again, Leon?" he asked. "At work again, M'sieur. It is true."

"It is not that, M'sieur, but I need the money—ah, so much money, Leon!"

"I need new clothes, M'sieur, and shirts with collars and those neckties of red."

"And you, Jules," said Augustus, stopping in the grinding-room by the side of the blue-eyed giant, "you are still at work?"

"Yes, M'sieur."

"And your new gun—you have not used it?"

"I have not bought it."

A Tragedy at Oberammergau.

In the August McClure's Louise Parks Richards tells a touching anecdote of one of the Oberammergau players who had lost his part because he had grown too old to fill it adequately.

"Sad as was the duty of the committee, it was plain—and they so explained it to Mayr—that he was no longer young enough for the part; that the beard streaked with gray was no longer suited to the youthful Jesus; that the face which had hitherto borne the lofty, almost superhuman expression of the Divine had now become too seamed with the furrows of years to show the sacredness of sorrow without its scars in one whose earthly life measured only a span of 30 years."

"Mayr broke down and wept like a child."

"I know," he said, "that I am too old for the part; but I had so hoped that you might still have left me Christ."

"As some compensation he was given the role of Prologist, created expressly for him that year, and a little later he was made burgemeister of the village; but he never recovered the loss of his Christ. Three years later, when ordered to Munich for a surgical operation, he spent his last hours before leaving home out at the theater building, alone. He never returned from Munich hospital. Into the beyond he carried the wound in his heart still unhealed."

The Judas of 1910 is now 69 years old, but he does not look, feel, or act his age. On account of his years, however, he had hardly expected to be chosen again; but his remarkable impersonation of the betrayer decided the committee that none other than the painter Johann Zwinc should fill the role. As Judas his whole personality becomes that of the betrayer. An American woman once said to me:

"I wouldn't meet that man for anything! I don't ever want to see him again. That he is a Judas I am perfectly sure. It is all so real!"

"Yet, this imitation Judas is one of the simplest, most ingenious creatures I have ever known. As a young man he filled the role of John, the beloved disciple."

"In my heart I am not a Judas," he said to me, in the simplicity of perfect confidence.

Do You Know. What the name of Ohio signifies?—Beautiful River.

What the name of Missouri signifies?—Muddy Water.

What the name of Michigan signifies?—Great Lake.

What the name of Florida signifies?—Blossoming.

What the name of Iowa signifies?—Drowsy Ones.

What the name of Wisconsin signifies?—Gathering of Waters.

—Little Harry with his sister and brothers was being taught their usual history by the governess through the instrumentality of a game. The game was called "Barnyard."

But little Harry remained, in all the tumult, as still as death. Far off in a corner he crouched, silent and alone. The governess, spying him, approached, saying, indignantly:

"Come, Harry, and play with us."

"Hush," answered Harry, "I'm laying an egg."

Cleanliness of Ants. No creature is more tidy than an ant, who cannot tolerate the presence of dirt on her body.

Training of Dogs. Whatever may be the merits of the spirited controversy between the fish and game commissioners on the one hand and the many hundred sportsmen and dog owners on the other over the proposed law to restrain dogs from running at large in this State, there are a few fundamental facts which should not be ignored in legislation relating to dogs.

In many persons the love of dogs is as strong and as ineradicable as the love of children. They are generally the persons who know dogs the best. If a dog is a nuisance it is the fault of his training. A dog quickly takes on the leading traits of his master's character. He is the most impressionable of creatures.

He responds quickly to any treatment. Treat him "like a dog" and he will act like one. Treat him like a human being and he will quickly develop human traits. Keep him under close restraint and the brute in him will be uppermost. Allow him reasonable liberty and discipline and the sensible and justly and the human in him will appear. For freedom is the soil, in which all virtues, both human and canine, thrive best.—Boston Globe.

Milking in Porto Rico. An American civil engineer who had been for some time in Porto Rico tells a story of the way cows are milked on that island. The native cow is small, docile and humble, with very little spirit. The engineer computed that their was more mischief in one Porto Rican goat than in two dozen of the cows. His tale is reported in the Chicago News.

It was just as their great-grandfathers used to do. The cow was driven up to a post, and a rope thirty feet long was used to tie her head so that she could not move it an inch. Then each leg was made fast to another post, and then the poor cow was so hard and fast that she could only switch her tail and flap her ears.

When the man finally sat down to milk he used only one hand. After observing the performance to the end I asked:

"Does your cow kick?" "Not that I know of, senor," he replied.

"Did you ever try to milk her without tying her up?" "Caramba, no!"

"Well let me try the American way on this other cow."

The second cow was loose, and I sat down and milked two-handed and had her finished in seven or eight minutes. She stood like a rock. When I had finished there were a dozen people around and as I handed over the pail they raised their voices and cried out in chorus:

"Ha! Is it any wonder that the Americans licked Spain!"

But as I passed the place again the next evening the cows were tied up as before. Their way was a hundred years old, and mine entirely new to them.

Wedding Superstitions.

Though popular superstitions may lack reason or reasonable explanation, they must have an origin, and this has formed the basis of quite an interesting book by T. Sharper Knowlson, says the London Daily Mail.

The question of the wedding ring and why it should be placed on the fourth finger of the left hand he traces back to a writer in the British Apollo (1703).

"There is nothing new in this," it is stated, "that the custom was handed down to the present age from the practice of our ancestors, who found the left hand more convenient for such ornaments than the right, in that it is ever less employed; for the same reason they chose the fourth finger, which is not only less used than any of the rest, but is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises, having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the rest may be singly stretched to their full length and straightness."

The old-fashioned notion that a shoe should bring luck at a wedding is another superstition curious to explain.

It was in the sense of confirming a sale or exchange that the Jews understood the removal and giving of a shoe or sandal. When the kinsman of Boaz consented to waive his claim upon the parcel of land which Naomi would sell in favor of Boaz he "drew off his shoe," for "this was a testimony in Israel."

In a different sense the removal of a shoe marks the winding up of negotiations among the laws and ordinances given in the book Deuteronomy, where the widow who is refused marriage by her husband's surviving brother is directed to "come unto him in the presence of the elders, and loose his shoe from off his foot," thus asserting her independence and heading upon him the blame for failure to comply with the law.

"When the Emperor Vladimir proposed marriage to the daughter of Reginald she refused him with the words:

"I will not take off my shoe to the son of a slave."

In Anglo-Saxon marriages the bride's father delivered her shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her on the head with it in token of his authority."

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