

SONG.

When that I loved a maiden
My heaven was in her eyes,
And when they bent above me
I knew no deeper skies;
But when her heart forsook me
My spirit broke its bars;
For grief beyond the sunset
And love beyond the stars.

When that I loved a maiden
She seemed the world to me;
Now it is my soul the universe,
My dreams—the sky and sea!
There is no heaven above me,
No glory binds or bars.
My grief beyond the sunset,
My love beyond the stars.

When that I loved a maiden
I worshipped where she trod;
But when she clove my heart, the cleft
Set free the imprisoned god;
Then was I king of all the world.
My soul had burst its bars
For grief beyond the sunset
And love beyond the stars.
—Everybody's.

The Road Maker

"D' you know you're trespassing?"

The speaker was a young man faultlessly dressed. He was speaking to a man some twelve years his senior, who was seated on a tree trunk, smoking a pipe. "I'm Lord Winstead, and this is my property."

"And a nice property, too. I congratulate your lordship."

"I say, you're a pretty cool hand. Who are you?"

"As you were kind enough to tell me your name I will return the compliment. My name is Raymond, Basil Raymond." He paused for a few seconds and then added, "Those are fine trees ahead."

"Do you know anything about trees?"

"I've spent fifteen years among them in Canada."

"Did you ever cut roads through 'em?"

"Several."

"I say, you're just the man I want. D'you want a job?"

"Depends what the job is."

"Why, I've always wanted to cut a road through those trees to the shore."

"Well, if you're anxious for me to do it, I will."

"Come along to the house and we'll fix things up."

Raymond went with him to the house and presently they were deep in the plans for the new road.

Suddenly the door burst open and a girl entered.

"Come and play tennis, Jimmy," she cried.

Then she saw Basil Raymond and her pretty face flushed.

"Let me introduce you," said Lord Winstead. "My cousin, Miss Constance Blaketon, Mr. Raymond."

"Mr. Raymond is going to make a road through the wood to the shore," Lord Winstead continued.

The smile faded from the girl's eyes, she gazed frigidly at Raymond for a moment, and then turned to her cousin.

"You won't be coming, then?" she asked.

"Sorry, old girl, but I can't leave this."

Miss Blaketon bowed to Raymond and left the room—she did not smile this time.

Work was commenced on the following morning. During the early evening, Basil Raymond strolled up to the wood and sat again on the tree trunk where Lord Winstead had found him.

"It's a queer state of affairs," he murmured thoughtfully. "By Jove! What a lovely girl Miss Blaketon is."

The next instant he heard the object of his admiration speaking.

"Fancy introducing me as you did; I thought he was friend of yours."

"So he is," replied Lord Winstead; "or I hope he will be."

"But you told me he was only a backwoodsman, Jimmy. He's a fine, manly looking fellow, but he's hardly a suitable friend for a man of your position."

"Oh, dry up, Con, don't rot so much."

The voices died away as they passed beyond Raymond's hearing.

"So I'm an outsider," he said. "I am beyond the pale in my lady Constance's eyes."

On the first morning of the tree fellings, Miss Blaketon walked along with Lord Winstead. Basil Raymond raised his hat as he saw her, but only received a somewhat curt nod in reply. He flushed to the roots of his hair, but continued to issue directions in calm, level tones. Constance Blaketon did not notice the flush; as a matter of fact, it was lost in the tan. She had meant to crush this man who apparently did not know his place, but evidently she had failed.

"Raymond!" she called suddenly, "I want you to look for my glove."

She had dropped it on purpose—so that she might call Raymond. To her surprise, Basil did not move. He was directing the felling of a large elm, and he did not turn his head until the work was finished.

Constance Blaketon grew angrier each second. She could not tell why this man affected her so, why she had such a passionate desire to humble him.

"Why did you not come when I called," she demanded indignantly, when at length Raymond walked across to her.

"I had n'y work to do, Miss Blaketon," he said calmly.

Constance gave him a few curt directions, at the conclusion of which he returned to his work and dispatched a couple of men to hunt for the glove, which they speedily found.

Two days passed without Raymond seeing Constance, and then he received an invitation to dine with the Winsteds, which he readily accepted.

Constance was much annoyed by her cousin for issuing the invitation.

"Have you invited the other men as well?" she asked.

"Oh, dry up, Con. Raymond's a gentleman, anyone can see that."

"Is he? I dare say he'll open your eyes to-night, Jimmy. You've only worked with him so far, remember. I suppose I shall be expected to sit down with him."

"No doubt, there would be one less to watch his agonies in that case."

"Rot!" Winstead flung himself off to the billiard room, but was too annoyed to make any decent shots.

Despite Miss Blaketon's sarcastic comments, she appeared that night in a ravishing dinner gown. Constance wore an air of affected calm, really she felt nervous, for she knew she had severely snubbed Raymond, although the fact did not seem to have worried him.

"You ought not to have dressed, Jimmy. Your foreman will feel very much out of place in his tweed suit."

"Just then the door opened.

"Mr. Raymond," announced a footman.

Miss, but her head drooped; he drew her to him, and she did not resist. Bending he kissed her lips.

"But, Basil," she said presently, "I must marry my cousin. We ought not—"

"Your cousin came into the title, because there was no direct male descendant, didn't he?"

"Yes, and aunt has the title of duchess by courtesy. The late duke had one son, but he has not been heard of for thirteen years, and the law has accepted his death. He and his father had a very bitter quarrel, and Gordon—that was his name—left home and has never been heard of since."

"Never!"

The girl started and then peered intently into Raymond's face.

"You?" she whispered.

"Listen, Constance. I made a large fortune in Canada, but I never had any desire to be a duke. I wanted to be free. Had your cousin been a waster I should have declared myself; but he is a good lad and will make a better duke than I ever should."

"You tell him."

"No, dear; it would break the lad's heart."

"But, Basil, what a sacrifice!"

"Not at all, dear, it's myself I'm pleasing. You'll still be marrying Lord Winstead if you marry me, Constance."

"What will they say, aunt and Jimmy?"

"We must brave it out, you and I, dear. Are you ready to?"

"Yes, Basil, with you I'd brave anything."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

RUSKIN AS HOME BOY.

Great Thinker as a Youth Was Much Pampered and Coddled.

Ruskin was an only son, and from the very first the firm character of his parents in a sense overshadowed him. In all material things his life was a sheltered one—what the French call *capitonne*. He was never forced to go out into the world and battle for a living. His father's large fortune was always at his command; and as his father was convinced that the boy was an extraordinary genius, he never stinted or denied him anything.

Therefore, young Ruskin was free from ordinary cares. He could gratify his taste for art, buy pictures, endow museums, act as his own publisher; or, if he liked, he could fight over immaterial questions without ever having to think about the question of an income.

Even after his parents died, and when Ruskin, after middle life, had practically thrown away the fortune which had been left him, he still received an income of some \$20,000 a year from his copyrights, so that he never once did know the meaning of poverty, or what it was to toil for money, Lyndon Orr says in *Munsey's*.

All this gave his genius full play.

His eccentricities, so to speak, were endowed. Had he been less pampered, he would have been a different man in every way. Perhaps it was a good thing for him and for the world that his circumstances were as I have described them; but, on the other hand, he lacked that hard experience which makes men really strong. Even physically, this may perhaps have injured him.

To the world at large he seemed a radical reformer, attacking the whole commercial system of modern life, and hurling epithets that flamed like balefires over social questions. But at home—and he lived with his father and mother during the whole formative period of his life—he seemed more of a child than a grown man. He submitted to the dictation of his parents in everything domestic. When he was 40 years of age he used to cover up all his cherished paintings on Sunday because his mother did not approve of anything that would please the fleshy eye and distract the mind from spiritual meditation.

She Almost Remembered.

Little Josephine, aged 4, was intently studying the pictures in a book and seemed very much interested in a picture of Charles Dickens.

Taking the book to her mother, she inquired who it was.

"That is Dickens, dear," said her mother.

The picture was wonderfully fascinating to the little girl, and when her big sister came from college in the evening she ran and got the book, turned to the picture, and said:

"Sister, see! This is a picture of Mr. Darn."

Her sister replied, "No, dear; that is Mr. Dickens."

"Well," said Josephine, "I knew it was some kind of a swear word."—Delineator.

Carrying Out Orders.

On Lord Dufferin's estate, near Belfast, there once stood a historic ruin, a castle which had been a stronghold of the O'Neils. One day Lord Dufferin visited it with his steward, Dan Mulligan, and drew a line with his stick round it, telling Mulligan that he was to build a protecting wall on that line. And then he went to India, feeling secure as to the preservation of the great historic building.

Gradually, however, she ceased to find objection to them, and they took on a sort of guarding expression that was almost a caress. Presently, she found herself repeating them as though she treasured them. And she wondered.

She became intimate with Basil, until it grew to be a recognized thing for him to leave the road and walk through the park with her.

"Is it true you are to marry Lord Winstead?" he asked one evening.

"It has always been understood," she replied.

"Do you care for him?"

"Tell me, Constance," he whispered.

"Do you?"

No word passed the girl's trembling lips, but her head drooped; he drew her to him, and she did not resist. Bending he kissed her lips.

TOPIC & TIMES

Marie Corelli says that she has met a great many American women, but never yet a dull one.

The German empire consists of four kingdoms and some twenty grand duchies, duchies, principalities and free cities.

Santo Domingo, according to an English mineralogist who explored it, is a geological curiosity shop, containing scattered samples of nearly every well-known mineral.

France is buying many locomotives in Germany. The latest order is for thirty for one line. For years French railroads have regularly ordered locomotives in Germany.

China buys in San Francisco \$100,000 of seaweed a year. The claim for seaweed is that when it is used in upholstering furniture is kept free of moths and other insects.

A canal nine miles long, sixty-five feet wide, and fourteen feet deep, in Desha County, Arkansas, has been completed and is draining about 120,000 acres of land contiguous to Arkansas City.

"Closing out sales" and the like are being placed under ban in many of the leading cities of Russia, where strict rules are established governing such sales to prevent an imposition upon the public.

Oyster production in Canadian waters is steadily decreasing. The yield fell from 35,757 barrels in 1903 to 27,297 barrels in 1907. Canada imported \$271,760 worth of American oysters in 1908 out of a total export of \$653,322 worth.

A Salvation Army officer in London says he asked a boy what work he did to provide him with food, etc., and the reply was: "I pick strawberries in the summer, I pick hops in the autumn, I pick pockets in the winter, and oakum for the rest of the year."

Of the \$8,200,000 that the farms of the United States have yielded in 1909 the South's share is \$2,400,000,000, according to estimates by the Manufacturers' Record. Of the South's total between \$900,000,000 and \$1,000,000,000 represents the crop of cotton, with its seed, an increase of between \$150,000,000 and \$200,000,000 over 1908.

Canadian reports show that the wheat crop in western Canada this year increased the tide of trade beyond all previous reports. The Winnipeg bank clearances for the week ending Oct. 31 were \$24,365,858, an increase of \$8,000,000, compared with the corresponding week last year, despite the fact that farmers generally are holding back grain in the hope of higher prices.

One of the most curious and interesting undertakings in years has been completed in Denmark—the building of a vessel modeled upon the lines of Noah's ark, as described in Genesis. The vessel as built is thirty feet long, five feet wide and three feet deep—these measurements being one-tenth of those given in the Bible. When launched the ship, to the surprise of the builder, proved seaworthy.

Recently the Canadian government offered 1,116,000 acres of public land for sale at Fort Gray, adjoining Vancouver, and buyers from all parts of the Dominion flocked to the sale, with many persons from the United States and representatives of foreign capital.

German investors made a \$400,000 investment, while Americans were free buyers, but it was noticeable that British capital was not so well represented as had been expected.

At the present time, when so much interest is being taken in the proposed Bunyan memorial window in Westminster Abbey, the library committee of the Sunday School Union think that many Sunday school teachers will welcome the opportunity of seeing so interesting a relic as the Bunyan pulpit, which for many years has been in the possession of the union. They have therefore decided to have the pulpit on exhibition in the library, at 56 Old Bailey.—Westminster Gazette.

Mr. Waldo, of London, holds that people should develop a sixth sense to inform them of the approach of danger in the streets. Lafcadio Hearn once said: "While in a crowd I seldom look at faces. My intuition is almost infallible—like that blind faculty by which in in absolute darkness one becomes aware of the proximity of bulky objects without touching them. If I hesitate to obey it, collision is the inevitable consequence. What pilots one quickly and safely through a thick press is not conscious observation at all, but unreasoning intuitive perception."

Something of the drain which central and western Canada is making on American farm life, and American capital as well, is shown in a report by the Canadian inspector of immigration agencies, which says that in one year American immigrants brought with them \$60,000,000. What is more important, says the inspector, these American farmers brought with them the farming methods learned by years of experience on the prairies of the Western States; an experience invaluable to themselves, but which is passed on to settlers from other lands.

A two-thirds compositor is one who has served two-thirds of the time considered necessary to make a full fledged compositor. The basis of measurement is an em, the square of

the body of a type and the portion of a line formerly occupied by the letter M, then a square type. One thousand ems an hour on book work or 1,200 on newspaper work would be considered faster than the average, but George Arensberg and Joe McCann, two old-time "swifts," each set more than two thousand ems an hour in a typesetting contest in the early eighties.—New York Herald.

KILOWATT AND WHAT IT DOES.

Some Suggestions in Electricity That Will Help Industry.

Owners of electric vehicles are often puzzled by the different terms used for the measurement of electric current. The words "amperes," "volts" and "watts" are quite meaningless to the uninitiated and when an electric charging station makes a price for current of 5 or 10