

## 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 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 fault-  
lessly dressed. He was speaking to a  
man some twelve years his senior,  
who was seated on a tree trunk, smok-  
ing a pipe. "I'm Lord Winstead, and  
this is my property."

"And a nice property, too. I con-  
gratulate 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 com-  
pliment. My name is Raymond, Basil  
Raymond." He paused for a few sec-  
onds 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 fol-  
lowing 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 a 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 Con-  
stance's eyes."

On the first morning of the tree fell-  
ing, Miss Blaketon walked along with  
Lord Winstead. Basil Raymond raised  
his hat as he saw her, but only re-  
ceived 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 appar-  
ently did not know his place, but evi-  
dently 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 no work to do, Miss Blake-  
ton," he said calmly.

Constance gave him a few curt di-  
rections, 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 Win-  
steads, which he readily accepted.

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

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

"Oh, dry up, Con. Raymond's a gen-  
tleman, 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."

"You can jolly well please yourself,  
Con," said Winstead angrily. "I dare  
say he'd be better pleased if you  
didn't."

"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 foot-  
man.

In walked Raymond, garbed in im-  
maculate evening dress and looking so  
distinguished, that a beaming smile  
took the place of the usual placid ex-  
pression on the face of the duchess.

Lord Winstead absolutely glowed  
with delight at his protégé's appear-  
ance, and he could not resist the tem-  
ptation of grinning joyfully at his  
cousin.

As dinner Basil bore himself as  
though he were in his accustomed  
place, and conversed freely with Win-  
stead and his mother. Constance had  
very little to say, the complete over-  
throw of her predictions seeming to

have rendered her dumb. However, she  
knew she was looking her best, and  
Constance Blaketon at her best was  
very delightful to see.

Next morning Raymond was the  
roadmaker again, and when Constance  
visited the scene of operations she was  
the daughter of Lady Blaketon. Con-  
sequently, she nodded only slightly in  
response to Raymond's bow.

A sturdy old oak was being rooted  
up, and Basil was eyeing anxiously its  
far-reaching branches.

"Miss Blaketon," he cried at length,  
"you had better move farther back."

Constance perked up immediately  
and flashed a withering glance at Ray-  
mond.

"Miss Blaketon, it is dangerous to  
stand where you are. Will you please  
go farther back?"

Constance took not the slightest no-  
tice. From overhead came a sudden  
harsh cracking noise and she gazed up  
in a fright to see a huge branch hang-  
ing menacingly over her.

Raymond raced up to her side, gather-  
ing her up in his strong arms, and  
carried her out of danger.

"Silly little girl," he muttered as  
he had taken hold of her.

He had spoken the words more to  
himself, but Constance had heard them.  
This, with the fact that he had  
presumed to carry her, brought the  
hot, angry blood to her face.

"How dare you?" she cried.

"I beg your pardon if I have offend-  
ed you," said Raymond. Then he turned  
on his heel and left her.

Directly he left her Constance was  
bitterly repentant. How she detested  
herself, detested the wretched pride  
which made her behave to Raymond as  
she did.

But although she strove against her  
feelings, she found herself constantly  
going down to the new road. She hun-  
bled herself sufficiently to thank Ray-  
mond for what he had done, but those  
words, "Silly little girl," constantly  
rang in her ears.

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, un-  
til 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?" she 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.

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

"Your cousin came into the title be-  
cause there was no direct male de-  
scendant, didn't he?"

"Yes, and aunt has the title of duch-  
ess 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, Con-  
stance."

"What will they say, aunt and Jim-  
my?"

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

"Yes, Basil, with you I'd brave any-  
thing."—Caswell'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 capitoine. He was never forced  
to go out into the world and battle  
for a living. His father's large for-  
tune 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 grat-  
ify his taste for art, buy pictures, en-  
dow museums, act as his own pub-  
lisher; 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 re-  
ceived 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 de-  
scribed them; but, on the other hand,  
he lacked that hard experience which  
makes men really strong. Even phys-  
ically, 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 bale-  
fires 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 fleshly eye and distract the mind  
from spiritual meditation.

## She Almost Remembered.

Little Josephine, aged 4, was intent-  
ly studying the pictures in a book and  
seemed very much interested in a pic-  
ture 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 fascinat-  
ing 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 Bel-  
fast, 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 Mulli-  
gan, 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.

When he returned to Ireland he hast-  
ened to visit the castle. It was gone.  
He rubbed his eyes and looked again.  
Yes, gone it certainly was, leaving not  
a trace behind. He sent for Dan, and  
inquired, "Where's the castle?"

"The castle, my lord? That could  
be? Sure, I pulled it down to build  
the wall wid."

A woman manages to derive a lot of  
pleasure from bargain sales by pur-  
chasing something she doesn't need.

## Topics & Lines

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 En-  
glish 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 loco-  
motives in Germany.

China buys in San Francisco \$100,-  
000 of seaweed a year. The claim for  
seaweed is that when it is used in up-  
holstering 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 com-  
pleted 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 1905 out of a total export of \$553,-  
832 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 \$8,200,000,000 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 Manu-  
facturers' Record. Of the South's to-  
tal 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 \$24,365,558, an increase of  
\$8,000,000, compared with the corre-  
sponding 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 interest-  
ing 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 Van-  
couver, 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 in-  
vestment, while Americans were free  
buyers, but it was noticeable that Brit-  
ish capital was not so well represented  
as had been expected.

At the present time, when so much  
interest is being taken in the pro-  
posed Bunyan memorial window in  
Westminster Abbey, the library com-  
mittee of the Sunday School Union  
think that many Sunday school teach-  
ers 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.—Westmin-  
ster Gazette.

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

Something of the drain which cen-  
tral and western Canada is making on  
American farm life, and American  
capital as well, is shown in a report  
by the Canadian inspector of immigra-  
tion 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 invalu-  
able to themselves, but which is passed  
to settlers from other lands.

A two-thirds compositor is one who  
has served two-thirds of the time con-  
sidered 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 cents per kilowatt  
hour the average unscientific man  
doesn't quite grasp its meaning.

To explain the term needs first a  
clear definition and then a compar-  
ison, the Kansas City Journal says.  
Every one will understand that a cer-  
tain amount of force must be used to  
drive electric current through a cir-  
cuit. This force is measured by volts,  
thus, we have 110-volt currents and  
220-volt currents, the one expressing  
just twice the force of the other. But  
the quantity of current passing  
through a circuit depends upon the  
force and the resistance, and so the  
quantity is expressed by a different  
term, viz., "amperes."

Now, the efficiency of the current  
depends upon both force and quantity,  
and to express this efficiency or united  
action we multiply the force by the  
quantity—that is, the volts by the am-  
peres, and express the result in watts.  
Thus 100 volts multiplied by 5 am-  
peres is 500 watts.

A kilowatt is, of course, 1,000 watts,  
which is the equivalent of about 1.3  
horse power. In charging a battery  
the lighting companies bill for the use  
of so many watts for so many hours.  
Thus, 1,000 watts for ten hours would  
be charged as ten kilowatt hours,  
which at 5 cents a kilowatt hour,  
would be 50 cents, a charge that seems  
little enough for ten hours' use of  
1.3 horse power.

But what a kilowatt hour is worth  
may best be judged by what it will  
do. Thus a kilowatt hour will light  
twenty sixteen-candle-power incandes-  
cent lamps or two standard arc lamps  
for one hour; it will pump 100 gal-  
lons of water to a height of twenty-  
five feet, compress 470 cubic feet of  
free air 100 pounds, drive an ordinary  
passenger elevator 1,750 feet, print  
2,500 circulars on a 15x21 Gordon press  
or 1,000 sheets on a 32x47 cylinder  
press, run a sewing machine for twenty  
hours, supply air for a church  
organ for one service, mix two and  
one-half yards of concrete, heat a two-  
pint chafing dish for four hours, mix  
sufficient dough for 1,500 loaves of  
bread and grind 600 pounds of coffee;  
it will drive a runabout four and a  
half miles or a three-ton truck one  
mile.

When, therefore, a lighting company  
charges 5 cents a kilowatt hour for  
current for your electric vehicle you  
can estimate the value of what you  
are getting by what it will do in other  
lines of industry.

## QUICK COURT WORK.

Eleven Verdicts a Day Rendered by  
an English Jury.

Jesse Macey, writing about the great  
advantages of the procedure of En-  
glish courts over American, dwells upon  
the splendid work of English juries:

"The working of the British jury  
system exhibits a marked contrast  
with that of our own. It is possible  
that my experience in British courts  
was exceptional, but not in a single  
instance did I see a juror challenged or  
rejected. In all of the courts requiring  
juries the necessary number of men  
were present and they were sworn in  
without question. In the sheriff's  
deputy court, Scotland, the presiding  
judge gave notice to the jury that he  
expected to adjourn the court at 3  
o'clock, and stated that if they could  
all remain until that hour he would  
at once dismiss the men who had been  
called for a second panel. The jurors  
conferred together, and agreed to re-  
main till 1 o'clock, whereupon the  
judge notified the other men to appear  
at 12:30. The one jury impaneled for  
the morning session rendered six ver-  
dicts in cases involving prosecutions  
for thefts, frauds and burglary. In a  
court of quarter sessions at Taunton,  
England, I saw a single jury in one  
day render eleven verdicts. I found  
that it was customary in the several  
sorts of court that I attended for the  
same jury to act in successive cases.  
In no instance did I see a jury leave  
their seats to make up their verdict.  
Usually the issue before them was  
made so plain that all who gave at-  
tention knew in advance what the de-  
cision would be. I made note of an  
exceptional instance of delay, when the  
court was forced to wait nine minutes  
for the report of the jury. In this case  
the judge who gave the instructions  
was himself in doubt as to what the  
verdict ought to be.

"A Scottish jury consists of fifteen  
persons, and a majority may render a  
verdict. In England the number is  
twelve, and unanimity is required.  
But I noted no difference as to prac-  
tical results in the two countries. The  
twelve men in the English jury were  
as prompt and certain in their action  
as were the eight out of fifteen in the  
Scottish jury."—McClure's.

Troubles may come to a boy in the  
form of curly hair, and to a girl in the  
guise of freckles.

## FULTON IN PARIS.

Many an old print of Fulton's first  
steamboat would make one believe  
that it was in American waters that  
it first succeeded in propelling itself.  
That was not so, and the late Edward  
Everett Hale, in "Memories of a Hun-  
dred Years," tells of the earlier ex-  
periments. Mr. Hale got his informa-  
tion from Edward Church, who roomed  
with Fulton in Paris in 180