

THE BRAVEST LOVER.

How bravest that brave lover is,
Who loves all things beneath the sun,
Then finds all fortunes in just one,
And finds all fortunes in one kiss!
How wisely born, how more than wise,
How wisely learned must be that soul
Who loves all earth, all paradise,
All peoples, places, poles to pole!
Yet in one kiss includes the whole!
—Joachim Miller, in Smart Set.

Vengeance Is Mine.

"So that is your final answer, May?"
The girl bit her under lip and answered with effort.
"I'm afraid you must take it as that."
Alfred Melrose shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. He had bent the whole energies of a strong and resolute nature to win May Greaves for his wife, and had failed. Nothing he had said seemed to affect her. But there was one trump card still unplayed.
"Are you aware," he asked, "of your father's last wish?"
"No." Fear came into her face.
"I thought not, or you wouldn't—well, you would think twice before giving me that answer."
"I'm sure father could say nothing. He always wished me to be perfectly free—in that way."
"When he was strong and well—naturally. But when a man is laid aside and near death he is apt to think differently. There, May, I'll not beat about the bush any longer. I've a letter here which he wrote me a few days before he died. You can see for yourself what it says."
He took a letter from a leather wallet and smoothed it out.
"Read!" he said, placing it in her hands.
She followed as through a haze what was written. Her father deplored his approaching death, leaving a motherless girl to face the bullets of a cruel world. It referred to the comparatively small inheritance she would have, for Greaves had not been an over-successful man, and expressed the wish that Melrose, as his lawyer, should wind up his affairs. Finally, it commended May to Melrose's care, concluding:
"If by any chance, my dear Melrose, her heart is turned in your direction, I am sure that somehow the glad news would come to me, and a great feeling of thankfulness that all was well with her would flood my soul."
Melrose watched the girl closely as she read. When she came to the last words she put her handkerchief to her eyes. He stood silent until her emotion was past.
"Well, May?" he asked softly.
She handed him back the letter, with an unexpected show of decision.
"No, Mr. Melrose, I cannot marry you."
"May, why not?" The words burst from his heart.
"Because I don't love you."
"Is love the only motive for which a woman marries? It is the best motive I know, but there are others. I love you love enough for both. I love you with my whole being. Do you doubt it?"
"No," she answered sadly.
"Think of your position here. An unmarried girl living alone in this rough country, where men think so little of women—why, the position would be unbearable to you. Let me take care of you, May. Let me be both husband and father to you!"
"Please don't talk like that—you hurt me. Don't you see it cannot be?"
"I can't see. There is no one else, and —"
"There is someone else."
Melrose staggered back, as if from a blow.
"Who?" he demanded.
"I cannot tell. Now, please go."
And Melrose picked up his hat and went back to the office to try to drown memory in work. It was a half holiday, and his partner, Leslie Hanson, and the staff were gone; but Melrose drew out his papers and sought to forget himself, but with small success. The sting of May's refusal, the bitterness of his disappointment, entered into everything.
That evening Melrose walked around to his partner's house to discuss final details respecting a pending case. He was shown into a sitting room, and told that Hanson, whose hobby was photography, and who was developing some films, would join him in a few minutes. Melrose went up to examine a new writing table that had lately been added to the room.
Melrose started. On the blotting pad was a note, addressed to Hanson, in May's handwriting. Taking one quick glance toward the door, he turned it over. The envelope was open. Honor suggested that he should leave it alone, but Melrose yielded to baser motives. Quickly he drew the inclosure from the envelope. On the half sheet of note paper within May had written:
"I am troubled about something that has happened today. Can you come to see me tonight? I will look for you at 9 o'clock."
With nervous fingers and guilty glances at the door Melrose replaced the note.
Then Leslie Hanson was the other man!
"Well, good evening, gentlemen."
"Good night, Melrose. Mind you go straight home!"
A general laugh from the company present followed the remark. With a keen retort Melrose passed out into the night.
He had prophesied to himself, from certain signs, that it would be a wild and dirty night, and his prophecy was

coming true. Rain lashed in his race, he had to turn up his coat collar to keep it out. Every now and then, strong man as he was, he found it difficult to make headway against the wind. The night was favorable in every way for the execution of the design in his mind.
Melrose went to his house, but, instead of going inside, walked around to a toolhouse situated in the rear. Here, by the light of matches, he discovered an axe. Hiding the axe under his overcoat, he passed out along the road. The wind appeared to be increasing. Half a mile from his house a river, springing up amid the mountains, began to run parallel with the road. The waters were in flood, and when their voice blended with the voice of the gale he could not hear a sound above them. It seemed as if all the powers were summoned to assist him.
He looked for and found a gap in the hedge lining the road. A narrow, stony track, along which he passed, led in about twenty yards to a slight wooden bridge, spanning a surging torrent. Two people could not have walked abreast across the bridge. The planks were worn and shook beneath the feet of any one passing over them.
Feeling with practicable hands, Melrose selected the place where the boards were most rotten. Slipping the axe from under his coat, and holding his own body in a position of security, he raised the axe above his head and hacked at the frail timbers. In a few minutes he had the two boards forming the apex of the bridge and the supports below all but severed.
He stepped back and struck a match to see the face of his watch. The wind, of course, blew it out almost before it was alight, and he smiled at his folly. But he knew the time near enough. Leslie Hanson would soon be crossing the bridge to keep his appointment with May Greaves. Directly he set foot on those treacherous planks they would yield under him and he would be pitched into the torrent beneath—on to jagged rocks, with edges like knives, which it barely concealed. Mauled, senseless—if not even actually dead—the foaming torrent would bear him over the rapids, to meet with certain death, and to lie in a nameless grave.
It was a hundred chances to one that the body would never be found. Even if it were, there could be no suspicion of foul play. In a short time, his rival gene, Melrose would win May Greaves for his bride. He looked about for a hiding place. Piled on the bank a yard or so away was a small stack of timber, evidently intended to be immediately used in the reconstruction of the bridge. Melrose smiled grimly to himself as he hid behind it.
He crouched down and waited.
No sense of repugnance came to him. "All's fair in love and war." Human life was cheap in these parts. Hanson would not be missed. With his partner dead, and the entire profits of the business coming to Melrose, he and May would be well off.
An instant's lull in the fierce gale, as if it were momentarily tired, but the torrent roared as persistently as ever. It must be almost time for Hanson to be here. Suddenly Melrose's trained eyes, accustomed to the darkness, discerned a moving form on the opposite bank. Some one was walking along the path that ended at the other opening of the bridge. Watching attentively, he made out a woman in a white dress. Could it be May come down to meet the man she loved.
Immediately all his senses were on the alert. This was an undreamed-of possibility. What had possessed the girl to come out on this wild night? What if she attempted to cross the bridge?
On, on, still nearer she came. Melrose watched every step with growing anxiety; for a while he seemed gifted with supernatural eyesight. She reached the bridge and stopped. Ah! it was all right. She would not come any farther. He breathed again.
Then she started to cross the bridge. Melrose jumped up, crying out, waving his arms—all to no avail. Her face was held downward, breathing the gale; she neither saw nor heard him. He forgot everything but that he must save the girl he loved from imminent death. A step or two brought him to the bridge. On he went heedlessly to the weakened planks, anxious only to push her back.
Suddenly she felt a plank quiver beneath her feet. She turned and fled, Melrose's near presence quite unknown to her. She had barely reached firm ground when the centre of the bridge gave. If she heard Melrose's scream as he fell with it, she may have thought it the mere trick of the wind.
Next moment she was lying on the bank in a dead faint.
"Where am I?"
"In your own home."
"I don't remember."
"There is no occasion to remember. Lie still and rest."
Five minutes later May opened her eyes, with the light of recognition in them—to fall upon Leslie Hanson sitting beside her.
"I recollect now. I saw the bridge fall. I only just got back in time."
"Tell me, May! What were you doing there this wild night?"
"I was sitting here waiting quietly for you when a most horrible feeling came over me that you were in peril. I would not sit still. Something impelled me to the river. And there I saw the bridge fall. Thank God, Leslie, you were not there at the time."
"I must have arrived there a few minutes afterwards. There seemed something curious; then I saw that the central part was gone. I went around to the other bridge and crossed. When I got there I found the servant in alarm at your absence. She

can be treated in any way that the individual may like. The ribbons that are threaded in and out of slashes, cut and finished for the purpose, make an exceedingly attractive feature but are not obligatory as any other form of closing that may be preferred can be employed without changing the essential characteristics of the coat.
The coat is made with the yoke, the front edges of which are faced to give the vest effect, and with the fronts and backs of the full portions. The lower edge of the yoke is finished with a band of the material stitched with beading silk. The sleeves are of moderate size, closely shirred at the shoulders, and finished with roll-over cuffs that are by far the most becoming of any known.
The quantity of material required for the medium size is eight yards twenty-seven, five and three-fourth yards forty-four or five and one-half yards fifty-two inches wide for full length; six and one-half yards twenty-seven, four and seven-eighths yards forty-four or four and one-half yards for three-quarter length with one-half yard any width for the vest, two yards of banding and three and one-half yards of ribbon to make as illustrated.

World's Military Expenditures.
According to a British Parliamentary paper, the world's normal annual military expenditures are as follows:
Russia \$185,000,000
Germany 157,000,000
Great Britain 153,000,000
France 132,000,000
United States 112,000,000
India 98,000,000
Austria 84,000,000
Italy 55,000,000
Japan 21,000,000
Besides India's \$98,000,000, other colonies of Great Britain expend \$16,000,000 a year for local purposes. The German total does not include its \$25,000,000 a year for colonial military expenses and the French total also excludes \$18,000,000 a year for the army serving abroad. The British Empire leads with its home and colonial total of \$271,000,000. Including \$137,000,000 a year for pensions, the United States comes next with \$249,000,000.

San Jose, Cal., recently celebrated the 60th anniversary of the raising of the American flag in the limits of the present city.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—The coat that suggests Empire lines is a very general and well deserved favorite, for while that style is not always desirable when pushed to an extreme, it makes exceedingly attractive outer garments and is highly to be commended. This one shows certain modifications that render it adapted to modern needs and is suited to a



Pumps Not Popular.
Pumps are not, however, so unservedly popular as they were last season, women having found that they were not so comfortable for general wear as might be desired.

Semi-Precious Stones.
Coral has had a great vogue and all of the semi-precious stones, such as topaz, amethyst, etc., have been pressed into service and have been imitated with considerable success in buckles of good design though of cheap materials.

Golden Chain Bracelet.
The latest thing in jewelry is a golden chain bracelet, having an invisible continuous spring running through the centre, which can be worn either as a bracelet on the wrist, or higher up the arm, to keep the gloves in place.

Autumn Colors.
Autumn dresses will be built of very thin cloth and their colors will be the new greens, the new blues, the new reds and the new tans.

They say that green, which has had such a phenomenal success, will be seen this fall in leaf green, gooseberry green and prairie green. It will also be noticed in emerald, grass, geranium and deep leaf green.

While speaking of the new fall colors one must not forget the leather shades, which are always much liked. There is tan which is the most popular shade of leather ever invented, and there is a pale suede leather.

Misses' Skirt.
The skirt that is plaited or tucked in various ways is constantly growing in favor and may fairly be said to be the most fashionable at the present time. This one is designed for young girls and is treated after a quite novel manner while it can be worn either with or without the smoothly fitted girdle. In the illustration it is made of plaid mohair stitched with beading silk but is appropriate for all skirting materials, washable ones as well as those of cotton and silk, while it can be fin-

ished at the lower edge in a variety of ways. If the applied folds illustrated are not liked banding of any sort can be substituted or the hem can be stitched with beading silk.



The quantity of material required for the sixteen year size is seven and

three-fourth yards twenty-seven, four and one-half yards forty-four or three and three-fourth yards fifty-two inches wide.

Handsome Corset Cover.
One corset cover in a very handsome touseau has its entire front hand embroidered.

Rubber Neck.
An artist named H. Costa, known as "The Man with the Revolving Head," has been examined at a meeting of the German Medical Society at Prague. He turned his head around naturally as far as the shoulder, and then twisted it farther with his hands until he looked directly backward, with his chin above the line of the spine.

Butter a Luxury.
Butter consumption of Vera Cruz is small, reports Consul Canada, because of the high retail price. American butter sells for 60 cents a pound can, the homemade article at 50 cents, and Spanish butter at 40 cents. Several butter compounds are also sold, being put up in five-pound cans and mostly used for cooking purposes.

Piles of Concrete.
A new concrete pile is made by spreading a layer of concrete on a wire fabric having longitudinal rods attached at intervals. The fabric is then rolled up in a machine and the pile laid aside to harden. It also contains any desired number of vertical rods. One of the rods is a hollow tube and the pile is sunk by water jet process.

New Coal Discovery.
A new coal discovery at Cape Breton is reported by Consul General Holloway. A 200-foot bore hole shows a seven-foot vein under an area of possibly 50 square miles. Development is in progress.

Horse Breeding in Japan.
Horse breeding in Japan is being fostered by the government. \$375,000 having been voted for establishing a central bureau and a number of stud farms in various parts of Japan.

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.
Burning Off Paint Makes Insurance Void.
It seems that considerable danger to property exists in the practice of burning off old paint before re-painting. The question has long been a subject of debate in the technical journals, and now house-holders and the newspapers have begun to discuss it. Those of us who, with trembling, have watched the painters blow a fiery blast from their lamps against our houses, and have looked sadly at the size of our painting bill because of the time wasted on this preliminary work, are interested in the investigation by the Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette and Courier, which gives considerable space to the reasons for the practice, questions its necessity and suggests ways to prevent the risk of burning down one's house in order to get the old paint off. It says:
"There is a good deal of discussion among house-holders as to the desirability in painting houses, of burning off the old paint, a practice that has grown very common of late in Greenfield and elsewhere. Insurance men are strongly opposed to this method. It makes void insurance policies for fires caused in this manner. Several houses in Greenfield have gotten afire as the result of this method, and in some places houses have burned as a result.
"It is undoubtedly true that when a house has been painted over and over again there comes to be an accumulation of paint in bunches. If new paint is put on top of these accumulations it is almost sure to blister. To burn it off is the quickest and cheapest and perhaps the surest method of getting rid of this old paint."
The Gazette and Courier quote certain old patrons to the effect that accumulations of paint are unnecessary. These old-timers lay the blame partly on the painter who fails to brush his paint in well, partly on the custom of painting in damp weather or not allowing sufficient time for drying between coats, and partly to the use of adulterated paints instead of old-fashioned linseed oil and pure white lead. The paper says:
"Many of the older house-holders say that if care is taken at all these points, it is absolutely unnecessary to have paint burned off. They advise that people who have houses painted should buy their own materials, and to have them put on by the day, so as to be sure to get good lead and oil. Of course the burning off of paint greatly increases the cost of the job."
The trouble-house-holders everywhere have with paint is pretty well summed up by our contemporary, and the causes are about the same everywhere. By far the most frequent cause of the necessity for the dangerous practice of burning old paint is the use of poor material. The oil should be pure linseed and the white lead should be real white lead. The latter is more often tampered with than the oil. Earthy substances, and pulverized rock and quartz, are frequently used as cheapeners, to the great detriment of the paint.
Painters rarely adulterate white lead themselves and they very seldom use ready prepared paints—the most frequent causes of paint trouble. But they do often buy adulterated white lead because the property owner insists on a low price and the painter has to economize somewhere. The suggestion is therefore a good one that the property owner investigate the subject a little, find out the name of some reliable brand of white lead, and see that the keg is marked with that brand.
The linseed oil is more difficult to be sure of, as it is usually sold in bulk when the quantity is small; but reliable makers of linseed oil can be learned on inquiry and, if your dealer is reliable, you will get what you want.
Pure white lead and linseed oil are so necessary to good paint that the little trouble necessary to get them well repays the house owner in dollars and cents saved.