AFTER TWENTY YEARS

"What would you do first, Elizabeth, if you had one million dollars?"

"A million dollars! Goodness, I don't know! Yes, I do, too. I'd buy Tom an automobile, Bob the gun he wants so much, send mother to Europe, and—and—oh, I would make everybody happy that I could. But, first of all, I would buy a farm, where I could have relays of poor children from the city's back streets out there in the open all summer long."

"But what would you do for yourself?"

A far-away look came into Elizabeth's eyes when this question was put to her. She leaned back in the big chair and gazed over the hilltops that were growing purple in the twilight.

"I would find Herbert, even if it meant a search over the whole wide world."

"Herbert! Who is Herbert? I've never heard you speak of any Herbert before. Do I know him? Where does he live?"

"Ah, child. I wish I knew where he lives, or if he is alive. Herbert Rawson and I have not met for twenty years.

"It was twenty years ago, the 16th of June. Twenty years ago he left Elmwood, and I have never heard from him since.

"I have never spoken of Herbert to you, dear; but I never cease to think of him. Would you care to hear an old woman's story of the only love affair she ever had?"

"Indeed, Elizabeth, I would. But you must not say you are an 'old woman.' You look almost as young as I, who am fifteen years your junior. What is the story?"

"Herbert Rawson and I were schoolmates, chums, comrades. We played together when we were children, and after we left school were sweethearts.

"Herbert went into his uncle's store, with the promise of being taken into partnership when he had learned the business.

"The evening before his twenty-first birthday he was my escort at a dance given by the bachelors of the town. That was the chief social event of the season in Elmwood—the bachelors' ball. We all looked forward to it for months with the greatest anticipation.

"We had had a misunderstanding which ended in a quarrel over a distant cousin of mine, Ed Drew, who had been paying me considerable attention and who had invited me to go with him to the ball.

"A silly quarrel, that I am sure Herbert was as ashamed of as I was myself. I was too proud to send for him to come to me so we could make it up, and he would not pocket his pride either.

"The morning of the ball I received a note from Herbert telling me that he wanted to ask me a serious question, and begged me to give him the opportunity that evening at the ball. He was sending me a bunch of sweet peas, my favorite flower, and would take it as a sign that I would consent to him putting the question to me if I wore them pinned to my gown that evening.

"Oh, how happy that little note made me! Everything was all right, since Herbert wanted to have a private talk with me. Everything could be explained and I could be really happy again.

"The flowers came, and with them a note, which explained that the florist was unable to get sweet peas, and was sending pink roses instead, hoping that they would be acceptable. The card inclosed was Herbert's.

"Of course I wore the flowers and took with me the florist's note tucked in my gown so I could show Herbert that the florist was not to blame for the roses.

"When I entered the ballroom Herbert came directly to me with some friends he wanted me to meet. Introductions were given and we all stood chatting together.

"Herbert had my dance card filled, putting his initials beside the first and last number on each side.

"When he came to claim me for the first dance he looked at my flowers apparently for the first time, exclaiming, 'Roses, Elizabeth!'

"I should have told him then of the change of flowers, but all I said was: 'Yes, Herbert! Roses!'

"His dear face paled, he took my arm and we danced. During the waltz I slipped the florist's note in the pocket of his coat, telling him I wanted him to read it when he had time.

"Directly after that dance Herbert left the ballroom. That is the last time I have ever seen him.

"The next morning a long letter came, telling me he had wanted to ask me to be his wife the night before. That his uncle was going to take him into the firm on his twenty-first birthday, but he wanted my love and the promise to become his wife while he was just a clerk.

"The roses I wore at the ball had been to him a sign that I did not wish to grant him an interview, and as life held nothing for him in Elmwood but me, since I did not love him he was going away forever.

"It was a hysterical letter.

"It told of a man's agony, of the failure to gain his heart's desire.

"At once I sent to his uncle's house a note of explanation, but it was returned to me unopened with the information that Herbert had left town by an early morning train and no one knew where he had gone.

"I have disliked roses ever since that day; but if I had a million dollars I would search the world until I had found Herbert, or at least what had become of him."

Elizabeth and her companion were seated on the piazza of a hotel several hundred miles from their home during the recital of her life history.

Back of them, just inside the hotel's parlor sat a gentleman whose face wore the marks of struggle. Its browned surface was seamed with deep lines and his hair was almost pure white.

As she finished her story, he started from his chair, took a good look at the ladies through the open window at his side and then strode out on the porch, letting the screen door slam behind him.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" he cried as he stood in front of the startled women. "You won't have to wait until you get a million dollars to find Herbert. Let him bring you the money—yes, several million—and lay them at your dear feet, while he begs you to forgive him for being a heartless, careless boy that night so many years ago.

"Here is the note, all yellow with age, that you slipped in my pocket while we danced.

"I never read it, I never looked for it, I forgot all about it in my misery, in my abject disappointment because you, as I thought, had not worn my flowers, but those your cousin had sent you.

"My darling, it was not until three months ago on my ranch in central Australia that I read this bit of paper that explains all about the roses. I was looking over an old chest and came across the very suit I wore, twenty years ago, to the bachelors' ball. Out of pure curiosity I slipped my hand in one of the pockets and drew out this little note. Wonderingly I read it Then the light dawned upon me. I knew, I knew, dear, that you loved me that night, and I have come back to you as fast as it was possible to travel to find you and ask you the question I wanted to so much that night.

"Elizabeth, it is not too late. Say it is not!"

Wildly Elizabeth glanced about her. Her companion had slipped away. They were alone then in the sweet twilight, with the perplexing hills ever growing darker.

"Herbert, Herbert, I—oh, Herbert. I have always loved you. Always."

But before she could say more her breath was almost crushed out of her body by his strong arms about her, his kisses upon her brow, her eyes, her lips.

"Dearest, you shall have the million dollars, the farm, the poor little kiddies to make happy and everything you want, if you will only forgive me and marry me. Say 'yes,' Elizabeth, say 'yes,' quickly!"

"Herbert, dear, you know I will! Gracious, but you have grown big and strong and brown, if it were not for your eyes."

But even that sentence was smothered by a long embrace.

DETECTIVES PROTECT GEMS.

Duchess of Marlborough Installs Them in Her Home.

Following the example of Pierpont Morgan, whose treasure house in London has been more than once the object of an attack by burglars, the Duchess of Marlborough has now installed a band of detectives at Sunderland House, her residence in Mayfair, London.

Six ex-Scotland Yard men are now employed—three for day and three for night duty. Although the mansion is fitted with the most finished and expensive system of burglar alarms, the duchess recently developed a state of nervousness that produced insomnia and was undermining her health.

She commenced to carry about all her most valuable jewelry, whenever she went abroad, but when it was pointed out to her that this was a dangerous proceeding, she decided to adopt the detective scheme of protection.

This little enterprise will cost her at least $6,000 a year, but she thinks it is money well spent. The detectives parade the corridors all day and night, while one man keeps a watchful eye on strange visitors. Servants, too, are kept under observation, for recent cases have shown they are often in league with thieves.

Every married woman is satisfied that she could name the crankiest man in the world if called upon to do so.

THE LAND OF WAR AND SONG

IN MONTENEGRO MEN LIVE ON WITH BULLETS IN THEM.

And a Man Dying From Two Is Held a Victim of the Will of God.

"It would be easy to miss the frontier of Montenegro if one were not on the lookout for it," says a writer in the Queen. "It is marked by a row of paving stones set obliquely across the road and a post painted with the Austrian black and yellow. Snortly after passing the border we saw two picturespue figures drop down from the rocks with the grace and agility of chamois. They were dressed in the native garb of red jackets, wide blue trousers, white gaiters fastened up the back with brass hooks and sandals laced with string. They wore little caps and their rifles were slung over shoulder.

"'The Prince's patrol,' said our driver, as they saluted and swung along beside the carriage. He replied to their questioning and apparently satisfied them, for without looking at passports or overhauling baggage they saluted again, fell behind and were lost in the landscape.

"Then we turned inland and covered the level mile to Njegush. This important village is the cradle of the present dynasty and the birthplace of King Nicholas I.

IT IS A FERTILE SPOT

and like all the cultivable land of Montenegro appears to be the basin of a long dry lake. We were too high now for the vine, the olive and the orange.

"Not even the wild pomegranate, so plentiful in Dalmatia, could follow us here. There were fields of rye and potatoes, or earth pears. We lunched lightly at the inn on excellent rye bread and coffee—one can generally rely upon these and the wine being good—and when the horese were rested drove on through the valley, over a pass and then down zigzags to Cettinje, which with its 2,000 inhabitants is the smallest capital in Europe.

"The streets are wide and well metalled. The houses are small, but they looked well built and comfortable, and there are wells at various corners, where the people draw water in the evening. None of the Montenegrins is greatly rich or greatly poor. The independence of the individual is as remarkable as that of the nation. We only saw two beggars in Cettinje, a crippled woman in a wheeled chair and a blind man who sang to the gusla. This is the national instrument, a one stringed fiddle carved with a horse's head.

"There are villalike palaces for the royal family and various rather imposing legations, but in the main both houses and churches are very modest in appearance and do not lay claim to any great antiquity. It was the people who interested us chiefly.

"THE DALMATIAN SLOUCHES.

He is always ready for a rest, and though he falls into the most graceful positions upon a doorstep, against a tree or down upon his mother earth one gets tired of his picturesque idleness. The Montenegrin has squarer shoulders and a stiffer back. He walks as if he wishes to arrive somewhere and looks upwrad and outward like an eagle.

"The peasants wear long coats of white feltlike cloth with bright sashes and all have the 'torba' or pouch common throughout Dalmatia. It is a big leather contrivance, handy receptacle for pistol, knives, pipe and tobacco. The women are very comely, quiet eyed, dark haired. They wear handkerchiefs or lace veils over their heads and long, sleeveless coats of a pale color, just touched with embroidery, a becoming dress for old and young. The Montenegrin wife does not have a very easy time. she does nearly all the work and soon grows old.

"We drove into Podgoritca one evening and met the country people on their way home after a market, and the heavy burdens that the women carried astonished us. One trudged wearily along with a calf on her shoulders, while her magnificent husband stepped out beside her carrying—nothing! It was a sight to make one feel indignant, but the matter was soon explained. The man's duty is to protect the woman, and until recently the journey to market was apt to be

FRAUGHT WITH ADVENTURE.

"No man could be hampered by carrying produce, and we were told that the woman would get very angry if he encroached upon her sphere of work. This may or may not be true, but it would seem probable that after she had carried the calf for four or five miles she might pardon the insult of the man who transferred it from her shoulders to his own.

"On the night of our arrival in Cettinje khaki coats were being experimented with for the first time, with a view to their being worn by the army. We wondered why they should be considered necessary, for the rough peasant coat falls in with the landscape even better. One streak of grime upon him and the wearer is a stone among the stones, a tree stump in the woods, one sheep of his flock, a bit of broken masonry under a wall. No khaki can hide him better than his own homespun, and in his native mountains he can defy both the eye and the spyglass.

"The man of means does not wear this undyed material. He has a green wide skirted coat, with sleeves slit near the shoulder, so tnat he may wear the coat without them when it is warm. And this gives him a strange though very dignified appearance as he walks down the Katunska Ulica, a spare pair of sleeves hanging behind him and his 'struka,' a brown, carpety plaid, with snicks of color, folded over his shoulder, its long fringe swinging at every step. When the soldier takes the field the struka is his blanket. It is much smaller and stiffer than the Scottish plaid, but it is almost waterproof, and the highlanders of Montenegro consider it a sufficient protection against

WIND AND RAIN AND SNOW.

"All alike wear the poetic headdress of their country, a little round cap, which is at once a dirge, a lyric and a song of victory. It has a red top and a brim of peddled black silk, which is used as a purse. The black is mourning for the lost country; the red is in memory of the blood which has been shed. On the crown are five lines of gold arranged like a rising sun—they are for five centuries of glorious independence— and below them, in the Russian character, are the initials of the beloved ruler who has lately been made King.

"The Montenegrin type of face is short, square, brown eyed, dark haired. It is ready enough to smile, to see a joke, but in repose it has a tragic sadness, a look of mourning that matches the black cap brim. What do the Montenegrins mourn in their sunny home? Perhaps it is the Herzegovina, a fairer and more fertile land. It was once their country, but the tide of Turkish invasion drove them from it, and they fled to the Black Mountain and wrung a living from its gray, unfriendly slopes.

"They sowed their seeds in the little pockets of earth that collect in dips and dells in the rock and built themselves houses of the plentiful stone. They grew hardly from the hard life, looked forward to the time when they would have their revenge upon the Turks and kept their weapons sharp and their wits bright against the day.

"The soil is rich, but there is very little of it, so every patch is made to contribute its half dozen potatoes or its

HANDFUL OF GRAIN.

'You will wonder,' said a Dalmatian friend, 'how such a country can grow such tall, fine men,' He had been in Cettinje in October, 1909 at the time of the ratification of the treaty by which Austria annexed Bosnia and hte Herzegovine. He said that war had seemed certain and that the Montenegrins wished to cross the border immediately to attack the Austrians, so indignant were they that the country which was once thtrs and from which their Prince had ousted the Turks, should be given away by Europe to Austria.

"Envoys came in from all the villages eagerly asking, 'Will there be war to-day?' The standards were on their way to the church. One was carried by an old man over 60, who was told that he was too old to fight. He retorted that his family had held the banner for 300 years, and that until his son, for whom he had cabled, returned from America he would yield it to none. But the envoys went sadly back to their village to say that there would be no war. The Prince counselled peace and his loyal subjects obeyed him.

"The Montenegrin's simple field equipment hangs in a corner of this house. It consists of a rifle and a new pair of 'opanaka' (sandals). The question of supply and transport does not occupy the staff very seriously, for a man will live two days on a piece of bread the size of his fist. He takes three days rations with him when he goes out to fight, and if he were asked why he did not take more he would answer, 'I have enough for three days. By that time either I shall have killed the enemy and taken his food or else I shall be dead myself.'

"These were the views held by the people whom we saw walking arm in arm at Cettinje in the cool of the evening or talking in little groups. Now and then one splendid

BLUE AND SCARLET UNIT

would detach itself and stride up to another, salute, perhaps kiss, shake hands, say a few smiling words and then withdraw again. We were as much impressed by the charm of their manners toward each other as by their unfailing courtesy to strangers. They treat one another with great affection and respect until—! But the revolver that peeps out of the red leather 'torba' is always ready for use and the blood feud is a living and a dreadful reality, and no mere dramatic fragment of a dead past. Part of the Montenegrin's social creed is that 'he who avenges himself is blessed.'

"A lady who knows the country well told us that after one of these encounters, when a man who 'owed blood' had been mortally wounded and died, she made her views upon the subject known. The survivor insisted that it was God's will that his enemy should die. Our friend pointed out that it was not very likely that he could live when he had one bullet in the chest and another in the knee. 'But that is only two bullets,' returned the man. 'Some of us have eight bullets in us and we are not dead. If a man dies from only two bullets it must surely be the will of God!'

"Bravery is not lacking. It was an ancestor of King Nicholas who held the monastery of Ostrog with thirteen against several thousand Turks, and when a bomb thrown by the enemy lit upon the Ostrog wall the Vladika seized it and flung it back, and it burst in the Turkish ranks and drove them off. There are not only many tales of the splendid past, but there is also today so much that is noble and heroic that one could wish for another Homer to arise and celebrate this land of war and song."

IT PAYS TO ANALYZE COAL.

What Comes From One District May Vary Very Much.

Chemistry has shown that coals from the same district may vary as greatly as cuts of meat from the same beef. That coal varies greatly in its proportion of ash, sulphur and heat units (the elements that affect the value of steam coal) is shown by the exhaustive tests that many large users now require before purchase.

A neglect of this precaution often results disastrously. For instance, according to Business, a manufacturer who had taken advantage of an opportunity to save a few dollars on the first cost of his coal by buying some that he had been assured came from the same district as the good coal he has formerly used, soon found himself in considerable trouble.

The increase in consumption to keep up the required amount of steam was so great that the added labor brought forth immediately complaints from the engine room. Firing had to be almost incessant and grates became clogged so rapidly that stoking was also close to a continuous operation and all the while the ash pile was growing into a mountain.

A chemist was called in finally to look into the condition. He did so, and his test proved that the coal contained a fraction less than two-thirds ash. Such lessons cost money, but they have to be learned in some way and the great ash heap, two-thirds the size of the original coal pile, made a striking object lesson.

The storage of coal is also a considerable item. Frequent handling will greatly increase its cost. In one plant where an expert was called in to advise on this subject he discovered that the company was spending 53 cents a ton on the transportation of coal from the time it reached the siding until it went into the furnaces.

In a German factory firemen trained to appreciate the scientific principles involved in the work produced a saving over the work of the regular but untrained stokers of $8.50 a day, or $50 a week of 144 hours. The untrained men had produced a thermal efficiency of 66.6 per cent., while the trained stokers, on the same job, brought it up to 72.7 per cent., an actual saving if expressed in dollars and cents of $8.50 a day. In another German plant where a similar test was made a saving three times the amount of that just quoted was produced.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Sent on Approval in England and Returned After Wedding.

A trick to make a good showing of presents at a wedding has been revealed recently by a London, (England) firm of silversmiths, who say that certain of their customers have sent for six or seven wedding presents at about $20 each, to be sent on approval to their houses, all the goods being returned after the wedding with a note to the effect that they were unsuitable.

This is certainly a cheaper plan than hiring presents, as many middle class families have done in the past. As it is a time honored custom to show wedding presents in England it is possible to hire silver dishes, knives, forkes, rose bowls, cut glass dishes, &c., should friends and relatives have failed to do what is expected of them for the bride and bridegroom.

The goods that are used in this way are all labelled with good wishes and other appropriate inscriptions and placed among the genuine gifts. After festivities are over they are returned with the sum due for their use. Naturally they are not much handled and do service for a long time in this way.

WARS THAT WILL SURE COME

PROPHET FORECASTS TROUBLOUS TIMES.

Predicted That Many Countries Will Soon Unsheath the Sword.

The quarrel that so suddenly broke out between Turkey and Italy came as no surprise to anyone who has made a study of the affairs of nations. It was simply a case of long-continued ill-feeling coming to a head. For years past, Italy and Turkey have been steadily rubbing one another the wrong way in Northern Africa, says London Answers.

It was the same between France and Germany recently. Not a diplomat in Europe but knew that those two great countries would sooner or later try to pay off old scores. There is no love lost beween France and Germany. France can never forget how, forty years ago, Germany caught her disorganised and unprepared, and compelled her to hand over an indemnity of two hundred millions sterling, besides two of her best provinces. Those provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, have been a thorn in the side of Germany ever since.

Nations have their feelings just like individuals. The Kaiser would get no welcome if he were imprudent enough to visit Paris. The memory of the days when Paris was in German hands is too recent and bitter. Sooner or later the air will be cleared—by war!

THE COCKPIT OF EUROPE

Austria is in for troublous times when its aged emperor dies. Nothing is more likely than war with Italy or Germany—perhaps with both. Students of international politics declare that Austria-Hungary will fly into bits when the tight grip of Francis Joseph is relaxed. Twenty millions of its inhabitants are German by blood and speech and sympathy—and Germany naturally turns a greedy eye towards them. The southwest corner is as Italian as Italy itself, and Italy has old scores to pay. Over three millions in the south-east are of Servian blood. It is not at all improbable than within ten years Austria-Hungary, if not dismembered peacefully, will be the cockpit of a big European war.

Sooner or later, too, say most people, war between Great Britain and Germany will come. Germany was a late starter in the race for colonies, and wants a better outlet for her growing population and commerce than the few jungles and barren deserts that are all she possesses abroad. Britain has taken her pick—and Germany considers herself unfairly elbowed out of things.

The friction that led recently to the separation of the hitherto joint kingdoms of

NORWAY AND SWEDEN

is not dead yet, and might easily end in war, but for two things. They are not strong enough to fight if the Great Powers disapprove of their fighting—and Russia is very close, and very ready for fresh territory.

Peru and Chile have reached such a point of prosperity that the ill-will which exists between then is a very serious matter. Their quarrel is about a boundary. It runs vaguely through dense jungles on the slopes of the Andes, jungles unexplored as yet, but certainly of immense value in these rubber-growing days.

Whatever war breaks out in the West of Europe, poor Belgium will certainly be in it. Bigger nations will certainly use her territory as a short cut.

Switzerland is luckier in that way. No thought of possible wars need ever worry Switzerland. She has no sea coast, and so has no navy Her army she could as easily do without.

FACT AND FANCY.

It's no use giving the cold shoulder to a vegetarian.

Wild peacocks abound in Madagascar.

Telephone kisses, like straw hats, are not felt.

It is easier for a plain woman to be good than a pretty one—but what woman admits that she is plain?

The king of Spain draws a salary of $750,000 a year.

Noah, that wonderful promoter, floated a company when the whole world was in liquidation.

A bee, for all its industry, can only collect a tablespoonful of honey a year.

You can tell by the tone of a man's voice when he's going to propose, girls—there's a ring in it.

REASONS FOR JOY.

Guest—"Look here, this mirror is so fearfully dirty that I can't see my face in it."

Hotel Servant—"It strikes me you ought to be thankful for that, instead of making trouble about it."