



## LIFE is a PRIVILEGE

Life is a privilege. Its youthful days Shine with the radiance of continuous Mays. To live, to breathe, to wonder and desire; To feed with dreams the heart's perpetual fire; To thrill with virtuous passions, and to glow With great ambitions—in one hour to know The depths and heights of feeling—God! in truth, How beautiful, how beautiful is youth!

Life is a privilege. Like some rare rose The mysteries of the human mind unclose. What marvels lie in earth, and air, and sea! What stores of knowledge wait our opening key! What sunny roads of happiness lead out Beyond the realms of indolence and doubt! And what large pleasures smile upon and bless The busy avenues of usefulness!

Life is a privilege. Though noontide fades And shadows fall along the winding glades, Though joy-blossoms wither in the autumn air, Yet the sweet scent of sympathy is there. Pale sorrow leads us closer to our kind, And in the serious hours of life we find Depths in the souls of men which lend new worth And majesty to this brief span of earth.

Life is a privilege. If some sad fate Sends us alone to seek the exit gate, If men forsake us and as shadows fall, Still does the supreme privilege of all Come in that reaching upward of the soul To find the welcoming Presence at the goal, And in the Knowledge that our feet have trod Paths that led from, and must wind back to God.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Cosmopolitan.



## What Became of Elizabeth.

BY EVA WILLIAMS MALONE.  
(Copyright, 1901, by Dally Story Pub. Co.)  
"Since collaborating is the popular fad, why shouldn't we try it?" he said, tentatively, as he handed her a package of accepted manuscript for her department.  
Years before they had projected the collaboration of their lives, but a baseless lover's quarrel, backed up by two hot tempers and two stubborn wills, had cast all their rosy dreams into "pie." In a spasm of resentment she married another man, and spent the time until death relieved her in repenting her rashness. He had vented his resentment by assuming a bitter attitude toward all women, and especially toward her.  
Now, by a strange irony of fate, they were thrown together as workers on the same magazine. When they ascertained that this was to be their relation, the first impulse of each was to resign the work—the second was to keep straight on so as to show the other that they "didn't care."  
At first the situation was horribly



"Let's Try One."  
strained—he called her "Madam," "Miss," anything—rather than to signal the triumph of the man who had taken her from him by calling her "Mrs. Martineau." She dodged his name with feminine adroitness; and when she could no longer avoid it, called him "Mr. Raymond" with painful precision. In the subconsciousness of each, the "Nina" and "Leon" of that former life seemed unquiet, wandering ghosts, ready to spring forth with insistent vitality. But a good, healthy business relation is a marvelous tranquilizer of graveyard associations; at least, these two found it so.  
At the end of six months the feeling of restraint, of suspicion, had worn away. At the end of a year it had given place to a very genuine sense of comradeship, decidedly more satisfac-

tory than the old-time throbs and thrills.  
He had fallen into the habit of bringing his work into her office, which adjoined his. Each one of them was doing literary work independent of that which they furnished their magazine, and each found the other's suggestions and criticisms helpful and inspiring. She wondered why her stories took on such strength and vitality after she "had talked them over" with him—he developed new possibilities of grace and beauty under her discerning criticism.  
Thus it was that the idea of collaborating with her took hold of him and found expression in the question with which this story begins.  
"But you'd want the characters all to do your way," she suggested. "You would never consent, I feel sure, to let your people give way the least bit to mine."  
"You don't know how complacent I and my people can be upon occasion," he expostulated. "Let's try one story, anyway, and if we are not pleased with the result, why, the firm can dissolve without further notice. Such things have been done," he concluded with a look that caused a warm flush to mount her brow. She affected not to notice his covert sarcasm and said: "Very good, you shall create the men—you know the craft all say, 'a woman's man' to be utterly impossible. And I am to have absolute sway where the women are concerned."  
So the story was begun. Plot and style were agreed upon, but the details of the story were to unfold and develop themselves as it progressed. The interest was to hinge upon the love of two men for one woman; and Mrs. Martineau reserved the right to let the heroine accept or reject at the last moment.  
"I don't know what sort of creatures you are going to make of your men," she protested, "and I can't pledge myself that my heroine will accept them. If you make them do things that my judgment condemns, she must reject them."  
At first the story progressed beautifully. She drew her heroine with a firm, true hand, putting so much of the charm and magnetism of her own personality into her that Raymond said it was the easiest thing in the world for him to make his men love her—that he was more than half in love with her himself. Something in his manner suggested the question whether he meant the heroine of Mrs. Martineau's story or the heroine of mine. But let that pass. When things began to draw to a climax, the trouble began. He had painted one of his heroes a handsome, dare-devil fellow, who carried all women's hearts before him. But he explained that the heroine was to discover in time that the fascination he had for her was not true love. This left room for her to realize her "grand passion" in her

love for Ormand Seville, a calm, clean-hearted gentleman, albeit rather cold in exterior.  
"I cannot let Elizabeth love that drinking, carousing, billiard-playing wretch you have there," Mrs. Martineau protested, with fervid eloquence. "It's quite impossible—he's unworthy of her."  
"She will discover that in due time," Raymond argued. "She is only to be temporarily infatuated. Then Ormand will awaken her real, permanent affection."  
"After the bead and the sparkle have gone to the first," she urged.  
"Does the first always get the bead and sparkle? I would be happy to believe so," Raymond interjected, with one of those dangerous lapses that were becoming all too frequent since the subject of love had come to the fore.  
"In stories—yes. In real life—no!" she retorted, with feminine perversity. This was dangerous ground, and she knew it, so she said they would put away the story for that day, as she had work for the magazine which could not be postponed.  
On the morrow they returned to the onslaught.  
"Well?"—Raymond began turning the leaves of the manuscript, but looking at Mrs. Martineau with a dangerous something in his eyes—"What about Hardcastle?" That was the hero she did not approve of.  
"I can't consent for Elizabeth to love him—even for a little while—he's not fit."  
"Are women always governed by their lover's fitness?"  
"They should be."  
"But are they?" She had admitted in the other life they had lived together, that she did love him, and if he was "fit" then why not—Raymond realized that he was off the track and jerked himself up.  
"If you'll let Elizabeth love Hardcastle just for a little while, I'll, why I'll do anything you wish with him after that, I'll kill him if you say so."  
"Why can't you kill him now?" she flashed—"It strikes me that is the best disposition to be made of him. I can't let Elizabeth love him—not for a little while and—to please you!"  
Her eyes dropped and her voice too at the last.  
The something that had been slumbering in him leaped to flame.  
"Do you really care to please me?"  
He was nearer to her now than even the demands of collaboration required. She was startled out of her self.  
"Why, if I shouldn't mind pleasing you if it were not at the sacrifice of principle; but I couldn't let Elizabeth—"  
"Hang Elizabeth!" he cried, and she never knew what became of the pencil she had in her hand, "she may love just whoever she pleases if only her mistress will consent to do the same. Nina, it's out now, so let it go—Nina, this is a collaboration, second-hand love won't do! It's decidedly too barnacled for a man who has been hungering for the real thing for how many years is it, Dearest?"  
"A woman never counts years," she whispered with a last dying effort to keep from succumbing to the inevitable.  
"Save by their loss," he cried rapturously as he gathered a more real woman than Elizabeth into his eager arms and looked down into her eyes that refused to tell the lies she bade them—"Elizabeth and the rest of them can fight it out on their native heath; I care not what becomes of them. You and I are going back to the old, sweet



"A Woman Never Counts Years."  
collaboration of other days. It's worth all the pen and ink stuff in the universe."  
And, looking into her happy face, you would not have thought she cared a flip what became of Elizabeth.  
**Dog Saved Kitten's Life.**  
A man servant in a family in England some time ago took a kitten to a pond, with the intention of drowning it. His master's dog went with him, and when the kitten was thrown into the water the dog sprang in and brought it back to land. A second time the man threw it in, and again the dog rescued it; and when for the third time the servant tried to drown it, the dog, as resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the pool, ran all the way home with it, and deposited it before the kitchen fire. From that time the dog kept constant watch over the kitten. The two were inseparable, even sharing the same bed.  
To grow old nicely is a great art, and old people are quite mistaken in imagining that they must necessarily be bores to the young, though some elderly people are certainly trying

## ..The Filibusters of Venezuela. Or the Trials of a Spanish Girl.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.  
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CHAPTER I.  
The President's Message.  
There is no fairer spot in all Venezuela than the valley of Coronel, and there is no brighter luxuriance in the valley of the Coronel than that of the great plantation of General Jose Alvarez, which lies on the left bank of the Coronel about twenty miles from the point of confluence of that river with the great Orinoco. Here are raised coffee, second to none, not even the famous product of Maracaibo; sugarcane, bananas, cotton, indigo, coconuts, corn and wheat.  
Along the river was a thick growth, where, among many other things, could be found caoutchouc, the tonkabean and gutta-percha.  
Besides being the proud owner of twelve thousand acres of this magnificent and wealth producing territory, General Alvarez was the commanding general of all the troops of the Republic of Venezuela south of the Orinoco. There were, in all, not more than a thousand, and were scattered over miles of territory; but under the immediate command of General Alvarez, quartered in the comfortable fortress which formed part of Castle Alvarez, was a regiment consisting of two hundred men, with a battery amounting to six guns; and at the city of Bolivar, above the Coronel, on the Orinoco, was a small company in the tumbledown barracks that formed a poor shelter even when they needed shelter least. Some of these soldiers of the Republic were of Spanish blood without mixture; some were negroes, and some were Indians; but the majority were half-breeds or whites and Indians. There was another type of half-breeds, too utterly worthless for use as soldiers, and thoroughly untrustworthy, the result of a mixture of negro and Indian blood. There were many of these in the Coronel valley, and they frequently made trouble. Their patriotism was nothing. They were ready for any uprising or deeds of violence for which they were well paid. These were the Zampos, the distinctive name of their type.  
The forces of General Alvarez were fairly well armed and disciplined, brave, and thoroughly devoted to the Republic. They adored their brave commander, and were ever ready to follow him, ever faithful, unflinching, uncompromising.  
General Alvarez was a very wealthy man. In fact, it had been said that he could not count his wealth. Taking this to mean that the value of his crops depended on favoring weather and the worth of his great herds of cattle out on the llanos, or plains, rose and fell increased or diminished by favoring or unfavorable circumstances, then the saying was true. Be that as it may, Don Jose Alvarez was a wealthy man, a general of the Republic and a personal friend of President Crespo.  
But of all the valuable possessions of Don Jose Alvarez, none compared, in his estimation, with his lovely wife, Dona Maria, or his daughter, Senorita Jacinta.  
Senorita Jacinta was the brightest jewel of the Coronel valley, and no one knew this or appreciated it better than Senorita Jacinta. She was the toast and often the sweetheart of the officers of the garrison, and with whom she would frequently promenade under the frowning guns, with her mantilla thrown loosely about her well-rounded form, and her black eyes snapping with the passions of her southern blood.  
Senorita Jacinta, at the time our story opens, was about 18 years of age; but maturity comes early to the girls of the warm countries, and Jacinta's physical development compared well with that of an American young woman of 23 or 24.  
I have spoken of Jacinta as sometimes being the sweetheart of an officer in her father's garrison.  
But it was not only the officers of the garrison that loved Jacinta. Pedro Francisco, the wealthiest land and cattle owner south of the Orinoco save General Alvarez, had wooed her persistently; but Jacinta was a republican, and Francisco leaned toward Spain, and she would have none of him.  
Though Jacinta had had many lovers at her feet, her own heart had never yet been touched. Yet so quick was her nature, so warm her blood, that it needed but a spark to kindle the flame. Love at first sight is more than a possibility with girls of Jacinta's temperament. It is the rule. And when once that fathomless depth of fire and passion should spring into volcanic action, who can tell the consequences of herself—and others!  
The castle of General Alvarez was, like all other houses of wealthy men in the Orinoco valley, situated on high ground, to keep it up out of the floods that sometimes cover the land. It was a great square building, partly of stone, partly of iron, and partly of cement.  
But there was to come a time when this repose was to be rudely interrupted; when the soul of Jacinta was to be torn by grief and anxiety; when for a moment she was to know the consuming power of love; when the voice so sweet in song would tremble as it pleaded for mercy.  
And there was coming a time when the peaceful valley of the Coronel would run with blood; when the hateful passions of wicked men would wreck peace and happiness; and when even the Orinoco itself, as it flowed majestically to the sea, would carry with it

could select, and having been put on his guard, might find a way to defeat the watchfulness of the officers of the Republic.  
Salvarez, however, found that he could not obey the commands of the President without betraying to the enemies of the Republic the fact that their plot was discovered.  
In the first place, there was only one gun at Bolivar, and it was nearly worthless. Cannon had to be dragged there from the castle. The infantry would have to be withdrawn, surely by the 16th, to march to Bolivar, for it was at Bolivar, no doubt, that the first act of aggression was to take place.  
So the General abandoned all thoughts of secrecy, placed a garrison of thirty men in charge of the castle, fondly kissed his wife and Jacinta good-bye, and marched away to Bolivar, with his band playing merrily, his hundred and sixty odd men marching proudly, and his artillery, consisting of two guns lumbering along in the rear.  
Reaching Bolivar, he so placed his guns as to command the river, and calmly awaited the 18th and the Agostura.  
The 18th came, but no steamer came in sight. General Alvarez smiled calmly to himself at this verification of his hopes. The gunboats had captured the Agostura. The soldiers played games and got drunk, for surely no enemy was near.  
The 19th was a day of impatience, for, although it was plain that Agostura need not be expected at Bolivar and Alvarez was in a hurry to get back to his plantation, it was not becoming in a general of the Republic and a friend of the President to put his private affairs ahead of the safety of the Republic, so he remained at his post.  
On the 20th the steamer El Callao, from New York, arrived at her dock, and among her passengers were two young Americans, named Arthur Medworth and Jack Tempest.  
Medworth was a tall, handsome young fellow, about twenty-two years of age; and Tempest was taller still, and of a gigantic breadth of shoulder, his development showing great muscular strength.  
These young men at once inquired for General Alvarez, and, having found him, placed in his hand two very satisfactory letters of introduction from the Venezuelan consul at New York.  
When General Alvarez had read the letters of introduction and greeted the young men warmly, he took them to his headquarters.  
"Now, gentlemen," he said, when they were comfortably seated, "please give me all the information you have in regard to this business. I am working mostly in the dark. The Agostura, now. What do you know of her."  
(To be continued.)  
**Fancies in China.**  
Much of the handsome china used nowadays is marked with the monogram or crest of the owner. It is a distinctive mark that differentiates the china from all the other ware, and the lettering is an ornament in itself. It is usually the more simple china that is ornamented in this way, and an attempt is made always to put the lettering upon the side or wing of a plate, as the professional will say, to prevent wear. Old-time china was frequently marked in the center of the plate and the marking was worn away by the knife and fork. In some instances entire sets of china for different courses are marked, and always each piece of a dish—the cover, the dish itself, and, if soup tureen, the piece upon which it rests. The letters for the marking are always the initials of the mistress of the house and are put on in script in preference to the black letters. The lettering is usually in gold, but occasionally one letter will be put in color and the others in gold. The gold may be flat or raised, and upon this will depend largely the cost of the lettering.—Chicago Journal.  
**Old Breach of Promise Case.**  
One of the most remarkable breaches of promise cases that have ever been brought before the courts is about to be tried in Athens. Plaintiff, a young woman from the village of Marcopolo, some 35 miles from Athens, bases her claims upon an ancient custom of the village, which, it is held, will influence the jury in her favor. The custom, which has the force of law in the village, is as follows: On certain festive days the villagers assemble on the green, when dancing is indulged in. Any girl wishing to marry drops her handkerchief, and the swain who picks it up is bound to marry her. In the case in question the young man, who picked up the handkerchief by accident, had never seen the girl before. When acclaimed by the assembled villagers as the prospective husband of the girl, he demurred, hence the action at law. The young girl is decidedly good looking, and his lack of taste in not taking her for a bride is much commented on in the village.  
**Turning Smoke into Light.**  
A Belgian engineer named Toblansky of Alostoff is said to have just discovered a means for turning smoke into light. His apparatus collects the smoke, no matter from what fire, forces it into a filtered receiver, where it is saturated with "hydro-carbure" and turned into a brilliant light. By means of this invention, which the Belgian papers are all busy discussing at the moment, an ordinary kitchen fire can be made to produce a light equal to that of 50 Beca Auer, or, if preferred, it can be made to warm four or five ordinary rooms or drive a gas engine of four or five horsepower.