DENTON JOURNAL.

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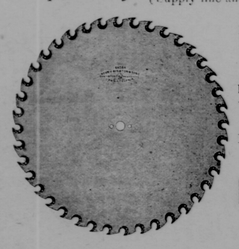

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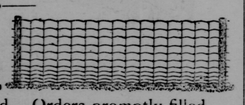

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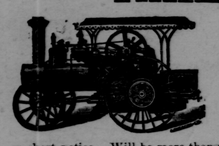

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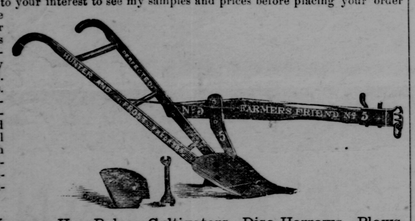

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AFFECTION BETTER THAN LOVE.

Love's capricious, timid, bold,
And can blow both hot and cold.
When it feeds, or when it fasts,
Love's delicious—while it lasts.
When we trust it, then it fails,
Like a vapor it exhales,
And love's garden may disclose
That the thistle routs the rose.

True affection then we deem,
Deeply rooted in esteem,
More than love—sure to bless
Lasting married happiness.
It is something that endures,
That a life's content secures,
Free from all that peace destroys
In love's evanescent joys.

—George Birdseye in New York Home Journal.

A Transvaal Love Story.

In the kitchen of a Boer farm at Harrismith two brothers, Paul and Hendrick Hoopstad, sat in earnest conversation.

"Will you come, Hendrick?"

"I cannot leave, Paul. There is English in our veins, and besides to join the commando against the British would be taking up arms against the woman I love."

"The woman we love, Hendrick, for God knows I think of her every minute of my life. You and I have been all in all to each other ever since we were born, but this mutual love for Nancy Martin seems likely to divide us. Even supposing we put our chances to the test, if I win her you will hate me, and if you were successful my thoughts would turn to you in anger. Let us, then, take our rifles, join the commando and for the time forget her, and perhaps when the war is over one of us may gain by death what the other could not give in life."

"I will not fight against the English, Paul."

"Think well, Hendrick. Nancy Martin has been in England for the last four years—is it not possible that she may have an English lover?"

"We are being enticed and threatened into a foolhardy war by those who have their own ends to serve. I will take my rifle and fight, but it will be with the English."

"Then, Hendrick, we must part, though we part in all affection. God bless you, my brother, and the woman we love."

"Farewell, Paul, and God grant that we may not meet on the battlefield."

Paul turned his horse toward Newcastle, while Hendrick rode in the opposite direction, with the intention of making his way to John Martin's farm, which lay on the banks of the Calabon river, between Basutol and Natal.

Hendrick Hoopstad's love for Nancy, the only daughter of John Martin of the Caladon farm, was the one thought that engrossed his mind. He loved her and was willing to lay down his life for her without thought of reward. It might be, as Paul had suggested, that Nancy had an English lover. Well, time would show, and whatever happened he would always strive to be worthy of her and be willing to serve her in any way in his power.

In about three hours he had sighted John Martin's farm. Down the hill Hendrick let the reins drop on his horse's neck and proceeded at a walking pace. It was a calm, still evening, and the horse's hoofs made no sound in the soft sand.

Reaching the orchard, the sound of voices fell upon his ear, and almost mechanically he stopped the horse and listened. It was the voice of Nancy he heard, and, standing in his stirrups, he looked over the brush growth. Yes, Paul was right—she was standing beneath the shade of a spreading tree and a tall man dressed in the British khaki uniform held her in his arms, her head upon his shoulder and her lips upturned to his.

"The time was so long, Dick, I thought you would never come."

"Did you, darling? Well, I have come at last, though I could wish a more peaceful time for visiting my beautiful sweetheart. But when this war is over I will make you my wife."

"My love for you, Dick, can never change. Since I left you it has lived on the memory of those sweet hours of delirious happiness when we used to sit together in the sunshine and plan the joyful future—when we two shall be always together."

The man on the horse heard the words that pierced his heart like the stab of a dagger. For some moments he sat like a statue, his face grim and set and his eyes staring into blankness. The steed moved forward of its own accord and wandered on upward of an hour, while its rider sat wrestling with himself. Then, with a sigh and a sob that almost choked him, he gathered up the reins and once more turned toward John Martin's farm.

Here John Martin met him with an old fashioned English welcome, and Hendrick was ushered into the sitting room, where sat Nancy and her lover. Nancy greeted him heartily, if somewhat shyly.

"I am glad to see you, Hendrick—let me introduce you to Mr. Harvey. Dick, this is our friend, Hendrick Hoopstad."

"I am very glad to know you; we can't have too many friends these troublous times. You look like a fighting man. I hope you are with us?"

"I cannot fight against Miss Martin's countrymen, and the blood in my veins is more English than Dutch. I am on my way now to volunteer."

"Then we are well met; I am enrolling a body of volunteers to act as scouts. I saddle in a few hours, so if you are willing we go together."

"I ask nothing better. But what of Miss Martin—surely she must not stay here?"

"I am glad you add your entreaties to mine. I am trying to persuade Mr. Martin and Nancy to retire to the coast until danger is past."

"That's all right, Dick," answered Mr. Martin. "I should like to persuade Nancy to go, but I'm going to stick to the farm."

"You run great risk, Mr. Martin," said Hendrick. "If you stay here, you will be commanded to join the Boer army."

"I am an Englishman, and my farm is in Natal; that, I take it, is out of their jurisdiction."

"Possibly, but I hardly think they will draw so fine a line."

"Well, anyway I stay here, and it won't be healthy for the commando that interferes with me."

"Then, if you are so determined, I must ask you to be equally determined in insisting upon Miss Nancy going to Durban. My married sister lives there, and she would be quite safe."

After much discussion it was decided that Nancy should depart for Durban immediately, with Hendrick for an escort. Dick Harvey would accompany them as far as Mooi river, where he would have to leave them, and Hendrick was to rejoin Dick as soon as Nancy was safe at the coast. Hendrick knew now that Nancy could never be to him more than a friend, and in that friendship he determined that no sacrifice should be too great for him.

The three rode together until Dick had to leave them; then with a tender and almost heartrending farewell he passed her into the care of Hendrick and departed. They reached Durban without mishap, and Hendrick, having consigned Nancy to the care of his sister, prepared to return.

"I thank you, Hendrick, for your care of me."

"I wish for no thanks. To be of service to you is the aim and end of my life."

She looked at him curiously and seemed to penetrate his secret.

"I am going to the war," he continued slowly, fixing his gaze upon the ground, "to fight for your countrymen and you. It may be that I shall not survive, and I should like you to think kindly of me. You are the only English woman I have been privileged to know with any degree of friendship, and the days have passed happily with me. A hope full of vanity was born within me that perhaps the caprice of fate might turn your heart toward me in love. Forgive me for saying this. I am only a foolish man, but I thought I would like you to know."

"Poor Hendrick!"

"I have seen the man you love, and my vanity is dead. Goodby! I should like—may I—er—I should like to kiss your hand to seal my vow that henceforth my life is consecrated to serving you and yours to the death."

The tears rolled down her cheeks as she gave him her hand. The strong man kissed it passionately and departed.

Hendrick made his way back to Dick Harvey and was formally enrolled as a volunteer. News came soon after that the Boers had crossed the border and were invading Natal, and Captain Harvey began to have fears for the safety of John Martin. He consulted Hendrick on the subject.

"What do you think of it, Hoopstad?"

"Bad, very bad. John Martin will have to join a commando or be shot."

"So I fear, and I want you to start tonight and make your way to the Caladon farm. If you find John Martin there, persuade him to come back with you. But, if our worst fears are realized and he has disappeared, find out what has become of him."

"I will start in an hour, and I thank you for giving me the opportunity."

"Good luck go with you."

In an hour Hendrick took the road for John Martin's farm. Numerous parties of Boers were about, and extreme caution was necessary. This meant slow progress, and it was not until the second evening that he reached the homestead. Dismounting, he rapped on the door, but elicited no response, and it was soon evident that John Martin was absent. Upon looking around Hendrick discovered the frightened face of a Kaffir boy peeping at him over a fence.

"Hello, Cabbage! Where is your master?"

"Baas, 'im dung one 'way."

"Where to?"

"Baas Shiel 'im dun took 'im 'way."

"Shiel?"

"Sarten. 'Im ride up, big many, took Bass Mart'n, tied um hands an dun gorn 'way."

"Which way did they ride?"

"Cabbage um follow Baas—Glencoe—then um come back here an wait fo' Baas."

And then Hendrick realized that the worst had come to pass, and John Martin was a prisoner in the hands of Commander Shiel.

"I will not return with such meager news," he said to himself. "I will push on toward Glencoe and learn more, even if I have to penetrate into their camp."

He accordingly made his way toward Glencoe and found his progress more difficult every mile. Time after time he was stopped by bands of Boers, but always got away by saying that he was riding to join Shiel's commando. As he had taken the precaution to wear his own clothes, this explanation was accepted as satisfactory.

Nearing the heights of Glencoe, Hendrick thought it prudent to remain in hiding until evening. Tethering his horse in a small wood, he concealed himself in some bushes and endeavored to get some sleep. He was awakened some hours later by the sound of voices, and, peering from his place of concealment, he discerned a party of Boers on horseback about 12 yards away.

"Do you think they will attack tonight?"

"Either tonight or tomorrow morning. Villjoen brought word."

"Well, he is a reliable scoundrel."

"A good spy. Well, if the cursed rooinecks storm Glencoe, they will find our guns manned by their own countrymen."

"Aye, manned by rooinecks with their hands tied behind their backs. Ha, ha! a good plan of Shiel's to truss those who refuse to fight and make them targets for their friends. I'm sorry for John Martin, though. He was a good friend."

They moved away, and Hendrick realized from their conversation that Shiel had tied those who had refused to join his commando behind the Boer guns, so that there was every possibility of their being killed should the English make an assault.

Carefully picking his way, he led his horse to within two miles of the Boer position. After making the animal secure he proceeded on foot. He advanced at first without any attempt at concealment, answering when challenged that he was on his way to Shiel with news of the enemy.

The audacity of this proceeding was justified by its success, and Hendrick found himself well inside the Boer position almost without question. On the ridge where the guns were posted some 20 men were lying. Hendrick walked among them unsuspected. They could not tell whether he had just joined the commando or had been with them for weeks. New arrivals were pouring in daily.

Passing along the ridge, Hendrick came to the guns, and there, with his hands tied behind him and secured to the gun carriage, lay John Martin.

"Mr. Martin!"

The captive looked at him wearily.

"I am Hendrick—sst—make no noise—do not speak. Miss Nancy is safe at Durban. The English storm this position tomorrow. I will cut your bonds, but it is all I can do for you. If you can escape, you will find my horse in the brush, two miles along the road to the right. Should you see Nancy again, say I did my best to keep my promise."

He hastily severed the captive's bonds, and, bidding Martin hold his hands as if still tied, he left him the knife and passed along the ridge. He proceeded down the mountain and was just congratulating himself on his lucky escape when he was confronted by a band of armed men.

They challenged him, and he gave his usual reply that he was on his way to Commander Shiel. The band opened out, and Hendrick was faced by a tall man on horseback.

"I am Commander Shiel. Who are you, and what do you want?"

For a moment Hendrick was silent, and before he could speak a light was flashed on his face.

"I know him—it is Hendrick Hoopstad," cried a voice.

"Hoopstad, the man who refused to obey the call of the government and enlisted as a volunteer with the English! You see, we are well informed, my brave spy. Bring him along, men; we will show the reward we reserve for traitors."

Hendrick was seized by rough and willing hands and hurried to the Boer camp. Without any delay he was sentenced to be shot at break of day, and as he was being taken from Shiel's presence he heard a messenger announce the news that John Martin had made his escape and could not be traced.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed aloud. "I do not die in vain."

The day broke at last, and the guards entered the tent and cut the bonds that bound the prisoner's legs. The upper part of his face was enveloped in a thick woolen muffler, and thus blindfolded he was led out to die.

His grave was already dug, and they stood him beside it. The firing party consisted of four men. Three of the rifles held blank cartridges, and the fourth was to deal the deathblow, but none of the men knew who held the deadly weapon.

The firing party were in charge of an officer who held a revolver in his hand. Should the prisoner be alive after the party had fired it was the officer's duty to execute the sentence himself.

"Present! Fire!"

The rifles rang out, and Hendrick stood by his grave unhurt. Without a word the officer advanced to within three paces of the doomed man, raised his revolver, and a bullet crashed through Hendrick's brain. He fell forward and then rolled on his back, the bandage slipped from his eyes, and the face of the dead man lay upturned to heaven. His executioner took a step forward, and then a cry of agony startled the morning air.

"Hendrick! Hendrick! My God! My God! Hendrick! My brother! And I have killed him. O God, forgive, forgive!"

Paul Hoopstad placed his revolver to his forehead and fell across the corpse of his brother. They loved each other in life, and together they joined the great unknown.

That morning the English army stormed the heights of Glencoe, and the Boers were defeated, with heavy slaughter, and side by side with Captain Dick Harvey rode John Martin.

In the engagement Captain Harvey was wounded and sent to Durban, where Nancy nursed her soldier lover back to health. He told her the story of Hendrick's death as he had heard it from one of the Boer prisoners.

"He loved me," she said as the tears ran down her cheeks. "He said he would serve me to the death, and in rescuing my father he lost his life."—Philadelphia Times.

One Against the Mean Man.

A capital joke is related of a man who positively made a fine art of meanness. When traveling, as he very often did, he would keep railway porters busily attending to his luggage, and then purposely defer the much deserved perquisite till the starting of the train made its payment practically impossible.

One morning, however, when about to journey to Birmingham, he executed this maneuver once too often on the same man.

"Dear; dear, I am so sorry!" he said, as the train gave a lurch forward. "I quite forgot to get change."

"And I'm rale sorry, too, sir," was the porter's dry retort. "I quite forgot about that brown portmantay of yours—it's lyin on the platform."—London Answers.

An Alarming Case.

Sir William Harcourt once visited a man-of-war lying off the Hampshire coast. After dinner, the weather proving rather rough, the captain, a small, dapper man, suggested that Sir William should sleep on board and surrendered his own berth for the night to the ex-chancellor of the exchequer.

Next morning the captain's sailor servant, who knew nothing of the change of berths, brought a cup of coffee to the cabin door and knocked once or twice without receiving an answer. Somewhat alarmed, he opened the cabin door and asked:

"Don't you want your coffee this morning, sir?"

The only reply was a growl, and the frightened sailor saw a gigantic figure turn over under the bedclothes. Dropping the coffee, he rushed to the ship's surgeon, exclaiming:

"For goodness' sake, sir, come to the captain! He's speechless and swollen to ten times his natural size!"—London Tit-Bits.

A BEAR FOR A ROOMMATE.

Funny Story About a Russian Beast Which Slept In a Bed.

Livonia is a part of our globe where fondness for pets coexists with love of sport. A Russian subject from that province tells me of the strange consideration evinced by one of her neighbors for the feelings of a bear. The animal had an odd fancy for sleeping indoors and in a bed. To humor him, a room in a tower was always left open for the animal. Some nights he came and availed himself of the hospitality, but often he staid out in the woods. If he arrived at his tower and mounted the long flight of steps which led from outside to his own door and found that anything prevented his entrance, the bear made a horrible noise, growling and battering the woodwork. In Livonia, during the brief northern summer, the local magnates visit each other without prior arrangement, and they arrive prepared to stop the night. It not infrequently occurs that many carriages converge at the same time on one country house, with the result that as many as 40 beds may be required. A large influx of visitors arrived one night at the house where the bear had his room. The last comer was a timid youth, a cousin of the house. The host met him, radiant:

"What a pleasure, Ivan! You'll find half the relations here. But, alas, you'll not have a good room. Every other corner is full. There's only the tower left. As you know, the bear comes there. But never mind! He does not put in an appearance every night." The young man would fain have gone farther, but the nearest country house was ten miles off, his horse tired, and the hospitable relations very pressing in their invitation to him to remain. He was greatly afraid of the bear, but still more afraid of offending host, hostess and all the other cousins and neighbors. He decided to stay, and at last retired to rest in a large, square room, with two beds in it. He inquired if he might not bar out the bear (the door had but a latch), but he was told that no fastenings might be used; the bear was too noisy if shut out. He "would not let a soul in the place have a wink of sleep." Besides, "he wasn't coming very likely." And, further, "there wasn't any means of altogether fastening the door." "It was left on the latch on purpose." The last words of a rather sleepy cousin to the newcomer were, "Better take the bed in the far corner, Ivan!"

The guest can hardly be said to have slept there. The terror of bruin kept him awake at first and then bruin himself, for in the small hours a shambling step and a sound of claws on the steps and balustrade froze the blood in the unhappy youth's veins. The noise came nearer. There was a fumbling at the latch. With great growling and grumbling, bruin entered and put himself to bed in the couch near the door. There the beast grumbled, grunted and seemed to sniff. That sniffing alarmed the other occupant of the room most of all, for he thought it meant that the bear scented him and might resent his presence. The wretch dared scarcely breathe. Dawn was breaking, but that was only another danger. The bear might see him. Bruin, a great, curled lump above the blankets, became in due time visible to his fellow lodger. Then the bear snored! There was comfort in that sound. But soon he rolled about and growled and groaned discontentedly. The heart of the watcher beat painfully loud. He dared not rise. He had not nerve enough to pass the sleeping animal and rush down the steps. Terror paralyzed the youth, and prudence whispered that inactivity can be sometimes masterly.

The slow hours dragged on. All the company had assembled down stairs at breakfast, but bruin still slept, and the timid cousin watched him with eyes that burned and throbbed. At last the host said: "Where's Ivan? Where's the bear too?" And a messenger was dispatched to the tower, there to find a pallid guest and his uninvited companion. The messenger routed out the bear, who had been kept as a pet when a cub and who was really only half a wild beast, and helped the nerve shattered youth to dress and join the breakfast party.—London News.

Why She Loved Him So.

The memoirs of Jules Massenet bring up an incident of his courtship told by Coquelin. It seems that when Liszt, Sgambati and Massenet were studying together in Rome they all became fascinated with the daughter of an aristocratic Frenchman. The trio spent their spare time composing and playing themes to the object of their affections. One evening the young woman showed marked favor to Massenet, and he proposed to her after having asked her father's consent. He followed her to Paris in a few days, where he was accepted by her, and the marriage soon took place.

One day Massenet said to his bride before a party of friends:

"My dear, do you remember the day you first showed me that you preferred me to Sgambati and Liszt?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you know, besides proving to me that you loved me it also gave me great joy to know that you believed I played so well, even excelling the others?"

"Oh, but it wasn't that!" answered his wife quickly. "It was because you played so badly that my love went out to you."

It is said that the great composer never referred to the incident again.—Saturday Evening Post.

Mountains of Salt.

Sardinia is the place where almost all the salt, which is a state monopoly, consumed in Italy is produced. It comes from near Cagliari, where for several miles there is nothing but salt to be seen—in pyramids, mounds, almost mountains. For this work about 3,000 men are employed, most of whom are convicts. The wages range from 20 cents to $1 a day, according to the work, of which the convicts receive only half. However, they succeed sometimes in leaving their prison with enough savings to enable them to start anew honestly, often becoming in their old age respectable, responsible persons. The salt works produce about 200,000 tons yearly.—San Francisco Argonaut.