ONE NIGHT OF TERROR.

EXPERIENCE OF A TRAVELER IN AN UNCIVILIZED LAND.

Journeying Through Kurdistan He Makes a Halt Among a Very Strange Tribe. Awakened from a Sound Sleep He Is Robbed and Left Naked and Bound.

"Talk about experiences that turn one's hair gray in a night," said a gentleman whose curling locks were as black as the traditional raven's wings. "I had one once which, according to the authorities, ought to have made me not only gray, but baldheaded, if the traditions are right, which I don't believe they are.

"It was in Kurdistan that my experience occurred. I was traveling through that forsaken country merely for the purpose of seeing it, and I was accompanied by but two men—Jean, a French servant, combining in his own personality all the excellencies of cook and valet, and a Persian guide named Mulli, whom I had engaged for the trip. We had two horses and an ass, which Jean rode and on which he carried the utensils necessary to the cuisine. We had been in Kurdish territory for four days, had passed through several villages, and I was just beginning to think the Kurds were a pretty decent sort for a half savage people, when one night we came to a little town that I never succeeded in finding on any map, and I decided to put up for the night.

"I saw the head man of the village, and despite the fact that he was as villainous a ruffian as I had ever met, his words were those of welcome and hospitality. Now I had never heard of actual brigandage among the Kurds, who, while they are semibarbaric and fierce, are essentially a race of shepherds and small farmers. So when the head man assigned me a hut I felt remarkably secure and rather thankful, despite the fact that I knew I should have to pay liberally for my accommodations. I bought a sheep, and Jean soon transformed it into a savory stew. Supper over, I smoked a few pipes, and rolling myself in a traveling rug lay down on a cot of ill smelling sheepskins to sleep.

AWAKENED FROM SLEEP.

"I did sleep, and soundly, too. The first awakening I had was when a shrill shriek rang in my ears, and I jumped up to find myself surrounded by burly ruffians, armed with ferocious looking knives, and to see one of their number withdraw his ensanguined blade from the breast of my Persian guide, who lay as he had fallen on awakening across his pallet. Jean was in the grasp of two more of the party, and so frightened that he could not speak. I was sure at first that they intended nothing less than to instantly dispatch both of us, but as I heard them parleying and disputing I gathered hope. They ransacked the place, took everything we had except our trousers, tied us tightly and departed.

"The hut was entirely cleaned out as far as our effects were concerned—portmanteaus, revolvers, rugs, coats; even Jean's cooking utensils were gone. In agony I lay till daybreak, and then, hearing some one passing, I shouted at the top of my voice. A Kurd entered, and he was not of the visiting party of the night before. Now I didn't know a word of Kurdish, and poor Mulli was dead. I finally made him to understand that I wanted to be released, but he only grinned and shook his head. Then, remembering the name of the chief, I repeated it several times. He finally shuffled off, leaving me in an agony of suspense as to whether he intended going to that personage or not. After half an hour's wait, however, the chief appeared. He gave some order, and we were immediately cut loose.

"Once my hands were free, I succeeded in explaining to him finally by pantomime what had occurred. He seemed to understand, and sent for some one else.

HELP FROM FRIENDS.

"The party sent for appeared eventually. He wasn't a Kurd, but a Persian, and he spoke a little French. I told him of the outrage and he told the chief. Then he replied to me that the chief said he could do nothing, as the robbers must be of another band or village. This I greatly doubted, as I was sure I had seen two at least of my assailants loitering around when we arrived, but of that I deemed it best not to speak. I implored the chief to give me an escort back to the last town I had left and where two Englishmen and their retinue were stopping. I knew one of the Englishmen, and promised to amply reward him if he would do so. He finally consented to that and furnished me with a guide and two asses upon my swearing to him that I would pay the man, he also agreeing if he could get track of our assailants to visit summary punishment on them.

"So Jean and I finally set out, and the next day, hatless, coatless, penniless and nearly starved arrived at the head town of the section, where I borrowed some supplies from my friend, paid the Kurd who had accompanied us about ten dollars of American money in Persian silver, and women, rehabilitated in borrowed raiment, we set off for the Persian frontier. I afterward learned that our friends of the Kurdish village were notorious robbers and murderers, and that the chief himself had been seen later wearing my coat and riding my horse. I'll tell you I never crossed the Kurdish border again, and I don't ever intend to. I like travel, but in the future I'm going to keep under the flag of some civilized or semicivilized nation."—Chicago Times.

Mamma's Mistake.

Mamma—Dear me! You've got your clothes all covered with whitewash.

Little Son—No, ma, it isn't whitewash. Mme it isn't; it's only paint.—Good News.

America Leads in Inventions.

No nation on the face of the globe is so fortunate in its patents and inventions as the United States, and the number of queer and useful articles of human contrivance recorded at the patent office at Washington is far in excess of the same class of products of any other civilized country. The woodcarvers and workers in bronze and metal of Switzerland and Germany, and the skillful makers of odd Japanese and Chinese novelties present a marvelous variation of certain types of construction and articles which are admired the world over, but for pure, original inventions the Americans take first rank.

A VISIT TO AN ANIMAL PAINTER.

An Artist's Workshop That Resembles a Museum Because of Its Contents.

J. H. Dolph's studio is one of those great, ugly houses called studio buildings, ever so many stories high, which rich men build for artists to live in, if they can pay a good high rent. If you were to see one you would know without being told that it is not an ordinary house, for it has great, high windows, each one as large as three or four of the windows in your house.

And when Mr. Dolph's door is open to you you think of some fairy tale you have read, perhaps of some kindly spirit who takes the unfortunate princess through gloomy, dark passages, and then at the "Open Sesame!" brings her suddenly into a beautiful palace, for here, once in the studio, you think that you are in one of the rooms of some old palace away in Europe.

Here are beautiful eastern carpets in the soft, rich colors which artists love; great, high backed chairs, all carved, brought from Italy, chairs on which knights and ladies have sat hundreds of years ago; old, curious musical instruments, which make you wonder what they would sound like and how they were played; a carved chest, which some old Venetian noble gave to his daughter filled with brocaded dresses and dreams of cloth of gold and silver, table linen and so on, not forgetting the little silver casket filled with money and jewels, her wedding dower when she was married, perhaps 400 years ago; guns, swords, daggers, pistols, from Arabia, Persia and other faraway countries, of curious shapes and so wonderfully wrought and inlaid with gold and silver and precious stones as to make you wonder why tools for killing people were made so beautiful.

But the funniest things are behind an old Spanish screen of many folds, where you might think the artist's wife keeps her gowns—for skirts and robes hang there, so many that she might change her dress three times a day for a month. But should Mr. Dolph give you permission to take them down and examine them you would know that she does not wear them, and that anybody who should nowadays would be well laughed at, for they were all made for people who died before your great-great-grandmother was born.

I fancy that some of you think this must be a museum. Well, yes, in one way it is, because the things are all curious and interesting and out of the way. But a museum is a place where people go to look at things, and this is a place where everything you see is made of use. "Why," you say, "Mr. Dolph does not dress up in these funny dresses and wear armor and carry these odd shaped guns and pistols!" Oh, no; but he paints them in his pictures. They are his patterns—that is, they are the things he works from, just as the plans and sketches and photographs in an architect's workroom are the architect's models.

That is the reason why in France a studio is called an atelier, which is French for workshop.—W. L. Fraser in St. Nicholas.

A Peculiarity of the Author.

A great point about Laurence Oliphant, which is fit to make one have some patience with his extraordinary performances, is that he never lost his character. He never even lost his friends. Whether he was his own man in London, or Harris' man in Brocton or Paris, he was always a person of integrity and of fascinating qualities. He was trusted and was fit to be trusted up to the day of his death. That he should have retained through life the affection of those who knew him best, the lively interest of all who knew him at all, and this in spite of the extraordinary things he did, means a good deal.

For all that he lost a good deal of his money, and much agreeable society and domestic comfort that should have been his; in spite even of the fact that his latest books are all but incomprehensible—it is not clearly established that his life was such a pitiable waste as some commentators upon it have thought.—Scribner's

Fell Two Hundred Feet.

On one of the most charming lakes of the Salzkammergut, the Hallstadter See, a sad accident happened two days ago. Our Vienna correspondent tells us that General von Hirsch's wife and her daughter had gone from Ischl to spend a few days on the shores of the small lake, which is surrounded by steep mountains on all sides. They ventured up a picturesque path to the mountain, but the mother soon declared this was no walk for her, and they turned back.

What had seemed steep in ascending was precipitous in the descent to ladies unused to such exertions. The mother suddenly slipped, and rolling from the path over the side of the mountain fell a distance of 200 feet. The daughter, without a moment's consideration, ran full speed after her, rushing wildly down the terribly steep mountain side, and it is wonderful she reached her mother unhurt. Frau von Hirsch lay unconscious for two days and died without regaining consciousness.—London News.

Love and Oratory.

At the oratorical contest held at Cotner university at Lincoln, Neb., Marion Gadd took the second prize. The young man hastily left the room after the announcement of the prizes. A pistol shot was heard, and when the students rushed out they discovered that Gadd had blown his brains out with a revolver. Later developments reveal the fact that young Gadd was deeply in love with the accomplished daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens of Lincoln, and that she had promised to marry him in case he won the first prize in the oratorical contest; otherwise she would have nothing to do with him. He accepted the proposition, with the above sad result.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

A Great Comfort.

Friend—I see your little boys have their hair clipped close to their heads.

Mr. Baldhead—Yes; I find the fashion a great comfort.

"They are certainly neater."

"I was not referring to them, but to myself. When the boys are around the[illegible] sort o' divide themselves up and give me some peace."—Good News.

AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

A Young Girl with the Aid of Her Faithful Pony Escapes Four Rubber[illegible].

Once Nebraska had been to visit at her neighbor's and started for home when it was nearly dark, but as it was a moonlight night she did not feel lonely and had just thought, "What a lovely evening for a ride!" when she heard pattering steps. Looking around, she saw two wolves stealthily following. She urged her pony to its greatest speed, and tried to think out what she should do, for she was by this time only half way home, and seven miles from the nearest house.

She kept perfectly still because she knew that if she screamed before she was attacked, although it would scare the animals away for a time, they would return and would soon get used to the noise and not be frightened by it. She felt certain so few of them would not dare attack her, for wolves are very cowardly, but she also knew that they would summon the rest of the pack almost instantly.

The wolves were now in full pursuit, and she, glancing back, saw there were three. She was alarmed indeed now, and as they were gaining on her every minute she knew something must be done if she was to reach home alive. She knew the wolves would not long hesitate to attack her, for there was quite a large pack of them gathering. Her pony, too, sniffed danger, and the next instant, before she comprehended what he was going to do, he had turned and sprang right into the midst of the snarling pack, pawing and kicking right and left!

He had not forgotten his wild habits, nor how he had many times saved himself from the ferocious animals. And now his bravery stood his mistress in good stead, for as his feet came down on the wolves fierce yelps showed that he was not dealing gentle taps. In a few seconds there were four stretched dead on the ground, and the others had fled.

The young rider had thought, as soon as she knew what he was going to do, that she was safe if she could keep on his back, and this required all her strength and skill. When the pack was gone she looked down at the dead bodies and shuddered as she thought of her narrow escape. With no injuries and only a few minutes' delay she had secured four dead wolves, worth more than fifty dollars.

She dismounted and slung them over Pawnee's back and then galloped home.

No need of saying that her father and mother were surprised to see her come up to the door and exhibit triumphantly four dead wolves!

After this glorious exploit the pony was more petted than before. Did he not deserve it?—Kate M. Putney in St. Nicholas.

Every Inch a Soldier.

A good story is told on one of the officers connected with a local militia company. For a number of days before the inspection of the citizen soldiery the officer in question would each afternoon retire to the privacy of his own bedchamber, in the second story of his residence, and after dressing himself in full regimentals would put an imaginary company of soldiers through a lively course of drilling. He would clasp his sword at the hilt with one hand and at the point with the other, and then walk backward as if viewing the alignment of his troops.

It so happened that while going through this maneuver one afternoon he walked backward into an open stairway and tumbled into a heap on the floor of the room below, and presented anything but a soldierly and dignified appearance as he lay there rubbing his bruises. His good wife was in the room attending to some household duty, and she rushed to the side of the fallen hero, and in anxious and tender tones asked him if he were hurt.

With a quick bound her husband regained his feet, and coming to an "attention," in a voice of thunder roared out: "Hush! No, woman; what do you know about war?" and then ran back up stairs and dismissed his soldiers.—Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.

Her First News.

Among the uninjured passengers in the Ravenna disaster was a young man, a New Yorker, who had been on a visit to a maiden aunt living in a western city. She was a devout Christian, and had been much concerned over certain worldly tendencies in this her favorite nephew. On the day of his departure she had especially pleaded with him to renounce the mammon of unrighteousness, alternating her prayers with nervous fears over his coming journey.

When the young man got out of his car after the collision, considerably bruised and shaken up, he realized his aunt's anxiety if she should read of the accident, and rushing to the telegraph office wired her the emotional message: "Thank God, I'm saved."

The dispatch was received before any tidings came of the casualty, and the gentle soul supposed that her nephew had suddenly come to a realizing sense of his spiritual condition, and much rejoiced thereat she wrote a long letter of grateful congratulation to him, and told the happy news to her little coterie of intimates before she discovered her ruinous mistake.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Particulars of a romantic marriage come from Georgia. Ten years ago the couple, then only boy and girl, were married, but their folks separated them, the bride being sent away. They didn't correspond and neither afterward married. Sometime ago the groom advertised for his wife. She saw the notice, answered it, and both have now again been married.

Two examples of the big tree of California are growing in Central park, New York. They stand on the grassy bluff just west of the Bethesda fountain, near the terrace and mall. Neither is more than eight inches in circumference, and although they have been standing in that spot for twenty-five years, they are not more than that many feet in height.

Captain Trotter says the great Tippu Tib will probably be seen in England before many months. He will be sure of a great reception there, for Tippu Tib is one of the best known men in the world.

A strange disease is carrying off cattle around Huntington and Trumbull in Connecticut. The victims are taken down very suddenly and swell up, but the flesh does not change color.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Faidler, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

Dated October 19th, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. Stanton, Deputy.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the Matter of the Estate of James Fairbrough, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

Dated October 21, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. Stanton, Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of Charles Brown, deceased.

Notice of time and place for the hearing of petition for admission to probate of will.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF SAID Court [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. Stanton, Deputy Clerk.

Chas. B. Stanton, Attorney for Petitioner.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of William Yeates, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

Dated October 27, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. Stanton, Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Edward Callister, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT John E. Callister, administrator of the estate of Edward Callister, deceased, [illegible]

Dated October 19, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. Stanton, Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Faidler, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT William J. Faidler, administrator of the estate of Jane Faidler, deceased, [illegible]

Dated October 19th, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. Stanton, Deputy.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Utah Territory.

In the matter of the estate of James Shields, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of Real Estate and Personal Property should not be made.

JOHN W. KINNARD, THE ADMINISTRATOR [illegible]

Dated October 26th, 1891.

ELIAS SMITH, Judge.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake.

Henrietta McKay, Plaintiff, vs. Michael McKay, Defendant.

The People of the Territory of Utah send greeting:

To Michael McKay, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APPEAR [illegible]

[Seal.] HENRY G. McMILLAN, Clerk.

By Geo. D. Loomis, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE.

In the District Court for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake.

ELIZABETH PUGMIRE, NANCY E. PUGMIRE, [illegible] Plaintiffs.

vs.

George M. Pugmire, James M. Pugmire, [illegible] Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an Order of Sale [illegible]

THOMAS G. LEWIS,
S. L. DOYLE,
J. H. GEMMELL,
Referees.

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ELIAS MORRIS, Proprietor

Deseret News Company

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Notwithstanding our sales are far ahead of last season, overcrowded shelves and counters force us to make this sale. A glance at our Cloak Room will convince any one that lack of space compels us to make unprecedented reductions so early in the season.

SILK AND CLOAK SALE.

1,000 yards of Fancy Weave Novelty Brocade Silk, best qualities and choicest designs, at 75c., $1.00, $1.15 and $1.25, positively worth from $1.50 to $3.00 per yard.

Faille Francaise, extra quality, 23 inches wide, at 97½c., worth $1.50.

Children's and Misses' Coats, at $1.25, $1.75, $2.25, $2.75, $3.50, $4.50 and $5.00. A saving of 50 per cent.

Ladies should it is a waste of time shopping for lower prices or more beautiful styles, after looking at F. Auerbach & Bro's.

Fur Trimmed Camels Hair Jackets, valued at $20.00, for $12.00.

The Latest! 22-inch Bengaline, at 87½c., worth $1.25.

$25.00 all Silk Matalasse Jackets for $14.50.

Black Armure Silk, 150 yards, at 87½c., worth $1.25.

1,000 yards of Black Surah Silk, at 50c., reduced from 85c.

All Silk Crepe de Chine, in lovely evening shades, at 75c., valued at $1.25.

20 pieces 36 inch Colored Serges, former price 60c., now only 40c.; all wool.

Satin Luxor, 200 yards, at 87½c., reduced from $1.25.

Satin Luxor, 250 yards, at $1.35, valued at $2.00.

Camels Hair Effect Novelties, 40 in. wide, at 60c., would be cheap at $1.00.

$100 Novelty Capes, Paris made, at $65.00. A rare bargain.

Black Gros Grain Silk, 300 yards, 19 inches, at 50c., regular price 85c.

Satin Rhadame 500 yards, 20 inches, at 67½c., real value 85c.

Bengaline, Ottoman effect, 150 yards, at 92½c., valued at $1.40.

Faille Francaise extra quality, 23 inches wide, at 97½c., worth $1.50.

300 yards Black Brocade Silk, at 75c., reduced from $1.25.

$22.50 42-inch Plush Coats for $16.50.

$22.50 Lister Plush Coats, elegantly lined, for $18.00.

$15.00 Plush Jackets, Satin Lined, $9.50.

Magnificent $20.00 Silk Down Quilts at $15.00. They'll go quick.

Our $7.50 Fur-Trimmed Reefers are cheap at $10.00.

$10.00 Challie Tea Gowns, slightly faded, for $5.00.

B. Priestley & Co's Genuine Silk Warp Henrietta, Melrose and Eudora Cloths, Crepes, Camels Hair, Brocades, etc., etc., at prices never before approached.

Our Tea Gowns, Ladies' Suits and Wrappers are getting crushed and mussed for lack of room. A reduction of one-third will sell them quick.

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MUST BE MY LEGACY BEFORE
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