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SOMETHING OF A NIGHT.

At its best hunting in a savage country is no calm pursuit, but when a human quarry is sought one's nerves are not likely to know much repose, and most especially is this true when the object of the chase has wronged as many of the hunter's dear ones that vengeance seems the sole thing left worth living for.

Such, one July afternoon fifteen years ago, was the condition of affairs I had to face.

I was in eastern Turkestan, riding toward the west like mad. Utch was thirty miles ahead of me. By my side ran the Tarim, its chill waters rushing swiftly on toward its confluence with the Kashgar, fifty miles behind me.

I had ridden my horse since daybreak, determined to overtake the man I was hunting down before another nightfall.

For three years I had been pursuing him, never able to get within striking distance. Now he was less than four hours ahead of me, and we were in a land where western conventionalities could neither prevent my vengeance nor punish me for it, though I gave thought to neither of those considerations then.

He was making for Utch, where he intended passing the night. It was my purpose to overtake him a little beyond Tokan, where the Tarim ran through such dreary, deserted wastes that human sounds seldom competed with it in the business of awakening the echoes.

On and on I sped, urging my jaded horse far beyond its utmost powers of endurance, for vengeance, like all other purely human things, takes no heed of what it shall destroy in prevailing.

But my hot haste thwarted itself, and when Tokan was less than a mile away the poor beast fell under me and expired.

Grown vulturelike by reason of my awful pursuit, now that I was cheated of my prey, I shrieked out my wild rage in a fierce execrance of inarticulate sounds, but the waters of the river prevented every syllable of it from offending even the dead ears of my horse.

Bitter as only a baffled man can feel I finally shouldered my saddle bags, continuing my way to Tokan on foot.

This miserable apology for a town—less than a dozen shanties—failed to furnish me another horse at any price. Worse yet, I found myself compelled to spend the night there, as it was now nearly sunset, and Utch, the next town before me, was still more than twenty-five miles away.

Far off to the west, a black and jagged mass against the sunset sky, towered the mighty summits of the Tian Shan range, the otherwise dazzling whiteness of their great snow domes all obscured by the twilight.

Nature alone was sublime here. Such miserable human creatures as I found at Tokan were too sinful and insensate to even feel curiosity at the event of a stranger—a rare circumstance in Turkestan.

Wretched and desperate, unable to endure a thought of food, I stretched myself out upon a shelf against the side of a mean little loft, which was to serve as my quarters for the night.

Through an open window, straight before me, I could look out at the sky above the western mountains.

Shade by shade I witnessed the fading of the sunset colors and the end of the after glow, until all was as dismally black as the sensations of baffled wretchedness which so nearly stifled me.

Then the moon rose full and splendid, making night more like day than it is anywhere out of the east.

Instead of cheering me, these mocking floods of light light angered me.

What right had sun or moon to shine so warmly on a land which has robbed me of vengeance so long delayed, just as it was in my grasp!

I clinched my hands in silent rage—hands which would have been red with human blood if my horse had not failed me and I had had my way.

With smallthe pace the seconds crept on into minutes and the minutes into hours.

Not long after midnight the moon, having passed the zenith, shone into my room, illuminating all its varied store of rubbish.

At first these did not attract my attention; but at last, almost unconsciously, I began gazing about.

Here was a bunch of dried herbs, there a worsted garment, yonder——

Why, what was that? Something shadowy, at the window, shutting out the moonlight.

When my eyes were accustomed to the lessened light I made the obstruction out.

It was a human figure—a man.

He had clambered up three from the ground—to rob me at my hands, to murder me if need be for it in his mouth was a knife whose shining blade glistened in the moonlight.

Perhaps it was only a minute, but it seemed an age before the sound of my undisturbed breathing satisfied him that I was asleep, enabling him to enter the room unperceived.

Presently he swung his foot over the window bench and dropped upon the floor without a sound.

Slowly he advanced until he stood beside me.

My eyes were closed, but for all that I could unmistakably feel his sharp eyes peering down at me.

Slight wound as it made, I heard him take the knife from his teeth and run his fingers along its edge.

Then all was silence again; I could not even hear his breathe.

Probably he was wondering whether he had best kill me before robbing me. Whatever the cause of his deliberation it was maddening, unendurable.

Finally I torn open the garment over my heart and said:

"Why don't you kill me, if you wish to, and have done with it?"

With a half suppressed yell of amazement the man dropped his knife and sprang from my bedside straight out through the window.

My desperation had terrified my Turkic friend into the belief that he had attempted the life of some demon.

I had hailed the first sight of the weapon with a sort of fierce joy; it was a probable means of escape from the miseries of unrequited vengeance.

But the grotesque performance which had been the result of my impatient words aroused my mirth.

For a long time I lay there, fairly shaking with grim laughter.

When this mood changed I sank into a troubled sleep.

It was full of dreamed glass of retribution on many persons for multitudinous offenses, but they all ended like my recent reality—in the death of an overjaded horse at the supreme moment.

At length I was awakened by a sound within my room. The moon was now so far to the westward that its beams fell across the open trap above the ladder by which I had climed to my loft. And coming up, and half way through the floor, I saw the body of another mutinous traitor.

His face was in the shadow, but his bulky figure satisfied me that it was my host.

In another minute he had completed the ascent and was in my room, crouching on the floor, his face in my direction.

Without arising, he finally started toward me, creeping on all fours.

As he advanced I saw dangling from his loose robes a small, short handled axe—destined no doubt to make an immediate plunge into my skull.

This thought sent another fierce tide of desperation surging through me. The sting and chagrin of a thwarted life purpose was likely to end that night after all. One resolution I made swiftly. This man should not be interrupted by word of mine. The silence should not be broken by me—my experience with the other would be unmeet having at least taught me wisdom in that respect.

Assured

The word startled me.

Would I not also have been so assured, could my will have prevailed?

Most assuredly, now I came to think of it.

Then, the man I had so long hunted, determined to slay him, had indeed his hands with the blood of my dear ones, and had even done them worse harm, his who had appointed me administrator of vengeance, giving me power over life and death and the right to answer crime with crime!

With this first true confrontal of my real position came an entire revulsion of feeling.

I am glad now—honestly, heartily glad—that my long cherished violent purpose had ended fruitlessly. The morrow, if the morrow ever came, should witness for me a return to worthier things than man hunting, and with this feeling came another which I had not experienced before in months—an intense desire for life.

This brought me to a recollection of my immediate surroundings, and I cast another glance in the direction of my second visitor.

He was still cautiously approaching me.

When directly before my bed he surprised me by seemingly passing under it, instead of arising to finish me with his axe, as I had expected.

A minute passed, and another. Still there was no further sign not sound of him.

What did it mean? Was he waiting to enjoy a hand to hand tussle with me when I awoke? Or was he, Tartarlike, bent on getting double pleasure out of his foul purpose—first by anticipation, then by reality?

The suspense was maddening.

Soon I could bear it no longer.

Rolling myself together for a mighty effort, I sprang from my bed to the window and plunged through it to the ground below.

A dense thicket was close at hand, and into this I instantly betook myself.

Scarcely was I out of sight when the face of my host appeared at the window whence I had escaped.

The evil working of his dark features, which the moonlight plainly revealed, left little doubt in my mind as to what my fate would have been had I tarried in that dingy loft much longer.

Fortunately I had flung myself upon my bed with my clothes on, and so, with the exception of my hat and my saddle bags, I was now the poorer for my sudden flight. Whether my disappointed host attempted to follow me I have never learned. Anyway he failed to overtake me, and long before noon I was safe at Utch—glad, rather than otherwise, of the trying circumstances which had taken murder out of my heart.—Lew Vanderpoole in Buffalo Express.

Bangor's Future Welcome.

While General Grant was president he visited Maine, accompanied by several members of his cabinet, to formally open the then American and European railroad, running from Bangor to the New Brunswick line.

Bangor had never been honored by the presence of a "first citizen" before, and the city was dressed in gala garb to receive him. It so happens that the most imposing structure in the city is the jail, and it has extensive grounds and shade trees in front of it.

When the procession from the railroad station had reached the grounds the general's attention was called to the crowning feature of the decorations. A large floral arch had been constructed across the entrance bearing the inscription "Welcome."

"Ah," said the general, much pleased, "what a public building is that?"

"The jail," replied a member of the committee, and then for the first time the blunder of it dawned upon them.—

A Question of Taste.

A thoughtful seven-year-old girl, who had been listening to her mother and two or three other ladies as they discussed good taste in dress, heard enough to convince her that only bad taste, very bad taste, would dictate the pieting of the colors blue and green together in any kind of a garment. Shortly after, while looking out of the window, she suddenly remarked:

"Mamma, what wretched taste God must have."

And when the mother, somewhat shocked, asked the cause of the comment, the little miss continued:

"See all those bright green tree tops just in front of the blue sky. Isn't it horrid!"—Detroit Free Press.

Are You Interested?

The following frank statement from J. L. Hess, of Trenton, Texas, will be of interest to many of our citizens: "My little boy was very bad for two months with diarrhoea. We used various remedies, also called in two doctors, but nothing did him any good until we used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave immediate relief and soon cured him. I consider it the most MERITOUS made, and can conscientiously recommend it to all who need a diarrhoea of colic medicine." For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. 5

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Two fast Vestibuled Express from Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, via both Kansas City and St. Joseph, arrives at Chicago at 8:30 a. m., daily, and the Vestibuled Express from Omaha and the Iowa main line arrives at Chicago at 8:05 a. m., daily.

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12:00 p.m.	12:25 p.m.	12:50 p.m.	1:15 p.m.
12:30 p.m.	12:55 p.m.	1:20 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
1:00 p.m.	1:25 p.m.	1:50 p.m.	2:15 p.m.
1:30 p.m.	1:55 p.m.	2:20 p.m.	2:45 p.m.
2:00 p.m.	2:25 p.m.	2:50 p.m.	3:15 p.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:55 p.m.	3:20 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
3:00 p.m.	3:25 p.m.	3:50 p.m.	4:15 p.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:55 p.m.	4:20 p.m.	4:45 p.m.
4:00 p.m.	4:25 p.m.	4:50 p.m.	5:15 p.m.
4:30 p.m.	4:55 p.m.	5:20 p.m.	5:45 p.m.
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