

A SONG OF THE NIGHT.

The world is white in the mid moon's light; The lilies bloom in her silver sights; Memento some wonder is waking under The star-flowered quiet of middle night.

The wonder grows, like an opening rose; The face of heaven with a halo glows; For joy or fear, some charm is near; I feel its wings o'er the world unclosed.

The Cloudburst at Old Tehachapi BY DAN E. COOLIDGE.

Two years before the day that Ezra Shaw, the desert prospector, camped at Old Tehachapi the rocky mountains above him had barely felt the touch of rain.

Westbrook, "Don't you hear it roar? We're in for it this trip!" Above the hammering of the wagon wheels against the rocks there rose an unmistakable rumble.

It was not the first time that Ezra Shaw had camped by the river. For five years he had stopped at the same place on his way to his prospects on the desert, and more than once he had seen that dry river-bed bank-high with muddy water.

One glance at its immensity, and young Westbrook scurried over the washed boulders of the river-bed like a desert lizard.

"How long since there's been a flood in this stream?" he demanded, when Ezra drove past the cottonwood on his way to a scrubby juniper on the opposite bank.

In a mad runaway the two horses jerked the light wagon over rocks and bushes, fleeing from the bank of water.

"Let's see," said Shaw, "it was two years ago last Saturday." "Well, if that's the case, let's camp down under that cottonwood. I'll risk a cloudburst to escape a sunstroke any day."

When that tremendous mass of water, twice as high as at first, appeared, Ezra Shaw knew that he was caught. Yet he pulled the horses into a new course and lashed them into a fury.

"As I was saying," he continued, "it was two years ago Saturday, and the weather was hot and muggy, just like this. You see that mark on the cottonwood tree down there, about six feet above the ground? That's where the water came. Game quick, too. Do you want to chance it?"

But Westbrook proved a better swimmer, and was able to gain the shore unaided, while his horse, landing on the tip of the point, barely escaped the crush of the terrible barbed-wire fence.

"I certainly do," replied Westbrook. "Those clouds have hung round up there for a week, and not a drop of rain have they given up, with all their wind and thunder."

Two hours later, mounted on their dragged horses, Ezra Shaw and Westbrook rode back along the clean-swept river-bed.

"Well, I'd like to rest a little in this shade before we go on, but of course it's your tent." "No, no! I'll have you just lie right down and rest, and I'll harness up and drive out of this river bottom. It hasn't rained in a long time, but if that water up there happens to come this way, it will come on the jump. It's ten miles up to where you see that black cloud, but it's all down hill."

But Westbrook said he did.—Youth's Companion.

"Going to leave me?" he asked, a little scornfully. "That's right," replied Shaw. "And if you'll take a fool's advice you'll get out of this wash quick!"

There, at the touch of his knife, the picket rope popped like a rifle shot, and they were swept like a torrent!

ing of the river, a long sand-spit jutted out almost to the opposite shore. But hardly had he reached the middle of the current when there was a great crash behind. Rising on a wave, he saw the lone cottonwood and all its mass of drift heave forward and rush down upon them.

Beckoning frantically to Westbrook, he turned his horse's head from the shore, and drove straight ahead with the swiftest current. Behind, the confused mass of trees and drift, bound together by a great section of barbed-wire fence, spread out like an enormous drag-net and swept after them.

Yet where the current was strongest a great loop, a drifting tangle of wire and cedar posts, reached after them like the feelers of a great monster clutching at its prey.

As they checked their flight and turned against the current, once more the loops of barbed wire, hurried on by the swiftest water, reached out to enwrap them.

Two hours later, mounted on their dragged horses, Ezra Shaw and Westbrook rode back along the clean-swept river-bed.

But Westbrook proved a better swimmer, and was able to gain the shore unaided, while his horse, landing on the tip of the point, barely escaped the crush of the terrible barbed-wire fence.

Two hours later, mounted on their dragged horses, Ezra Shaw and Westbrook rode back along the clean-swept river-bed.

But Westbrook proved a better swimmer, and was able to gain the shore unaided, while his horse, landing on the tip of the point, barely escaped the crush of the terrible barbed-wire fence.

Two hours later, mounted on their dragged horses, Ezra Shaw and Westbrook rode back along the clean-swept river-bed.

But Westbrook proved a better swimmer, and was able to gain the shore unaided, while his horse, landing on the tip of the point, barely escaped the crush of the terrible barbed-wire fence.

Woman's Realm

The "Nice" girl. "There is only one infallible way to tell when a girl is a nice girl," said a man who gives wise advice to his son at home instead of publishing it in the magazines.

New Fur Neck Pieces. The low stole effect is out of fashion and stand-up collars will be seen on all fur cravats and tippets of the fashionably dressed.

Plain Living and High Thinking. It is remarked that some English hostesses, who feel that the table and what we shall eat have become of too much importance in life, are giving a series of dinners marked by primitive fare.

About a Shirt Waist. Here's some points relative to fitting a shirt waist brought out at a dressmaker's convention.

No Hope For Hoopskirts. That dreadful threat of bringing into prominence again the discarded skirt seems to have died a natural death.

Let Us Use Extensively. Lace is the thing this season, and no costume is complete until a touch of this dainty fabric is added.

Let Us Use Extensively. Lace is the thing this season, and no costume is complete until a touch of this dainty fabric is added.

Let Us Use Extensively. Lace is the thing this season, and no costume is complete until a touch of this dainty fabric is added.

Let Us Use Extensively. Lace is the thing this season, and no costume is complete until a touch of this dainty fabric is added.

wedding recently, had one of those rare old lace bonnets, about eighteen inches deep, which had been in the family several generations.

Wanted the Whale Bone. "No, I can't take boards," said Miss Compton looking delicately at her old neighbor as she spoke.

Photo Sereens. Some of the cleverest ways of disposing of fine photographs have been devised, for it's no longer the fashion to keep them hidden away in cabinets for the mere joy of possession.

Some of the cleverest ways of disposing of fine photographs have been devised, for it's no longer the fashion to keep them hidden away in cabinets for the mere joy of possession.

Some of the cleverest ways of disposing of fine photographs have been devised, for it's no longer the fashion to keep them hidden away in cabinets for the mere joy of possession.

Some of the cleverest ways of disposing of fine photographs have been devised, for it's no longer the fashion to keep them hidden away in cabinets for the mere joy of possession.

Some of the cleverest ways of disposing of fine photographs have been devised, for it's no longer the fashion to keep them hidden away in cabinets for the mere joy of possession.

Some of the cleverest ways of disposing of fine photographs have been devised, for it's no longer the fashion to keep them hidden away in cabinets for the mere joy of possession.

Some of the cleverest ways of disposing of fine photographs have been devised, for it's no longer the fashion to keep them hidden away in cabinets for the mere joy of possession.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, FORMERLY MISS CONSUELO VANDERBILT.

GARDEN LOVE MAZE.

One on Miss Warren's Estate at Waltham, Mass., Often Thrown Open to the Public.

Waltham, Mass., has acquired a new claim to fame. For this it is indebted to Miss Cornelia Warren, who has constructed on her estate, Cedar Hill, a love maze modelled after the famous maze at Hampton Court.



PLAN OF LOVE MAZE.

English estates, but is little known in this country, and Miss Warren's is an object of great interest to people of Waltham and its vicinity.

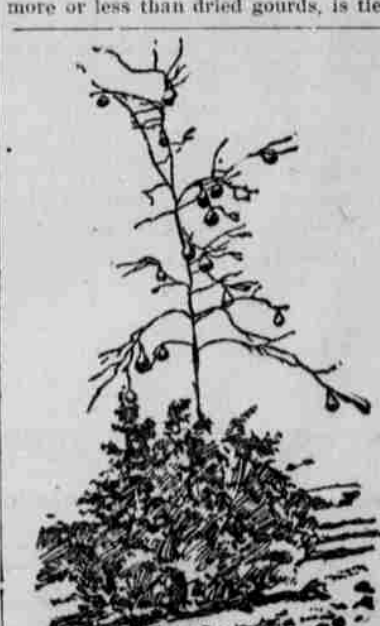
The maze is composed of hedges of arbor vitae about five feet ten inches in height, and set so close together that only one person at a time can pass between them.

Those who have been fortunate enough to unravel the mystery and reach the centre find there two artificial ponds, one above the other.

The stock is the first prize, and few have set eyes upon him. The majority

QUEER FRUIT, THIS.

The Northern tourist in rural Georgia is likely to be treated to uncommon sights and experiences, and one of the oddest is the strange tree, of which the accompanying illustration shows a very fair sample.



A GORMA GOURD TREE.

on its branches. The Georgia farmer has learned that the best chance his chickens have of growing into live usefulness is to keep hawks away from them; and there is nothing that will keep as close watch on hawks as bee martins. Furthermore, bee mar

LOVE MAZE OF MISS WARREN'S ESTATE AT WALTHAM, MASS.

have to content themselves with the consolation prize, a seat in the little nook just outside the centre, where Miss Warren has prepared a consolation bench, on which the weary may rest and ponder over their failure to solve the puzzle.

Near the entrance of the maze is a tower surmounted by a summer house. Seated in this one can overlook the entire maze and get abundant amusement from the bewilderment of the people in the maze.

The maze is twenty-two feet in width, and the shortest way from the entrance to the centre is 949 feet, or eighteen-hundredths of a mile.

The veil draped hat is having a moderate success, but it is a little too spectacular to please conservative women.

Before the weather is quite cold enough for furs, there is always a vogue of feather stoles and boas and of the lighter tulle and net neckpieces.

There is a new lace on the market, new, at least, in the sense that it is an innovation, called Japanese lace.

INDIAN HOUSES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

The houses of the Central American Indians are unusually simple in construction, being built of a few posts and rafters, with thatched roofs of straw or palm leaves, cane, bamboo or



rush filling up the walls. The houses have usually but one room, some mats and perhaps a hammock. The more pretentious villages, however, have houses built of sun-dried clay covering a wooden frame, and having two or three rooms.

Texas, in the fiscal years 1906 and 1907, will pay \$900,000 to Confederate veterans for pensions.