

A SONG OF THE NIGHT.

The world is white in the mild moon's light; The lilies bloom in her silver sight; Messemes 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 unclose.

The Cloudburst at Old Tehachapi

BY DANE 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.

The past, a tense silence settled. Even to Philip Westbrook, dozing lazily in the shade, the stillness seemed ominous.

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.

He raised his head and idly watched the old prospector as he climbed into the wagon.

"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.

"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."

The bank was indeed too far away, the inundation too imminent. Not knowing what else to do, he obeyed, and the next moment the horses were headed down the canon toward the lone cottonwood tree on the knoll—the tree which showed the water-mark six feet above the ground.

It was frightfully hot on the open mesa, but a cool breeze drew up the canon and fanned the cottonwood leaves into a soothing rustle. Far up above the mountain heights puffy thundercaps loomed against the sky, radiating a sultry, oppressive heat.

Then a second great rush, like the surge of a tidal wave at sea, leaped high above the point, and rolling on, swept down the middle of the canon.

"I certainly do," replied Westbrook. "These 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."

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.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Are you afraid a cloudburst will jump round the point up there and drown you where you stand?"

For a moment the horses rose with the water. Then, as the bed of the wagon began to float above the running-gear, they sank from sight. The heavy wagon wheels dragged them back and down, and the wagon bed swept upon them.

Without seeming to hurry, Shaw packed the dishes in the wagon and set about harnessing his horses.

Back he came with a long picket rope, one end of which he tied hurriedly to the bending cottonwood.

reached down and slashed the tugs, and beckoned for him to follow.

Before the pressure of the flood the lone cottonwood groaned and popped, bending slowly. On each side of the accumulated snag a mill-race of bobbing trees, posts and bushes swept past, and the rumble of huge boulders rolling on the bottom sounded above the swash of the tumbling waves.

But deepest of all, like the growl of some destroying monster, came the roar of the immediate waters, burrowing beneath the roots of the sturdy cottonwood, washing its little island of soil away like sugar, and threatening at every moment to root it up and overwhelm horses and men alike, as they hovered behind its protecting bulk.

There was no choice about it for Philip Westbrook. He went down the rope with a rush, clutched the first horse, and was passed on by Shaw to the second.

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

Huge, sinuous waves, four and five feet high, yet flowing smooth and oily over their now-formed bed of sand, showed where the current ran swiftest, and into this Shaw headed his horse, making for the left-hand side of the stream, where, in the perpetual winding 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 leave 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.

Although at each plunge their horses' heads went through the crests of the waves, Shaw and Westbrook still held to the swiftest current, for to be caught in that tangle of barbed wire and splintered wood meant certain death.

Already light sticks of wood and masses of punky drift were bobbing round them, but the drag-net of barbed wire and trees was held back by its greater weight and the catching of straggly roots.

WHERE BROOMS COME FROM.

Crop For 1905 Estimated at 42,000,000, and Worth \$15,000,000 - Industry Started by Benjamin Franklin - How It Spread to Illinois and Oklahoma - Arcola, Ill., Broom Corn Centre - Rich Town.

It really is true, and long it has been asserted, as a fact, that a new broom sweeps clean, what can be expected of 42,000,000 new brooms?

Forty-two millions is the harvest of 1905, says an Arcola, Ill., correspondent of the Indianapolis News. That is \$15,000,000 worth of brooms. Pile them into cars for shipment—and they pack about 4000 to the car—and you have 10,000 carloads of brooms.

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The nation's broom harvest is just over and it has been a great sight to see 15,000,000 new brooms growing and harvested over in this part of Illinois, which is the home of the fine broom—that is, the aristocratic broom that you do not buy unless you pay a quarter or more.

While the broom grew, yet it didn't. Nature does not make brooms with hard pine handles and with straws bound with trust wire and decorated with combine tin and monopoly velvet, but nature does grow beautiful brooms.

They are raised like great plumes into the scenery of the broom corn country in August and September, and these plumes are borne ten, twelve and even fifteen feet into the air by graceful bamboo-like stalks. The plumes themselves are heavily laden with a beautiful golden seed that bends them more gracefully and adds beauty to the majestic plant.

It is indeed unfortunate that the man thinks he must improve on nature's broom, for he loses much beauty in the process. He strips the stalk of its graceful plume; casts aside the beautiful seed tassels and, with his bent of genius, he applies machinery, and the result is the broom that we find standing in the grocery ready for our money.

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They are there for two purposes—to get employment for \$1.50 a day and board and to do as little work as possible—at least so the growers say. They are prettily termed "broom corn canaries."

REPORTING McKINLEY'S DEATH. How the Associated Press Worked to Give the World the News.

On the afternoon of September 6, 1901, worn out by a long period of exacting labor, I set out for Philadelphia, with the purpose of spending a few days at Atlantic City.

The opening pages of the story of the assassination were badly written, and I ordered a substitute prepared. An inexperienced reporter stood beside President McKinley in the Music Hall at Buffalo when Czolgosz fired the fatal shot.

I ordered competent men and expert telegraph operators from Washington, Albany, New York and Boston to hurry to Buffalo by the fastest trains. All that night the Buffalo office was pouring forth a hastily written, but faithful and complete account of the tragedy.

While it is a fact that broom corn can be raised with some success in almost every part of the country in which good Indian corn can be raised, and while also it is pretty generally denied that there is any peculiar quality in the soil of the Illinois, Oklahoma and Kansas broom corn districts.

The paper had no sooner reached the public than a committee was sent to him bearing a petition asking him to continue in the good old way, and stated that they believed him to be a truthful and honest man.

The World's Most Powerful Gun. Describing the making of the most powerful gun in the world, Day Allen Willey says, in the Technical World Magazine:

"Technically this great 'peacemaker' is called a sixteen-inch breech-loading rifle. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that the 'sixteen inches' refers to the diameter of the bore, or the calibre.

They were on the golf links when a large snake was seen nestling in the sand by the bunker.

He occupied the seat; she was swinging on a strap. She was trying to shame him into politeness; he wouldn't shame worth a cigarette.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. E. NEFF. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. And Real Estate Agent. Reynoldsville, Pa.

MARKETS. PITTSBURG. Grain, Flour and Feed.

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Wheat, Corn, and various flour grades.

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Butter, Eggs, and various oils.

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Flour, Wheat, and various broom corn grades.

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Live Stock, Hogs, and various meats.

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Sheep, Calves, and various farm products.

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Milk, Eggs, and various food items.

MIRRORS. If you are fond of home carpentering you can make all sorts of things at trifling expense.