DO YOU KNOW

That THE MIST publishes all the local news of Columbia County? it is to your interest to read it.

DO YOU KNOW

That THE MIST is the County Official paper of Columbia County? read it and keep posted on current events.

DO YOU KNOW

That THE MIST has the largest circulation of any paper distributed in Columbia County? ask your postmaster.

DO YOU KNOW

That in this progressive age intelligent people want the news politically and otherwise? THE MIST will endeavor to keep you posted.

DO YOU KNOW

That it is impossible for a newspaper to please everybody? this we do not propose to undertake.

DO YOU KNOW

That THE MIST is the only paper in the county that prints the court proceedings and real estate transfers? this is a fact.

DO YOU KNOW

That the subscription price of THE MIST is $1.50 per year, or a little less than 3 cents a week.

DOROTHY.

In a low white cottage among the trees
Dorothy lives with her father;
Midst apple tree blossoms and honey bees
His comfort and pleasure looks after.
Who, returning from toil, of tilling the soil,
Exclaims, as he sees his fair daughter,
Dorothy, dear,
My love, do you hear?
I could not do without you.

Through the grass trips her light springing feet,
To attend to the birds and her flowers,
Her supple form bends 'neath the branches sweet,
And the blooms fall upon her in showers.
They seem to say, in their own sweet way,
Dorothy, dear,
My love, do you hear?
We could not live without you.

The fragrant lilacs down by the gate,
Nod their heads in the soft spring breeze,
While the robin walks on the lawn, and calls to his mate,
In her hidden nest, above in the eaves;
The birds on their perches, 'mid cut leaf birches,
Swing and sing, with the fluttering leaves,
To Dorothy, dear,
My love, do you hear?
We would not live without you.

Through the vine twined hedge, a form she sees,
That is noble, with manly beauty his portion
With a flush on her cheek like pink sweet peas
She hides not her girlish emotion.
He clasps her hand, as he repeats again,
Oft uttered words of devotion,
Dorothy, dear,
My love, do you hear?
I cannot live without you.
—Helen A. Shattuck in Good Housekeeping.

AN INCIDENT OF 1865.

"Indeed, mamma, I can bridle and saddle that little dun pony, and be back home before you can say Jack Robinson."

"But, my child, it is such a mad freak to go such a distance, and alone, too, on that stray pony, and for what? Only one green peach was seen on that tree."

"Yes, only one green peach, and perhaps somebody has got it before now, but nothing ventured, nothing have, and I am going to ride there this afternoon and look for that peach and bring it to you." So spoke the young girl who was bent on taking the ride for bidden by her prudent mother.

This was during the summer of 1865 following the disastrous flood in that part of the Mississippi valley. We had gathered strawberries under the water sometimes wading out to the beds and sometimes paddling out in a flotilla of canoes. We had had dewberries and blackberries gathered by the more heroic members of the family, who were not in fear of the moccasins and bluewater snakes who entwined themselves among these briars, feasting on the berries. All the other fruit was ruined by the overflow, and it so happened that some one had discovered a living peach tree, bearing one forlorn green peach, in a deserted plantation garden five miles from the home of our heroine. This tree grew on a knoll a little elevated above the overflow. Now, in June, this peach should have ripened, hence the longing to pluck it and give it to the mother who had sighed out that very day that she should so enjoy some peaches.

The girl had the dun pony saddled with a man's saddle and rope bridle, and donning her riding skirt of gay copper colored dimity that had served many years as the nursery window curtain, and the man's hat coquettishly trimmed with an aigrette of white and blue crane's feathers, she was soon mounted and cantering gayly down the grassy road. What a lonesome road it was too. There was no travel in that day, only some straggling soldiers going from camp to picket station. The plantations were deserted by negroes, and the long lines of dingy "quarters" with wide opened doors and swinging window shutters looked lonesomest of all lonesome things in nature.

The grass was knee deep to the dun pony; as he cantered through its green sea it closed in his wake like the waves of a calm emerald sea, asleep under the hot glow of that June day sun. The senna weeds grew as tall as trees along the levees and where fences had been giving out a fragrant odor from their leaves, beans and saucy yellow faced flowers. The broad fields were filled with the great army of rampant cockle burrs; not an inch of soil to be seen anywhere after that splendid irrigation of an already fabulously fertile land, and there being no cattle to trample the weeds and to crop the herbage, it grew and grew into this wilderness of unbroken green. The bleached bones of much valued stock drowned were even now assisting to make this rank luxuriance over their once happy forage ground. Nothing is wasted in nature's storehouse! However true this is, there was not the "survival of the fittest;" the cows and herds were fertilizing this rich earth, the people deprived of beef, milk and butter, and the senna weeds and cockle burrs were all in their glory. Cui bono.

The only four footed beast that was in that section of country for months was the dun pony, and he was left behind by some disgusted soldier who was traveling along in the mud just after the waters receded into their banks.

The dun pony happened to fit into the landscape (or mudscape?) at that period. He harmonized with the hue of the prevailing mud, and no doubt thought he made a "symphony in dun," and he stuck fast in a bog, so his soldier master made a jump for terra firma, or an adjacent log, or tree, or something besides mud, logs and quagmires, and there the pony was. I don't remember if he pulled himself out indeed, I don't think he had sufficient strength in his skeleton frame to make the effort to pull; so I suppose the sun shone fiercely down some days, drying the mud about the flanks of the poor brute, and then, perhaps, some good Samaritan helped him some. I don't know, though; there was no one about there but the lady of the house, a younger sister-in-law, two young girls, two little children, one a baby, and a small negro boy.

He, the pony, must have had horse sense, and got out somehow; leastwise, he shambled up to the kitchen gallery to sniff at the corn meal and potatoes, and he shared the frugal family meal and partook of Avery Island salt, and he must have had some Arab blood in his ancestry (I write ancestry, dear reader, because I don't think at this time he had any blood in his body to write of), for, after partaking of the family salt, he never deserted the family—"Noblesse oblige," was his motto. Very different, indeed, was he, this plebeian and colored creature, from the high stepping, bobtailed, sorrel, satin coated carriage horses that held arched necks and more arched tails, never seeming prouder than when trotting out for the last time through the stable gate, prancing and caracoling under the seat of the burly negroes who were on their way to freedom and the "year of jubilee."

Doubtless, Prince and Albert sniffed afar off the fragrant fodder and the plentiful forage of the Federal camp, their stable stall being quite empty. Who that has a stomach can blame them for wearying of green fields and pastures and hankering after their "fleshpots."

Yet I cannot fancy the humble dun pony turning tail on his best, though poor friends, and comforting himself with pride and dignity and champing the bit, while bestrode by another in grate of a greater degree. And when one remembers that the sorrels had cost golden dollars in plenty, and the dun had cost not even a "thank ye, sir," there is a text for a sermon on ingratitude in horses.

He seemed proud, indeed, when the young lady fixed herself finally to her satisfaction in her man's saddle, gathering together the voluminous folds of the copper colored riding skirt in her hands to prevent their hiding completely her small steed. With a shake of the rope bridal and a wave of the hand toward the group on the gallery she started on her quest.

Alas, and alas! why should "The best laid plans of mice and men," and maids also, "gang aft agiee?"

The garden was reached, and in the orchard of defunct fruit trees, amid the billows of noxious and tall bull grasses, there, too, stood that one living green peach tree, but no peach was there, look and peer as she would, fooling herself a dozen times with a reddened leaf, standing up in her stirrup, handling almost each leaf upon the tree, until lo! the sun had already set. However the old deserted dwelling house looked, as she recalled the recent tragedy enacted there in all its horrors just as she bent her plumed hat to escape the bending boughs of a low branched tree, she had almost thought somebody touched her; but no, it was only the disturbed branches closing behind her.

"Yes, this is the very window the boy jumped through after shooting his poor old father, and it is wide open. Why, I can see clear through, even into the hall where he fell and died five minutes later. They say the blood stains are there yet. Poor old man! what a sudden, oh, what a horrible death by the innocent hands of his young son! What a stricken life now and always for the boy, his mother and his sisters."

These reflections were more terrible as she recalled every detail of the fatal mistake. The mother rousing her son at midnight, placing the weapon in his hands and whispering in his sleepy ears that "somebody—some thief or prowler—is walking through the hall."

She had thought her husband asleep in bed, and the gun being in the boy's room she had slipped out quietly, not waking the old man, as she thought—fatal error. The father had risen some moments before, fearing some thieves were in his melon patch, not wishing to disturb his good wife. He had slipped out as silently, and on return ing he caused death.

O times of unutterable horrors! War abroad over the fairest country under God's broad skies; men far away from hearth and home, their treasured ones unprotected save by old men and tender youths. Hear the weird hooting of that gray old owl as he flaps his wings on that moss covered cypress limb. The birds are all twittering in the rank rose bushes and the honeysuckle bowers, and that wise old owl, calm and cunning, watches keenly his prey, and well knows when each little head is tucked beneath a wing. He regrets the absent family and the chickens that nightly adorned the oak trees in the back yard. Birds are very dainty, to be sure; but there is so much more in a chicken to devour. I expect that's what Mr. Owl is thinking about. Ugh! and ouch! What a great big snake just glided up that old stump covered over with trumpet vines! What a tanglewood we are in, my little dun, you and I! Let us hasten to get out of this and beyond the yellow bayou strip of woods before it gets dark.

But there are washout holes, hidden perils under the green briar vines, thorns, locusts thrusting their prickly branches aggressively in one's face, and echoing from tree to tree booms the weird hootings of many cruel, watching owls, while bullbats are flitting fleetly through the gloaming. Here she reaches a gap in the zigzag fallen fence, densely shrouded in the deep green of the ampelopsis, and white alder blossoms crowning them with their bridal white corymbs. There is a rail or two for the pony to step over, and the motion showers down thousands of the fragrant florets upon the equestrienne. The river road is reached, the sunken and crevassed levees looking more like hillocked graves than a breastwork against the turbid waters of that swift flowing Atchafalaya; albeit, they looked innocent enough in June within their cavelike red and blue clay banks, and broad white sanded bars stretching almost across to the farther shore, willow fringed and sentineled with a thick mushroom growth of cottonwood trees that, like Tannhauser's staff, branched and leaved and flowered a three nights' growth, mystically.

Ye calmly sleeping waters, what have ye wrought, what evil yet will ye do in the coming years! Willow fringed, gentle lapping waters sleep sweetly beneath the twilighted heavens, with the consolatory thought that ye have wrought an evil work that good may come. Have ye not deposited a rich alluvium upon this already fertile land? True, the plowshare is rusty, and the gear eaten by rats, and the wagons fallen into "innocuous desuetude," and the voice of the laborer no longer heard in the plantation melody, but is being lifted in the rousing chorus of "John Brown's soul goes marching on," in the conquering Federal camps.

The Yellow Bayou woods, skirted by an old clearing of rotting trees, and pitted by crevasse holes, impel the girl to have her wits about her and shake off the dismal memories of the tragic haunted house, the universal desolation of her surroundings and her present isolation. Should something happen, what then? She was far from human aid, no ear to hear her cry, no hand to save! Almost her lot would form a parallel to the previous plight of the abandoned pony left like a stick in the mud by his disgusted master.

"Hello! here I go, sure enough!"

The unshod hoofs had stumbled. The pony fell to the ground, the girl going over his head—and then—stillness!

There stood a wretched, gloomy, sad, colored little "beastie," looking more like a donkey than a horse, the saddle awry on his thin back, the rope bridle dangling disconsolately in front of his nose.

"Hello! what's this! A mustang saddled in the wood! Somebody must be around besides ourselves. Strange that he did not take up the 'yawhoop,' or join in our tune."

A party of six mounted rebels were riding along the unfrequented river road, singing "The Yellow Rose of Texas," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," with an occasional rebel yell to enliven the refrain.

"That animal, or animals, has some very fine points about him, boys."

"Fine points indeed! Look at his shoulders; his ribs can be counted, and he may be one great interrogation point to us; he tells us nothing, however."

Then he peers among the fallen logs and around the deadened tree trunks humming, "Oh, the sweetest girl that ever I did see is the girl I left behind me. Why, b-b-boys—look here! The sweetest girl that I ever did see is here before me, dead—or fainted dead away!"

The six soldiers clustered around, bustled about and held canteen water to the closed lips, and sprinkled the pallid young face. One picked up the hat, and another essayed to arrange the disheveled copper skirtin to more seemly folds; all the time the sad eyed dun pony standing stock still waiting for the issue.

Soon the girl stirred, and opened wondering gray-blue eyes upon her numerous attendants. Where was she? And goodness sakes alive! what were all these soldiers doing? They seemed the whole of Walker's brigade to her, crouching around her there, and her head down among the logs and bad smelling weeds. She said she had been thrown the moment before, as she hastened to scramble up, wondering if her skirts were at all decorous, and if there might not be earwigs crawling over her.

Twelve hands assisted her from her recumbent posture and placed her on the meek pony; twelve eyes looked solicitude and tender sympathy, and six men wanted to lead that dangerous and excited beast from amid the pitfalls of this howling wilderness! The girl did not like so much attention, and did not want to be pitied by them and laughed at by the home folks. "Her pony was as safe as a sheep. This was no wilderness—only the Yellow Bayou clearing, and the crevasse holes were not so very deep."

So, with her escort she was soon "home again" to explain her disappointed search to the anxiously alarmed mother, and to slur over her accident as nothing at all. "I was up in a minute, but for an instant I must have swooned—everything became black and still—then the soldiers saw me."

But the mother knew her headstrong, willful daughter had lain among the logs and weeds and decayed stumps for longer than she realized, since she did not hear the familiar airs sung by the slowly riding soldiers, nor had she heard one word of their criticism of her pony.—E. S. Gaines in Atlanta Constitution.

Washington's Remedy for Hoarseness.

George Washington, while attending a swell reception at Newport, noticed that the daughter of his host, Miss Ellery, was suffering from a severe sore throat and could not speak above a whisper. General Washington, observing this embarrassment of his youthful hostess, said to her:

"Miss Ellery, you seem to be suffering very much; what is the matter?"

Miss Ellery told him the cause of her trouble, upon which the general said to her:

"I suffer myself very frequently from a sore throat and take a remedy which I find very useful, and which I would recommend to you were I not sure you would not take it."

"But I am sure," replied Miss Ellery, "that I would take any remedy that General Washington would propose."

"Well, then," said the general, "it is this—onions boiled in molasses. It has cured me often."

Miss Ellery took the remedy and, of course, was cured.—New York World.

Henry Clay's Crack Shot.

A story old but good is told of Henry Clay's lucky crack shot. Clay was visiting a backwoods county in Kentucky, where the man who could fire the best shot stood highest in esteem, and the man who couldn't fire at all was looked upon with contempt. He was canvassing for votes when he was approached by some old hunters, one of whom told him that he would be elected to congress, but that he must first show how good a shot he was.

Clay declared that he never shot with any rifle except his own, which was at home. A target was set up, however, and Mr. Clay aimed at it. He fired faint heartedly, but the shot struck the bull's eye in the center.

"A chance shot! A chance shot!" cried his opponents.

"Never mind," he answered. "You beat it, and then I will."

No one could beat it, and Mr. Clay had too much sense to try again.—New York World.