

THE GREAT TOMORROW.

How often doth the march of coming ill... The eagle's shadow seems the heralded flock... His harbingers on man's disasters show...

At Sandringham.

The Rev. John Russell, a clergyman of Devon, was as simple in manner as he was kindly of heart...

"No, no, my dear," said he, as he often had said before to other women as far removed from him in point of years...

No one knew whether the princess noticed the slip, but if she did it merely amused her. But this little informality must have been amply atoned for by a frankly gallant speech which the old clergyman made to her on the last night of the old year...

"And what is that?" asked the princess. "That I have had the honor of dancing on the old year and dancing in this new one with your royal highness."

A Clever Method of Stealing. An ingenious and successful trick was recently played at a London flat. In broad daylight, a gentleman rang the bell at 3 o'clock and inquired whether Mr. Grey was at home...

The growth of hickney cabs in London has been of late years enormous. At the beginning of Charles the First there were only twenty on the streets...

No coach was thenceforth permitted to be hired in London for any distance short of three miles out of town...

Enthusiasing a Fact. There are peculiarities, idiosyncrasies and eccentricities which emphasize and accentuate facts. It is not enough to say, "he is deaf."

The Writer's Impudence. Mr. Wayback at hotels. What's that?—Lemonade? Waiter—That's a finger bowl, sah.

English manufacturers claim that the best willow in the world is to be found along the banks of small streams in the southern countries...

Prince George of Wales has a much smaller head than his father, and a London paper suggests the probability of the crown being reduced in size when it is passed along to the present heir apparent.

In 1839 a man walking along Crescent beach, Block Island, discovered the hip bones of some gigantic species of extinct animal.

Savings banks make their own rules concerning the length of time for which interest will be permitted to accumulate on dormant deposits.

London has the largest telegraph office in the world, where more than 3,000 operators are constantly employed.

Two Ways to Win. Messenger Boy (to comrade)—Say, the woman where I took a letter gimme a quarter.

"What for doin'?" "Nothin'. She sed I was a little gentleman for keepin my cap off in her house."

"Geowhitaker! five nickels for that!" "Yes, but I didn't tell her the fellow that sent the letter gimme a quarter to keep my cap off so's nose of me in the house could spot my number."

Working His Own Road.

"Yes," said the old Georgia colonel, "I think that up to the age of fourteen the colored children learn quite as well as the white; better, perhaps, but there they seem to come to a halt."

"I recall a boy I owned before the war, who was as sharp as a steel trap and a great pet of myself and family. At the time of the incident I am about to relate he was about 12 years of age, and so full of mischief that he bubbled out of him."

"Whenever he broke out of bounds and got unbearable I sent him with a note to the overseer, with instructions to flog him, always indicating the weight and number of stripes."

"Seeing the unfavorable consequences of carrying that bit of paper to the overseer, he said to me one day: 'Massa, ken dat parch talk?'"

"'It can,' I replied. 'It tells when you are ill and won't work.'"

"'But you don't nubbah work, en I seee,' he said.

"'Oh, I replied, 'I work with my head and that is the hardest kind of work.'"

"The next time I gave the boy a note to take to the overseer, he went off stroking his forehead.

"I soon learned that he had destroyed the paper instead of delivering it. So I called him up and asked him why he had not obeyed me.

"'Wah, massa,' said the boy with a twinkle in his eyes, 'I do none beca dem some think fo' mysel, an I see allowed as how I'd start in an work wid my head too?'"

—New York Advertiser.

Prone to Call Attention to Our Schools. I would like to call attention to a matter of which I may be very ignorant. I refer to the education of our children in the public schools.

Some of my children attend Public School No. 83, and I very often hear them pronounce very familiar words in an outlandish way, the queer thing about the matter being that, in speaking to people whose education was taught them at a later day than my own, they tell me that they were instructed to pronounce the words as I will try and illustrate the funny point being that they now utter the words as I was taught thirty-six years ago in the public schools.

Here are some of the words. For dog they must say dog, for new, now; for ball, dot, neigs, long; soft, soft; strong, wrang; long, lang; wrench, rontze; fast, fast; Newfoundland, Neww Fndland; New York, New York, etc.

Now, what's the benefit or use in teaching children pronunciations which they do not apply in after life?—F. Forster in New York Sun.

Backney Cabs in London. The growth of hickney cabs in London has been of late years enormous.

At the beginning of Charles the First there were only twenty on the streets, and a proclamation was issued for the suppression even of them.

They continued, however, to be more and more hired for the job, and the king's majesty accordingly took into his consideration "the restraint of excessive carriages to the destruction of the highways," and also "to the great disturbance of the king, queen and nobility."

No coach was thenceforth permitted to be hired in London for any distance short of three miles out of town, "save by persons who shall constantly keep four sufficient able horses for his majesty's service whenever his majesty's occasion shall require them."

The judges always rode on horseback to Westminster in all weathers.—Illustrated London News.

An Entertaining Boy's Work. Pretty Teacher (severely) — Did your mother write this excuse? Bad Boy — Yes'm.

Pretty Teacher — Humpf! It looks very much like one of your scraps. Bad Boy — Mamma wrote it, but, please ma'm, she had sister Jennie in one arm, crying with a bumped head, and brother Willie in the other with a cut finger, and a lot of sewing on her lap, and she was rocking the cradle with her knees and she had to write with her toes.

Pretty Teacher (in the evening)— I am very sorry, Mr. Poorchapp, but I have changed my mind. I shall never marry. Good News.

We were camped on the Clear river, in eastern Utah, when a prospector came along one morning on a mule. He had his jaw tied up and at first he seemed inclined to pass without a word.

On second thought, however, he halted and gruffly queried: "How far to Salt Lake?"

"Three hundred miles." "Humpf!"

"Traveled far?" "About 200 miles."

"Get your jaw hurt?" "No, it's just an infernal tooth-ache, and I'm a-riding 500 miles to get it pulled."

We invited him down and one of the crowd got a piece of string around the tooth and jerked it out as quick as you please. After the overjoyed man had ceased dancing about I queried: "Why didn't you try the string before starting out on such a long ride?"

"Best kind of reason, sir. I hadn't nary a string."—New York Telegram.

A MOTHER'S ANXIETY.

Reacting. Absoluteness Took Away the Pleasure of a Visit.

An up town woman accepted an invitation for one night for herself and husband to dine and sleep at the house of a friend in Morris town. That would be a simple enough affair to many persons, but to the woman in question it was an elaborate transaction, because she never left her children overnight.

However, after getting her husband's sister to come up from Staten Island to stay, and making her brother, who lived with her, promise he would spend the evening at home in case any emergency should arise needing a man's assistance, the overdevoted mother felt a certain sense of security for the brief absence.

It was a consolation, too, to recall as she rode down town about 2 o'clock that the nurse had been with her for four years, and the cook and housemaid were tried and faithful servants as well.

Still this did not prevent her meeting her husband with a torrent of suggestive anxieties, and the trip to the ferry was interlarded with frequent outbursts of exaggerated maternal fears.

They were in midstream, though, before the tragedy came. Mrs. A. had been sitting wrapped in deep thought for several seconds when suddenly her face took on an expression of agony, and clutching her husband's arm she exclaimed, "Oh, Frank! in tones of such real distress that her husband thought she was about to faint."

"What is it?" he asked, greatly alarmed.

"Oh, I left the bathroom window open," she gasped, "and Harold some times strays in there, and the bar is off, you know. I thought it would not matter till summer, for the window is never open save under my supervision."

"Why is it open today, then?" the half angry, half anxious father inquired.

"I wanted to air the halls well before I left. I'm always so afraid of sewer gas, and Jessie might forget it. Oh, dear! I must go back at once, and the distracted woman started for the rear of the boat.

Her husband impatiently detained her.

"You can't swim back," he said grimly. "There's no use in your going back anyway. When we get across we'll send a dispatch to Jessie."

"But if she shouldn't get it," wailed the mother, who by this time saw the mangled form of her four-year-old stretched on the flags beneath the bathroom window, "hadn't we better send a messenger, and you could pay him extra to make him fly?"

Mr. A. thought this might be a difficult and expensive result to obtain, and persuaded his wife that electricity would be better.

At the telegraph station her doubts arose again and considerable time was consumed discussing the efficiency of each method. Finally a "trussed" dispatch was sent, Mrs. A. writing it, and finding a degree of relief in underscoring some of the words:

Dear Jessie, the bathroom window of one, Answer Meritown.

By this time the train they started for had gone, and a half hour's wait was cheerfully occupied by Mrs. A. in felicitating herself that she had left the family physician's telephone call with her sister-in-law Jessie and also with the nurse. They had barely reached their rooms after greeting their hostess, when a servant brought up a dispatch. Mr. A. tore the envelope and mastered its contents.

"Well," said his wife anxiously. "You did not leave it open, Jessie," read Mr. A. — Her Point of View in New York Times.

Against the Teacher. Agassiz was above all else a teacher. His mission in America was that of a teacher of science—of science in the broadest sense as the orderly arrangement of all human knowledge.

He would teach people to know, not simply to remember or to guess. He believed that men in all walks of life would be more useful and more successful through the thorough development of the powers of observation and judgment. He would have the student trained through contact with real things, not merely exercises in the recollection of the book descriptions of things. "If you study nature in books," he said, "when you go out of doors you cannot find her."

—Professor David Starr Jordan in Popular Science Monthly.

A Horse's Strength. The average weight of a horse is 1,000 pounds; his strength is equivalent to that of five men.

In a horse mill moving at three feet per second, track twenty-five feet diameter, he exerts with the machine the power of 44 horses. The greatest amount of a horse can pull in a horizontal line is 900 pounds, but he can only do this momentarily; in continued exertion probably half of this is the limit.

—Humane World.

Inflamed Eyes from a Lamp. Eyes are sometimes inflamed by being held too near the heat of a lamp, and relief may be obtained by shading the eyes with any old scrap of green paper, such as handbills are sometimes printed on.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Mythical Snakes.

The cause of persons whose nerves are excited by protracted and excessive use of stimulants seeing the shapes of animals passing before them is not due wholly to imagination. In fact, the fancy only operates to induce a belief that what is seen is alive and hideous.

The eyeball is covered by a network of veins, ordinarily so small that they do not intrude themselves visibly in the path of the light that enters the sight, but in the course of some diseases these veins are frequently congested and swollen to such a size as to become visible, and when this happens the effect generally is to appear as if there were an object of considerable size at a distance from the eye.

Of course this vein is generally long, thin and sinuous like a serpent. —Hall's Journal of Health.

Crying Does a Baby Good. The instant a child is born it cries. This is a providential expansion of the lungs, and not, as many suppose, an indication of suffering or pain.

Well developed, well formed and healthy babies cry lustily at birth, while the weak child has a feeble little cry. For the first few months the cry is tearless, and it is not till the second year that lachrymal or tear ducts are fully developed.

After that there is a copious shedding, and a very slight cause will lead to crying.—Baby.

Language of Tramps. The tramp's name for himself and his fellows is "hobo," plural, "hoboes." Bread is called "punk," and policemen and other officers of the law are known as "screws." Begging is called "lattering for chewing," railway brakemen, "brakies," poor houses, "pogies," and prisons, "pens."—Contemporary Review.

A Money Making Photographer. A West Side photographer is wealthy. How he made his fortune is worth telling.

Three years ago, the artist noticed that when he got a lady sitter with a pair of small and elegant feet she generally liked to place herself so that her fairylike supports were just visible; while the large, misshapen hook and bulky bootcases kept her feet out of sight every time.

From this he inferred that the latter person would much prefer to have two small and lovable trotters (also, and if she had them she would want to display them; and then he conceived the imagination of keeping feet on hand, and supplying them to customers who needed them.

He has a dozen pairs of them—small wooden feet with adorable boots on them. The lady with the generous extremities is planted in the chair with her massive limbs and copious boots hidden as far back as they can go without dislocating her knees, and then the artificial feet are carefully looked on to the inner hem of her dress.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Maryland Duck Story. Story telling was in order among the enthusiastic sportsmen of the Baltimore Gun club. Rufus A. Drain and related this experience: "When I was a boy I borrowed a flintlock gun, and was at Frog Morter shore shooting with my uncle. Early one morning I saw thousands of canvas-back ducks close in shore. I ran to the blind, and leveling my gun I banged away. The ducks arose in a mass, and not one remained on the water. My uncle came to me and scolded me for not waiting for him. I saw something strike the water. I looked up and noticed dead ducks falling through the air. You see the ducks were so closely massed that the live ones carried the dead ones up with them. We picked up forty-three ducks when all had dropped. Some crippled birds, which could spread their wings were carried off by their fellows. There were lots of ducks in those days."

The claim of forty-three dead ducks showed that Mr. Brainard was up in shooting, as no gunner, when telling a story, ever kills an even number of ducks or birds.—Baltimore Sun.

It is asserted that the penny magazine do not go to the "Mont de Piete," for they have nothing to pawn, but rather people either in temporary difficulties or those having reason to hope for better days. Many pawn what they can to meet the terrible day of "Le terme," the quarter's rent, which must be paid, and then redeem the articles by their own savings.

Many tradesmen, seeing a good opening in return for a sacrifice of money, go to the "Mont de Piete" to get necessary funds instead of borrowing elsewhere. Many owners of land, and farmers also, have recourse to such means to pay for improvements.

In the month of August the applications are numerous on the part of people wishing to get the means of going to the seaside or to watering places, and who pawn jewelry for that purpose which they redeem in December.—Murray's Magazine.

Danwaller—Why, sir, the Danwallerers for centuries, without an exception, scouted the idea of anything like trade, sir.

Woahly—Didn't believe in giving an equivalent for what they got, eh?—Lille.

Advertisement for THE MIST newspaper, featuring a large decorative border and the text: "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.

Advertisement for THE APHRODITE medicine, featuring a portrait of a woman and the text: "THE APHRODITE MEDICINE CO. For sale by EDWIN BOSS, Druggist, St. Helens, Or."

Large advertisement for logging equipment and services. Includes sections for "A BARGAIN! YOKE OF LOGGING CATTLE," "Application for Sale of Real Estate," "Application for Sale of Real Estate," "MILLINERY To the Ladies of St. Helens and Vicinity," and "The Celebrated French Cure."

Advertisement for Royal Baking Powder: "Royal Baking Powder is reported by the U. S. Government, after official tests, highest of all in leavening power. It is the best and most economical; a pure cream of tartar Baking Powder."

Free and Salted Meats, Sausages, Fish and Vegetables. Meats by wholesale at special rates. Express wagon run to all parts of town, and charges reasonable.