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It possesses the greatest inducements for the location of factories, mills, &c. Excellent water supply, fuel plentiful and cheaper than anywhere else Educational advantages unsurpassed. Pure air, pure water, electric lights, &c., &c.

Where Ignorance Was Bliss.

Mrs. Brown—Do you see any fun watching that goat and the tomato can?

Little Johnny—There'll be plenty of it as soon as the cracker goes off.—Judge.

Easily Accounted For.

"Well," remarked the Fourth of July to the fifth, "I went off all right."

"That's because everybody knew you were loaded," replied the fifth.—Judge.

Wasn't His Fault.

Brown—What did you mean by burning all the feathers off the parrot?

Little Johnnie—Why, dad, didn't she say: "Polly wants a cracker?"—Jury.

An Excellent Reason.

Brown—Why don't you go outside to fire off your crackers?

Little Johnnie—'Cause they smell more in the house.—Life.

A Word of Caution.

First Firecracker—I'm off!

Second Firecracker—That's funny; don't do it again or I'll explode.

Quite Natural.

It is not strange that so many excursions go off on the Fourth of July.—Oil City Blizzard.

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THE LAXATIVE AND NUTRITIOUS JUICE
—OF THE—
FIGS OF CALIFORNIA,
Combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, forming an agreeable and effective laxative to permanently cure Habitual Constipation, and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It is the most excellent remedy known to
CLEANSE THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY
When one is Bilious or Constipated
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PURE BLOOD, REFRESHING SLEEP, HEALTH and STRENGTH NATURALLY FOLLOW.
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They are Strengthening to the entire system, ... vigor and magnetic force to all functions of body and mind. Sent by mail, securely sealed, $1. Address
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—THE—

Colonel of the Fourth

A Story of the Late War.

BY BERNARD BIGSBY.

Author of "Loyal at Last," "My Lady Fantastic," "Ellen's Great Secret," "Fell Among Thieves," Etc.

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"Major, they are gathering brush at the back and firing the building!" a private cried.

Alas, it was too true. Even as the man spoke a stifling cloud of smoke filled the place, more dense, perhaps, because the wood was wet from the storm and refused to burn freely. As ill-luck would have it, too, the light night breeze came from this very quarter. It was a desperate strait. Without were raging those bloodthirsty fiends, who, unlike the chivalrous Southern soldiers, seldom gave an enemy quarter; within the air each instant became more and more unbreathable. A horse, too, maddened by the smell of fire, had broken loose, and they were obliged to shoot him to prevent his trampling on the wounded.

"Shall we make an assault, Major?" Charlie asked, as cool as though he was on parade.

"How can we?" Besant groaned, for the thought of his gallant men perishing like rats in a trap cut him to the quick. "That narrow door, the only egress, would only permit us to rush out in a line so thin that the boys would be slaughtered like sheep in a pen."

"But we should die fighting, and not be choked to death by this infernal atmosphere."

"A flag of truce and surrender is all I see for it, Charlie," was the doleful answer. "There is one chance in a thousand they might respect it."

"Then, let me bear it. Quick, or I shall stifle."

There was no alternative.

"You'll tell the old man I did my duty to the last," Fulton said, as he grasped Frank's hand.

"I am as little likely to see your father again as you are," was the sad reply.

Quick as a flash the door is opened and Fulton advances with a white handkerchief waving in the air.

Do those rough hordes stay their hands at the fluttering symbol of peace? Not so; with a yell of derision they

THE MAJOR HELD A CAN OF WATER TO HIS LIPS.

rush upon him, and even as Frank gazes in indignation, he sees a rope flung round the neck of his unhappy friend.

With a cry of rage he turns to his men: "Prepare to charge—Fix bayonets!" in tones of maddened fury.

But what is that?

The thundering beat of horses' hoofs upon the turf—nearer and nearer—and a squadron of Union cavalry dashes like a whirlwind on the astounded besiegers, riding them down and trampling them to death like dust beneath their feet. Not a dozen of the hapless wretches reached the woods to tell the tale of their misfortunes.

"Mark Henderson! By all that's glorious!" Frank cried, as he grasped the hand of that sturdy warrior when the rush of the charge was over.

"Frank Besant! Hurrah, I've paid you back the debt I owed at last."

"You have, indeed, with interest."

"I little thought when I met that fellow of yours pounding along the road, that it was for you he sought such urgent help from my gallant troopers."

"And, where on earth did you spring from?"

"Oh, we were on our way down South to join Sherman's force under Killpatrick. We've had a rambling time of it of late—but, we must not stand here talking. Let us first get your wounded out of this burning rattle-trap."

But they found that by tearing away the smoldering boards the building might yet be habitable, and it did not take them long to accomplish this little work, to the gratification of the poor fellows, who dreaded moving worse than any thing. Not only did they make their own helpless ones as comfortable as circumstances would permit, but they tenderly cared for all of the poor bleeding guerrillas, whose wounds were not fatal. As the men were moving one of these latter, his slouched hat fell back, and disclosed to the astounded Major the drawn features of James Lawson. None recognized him but Frank, whose compassion was stronger than his indignation, so when they had laid him on the floor and gone for another ghastly burden, he knelt down by the sufferer's side and whispered:

"Lawson, can I do any thing for you?"

"Who is it?" was the feeble question.

"Frank Besant—do you not know me?"

The prostrate figure shuddered.

"Yes, I know you now. You can give me a drop of water and—let—me—die."

The Major not only held a can of water to his lips, but bathed his face with the cooling liquid.

"Ah, that is good. Now, Frank, before it is too late, let me tell you that I took no part in this dark work to-night. Those men made me come with them—I could not get away."

"I am glad to hear that."

"But, oh, I've been a bad man—bad to the minister, Miss Ruth, Grace, and all who ever showed me kindness."

"And your wife and child, Jim? Have you no thought of them? If you should die now—"

"I can not—dare not—will not die! Oh, Frank, for God's sake get me help," the poor wretch moaned. "I am not fit to meet my Maker yet! In pity, get me help."

"We have only one assistant surgeon with us, and you must take your turn with the others."

"But the others are not like I am with a hell of remorse raging in their breasts, with dark secrets on their souls, which—"

But the blood choked him and the sentence was never finished. Presently he revived a little.

"Are you there, Frank?" he asked in such weak tones that Besant had to stoop to catch the accents.

"Yes, I am here, Jim; what is it?"

"Tell Jane I'm sorry I didn't treat her better, and, if the time had only to come over again I would—what was I saying—dark, it's all dark now—and—"

He was dead.

CHAPTER XVIII.
NEARING THE END.

Once more to Nashville.

Glorious news from Atlanta!

Sherman and Johnston had been fighting tooth and nail over a hundred miles of mountains and woods; and the words Dalton, Resaca, Dallas and Lost and Kenesaw mountains had been written in letters of blood on the page of history.

Johnston had retired behind the intrenchments of Atlanta, when Davis, dissatisfied with his Fabian policy, had deposed him, and put Hood in his place.

Sherman advanced on the Georgian city, when Hood attacked the Union army three times with tremendous energy, but was repulsed with great slaughter. Sherman thereupon re-enacted his favorite flank movement, filled his wagons with fifteen days' rations, dexterously shifted his whole army on his opponents' line of supplies, and compelled the evacuation of the city. But the victory was dearly bought; for Sherman's Lieutenant, the gallant McPherson who, with the brave Logan, had chiefly sustained the front of the battle, was killed in action.

Sherman now longed to sweep through the Atlantic States, but Hood's army, though driven away, was hovering near him, and rendered such a movement impossible; when the glad tidings was brought to the Federal camp, that the Southern General was setting out to invade Tennessee.

"If Hood will only go there," Sherman declared, "I will give him rations for the journey."

And Hood went; and Sherman started on that grandly picturesque expedition, "The March to the Sea."

Hood moved rapidly devastating the country he passed through; and critical old gentleman a thousand miles away, reading their morning papers, growled over Thomas' delay, and declared, that if they were in command of the Federal troops they would order affairs on a very different plan; and their convictions were sustained, when news came that the "Rock of Chickamauga" was being shut up at Nashville, just as he and Rosecrans had been at Chattanooga. Why, these venerable stay-at-homes said such conduct was simply outrageous. Oh, if they could only hold the reins! Even Grant caught the contagion of this popular dissatisfaction, and actually set out to take charge of his troops in person, when the North was electrified with the report that Thomas in two days' bloody battle had driven the Confederates out of their entrenchments into headlong flight, and dissolved them into a rabble of demoralized fugitives.

And this battle, so far as any great military movements were concerned, finished the war in the West.

Grant's advance on Richmond, Sherman's march to the sea, Thomas' destruction of an army, were complements of each other—each necessities of the others—and combined, were the forces that broke the back of the Confederacy.

Five dates now stand out lurid in the completion of that long calendar of carnage.

On April the 9th Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox court-house.

On the 26th of the same month Johnston yielded to Sherman.

On the 10th of May Jefferson Davis was captured at Irwinsville, in Southern Georgia.

On the 14th of May all Confederate troops east of the Mississippi laid down their arms.

On the 26th of May all west of the "Father of Waters" followed their example, and the Confederacy, with its high hopes and great ambitions, was a thing of the past.

There were no more bivouacs by the camp-fires now, no weary marches, no gory scenes of battle, no more hunger and thirst in beleaguered cities for the Fighting Fourth, for the regiment was on its way to Columbus to be mustered out of service. Its beloved Colonel had suddenly and mysteriously resigned, and had preceded them some weeks before, leaving the delightful task of conducting the jubilant fellows home to Frank Besant, who had in vain sought the reason of his superior's desertion of his men at so interesting a moment, but had attributed it to some important business calls, for he knew that Hopkins was a man of large property, and consequently would be glad to get back to his affairs.

It was not till they were well into Ohio and a dispatch from his friend reached him at a roadside station that the real object of Hopkins' mission was revealed to him.

"Your commission was signed to-day, my boy. Though your hours of command are few, it will be no little boast for your children and your children's children to say you once were Colonel of the Fighting Fourth."

"YOUR COMMISSION WAS SIGNED TO-DAY."

The paper dropped from the young man's hand. His eyes swam with tears. Colonel of the Fighting Fourth! Great Heavens! it was enough to turn his brain!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Unhappy Ending of a Fourth of July Pleasure Trip.

Mr. Chauncy Chickweed, the acknowledged leader of the beaux of his town, and Miss Millie Melton, a young and charming creature, had become engaged to be married, and the young people of the place were all agog over the affair. It was a well-known fact that the couple had been keeping company, but it was not until about a week before the Fourth of July that their engagement became known.

On the Fourth there was to be an excursion in carriages to a neighboring town, where there was to be fireworks and festivity. Most of the young people were going, and conveyances were in great demand.

Chauncy had been unfortunate in his selection of a horse. Being timorous and unacquainted with horses he had secured the meekest, most docile looking animal in all the stables of the town. It had the appearance of not only being well broken in spirit but in body as well—a large, bony quadruped of the genus "plug," whose locomotion strongly suggested all the ailments to which poor horseflesh is heir.

To relieve the painful prominence of the sorry nag's angularity Chauncy secured as presentable a buggy as possible. In this outfit he drove up to his ladylove's door on the morning of the Fourth, attired in the faultless raiment of the exquisite that he was.

Miss Millie was all ready and waiting in a perfect flutter of expectancy, but when she beheld the unsightly frame that halted before her door there was a hard struggle between love and indignation within her. Love gained the mastery, however, and she went out

HE WAS A SORRY SIGHT.

with a beaming smile in which was a mixture of amusement and annoyance.

Chauncy assisted her to a seat beside him and started old Dobbin down the road in a sort of loitering amble toward the rendezvous of the party, several squares distant.

Arriving at the appointed place Chauncy and his lady were greeted with much hilarity on account of their ancient and attenuated roadster.

The company having all assembled they formed into line, with Chauncy in the rear, and started for the scene of revelry.

As they passed along the streets of the town a throng of people watched them, and the uproarious urchin with his pockets bulging with combustibles shouted at them as he hurled his missiles of destruction in every direction.

Hardly had the procession got under way ere a catastrophe occurred which blasted the hopes of two fond young hearts and turned the peaceful scene into one of wildest commotion: A large torpedo thrown by an impish youngster landed on old Dobbin's flank with a loud report. He sprang erect for a moment and then dashed forward with a snort of terror.

The first plunge brought him to the edge of a deep ditch more than half full of stagnant water upon which was a thick green scum. As the wheels of the buggy neared the edge Chauncy, with a wild yell and without looking where he was leaping, flung himself into the midst of the foul pool. With a great splash he disappeared in the malodorous ditch from which he dragged himself in a woeful plight. His light trousers and immaculate linen were ruined, and he was a sorry sight as he stood and watched old Dobbin tearing down the road with Millie clinging desperately to the lines and a hundred people in hot pursuit.

The old horse made a good heat of it, but soon brought up against a fence with Millie still tugging at the lines. She was helped into a friend's carriage with whom she remained the whole day through without so much as inquiring after her cowardly lover.

The young people laughed and danced, the orators bawled and shouted themselves hoarse, the flags and banners fluttered in the breeze and at night the rockets hissed and flew into the air, the wheels and candles merrily whizzed and popped, but Chauncy was not there to enjoy them. He was at home bemoaning his sad fate and endeavoring to renovate his damaged apparel.

When he called on Miss Millie the next evening she gave him his release. She said that she could not wed a man who would desert her in time of danger.

Chauncy was overcome with sorrow at his summary dismissal, but humbly acknowledged the justice of it, and as he bade her farewell he declared with some spirit that he would never go riding again on the Fourth of July.

FRANK B. WELCH.

The Workings of Fate.

Merritt—Are you going to set off a powder mine this Fourth?

Little Johnny—Not much I ain't. The thing never goes off till a feller crawls back to see what's the matter with it.—Puck.

All Prepared.

Brown—Have you everything ready for the Fourth?

Mrs. Brown—Yes, my dear. Johnnie got his firecrackers and I bought the lint and arnica.—Jury.

You Bet It Is.

The Fourth of July is a celebrated day.—N. O. Picayune.

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