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ESSENCE OF MEAT VEGETABLES COMBINED

All in a dry state. Sold in Europe (manufactured there), Asia, Africa and now, by its own intrinsic merit, forcing their way into every city, village and hamlet in the United States. Samples furnished free; for which, and price list, address

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It makes the feet like new, and my shoes also gleam with it. Wolf's ACME Blacking is the finest, most durable shoe polish ever made.

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## Colonel of the Fourth

—A Story of the Late War—

By **BERNARD BIGSBY,** Author of "Loyal at Last," "My Lady Fantastic," &c.

CHAPTER XII. A NIGHT ATTACK.

"Winstanley is not much of a place," Frank Besant said, as they marched that September afternoon up the one dusty street that constituted the main portion of the miserable village, whose squalid houses and salow, unwholesome inhabitants seemed from their signs of decay to be unworthy the notice of friend or foe. No wonder Bragg had not stayed his march to pillage so contemptible a community, as it was really only a settlement of unhealthy "cracker" whites, on whom even the slaves looked with contempt.

"No, it isn't much of a place," Lieutenant Gregory, to whom Frank's remark had been made, assented, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders. "They say he was a bold man who first swallowed an oyster, but hang me, if he would not be a bolder who laid himself to rest in one of these huts."

"Yet that may be our fate," Frank prophesied.

"The Lord forbid!" was the pious rejoinder.

But amid all this squabbling, one house stood high on a hill at the further end of the village, which boasted greater pretensions than its humble neighbors. It was a great, square, stone building, utterly without ornament, but roomy and capacious, which never by any possibility could have suggested home, but which was large enough to promise accommodations for a host; and out of its square, ugly gateway, a tall, spare, middle-aged man was coming at a rapid walk towards the advancing column.

"Howdy! Howdy!" cried one of the cooler gentry, coolly offering a begrimed paw to Major Hopkins, a courtesy which that gentleman pretended not to notice.

"Who is this person coming down the hill?" the officer asked.

"Him's Squar' Dixon, him is. We 'uns don't take much stock in he—lytnd 'o'pear on his raisin', an' thinks hisself better'n ros' o' us."

Squire Dixon forthwith rose one hundred per cent. in the Major's estimation, a good opinion, which was fortified by his unaffected expression of pleasure at the presence of Northern troops, and his kindly offers of hospitality.

"I am sorry I kyan't house you all," he said, heartily, "but your officers will find a welcome in my pore home, an' your men can take up their quarters in the village church, a proposition which was gratefully accepted.

One went merry as a marriage-bell. Considering the times, a bountiful supper was done ample justice to by the grateful officers, who did not fail also to appreciate a box of excellent cigars and an abundance of whiskey, which, though forced upon them with a generous display of hospitality, they indulged in with moderation. The squire proved himself an admirable host, and won golden opinions from his well-pleased guests. His was a peculiar case, as he explained to them. Sent as a boy to a school in Massachusetts, he had acquired sentiments which were at variance with the opinions of his neighbors, particularly as regards the question of the abolition of slavery, of which he approved and which, of course, had made him a marked man in the community. When the war broke out, though his sympathies had been entirely with the North, he had never dared to declare them, though he was willing now and at all times to sacrifice any thing in reason to his conviction—any thing, in fact, short of beging his family. His family? Oh, yes, he had a wife and three daughters who were now in Cincinnati, thank Heaven! beyond the reach of immediate danger.

As the Major said, when they reached their chambers, Mr. Dixon was altogether a most interesting person. Lieutenant Cuthbertson, of Charlie Fulton's company, was on guard duty; the rest of the officers were assigned to a suite of chambers side by side at the back of the mansion overlooking a neglected garden. After a brief chat in the Major's room they retired to rest.

But Hopkins, though he had professed fatigue, was not inclined to follow the example of his subordinates: so instead of throwing his weary limbs on the tempting feather-bed he lit a cigar, put out his lamp, and drew a chair up to his chamber window. It was a brilliant moonlight night, almost like day in its semi-tropical clearness, and the Major, who was a man of sentiment, looked with unfeigned pleasure on the pretty scene which met his gaze. In front of him lay the garden and orchard, and beyond, a rugged country road winding up the side of a hill covered with scrub, but whose top was crowned with lofty forest trees, sharply defined in the white moonlight.

Could Frank Besant have followed the current of the Major's wandering thoughts, he would indeed have been startled; for his meditations were on the possibility of a man sincerely loving two women, with himself as an illustration of the problem, and one of the women, the true wife the sea had robbed him of, the other—whom he could only remember as a lovely school-girl—the mother of his young friend and subaltern. Ah, it was her face, not his boy's, that the lad had reminded him of when he first noticed him on board the ship going down to St. Louis. "Pretty Mary Carter," the Major thought, "I wonder what she is like now—wonder if she was happy with that fellow Besant, who always seemed to me a bit of a prig,—wonder if—"

But his dreams were cut short by his noticing the figure of a man creeping stealthily across the orchard. He first thought it was Charlie Fulton, but as the fellow emerged from the shadows into the moonlight road, he quickly saw

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

his mistake, and a moment after he recognized the tall, spare figure of his host. In an instant treachery flashed across his mind like an electric shock. Surely Dixon had told him an hour ago that he was so weary he could scarcely keep his eyes open and would be in bed in a few minutes; then what did this midnight rambler mean? Snatching his field-glass from its case, he fixed his eyes on an open bit of road he knew the midnight prowler would shortly reach.

Yes, there he was. A long, shrill whistle like the call of a bird, and a mounted man in Confederate uniform rode up to him. They talked together earnestly and negligently—negligently because they thought themselves too far away for observation, but they were reckoning without the Major's powerful binoculars. Then the trooper turned back up the hill and Dixon accompanied him. To snatch his cap and pistols and spring from the window was but the work of a minute to one whose active, wholesome life made his five-and-forty years as light a burden as many a man's of half his age. The drop to the ground shook him a bit, but he was not hurt, and without stopping to give word of warning to any one, he started up the hill. Now he could understand why Dixon had persuaded him to post his sentries on the north, why this important road was without patrol or picket.

The best part of an hour elapsed.

"Wake up, boys, quickly and quietly as you can. Make no noise whatever—our lives depend upon your silence."

It was the Major's voice.

In five minutes his officers were in his room.

"You see that hill yonder, my lads," he said, grimly pointing to the clustering pines. "Well, just beyond those pretty trees in a little valley lies half a regiment of Confederate cavalry, who are about to do us the honor of an early morning call. What do you say to our getting up a little surprise party and anticipating them in their polite attentions? You think it best, of course—then order your men under arms without an instant's loss—get them out of the church if you can without a sound—and meet me at the bend of the road yonder."

Ah, little do Colonel Hawes and his merry men, stretched at their ease on the green sward, snatching a few hours of precious sleep before they shall cap the climax of Jack Lasselles' superb mimicry by peppering the lives out of those poor devils of defenseless Yankees, know that two hundred gleaming muskets, held by the hands of resolute men were pointed on their prostrate forms from every tree around them. Little did they think that even now their careless pickets lay stunned, or gagged and bound at their neglected posts.

Did they start in their sleep and think it was a dream, as the hoarse command rang out:

"Make ready—Fire! Fix bayonets—Charge!" and two deadly volleys waked the woodland echoes. With wild hurrah the Fighting Fourth were on them. There is no time to even shout surprise; the only sounds, the snuffing of men and tramp of steeds, as a score or two of troopers, fighting like wild-cats, manage to cut their horses loose and flee to the valley below. It was a grand, glorious little victory—fifty of the enemy killed and wounded, over forty prisoners taken, and nearly two hundred horses, with their equipments and accoutrements, captured, to say nothing of several stands of small arms and two baggage wagons filled with ammunition and supplies.

But there was one enemy the gallant Major missed, and him he sought for with eager, vengeful haste—ah, there he goes stretching his long legs like a crane in awkward flight, and making with maddened haste for a neighboring copse.

"After him, boys!" the Major cried, pointing with his sword to the luckless fugitive. "I'll give fifty dollars to the man that brings him back to me alive—alive, remember, for I want to hang him!"

Who would ever have thought the gentle Major could have made as blood-thirsty a declaration—not Frank Besant, who gazed in inquiring wonder on his flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. But the Major's soul was raging against the hapless wretch's sustained duplicity, and when he said he intended to hang the scoundrel, he surely meant it.

Poor Squire Dixon was indeed a pitiable sight as he was dragged by two rough soldiers into the irate Major's presence.

"Fling a rope over the limb of that tree and tie him up!" was the stern command.

At first the poor wretch's tongue refused to utter abject prayers for pardon, but when in an agony of terror he saw them making the fatal preparations a torrent of wild supplications burst from his lips.

But the Major's face never relaxed a muscle.

"String him up, boys!"

Already the men's hands were forcing his neck into the noose, when another appeal from the doomed man was more effective.

"I will give the lives of six Union soldiers for my own—six strong, young men in the vigor of youth for this old, worn-out life of mine!" he cried, with desperate energy.

"What do you mean? Speak quickly, scoundrel, or it will be too late!"

"There are six Union prisoners hidden where you can never find them if I die with the secret on my lips, and where—"



FLING A ROPE OVER THE LIMB OF THAT TREE!

If you slaughter me, they will perish with hunger and thirst, for I alone have fed them, and there will be no one to do it if you murder me."

"If he speaks the truth there is some sense in that," the Major said, reflectively.

"It is God's own truth," the man moaned. "If you will give your word to let me go, free and unharmed I will make a clean breast of it and tell you where they are. Six young lives for one old one—think of it!"

"Yes, and such a worthless one as that you offer!" Major Hopkins said, dryly. "Well, prove your words, and I will accept the terms, even though I cheat the devil in giving you your life."

"And you will let no one injure me?"

"No one; but be quick about it or I may change my mind. Where are these men?"

"In a cellar under my own house."

"I might have thought of that," the Major said, annoyed to think that the miserable wretch was to escape his righteous punishment.

So Mr. Dixon was marched back to his own house, with the rope still around his neck and his hands tied behind his back, together with the horses and spoils of war, and the many wounded men, who, though most of them enemies, were treated with a wonderful tenderness by the rough soldiers.

It was even as Dixon had said. The man—one officer and five privates of an Iowa regiment—were found, gagged and bound with cords drawn so tightly that their flesh was cut as with a knife.

"We had to keep them quiet or you would have heard them," Dixon said, reading the stern inquiry of the Major's looks.

"Unloose his bonds and let him go before I break my word and brain him where he stands!" Hopkins cried, unable to contain his indignation.

Nor was the Major alone in his wrath, for it was with the utmost difficulty that the officers were able to restrain their men while the trembling wretch slunk from their sight.

When the rescued prisoners, whose tongues had been so cruelly tied by their whips, were able to speak, they were of course asked a hundred questions, and among them this:

"Do you know where L. 'agg is'?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply, "he is off northwards with all the speed he can to Louisville."

"And Buell knows it not?" Major Hopkins declared, aghast at the significant importance of the news.

So, leaving the enemy's wounded to the tender mercies of the citizens of Winstanley, and dispatching their own in a baggage wagon with a small escort, they mounted their newly-acquired steeds and hurried as fast as they could back to Buell's army.

"No wonder Southern gentlemen call such as our Winstanley friends 'white trash,'" the Major mused. "I have often felt surprise at the epithet, but now I think it suits them down to the ground."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A New Venture

W. RAMSAY POTTS

Has opened a

LICENSED AUCTION ROOMS!

AT No. 218 N. CENTRE ST.,

POTTSVILLE, PENN'A.

Sales of assorted goods, notions, hardware, glassware, etc., etc.

Goods from all parts of the county solicited on commission.

**DROPSY**

TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with

Have cured every case of Dropsy. Cure always pronounced

positively permanent. Free trial given to all who

send me ten days' treatment of FREE BOOK of

## THEY SCENT DANGER

Keystone Bank Directors Preparing for Trouble.

REWARD OFFERED FOR MARSH.

Philadelphia's City Treasurer Has Made an Assignment.

He Is Being Shadowed by Officers—The Tangle Seems to Be Increasing and the End Far Distant—A Member of the Select Council Makes a Statement—Gov. Pattison Wants Information.

PHILADELPHIA, May 23.—The sensational developments in the matter of the city's financial affairs, the Keystone Bank and the Spring Garden Bank continue to be of paramount interest, and they were further intensified by the rumors concerning another national bank which has city money on deposit. President Marsh has not been found, and his bondsmen have offered a reward of \$1,000 for his capture. There was a rumor that he had been apprehended in Montreal, but this the government officers of this city denied.

In the meantime Bardsley's affairs are becoming more complicated. The court granted an order that he should answer such questions as Councils' investigating committee saw fit to put to him. He has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors, and his bondsmen attached the Bradford Mills property. There is no doubt he is a ruined man. The experts appointed by the mayor are still at work on his books, but it will be some time before they have anything definite to give out.

The city treasurer is being shadowed by the officers, but those in authority are delicate in their admission of this. It is even rumored that he will be arrested, and the quiverful replies of the mayor and others to questions on this point only tend to confirm these suspicions. Bardsley was at his office until noon, when, at the bidding of a deputy United States marshal, he went to the marshal's office. He issued a statement concerning his connection with the Clamer notes, which Mr. Clamer corroborates in full.

Governor Pattison, as the State Executive, enters upon the proceedings. He has instructed Auditor-General McCamant to gather such information as may be obtainable, so that he may take such action as the circumstances may warrant. The tangle seems to be increasing, and the end still seems to be far in the distance.

A reliable member of select council made this statement: "The end is not yet. I can tell you for a fact that several of the directors of the Keystone Bank have within the past few weeks sold or otherwise disposed of their houses and other property. They seem to be in a hurry. They have been allowed sufficient time and they have made the most of it. If you rely on several of them to-day you would get nothing. They have been preparing, and are prepared for unpleasant experiences."

THE DAVIS SHOE FAILURE.

Creditors Will Probably Receive Sixty Cents on the Dollar.

BOSTON, Mass., May 23.—It is reported that the liabilities of Mr. Joseph Davis will amount to \$3,000,000, and that the creditors will, in all probability, receive sixty cents on the dollar. A meeting of the creditors will be held on Monday.

A sensation was created here when the report was received that the Hill Shoe Company of Memphis had failed, and William Vilas Hill, the president of the company, immediately thereafter committed suicide. The failure of the firm was directly due to the failure of the Davis Shoe Company, of Lynn, which owed the Hill Shoe Company between \$300,000 and \$400,000.

CANADA IN TROUBLE.

Everything in Confusion and Everybody Is Alarmed.

OTTAWA, May 23.—Matters at Ottawa are in a critical condition. Sir John Macdonald is ill again, suffering, it is said, from a collapse similar to that which came upon him at Kingston during the elections.

His oldest colleague, Sir Hector Langevin is lying under indictment for fraud and malversation of public funds. Mr. Chapleau is demanding the French leadership in virtue of his greater services and cleaner reputation, while conviction that the end of the long reign is near is corroding the allegiance of many private members elected to support the Government.

The humbler workers in the country are hurrying as fast as they can under the friendly roof of the Custom House or Postoffice. Everything is in confusion; everybody is alarmed. There is talk of sending for Tupper, but no one believes his presence could avert the crash that is imminent.

Removals at the Boston Custom House.

BOSTON, Mass., May 23.—Speaking of the dismissals at the Custom House, Collector Beard said to a reporter to-day: "The reduction in the force of the Custom House here means a saving of \$25,000. The reduction will take place on June 1. This will make a total reduction, under my administration, of \$80,000. Most of those who will go are clerks. There will be no new hands taken on."

Drowned While Fishing.

BROOK, N. J., May 23.—James Cooper, a student in an Ohio college, who was on a visit to his uncle, Dr. Joseph La Rue, while fishing in the Passaic River, fell suddenly a sharp, strong tug on his line. In attempting to land his fish he overruled the boat and was thrown into the water and drowned. His body was picked up later about three miles down the stream.

Tragedy in "Little Italy."

NEW YORK, May 23.—Albarigo Arnone, aged 24, was shot and instantly killed and John W. Remington, aged 20, was mortally wounded by Giuseppe Cangro on East 112th street in "Little Italy" last night during a quarrel. The murderer escaped. All the parties participating in the tragedy are Italians.

Short in His Accounts.

WILMINGTON, Del., May 23.—John J. Dougherty, collector of taxes for the northern city district, is short in his accounts about \$10,000. He was elected by the Democratic Levy Court two years ago.

One of the troubles of life is the breaking of lamp-chimneys.

Needless, Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" are tough against heat.

You will save nine-tenths of your chimney-money by using them.

"Pearl top" fits most of the little lamps; "pearl glass" is for "Rochester," "Pittsburgh," "Duplex," etc.

We make a great many sizes and shapes, all of tough glass.

You can get the right ones. Talk with your dealer about it.

GEO. A. MACBETH & CO., Pittsburgh.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1875.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

Breakfast

Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, is

Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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