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Presents in the most elegant form 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 used in Infants or Consumptives

—FRESH BLOOD, REFRESHING SLEEP, HEALTH AND STRENGTH NATURALLY FOLLOW.

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DR. HAGENBUCK'S GOLDEN SPECIFIC

Colonel of the Fourth

A Story of the Late War.

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

CHAPTER XIII. ALL FOR A WOMAN.

Human interest is always stirred to fever heat by a race, whether the competing objects be men in the arena, horses on the course or yachts or ocean steamers flying over the foaming waves, but here was a sight that made the dulcet pulse beat fast—two armies rushing across a State, as big as a European country, in anxious haste to reach a spot that may be a key to pronounced victory. Bragg and Buell with their thousands were the participants in this stupendous struggle, with all the odds of an early start in favor of the former, but the Union General reached the goal first, and so foiled one of the finest efforts of his astute antagonist, whose record during his brilliant career was second only to Lee's among the Southern commanders as an expert tactician.

But though forestalled in his intentions, the Confederate leader seized the opportunities left to him, with consummate skill, flooding the State with appeals to loyalty to his cause, inspiring them by the presence and boasted successes of his troops to join his standard, and making almost superhuman efforts to win the Kentuckians to a declaration of secession. He went further than Lee had ventured to do in Maryland, daring even to create a provisional Governor and carry into effect a stringent conscription law. "Come into the folds of your brotherhood," was his passionate appeal by proclamation. "Cheer us with the smiles of your women, and lend your willing hands to secure the heritage of liberty!"

And even when all this failed he was successful from defeat by turning his demand for men into one for supplies, ravaging the rich lands of the northern part of the State with its fertile valleys and green pastures, until he had a wagon-train of supplies forty miles long—clothing, boots, arms, two hundred loads of bacon, six thousand barrels of pork, two thousand horses and eight thousand oxen, and all this vast array of booty he dispatched in safety southward. Then, when this valuable feat was accomplished, he suddenly began a retrograde movement with Buell, whose delay had fretted the gallant troops he led almost beyond endurance, in tortuous pursuit. Day by day the Union forces followed the retreating host, when on the 9th of October, as they reached the village of Perryville, Bragg turned upon them with sudden fury, and fighting from noon till eve, so crippled his pursuers that when darkness came on he was allowed unmolested to escape with all his plunder to Chattanooga.

In judging General Buell's actions during this campaign, it is but fair to remember that many of his failures were due to unavoidable misfortune and false information, and that he was pitted against a leader of exceptional high qualities; but popular opinion did not stop to weigh these considerations, so on the last day of the same month he met the fate so often accorded to the unsuccessful General, deprivation of command. Thomas had refused to replace him, so Rosecrans, whose brilliant career in West Virginia had already become a matter of history, was appointed to this important command, and under these new auspices the Fighting Fourth with the rest of the army found themselves once more at Nashville.

The dusky shades of night were fast lengthening and the sun had set in crimson glory—the last departing blush of Indian summer—when on an early November evening the figure of a horseman might have been seen riding at a steady trot along a road which led in a southeasterly direction from Nashville. Ever and anon the traveler looked back over his shoulder with an expression of anxiety at the fair city he was leaving, and then grasping his bridle with more determination and apprising his horse to greater effort, as though he were there instigating himself to the accomplishment of something he was undertaking in only a half-hearted manner, fixed his eyes on lights which glimmered in the far distance and steadily pursued his journey without permitting any regret he might have entertained to distract him from his purpose. In the trim figure and handsome features of this solitary horseman it is not difficult to recognize our young friend, Charlie Fulton—but not the gallant, gay, light-hearted lad who marched from Columbus with high hopes and spotless soul, for in the rider to-night we see one whose face is drawn with care, one who would even now turn back from the fatal errand he is bent on if something stronger than his sense of honor did not drag him forward; and this something was the siren figure of a woman, for whose favors he felt at that moment as if he would barter his very soul. As the marker of ancient days looked on Scylla and dreaded Charybdis, he knew that he was risking two imminent dangers—being caught as a spy and hung, or arrested for treason and shot—but she had sent him word to come, and if a hundred deaths stood between him and her, for her sweet sake he would dare them all. Hour by hour he rode, each mile alternately as he neared his goal torturing him with remorse or thrilling him with expectation.

Al! there is the signal—two lights burning in a garret window of the house he is at last approaching. Has he been there before? It seems so, for he dismounts and, leaving his horse tethered to a tree, advances up the very orchard path down which one memorable midnight Frank Besant fled so hurriedly.

And she meets him.

Radiantly beautiful in a dress so perfect that it allows the rounded loveliness of her exquisite figure to show its graceful lines and stir to the depths of his soul the impassioned youth as he gazes at the undulating form, worshipping with the fervor of a first love.

"You are come," she says, in an accent tremulously musical. "Yet I hardly thought you would dare another visit."

She permitted him to draw her to his breast and imprint a kiss upon the upturned face.

"Come!" he said. "When you say 'come,' my sweet one, there is no danger I would not dare to do your bidding."

She trembled under his ardent gaze. Pity for a moment broke the spell that bound her better nature, and disengaging herself from his embrace she cried, in earnest tones: "No, poor boy, it is

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proven.

"What is your rank, sir?" he asked, in a tone of command.

"Captain of Infantry," was the salient reply.

"What was the Federal force under arms yesterday?"

"I do not feel able to give you any information, sir, as to the number or movements of my army," Fulton said, respectfully, yet firmly.

"The devil! Do you know to whom you are talking and what you are saying, sir? Smith, do you hear the fellow?"

"Yes, sir," the other replied. "And, if you will permit me to deal with him I will have the information out of him before he is ten minutes older, General Bragg."

"Ah, you rascal, I believe you," the superior smiled, gradually; "but I'm not going to trust him to your gentle catechism."

"Had you dispatches?" he added, turning to Fulton, who preserved an obstinate silence, on seeing which he addressed the officer who had brought the prisoner in: "Were any dispatches found on him when he was taken?"

"No, sir; nothing was found on him except this locket."

"Ah!" said Bragg, gazing at the beautiful features of Mary Lascelles. "Another of my Lady Fantastic's hapless victims—take the prisoner back to his quarters."

"Come along," said the good-humored officer, as he strode from the room, with Charlie following.

"Have you given me any grub today?" he asked, as they reached the prison chamber.

"Not a bite nor sup; but I am not hungry," was the doleful confession.

"Fshaw, man! cheer up—I'll go below and send you something," and true to his word, his departure was quickly followed by a substantial meal, which Fulton, notwithstanding his troubles, did ample justice to.

Then came a clatter of arms and stamping of horses without, and Charlie saw the squadron on the move.

"By Jove! you are in luck, my boy," a manly voice cried, as his door opened, and the officer who had commanded his guard the previous night made his appearance.

"How so?" Charlie asked, wearily.

"Why, there's no batch of prisoners sent to limbo, so I've orders to conduct you to a recruiting station at Murfreesboro, where you won't get half bad quarters, I can tell you. The General, too, is well impressed with you, and means to let you down easy, so keep a stiff upper-lip and hope for better fortune."

Fulton's next quarters were in a large, roomy building, which had once been a private residence of no mean proportions, but which was now occupied by the military, partly as a recruiting office and partly as a hospital for a few convalescent officers, whose wounds for the time incapacitated them for active service. His chamber faced the grounds of a handsome mansion, tenanted evidently by persons of position in society, for Charlie spent many a weary hour watching gay groups of ladies gathered on the broad veranda, or toiling with the needle on soldiers' supplies in the handsome rooms, the windows of which were almost always open.

He had been offered a parole, and had refused, a decision which did not lower him in the estimation of his generous captors.

And now the gayest season in all the year in the South was approaching, the Christmas holidays, and Charlie could see that his fair neighbors were making lavish preparation for the coming festivities.

Charlie happened to mention this to a young officer, who often lingered after a visit of inspection to chat with the prisoner.

"Bah! My dear fellow, it isn't only for the holidays they're decorating, but to-night that pretty girl in blue, leaning on the pillar yonder, is to be married by Bishop Polk. I allow they'll have a gaudy fete, for President Davis himself has come to grace the festivities with his presence."

"It doesn't seem to me a time for much rejoicing," Fulton said, moodily.

"Never a better," was the gay reply.

"McClellan whipped at Antietam, Sherman at a dead-lock before Vicksburg, Rosecrans on the eve of a retreat, and Nashville as good as ours again!"

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," Charlie ventured.

"But not when the cup is held by the firm hands of heroes," was the decided answer.

That night his friend was with him again, when the revelry was at its height. The evening, though in December, was mild, and in the crowded rooms of the mansion must have been almost sultry; at least it seemed so, for the blinds and windows were flung up to their utmost height, affording the two young men an uninterrupted view of the ball-room.

"See that tall, stately man lead forward those two pretty girls to dance—that is President Davis—that fine fellow in black is the bishop—but Heavens, man, what is the matter? You're pale as death itself!"

"Look!" Charlie cried, clutching his neighbor's arm convulsively. "What is that they are dancing on—that thing that carpet—what is it?"

"It is the Northern flag, my boy, the star and stripes, they are trampling under foot!" was the exultant boast.



SHE TREMBLED UNDER HIS ARDENT GAZE.

not too late even now to save you from the consequences of your rashness. Hasten to your horse and away as fast as you can ride. Treachery is all around you. I, even I, have dug the pitfall for you. Fly, if you would save yourself from harm and me from madness; for your grand devotion has touched my heart and I could almost love you."

"Almost! I thought—"

"Hush!"

But the warning came too late; a dozen stalwart forms, springing from the shadows of the trees, surround the young man, who, stunned by the girl's revelation, yields without a blow for freedom.

"Another captive to your fascinations, Miss Lascelles," the officer in charge of the party says, with more mockery than sincerity. "Your *beau* year are more effective than our rifle-bullets."

"And just as cruel!" she muttered, bitterly, as she watched them lead her victim to the house. "Fool that I am, if after all, I were him and not the other one I love."

Once more Charlie is on the road, with his horse's head turned out to Nashville but to Murfreesboro, and not alone now, but with a gay company of jolly fellows, who, though they guard him well, treat him with a consideration that would rob his capture of its sting, if he were not so dazed with the discovery that he was delivered into bondage by the girl he loved; and, poor, infatuated lad, he felt that even now he could not shake himself free from the chains of his fatal fascinations.

That night Charlie Fulton slept at a plantation close to Murfreesboro in a small, dark, low-ceiled room, whose gloomy aspect was increased by its heavy antique furniture and old-fashioned presses, carved in the grotesque taste of the last century. Morning dawned cold and gray, but with its first gleam he sprang from his bed and ran to the narrow casement. The sight below riveted the galling thought that he was indeed a prisoner, and that the adventures of the preceding night were not a hideous dream. A squadron of dragoons, who seemed to have passed the night beside their horses, lay stretched or seated in all the picturesque groupings of a bivouac; some already up and stirring, others leaned half-listlessly upon their elbows, and looked about as if unwilling to believe that their rest was over while some, stretched in deep slumber, woke not with the tumult around them.

Having dressed, he walked up and down the narrow room, tortured and agonized by sad reflections. Suddenly he saw a group of horsemen arrive at whose approach the pickets were on the alert and the guard at the gate presented arms. The sound of voices beneath him informed him that the party occupied the room below his own; so he strained his ear to catch the current of their murmured conversation. The next minute his door was unlocked and an officer entered, bowing politely as he advanced into the middle of the room.

"Will you have the goodness to follow me this way?"

Charlie had barely time to ask into whose presence he was about to be ushered, when, with a smile of strange meaning, he opened a door and introduced him into a spacious apartment. Although he had seen at least a dozen horsemen arrive, there were but three present. One of these, who sat at a small table near the window, never lifted his head on his entrance, but assiduously continued his occupation. The one, however, on whom Charlie's attention was especially concentrated stood with his back to the open fireplace, sternly contemplating his ap-

IN MEMORIAM.



HERE is no north or south, And there is no east or west; Our tears are shed for her who died A sleep in the broad earth's breast.

Blossoms and lilies bring, Blessoms and flowers, For the clouds have passed and night is past Breaks into whitest morn.

Mem from the wintry lands, Men of the lands of sun, But the days are changed since we stood estranged, And the north and south are one, For where the bayonet gleamed Follows the lightning blow, And the hand of time, with touch sublime, Has smoothed war's ragged brow.

Here are the clustered graves Of those whose race inarched down In the gold moon's light to the famous heights Of beleagured Boston town. And there are the grassy tombs Unmarked by tongue or pen, Of these whose aires left household fire To fight as Marion's men.

Over these eloquent The sounds of discord cease, And the spring grass waves by the road side graves. Like hope at the side of peace, And the robin builds her nest In the rife-shattered tree, And curlews cry where a cloudless sky Looks on a tranquil sea.

And so in brotherhood We scatter the buds of May; Let the flowers fall over one and all, For we know no blue nor gray. And there is no east and west, And there is no north or south, For the palm and pine together with Over the cannon's mouth.

ERNEST MCGRAW.

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