



AN ARKANSAS PROPHET

A NEW YEAR'S STORY

By RUTH McENERY STUART.

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If carried curiously and love of fun had carried many to the New Year handshaking three years before, a more serious interest, not unmixed with curiosity still, swelled the party to-night.

It was a mile out of town. The night was stormy, the roads were heavy and most of the wagons without cover, but the festive spirit was impervious to weather the world over, and there were umbrellas in Simpkinsville, and overcoats and tarpaulins.

Everybody wore even certain persons who had not previously been able to master their personal animosities sufficiently to resolve to present themselves for the midnight handshaking, and had decided to nurse their grievances for another year, promptly decided to bury their little hatchets, and join the party.

To storm a citadel of sorrow, whether the issue should prove a victory for besiegers or besieged, was no slight lure to a people whose excitements were few, and whose interests were slight from all its sympathies.

The well-heated hostess rallied all her falling energies for the emergency. And there was no lack of friendliness in her pale old face as she greeted her most unwelcome guests with extended hands.

Her thin cheeks flushed faintly as her neighbors' happy daughters passed before her in gowns or dance, her solicitous observers, not suspecting the pain at her heart, whispered: "Miss Meredith is chirping up already. She looks a heap better 'n when we come in." So little did she understand.

If mirth and numbers be a test, the old year party at the Merediths was assuredly a success. Human emotions swing as pendulums from tears to laughter. Those of the guests tonight who had declared that they knew they would burst out crying as soon as they entered that house, were the ones who laughed the loudest.

"Spinning the plate," "dumb-errand," "pillow," "how, when and where," such were the innocent games that composed the simple diversions of the evening, varied by music by the village string bands and occasional songs from the girls, all to end with a "Virginia break-down" just before 12 o'clock, when the handshaking fun should commence.

It seemed a very merry party and yet, in speaking of it afterward, they many who had declared that it was the saddest evening they had ever spent in their lives. Some even affirming that they had been "obliged to set up an' grizzle the live-long time to keep from cryin'" every time they looked at Miss Meredith.

Whether this were true, or only seemed to be true in the light of subsequent events, it would be hard to say. Certain it was, however, that the note that rose above the storm and floated out the lighted windows was a note of joyous merrymaking. Such slowly moving wagon, whose heavily-choked wheels turned into the Meredith's gate near midnight. The belated guest was evidently one entirely familiar with the premises, for, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, the ponderous wheels turned accurately into the curve beyond the magnolia tree, moved slowly but surely along the drive up to the door, and stopped with hesitation exactly opposite the "landing," well-nigh invisible tonight.

After the ending of the final dance, during the very last moments of the closing year, there was always at the old year party an interval of silence. The old man held their watches in their hands, and the young people spoke in whispers.

It was this last waiting interval that in years passed the old man Prophet had filled with portent, even though, until his last prophesy, his words had been lightly spoken.

As the crowd sat waiting tonight, watching the hands of the old clock

to which limped a tail muffled figure, that seemed almost to have stopped, so slow was their movement, listening to the never hurrying tick-tack of the long pendulum against the wall, it is probable that memory, quickened by circumstances and environment, supplied to every mind present a picture of the old man, as he had often stood before them.

A careful turn of the front door latch, so slight it was to be scarcely discernible, came at this moment, as the clank of a sledge-hammer, turning all heads with a common impulse toward the slowly opening door, into which limped a tall, muffled figure, that seemed to the startled eyes of the company to reach quite to the ceiling. Those sitting near the door started back in terror at the apparition, and all were on their feet in a moment.

But having entered, the figure stood still just within the door. And before there was time for action or question, even a bundle of old wraps had fallen and the old man Prophet, bearing in his arms a golden-haired cherub of about two years, stood in the presence of the company.

The revulsion of feeling, indescribable by words, was quickly told by fast-flowing tears. Looking upon the old man and the child, everyone present read a new chapter in the home tragedy, and wept in its presence.

Coming from the dark night into the light, the old man could not for a mo-

SHE WAS OFFENDED.

"Disgusted Her" to Hear Him Speak Slightly of the Autoer.

The story is recalled by the Boston Transcript of a young Virginia country girl dining in that city some years ago in the days when Dr. Holmes went to dinner. Seated next her at table was a homely, little old gentleman, whose name she did not catch. He began to talk with her, and asked her how she passed her time in the country.

"Oh, we read, my father and I," she said.

"What do you read?" asked the little old man.

"Well, the 'Autoer' of the Breakfast Table" for one thing," she answered.

"I should think you would not care to read that more than once," remarked the little old man, in a tone of slight disparagement.

"My father and I may not be judges of literature," archly said Miss Virginia, with a faint accent or scorn, "but when we get to the end of the 'Autoer' we generally turn back to the beginning and read it over again."

The little old man smiled at this, and was disposed to be friendly, but Miss Virginia was so disgusted with his tone concerning the "Autoer" that she met him with chilly indifference.

As soon as the guests went into the drawing room her hostess whispered reproachfully to her: "You didn't seem to find Dr. Holmes as interesting as I hoped."

"Holmes!" shrieked Miss Virginia. There was a tableau and an explanation.

As he spoke, he turned back to the still open door, and before those who had followed had taken in his full meaning, he had drawn into the room a slim, shrinking figure, and little May Day Meredith, pale, frightened, and weather-beaten, stood before them.

If it was her own father who was slowly nearing the hour, he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion: "De time is most here. Is you all ready to shuck hands? Ef you is—everybody—turn round and come with me."

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Gilmore's Aromatic Wine

A tonic for ladies. If you are suffering from weakness, and feel exhausted and nervous; are getting thin and all run down; Gilmore's Aromatic Wine will bring roses to your cheeks and restore you to flesh and plumpness. Mothers, use it for your daughters. It is the best regulator and corrector for ailments peculiar to womanhood. It promotes digestion, enriches the blood and gives lasting strength. Sold by Matthews Bros., Scranton.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT

TESTIFIES TO DR. HACKER'S TREATMENT OF NERVOUS DISEASES OF YOUNG MEN

I give the following statement unaltered. I have been a sufferer for so long a time and have spent such money with so-called specialists and each time have been disappointed and misled, that it was with a good deal of doubt that I called on DR. HACKER. But knowing of some of the cures he made in this city four years ago, and the confidence of the people of Scranton in him then, I resolved to try him. It was a lucky move for me. I was troubled with dizziness, spots floating before my eyes, bad dreams, melancholy, easily startled, when spoken to, no desire to exert myself and tired on the least exertion, especially in the morning; had no pleasure in company; very nervous and altogether was a complete wreck. But thanks to DR. HACKER, I am today as well as I can be. I would advise all young men suffering as I did to call immediately in 45 days I gained in flesh 18 pounds. For obvious reasons I prefer to withhold my name, but if any who suffer will call on DR. HACKER at the Philadelphia Institute, he will furnish my name and address.

NO CURE, NO PAY. EXAMINATION FREE and conducted in German, French or English. Send for "our book" on nervous diseases of men, 27 Spruce street, Scranton.

OFFICE HOURS—8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sunday, 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

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Physicians and Surgeons. DR. G. EDGAR DEAN HAS REMOVED TO 615 Spruce street, Scranton, Pa. (Just opposite Court House square).

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Lawyers. JESSUP & HAND, ATTORNEYS AND Counsellors at Law, Commonwealth building, Washington avenue.

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L. A. WATERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 423-Lackawanna ave., Scranton, Pa.

P. S. SMITH, COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office rooms, 54, 55 and 56 Commonwealth building, Scranton, Pa.

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Teas. GRAND UNION TEA CO., JONES BROS.

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WESTMINSTER HOTEL, W. G. SCHEENK, Manager. Sixteenth et., one block east of Broadway, near Union Square, New York.

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MEGARGEE BROTHERS, PRINTERS' supplies, envelopes, paper bags, twine, Washcoke, 120 Washington ave., Scranton, Pa.

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ROOF TINNING AND SOLDERING. All done away with by the use of HARTMANN'S PATENT PAINT, which consists of ingredients well-known to all. It can be applied to tin, galvanized tin, sheet iron roofs, also to brick dwellings, which will prevent absolutely any crumbling, cracking or breaking of the brick. It will outlast tinning of any kind by many years, and its cost does not exceed one-fifth that of the cost of tinning. It is sold by the job or pound. Contracts taken by ANTONIO HARTMANN, 227 Birch St.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES

Central Railroad of New Jersey. (Lehigh and Pennsylvania Division.) Anthracite coal used exclusively, ensuring cleanliness and comfort.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOV. 18, 1894. TRAINS LEAVING SCRANTON FOR PITTSBURGH, WILKES-BARRE, ETC., AT 8:20, 9:15, 11:30 a. m., 12:40, 2:05, 3:40, 5:10 p. m. Sunday, 9:00 a. m., 1:00, 2:15, 7:10 p. m.

For Allentown, 8:20 a. m. and Elizabeth, 8:20 (express) a. m., 12:45 (express) with Buffet parlor cars, 3:40 (express) p. m. Sunday, 2:15 p. m.

For Lehigh, Lehigh and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8:20 a. m., 12:45, 3:00 p. m. Sunday, 2:15 p. m.

For Port Jervis, 8:20 a. m., 12:45 p. m. Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 10:30 a. m., 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 a. m., 1:30, 3:30 (express) with Buffet parlor cars, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 5:00 a. m., 2:00 and 4:30 p. m. Sunday 6:27 a. m., 2:35 and 4:30 p. m.

Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent in charge.

H. P. BALDWIN, Ticket Agent. J. H. OLLIVANT, Gen. Supt.

Nov. 18, 1894. Train leaves Scranton for Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 7:45 a. m., 12:05, 2:25 and 11:30 p. m. via D. L. & W. R. R. at 7:45, 9:15, 11:30 a. m., 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 p. m. Sunday, 9:00 a. m., 1:00, 2:15, 7:10 p. m.

Leave Scranton for Pottsville, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 7:45 a. m., 12:05, 2:25, 4:45, 7:05, 9:25, 11:45 a. m., 1:45, 4:05, 6:25, 8:45, 11:05 a. m., 1:25 p. m.

Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 7:45 a. m., 12:05, 2:25, 4:45, 7:05, 9:25, 11:45 a. m., 1:45, 4:05, 6:25, 8:45, 11:05 a. m., 1:25 p. m.

Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and St. Paul via D. & H. R. R., 7:45 a. m., 12:05, 2:25, 4:45, 7:05, 9:25, 11:45 a. m., 1:45, 4:05, 6:25, 8:45, 11:05 a. m., 1:25 p. m.

Express for Enston, Trenton, Philadelphia and the south, 5:15, 8:00 and 9:55 a. m., 12:45, 2:30, 5:15, 8:00 and 9:55 a. m., 12:55 and 3:50 p. m.

Express for Washington, 3:25 p. m. Tohyanville accommodation, 6:10 p. m. Express for Elizabeth, 7:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m.

Express for Philadelphia, 7:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m.

Express for New York, 7:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m.

Express for Boston, 7:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m.

Express for Chicago, 7:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m.

Express for St. Paul, 7:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m.

Express for Detroit, 7:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m.

Express for Philadelphia, 7:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m.

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Express for Chicago, 7:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m.

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Express for Boston, 7:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE FROTHINGHAM Thursday Evening, Jan. 3.