

(These short serial stories are copyrighted by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller, and are printed inThe Tribune by special arrangement, simultaneous with their appearance in the leading daily journals of the large cities).

It was a fine summer morning in one] wot you's come ter say," and she seated of the southern counties of Virginia, herself in her chair. With a grin, Moses sat down on the grass and embraced his knees with his

irms.

a view to matermony."

all de marryin' be?"

him very well; his cravat was white

and in his hand he carried a cane with

"Mornin', Sister Tinsley," said he; "

"Mornin', Brudder Aaron," said Aunt

Belinda; "ef yous got time ter stop, sot

youse'f down hyar, and I'll fotch an-

He lifted his hand deprecatingly

"Never, Sister Tinsley, never you walt on me. Dat's my part; I waits on you,"

a silver head.

udder cheer."

hopes I sees yer well?"

ently she spoke:

low.'

and in front of her own little house sat Aunt Belinda, Tinsley, paring potatoes This worthy person was a colored woman, something under 40 years of age, light brown in color and comely look upon. She was neatly dressed, and her surroundings, as well as the amiable and satisfied expression of her countenance, showed that her circum stances were comfortable.

8

In her caller days she had lived with white people and had been cook and laundress. Retiring from domestic service, she had married Dick Tinsley, an industrious and worthy black smith, who, about two years before this summer morning, had died, leaving his widow a small but well-built house of more pretentious design than any of the negro habitations in the neighborhood, a few acres of land, all paid for, and, as report had it, an income, although there was not unanim-ity in the reighnorhood regarding the amount of this income, nor from what it was derived. Eut everybody knew that Aunt Beiluda, as she was called by her older friends and acquaintances, or Mrs. Tingsley, as some colored people of progressive views now chose to designate her-was a person to be envied, because, so far as outsiders could determine, she had all she wanted.

Aunt Belinda lived alone, and when she had pared four medium-sized potatoos she know these were enough for a meal, but she was considering whether or not it would be well to boll some more which might be cut and fried for supper, when, raising her eyes, she saw a man coming along the path which led to her house. At first she did not recognize him, but in a few minutes she saw that he was Moses Lipscomb, a man somewhat younget than herself and a little browner. She had known him all her life as a goodnatured, jolly fellow, who, although spasmodically industrious and able to perform surprising feats of labor at hog-killing time, or on other occasions when the work was suitably mixed with excitement, was in general, on account of his aversion to monotonous employment, as needy a man as ever strutted through a cake walk or twanged a banjo.

and briskly stepping inside he brought This morning, as has been said, Aunt out a chair. The newcomer sat down, put his had Belinda did not at first recognize him. Ordinarily he dressed in garments quite I on the grass and his cane beside it, and



scape, but now he looked squarely at her, honestly surprised. "Yes," said Aunt Belinda, "wot I wants is a keow. I'se bin a long time widout one an' i don' wan' to be widout one no longer; so ef I was ever to git anudder husban' I'd git one as would fust give me a keow. I don' wan' no husban', but ef I cahn't git a keow widout no husban' I'll take him along wid de keow. Dat's de way it stan's, Brudder Aaron." With his face a little longer than be fore Aaron sesumed his survey of the

landscape. "Wot kin' o' keew you wants, Sister Tinsley?" he asked.

"I don't keer 'bout de kin' nor de breed," said Belinda, "so's she's tol-'ble fresh an' giv 'bout three gallon o' milk. Don' wan's no scrawny gallonkeow wid no more butter in de milk

dan a bucket o' w'itewash. Has you got a keow, Brudder Aaron?" Aaron folded his arms, knitted his brows and turned his glance upon the "I hain't got nuthin' ter say. ground.

Aunt B'linda, 'cept wot I said afore. 1 than a year in a very aggra-"When you wan's yer keow?" said he lone come pay 'tentions to youse'f wid "Soon's I kin git her," answered Be linda, "I'se bin a long time widout one. 'Wot yer got ter 'sport a wife wid. an' I wants ter have some buttermilk Moses Lipscomb?" she asked. "Hain't got nuthin'," answered dis week." superior to any other meat Suddenly a light flashed into th

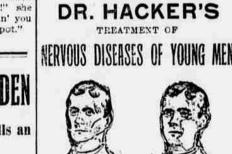
Moses, his white teeth shining like a extract food. countenance of the contemplative rift of light in a cloudy sky. "Bress my Aaron and he looked up. soul, Aunt B'linda, ef ev'ry colored "Did you ever see my littl' place man in dis county wait 'til he kin over th' udder side of de crik, Sister 'sport a wife afore he marry her, whar Tinsley?"

The widow shook her head. To this Aunt Belinda made no reply, Aaron looked satisfied. Well, den." but sat gazing, not at her sultor, but over the fields toward the east. Pressald he, "I'se got some keews dar, two good keows, one Ald'ney an' one brack an' wi'te. Cahn't say much for de Ald'ney; she ain't fresh. Would a fust-"You Moses, you git off dat grass an' take away dem clothes an' den come rate brack an' white keow sult yer, back arter supper dis evenin' for yo' Sister Tinsley?" ahnser. Now git along mighty quick.

"Dat 'd suit me tip top," answered prepared for administration. hain't got no time to fool wid yer Belinda. "When kin yer fotch her?" Fouch her enny time," said he; "do sooner de better. Fotch her terday." "All right, Brudder Aaron," said she. Moses was well acquainted with Aunt Belinda's decision of character. and without making any remonstrances he gathered up the discarded clothes, 'you come 'long wid yer keow dis evenbade her good morning and departed. in' 'fore supper; min' dat, 'fore supper, 'cas I wants de milk." Aunt Belinda watched him until he dis-After a few remarks about his inten-

appeared behind a bit of woodland to the west and then she turned her gaze tions and the propriety of the conjugal toward a field in the opposite direction. plan he proposed, Aaron departed, asserting that he must lose no time, for She had seen, before Moses left, another man approaching through this field. the little place he owned was three or The newcomer was tall and rather four miles away. Aunt Belinda smiled to herself when spare of figure, and advanced with long

he left. "De place you owns!" she strides, which soon brought him to the house. He was very well dressed, but said, aloud. "I reckons all de lan' you not after the fashion of Moses. His owns could be got inter a flower pot." hat was high, but it bore no untimely (To Be Continued.) crape; his clothes were black, and fitted



AST WAS.

ASIWAS. ASIAM, I give the following statement unasked. I have been a sufferer for so long a time and have spent so much moncy 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 Scran-ton in him then, I resolved to try him. It was a lucky move for me. I was troubled with dizziness, spots floating be-fore my cycs, kad dreams, melancholy, easily startled when spoken to, no desire to exert myself and tired on the least ex-ertion, especially in the morning; had no pleasure in company; very nervous and altogether was a complete wreck. But thanks to DR. HACKEER, I am today a well man. I would advise all young men suffering as I did to call immediately; in 65 days I gained in fiesh 18 pounds. For obvious reasons I prefer to with hold my name, but if any who suffer will call on DR, HACKER at the Lackawanna Medi-cal Instituite, he will furnish my name on dadress.

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 For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.20 (express) a.m., 12.45 (express) p.m.
 Sunday, S. D., 5.6, 11.60 p.m.
 For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.20 (express) p.m.
 Fur New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.20 (express) p.m.
 Fur New York, Course p.m.
 Fur New York, Course p.m.
 Sunday, 2.15 p.m.
 For Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8.20 a.m., 1245, 2.65, 5.60 (except Philadelphia) p.m.
 Sunday, 2.15 p.m.
 For Heading, Lebonon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a.m., 12.45, 5.00 p.m.
 Sunday, 2.15 p.m.
 For Pottsville, 8.20 a.m., 12.45, 5.00 p.m.
 Sunday, 2.15 p.m.
 For Pottsville, 8.20 a.m., 12.45, 5.00 p.m.
 Sunday, 2.16 p.m.
 For Pottsville, 8.20 a.m., 12.45, 5.00 p.m.
 Sunday, 2.16 p.m.
 For Pottsville, S.20 a.m., 12.45, p.m.
 Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North river, at 8.10 (express) a.m., 1.04, 1.20, 4.30 (express with Buffet parior car) p.m. Sunday, 4.30 a.m.
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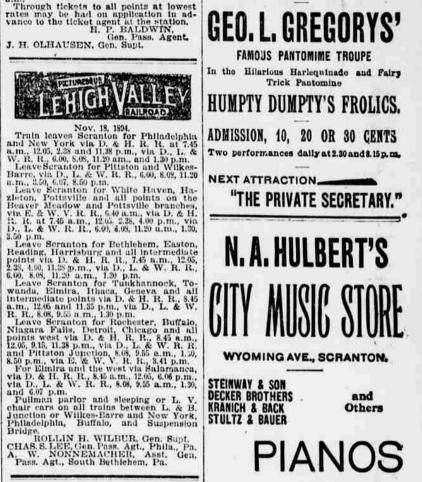
Opera Company Presenting DeKoven and Smith's Twin Opera Successes Monday ROBIN HOOD Monday AND THE

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Prices: First floor \$1.25 and \$1.00. Balcony 75 and 55 cents. Gallery 25 cents. Sale of seats opens Friday, Jan. 4.

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Afternoon and Evening.





ORGANS 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p.m.
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THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 4, 1895.

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Nervous

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attempted to put on my coat or any

Sold by all druggists. THE BOVININE CO., NEW YORK. **CRATEFUL PATIENT** TESTIFIES TO

"'Tain't a Husban'," Said Aunt Belinda, "It's a Keow."

simple and ragged, but now he was at- | then, leaning slightly forward, clasped tired in grand style. On his head was his two long black hands between his a high, black silk hat, somewhat bat- knees. He was many shades darker tered and rusty, with a broad band of than Aunt Belinda, and several years crape around it; he wore a yellow older. His face was long, and rather walstcoat, much too lrage for him, and thin. After a few remarks about the a blue coat with tarnished brass but- weather and the "craps" he proceeded tons, some of them missing, which to business. was so small for him that he was obliged to throw out his chest very much to keep his shoulders back in to waste, an' I'se a man wid duties an' order that he might not slit it along 'sponsibilities. Now, I comes to de its spinal seam. His trousers were of brown linen, clean and very much and I comes here, Sister Tinsley, to starched, with the bottom of the legs ask youse'f to combine wid me in de frayed and worn in such a way that the starched threads hung over his well-blackened boots like icicles over It's a long time sence you was a widthe mouth of a cavern. His collar was high and evidently unpleasant to his jaws. His large cravat had once been all crimson, but portions of it had now

faded into brown, and from the outside pocket of his coat projected the corner of a white silk handkerchief. As the visitor approached he took off

his hat, but before he could speak Aunt Belinda sprang to her feet.

"You, Moses Lipscomb!" she cried. "Wot you mean, comin' hyar rigged up like dat? Has you got the imperence to come hyar for de purpos' to pay 'tentions to me?"

A broad smile spread over the visage of the jolly Moses. "Dat's it, 'zactly, Aunt B'linda," said he. "I was kunjurin' what to say to begin wid, an' dar you plumps right in, an' I hain't got no trouble at all. I done come byar, Aunt B'linda, to pay 'tentions to youse'f wid a view to matermony."

Aunt Belinda sat for a few moments silently gazing at her visitor and then she broke out: "If ever I see a hedge-

hog in a beaver skin, I'se lookin' at one now. What you mean, playin' dem fool tricks on me? Now, you Moses, you take off dat coh't, wot b'longs to old Uncle Pete, an' was guy him by his mah'ster more'n forty years ago, an' wot Uncle Pete rents out fer ten

cents ter any colored man in dis county wot wants ter go a-cortin'. Don't yer spose I knows dat coh't? Hain't I mended it more'n twenty times, an

didn't I sew dat little bit o' w'ite silk in de top of de pocket? An' you take off dat high-top hat wot yer done borrer from Uncle Abe Binder, an' dat yaller wesh, wot was ole Kunnel Westerman's, an' wot I done wash an' iron till de ole kunnel die. Dem breeches is yous, an' I 'spects dem shoes an' dat 'ar shirt an' neck hank'chef, but you take off all de res' of dem tings 'fore

yer says anudder word." Without hesitation Moses divested himself of hat, coat and waistcoat and laid them down on the grass by the path.

"Is dem dar gole cuff buttons you's?" asked Aunt Belinda, severely. "No, dey hain't," said Moses, "dey's

Buck Simmonses."

"Take dem off!" said Aunt Belindn. "Now den," she continued, when her orders had been obeyed, "you looks like Moses Lipscomb, on'y cleaner, which ain't no fault. You kin sot youse'f down on de grass dar an' say

"Sister Tinsley," said he, "I knows you is a woman wot ain't got no time pl'nt widout no scrapin' an' prancin', wows o' wedlock; in udder words, Sisrheumatism, scintica, lumbago or pain ter Tinsley, I asks you to marry me

der, Sister Tinsley, and' de Bible says 'tain't right fer a man, nor a woman, to live 'lone, 'specially in a house like dis, cents a bottle.

wid no udder house nearder dan a quarter, mile. Now, you kin see for youse'f, Sister Tinsley, dat a man his me, wot's lived in de city an' waited at

a hotel an' as-" "Dat's so," said Aunt Belinda; "cus me fer interruptin' you, Brudder Aaron, but you is mistook 'bout me an de Bible. De holy book don' say nuffin' 'bout women livin' 'lone, only men,

an' wot does I want wid anudder hus ban'? Dar never was a better man dan Dick Tinsley, an' he was an awful trial. Now wat's de good of my havin anudder man hangin' round hyar? I'se mighty cumf't'ble an' I reckon I'se got ev'ryting in dis worl' dat I wants, 'cept D one ting."

"Dat's mighty true!" exclaimed Aaron, "mighty true, Sister Tinsley; dare is one ting wot you wants, and dat is a fust-rate husban.

"Tain't a 'husban'," said Aunt Belindy, "It's a keow."

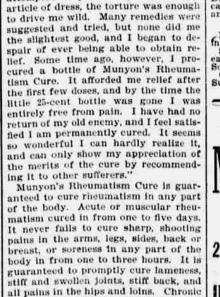
"A keow!" exclaimed Aaron, twisting himself toward, her as he spoke. He had not looked at her during his former remasks, directing his quickly moving eyes over the distant land

CAST OUT,

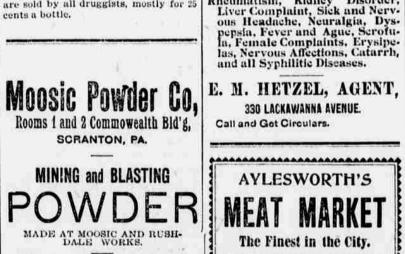
the disorders, diseases, and weaknesses pecu-liar to women—by the prompt action of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a pow-erful, invigorating tonic, and a strengthen-ing nervine. It brings relief for skepless-ness, backache and bearing-down senations.

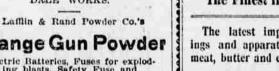


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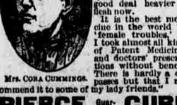
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