



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

"To Speak his Thoughts is Every Freeman's Right."

TERMS, \$2.00 Per ANNUM, in Advance.

VOL. VII.

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NO. 4.

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TERMS—1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$2.00; if not paid within six months, \$2.50 will be charged. No paper will be DISCONTINUED, until all arrearages paid; unless at the option of publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

10 LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE. For square one or three insertions.....\$1.50 Every subsequent insertion less than 8.....50 REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, and GENERAL ADVERTISING, as may be agreed upon. PATENT MEDICINES and other advertisements by the column: One column, 1 year.....\$60 Half column, 1 year.....35 Third column, 1 year.....25 Fourth column, 1 year.....20 BUSINESS CARDS of one square or less, per year, with POST, \$5. EDITORIAL or LOCAL ITEM advertising—without Advertisement—15 cts. per line. Liberal terms made with permanent advertisers. EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS and AUDITORS' NOTICES, of the usual length,.....\$2.50 OBITUARIES—exceeding ten lines, each; RELI GIOUS and LITERARY NOTICES, not of general interest, one half the regular rates.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements must be handed in by Tu esday Noon, to insure insertion the same week. JOB WORK of all kinds neatly executed, and at prices to suit the times. ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS and JOB WORK must be paid for, when ordered.

Business Notices.

R. & W. E. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office on Toga Street Tunkhannock Pa.

W. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office in Stark's Brick Block Toga St., Tunk annock, Pa.

H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Newton Centre, Luzerne County Pa.

O. L. PARRISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office at the Court House, in Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co. Pa.

J. W. RHODES, PHYSICIAN & SUR GEON J. will attend promptly to all calls in his profes sion. May be found at his office at the Drug Store, or at his residence on Putnam Street, formerly occupied by A. K. Peckham Esq.

DENTISTRY.

DR. L. T. BURNS has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to its citizens. Office on second floor, formerly occupied by Dr. Gilman.

ORNA MENTAL PAINTING.

By W. RUGER, Artist. Rooms over the Wyoming National bank, in Stark's Brick Block, TUNKHANNOCK, PA.

Life-size Portraits painted from Ambrotypes or Photographs—Photographs Painted in Oil Colors—All orders for paintings executed according to order, or on charge made.

Instructions given in Drawing, Sketching, Portrait and Landscape Painting, in Oil or water Colors, and in all branches of the art. Tunk., July 31, '67—v650-14.

NEW TAILORING SHOP

The Subscriber having had a sixteen years prac tice in cutting and making clothing now offers his services in his line to the citizens of Tunkhannock and vicinity. Those wishing to get Fitt will find his shop the place to get them. JOKEL, R. SMITH -v50-6mos

B OLTON HOUSE.

HARRISBURG, PENNA. The undersigned having lately purchased the "BULLER HOUSE" property, has already com menced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular House equal, if not super ior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg. A continuance of the public patronage is respect fully solicited. GEO. J. BOLTON.

WALL'S HOTEL,

LATE AMERICAN HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA. THIS establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House. T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor: Tunkhannock, September 11, 1867.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL,

MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA. Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no efforts to render the house an agreeable place of sojourn to all who may favor it with their custom. Wm. H. CORTRIGHT. June, 3rd, 1867

MEANS HOTEL,

TOWANDA, PA. J. B. BARTLET, PROPRIETOR. (Late of the BRANFORD HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y.) The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—It is fitted up in the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping-place for all. v 3, 201, 17.

BUNNELL & BANNATYNE'S COLUMN

A LARGE STOCK OF

SPRING

GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED AND

For Sale

CHEAP,

ALL KINDS OF

Produce

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE

FOR GOODS

AT

BUNNELL & BANNATYNE'S

Tunkhannock, Pa.

DAILY.

Poetry,

A SNAKE IN THE GLASS.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

Come, listen a while to me, my lad, Come, listen to me a spell!

Let that terrible drum, For a moment be dumb, For your uncle is going to tell

What he felt: A youth that loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad, And with beauty uncommonly blessed, And with beauty uncommonly blessed,

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STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL.—I heard a touching story of a young girl the daughter of a once eminent physician, who upon the death of her father was obliged to support her mother and herself. She undertook the management of a Kindergarten school, and established her mother in a neat and comfortable home. She herself took apartments in another section of the city. An intimate friend of hers grew anxious to know how she was living. On a card she had her address, a good street a good house, in a respectable locality, but five miles away.

EXCITEMENT IN A CIRCUS.

We laughed heartily over the following ludicrous story and would not deprive our readers of the same enjoyment:

A number of years ago, when Michigan was a new country, in Livingston county, there lived a family by the name of Clayton, and one called Perkins also,—as well as a great many others.

Pete Clayton was a tall, fine looking fellow—a noble specimen of our backwoods-men—standing six feet and two inches in his stockings.

Pete had taken a shine to Miss Sally Perkins, and it was known in fact that they were engaged, but the day when the knot was to be tied had not as yet been divulged.

In the month of August, 1849, June's circus came through their town for the first time, and in fact it was the first had ever passed that way, and there were a great many people that had never seen one.

When the important day arrived, the town was filled to overflowing with a motley crowd, of course, and every young fellow had his gal. Now, Pete wanted to get married on the coming Christmas, but Sally wished to have it put off till the next spring. When the ticket wagon was open the tent was filled in a hurry. Pete and Sally had been looking through the side shows and they were late in getting in, and the performance had already commenced.

They walked around the entire ring, trying to find a seat, and although they could seat two thousand people, every seat was crammed full.

"Never mind," said Sal, "I'd just as lief stand up."

But the gallant Pete couldn't think of it and said, "wait a minute, and I'll get you a chair," and off he started, leaving poor Sal alone.

Just at this moment the clown came in, dressed in his usual custom and dancing around the ring, stopped right in front of Sal and began to sing:

"Oh, Sally is the gal for me."

This caused Sal to blush, for she thought the clown was looking at her, and she hid the view of those on the lower seats behind her and as usual on such occasions, the clown cracked his jokes at the offenders until they take the hint and find a seat, but she said she would rather stand up. At this the clown commenced his jokes, remarking to the ring master:

"There's a chance for me now."

"A chance for you?"

"Yes don't you see that gal has lost her bean, and she is looking at me, I know," and turning thee or four summersaults, he stopped right in front of Sal, and began to sing.

"Oh Sally is the gal for me!"

"I should have no other, And if Sal died to-morrow night, I'd marry Sally's mother."

This was evidently meant for her, raised Sal's dander, and she burst out with—

"I'm the gal for you all! Marrying my mother, would yer? If you loved spotted schum of the earth. If my feller was here he wallop you for that. I wouldn't stay here another minute—nor neither would any decent people either." Saying which she rushed out of the tent amid roars of laughter.

The clown assuming a comical attitude remarked to the ring master that his grand-father was remarkable man, and so was my grandmother, too, but that gal beat all his forefathers.

At this juncture Pete rushed in closely followed by Sal, and jumping into the ring, he squared off to the clown and said:

"I'll teach you to insult any female under my charge," and let fly at his opponent and taking him plump in the face sent him to mother earth, at which he jumped on him and commenced kicking him unmercifully; Sal standing on the out of the ring, clapping her hands, sung out:

"That's it, Pete, give him jessie and we will get married Christmas, sure."

At this the ringmaster and three or four others caught Pete and commenced to thrash him, when Pete's friends interfered and a general fight ensued, which completely broke up the circus.

HOW A GRUMBLER WAS SERVED.—A husband was continually finding fault with his wife for her want of neatness—so that his house was not always kept like a band-box, nor his tables polished like mirrors. This was one day very warmly expressed, and comparisons were instituted between her management and that of a neighboring Quakeress, whom the husband had seen on that day. The wife promised compliance with his wishes; and on the following morning, she put everything in the most exact and neat order. The husband returned rather later than usual, with a friend whom he had invited to dine with him. To his surprise he found the front door of his house locked—he knocked loudly, and with great vehemence demanded immediate admittance, when an upper window was raised, and out popped the head of his beloved spouse, "There cannot come in at the front door—thee must go round by the gate into the kitchen." The husband sheepishly complied, and ever after suffered his wife to manage her household affairs as she saw fit.

A VERY HASTY WEDDING.—A somewhat novel and romantic marriage took place in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, recently, which may interest the lady portion of our readers. A wedding was announced to take place in the evening at one of the churches, and of course the seats were crowded—for there are thousands of persons who will go to see a man married or a woman who would not venture on any other ordinary or extraordinary occasion. Among the spectators were a widower and widow, both in the noonday of life, who happened to sit together in the same pew. They had a slight acquaintance, and very naturally whispered together upon the appearance of the bride and bridegroom at the altar. At about the conclusion of the ceremony the gentleman sighed audibly, and whispered to his companion, "Poor things! I hate to see them start out in the world alone; I'd like to keep the poor creatures company to night."

"So would I," sighed the widow. "Say we do," said the widower, a bright idea striking him, "Agreed," responded the widow. The first ceremony was no sooner through, accordingly, than up marched the hero and heroine of our story to the altar, and in less time than a thrice were made one flesh, to the utter bewilderment of the assemblage.

Wise and Otherwise.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

Speech is silver, but silence is gold. Hence the expression, hush money.

"Little things do much," said the lion, when released from a snare by a humble mouse.

The individual who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his duty is still very low.

A fine woman like a locomotive, draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, and transports the mails.

The boy who lost his balance on the roof found it on the ground shortly afterwards.

Saibbe was to know if doctors, by looking at the tongue of a wagon, can tell what ails it.

Longfellow's beautiful phrase, "suffer and be strong," is now familiarly rendered, "grin and bear it."

An old bachelor's definition of love: A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying and a good deal of lying.

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question? Acquiescence.

Why are milkmen like Pharaoh's daughter? Because they find a little profit in the water.

Those ladies who have a passion for tea parties should remember that tattle begins with T.

An Irishman remarked of a lady who had been very kind to him—"Bedad she's a perfect gentleman."

Scolding, says a good-for-nothing old bachelor, is the pepper of matrimony and the ladies are the pepper boxes.

If your mother's mother was my mother's aunt, what relation would your great grand-father's nephew be to my eldest brother's son-in-law.

A country editor thinks that Columbus is not entitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large he could not well have missed it.

Here's the bannisters, but where in the deuce are the stairs—as the drunken fellow said while groping his way around the bedstead in the dark.

Never fret about what you can't help, because it won't do you any good. Never fret about what you can't help; because if you can help it, do so.

A lady trampled on a dog's tail the other day, and the animal bit her leg. The blood did not flow, however—only sawdust.

A Cockney, seeing an urchin lying across a leather, remarked that the boy could not see straight because he was cross haid.

At a Fourth of July celebration in Marion county, Ill., a young lady offered the following toast: "The young men of America.—Their arms our support; our arms their reward." Fall in, men—fall in.

A young lady, not at all addicted to affectation, hearing a gentleman remark in company, that all pretty girls who liked to be kissed, instantly answered, "Tho' I've heard they?"

There is a hoax going the rounds of the press, that a negro in Virginia is gradually turning white, which seems to amaze everybody. But thousands of white men have turned niggers within the last few years without surprising anybody.

When a Wisconsin gal is kissed she looks surprised, and says; "How could you?" To which the swain replies,— "It will give me great pleasure to show you," and proceeds to give her a duplicate.

An Irishman had left his native country, and sought an asylum in America because it was a land of liberty, was attacked on his arrival, in December, by a furious mastiff. He stooped to pick up a stone to defend himself, but the stone was frozen fast. "By my soul," says Pat, "what a swate country, where th dogs are let loose and the stones tied fast."

As one of the Dover, (England) volunteers was passing along, rifle in hand, he was accosted by a precocious urchin who cried out; "Who shot the dog?" This saying our friend appeared by no means to relish. So turning he said: "If you are not off very soon, I'll shoot a donkey."

Whereupon the boy, calling out to one of his companions, rejoined; "I say, Bill, look here; this fellow is going to commit suicide."

The devil forgot to pacetheline.