

Wyoming Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

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

TERMS, \$2.00 Per. ANNUM, in Advance.

VOL. VII.

TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA. -WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29, 1868.

NO. 25.

Wyoming Democrat.

A Democratic weekly paper, devoted to the Arts and Sciences. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Pa. BY HARVEY SICKLER.

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 arrears are paid; unless at the option of publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

THE TENNESSEE CONSTITUTION. \$1.50
One square one or three insertions..... \$1.50
Every subsequent insertion less than 3..... 50
REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, and GENERAL ADVERTISING, as may be agreed upon.
PATENT MEDICINES and other advertisements of the column:
One column, 1 year..... \$50
Half column, 1 year..... 25
Third column, 1 year..... 25
Fourth column, 1 year..... 20
Business Cards of one square or less, per year with pay, 75
For EDITORIAL or LOCAL items advertising—without charge—15 cents per line. Liberal terms made with prominent advertisers.
EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS and AUDITORS' NOTICES, of the usual length,..... \$2.50
OPPORTUNITIES—exceeding ten lines, each; RELIGIOUS and LITERARY NOTICES, not of general interest, one half the regular rates.

Advertisements must be handed in by Tuesday noon, to insure insertion the same week.

JOB WORK

All kinds neatly executed and at prices to suit the times.

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.

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

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

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

J. CHASE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSEL. Office at Law, Nicholson, Wyoming Co. Pa. Special attention given to settlement of decedent's estates.
Nicholson, Pa., Dec. 5, 1867-7/19/67

J. W. RHODES, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office on Toga Street, Tunkhannock, Pa. Will attend promptly to all calls in his profession. May be found at his office at the Drug Store, or at his residence on Toga Street, formerly occupied by A. K. Peckham Esq.

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

Portrait, Landscape, and Ornamental Painting.
By W. RUGER, Artist.
Book cover by 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 to charge made.
Instructions given in Drawing, Sketching, Portrait and Landscape Painting, in Oil or water Colors, and in all branches of the art.
Toga, July 31, '67 5/10/68

BOLTON HOUSE.
HARRISBURG, PENNA.
The undersigned having lately purchased the "BOLTON HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular House equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.
A confidence in the public patronage is respectfully 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,
MOSHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA.
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no efforts under the house an agreeable place of sojourn to all who may favor it with their custom.
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.
June, 3rd, 1863

MEANS' HOTEL,
TOWANDA, PA.
D. B. BARTLET,
(Late of "BRANDY HOUSE, ELMDEN, N. Y. PROPRIETOR.)
The MEANS HOTEL, 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 place for all.
21/19/68

NOTICE
It is hereby given, that I have placed in possession of Samuel Dickey Jr., on pair of steers, to be kept by him during my will and pleasure—all persons are forbidden molesting or interfering with the same.
DAVID PATRICK,
Overfield Pa., Oct. 7th 1867-7/10/67

THE HEALING POOL,
AND HOUSE OF MERCY.
HOWARD ASSOCIATION REPORTS FOR YOUNG MEN ON THE CRIME OF SOLLITUDE, AND THE RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND DISEASES WHICH DESTROY THE MOTIVE POWER, and create impediments to MARRIAGE, with sure means of relief. Sent in sealed letter, unopened, free of charge. Address Dr. J. SKILLES BOUGHTON, Howard Association, Philadelphia, Pa.
6041-lyear

THE UNION STRAW CUTTER,
MANUFACTURED BY
William Flickner,
At TUNKHANNOCK, Penn'a.
Who has the exclusive right for Wyoming county, is one of the very best Machines that will cut Hay, Straw, Stalks, etc., better than the old fashioned Cutting boxes, used by our grandfathers.
Those who value true and labor, and would avoid a needless loss of time, in feeding their stock, should get one of these improved Cutters, or even went back to the old machine after a trial of it.
A Supply Constantly on Hand
and for sale.
WM. FLICKNER,
Tunkhannock, Dec. 2, 1877-7/19/68

Poetry.

THRILLING VERSES.
The circumstances which induced the writing of the following touching and thrilling lines are as follows: A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for the Philadelphia Ledger on the subject of Temperance. Her writing was so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend of hers accused her of being a maniac on the subject of Temperance—whereupon she wrote the following lines:

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scorching tear,
Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive to the heaviest heart to melt,
The downward course to stay,
Be dashed with bitter care,
Your prayers beseech, your tears defend.
Go weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Your's sweetest turned to gall—
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way—
That brought me up to woman's day.
Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bowed—
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood—
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his withered glance and see
That mirror'd his soul's misery.
Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;
Wipe from her cheeks the bitter tear;
Mark her worn form and wither'd brow—
The grey that streaks her dark hair now—
With fading frame and trembling limb;
And trace the ruin back to him
Whom plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forewarn'd, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup;
And led her down, through love and light,
And all that made our prospect bright;
And chided her there, 'mid want and strife—
That holy thing, a drunkard's wife—
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, the drunkard's child!

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
And see its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you will try
When all proclaim "tis drink and die!"

Tell me the bow—
Hate is a feeble word,
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stir'd,
When I see, or hear, or tell,
Of that dark BEVERAGE OF HELL!

THE BLIND GIRL.
Together through the flowery fields,
One pleasant summer's day,
With cautious steps two children trod
The smooth yet treacherous way.

The elder was a lovely boy,
Of mien and heavenly mind,
The little girl was lovely too,
But she, alas! is blind.
He'd tell her how the sun by day,
And how the stars by night,
Peeped through soft clouds, to gild the earth
With beams of brilliant light.
And then he'd tell her of flowers, and weaves
A chaplet for her hair,
And strive to make her understand
How beautiful they were.
Soon as her feeble limbs were tired,
He led her from the glade,
And strove with moss, an easy seat
Beneath the green tree's shade.
Then side by side they sat them down,
And happy seem'd to be,
And listened to the song-bird's strain
Of joyous melody.

"Tell me, dear brother! tell me if
You happy bird that sings,
Is beautiful,—say, is he plumed
With gold or azure wings?"
"Yes, dearest, he seems beautiful,
And plumed with hues most rare;
And proudly perch'd upon your bough,
He's swinging in the air."

But, as he spoke, her bosom heaved;
He marked the deep drawn sigh—
And saw the tear drop on the cheek,
Fall from the sightless eye.

The truth with all its glaring force,
Had struck her troubled mind,
And words came trembling from her lips,
"Shall I be always blind?"

I know I can feel and hear,
As you and mother say,
And many things enjoy, but shall
I ne'er behold the day?

You tell me of the little birds,
And green leaves on the tree
And skies serene and beautiful,
But shall I never see?

She clasped her arms around his neck,
And kiss'd him o'er and o'er,
And said, "would I saw thy face,
I would not sorrow more."

He tried to sooth with loving words,
And bade her ne'er mind,
That he and mother loved as well,
As if she were not blind.

He told her of a brighter world,
Up in the soft blue air;
And mother said, if they were good,
They'd see each other there.

Soon after this, the little girl
Grew sick, and pale and weak;
Her brother still kept by her side,
Still kiss'd her tender cheek.

He'd kneel beside her little bed,
And earnest pray to heaven,
That if he saw a soul and sin,
That they might be forgiven.

She whisper'd these last loving words,
"Oh! do not weep for me,
I'm going to that brighter world,
I soon, I soon shall see."

THE LAND OF THE WINDMILLS.

A CAPITAL DESCRIPTION FOR YOUNG READERS.
"Carleton" writes to the Boston Journal a letter in regard to Holland, which is a model in its way, giving to young readers a more definite and vivid conception of the geography of that country than they would be likely to get from their regular school text books. We copy a large part of the letter:

I am sure that every boy and girl who reads the Journal would take great pleasure in visiting Holland, it is such a queer, strange, funny place, and the people are so odd and curious. There are such scenes as cannot be found anywhere else in the wide world. Most of the boys in New England carry knives in their pockets, and I dare say that there is not a lad among all of them, who may read this letter, who has not whittled out a windmill, or at least a whirling; but there are more windmills here than they ever dreamed of—windmills in the towns and cities, out in the country, and all along the shore of the sea—all in motion wherever there is wind enough to turn them. Yesterday I could see nearly one hundred at a time. It was a gusty, breezy day, and the storm clouds were flying in from the German Ocean, and there was a tremendous commotion among the windmills. Each one seemed to be trying to whirl faster than the other.

Undoubtedly you have heard of the exploits of that crazy knight, Don Quixote, who saw a windmill and thought it was a giant, and went at it full tilt, and got tumbled into the dirt by the great fans, which went round and round, just as if nothing had happened; but if he were alive in these days, and were to visit Holland, he might think with good reason that the land was full of giants.

WHAT THEY ARE FOR.
You wonder, perhaps, what the people of this country can want of so many windmills; but let me tell you that if it had not been for these mills in the past, there would be very few people in Holland now. The windmills in one sense have made the country what it is.

Looking upon your map of Holland, you will see that the river Rhine, which has its source away south in the centre of Europe among the mountains of Switzerland, here reaches the sea. When it gets within one hundred miles of the sea, it splits itself into a dozen or more channels, all of which, after winding and turning through a great marsh, pour their waters into the ocean. Holland, therefore, was once a great marsh or bog. There are very few stones in the country; there are no mountains or hills, but one level level of marsh land.

Hundreds of years ago people who lived near the mouth of the Rhine, saw that the marsh land was very fertile, for the silt in the river brought down every year from the mountains made the land very rich; they saw also that they could only get rid of the water on the marshes they might lay out cabbage gardens and little farms. They commenced by building dams here and there—one on the branch of the Rhine called the Roter—and the place in time was known as IJtterdam; another on the Amstel, which was the origin of the name of this city—Amsterdam. So all of the dams in Holland came, not because the people were in the habit of using wicked words, but because they built dams on the streams. But the water soaked through the embankments, and every rain made their gardens wet; they dug ditches, into which the water settled, and then conceived the idea of building windmills for pumping the water into the river.

They set one of the forces of nature—the wind—to work against another force—the rain; and as a gust of wind will turn several thousands of mills just as easily as it does one, they have conquered the rain—have forced the great river Rhine to quit the marshes, and have begun to pump the ocean dry.

That is the meaning of all these giants swinging their arms from one end of the year to the other—day and night—when-ever there is a breath of air.

THE MANAGING WOMAN.
To be a good housekeeper is one of the most essential and useful accomplishments, and the man who secures for his wife one whose education in this respect has not been neglected, combined with a mild confiding and loving disposition, has a most valuable treasure; and if his home is not agreeable and pleasant, he may be assured that the fault is with himself, and that he does not possess the manly and gentlemanly attributes necessary for such a partner for life. We commend the following just and truthful remarks to the attention of our readers:

"The managing woman is a pearl among women. She is one of the prizes in the great lottery of life, and the man who draws her may rejoice for the rest of his days. Better than riches, she is a fortune within herself—a gold mine never failing in its yield—a spring of pleasant waters, whose banks are fringed with moss and flowers, when all around is blacked white with sterile sand. The managing woman can do anything; and she does everything well. Perceptive and executive, of quick sight and steady hand, she always knows exactly what is wanting, and supplies the deficiency with a tact and cleverness peculiar to herself. She knows the capabilities of persons as well as things, for she has an intuitive knowledge of character. The managing woman, if not always patient, is always energetic, and can never be disappointed into inaction. Though she has to teach the same thing over and over again, though she finds heads as dense as box-wood, and hands as inefficient as fishes' fins, still she is never weary of her vocation of arranging and ordering, and never less than hopeful of a favorable result."

A CLERGYMAN at an afternoon service was asked to give notice of a woman's lecture, which he did in this wise: "At half past six o'clock, in the school house in the first district, a hen will attempt to crow."

Wise and Otherwise.

If "Beauty draws us by a single hair," who can withstand a modern waterfall?
"Pa," said Charlie to his parental ancestor, holding a Sunday School picture book, "what is that?"
"That, my son is Jacob wrestling with the angels."
"And which licked?" inquired the young hopeful.
Should not a drinker of corn whiskey always be afflicted by a whiskey voice?
When a person well replenishes a fire how does it feel? Grateful!()

Why was Goliath astonished when David hit him with a stone? Because such a thing never entered his head before.

A lady who had two children sick with the measles wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to pickle cucumbers. In the confusion the lady who inquired about the pickles receiving the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children with horror read the following: "Scald them three or four times in hot vinegar and sprinkle them with salt, and in a very few days they will be cured."

"Mother," said a lad, "is it wrong to break egg shells?"
"Certainly not, my dear," replied the mother; "but what do you ask such silly questions for?"
"Because I have dropped the basket with all the eggs in it," replied the promising youth.

At a printers' festival, held in Lowell, Mass., the following toast was presented: "The Printer—the master of all trades; he beats the farmer with his Hoe, the carpenter with his rules, and the mason with setting up tall columns; he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending to his cases, and beats the parson in the management of the 'devil'."

Mrs. Jones, a farmer's wife in Connecticut, says: "I believe I've got the tenderest hearted boys in the world. I can't tell one of 'em to fetch a pail of water, but what he'll burst out cryin'!"

A listless cynosurist asked the following: "Why doth a dog waggle his tail?"
"Give it up. I think moth felicit will give it up. You thee, the dog waggeth his tail because the dog is thronger than the tail!"
If the waton't the tail wouth waggle the dog?

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent the recurrence of the accident.

Some fishermen use cotton for bait; so do some women.

Why is dancing like milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

"Figures can't lie," says the arithmetician, "You can't say that of women's figures in these days," remarked the slanderous dress-maker.

"Bill, did you ever go to sea?"
"I guess I did; last year for instance. I went to sea a red headed girl; but I only called there once."
"Why so?"
"Because her brother had an unpleasant habit of throwing boot-jacks and smoothing irons at folks."

At an examination of some girls for the rite of confirmation, in answer to the question, "What is the outward and visible sign and form in baptism?" one of them replied: "The baby, sir."

VALUABLE RECIPES.—To remove freckles, cut them out with a razor and throw them away. They will never return.
To bring out a moustache, tie it to a strong cord, twenty feet long, to the other end of which attach a heavy smoothing iron, and throw the latter from a fourth story window. It'll come out.

To get rid of red hair, hold your head for a few minutes in a strong blaze of gas.
To preserve your eyes, put them in a bottle filled with alcohol.
To avoid corpulence, quit eating.
To conceal bad teeth, keep your mouth shut.

To stop breathing, commit a Sue-san-side. To keep out of debt, acquire the reputation of a rascal, and no one will trust you.
To keep your name up, write frequently on the dome of the capitol, the state-house steeple, and other high places.
To become a competent book-keeper, borrow all the books you can and never return them.

To "raise stamps," say a funny thing on the stage.
To keep out of a fight, stay by yourself.
To gain time, steal a watch.
To keep from strutting, don't talk.

THE ABSURDITY OF DRINKING.

It has become a sort of popular—almost national—faith that it is not possible to be truly happy unless you drink. Among certain classes—and they are by no means exclusively the lowest—drink is the beginning and end of everything. The very name of liquor is held to be synonymous with enjoyment, and the dearest the liquor the more it is prized and coveted. Yet every man at a noisome downright drunkard is well aware that the pleasures of drinking are beyond a certain point, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. I put it to any one who has stood half the night at a bar or sat half the night in a club room, drinking, smoking, and bandying reckless talk, if the enjoyment of such an evening has been anything like that of a few quiet hours spent at home with a book or newspaper? The evil influence of tavern pleasure on the health is too obvious to be denied by any one, and the illusory nature of the pleasures themselves would be undeniable also if the persons who indulge in them did not deceive themselves and put the truth out of sight.

No one ever brought any good out of a drinking bout yet. It is a short, feverish, spasmodic animal enjoyment, which leaves nothing behind but moroseness, regret, bad temper, self reproach, and headache. I should like to ask you, sir, if you say your prayers when you come home in that state? No—you don't. You are ashamed to say that. You postpone them until you have purged yourself, your mind, and your lips by more sober and rational behavior. Next time, when you pass the hours quietly at home with a book or a friend, you feel that you have had real enjoyment, and that the time has passed pleasantly, that you have learned something, and that you have not injured your health. You are not ashamed to say your prayers, and you get up next morning with a clear head, a good appetite, and an increased faculty for work and enjoyment of life.—All the Year Round.

WESTON having reached his destination an amateur pedestrian makes the following offer in a Western paper:

"I will walk with any good-looking girl who has a fortune in her own right, upon any given moonlight night, both parties to go as slow as they please, and neither to hurry back to the starting point. I will then, on the word, walk into her affections, and walk off with her fortunes."

JACK BAKER was recently examined in an important case in a Western court.—Counsel found it extremely difficult to extract the whole truth from him. His ingenuity and ignorance combined, enabled him to evade the question. At last the lawyer, losing patience, exclaimed: "Why, Mr. B., do you prevaricate so much?" "Why, Jack, supposing that he referred to his peculiar manner of utterance, convulsed the court and audience by replying indignantly: "I would like to know how a teller can help prevaricate, when he has lost three of his front teeth?"

A CLERGYMAN at an afternoon service was asked to give notice of a woman's lecture, which he did in this wise: "At half past six o'clock, in the school house in the first district, a hen will attempt to crow."