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A Democratic weekly paper devoted to Political News, the Arts and Sciences...

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D. L. T. BURNS has permanently located in Tunkhanock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to its citizens.

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By W. ROGER, Artist. Rooms over the Wyoming National bank, in Stark's Block.

HUFFORD HOUSE.

TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA. THIS ESTABLISHMENT HAS RECENTLY been refitted and furnished in the latest style.

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.

WALL'S HOTEL.

LATE AMERICAN HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA. THIS establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style.

MEANS HOTEL.

TOWANDA, PA. D. B. BARTLET, PROPRIETOR. The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country.

Commercial College.—The success of Gardner's Business College and Ladies' Academy, at Scranton, has surpassed all expectations.

Detrick's Column.

Spring Trade for '68

Will open on or about the 1st of May, AT TUNKHANNOCK, PENNA.

C. Detrick,

(SUCCESSOR TO BUNNELL & BANATYNE.)

Proposes to establish himself permanently in trade at this place, at the Brick store house in Sam'l Stark's Block, where by fair dealing and fair prices he expects to merit and receive the public patronage.

Dry Goods:

- SILKS, POPLINS, ALPACAS, LUSTRES, DELAINES, GINGHAMS, PRINTS, SHAWLS, LADIES' SACQUINGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, BLEACHED AND BROWN MUSLINS, CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS:

TOILET ARTICLES.

NOTIONS, &c.

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Hardware,

Cutlery

OF ALL KINDS,

MEN'S AND BOYS' Hats and Caps.

Boots & Shoes.

A FULL ASSORTMENT.

CROCKERY, STONE, WOOD AND TINWARE,

in great variety.

All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

The above articles will be kept in full assortment. I mean to make the experiment of goods sold in quantities cheaper than ever before in this vicinity.

I shall be happy to see you, and you can depend upon finding bargains in every department. Goods received every week.

Respectfully yours, C. DETRICK.

A GIRL'S FIRST OFFER.

There are two deplorable extremes, into one of which a young girl usually falls on receiving her "first offer."

Now, when a man offers a woman his hand, with all the accompaniments of his heart, and name and fortune,—whether these be exalted or lowly,—he pays her the highest compliments in his power.

But take a young girl, whose imagination is colored with the hues of a summer's sun rising, whose dove-like soul is waiting on quivering wing for love's first message; whose gentle heart pulsates in anticipation of love's ecstasy.

No!—intoxicated with the perfume and bewilderment of the beauty, he stands in the radiance of her rising sun, and sees the lower beneath its golden light.

Many a woman has blighted her own life, and that of the one she loved, by indulging a passion for coquetry! Having charms of which she is fully conscious; empowered perhaps, with all the advantages of wealth, position and accomplishments, she proudly measures her power, and says:

"I am equal to great conquests; and shall I, thus early, submit to be conquered? I have coquetry with which to lead many captives; and shall I yield my hands to be manacled? I have power to bring the proud head low—to melt the heart of stone—to wring the nerve of steel; and shall I put my head on the block—my heart in the crucible—my own nerves in the vice? No! when I have had a surfeit of these delights—theu—"

But the time referred to in the long futurity of the little word "then" seldom comes to the coquette. It will always be "then." The "accepted time" is never near when once we have let the opportunity pass. Why will not women be warned?

Assuredly, to be loved implies some degree of loveliness, and she may be pardoned for feeling gratified with this highest of all compliments—the subtleties of all flattery. But why should she unobtrusively throw herself into arms that may be extended only to ensnare her? On the other hand, why does she turn proudly from the embrace of one who may be fitted to meet every want of her womanhood?

Young girl, answer these questions to your own heart and when you receive your "first offer" be not so flattered or self-deceived as either to accept or reject without careful deliberation.

Don't imagine that this is the last "chance" you will ever have; neither for the sake of flitting throw it away.

VORACITY OF ANTS.—About ninety years ago the island of Grenada, in the West Indies, was invaded by prodigious number of a particular kind of ant, which makes its nest under the roots of plants, and the sugar-canes were so weakened and injured in consequence, that the plantations became nearly unproductive.

The following is one of the two or three lines in the English language that read precisely the same backward as forward: Snug and raw was I ere I saw war and gun.

JOSH BILLINGS ON CUPID.

It is real singular what a man-killer and woman-killer the god Cupid is, for his belt, he is pictured on paper about the size of a four-year-old fat boy baby, with a pair of wings about as large as a boss butterfly, and is armed with a bow and arrows, that might possibly kill bumble bees at four paces.

The little fellow has bagged more game with his wooden sluting irons than all that has ever been built can brag of.

He has in his quiver innumerable arrows, some of them dipped in genuine love, and feathered with good sense; put most of them would seem too trifling true to be at all dangerous if I hadn't with my own eyes noticed him at work with them, both on male and female game, both sitting and flying, and seen the many dead shots he has made.

I have been at some pains for the last few seasons to watch his manoeuvres where I have happened to be, and the following record is a faithful history of this little chap's bizz.

Ben Sloome, aged nineteen years, weighed 100 pounds, and a good eater, at work by the month for Farmer Brown, losing corn, received his death wound from a gartet be, longed to Rachel Tucker, Brown's hired girl, as the said Tucker was learning to jump the rope under the garden.

Kate Freelove, youngest daughter of I.S. Freelove, esq., who could play big on the piano, and had studied Latin one quarter, was shot thru and thru by a paper of Stuart's mixed candies that Frank Fever sent her.

John Davis got his mutton cooked by a spit curl that was dangling on Argeline's check.

Sally Munson deceased without struggle. Cause—Dick Fenton's No 7 patent leather boots, California solitaire. Sam Benson butcher, wounded with a hoop skirt, got better; then was struck plump dead by a false calf on Chestnut street.

Lawrence Peters, aged sixty, for thirty years a consistent bachelor, lived only an hour in great agony, after eating warm apple pies at Widow Stebbins's.

Frank Hunter, named for life by a black balmaral with an orange stripe in it.

Willie what's his name, by the flitter of Jenny Jones' velvet, and the jingle of her father's money.

GOOD MAXIMS.—An action cannot be perfectly good, unless pure in its motives; that is, unless the motives are virtuous, and free from any mixture of vice.

TWO YOUNG LADIES IN A FIX.

A ludicrous scene occurred within a thousand miles of Indianapolis, not a great while ago, at least not long enough to be forgotten.

The two young ladies were visiting another young lady, their cousin. The three were fond of jokes, and continually playing them off on each other.

In his last sickness, he very forcibly illustrated Pope's well known line of the "Raving passion strong in death."

"That's nothing to do with it. I shan't live till morning," wheezed the Colonel, as if he were determined to die.

"You are quite unreasonable, Colonel," gently interposed the Doctor. "I never knew a man to be very near his end whose feet were as warm as yours."

Turning toward the Doctor, with a droll twinkle in his eyes, he laboringly gasped out—"John Rogers."

PARAGRAPHS.—Sisters of Charity—Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

To hear Gough tell the "druggist" story is worth a quarter at any time. The story is a capital one, but it takes the man to tell it.

A long, lean, gaunt Yankee, entered a drug store and asked: "Be you the druggist?"

"I've got a scentin' stuff that will suit you. A single drop on your handkerchief will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out, but to get the strength of it you must take a big smell."

"Ist that so, Mister? A waal just hold on a minute till I get my breath, and when I say now, you put it under my smeller."

THE WEATHER TOY.—A Bostonian says the Commercial Advertiser, has a toy barometer on exhibition, which consists of a miniature cottage, with two doors.

AMERICAN HUMOR.—Colonel Isaac

James, of Boston, who died a few weeks ago, was an officer under the United States Government. He was a man of great wit and humor, full of rare and racy stories, which he always told with the most imperturbable gravity, while his listeners were convulsed with laughter.

"Shan't live till morning," said the Col. feebly.

"Yes, I am," piped out the Colonel. The doctor then felt of his feet, and finding them quite warm, said, "I think there is no immediate danger."

"But," said the doctor, "your extremities are warm, Colonel. Did you ever know one to be very near dying whose feet were as warm as yours?"

"That's nothing to do with it. I shan't live till morning," wheezed the Colonel, as if he were determined to die.

Public Spirited. Young ladies who allowed their father's house to be used for a court house.

It is not until the flower has fallen off that the frost begins to ripen. So in life it is when romance is past that practical usefulness begins.

A few weeks since a baby was taken to a church to be baptized, and his little brother was present during the rite.

A little girl on hearing her mother say that she intended to go to a ball and have her dress with "bugles," innocently inquired if the bugles would blow up while she danced.

"Go on, papa," said a little urchin to his father the other day, "I saw a printer go down the street just now."

"Cause I do, papa." "But he might have been a carpenter, blacksmith or shoemaker."

A young lady being asked to waltz, gave the following sensible and appropriate answer. No, I thank you sir, I have haggling enough at home.

Wise and Otherwise.

"My son, would you suppose that the Lord's Prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than a nickel cent?"

"Why, yes, father; if a cent is as big in everybody's eyes as it appears to be in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it on about four times."

Sentimental young lady to perfumer: "I do not think you forwarded the scent I meant; it seems entirely different from that I ordered."

EXTREME DELICACY.—"Is there anything the matter?"

"Well, suppose I did?"

"But, my dear sir, what would you have me say? I called the soup by its proper name didn't I?"

"No, sir, you did not; and whenever you have occasion to speak of that particular soup again, never say 'Our-tail.' Say 'Fly disseper soup!' that's the proper word, sir."

The nervous man is the original harp of one thousand strings.

My advice to the nervous man is, to drink milk for a living, and, for excitement, chew spruce gum.—Josh Billings.

Behind the Scenes—Stage manager:—"John, go and see if the ballet girls are all dressed, for it is time to ring up the curtain."

Bachelor at breakfast—Dear me, Susan, that's a very small egg! Susan—Yes, sir, it is—but it was only laid this morning, sir!

Plug tobacco packed in peanuts, is the last device to defraud the revenue, probably good nances.