



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

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

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Detrick's Column. Spring Trade for '68. Will open on or about the 1st of May, AT TUNKHANNOCK, PENNA.

C. Detrick, (SUCCESSOR TO BUNSELL & BANSAITTE.) 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.

Groceries. SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE, MOLASSES, RICE, SYRUP, CANDLES, SCAP, STARCH, FLOUR, FEED, SALT, PORK, BUTTER, CHEESE, DRIED BEEF, HAMS, FISH of all kinds, BEANS, &c., &c.

Hardware, Cutlery, Hats and Caps, Boots & Shoes. A FULL ASSORTMENT. This branch of business made a specialty. A lot of SEWED ARMY SHOES. A GREAT BARGAIN, SOLE LEATHER. CROCKERY, STONE, WOOD AND TINWARE. All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for Goods in great variety.

THE JUDGE, THE DETECTIVE, AND THE SILVER TEA-POT. Mr. Justice Mullen, of the Supreme Court of New York, is distinguished for great simplicity of manner and superior abilities as a Judge. The exigencies of judicial business frequently demanded his presence in this district.

THINGS A MAN CAN'T DO. "Jennie T. Hazen," in the Chicagoan, says there are some things a man can't do as follows: Some women in a sudden burst of ingenuousness, has acknowledged that there are some things which a woman can't do and expresses unbounded admiration for the man who does these things so deftly.

ROMANCE OF A RING. The following story of infatuated love for a spragled knight of the sawdust ring is told by a western paper: Some time since a lovely and highly educated daughter of a clergyman in Albany, New York, disappeared from her home, and no trace of her could be found.

HEALTHY CLIMATE.—Dan Marble was once strolling along the wharves of Boston, when he met a tall, gaunt looking figure, a "digger" from California, and got into conversation with him. "Healthy climate, isn't it?" "Healthy! it ain't anything else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, that you without travelling more than fifteen minutes. Jest think o' that the next cold mornin' when you get out o' bed. There's a mountain there, the Sary Navady they call it, with a valley on each side of it, one hot and one cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain with a double-barrel gun, and you can, without movin', kill either summer or winter game, jest as you wish!"

MRS. PARTINGTON'S COMPLAINT.—"Lame!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I have been sufferin' the bigamies of death three mortal weeks. I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hemisphere of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation of the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There's no blessin' like that of health, particularly when you're sick."

"INJUNS ABOUT." A Texan correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, tells a good story in one of his letters, "a surly-faced, gizzily-haired, cuffy and moon-eyed chap," who persecuted a certain roguish damsel with his attentions, but was finally thrown off the course of true love, by the following ruse: It being the watermelon season, and Betty's father having a fine supply, all the youngsters for miles around, assembled there on the holiday, to feast on melons.

HOW GOOD TEMPLARS INITIATE CANDIDATES. The following must have been written by a chap who got tight on lager without knowing it would intoxicate. It refers to a lodge of Good Templars. It is a graphic description of an "initiation ceremony," as the writer understands it: In the first place, the victim for initiation is blindfolded, bound hands and feet, and thrown into a caldron of boiling hot rain water, and boiled for five minutes. This is done for the purpose of clearing his system of "old drunk."

Wise and Otherwise. A love that is never reciprocated—A notalgic affection. Why are the letters "oz" like an advertisement? Because they are for an advertisement. A man from the Auburn prison says he lost there all his admiration for Auburn locks.

Sidewalk Etiquette. Only villagers, or persons with rural ideas, any longer contend that ladies shall always be given the inside of the pavement in passing. The rule adopted in all cities is to turn to the right whether the city leads to the wall or gutter, and an observance of this common-sense rule would obviate much unpleasant crowding by over-gallant gentlemen who persistently crowd for the outside of the walk.

THE DESERTER ACT. The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has delivered an opinion declaring the deserter act to be unconstitutional. The Court say that the act of 1866, could not disfranchise a citizen who had not been tried and convicted of desertion, and that the refusal to receive the vote of one who had failed to report, was illegal.

THE FLOW OF LAVA.—Baynard Taylor writes from St. Vesuvius: "I had always imagined a thick, sluggish stream, with a tolerably smooth surface, something like the flow of a melting furnace—but here were moving mounds, rough and shapeless, the chief power of which lay in their base hidden from sight—strange creeping, mining forces, moving forward with a horrible, pitiless certainty in their locomotion. If the scene was less grand in its features than one would expect, it was at least diabolically impressive. It expressed itself destruction, and that of the most cold-blooded, deliberate kind."

THE AGGREGATE SHOOTING OF THE festive gentlemen who are at present burning powder in Jones' Wood, is about fifteen hundred ball cartridges per day. As to each shot fifteen glasses of lager beer is spilled it follows that the shooters alone dispose of upwards of twenty-two thousand and drinks during the hours devoted by them to boring holes in targets.

WESTWARD, HO!—"Westward, ho!" exclaims a western exchange. We should say a fellow might as well hoe westward as eastward, since he has got to dig for a living wherever he may be.

THE ARM OF A PRETTY GIRL wound tightly round your neck has been discovered to be an infallible remedy in case of sore throat.—It beats pepper tea all hollow.

AN EDITOR AT A DINNER-TABLE being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction: "Owing to a crowd of other matter I am unable to find room for it."

THE OLDEST LUNATIC ON RECORD—Time out of mind.

AN EDITOR SAYS another twist to the present mode of doing up the ladies' hair would take them off their feet.

MR. JONES, said Mrs. J., with an air of triumph, "don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Well, yes," growled Jones, "I suppose anything is a means of grace that breaks down pride and leads to repentance."

A LITTLE GIRL having for the first time noticed her shoulder blades, came running into one day, and said: "Oh, Aunt Mary, I guess I'll be an angel soon, for my wing bones are beginning to grow!"

A VERITABLE STORY of a youngster who, while attending Sunday School for the first time, was asked: "Who went into the lion's den?" The child appearing puzzled, the teacher commenced spelling, to awaken the boy's memory, "D-a-n."

COPY of a sign on an academy out West:—"Freeman & Huggs: Freeman teaches the boys and Huggs the girls."

INVENTIVE GENIUS.—A Frenchman, who was boasting of the inventive genius of his country, said, "We invented loco rifles."

STONE-TWELTING.—A man was married; he lost his wife, and had a stone erected over her grave. He married a second time, and when she died had the gravestone split, and it thus served for the two departed. He proposed to a third, and the lady quaintly remarked, "I do not believe that stone will split again."

HARD HEADED.—An old gentleman was relating a story of one of the St. Lawrence boatmen. "He is a hard head," said he; "for he stood under an oak in a thunder-storm, when the lightning struck the tree, and he dodged it seventeen times, when finding he could not dodge it any longer, he stood and took nine claps in succession on his head, and never flinched."

BONES.—Old folks who sit down in an editor's sanctum and read newspapers to him. A stuttering man drunk. A drunken man that does not stutter. The man who reads all the newspapers, but never buys one. A man that wants to borrow money from you.

WHY IS A BEAUTIFUL and fascinating girl like a butcher? Because she is a "killing creature."

ON A RECENT TRIP of one of the Illinois river packets—a light draft one, as there was only two feet of water in the channel—the passengers were startled by the cry of "Man overboard!" The steamer was stopped, and preparations made to save him, when he was heard exclaiming: "Go ahead with your darned old steamboat! I'll walk behind you!"

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