



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

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

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

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NO. 19.

## Wyoming Democrat.

A Democratic weekly paper devoted to Political News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa. BY HARVEY SICKLER

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Every subsequent insertion less than 8.....50  
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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. LITTLE ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
Office on Toga Street Tunkhannock 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.

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

T. J. CHASE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSEL  
AT LAW AT TUNKHANNOCK, Pa.

J. WILSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Col  
lecting and Real Estate Agent. Iowa Lands for sale. Scranton, Pa.

J. W. RHODES, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
will attend promptly to all calls in his profession. 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.

D. H. L. T. BROWN  
Has permanent office located in Tunkhannock Borough and respectfully tenders his professional services to his citizens.  
Office on second floor of New Jewelry Store, on Toga St.  
VS-18-2m.

## PACIFIC HOTEL.

170, 172, 174 & 176 Greenwich Street,  
(between above corner of Broadway, NEW YORK.)  
The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to numerous friends and patrons that from this date, the charge of the Pacific Hotel will be

\$2.50 PER DAY.  
Being sole Proprietor of this house, and therefore from the too common exaction of an inordinate rate, he is fully able to meet the downward tendency of prices without any falling off of service. It will now, as heretofore, be his aim to maintain the highest reputation of the Pacific Hotel, which it has enjoyed for many years, as one of the best of travelers' hotels.

THE TABLE will be beautifully supplied with the delicacies of the season.

THE ATTENDANCE will be found efficient and obliging.

THE LOCATION will be found convenient for those business calls that in the lower part of the city, and of ready access to all Rail Road and steamboat Lines.

JOHN PATTEN.  
Oct 10th 1868. d18-5m.

## HUFFORD HOUSE.

UN KHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT HAS RECENTLY been refitted and furnished in the latest style, very attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House. H. HUFFORD, Proprietor.  
Tunkhannock, Pa., June 17, 1868 -v18-4

## BOLTON HOUSE.

HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the BEHLER HOUSE property, has already commenced alterations and improvements as will be seen in the new and popular House equal, if not superior to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg. A continuance of 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, 1861.

## MEANS' HOTEL.

TOWANDA, PA.

D. B. BARTLET,  
Late of T. B. BARTLET, ELIMBA, N. Y.  
PRIOR PROPRIETOR.

THE MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—it is kept up in the most modern and improved style and pains are spared to make it a pleasant stopping place for all.

PASTMAN gives his customers the benefit of his extensive facilities, and saves to them the usual yearly paid to Johnson, Middleman and other dealers.

## Latest News.

Late arrival of New Goods.  
Great Bargains at the New Store of  
**C. Detrick,**  
in S. Stark's Brick Block  
AT TUNKHANNOCK, PENNA.

Having just returned from the City, I am now opening an entire New Stock of

## FALL GOODS,

and one of the largest and richest assortments ever offered in this community. Consisting of

RICH AND FANCY COLORED DRESS SILKS,  
FRENCH AND ENGLISH MERINOS,  
EMPEROR AND PRINCESS CLOTHES,  
POPLINS, PAREMETTES,  
BLACK AND COLORED  
ALPACAS WOOL, ARMURE, PEKIN  
AND MOUSSELIEU DELAINS, IMPORTED  
AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS, PRINTS  
of Best Manufactures and Latest Styles.

Ladies Cloths and Sacquings, Cloths,  
Cassimeres, Satinets, Tweeds,  
Jeans, Cottonades,  
Drills, Denims,  
Tucks, Checks,  
Stripes,  
Sheetings,  
Shirtings, Bleached Shawls,  
Sontags, Hoods,  
Furs, Ladies' Reticules, Shopping Bags and Baskets  
TRUNKS, VALISES, and TRAVELING BAGS.

Kid, Silk, Lisle Thread, Cotton  
Gloves, Hosiery, Notions,  
Toilet and Fancy  
GOODS.

FANCY SOAPS, PERFUMERY,  
de, de, de.

Black and Colored Velvets,  
Ribbons,  
Ruffles,  
Frills,  
Braids,  
Beads, Ball and Bugle Trimmings.

A Large quantity of BEST STYLE HOOD SKIRTS  
and COSETS, selected from Manufacturers, at  
greatly reduced prices.

FLANNELS all Colors and Qualities.

READY MADE  
Clothing,  
AND GENTS

## Furnishing Goods.

HATS AND CAPS  
of Latest Styles.

CALF, KIP, and HEAVY, BOOTS & SHOES.  
Ladies', Misses', and Children's Kid, Prunella, Morocco and Gait Calfs, Shoes, and Slippers,  
Wall and Window Paper, Window  
Curtains, and Curtain Fix-  
tures, Carpets &  
Oils.  
Cloths, China,  
Glassware, and Stove Ware,  
Tinware, made expressly for this  
Trade, and warranted to give satisfaction,  
20 per cent. Cheaper than the usual rates in this  
section.

Material, Putty, Window Glass, Kerosene Oil,  
Hall, Parlor, Stand, and Hand  
Lamps,  
Lanterns, Lamp Chimneys, Shades,  
and Burners.

## COAL.

ASHTON, TURK ISLAND, & BBL. SALT  
FLOUR.

MEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, LARD, HAMS,  
and FISH, SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE, SYRUP, &  
SPICES.

WOOD & WILLOW WARE,  
ROPES, CORDAGE, BASKETS, BROOMS,  
PAIS, TUBS, WASH BOARDS,  
CARPET SWEEPERS,  
BRUSHES, of all kinds,  
PATENT MEDICINES, DRUGS, and DYES  
FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c., &c.

These goods have been selected with great care to suit the wants of this community, and will be sold as heretofore, at the lowest living rates for cash or exchanged for country produce at market prices. Thankful for the past liberal patronage, I shall endeavor by strict attention to my business, to merit a continuance of the same, and will try to make the future still more attractive and beneficial to customers.

C. DETRICK.

## Poetry.

## HERE'S YOUR NEWS:

BY MISS GOSPIR.

Good morning to you, Mrs. Smith,  
But I have no time to tarry,  
For Betty Jane has got a beau,  
And's just about to marry.

I thought I'd call around you know,  
But I have no time to tarry,  
For Betty Jane has got a beau,  
And's just about to marry.

A charming day to run away,  
It is so cool and shady—  
I suppose you know that Mary Drew  
Hargot a little baby.

Annie Fall and Rufus Hall,  
They were so grandly mated,  
Have had a falling out, they say,  
And now they're separated.

Old Jimmy Slag—the drunken thing—  
Who stole from Mr. Freeman's,  
And Harry Mott—another sot—  
Are dying with the tremens.

And by the way, last Saturday,  
When I was out walking,  
I heard that Deacon Potter's Sue  
Had sued old Farmer Stocking.

I do not know how true it is,  
But they tell awful stories  
Of that affray the other day,  
That happened out at Morey's.

You've heard about the gay White Fawn,  
And how some people praise it:  
I never go to any show,  
Or would I go to see it.

But I must go—I cannot stay—  
I left my bread arising:  
But what this world is coming to,  
Is more and more surprising.

## SOLILQUY.

I wonder if he loves me!  
I'd give the world to know  
If what he said the other night  
Is true and really so.

He said that I was pretty,  
And looked extremely well—  
I wonder if he meant it?  
How I wish that I could tell.

I wonder if he meant it,  
Or did it for a lark.  
When going home to dim the light  
And kiss me in the dark.

I never can get angry,  
He's such an awful quiz;  
And then he comes so often—  
I don't know how it is!

I wonder if he meant it,  
The way he smiles and teases.  
To place his arms around my waist  
And give me such a squeeze.

I'm sure he thinks I love him,  
Because I don't refuse  
To please and entertain him  
Whenever he may choose.

I really think he loves me,  
For just before he went,  
He kissed me twice and once again,  
And said "I love you."

To-morrow night he's coming,  
To tease me just the same;  
So if there's any damage done  
I'm not the one to blame.

To heal the wound a bee had made  
Upon my Nellie's face,  
His honey to the part she said,  
And bade me kiss the place.

Pleased, I obeyed, and from the wound  
Sucked both the sweet and smart;  
The honey on my lips I found—  
The sting went through my heart.

## PHIL'S MISTAKE.

BY W. SCOTT WAY.

A wet and stormy day it was—a day that made a warm room exceedingly comfortable, and caused one to shiver to look out. The rain beat against the windows and ran in torrents from the porch roof; and the cold, fierce wind shook and twisted the tall trees that grew around the Hinsley Mansion.

Phil Hinsley looked very comfortable, though, seated in a large easy chair before a bright coal fire; his feet on a stool, a cigar between his teeth, and a newspaper before his eyes.

He was deeply absorbed in the paper, there was no doubt of that, for the Havana in his mouth was entirely neglected; and by and by the blue smoke ceased to curl up from his lips, and his cigar was out. He was oblivious to everything that day—but the three column story he was reading—when the fire left his cigar; and when Phil forgot his Havana, there was a cause, and a good cause, too.

"Well," he soliloquized, laying down the paper when the three columns were finished, "that story is like all the rest she writes; grand, sublime and true to nature. I'd give half my fortune to know her; I'd give five thousand miles, and make her Mrs. Hinsley to-morrow, if I could find her, and she'd have me."

He lit a fresh cigar, leaned back in his easy chair, and took up the paper again. "Blanche Burton," he continued, "of course that isn't her right name, for literary ladies always have a non de plume, and I can tell Blanche Burton is a non de plume by the sound of it—come in!"

A knock at the door had caused Hinsley cut short his soliloquy, and the next moment a man walked in as though he was perfectly familiar with Hinsley's house as Hinsley was himself.

"How are you, Phil?" he exclaimed, seating himself before the fire. "Wet day out—wet enough to drown ducks, and I am wet to the skin. Got so blue and so lonesome at home to-day I couldn't stand it any longer, so I mounted my horse and rode over. And I have got something capital to tell you—but before I go on I'd like one of those prime cigars. Now wait till I get a light, and I'll tell you all about it."

Frank Carles lit his cigar, puffed out two or three volumes of curling blue smoke, and then said:

"You know I've got an uncle down in Westville—a capital old chap, too! and he's got as pretty a ward as ever lived. She's got the bluest eyes, and sunniest face, and reddest lips I ever saw, and when that worthy chap who has the honor of being her guardian and my uncle departs this life, she'll get the large end of his handsome fortune!"

"I don't see anything very capital about that," said Phil, stroking his brown mustache and blowing out a wreath of smoke from his mouth; "come to the point, old fellow, and let us know what the capital part consists of."

"In due time, Phil. Everything must have a beginning, you know; but I'll tell you all directly. As I said before, this little girl of seventeen summers is just as pretty as it is possible for mortal to be, and I wouldn't be afraid to bet ten dollars she is prettier than an angel, and my worthy uncle wants me to come down to Westville, bringing a friend or two with me, and spend a month or so at least; and Blanche seconds the motion."

"Who?" exclaimed Phil, immediately getting interested, and throwing away his cigar. "Who seconds the motion?"

"Blanche, of course," replied Carles, "and I want you to pull up stakes with me. You'll fall in love with her of course—every one does that. I fell in love with her myself when I was down in Westville last summer, but she didn't fancy me at all, and told me so, too. So you see if you do give your heart into her keeping, I won't interfere, and her nearest relation is a maiden aunt of uncertain age, who, by the way, resides with uncle and Blanche, you need not be afraid of any tyrannical father's boot toe. Say you'll go down to Westville with me, old boy, and if we don't have a capital time skating and sleighing with the girls of Westville, there's no mosquitoes in Jersey."

"Phil said he'd think about it," and when one says he will think about doing a thing, he is very apt to do it.

It was so with Phil Hinsley. He thought of the sleighing, the skating and the Westville belles, but he thought more particularly of Blanche—Blanche who? He had forgotten to ask.

"If it should happen to be Blanche Burton," he mused after Frank left, "if it should happen to be her when I have loved for the past six months but knew no more about her than the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter, only that she writes the most charming stories in the world, and signs herself Blanche Burton."

But I'd go down to Westville with Frank, anyhow, and if the Blanche he speaks of should turn out to be the Blanche I think about, why—Pshaw! What am I thinking about? and he rose, put on his hat and went out on the long shaded porch.

Two days later Phil and Frank left the Westville depot and, with travelling bags in their hands, walked down a poorly paved street to the house of Mr. Layton.

They were welcomed cordially, and Phil to his great surprise and delight soon found that the name of Frank Carles' paragon of beauty was Burton!

Frank had not overdone the thing when he described Blanche Burton, for she was

surely beautiful in face and figure, and besides the witchery of her laughing blue eyes, and pouting lips, she had a sweet, tinkling, silvery voice, which at once took the masculine heart by storm.

They soon got to be great friends, Phil and her, and Mr. Layton looked on pleased, and Aunt Burton, the maiden lady of uncertain age, smiled, and Frank Carles flirted with the Westville ladies, and was as happy as it is possible for mortal to be.

Mr. Hinsley was satisfied in his mind that Blanche Burton of Westville, who rode, sleighed, skated and talked with him every day in the week, was the same fair being who had charmed him for several months with her pen, but he concluded to say nothing about it to her; not for some time, anyhow.

Weeks flew by—weeks of heavenly bliss to him, for surely did not his angel, the being of his dreams for six months, sing and play the rosy hours of the evening away!

And one clear moonlight night, as the sleigh flew over the snow covered road, and the bells jingled clear and silvery, he told her the old story—too old to repeat, and she laid her hands in his and answered "yes."

Uncle Layton, as Frank dubbed him, was delighted when Phil asked him for his fair ward; he had no objection; and Aunt Burton, when she heard it, was pleased, and Frank went into ecstasies.

"Well I want credit for all this, old fellow," he said to Phil. "You know if it hadn't been for me you'd never come to Westville, and if you'd never come down to Westville, you'd never have won little Blanche."

"Indeed, I'm very much obliged to you," said Phil; "and if you will be my first groomsmen, I'll be still more in your debt."

"I'll do that," replied Carles; for when there's a wedding on hand, I always like to be in it, and I can't be groom, which I'd prefer, I like to be the next best thing which is groomsmen. So, my boy, count me in."

The night before the wedding, Mr. Hinsley and his betrothed sat in Mr. Layton's cosy little parlor. Their conversation was of love, of course. Could they talk of anything else when their wedding was so near? Phil at last resolved to broach the subject of his fair intended's story writing.

"I loved you, Blanche, before I knew or saw you," he said.

She looked surprised, blushed, and replied: "How could you do that? How could you love me before you had seen me?"

"How about those stories in the 'Week-ly'?"

"What in the world are you alluding to, Phil?" returned Blanche, very much puzzled.

"Why," continued Phil, "I read several of Blanche Burton's charming sketches, and—"

He stopped, for she had begun to laugh immediately.

"I see it all now," said she; "they were Aunt Burton's sketches you read. Her name is Blanche too, and she is quite an authoress. Why Phil, I never could write a sensible letter, let alone a story."

He saw it all now, too, and laughed, and then kissed the little girl beside him, not caring three cents if she couldn't write her own name.

It all leaked out after the wedding, and Frank came near laughing himself into as well as Aunt Burton herself, over Phil's mistake.

POWERS OF VELOCITY.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired into water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance, a musket ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making the hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk two hundred feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of the water.

Smythe spent two whole days and nights in considering an answer to his conundrum: "Why is an egg underdone like an egg undone?" He would suffer no one to tell him, and at last hit upon the solution—because both are hardly done.

Two rival belles meet at a hop. "How well you look under candle-light?" exclaimed one, with a stress on the candles. "And how charming you are in the dark?" answered the other.

"My dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes."

"Be patient, madam," he replied, "you would probably suffer a great deal more without them."

A gentleman just returning to this country from a tour in Italy was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply, "they are so much out of repair."

Some descendant of Solomon has wisely remarked that those who go to law for damages are sure to get them.

A Connecticut "merchant" placed the following notice over his door when about to absent one afternoon: "Beware of the press."

Cider makers are properly members of the press.

## A WARNING TO DRINKERS.

Jinks drank too much, as all his friends knew, but like many another good fellow who drinks, it was hard to convince Jinks that he ought to let up on it. He boarded at one of the hotels, and night after night he would remain until past midnight at the saloon bar "hissing" it in, rendering it necessary morning after morning to have a cocktail brought up from the saloon before he could get out of bed, and then another to brace him up for breakfast.

Finally, the bar tender, who brought up the drinks, remonstrated with him, telling him that if he continued his course much longer, he would certainly have the "Jim-Jams."

"The what?" asked Jinks, not exactly comprehending. "The man with the poker—get snakes after you—see things—have the tremens."

"Oh, nonsense," said Jinks, "you can't scare me. I have drank just so for fifteen years. It never hurt me. A cocktail or two in the morning, and I'm all right, always."

The bar-man had more sympathy for a man on the downward road of intemperance than most bar-men have, and he determined to give Jinks a fright. Accordingly, the next morning, when the well-known ring from Jinks' room was heard, the bar tender prepared a very enticing gin cocktail, and placing it on a waiter, surrounded it with sundry toads, lizards, small snakes, etc. This he conveyed to Jinks' room, that individual, who had loaded himself with "benzene" the night before rather more heavily than usual, nervously awaiting it.

"Morning," said Jinks, stretching out a hand that trembled some, "glad to see you—devish dry this morning—what's the matter?"

"Starting back in horror, 'Why, what do you mean?' said the man, in innocent wonder. 'Why the toads, snakes, and things around the tumbler!'"

"Jinks, stretching out a hand that trembled some, 'glad to see you—devish dry this morning—what's the matter?' starting back in horror, 'Why, what do you mean?' said the man, in innocent wonder. 'Why the toads, snakes, and things around the tumbler!'"

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