



VOL. VIII.

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Wyoming Democrat.

A Democratic weekly paper devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Commerce. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, 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 arrearages paid; unless at the option of publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING
TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.
One square one or three insertions.....\$1.50
Every subsequent insertion less than \$1.50
Half square, Personal, Professional, and GENERAL ADVERTISING, as may be agreed upon.

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One column, 1 year.....\$60
Half column, 1 year.....35
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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.

LITTLE & SITTER, ATTORNEYS, Office at Warren Street, Tunkhannock, Pa.
W. E. LITTLE, J. A. SITTER.

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

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

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

T. J. CHASE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSEL, Office at Law, Nicholson, Wyoming Co., Pa.
T. J. CHASE.

M. J. WILSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at Lehigh and Real Estate Agent, Iowa Lands for sale, Scranton, Pa.
M. J. WILSON.

OSBERGUT & DEWITT, Attorneys at Law, Office opposite the Bank, Tunkhannock, Pa.
P. M. OSBERGUT, G. B. DEWITT.

J. W. RHODES, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office at the Court House, in Tunkhannock, Pa.
J. W. RHODES.

DR. E. F. AVERY'S DENTAL OFFICE, Office at Burn's Block, Tunkhannock, Pa.
DR. E. F. AVERY.

Prof. J. Berlinghof, Fashionable Barber & Hair-Cutter, Office at Tunkhannock, Pa.
Prof. J. BERLINGHOF.

PACIFIC HOTEL, 175, 174 & 176 Green Street, Tunkhannock, Pa.
PACIFIC HOTEL.

HUFFORD HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.
HUFFORD HOUSE.

BOLTON HOUSE, HARRISBURG, PENNA.
BOLTON HOUSE.

WALL'S HOTEL, LATE AMERICAN HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.
WALL'S HOTEL.

The new Broom still new!

AND WITH THE NEW YEAR, Will be used with more success effect than heretofore, by large additions from time to time, of Choice and desirable GOODS, at the

New Store

OF

C DETRICK,

in S. Stark's Brick Block

AT TUNKHANNOCK, PENNA.

Where can be found, at all times, one of the Largest and Richest assortments ever offered in this vicinity, Consisting of

BLACK AND FANCY COLORED DRESS SILKS,

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MERINOS, EMPRESS AND PRINCESS CLOTHS, POPLINS, SERGES, and PARMETTOS, BLACK LISIE AND COLORED ALPACAS WOOL, ARMURE, PERKIN AND MOUSSELEU DELAINS, IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS, PRINTS of Best Manufacture,

Ladies Cloths and Saquingues, FURS, SHAWLS, FANCY WOOLEN GOODS, &c., LADIES RETICULES, SHOPPING BAGS and BASKETS, TRUNKS, VALISES, and TRAVELING BAGS,

Hosiery and Gloves, Ladies' Vests, White Goods, and Yankee notions in endless variety.

HOOPSKIRTS & CORSETTS, direct from the manufacturers, at greatly reduced prices.

FLANNELS all Colors and Qualities.

KNIT GOODS,

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Cottonades, Sheetings, Shirtings, Drills, Denims,

Ticks, Stripes, &c.

Every Description of

BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS.

Paper Hangings, Window Shades, Curtains, Curtain Fixtures, Carpets, Oil-Cloths, Crockery, Glass and Stoneware.

Tinware, Made expressly for this trade, and warranted to give Satisfaction, at 20 per cent cheaper than the usual rates in this section.

HARDWARE & CUTLERY, of all kinds,

SILVER PLATED WARE,

Paints, Oils, and Painters Materials, Putty, Window Glass, &c.

KEROSENE 'OEL,

Chandeliers, Lamps, Lanterns, Lamp Glasses, Lamp Chimneys, Shades and Curriers.

COAL, ASHTON & BBL. SALT

Flour, Feed, Meal, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Pork, Hams, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Spices, Syrup, Molasses, Cordage.

WOOD & WILLOW WARE, ROPES,

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.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY JOHN O. WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan! With upturned pantaloons, And thy merry, whistled tunes— With thy red lip, redder still Kissed by strawberries on the hill— With the sunshine on thy face, Through thy torn brim, jaunty grace; From my heart I give thee joy, I was once a barefoot boy, O! for boyhood's painless play, Sleep that wakes in laughing day, Health that knocks the doctor's rules, Knowledge never learned at schools, Of the wild bee's morning chase, Of the wild flowers' time and place, Flight of fowls and habitude, Of the tenants of the wood, How the tortoise bears his shell, How the woodchuck digs his cell, And the ground mole sinks his well, How the robin feeds his young, How the oriole's nest is hung; Where the wheat lilies grow, Where the freshest berries grow, Where the ground nut trails his vine, Where the wood-grape clusters shine; Of the black wasp's cunning way, Mason of his wall of clay, And the architectural plans, Of gray-horned artisans: For teaching books and tasks, Nature answers all he asks; Hand in hand with her he talks, Part and parcel of her joy— Blessings on the barefoot boy! Cheerful, then, my little man, Live and laugh, as boyhood can, Though the flinty slope be hard, Stubble spread the new morn sward, Every morn shall lead thee through Fresher baptism of the dew; Every evening from thy feet, Shall the cool winds kiss the heat: In the prison cell of pain, Lose the freedom of the sod, Like the folk for work we shod, Made to tread the mills of toil, Up and down the ceaseless mill— Happy if they track be found, Never on forbidden ground— Happy if they sink not in Quick and treacherous sands of sin, Ah! that they may know the joy, Ere it passes, barefoot boy.

THE PIOUS ROBBER.

During my twenty-five years of actual service as detective, I have found many who have stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.

One morning I stepped into Chief Mat-sell's office, having just returned from the West, when I was accosted by the Chief:

"Hullo, Harry! glad to see you; there is work ahead."

"What's up now? another murder?" I exclaimed.

"No, it's a robbery; or, as I should say, a series of robberies."

"Where away?"

"Bond street."

"What, not on Bond street?" I cried, astonished, for during my absence I had heard of frequent robberies being committed on that particular street.

"Yes Harry this is the tenth robbery there inside of two weeks," replied Matsell.

"Can it be fathomed?"

"I know not; in fact we had no one to work it up."

"Where's the Bolt and Knight?"

"On that murder case in Newark."

"And Charley Ross?"

"He has just finished the Chatterton forgery case, and is expected here to-morrow. So, Howard, you will have to work up this one."

"I'll try it, but I cannot go to work till morning, for I must rest."

"All right," returned the Chief, and I left the headquarters.

The many robberies that had taken place on Bond street were very mysterious, and no trace could be had of the perpetrator, for they seemed to have been committed by one person. Detectives from Philadelphia worked at the case a while, but went home no wiser than they came.

I had worked up many difficult cases, and was considered a first-rate detective—that is by our chief—and nearly all the mysterious and intricate work was placed in my hands.

As I entered the headquarters the succeeding morning I was hailed by Matsell:

"Another robbery last night Harry."

"Not on Bond street, I hope."

"Yes it is there again."

"The devil," I cried, perfectly astonished.

"It is either his satanic majesty or his imps," said the chief, a smile upon his face.

"Who was visited last night?"

"Mrs. Durant, the Irish widow. She was here this morning, and said that she had been robbed of valuables amounting to over five thousand dollars."

"Whew!" I exclaimed. "That was a big haul."

"Now, Howard, you had better go and examine the scene of the robbery, and do as you think best."

I left the office and ere long stood upon the marble steps of Mrs. Durant's stone front. A servant bade me enter, and I was conducted to the parlor, where I found the widow bathed in tears. She quickly looked up and drew her hands across her eyes.

"I am Harry Howard," I said, by way of introduction.

"Mr. Howard, the detective?"

"The same, madam."

"You come to investigate the matter, do you not?"

"I do. I would like to see the room where you kept your valuables."

"Follow me," said the widow; and she led me up stairs to a small room where her jewels had been kept.

Things were in a topsy turvy condition. Drawers lay on the floor with their contents scattered about the room. The iron safe had been broken open and the money and jewels extracted. I noticed that there was a stain of blood upon one of the drawers, and concluded that the burglar had injured himself in some way, while committing his depredations.

The next moment I picked up a part of an envelope which was saturated with blood. I examined it closely, and found that it had been addressed to "Rev. Noah Newton, New York."

I hastily thrust it into my pocket, and turning to the widow, said:

"Mrs. Durant, do you know the Rev. Noah Newton, of this city?"

"Oh, yes, he is our pastor; but you do not suspect him?"

"Oh, no, I was requested to inquire about him by a friend."

"Then you have found no clue," said the widow as I rose to go.

"I have not, madam. This is the most complicated case I have ever engaged on. But I have one more question to ask."

"Proceed, sir."

"Can you describe any article that has been stolen?"

"Oh, yes—there was my betrothal ring. It was given me by Mr. Durant many years ago, but he is dead now."

"Please describe it," I said impatiently.

"It was a heavy gold ring, the letters 'T. D.' engraved on it."

"That will do," said I, and the next minute I was walking rapidly towards my lodgings. For a long while I thought of the case upon which I was engaged. I could not believe that Mr. Newton was the burglar, but then the question arose how came that bloody envelope in the widow's room?

But I must see the minister and know more about him. I sauntered down Broadway and stepped into a store to purchase some articles which I stood in need of. While making the purchase, a man stepped in and asked for some things which had been left for Noah Newton.

"Are you Mr. Newton?" asked the clerk.

"I am, sir."

"Bob, run up stairs and get Mr. Newton's things," cried the clerk to an errand boy.

Bob hurried off up stairs, while I continued in studying Newton's face, I had expected to see a person of sinister countenance, but was woefully mistaken.

He was a man about twenty-eight years of age, with a cleanly shaved face, and was neatly dressed. His eyes were large and expressive, and the noble looking forehead told that he was intelligent. I thought he needed watching, and I determined to do it. When he left the store I watched him, but he went directly to his boarding-house.

The next night I watched Newton's house and saw him come forth and walk away. I followed, and he led me through street after street, until we entered R—

Yes, it was true. I followed suit, and saw my man seat himself at a faro table. He bet heavily, but lost, and at last laid his last dollar upon the table. This time he won, and continued to do so until he was a thousand dollars ahead. He then left the room and went to his boarding-house.

Night after night I followed to and from the gambling house, but learned nothing more.

But success was to come. One night I was looking at some gold pens in a jewelry store, when a woman entered and stood near me. Her person glittered with diamonds. As she turned her face towards me I saw Anna Rodman, one of the many women of New York who

"Barter their souls for the means of life."

As she laid her hand upon the counter I saw a plain gold ring glistening on one of her fingers. I leaned forward, looked at the ring, and saw the letters "T. D." engraved upon it. I knew it instantly. It was the betrothal ring of which Mrs. Durant had been robbed.

How came Anna in possession of that ring? I must ascertain; so I hastily purchased the pen, and took my station outside of the store to await her exit. She came out at last and walked rapidly away. I followed her through several streets, until when in the vicinity of the Battery, she was joined by a man, who, as the light of a lamp fell upon his face, I recognized Noah Newton, the minister. The two entered a house near by. Presently Newton came out and walked away without being followed.

After waiting an hour longer I saw Anna come from the building. I stepped forward and laid my hand upon her shoulder.

"Who are you?"

"Harry Howard."

"A detective?" Yes I've heard of you."

"Anna; I am engaged in legitimate business, and I want you to assist in catching a villain."

"I will do if I can, sir."

"Then please inform me who gave you that ring?" I said pointing to the stolen ring which was still on her finger.

"Noah Newton, a young man who lives on S—street."

"Was it the person whom you met awhile ago?"

"It was, sir."

"Then, Anna, that ring belongs to Mrs. Durant, and that man whom you met to-night is a preacher, and the celebrated Bond street robber."

"Why you don't say so! He said he was a jeweler, and gave many pretty things!"

"Will you keep this conversation as you would a secret, Anna?"

"Yes, sir; and I hope you will catch him," she answered and walked away.

It was ten o'clock now, but I determined to visit the widow. She received me kindly, but her face wore a look of disappointment when I told her I had no clue of the robber. After we had talked awhile she said:

"Our pastor preaches his farewell sermon to-morrow."

"His farewell sermon!" I cried, utterly astonished.

"Yes, he leaves for California immediately after the services are concluded. His brother has written for him to come. His congregation will be sorry to part with him, and I especially, for he comforted me when I was in sorrow, and pointed me to the Lamb of God!"

"The hypocrite!" I mentally exclaimed. I left the widow in a hurry and went to headquarters, got Charley Ross and proceeded to Newton's house to arrest him. But the bird had flown. He had gone, his housekeeper said, to spend the night with a friend in the lower part of the city.

We were chagrined at our defeat and resolved to arrest him before he reached the church. We went to the church at an early hour, but our game was already there, and the choir was singing. We entered and occupied a back seat; we were obliged to do so, for the church was filled with people who had come to hear the far-well discourse.

The preacher arose took his text, which

I think read as follows: "Be ye holy; for I am holy." The discourse was a splendid one, in which his talents shone with all their brightness. He concluded by exhorting his hearers to take him as an example, and follow him as he followed Christ!

When the services were concluded, he descended from the pulpit to receive the farewells of his congregation. The ladies gathered round him to receive the parting kiss. At last he started towards the door.

"Now's your time, Harry," whispered Charley Ross, as Newton neared me.

I stepped up to the pious robber, and grasping his arm, cried out:

"Mr. Newton, in the name of the commonwealth of New York, I arrest you."

"What for?" he stammered out.

"For the Bond street robberies."

He turned pale as death, and many of the women fainted. His hand moved towards his coat pocket, but it did not reach it.

"Quick, Charley the bracelets!" I cried.

The next instant Charley Ross sprang forward and clasped the handcuffs on, and Mr. Newton was marched off amid the shrieks and groans of the congregation.

When his trial came off he made a full confession, and he went to Sing Sing for a term of fifteen years.

All the fruits of his robberies were recovered save the money, and Anna Rodman willingly gave up the widow's ring.

After a few weeks later I was presented with a fine gold watch by the people of Bond street, whose church is in charge of a minister who is not a wolf in sheep's clothing.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.—Useless, aimless through life—what was I born for? For somebody's wife my mother says—Well, that being true, somebody keeps himself entirely from view, and if caught, but marriage will settle my fate, I believe I shall live in an unsettled state. For though I am not ugly—pray what woman is?—you might easily find a more beautiful phiz; and those who seek for perfection seek here in vain. Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse, and I should not feel grateful "for better or worse," to take the first man who graciously came and offered me those treasures—his home and his name. I think, then, my chances of marriage are small, but why should I think of such chances at all? My brothers are all of them younger than I, yet they thrive in the world, and why not let me try? I know that in business I am not an adept, because from such business most strikingly kept; but this is the question that troubles my mind: Why am I not trained up to work of some kind? Useless, aimless, drifting through life, why should I wait to be somebody's wife?

POETRY GOES MAD.—Some unknown poet mounts his Pegasus and glides away into the realms of bliss after the following style:

"Of all the joys vouchsafed to man in life's tempestuous whirl, there's naught approaches heaven so near as dancing with a girl—a rosy, laughing, buxom girl; a frank good-natured, honest girl; a feeling, flirting, doting, smiling, smacking, jolly, joking, jaunty, jovial, poser-poking, dear little duck of a girl. Pile up your wealth a mountain high, your sneering, scoffing churl, I'll laugh as I go dashing by with my dear, delightful girl—the brightest, dearest, sweetest girl; the trimmest, gayest, neatest girl; the funniest, flushest, frankest, fairest, roundest, ripest, roguishest, rarest, spunkiest, spiciest, squirmiest, squarrest, best of girls, with drooping lashes, half concealing amorous flashes—just the girl for the chap like me to court, and love, and marry, you see—with rosy cheeks and clustering curls, the sweetest and best of girls."

A clergyman was reproving an old farmer for his revengeful conduct towards them that had offended him. "You should love your enemies," observed the parson; "and preserve an affection for those that hurt you." "I do love my enemies," retorted the son of the plough; "and have a great affection for them that hurt me."

"No such thing," returned the clergyman. "You don't love your enemies." "I do."

"Who are the enemies you love?" "Rum and cider."

Gen. Grant's first military order as President, assigns Sheridan to the only place for which his unfitness and incompetence had been completely demonstrated; and after sending to the most prominent stations generals of lower rank and less brilliant services than the only general named as his competitor for the Presidency, Hancock namely,—him General Grant sends to Dakota. This is magnanimous.

"SAVED."—We were amused with the remark of an old lady who was admiring the beautiful picture called "Saved."

"It's no wonder," says she, "that the poor child fainted, after pulling the great dog out of the water."

A doctor up town recently gave the following prescription for a lady: "A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a new pair of gaiter boots." The lady, it is needless to say, has entirely recovered.

Misery loves company.—So does a marriageably young lady.

Wise & Otherwise.

Why are lazy-looking girls the most adored? Because they are "idle-eyed."

When may a man be said to break-fast before he gets up? When he takes a roll in bed.

Why is a minister like a locomotive? We have to look out for him when the bell rings.

If all the letters in the alphabet were to run a race, which letter would be sure to be first in starting? The letter S.

What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a hundred years? The letter M.

Are these calico horses painted? asked an inquisitive lady at a circus, recently.

"Aye," replied the clown, "they are 'grained' every night and morning."

A richly dressed lady stopping a boy trudging along with a basket, and asked, "My little boy, have you got religion?"

"No, ma'am," said the innocent, "I've got potatoes."

A man about town was lately invited to a sewing-party. The next day a friend asked him how the entertainment came off. "Oh! it was very amusing," he replied, "the ladies hemmed and I hawed."

The following are among the signs of the shops of negro traders at Fort Smith Arkansas: "Campbell and Burnin' feed." "Ches Nuts billed and Roar." "Cain seat cheers Re seated Hear." "Washing, ironin & going out doin dais wurks dun here."

A young lady school-teacher of Indianapolis was one Sunday endeavoring to impress upon her scholars the terrible effects of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. She told them that for seven years he ate grass just like a cow. Just then a little boy asked: "Did he give milk?"

A GOOD SPECTACULAR.—An Irishman was speaking of the excellence of a telescope.

"Do you see that we speak on the edge of the hill yonder? That, now, is my old pig, though hardly to be seen; but when I look at him with my glass, it brings him so near that I can plainly hear him grunt."

CAUSE OF CROOKED EYES.—"I say mister," said one Yankee to another, "how came your eyes so crooked?"

"My?"

"