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

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

The new Broom still new!

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

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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 CLOTHES, POPLINS, SERGES, and PAREMOTOS, BLACK LUSHE AND COLORED ALPACCA WOL, ARMURE, PEKIN AND MOUSLIEU DELAINS, IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS, PRINTS of Best Manufactures,

Ladies Cloths and Saqueings, 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.

PLANNELS all Colors and Qualities. KNIT GOODS, Cassimeres, Vestings, Cottonades, Sheetings, Shirtings, Drills, Denims, Ticks, Stripes, &c.

Every Description of BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS.

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Timware, 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 'OIL, Chandeliers, Lamps, Lanterns, Lantern Glazes, Lamp Chimneys, Shades and Curtners.

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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.

(Republished by request.) NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

Talking of sects till into an eve, Of the various doctrines the saints believe, That night I stood in a troubled dream, By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Charchman" down to the river came; And his coat was a strange voice call his name, "Good father, stop; when you cross this tide You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind, And his long gown floated out behind, As down the stream his way he took, His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for Heaven and when I'm there I shall want my book of Common Prayer; And though I put on a stary gown, I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on a shining track, But his coat was heavy, and held him back, And the poor old father tried in vain, A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side, And his long gown floated on the tide; And no one asked, in that blissful spot, Whether he belonged to "true Church" or not.

Then down the river a Quaker strayed,— His dress of a sombre hue was made; "My coat and hat must be of gray,— I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin And steadily, solemnly, waded in, And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight, Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat; A moment he silently sighed over that, And then, as he gazed to the farther shore, The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered Heaven, his suit of gray Went quietly sailing away—away, And none of the Angels questioned him About the width of his beaver's hair.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of Psalms That nicely up in his aged arms, And hymns as many, a very wise thing, That the people in Heaven "all round" might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh, As he saw that the river ran broad and high, And looked rather surprised, as one by one, The Psalms and the Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MISS, Came Wesley, the pattern of goodness; But he cried, "Dear me what shall I do? The water has soaked them through and thro."

And there on the river, far and wide, Away they went down the swollen tide, And the saint, astonished, passed through alone, Without his manuscript up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name, Down to the stream together came; But as they stopped at the river's brink, I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged,—may I ask you friend, How you attended to life's great end?" "Twas with a few drops upon my brow," "But I have been dipped as you'll see now."

"And I really think it will hardly do, As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you; You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss, But you must go that way, and I'll go this.

Then straightway plunging with all his might, Away to the left—his friend to the right, Apart they went from this world of sin, But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on, A Presbyterian church went down, Of women there seemed an innumerable throng, But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree, The one or the new way, which it could be; Nor ever a moment pause to think, That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud, Came ever up from the moving crowd; "You're in the old way, and I'm in the new; That is the false, and this is the true!"

Or "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new; This is the false and that is the true." But the nervous only seemed to speak; Modest the sisters walked, and meek.

But if ever one of them chanced to say, "What troubles she met with on the way,— How she longed to pass to the other side, Nor dared to cross over the swelling tide—"

A voice arose from the brethren then: "Let no one speak but the 'sholy men'!" For have ye not heard the words of Paul, "Oh let the word keep silence all?"

I watched them long in my curious dream, Till they stood by the borders of the stream; Then just as I thought, the two ways met, But all the brethren were talking yet.

And would talk on, till the heaving tide Carried them ever side by side; Side by side for the way was one— The toilsome journey of life was done,—

And priest and quaker, and all who died, Came out alike on the other side, No forms, or crosses, or books had they— No gowns of silk, or suits of gray, No creeds to guide them or MSS, For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

THE HAPPIEST MOMENTS.

Who does not sometimes recall the days of childhood—those happy days of unalloyed bliss—of innocence—of ignorance—for who will not acknowledge that "ignorance is bliss." Yet there are times when we are so happy that we scarcely regret those days gone by; yes, there happy moments in our life when we seem in the seventh heaven; but, to begin at the beginning, we will speak of the happiest moments of childhood, for we have clouds as well as sunshine even then. Now, first and foremost, behold the delight with which the little mites in long clothes try to catch at everything within their reach; and, if by chance they get hold of anything, to knock it on the table, or dash it on the ground and break it. Oh! how happy they do feel when they see the ruins they have made. Then, again, when they have grown a little older, and are short-coated, with what delight do they look at their own little trotters as they kick them about; the the wee bronze shoes or pretty-morocco seem to delight them; they look at them earnestly, then, being much pleased, they make up their minds to bite them, and go to work with all their little energies, sometimes managing to pull one off, when they do bite away with a vengeance; and how happy the little creatures are when they get hold of papa's beard, or manage to pull mamma's hair down, and try might and main at that, or pull poor papa's or mamma's nose, that is perfect bliss. If the dear little creature belongs to the masculine gender, with what joy, what pride, does he strut about on that happy day when he first dons the garments of freedom, of liberty, and tyranny—in other words, when he is first breeched.

Ah! that is a happy day to the miniature lords of creation. Then when he throws aside his short jackets, and first wears a coat, does he not think some pumpkins? I guess he does. Then there is a young lady, when she first wears a long dress—how she has looked forward to that happy time; how often has she put on her mother's dress and promenaded up and down, looking back at the train with a pride; and now the happy moment has come when she has a long dress of her own. Yes, a real long dress, touching the ground; and with what a self-confident air does she walk out, wondering what all think of her, especially the young gentlemen.

Now comes one of the especially happy moments of life to the young man. What words can tell the joy, the pride, he feels when he first begins a few stray hairs upon his upper lip and chin—with what anxiety does he watch its growth—even with as much fondness as a mother watches her babe.

There is a moment in the life of the fair maid not to be forgotten—when her lovely tresses are first put up she feels a grown-up young lady in every sense of the word, and no mistake. There is no impropriety in her thinking of beaux now, if she has not thought of them before.

Now the young girl having arrived at the dignity of a darkened upper lip, and after having been told by a younger brother two or three times that he had better wash his face clean, he begins to think it is about time to take a little notice of the fair sex. What a happy moment when he gets his courage up to that pitch, that he actually puts his arm around the waist of a pretty girl, only to prevent her falling, of course; what a thrill of joy, of pleasure, when he first presses a kiss upon her cheek, and when he has the audacity to imprint one on those pouting lips, and when she returns it, what language can express the rapturous bliss of that instant, we can well say it is better imagined than described. I can fancy some saying that experience would be still better. I will not contradict them.

Now we are about arriving at the most interesting (I wish it would be grammatical to say the most happiest) minutes of life. The young gentleman being able to boast of a mustache, makes of his mind to pop the question to the idol of his affection. He goes with—well, as Shakespeare says, "At war 'twixt will and will not." If successful, it is not one of the happiest moments of life, when he hears that "yes," in whispers soft and low does he not feel? But I do not think I will try to describe his feelings. No, nor the feelings of the happy maiden when she hears with her own ears, from his own lips, that she is "the empress of his heart." Now for the next and even happier moment (if possible), when he looks with pride upon that lovely creature, and can for the first time clasp her as his, and his alone.

"His wife," how sweet that name sounds what music to his enchanted ear. I suppose the fair creature feels very happy, too; of course, she must feel highly elated at the idea of getting married, for there is certainly no fear of her being an "old maid"—that must be a great weight off a girl's mind, for all know the only aim of a woman's life is to get married, at least so the men think.

I suppose the next happiest moment of life, that is of any note, is generally when they first look upon their first-born. What pride swells their hearts when the young fond parents first gaze upon that little mite of humanity. Oh, the many happy moments that they pass together watching

A DISGUSTED DARKEY.

An industrious and economical darkey living in Western Pennsylvania, after accumulating a house and lot, thought his next purchase should be in the way of live stock, and so bought a sheep of the male persuasion. His favorite amusement during leisure hours was to get down on the grass and nod defiance to the animal, which would make savage plunges at the apparent enemy. But as the savage creature approached, the darkey would drop his face to the ground so that the sheep, missing his mark, would tumble over and over.

One day the darkey called a couple of passing neighbors to see the fun, and he began his little farce, as usual. The sheep did not see him at first, but presently raised his head from the grass on which he was grazing and frowned upon him.

"Oh, j's watch him now!" said Sambo in great glee. Old Bunkey made a rush as was his want, and Sambo suddenly dropped his face to the ground. But as the fiends would have it, his flat nose came in contact with a sharp snag he hadn't observed before, and he jerked back his head in time to receive the full shock of the sheep's head between his nose and wool.

There was such a roaring and tumbling over and over for the next quarter of a minute that the neighbors could not tell which was the sheep and which was the darkey. They soon got separated, and Mr. Darkey got slowly up, grimed, and said:

"Pan my word he nebber dun 'dat afore! Gittin too smart for dis niggah. I see a gwine to stop foolin' with such a fellah as dat."

There was plenty of mutton in this neighborhood next day, but his sheepship was never seen again.

HONORABLE.—Miss Flora Gushing was by all acknowledged Fashion's Queen, and many a scene of splendor grand was by her subjects seen; and she went, so the nobles all went—what or she did was well—she joined the Saratoga ring, and soon became the belle. Her form and face were faultless—her name without stain—her dress was locomotive-like, it had so long a train; but dire misfortune seized the girl, and caused her mournful end; disease it took her off right straight—'twas called the Grecian Bend. She grew much worse, yet she received, not pity, but abuse; and though she never had looked fast, they said she then looked loose. Her parents were in deepest grief—their hearts with pain were rent—yet still the girl with Grecian Bend kept following her bent. At last, when she found her friends and parents troubled, and that her form lost half its charms, she thought she thought it doubled, she said henceforth she'd stand erect—which when she tried to do, she'd grown so stiff that, by my word, the damed broke in two!

ETERNITY.—Eternity has no gray hairs! The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.

Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever present, unborn, undecaying, undying—the endless chain, compassing the life of God—the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe.

Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave! Its honors, they are but as the gilded sepulchres; its possessions; they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untired bourne.

In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendors forbid the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail; they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever present God. Its harmonies will never cease! Exhaustless love supplies the song.

A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wish of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house; but he refused to receive her, saying: "Dust thou art and unto Dust thou shalt return."

A negro recently chopped the head of a white girl to pieces in Georgia to get possession of three dollars and twenty cents. An additional fact to show why the XVth Amendment should be ratified.

SYMPTOMS OF OLD MAIDISM.

A Scotch paper thus details them:—When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to read love stories ahead—that's a symptom.

When a woman gives a sigh on hearing of a wedding—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say that she's refused many an offer—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say what a dreadful set of creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one of them for the world—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to change her shoes every time she comes into the house after a walk—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to have a little dog trotting after her—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal times, and gives it sweetened milk—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to be ashamed to take off her bonnet in a gentleman's company because she's got no cap on—that's a symptom.

When a woman sees babies crying, and says that she wouldn't be troubled with them—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say that a servant lass has no business to have a sweet heart—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to go to bed with her stockings and a flannel night-cap, on—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to rub her fingers over the chairs and tables to see if they are dusty—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to put her fingers before her mouth when she is talking to any one, for fear they should see she's losing her teeth—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to talk about rheumatism in her legs and elbows—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to refuse to tell her age—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to find fault with her looking-glass, and say it doesn't show the features right—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins talking about cold drafts, and stops up all the cracks in the doors and windows—that's a symptom. A TOWN STORY.—"Talk about bed-bugs!" said Bill Jones, who had been across the Plains. "You should have seen some of the critters. I met in Idaho last spring, I stopped one night with some settlers who lived in a log cabin, containing one room and a loft. When it came time to go to bed they strung a blanket across the middle of the room, and the settler's family slept on one side of it and gave me the other. I laid down to go to sleep, and the bedbugs began to gather like lurchers around a free 'lay-out.' I tried to kiver up and keep away from 'em but the pesky varmits would catch hold of the bed clothes and pull them from me. They didn't think nothin' of dragging me around the room if I held on. I lit 'em till about midnight, and then I looked around for some way of escape. There was a ladder reachin' up into the loft, and I thought the best way to get away from the blood-suckers was to get up there. I did. There wasn't any bugs in the loft, so I laid down, congratulating myself on my escape. Pretty quick I heard the ladder squeakin' as if somebody was comin' up. Bimeby I saw a bedding raise himself up through the hole made in the floor and looked carefully around the loft. Soon he saw me motioned to his citizens below—the bloodthirsty cuss—and cried exultingly, 'Come up, boys, the here!'

Masks.—If we could only read each other's hearts, we should be kinder to each other. If we kept the woes and life-terneness and physical annoyance of our neighbors, we should make allowances for them which we do not know. We go about masked, uttering stereotyped sentiments, hiding our heart-pangs and our headaches as carefully as we can; and yet we wonder that others do not detect them by intuition. We cover our best feelings from the light; we do not so conceal our resentments and our dislikes, of which we are prone to be proud. Often two people sit close together with "I love you" in either heart, and neither knows it. Each thinks, "I could be fond; but what use of wasting fondness on one who does not care for it?" and so they part, and go their ways, alone, life is a masquerade, at which few unmask. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendors forbid the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail; they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever present God. Its harmonies will never cease! Exhaustless love supplies the song.

An exchange says: "A few Sunday nights ago a fair damsel, who was coming out of one of the churches, was approached by a gallant young man, who requested the pleasure of 'steering her home.' The fair one replied: 'No, sir, if you wish to go home with me, you must go with me to church, sit with me during the exercises, and thus show yourself worthy of the honor.'"

A gentleman on taking a volume to be bound, was asked if he would have it bound in Russia. "No," replied the professor, "Russia is too far off. I will have it done here."

A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman: "Do you understand philosophy?" "No, never heard of it," said the boatman. "Then one quart of it of your life is gone." "Do you understand geology?" "No," replied the boatman. "Then, remarked the professor, a third-fourth of your life is gone."

But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both in the river. Says the boatman: "Can you swim?" "No," replied the professor, "greatly regretted." "Then the whole of your life is gone."

Wise & Otherwise.

Woman—a delusion that man likes to lug. What is the key-note to good breeding? B natural. Why is a hen immortal? Her sun (son) never sets. Old maids—embers from which the sparks have fled. What class of city people raise the most flour? The bakers.

Why is a lover like a knocker? He is bound to adore (adour). If Satan should lose his tail, where would he find another? Where they retail spirits.

Why is Tritehell, (the Philadelphia murderer,) the strongest man in the world? Because he levelled a Bill with a poker. A tombstone in Maine, erected to a memory of a wife, bears the inscription: "Tears cannot restore her; therefore I weep."

Can you trust me, Mr. Biffen, for a little meat this morning? "No, you owe me for that already on your bones." Josh Billing says, "I am violently opposed to war against Spain as a leverage, but for manufacturing purposes I think a little of it tastes good."

What kind of education do you buy chiefly in your school? "A willow bush, sir, the master has used almost a whole tree." An adjutant of a volunteer corps, being doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried: "All of you that are without arms hold up your hands."

"How many children have I?" asked a woman of a spirit rapper. "Four." "And how many have I?" asked her husband. "Two," was the astonished reply. A mistake somewhere.

A good sort of a man in Maine was recently asked to subscribe for a chandelier for the church. "Now," said he, "what's the use of a chandelier? After you get it you can't get any one to play on it."

You can judge of a man's religion very well by hearing him talk, but you can't judge of his piety by what he sees, any more than you can judge of his amount of oil in the stick out by his collar and wrist-bands.

An anonymous swain wrote to his friend: "Dear Harry—You asked me what kind of a game I was playing with Jack Graham for Clarissa's hand. I have to say in reply, it is a game of double or quits, and the result is, I double and he quits."

A gentleman, after having paid his addresses to a young lady for some time, "popped the question." The lady, in a frightened manner, said, "you scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "scare me again."

The following startling threat, was made one of the other day by an excited pugilist: "If I twist your neck and ram you down your own throat until there is nothing left of you but the extreme ends of your shank protruding out of your eyes."

A young gentleman, in a certain business, having tried much longer to make a fortune than he was thought necessary for the morning meal, was asked on his return, in a joking way, what he had for breakfast. He replied, "nothing." "A cup of coffee, a bit of bread, and some mystery," "Mystery!" said the employer. "What's that?" "Not having been thoroughly enlightened in all the 'mysteries' of boarding house life." "Why," answered the other, "it's hash."

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