to save my life, for the truth is, I had got to prisoners. One of these poor fellows was

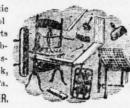
NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28, 1863.

VOL. 2. NO. 25.

Aorth Branch Democrat.

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



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Particular attention given to the treatment Chronic Diseas.
entremoreland, Wyoming Co. Pa.--v2n2

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THIS establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of thos the House.
T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor. Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861

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IME FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZE = Mesheppen, Sept. 18, 1861.

Poet's Corner.

[Fiom the Advance.] THE TWO PICTURES.

BY STELLA.

Two lovers-(I peeped through the key-hole, Hope 'twas a commenable peep ,) Sat breathing sweet nothings by moonlight,

When sensible souls were asleep: They said-but how can I repeat i'-'Twas whispered you know-nothing more; But the round moon laughed in at the window,

And I-through the hole in the door. Two hands were clasped fondly as could be,

Two faces were radient with joy ; And I spied 'mong the froliesome moonbeams, A certain sly, mischievous Boy;

And a fair cheek grew crimson with blushes, When hinted they soon should be wed: While the round moon laughed in at the window, And I-through the door hid my head.

Well! to make a short tale they were married, In less than a month after that; And the groom was as proud of his bargain. . As the bride of her new wedding hat: For a week-or-perhaps, a day longer, 'Twas "honey" and "darling" and "dear";

When the climax of conjugal blisses Seemed reached-hut I'll not be severe. Years, in splendor, had dawned, and had faded. White moons had sailed down the dim sky: When I thought of the rapturous lovers,

I peeped through the key-hole to spy; Were they whispering still in the moonlight. And building gay eastles in air-Were the lip, and the eye moist with love-dew,

And the smooth, glassy shine on the hair. So I wan lered one morn till I found tiem Sitting glum in a summer day's glare: And I waited in vain to discover

One loverly look in the pair: True, no moonlight lay glistening around them, Or no magical shadows at play;

Yet I scarce could believe my own senses, At the scene of that midsummer's day. Small editions, in calf," ranged the parlor

With knots in their carroty hair-All their thoughts bent on divers gymnastics, O'er sofa, and table and chair;

Low-eradled, a soft-bundled dumpling, Lay thrushing the flies fast asleep: While the room grew perfumed with boiled cabbage; (Oh think of it lovers, and weep!)

I glanced at the tired little figure. Beat low o'er some unfinished seams: Then, sidelong, the while, at the "master," And wondered if these were the dreams That bewitched the blest ours with their In the sweet time ere the, two were weil--

When the round moon laughed in at the window,

And I-through the key-hole instead

Giving Away a Child.

PARENTAL LOVE TS. REASON.

Oa board one of the late steamers, bound for the far West, was an Irish family-husband, wife, and three children. They were evidently in very destitute circumstances :but the exceeding beauty of the children, two girls and a boy, was the admiration of their tellow-passengers. A lady, who had no children of her own, was desirous of adopting the little travelers, and made application to the father, through a friend, who gives the following touching, and, as we suppose, truthful account of the negotiation :

I proceeded, he says, immediately upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair:

"You are very poor."

His answer was very characteristic. "Poor, sir!" said he, "ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world, God pity both of us, for we'd be about aqual."

"Then how do you manage to support vour children ?"

"Is it supporting them, sir? Why, I don't support them any way; they get supported some way or other. It'll be time enough for me to complain when they don't."

"Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them ?"

It was too sudden; he turned sharply around.

"A what, sir? he cried, "a relief to part from my child? Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from the body, or the heart torn out of my breast? A relief, in deed! God be good to us, what do you

"You don't understand me," I replied .--"If, now, it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children would you stand in the way of its interests?"

" No, sir ?" said he, " the heavens know that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myselt, that they might get all warmth of it; but tell us what you're driving at."

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to one of his children, and if he would consent to it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

This threw him in a fit of cogitation. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and a child's interest was evident and touching. At length he said:

"Oh, murther, wouldn't it be a great

thing for the baby? But I must go and talk with Mary-that's the mother of them ; an' it wouldn't be right to be givin' away her children afore her face, and she to know nothing at all about it."

"Away with you, then," said I, "and bring me an answer back as soon as possible "

In about half an hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale with excitement and agitation.

" Well," I inquired, " what success ?"

"Bedad, it was a hard struggle, sir," said be. "But I've been talking to Mary, and she says, as i's for the child's good, may be the heavens above will give us strength to bear it."

"Very well; and which of them is it to be ?" "Faix, and I don't know, sir;" and he

ran his hands dubiously over both. "Here's little Norah-she's the oldest, and wont need her mother so much; but then-oh, tear an' algers, it's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least ;so take the first one that comes, with a blessing. There, sir," and he handed over little Norah; turning back, he snatched her up in his arms and gave her one long, hearty fa-

ther's kiss, saying through his tears: " May God be good to him that's good to you, and them that offers you hurt or harm,

may their souls never see St. Peter." Then taking his other child by the hand he walked away leaving Norah with me.

I took her down to the cabin, and we though the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my indignation, however, in about an hour's time I saw friend Pat at the win dow. As soon as he caught my eye he began making signs for me to come out. I did so, and found he had the other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" I asked. "Well, sir," said he, "I ask your pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but were thinkin' that may be it'd make no differ-you see, sir, I've been talkin' to Mary, and she says she can't part with Norah, because the creature has a look ov me, but here's little Biddy, she's purtyer far, an' av you please sir, will you

"Certainly; whenever you like," said I. So he snatched up little Norah, as though it was some recovered treasure, and dartel away with her, leaving Biddy, who remained all night; but lo! the moment we enter ed the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs again at the window, and this time he had the youngest a baby, in his arms.

"Wait's wrong, now ?" I inquired.

"Be the bokey fly, sir, it's myself that's almost ashamed to tell ye. Ye see, I've been talkin' to Mary, and she didn't like to part with Norah, because she has a look of me, an' be me soul, I can't part with Biddy oecause she's the model of her mother; but there's little Paudeen, sir. There's a lump of Christian for you, two years old, and not a day more; he'll never be any trouble to any one; for av he takes after his mother he'll have the brightest eye, an' av he takes after his father he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the

world. Will you swap again, sir ?" "With all my heart," said I, "its all the same to me;" and so little Paudeen was left with me.

"Ha, ha." said I to myself, as I looke into his big laughing eyes, " so the affair is settled at last."

But it wasn't; for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin, without sign or ceremony, snatched up the

baby, and said: "It's no use ; I've been talkin' to Mary an' we can't do it. Look at him, sir; he's the youngest an' the best of the batch. You

wouldn't keep him from us. "You see, sir, Norah has a look of me, an Biddy has a look of Mary; but be me soul, little Paudeen has the mother's eve, an' my nose, a little of us all over. No, sir; we can bear hard fortune, starvation and misery, but we can't part with our children, unloss it be the will of Heaven to take them from us.

ANECDOTE OF POPE.

One day, as Pope was engaged in translat ing the "Iliad" he came to a passage which neither he nor his assistant could interpret. A stranger, who stood by, in his humble garb, very modestly suggested that, as he had some little acquaintance with Greek, perhaps he could assist them.

"Try it, try it! said Pope, with the air of a boy who is encouraging a monkey to eat red pepper.

"There is an error in the print," said the stranger, looking at the text. "Read as it there was no interrogation point at the end of line, and you have the meaning at once." Pope's assistant at once improved upon this hint, and rendered the passage without

Pope was chagrined-he could never en dure to be surpassed in anything. Turning to the stranger, he said, in a sarcastic tone. "Will you please tell me what an interro gation is? "Why, sir," said the stranger, scanning

the ill-shaped poet, "it is a little crooked, time, you may well imagine that I had got a the battery, so accurately described in Govcontemptible thing that asks questions."

Political.

Aorth Branch Democrat.

Dr. OLDS ON ARBITRARY ARRESTS.

GRAND RECEPTION AT LANCASTER, OHIO -- DR OLDS' ACCOUNT OF HIS ARREST AND IMPRIS-ONMENT-THE HORRORS OF FORT LAFAY ETTE EXPOSED.

On Christmas day Dr. Olds had a most en thusiastic reception, at Lancaster, Ohio, and addressed over ten thousand persons. We

On the 12th of August last, after 10 o'clo'k at night, my house was forcibly entered by three government ruffians, who with violence seized my person, and holding a revolver at

his arrest and imprisonment: my head demanded my surrender. When, after my capture, I demanded to know by what authority they had thus rudely broken into my room, and by what authority they had thus seized upon my person, they very grumbingly informed me that they were acting under authority of the War De partment. I then demanded to be shown their warrant. They informed me that I had no right to make any such demand-that the order which they held was for their protec tion, and not for my gratification. They, however, permitted me to see it. The document was signed by the Assistant Secretary of War-was dated at Washington city, Ausust 2. 1862 It was directed to W. H. Scott, and commissioned him to take with him one assistant, and to proceed to Lancaster, Ohio, and arrest Edson B. Olds, and to convey him to New York and deliver him to the commanding office: of Fort Lafeyette; and that if he was resisted in the execution of the order, he was directed to call upon Governor Todd, of Ohio, for such assistance as might be necessary. The order contained no inti mation of the "nature and cause" of the ac cusation against me; indeed, it charged me with the commission of no offense whatever; and when I demanded of my captors to know what were the charges against me, they re plied that they "did not know." Thus, my friends was I dragged from a sick-bed, for I was at that time, and for many long and weary days and nights afterward seriously afflicted with an attack of the blood flux. I: his condition I was hurried into a carriage, and during the remainder of the night driven to Columbus, and just at daylight placed up at the cars and taken in my sick and ex hausted condition, wi hout a moment's delay o Fort Lafayette. After this degrading op eration had been performed, and before con ducting me from the commandant's room t my dungeon, all the other prisoners about the fort were locked into their rooms, that I might not be seen and r cognized, lest perad venture information might be given to the world and my friends of my whereabouts and the cruelties to be practiced upon me .-One of the prisoners baving learned a few lays afterwards, through the medium of the newspapers, who the mysterious strange was, wrote to a friend of his "that Dr. Olds. of Ohio, had been brought to Fort Lalavette and placed in solitary confinement." His Letter was returned to him by the commandant, requiring him to strike out so much of it as referred to the case of Dr Olds. My

ungeon was on the ground, with a brick pavement or floor over about the one-half of ; and so great was the dampness that in a very short time a mould would gather upon any article left upon the floor. My bed was an iron stretcher, with a very thin husk mat ress upon it -so thin, indeed, that you could feel every iron slat in it the moment you lay down upon it. The brick floor, with all its tampness, would have been far more comfortable than this iron and husk bed, had it not been for the rats and the vermin that infested the room. I had also in my room a or ken table and a chair; a chunk of govrnment bread, with an old stinking rusty un of Lincoln coffee, with a slice of boiled salted pork, was my fare. My only drink other than their nasty coffee, was rain-water. was furnished with no towel, neither could any entreaty procure one for me. Neither could I inudce my jailors to let me have a candle during my long, tedious, sick nights. No entreaty could procure for me the return of the medicine which had been taken from me when I was searched. Again and again I begged for the little bit of opium to relieve my suffering, which had been taken out of my pocket with my other medicine, but all in vain. After ten days of such treatment and such suffering, late one night the sergeant of the guard brought me some medicine which, he informed me, the surgeon of Fort Hamilton had sent me. This surgeon knew nothing about my case, having never seen me or been informed by me of my condition. With no light in my cell, with no one to give me even a drink of my rain water, you can well imagine that I would not take the medicine. I do not know but that my jailors designed to poison me. Their previous treatment justified such an opinion I made up my mind that it I died in Fort Lafayette, I would die a natural death, u less undeed Lincoln ordered me to be tried by a drumhead court martial and shot, which I felt he had as much right to do as he had to me by an eye witness, himself one of the pris-

arrest and imprison me in the manner he had

done. Under such treatment, and by this confined in one of the rooms of what is called

be too mad to die, and no thanks to Lincoln but under a kind Providence I began to get better from that time on. If anything could add to the cruelty inflicted upon me during these long days and nights of my sickness and suffering, it was the refusal of the commandant to allow me the use of a Bible. -Day after day I begged of the sergeant to procure one for me. His constant answer was, "the commanding officer says you shan't have one." I begged him to remind give the portions of h s remarks relating to the commanding officer that we hved in a was an American citizen, and not a condemned felon. Still the answer was "the commanding officer says you shan't have one, and you need not ask any more;" and it was not until af er sixteen days of such more than heathenish treatment that Col. Burke, of Fort Hamilton, upon the importunity of my son, sent an order to the comman ant of Fort Lafayette to let me have a Bible. It was upon the sixteenth day of my lonely imprisonment, that my son, upon an order from the Secretary of War, was permitted to see me, not in my lonely cell but in the commandant's room and presence. It was with much difficulty that, even at that time, I was able to walk from my cell to the command ant's room. This was the first time during my imprisonment that I was able to obtain an interview with the commandant In his weekly inspection of the prisoners he had carefully avoided my dungeon. No kindly message of inquiry as to my wants and condition had ever reached me from him. I seized upon this opportunity to let him know that I was a humrn being, and as such, entitled to humane tr atment; that such a thing as refusing a prisoner a Bible was unknown in any civilized community. His answer was, that he was not permitted, under his orders, to let me have one. I had great reason to be thankful that my son's visit gave me an opportunity to see the commandant, for from that time, although kept in solitary confinement, my corlition was made more comfertable. A better matress was put up on my bed, occasionally a raw onion or a tomatoe was added to my dinner, and twice, I believe, some pickled beets were sent me from the cook room. My son was compelled to visit Washington city and obtain from the Secretary of War an order to that effect, before he could see me. As soon as he learned how I had been treated, he returned immediately to Washington, and with the asorder from Secretary Stanton for my release from solitary confinement, and that I should have all the privileges accorded to the other prisoners. And that after twentytwo days of this loathsome and worse than heatherish treatment, my dungeon door waunlocked, and I was permitted to hold inter course with my fellow prisoners. Such my

friends, is a plain statement of the manner of my arrest, and the treatment I received during the twenty-two days of iny solitary con-If it affords any gratification to those Republicans who caused my arrest, they are welcome to it. Their time will come some day. "The end is not yet." Af er my release from solitary confinement, I was put into a casemate with eleven others, making twelve of us in a room measuring 15 by 25it. In this room we slept, cooked and eat. In it were our beds, chairs, tables, trunks, cooking utensils, table furniture, &c. We were locked into our room at sundown, and unlocked again at sunrise. Through the day we were permitted to stand or sit in front of our cell inside of the fort. We had, morning and evening, what was called a "walking hour. This hour was sometimes ten, and sometimes thirty minutes long, just as suited the caprice or whim of the sergeant. Our walking round was inside the fort. We were permitted to walk backwards and forwards across the area of the fort, which was perhaps a little larger than your City Hall. We were permitted through the commanding officer, to supply and cook our own food. We were compelled to use rain-water for all purposes-cooking washing and drinking. Each and every time that we drew any water from the cistern we were required first to obtain permission from the sergeant of the guard. This, like all cis tern water, was sometimes quite usable and sometimes quite offensive. Mr. Childs, one of my mess, informed me that at one time during the latter part of last winter, in con sequence of the accumulation of ice in the gutters, all the washings and scourings from the soldiers' quarters run into the cistern out of which the prisoners were compelled to draw the water which they used-that the wat r became so filthy that they had to boil it and skim off the firth before using it; and that notwithstanding they had three other cisterns inside the fort, full of comparatively clean water, yet the commanding officer com-

pelled them to use these filthy washings

from the soldiers' quarters. I will, with

your permission, my friends, relate another

incident connected with Fort Lafayette, so

monstrous, so hoathenish as almost to chal

lenge behef-giving the incident as related to

oners referred to. There was at one time

prostrated with sickness and near unto death Night came on and it was thought that the poor fellow could not live till morning. The prisoners confined in the room with the dying man, begged that for one night, at least, they might be permitted to have a light in their prison; and, monstrous as it may seem. this request was refused; and in this boasted land of liberty, civilization and Christianity, these prisoners were locked up in their dark prison house with the dying man. During that long, dark night they could hear his dy-Christian, and not in a heathen land-that I ing moans; deeper and still deeper grew the death-rattles until near morning, when all became still and hushed; and when morning broke in upon that loathesome dungeon; death had done his work. This poor victim of Lincoln's despotism had ceased to live; his released spirit had gone to that world where the " weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling." There is to-day confined in one of the cells of Fort Lafayette. a poor prisoner, said to be partially deranged since last February he has been in solitary confinement. His cell is darkened; a sentry marches night and day before his prison door he is permitted no interconrse, not even to see the other prisoners. You can well imagine how strict his confinement is when I tell you that his aged and widowed mother, who for months had been seeking to obtain an interview with her son, at last having obtained the long sought for permit, came one Sabbath day to visit him. Before the prisoner was taken from his dungeon to the commandant's room, in which his mother was permitted to see him, the other prisoners, myself among them, were all locked into their rooms, a file of soldiers was detailed to guard him from his cell-a double guard placed in the sally pert. And what suppose you was this man's offense, that for so many months he had been thus inhumanly treated? Why simply this? On one dark, stormy night, with a life preserver made out of oyster cans. he jumped into the sea and attempted to es-

And in conclusion, my friends, permit me to say, that although I would not "take the oath," attempted again and again to be forced upon me by Mr. Lincoln, as a condition to my release, yet when in two weeks from this time, I take my seat as your representative in the Legislature, I shall most cheerfully take the oath of allegiance to both the Constitution of the United States and the Constiution of the State of Ohio. That oath, notsistance of a very kind friend, procured an withstanding the examples of both Lincoln and Todd to the contrary, I shall maintain inviolate. All those sacred guarantees which both these constitutions throw around you, in your inalienable rights, I will endeavor to enforce to the utmost of my ability, in defiance of the despotism of both the President and the Governor, although by so doing I may be again returned to my lonely cell in Fort Lafayette. Again, my friends, for this extraordinary reception-for this most cordial greeting, I tender you my heartfelt

HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

The road along which the man of tusiness travels in pursuit of competence of wealth is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by the wellsprings of delight.

On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait a bit" thorns, and pitfalls which can only be evaded by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace; and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst fore she poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the welcome shouts from children, the many thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy cat before we are aware of it, these, and like tokens of affection and sympathy, constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men !- think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortifications and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfertable homes, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own fireside.

Among the conditions of sale by an Irish auctioneer, was the following: "The highest bidder to be the purchaser, unless some gentleman bids more."

This snow-storm the boys regard as a joke," said one to Dr. S, during a late storm. "Yes," replied the doctor, "and is is a joke that any one can see the drift of?"

" Biddy," said a lady, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Biddy returned with the infomation that Mrs. Jones was just seventy two years, seven months and two

An empty purse and a new house "big mad" on me; and this, I think, helped ernor Moorehead's narrative-some thirty makes a man wise but too late: