

# The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHT."—Thomas Jefferson.

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## North Branch Democrat.

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DR. J. C. CORSELIUS, HAVING LOCAT-  
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all calls in the line of his profession—may be found  
at Beemer's Hotel, when not professionally absent.  
Falls, Oct. 10, 1861.

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Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wy-  
oming that they have located at Tunkhannock where  
they will promptly attend to all calls in the line of  
their profession. May be found at his Drug Store  
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THIS establishment has recently been refitted and  
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will be given to the comfort and convenience of those  
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Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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Tunkhannock, recently occupied by Riley  
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public patronage. The House has been thoroughly  
refitted, and the comforts and accommodations of a  
first class Hotel, will be found by all who may favor  
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HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above  
Hotel, the undersigned will spare no effort to  
render the house an agreeable place of sojourn for  
all who may favor it with their custom.  
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.  
June, 3rd, 1863

## M. GILMAN,

### DENTIST.

M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunk-  
hannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his  
professional services to the citizens of this place and  
surrounding country.  
ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATIS-  
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Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post  
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A GENTLEMAN, cured of Nervous Debility, In-  
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acted by a desire to benefit others, will be happy  
to furnish to all who need it (free of charge) the re-  
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used in his case. Those wishing to profit re-  
solutely—and possess a Valuable Remedy—will re-  
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UNDER FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZER  
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cratic Office, Tunkhannock, Pa.

## Poet's Corner.

### THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

BY STELLA OF LACKAWANNA.

She steals to me in midnight dreams,  
And clasps my warm hand in her own;  
She roams with me the mountain streams,  
With tender adness in her tone—  
No lips our ritual ever said,  
And yet—we two are spirit-wed.

I met her in the long-ago,  
When both were young, and she was fair;  
Above her cheek of youthful glow,  
Lay wavy bands of soft, brown hair—  
And in the hazel of her eye  
A winking light that made me sigh.

I met her in the long-ago—  
She trod the woodland paths with me,  
And where the ripples gurgled low,  
I watched the foam with Alice Lee,  
While snatches of low-murmured song,  
Swept the wild-bounding waves along.

But years sped on, as swift years will,  
And storm-clouds flecked our rosyate sky,  
We stood no more by rippling rill  
To watch the sparkling foam toss by;  
And Oh, the blight that fell on me,  
And the sweet maiden, Alice Lee!

They tore our clasping hands apart  
And bade our red lips press no more—  
Alas, for aching, breaking heart,  
When its first passion-dream is o'er!  
Alas, that life's best happiness  
Should meet decree as stern as this!

No more the rainbow of her smile  
Arched the sad heavens that bent above;  
No sunshine could a fate beguile  
That shut us from the world of love;  
And all grew midnight dark to me,  
And my lost darling, Alice Lee.

'Twas many and many a year ago,  
I met her last—my spirit-bride,  
But often now, in dream-worlds, low  
We talk together, side by side;  
And oft, with spirit-gaze, it seems  
We watch the foam on woodland streams.

And when the stars steal forth at night,  
Her music-voice is in my ear;  
Her eyes look down in their soft light,  
And I am fancying she is here;  
And life is bright again to me,  
And the sweet maiden, Alice Lee.

### THE LATEST PARODY.

THE PRINTER'S CONSOLATION.

Tell me, ye winged winds  
That around my pathway play,  
Is there a place on earth  
Where Printer's get their pay?  
The whispering breeze went by  
With accents filled with woe,  
A voice borne on the sorrowing air,  
In sadness answered "No."

Tell me, ye flowing streams,  
That smoothly glide along,  
Is there one cherished place,  
Where Printer's meet no wrong?  
The gentle brook replied,  
In murmurs soft and low,  
And winding on its variant way,  
It meekly answered "No."

Tell me, ye murky clouds,  
Now rising in the west,  
Is there upon the globe  
One spot by Printer's blest?  
The flashing cloud outspoke  
With an indignant glow,  
A voice that filled the earth with woe,  
In thunder answered "No."

Tell me, hard-hearted man,  
Who withhold day by day,  
Is there no honor in thy breast,  
The Printer's bill to pay?  
Unanswerable turns he round,  
And plain his actions show,  
An uttered oath—capt sound is heard,  
His actions answer "No."

Tell me, thou gentle nymph,  
Who blessed life's hours through,  
Is there one sacred shrine  
Where Printer's get their due?  
A mantling blush her cheek diffused,  
Did tenfold grace impart,  
A soft, responsive sigh replied,  
"Thy found in woman's heart."

ABSURDITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.—To salute  
your most intimate friend when he is walk-  
ing with any great man.  
To pronounce those the most pious who  
never absent themselves from Church.  
To praise a woman's complexion before  
you have washed her face, or her figure be-  
fore you have taken off her gown.  
To think for yourself, and declare your  
opinions in every society you frequent.  
To tell a confirmed beauty that she looks  
much better than she did last season.  
To praise a daughter just come out, in the  
presence of her handsome mother of five and  
thirty.  
To occupy the attention of a large com-  
pany by the recital of an occurrence interesting  
to yourself alone.  
To expect that your friends will remember  
you after you have thought proper to forget  
them.  
To call for bed chamber candles at twelve  
o'clock, and to remark to your friend on a  
visit that you forgot to ask him if he ever  
took supper.  
Not to wear a coat when your joints are  
aching with rheumatism, least you should  
be thought delicate.

Always fight till you die—after  
doing it five or six times it is just as easy as  
anything else.

## Select Story.

### THE ANGEL AT THE DEPOT; OR, WHAT CAME OF A KISS.

The great depot was crowded. The re-  
giment was about to leave for the seat of  
war, and it was known that the brave fellows  
were going where fighting was sure to come.  
The cars had backed into the building, and  
the engine was shrieking impatiently. The  
regiment had filed into the depot, and as the  
soldiers rested a few moments upon their  
arms, fond friends gathered around, and the  
words of parting were spoken. There were  
tears and sobs, and blessings; there was  
wringing of hands and wringing of hearts!  
Wives were parting with husbands; moth-  
ers were parting with their sons; sisters  
were bidding good-bye to brothers; and fa-  
thers were speaking the last words of cau-  
tion and care. It was a season of painful  
anxiety; for the departing ones were going  
with their lives in their hands, and the offer-  
ing on the battle altar might speedily be  
made.

Corporal Walter Evermond leaned upon  
his rifle, and gazed upon the scene. No one  
came to kiss him—none to bid him farewell.  
Not over one-and-twenty was Corporal Ever-  
mond. He had a fresh, handsome face,  
and bright, pure eyes; and his frame was one  
of those marvels wherein a magnificent phys-  
ical structure is developed with a small body.

"I declare," said the Corporal, wiping a  
bit of moisture from his eye, "I am glad that  
I have nobody here to weep and sob for me."  
"Yes," he added, with a longing look, "it  
would be pleasant to bear away one parting  
kiss? But I shan't get it."

Walter Evermond felt a hand upon his  
arm; and the prettiest, sweetest face he had  
ever seen beamed upon him with a smile.  
"I'll kiss you, sir!" And the girl placed  
both hands upon his blooming cheek.

"Thank you! Bless you!"  
"Fall in! Fall in!"

The Corporal pressed the hand of the beau-  
tiful girl, gave one more look into her dream-  
ing eyes, and then fell into line; and ere  
long the cars rolled out from the depot bear-  
ing the volunteers toward the field where  
patriot duty called them.

In a little while the train was out of sight  
around the curve, and the throng of friends  
gradually dispersed.

"Nellie, I'm astonished at you!"  
"Astonished at me?" repeated Nellie  
Preston, looking into the face of John Gains-  
ford, who was walking by her side.

"Yes. How could you do such a thing?"  
"Such a thing as what?"  
"As kiss that fellow in the depot. Good-  
ness gracious! What were you thinking of?"

"I was thinking," replied Nellie, with a  
perceptible flush of feeling, "that he might be  
a poor, motherless, sisterless boy, who  
had no one in the world to love him."

"And so you thought you'd love him, eh?"  
"I love all those brave, noble men who  
have gone out to offer up their lives for their  
country's welfare!" said the girl with deep  
emotion.

"I never knew how well I loved my own  
brother till I saw him go away to day. I  
hope God will keep him, and return him to  
us in safety."

"Did you notice," said Mr. Gainsford, af-  
ter a pause, "that your foolish behavior  
caused considerable remark?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't say anything  
more about that, Mr. Gainsford."  
"You are ashamed of it, eh?"  
"I am ashamed of you, sir! You need  
not help me. I can get into my carriage  
alone."

Two days after this, Judge Preston came  
home looking very thoughtful. After tea he  
called Nellie to him, and asked her if she  
had made up her mind to be the wife of  
Gainsford.

"I have made up my mind that I will not  
be his wife!" was the prompt reply.  
"I have no wish to urge you, my child."  
"I do not love him, father; and I should  
prefer to have no more intimacy with him.  
I never liked him. He is unkind to his poor  
sister, and he might be unkind to me."

"You are right, my daughter; and I am  
now free to confess that I am pleased with  
your decision. Almost the last thing your  
brother said to me before he left, with his  
company was, that he hoped you would not  
make John Gainsford his brother-in-law—  
He knows Gainsford well, and has no re-  
spect for him."

The Judge kissed his child, and the matter  
was settled. Gainsford was the son of one  
of his oldest friends, and thus the intimacy  
commenced; and he had been willing, for  
his daughter's sake, to try the young man,  
but he felt a sense of relief now that the trial  
was over.

George Preston, the Judge's only son, had  
gone as Captain of a company; and the fam-  
ily watched anxiously for the news that was  
to bear their intelligence of the movements of  
the regiment. By-and-by intelligence came.  
The regiment was at Poolesville.—  
The regiment was at Ball's Bluff! The reg-  
iment had been under fire the whole of that  
terrible day; and a fearful havoc had been

made in its ranks. Where was George?  
O, how anxious was Nellie Preston now!  
More than ever before did she know that she  
loved her brother.

"Ha! Good news! George is safe." The  
Judge came home with an evening paper,  
and handed it to Nellie, pointing with his  
finger to the paragraph she was to read.—  
She read as follows:

"Capt. Preston, after being exposed to a  
merciless fire for four consecutive hours,  
was one of the last to swim the river. He  
had made his way down the Bluff, and was  
assisting some of his wounded comrades,  
when the enemy came pouring down upon  
him. He was surrounded, and would have  
been slain, but for the heroic bravery and  
devotion of a Sergeant of his company. The  
Sergeant, whose name was Walter Evermond  
seeing the Captain in danger, sprang to his  
side, and with his revolver, shot down three  
men who were pressing upon him. When  
they gained the water, Capt. Preston had  
received a wound in the shoulder, which  
rendered it impossible for him to swim; but  
Evermond did not forsake him. The noble  
fellow clung to his Captain like a brother,  
and succeeded in getting him safely over the  
river. We are happy to state that Cap-  
tain Preston's wound is not dangerous."

"Oh! Heaven bless that noble Sergeant!"  
 ejaculated Nellie, as she finished reading the  
account. And her father joined her with  
his whole soul.

Later in the evening a curious thought  
worked its way into Nellie Preston's mind.  
She wished the man who had saved her  
brother's life so bravely had been only a cor-  
poral! And then she wondered where that  
fair-faced, bright-eyed soldier was whom she  
kissed at the depot. It would be a satisfac-  
tion to know how he fared. She hoped he  
was safe.

Ere long a letter came from George in  
which he gave a thrilling account of the bat-  
tle. He spoke of Sergeant Walter Ever-  
mond as he would have spoken of a brother.  
"He saved my life at the risk of his own,"  
he wrote, "and but for him you would have  
no son living to write this; and Nellie  
would have no brother!" There was a post-  
script in the letter as follows:

"P. S.—Walter Evermond has just re-  
ceived the commission of a Second Lieuten-  
ant."

The winter wore away, and George, in his  
letters to his sister; frequently spoke of Wal-  
ter Evermond as a very dear friend. At  
length came a letter with the following pas-  
sage:

"My dear father and sister, give me joy.  
I am a Major, and my commission dates  
from the day of Ball's Bluff. My dear friend  
Evermond is Captain of my old company;—  
and a better soldier does not live, and I  
know there cannot be a truer friend."

Once more the Judge and his daughter  
were anxious. The Regiment was before  
Yorktown. Then came the bloody field of  
Williamsburg; but George was not called  
into that battle. At length, however, came  
tidings of another bloody fray, in which our  
regiment was engaged—FAIR OAKS! The  
list of killed and wounded lagged; but a let-  
ter from George was received. He was alive  
but badly wounded.

"Our Colonel was stricken down," he  
wrote, "early in the engagement. I had  
been acting as Lieutenant Colonel for some  
time, and the Command devolved upon me.  
I was following the lead of the gallant How-  
ard, when a bullet passed through my thigh.  
Capt. Evermond was on the right of the reg-  
iment; and I had just time to pass the com-  
mand over to him when the final charge  
came. I was faint and dizzy; but I saw  
him dash at the head of our noble regiment,  
and the shout of victory struck my ear as I  
was borne from the field. Late at night Capt.  
Evermond was borne into our quarters  
wounded severely by a saber cut on the  
shoulder. He had a hand-to-hand conflict  
with the enemy over a battery; and he took  
it, and held it."

Three weeks afterward another letter  
came.

"Dear Nellie, I am coming home. I have  
a furlough for forty days. Capt. Evermond  
is coming with me. Our wounds are doing  
well."

The train arrived at three o'clock in the  
afternoon. Major Preston came from the  
car upon crutches, and his father was there  
to receive him. Nellie had not come down.  
Big, proud tears poured down the old man's  
face as he heard the glad shouts that wel-  
comed his noble boy; and for a time his son  
was monopolized by the multitude.

"Where is your friend Evermond?" asked  
the Judge as they moved toward the car-  
riage.

"O, he will be with us this evening. He  
had to stop and see a friend on the way, and  
will come on the next train. I told him our  
carriage should be on hand for him."

A joyful moment was it for Nellie Preston  
when she threw her arms around the neck of  
her returned brother. O, she knew how  
much—how very much she loved him. What  
numberless questions were asked, and how  
eagerly were the answers listened to. By-  
and-by Nellie asked after Captain Evermond.

"O," she cried, "I hope he is not old and  
ugly, for I want to love him."

"Not very old," said George, with a smile,  
"and not very ugly. But there is a curious  
circumstance connected with his experience  
as a soldier, which is worth relating. He  
told the story to me with tears in his eyes.  
After the affair at Ball's Bluff we were like  
brothers. Evermond is an orphan; without  
father or mother, brother or sister. He has  
a splendid education, which he owes to an old  
aunt, who intended him for a minister; but  
his disposition did not lead that way, and he  
started to study law. His aunt withdrew  
her favor and he was left to struggle alone.—  
He was in danger of becoming dissipated  
when the thought struck him that he would  
enlist. He enlisted as a private in the com-  
pany of which I was Captain. While we  
were waiting at the depot on the morning  
when we left for the seat of war, Evermond  
stood alone gazing on the scenes of weeping  
and blessing; and as the thought passed his  
mind that he was relieved from the pain of  
parting with friends he felt thankful and ex-  
pressed himself to that effect. Yet he said  
he felt it would be a blessing to bear away  
one friendly kiss that he could remember as  
coming from a sister. He said this aloud, and  
in a moment a young girl—he says the most  
beautiful girl he ever saw—put her hands upon  
his shoulders and kissed him upon the  
cheek. He says he had just time to bless  
the angel, when the order came to fall in. I  
think the girl that gave Walter Evermond  
that kiss did a glorious deed. He assures me  
that it made him all he is. He says that the  
memory of that sweet face has led him to  
high and noble resolves; and that he had  
sworn within himself that he would never do  
a deed that would cause that girl to blush  
that she had kissed him even were she the  
daughter of a king."

"You said he was a private then?" re-  
marked Nellie.

"No,—he was corporal then. He was  
made a corporal soon after he enlisted, and  
before he had been in camp a week in Mary-  
land, he was made a sergeant. But what is  
the matter?—Mercy!—you look pale!"

"O!" whispered Nellie, hiding her face  
with her hands, "what dreadful things!"

"My,—I thought this story of Evermond  
would attract your thoughts from the darker  
themes."

"So it does in a measure, George; but I  
cannot help my feelings."

George Preston, never mistrusting, never  
dreaming that his sweet sister had ever seen  
Walter Evermond, drew his arm around her  
and gave her a brother's kiss.

At eight o'clock in the evening the coach  
was sent to the depot, and at half past eight  
it returned. Nellie left the parlor and sped  
away to her own bedroom. Her heart was  
in a flutter, and her face was burning.—  
It might be possible that she had never seen  
Capt. Evermond; but she did think it prob-  
able. How should she meet him? Twice  
had she attempted to tell her brother  
of her own adventure at the depot upon that  
memorable morning; but she could not.

Major Preston, upon his crutches, went to  
the door and welcomed Capt. Evermond, who  
carried his right arm in a sling. The old  
Judge welcomed the hero as another son;  
and he was surprised when he found that the  
Capt. was a fair-faced handsome youth just  
upon the opening stage of manhood.

But where was Nellie? The bell was rung  
and a servant was sent in quest of her. At  
last she came, trembling at every joint; but  
her father and brother did not notice it.

"Nellie, my sister," cried George, "here is  
our dear friend Walter Evermond."

The Captain advanced with a quick step,  
and half extended his hand, when he stopped  
as though he had been shot.

"Good angels!" he gasped, "what is this.  
This, your sister?"

With a mighty effort Nellie smiled, and  
put forth her hands.

"Alas!" exclaimed George, lifting his  
crutches from the floor, and stamping them  
down with wonderful energy, "I think I see  
it now!—Say, Walter tell me—tell me—tell  
me—is this your angel?"

"Ten thousand blessings on her head!"  
murmured the brave youth while the tears  
started down his cheek. "I did not dream  
of this."

Then he dashed the tears away and extend-  
ed his hand.

"Lady," he said, "you will excuse my left  
hand, I know."

"Goodness mercy on me! exclaimed the  
old man, who began to see through it. "Is  
this the soldier who kissed in the depot, Nel-  
lie?"

Again the poor girl came very near losing  
herself, but she made one more struggle, and  
was successful.

"Yes, sir," she said, "Capt. Evermond  
and I have met once before."  
It was a curious position for both the Cap-  
tain and the maiden.

"Hold on shouted the Major, with another  
thump of his crutches, "I have it. I know  
how awkward it is; and if I had mistrusted  
so much as by a thought, that my own sweet  
sister was the identical angel of the depot, I  
should have prepared a way for this meeting.  
But see how nicely I'll fix it; you, Nellie are  
my sister by right of birth; and you Walter,  
are my brother by every tie of love and grate-  
itude. So you two are brother and sister."  
"Capital," exclaimed the Judge.

And now for the enjoyment. Come, Wal-  
ter, lead your sister to a seat, and we'll talk  
of the times that have tried our souls."

Ah! the present was the time that tried  
Nellie's soul, but it was a happy blissful  
trial.

Late at night they prepared to retire. The  
two soldiers were left alone after the rest had  
gone to bed, for they had been used to help-  
ing each other. The Major cared for the  
Captain's shoulder, and the Captain took  
care of the Major's thigh.

"We are at home, my dear Walter," said  
George Preston, after they had dressed each  
other's wound, "and we will have a happy  
time of it."

"I shall not be able to stop with you long,"  
replied Walter.

"Mercy! what is up now? Where else  
will you go?"

"I don't know. I must not stop here."  
"And why not, pray?"

"Because I dare not."  
"O, ho!" cried George, who knew his  
friend well enough, and knew human nature  
well enough to read the ordinary signs of  
feeling—"I think I understand you now.  
But we'll say no more about it to-night. On  
the morrow I'll help to find a good boarding  
house."

And so they went to bed.  
On the following morning, after breakfast  
had been disposed of, George took his sister  
away into the library and had a long talk  
with her.

She wept and smiled by turns, during the  
conversation.

When he came out from the library he met  
his father in the hall; and he had a talk with  
him.

Half an hour afterward he met the Captain  
in the parlor.

"Walter Evermond," he said, "I have  
found a good comfortable boarding place for  
you."

"Ah, have you? Thank you, George."  
"Yes, sit down, and I'll tell you all about  
it. Now listen," continued the Major, after  
they were seated—"I have assumed some-  
what of a responsibility in this matter. I  
have even gone so far as to pledge my own  
honor that you will so bear yourself that the  
house can never be ashamed of you. In short,  
I have given my word that you are an honor-  
able, true man, incapable of premeditating  
wrong, and fixed in the path of virtue."

"Thank you, George."  
"And now my dear Captain, your place of  
abode is fixed in this house. My sister is the  
hostess, and my father is the host."

"But—George—"  
"Nonsense! Do you think I am blind?  
At any rate, I