

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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

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

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HAVING taken the Hotel, in the Borough of Tunkhannock, recently occupied by Riley Warner, the proprietor respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. The House has been thoroughly repaired, and the comforts and accommodations of a first class Hotel will be found by all who may favor it with their custom. September 11, 1861.

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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

Means Hotel, TOWANDA, PA. D. B. BARTLET, [Late of the BARRAHEAD HOUSE, EDINBURG, N. Y.] PROPRIETOR.

The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country.—It is fitted up in the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping-place for all. v 3, n21, 17

M. GILMAN, DENTIST.

M. GILMAN has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country. ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION. Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office. Dec. 11, 1861.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS OF BOTH SEXES.

A REVEREND GENTLEMAN HAVING BEEN restored to health in a few days, after undergoing all the usual routine and irregular expensive modes of treatment without success, considers it his sacred duty to communicate to his afflicted fellow creatures the means of cure. Hence, on the receipt of an addressed envelope, he will send (free) a copy of the prescription used. Direct to Dr. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 60 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. v2024ly

Select Story.

THE DRAB DRESS.

"Brother Fred, I've a favor to ask of you." And Lita Ross lifted her face with a beseeching expression, from a bouquet of choice flowers, which she held in her small, jeweled hand.

"A favor to ask of me, Sis?" was the young man's reply. "One would think, from your troubled countenance, it was the first one you had ever preferred, and you were to try an experiment."

"Well it is a sort of experiment, Fred; and before you give me an answer I want you to think, and not say 'Oh, yes, yes, as you always do, and then not give it another single thought.'"

"Well here goes then," replied the gay, handsome young man, dragg'n an ottoman to his sister's feet, and seating himself upon it with well assumed gravity. "You humble servant. And now proceed mademoiselle."

The young girl's face assumed a thoroughly earnest expression as she clasped one of her brother's hands in both of her own, and said, while the rich color burned up into her cheeks:

"Fred, it is this—that you will drink no more wine. I tremble whenever I see you with the glass to your lips."

"Well, now Litta, child, can you not trust me, knowing my entire self command—that I have no natural tendency that way—and that I only occasionally take a social glass when in the society of my friends?"

"I know it, Fred—I know all that; but influence is what I fear. There is Charlie Chester thinks you a perfect pattern of goodness, and as he touched glasses with you at Mrs. Beardon's, and you stood up and drank together, my heart ached—not so much for you as for him—knowing that he has not the self command that you have, and that he loves to look upon the wine when it sparkles in the cup."

"Well, well, Lita, perhaps you are right; I never looked at it in that light before," said Fred, while his countenance wore a thoughtful expression.

"But who in the name of common sense"—and now the young man smiled—"would have expected that my little fashionable but-terfly sister ever found time for such thoughts as these, what with her ribbons, and laces? Seriously, Lita, I did not give you credit for being so much of a woman."

"Thank you for the compliment, Fred; but now promise me; I shall not be happy until you do. I have no fears for your personal safety in this matter—though I doubt your moral right to indulge in a social glass merely because Mrs. Grundy smiles upon the custom; but I fear for Charlie Chester, seeing with what a relish he drains his glass to the dregs. Promise me, Fred—come now, you will do this if you love me."

And Lita Ross laid her hand beseechingly on her brother's head.

"Well Lita this is something of a sacrifice to ask of me. Why, I should make myself very conspicuous by refusing a social glass. But I don't know but I'll do it if you'll make a corresponding sacrifice. I do not care about being immolated upon the altar alone."

"Name it, Fred; and if it's in my power, I'll do it gladly."

And her soft eyes fairly danced with delight.

"Well, then, Sis, I'll do this thing if you will do what I am about to ask you, I declare, I have scarcely the heart to, you look so pretty in that blue silk dress with its lace trimmings—and your ear rings, pin and bracelet of those tiny pearls; but you must give them up if I comply with your request."

"I will, Fred—I will."

"And you will wear a drab dress, without any ornaments?"

"Yes, Fred."

"Next Thursday night make your first appearance at Mrs. Thurston's. Remember that you will be subject to a great many remarks, and will look very plain by the side of your fashionable showily-dressed companions."

I promise. And now Fred, promise me in return that you will then and there comply with my request."

"Your hand, Sis. And now remember as long as you will wear drab, and that without ornaments, I will refuse a fashionable glass. But you do not know what a sacrifice you are making. I should not be surprised were you to retract any day."

"Well Fred, we shall see. And now a kiss, a seal of our contract."

And Lita threw her arms about her brother's neck and covered his forehead, brow and lips with a shower of kisses—then glided away through the hall, up the long oaken stairway to her own chamber, where seating herself, she bowed her head and ejaculated:

"Thank God! Charlie Chester may yet be saved."

And the tears rained down her fair face; and when she had again looked up, there was a subdued, tender light in her eye, never there before.

And this was Lita Ross, the pet plaything of the family—the sparkling, fashionable

belle of the season—the coquette, so accounted. But there was in her heart a leaf as yet unread by any eye save that of her Maker and on it was inscribed her love for Charlie Chester.

"Well, now, who'd have thought it?"—Fred exclaimed, as he found himself alone.

"I thought I had touched her dearest idol, and that she could no more deny herself than she could give up her right hand.—But she'll do it—I saw it in her eye. Faith! I never was so proud of her in my life. I've looked upon her as a mere chit of a girl;—but all at once she stands before me, a noble and self-sacrificing woman. And she is right about Charlie Chester; for, now I think about it, he is in danger of being drawn into a whirlpool of dissipation. Strange I've not thought of that before! I used to think that they had quite a partiality for each other; but they have outgrown it I reckon."

How much we pride ourselves upon our own discernment, and yet, how widely do your conclusions sometimes wander from the real truth.

Thursday evening came, and Frederick Ross sat in the drawing room, awaiting the appearance of Lita. There was a light, rustling step, and she stood before him, with her soft brown hair drawn smoothly from her brow, and confined plainly at the back of her head, and amidst its glossy abundance were a few sprays of heliotrope; her dress was a simple drab silk, with low corsage and short sleeves, relieved by a fall of white blonde, while her tiny foot, with its dainty slipper of the same shade as the dress, laid coquetishly hidden in the thick folds of the rich carpet.

"Come, Fred, I am ready now," she said. "Am I presentable?"

"W'y, Lita, love!"

Here he paused. Admiration was written on every feature of his speaking face; but he adroitly changed the expression, and concluded with—

"Yes, Lita, presentable, perhaps, but one would take you to be at least twenty-five, instead of nineteen. Faith, I had no idea that it would alter you so much! Come—there is an hour yet; run and put on that rose-colored crape, and take the fastenings from your hair, and let it fall in curls about your shoulders. I hate to see you, my little Sis, looking so prim. There's an hour yet, and Bell will assist you. Do it, now to please me—there's a good girl?"

Lita's cheek turned crimson, and her eyes filled with tears. To think that Fred, her own brother, should tell her she looked twenty-five, and prim, at that! What would Charlie Chester think of her? For a moment the temptation was strong upon her—but she did not yield, for she saw in her mind's eye Charlie Chester with the wine-cup at his lips; she heard her mother's voice crying, "Enter not into temptation!" as plainly as when she heard her whisper it into her ear as he turned from his cottage home a few weeks previous. It was those words, and the look of gentle sorrow that filled the mother's heart with tears, that first aroused Lita's fears in regard to Charlie; and ever since that time she had watched closely. She did not care to betray her interest in him, as he had avoided her studiously for more than a year; and besides, she feared to wound him by forcing upon him the thought that she imagined him incapable of self-control. But now she had devised a way in which either of these contingencies could be avoided: And having obtained her brother's consent, should she yield it up simply to gratify her love for dress and admiration? No, no—she would not. More than that: she dared not. Laying her hand, in its tiny kid glove, upon her brother's shoulder, she said:

"Brother Fred, I shall go as I am, though I would gladly consult your taste and my own by exchanging this somber dress for the rose-colored crape; but it would not be right in me—I should despise myself. I am sorry you are going to be mortified at my appearance. I did not think before I came below, that I looked so old and prim. But of course I do, as you say so."

"Never mind, Sis—I am proud of you, let you look as you will. I should not have loved you half so well, if you had meekly yielded to my request. And now run and get your hat and cloak, for the carriage waits for us at the door."

Had my readers looked closely into the eyes of Frederick Ross they would have seen something like a tear glittering upon his dark lashes, which he hurriedly wiped away upon his delicately perfumed handkerchief as Lita turned away from him. And Lita thought he never looked so lovingly upon her as when he handed her into the carriage; and then she was quite sure his bearing was more than usually proud as he led her to the further end of the reception room, to present her to Mrs. Thurston, the lady of the house.

"Lita Ross, as I live!" cried an imperious beauty, as she tossed her stately head. "I wonder what new freak has taken possession of her?"

"O, she likes to make herself conspicuous, replied another lady, turning with one of her golden curls. "See how all eyes follow her. I should not care to be in her place. She looks like a Quakeress matron of thirty or

thirty five. You'll stand quite a chance of reigning belle to-night, now that she has hid all her beauty under a cloud of drab."

Miss Milford, the young lady addressed, colored a little at the doubtful compliment, and, gathering up her pale blue satin dress, she sailed stately away.

"Miss Ross," said Mrs. Thurston, bending her gentle face near to Lita's, "will you give a key to the mystery that so sorely puzzles my guests to-night—the plainness of your dress on this occasion?"

"I cannot, at present, Mrs. Thurston," replied Lita; "but at some future time I may. I hope you do not think I have done anything improper? I have a motive that you would certainly approve of, if I were only at liberty to name it."

And Lita stood blushing through her smiles at the inquiring face of the lady.

"O, no, Miss Ross—nothing improper,—but it seems so unlike you own girlish self—that it causes speculation in the minds of many. But do not let it trouble you. I think it very becoming to you, this drab dress, with its blue trimmings. In short I never saw you looking so lovely as to-night—though not so brilliant as you are wont."

"O, Mrs. Thurston, you do not mean it; I am sure I am looking very plain. Brother Fred said to-night, before I left home, I looked twenty-five, and so very prim, and I have felt as though it were true all the evening. It must be your partiality for me, Mrs. Thurston—indeed it must."

"Not at all, Lita. I am quite serious in my opinion—indeed I am. And I have heard others say the same."

"Lita Ross is Lita Ross, dress her as you may, said a light hearted girl, as she stood talking to her companion. "Just see her as she stands there with the light falling around her soft drab dress; but she looks prettier to-night than ever." continued the unselfish girl.

"Look, Harry."

"Yes, Lizzie, there are few faces like Lita Ross, prettier without adornments than with. I know of but one other that can compare with it in the whole assembly."

And the little white hand of Lizzie was tenderly pressed by the young man, while a soft blush stole over the fair brow of sweet-tempered Lizzie Gray, as they mingled with the crowd.

The supper saloon was thrown open, and the table laid with silver and cut glass, supporting all the choice luxuries of the season, presented a dazzling spectacle, under the multitude of gay jets from the rich burners, while the long, polished sideboards were supplied with the richest wines, reflecting many a prismatic color.

"Miss Ross, what can I help you to?"—queried the young gentlemen who had escorted Lita to the table.

But for a moment Lita was quite oblivious. She was thinking upon her brother Fred's promise, and wondering what effect it would have on Charlie Chester.

The ladies had withdrawn from the supper room; but still the gentlemen lingered, or returned after having escorted their fair companions from the saloon.

"Fred—Fred Ross—here take this seat by me, and while we sip our wine we will have a chat."

"Well, I've no objection to the chat; but the wine I must refuse."

"Fred Ross is a temperance man—he has signed the pledge. Three cheers for Fred Ross!"

Charlie Chester had in his hand a second glass, and just as he was about to drain its contents the words of Frank Leland fell upon his ears. He turned pale, and stood looking at Fred, who sat smiling composedly upon his boisterous companions.

Yes—just so; a temperance man if you like it. I've signed a pledge, too, and it's useless to ask me more, for I am bound to keep it faithfully.

Lita Ross had stationed herself near the folding door, and not only had she seen all that had taken place at the sideboard, but not a word had passed but had reached her ear. With a heart filled with happiness, she turned away, and at that moment she would not have exchanged for the richest dress there her simple drab.

Several weeks passed away, and yet Lita was never seen in public with anything but sombre drab.

"It is ridiculous in a child of her years," said a lady, as Lita entered a large dry goods establishment—perfectly ridiculous. I suppose she thinks it will pass for eccentricity. But it is not; it is downright folly. If she was my girl, I'd shut her up in the house and feed her on bread and water before I'd see her make such a simoleon of herself. Only see that drab bonnet she wears, with its white ruche and strings, and the cape—quite suitable for her grandmother."

"I heard her called one of the very finest dressed ladies on the street, to-day, by a gentleman from Europe, and he expressed a desire to obtain an introduction to her," replied the clerk.

"Ah, indeed," said she, tossing her head. "Show me some more lilac moires."

"Frederick Ross," said Charlie Chester, drawing Fred's arm within his own, as they left the crowd who thronged Mrs. Granville's musical assemblies, "will you walk with me?

I've something to say to you, a few questions to ask; if you will not deem it impertinent for me to do so."

Frederick readily acceded to his friend Charlie's request, and no sooner were they alone than the latter said:

"Perhaps you will think it strange; but I am anxious to know why you so suddenly left off your habit of taking a fashionable glass. It alarmed me, I said whenever I saw you turn from me, 'Is it possible he fears to trust himself or what has wrought this change in him?'"

"Yes, Charlie, I will tell you," was the ready reply.

And then he proceeded to tell him the circumstances that led to this change in his habits—omitting to relate that his name was particularly mentioned as the one over whom Lita feared the influence of her brother example.

"Your sister is an angel of goodness, Fred; you may well be proud of and worship her. If more ladies would take the same stand she has done, young men would have higher inducements to break from fashionable follies; but instead of that they smile upon a custom which dear, delightful Mrs. Grundy sanctions and give the cold shoulder to one who has the independence to assert and carry out his honest intentions. You, with your wealth are an exception, and yet I am resolved to follow your example; and whenever temptation is strong upon me, I will look upon Lita, in her dark drab dress, and call to mind the sacrifice she has made—not so much from fear that her brother might fall a prey to the wine-cup; but lest others, who have not so much self-control, might take encouragement from your example."

A few moments spent in discussing the subject and the two friends parted; and when Fred related the conversation to Lita, after expressing her satisfaction, stole away to her chamber—as was her wont—to give vent to the gratitude of her heart, and an earnest petition ascended to heaven that Charlie Chester might have strength imparted to remain true to his vow.

"Well, Lita, so rich, talented, handsome European, who sued so earnestly for this little white hand, has shared the same fate with your many suitors? You are an enigma, Sis, and I'm afraid I do not begin to exercise my authority you will never marry."

"I am sure I shall not, Fred, unless my heart goes with my hand," and Lita smiled a quiet smile as she looked up from her sewing.

"Now, don't you leave me with such a sober face, for I assure you that I am happy as I am."

"I doubt it Sis," was the laughing rejoinder, as her brother closed the door, and went through the hall humming a snatch of a sentimental song.

Two years had flown by, and still Charles Chester kept his vow inviolate. Lita had watched him narrowly, and every day in her heart she thanked God that it was so; and yet to have seen them no one would have imagined that they had the heart feeling in common.

Lita sat alone in the back parlor of her home, thinking of the past—of the happy hours she had spent with Charlie Chester when she was a mere child—wondering why he avoided her so studiously of late—when she was aroused by a tap at the door, and before her stood the object of her thoughts. Air heightened color and an embarrassed air she welcomed him, wondering at this unceremonious call. A few moments of silence followed his entrance, and then Charlie drew his seat near to her, and said:

"Lita—Lita, my early playmate, my boyhood's love—now that I know, and can trust myself, will you entrust your life, your happiness to my keeping? I owe to you all that I have, all that I am. It was through your influence that I abandoned the wine-cup just in time to save me from an inebriate's grave. O Lita, what do I not owe to you! And yet this very fact encourages me to ask more. Say, will you become my wife?"

The small hand he held nestling more confidently in his, the brown eyes lifted to his face with so much of truthful love in them, answered him.

And she told him of the long years his image had been hidden in her heart—for his safety when she saw him with the wine cup pressed to his lip; of her resolve to save him, and the consequent adoption of her drab dress.

"And it was for my sake, and mine alone, that you were led to this sacrifice! And yet you did not know half my danger. I loved wine; my thirst for it was growing more intense, and only a few months longer would have placed me beyond the reach of aid. But you were the good angel commissioned by God to save me."

Lita is now a happy wife and mother; but she still maintains her plain style of dress. She wore a drab on her bridal day, and as she passes along the street she is pointed out as the lady in drab. But many there are who know not the story connected with it, nor that her husband will not hear to changing it for any other color, for to him no dress is as beautiful as her drab dress.

Old anglers say, that if you wish to catch a fine fish, you must not throw your bait directly at him. Young ladies may take notice.

Miscellaneous.

The World says: we warned the country not long since to put no faith in the statement of the administration press, that the rebellion was exhausted as a military power. We predicted that, notwithstanding the manifest despondency and discontent of the southern people, the commencement of the spring campaign would find the rebel armies as large and as formidable as ever they were. The last two weeks have shown that we were not mistaken. The rebel troops have been swarming all around the borders of the restricted area of the confederacy. They are on the aggressive in every quarter, save the Southwest. We hear of them in Western, Central and Eastern Tennessee, in Western and Northern Virginia, on the Peninsula, capturing our outposts in North Carolina, and besieging Newbern, while there is no falling off in the supply of rebel troops under Beauregard. No doubt many of these raids have been made in sheer desperation, and all of them have been inspired to obtain needed supplies, but they give the lie to the stories which have been so rife of the demoralization of the rebel armies. The country has been deceived so often that it is quite time all such stories were discredited.

Before the opposition party run after abolitionism they tried frequently to make political capital by a perversion of the clause in the Constitution which gave to negroes a two-thirds representation.—They said that slaveholders had three votes for every five of their negroes. They knew it was false, but the truth troubled them so much that they held themselves justified in the utterance of the falsehood. Times have changed since then, and the same fellows now propose to give, in reality to every slaveholder or "any other man" in the slave states, ten votes for every negro.—The one-tenth proposition of Old Abe amounts to this—nothing more, nothing less.

If your mother's mother was my mother's sister's aunt, what relation would your great grandfather's uncle's nephew be to my oldest brother's first cousin's son-in-law. Answer: As your mother's mother's mother, is to my elder brother's cousin's son-in-law, so is my mother's sister's aunt to your great grandfather's uncle's nephew. Divide your mother's mother by my eldest brother's cousin's son-in-law and multiply my mother's sister's aunt by your great grandfather's uncle's nephew, and either add or subtract, we forget which, and you will have the answer in the spring.

I say, Pete, I think I will buy me an overcoat next week; for you know what do for old cold waders. Yes Bill, when the north wind breezes, and de chill air freezes, take good care ob your nose, dat it shall not be froze, and wrap up your toes, wid warm woolen hose; dis dovetail'd maste prose, you may truly suppose, is by one who well knows, de facts ob hard blows, attended wid snows, but who ever supposes, dat wrap de roses, in warm woolen hoses, will keep de roses, dat bloom on some noses, amid de cold snows, is de greatest ob Josies dat any one knowes. Look here, Pete, I think you sed enuf on dat subject.

ANOTHER ARREST.—We learn that John Paul a quiet citizen of Jeansville, this county was placed under military arrest last week, and will probably be removed to Reading for trial by court martial for disloyalty. His offense was, as we learn, that he attended a meeting, the proceedings of which were not in harmony with the new fashioned notions of "loyalty." Oh loyalty! what crimes are committed in thy Kingly name!—Luzerne Union.

THE TERM TRAITOR DEFINED.—Benjamin Wade said, in his place in the United States Senate, that the man who "quotes the Constitution in this crisis is a Traitor." Daniel Webster said:

"The Constitution of the United States is a written instrument, a recorded FUNDAMENTAL LAW; it is the bond, the ONLY BOND OF THE UNION of the States; it is all that gives us national character."

In his late speech Wendell Phillips said "We have laid 250,000 of the noblest lives in the Union in the grave. We have mortgaged the industry of the future with \$4,000,000,000."

A young lady, if a visitor knocks at the front door, will sometimes send word "engaged" though she never had an offer in her life.

Do one thing at a time—that's the rule. When you have done slandering your neighbors, begin to say your prayers.

The only people with whom it is a joy to sit silent are the people with whom it is a joy to talk.

Thus does Phillips, and the Abolitionists of the North, rejoice in the waste of all this blood and treasure