

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 4TH, 1864.

VOL. 3, NO. 38

North Branch Democrat.

A weekly Democratic paper, devoted to Politics, News, & the Arts and Sciences. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa.

Terms—1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$1.50. I not paid within six months, \$2.00 will be charged.

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September 11, 1861.

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Dec. 11, 1861.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS OF BOTH SEXES.

A REVEREND GENTLEMAN HAVING BEEN entered to health in a few days, after undergoing all the usual routine and expensive modes of treatment without success, considers it his sacred duty to communicate to his afflicted brethren 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. DAGUE, 68 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. v2n24ly

Select Story.

What Came of a Valentine.

On the evening of the 13th of February, 1850, two young men sat in a comfortably furnished room, in a large New York boarding house. A bright fire glowed in the grate well chosen engravings adorned the walls, and a bright light was diffused about the room from an Arg and burner.

Let me introduce the occupants of the apartment as Tom Stacy and John Wilbur, young men of twenty-five or thereabouts, who were known in business circles as Stacy & Wilbur, retail dry goods dealers, No. Broadway. They had taken apartments together, one of which is now presented to the reader.

"Has it occurred to you, Wilbur," asked his partner, removing his cigar and knocking away the ashes, "to-morrow is St. Valentine's day?"

"Yes, I thought of it this afternoon, as I was walking up from the store."

"So did I, and to some purpose too, as I will show you."

Tom Stacy went to a drawer and drew out a gorgeous valentine, and elaborate combination of hearts, doves, etc.

"What do you think I gave for that?" he asked.

"I don't know, I'm sure. It appears to be very elegant."

"It cost me ten dollars."

"Whew!", whistled Wilbur. "It strikes me you are either very extravagant or very devoted. May I ask what fair damsel is to be made glad by the receipt of this elegant missive?"

"That's my secret," said Tom laughing.

"I don't mind telling you, however. It's to go to Elith Castleton."

"I presume you feel particularly interested in the young lady?"

"Not at all. But I told her I would send her a valentine, *et la vita!* Shan't you conform to the custom of other days?"

"I had not thought of it," said John thoughtfully, "but I believe I will."

"And what fair lady will you select as the recipient?"

"You remember the poor seamstress who occupies the attic in the house?"

"Yes I have met her on the stairs two or three times."

"She looks as if times were hard with her. I think I will send her a valentine."

"And what good do you think it will do her?" asked Stacy in surprise.

Wilbur went to the desk, and taking out a sheet of notepaper, drew from his portmanteau a ten dollar bill wrapped it in a paper on which he had previously written, "From St. Valentine," and placed the whole in an envelope.

"There," said he, "my valentine has cost as much as yours, and I venture to say will be as welcome."

"You are right. I wish I had not bought this costly trifle. However as it is purchased I will send it."

The next day dawned clear and frosty,—it was lively enough for those who sat by comfortable fires and dined at luxurious tables, but for the poor who shared none of these advantages it was indeed a bitter day.

In an attic room, meanly furnished, sat a young girl, pale and thin. She was cowering under a scanty wood fire, the best she could afford, which heated the room very insufficiently. She was sewing steadily, shivering from time to time as the cold blast shook the windows and found its way 'trot' the crevices.

Poor child! Life had a weary aspect for her on that winter day. She was alone in the world. There was absolutely none on whom she could call for assistance, though she needed it sorely enough. The thought came to her more than once in her discomfiture, "is it worth while living any longer?" But she recalled from the sin of suicide. She might starve to death but she would not take the life that God had given her.

Plunged in gloomy thoughts she continued to work. All at once a step was heard ascending the staircase which led to her door. She arose in some surprise and opened it, thinking it must be the landlady or one of the servants.

She was right. It was a servant.

"Here's a letter for you that the post boy brought, Miss Morris."

"A letter for me?" repeated Helen Morris, in surprise, taking it from the servant's hand. "Who can have written to me?"

"Maybe it's a valentine, Miss," said the girl laughing. "You know 'tis Valentine's day. More by token, I've got two this morning. One's a karakter (caricature?) so miss'ess calls it. Just look at it."

Bridget displayed a highly embellished pictorial representation of a female hard at work at the wash tub, the cast of beauty decidedly Hibernian.

Helen laughed absently, but did not open her letter while Bridget remained—a little to the disappointment of that curious damsel.

Helen slowly opened the envelope. A note for ten dollars dropped from it to the floor.

She eagerly read the few words on the pa-

per—"From St. Valentine!"

"Heaven be praised!", she said, folding her hands gratefully. "This sum will enable me to carry out the plan which I had in view."

Eight years passed away. Eight years with their lights and shadows. They bro't with them the merry voices of children—they brought with them new made graves—happiness to some and grief to others.

Toward the last they brought the great commercial crisis of '57, when houses seemed built upon a rock tottered all at once to their fall. Do not many remember that time all to well, when merchants, with anxious faces ran from one to another to solicit help, and I met only averted faces and distrustful looks.

And how was it in that time of universal failure, with our friends—Stacy and Wilbur?

Up to 1857 they had been doing an excellent business. They had gradually enlarged the sphere of operations, and were rapidly growing rich when the crash came.

They immediately took to sail. Both were prudent, and both felt that this was the time when this quality was urgently needed.

By great efforts they had succeeded in keeping up till the 14th of February, 1858. On that morning a note of two thousand dollars came due. This was their last peril that surmounted them would be able to go on with assured confidence.

But, alas! this was the rock of which they had most apprehension. They had taxed their resources to the utmost. They had called upon their friends, but their friends were employed in taking care of themselves, and the selfish policy was the one required then.

"Look out for number one," superseded the golden rule for the time being.

As I have said, two thousand dollars were due on the 14th of February.

"How much have you got towards it?"—asked Wilbur, as Stacy came in at half past eleven.

"Three hundred and seventy dollars," was the despondent reply.

"Was that all you could raise?" inquired his partner turning pale.

"All."

"Are you sure you thought of every body?"

"I have been everywhere. I'm fagged to death," was the weary reply of Stacy, as he sank exhausted into a chair.

"Then the crash must come," said Wilbur, with a gloomy resignation.

"I suppose it must."

There was a silence. Neither felt inclined to say anything. For six months they had been struggling with the tide. They see shore, but in sight of it they must go down.

At this moment a note was brought in by a boy. There was no postmark. Evidently he was a special messenger.

It was opened at once by Mr. Wilbur, to whom it was directed. It contained these few words only:

"If Mr. John Wilbur will immediately at No. 5th Avenue, he will learn something to his great advantage."

John Wilbur read it with surprise, and passed it to his partner, "What does it mean do you think?"

"It seems to be a feminine handwriting," said Wilbur thoughtfully.

"Yes, don't you know any lady on Fifth Avenue?"

"Well, it is worth noticing. We have met with so little to our advantage lately that it will be a refreshing variety."

In five minutes John Wilbur jumped into a horse car, and was on his way to No. 5th Avenue.

He walked up to the door of a magnificent brown stone house and rang the bell.—He was instantly admitted and shown into the drawing room, suitably furnished.

He did not have to wait long. An elegantly dressed lady, scarcely thirty, entered, and bowing said, "You do not remember me, Mr. Wilbur?"

"No, madam," said he, in perplexity.

"We will waive that, then, and proceed to business. How has your house borne the crisis in which so many of our large firms have gone down?"

John Wilbur smiled bitterly.

"We have struggled successfully till to-day," he answered. "But the end has come. Unless we can raise a certain sum of money by two, we are ruined."

"What sum will save you?" was the lady's question.

"The note due is two thousand dollars.—Towards this we have but three hundred and seventy-five."

"Excuse me a moment," said his hostess. She left the room, but quickly returned.

"There," said she, handing a small strip of paper to John Wilbur, "is my check for two thousand dollars. You can repay at your convenience. If you should require more, come to me again."

"Madam, you have saved us," exclaimed Wilbur, springing to his feet in delight.—"What can have inspired in you such a benevolent interest in our prosperity?"

"Do you remember, Mr. Wilbur," said the lady, "a certain valentine containing a ten dollar note, which you sent a young girl

occupying an attic room in your lodging house, eight years since?"

"I do, distinctly. I have often wondered what became of the young girl. I think her name was Helen Morris."

"She stands before you," was the quiet response.

"You, Helen Morris!" exclaimed Wilbur, starting back in amazement. "You, surrounded with luxury?"

"No wonder you are surprised. Life has strange contrasts. The money which you sent me seemed to come from God. I was on the brink of despair. With it I put my wardrobe in repair, and made application for the post of companion to a wealthy lady. I fortunately obtained it. I had been with her but two years when a gentleman in her circle, immensely wealthy, offered me his hand in marriage. I esteemed him. He was satisfied with that. I married him. A few years since he died, leaving me this house and an immense fortune. I have never forgotten you, having accidentally learned that my timely succor came from you. I resolved, if fortune ever put it in my power, I would befriend you as you befriended me.—That time has come. I have paid the first installment of my debt. Helen Eastace remembers the obligations of Helen Morris."

John Wilbur advanced and respectfully took her hand. "You have nobly repaid me," he said. "Will you also award me the privilege of occasionally calling upon you?"

"I shall be most happy," said Mrs. Eastace, cordially.

John took a hurried leave, and returned to his store as the clock struck one. He showed his delighted partner the check which he had just received. "I haven't time to explain," he said, "this must at once be cashed."

Two o'clock came and the firm was saved—saved from their last peril. Henceforth they met with nothing but prosperous gales.

What more?

Helen Eastace has again changed her name. She is now Helen Wilbur, and her husband now lives at No.—Fifth avenue.

And all this came of a valentine.

A bank note reporter would not naturally be looked to for words of proverbial wisdom, but Thompson's Reporter is responsible for the following, which will do well to ponder on during a hot dull day:

Don't have too much commiseration for the accomplished, amiable, and charming wife of a defaulter, until you know that she has not, by extravagance and pride, induced him to use money not his own, or to speculate with a view to gratify her wishes.

Don't think you are making a bargain when you cheat a customer; for in a long run, all such operations will turn out quadruple losses.

Don't lend money at too great a shaw; for the borrower must succeed, or he'll never be able to pay.

Don't neglect your regular business thinking to do better at some outside enterprise; the chances are ten to one you will not succeed.

Don't go to law in a hurry; exhaust the legal remedies.

Don't get excited about politics unless you are quite sure that the election of your candidate will be better for your business, and for the country, than the other man.

Don't be too severe on others for not thinking as you think, that they may excuse you for not thinking as they do.

Don't condemn others for their inherited or God endowed peculiarities; for could you but see yourself as you see others, your condemnation might come home.

Don't be too smart; it is the instinct of man to give the extreme smart ones, of both genders, a wide berth.

Don't be as the dog in the manger; for some bull may give you a toss.

Don't judge until you have heard both sides of the case.

Don't get on stilts in prosperity, nor on your knees in adversity; for what goes up must come down, but what goes down don't always come up.

THE MYSTERY.—Two darkies had bought a quantity of pork in partnership; but Sam having no place to put his portion in concluded to entrust the whole to Julius' keeping.—The next morning they met, when Sam said: "Good morning Julius, anything happened strange down in your vicinity, lately?"

"Yass, Sam; most strange thing happened to my house yesterday last night. All mystery—all mystery to me."

"Ah, Julius what was dat?"

"Well, Sam, I tole yer now. Dis mornin, I went down in de cellar for to get a piece ob hog for dis darkey's breakfast, and put my hand down into de brine and felt round—but no pork dar—all gone, couldn't tell what bevent of it; so I turned up de barl, an Sam true as preachin', de rats eat a hold car troo de barl, and dragged de pork all out!"

Sam was petrified with astonishment, but presently said.

"Why didnt de brime run out ob de same hole?"

"Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery—dat's de mystery."

A married monster said that he lately dreamed that he had an angel by his side, but upon waking up found that it was only his wife.

THE CHANGE.

Four years ago the angels of heaven could look down to behold thirty millions of people quietly wending their way to their respective churches upon the holy Sabbath.—The chime of ten thousand bells would hail the morning with their peaceful tones and as many ministers of the gospel of Peace might be seen repairing to their respective pulpits, to preach salvation to a Christian people. There was no wound in city or hamlet to break in upon the sacredness of that holy day. All was prosperity and joy and peace. The green fields from the Arross took to the Rio Grande, waved in promise of a plentiful harvest. The busy ships glided over every ocean, unmolested by pirates; the white sails of commerce were spread upon every sea. The light steamer was found upon every river and the rumbling car upon every railroad. The inhabitants of every State met in social accord, and shook the hand of friendship. There seemed to be no enemy in the midst of a free people. All felt serene under the stars and stripes of a government composed of thirty-three sovereign States. But alas, "there's a poison drop in man's purest cup. Abolitionism had long been insidiously infusing its deadly virus into the heart blood of the nation. Time and again it had threatened to effect a dissolution of the then glorious Union. A Presidential election came round, and the people, reposing in false security, and lulled to sleep by the song of political sirens, permitted Abolitionism to gain the ascendancy. Four years have scarcely elapsed since, and oh, how it breaks the poor heart to look back upon the scenes that have transpired within that time, and that are still being enacted. Millions of brethren arrayed in arms against each other. Millions of graves filled with the bloody victims of war's dread carnage. Thousands upon thousands of widows and orphans. Myriads of starving negroes following victorious or vanquished armies. Churches desecrated, cities laid in ashes, the waving grain destroyed, the cattle upon a thousand hills driven away, or cruelly shot down. Private dwellings everywhere smouldering in ashes.

The holy Sabbath day, is scarcely if at all recognized. The vulgar oath and blasphemous expression ascending to heaven from ten thousand tongues young and old. Even life itself, once held sacred, not worth the immeasurable magnitude breaking down every branch of industry. A military government substituted for a civil one, and the will of a General more powerful than court or constitution. The great foundation of justice broken up, and the nation drifting along and totting down as the debris of some formation. Would to God that the nation were but four short years younger.

LOCAL PAPERS.

The Albany Journal has the following sensible remarks on the subject of local papers:—

"There is a vital defect in the prevalent mode of conducting political campaigns. Ordinarily, nothing direct is attempted until within a few weeks of the election. Then, the State is flooded with campaign documents, electioneering handbills and stump speakers. They are servicable, undoubtedly, in arousing friends, but very seldom convert enemies.

"To draw recruits from the Opposition, something besides the usual missiles of a thirty day's campaign are necessary. That work requires time and deliberation. Men's reasons should be appealed to seasonably and not merely during a heated canvass.

The effectual way of doing this is through the press. Men instinctively imbibe the view which they find enforced in their favorite paper. If there is, in their immediate locality, a well conducted journal—made interesting by its judicious selections, to the family, rather than by its profound essays, to the politician—that is the agency which should be employed. There is no way in which money can be so profitably used as in sending such a paper to every accessible household. And if this work is commenced eight or ten months in advance of an excited canvass, a hundred fold more good will be accomplished than by any other process. Our exhortation, therefore, to our friends is—circulate the local papers. If others are mixed in, where it is believed they would be more acceptable, very well; but no party can be strong in any county which has not a well conducted and widely circulated newspaper within its own borders."

How to Know a Goose.—"Mother! mother!" cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its flight. "I'm so frightened; I've seen such a sight!"

"What sight, my son?" asked the old rook.

"Oh, white creatures—screaming and running and straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high. See mother, there they go!"

"Geeze, my son—merely geeze," calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the common. "Through life, child, observe that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may let him down at once as a goose."

HONORABLE CONDITIONS.—Many years ago in what is now a flourishing city in this State lived a stalwart blacksmith, fond of his pipe and his joke. He was also fond of his blooming daughter, whose many graces and charms had ensnared the affections of a susceptible young printer. The couple, after a season of billing and cooing, "engaged" themselves, and nothing but the consent of the young lady's parent prevented their union. To obtain this, an interview was arranged, and typo prepared a little speech to astonish and convince the old gentleman who sat enjoying his favorite pipe in perfect content. Typo dilated upon the fact of their long friendship, their mutual attachment, their hopes for the future, and like topics;—and taking the daughter by the hand, said, "I now, sir, ask your permission to transplant this lovely flower from its parent bed"—but his feelings overcame him, he forgot the remainder of his oratorical flourish, blushed, stammered, and finally wound up with—"from its parent bed, into my own." The father keenly relished the discomfiture of the suitor, and, after removing his pipe and blowing a cloud, replied: "Well, young man I don't know as I've any objection, provided you will marry the girl first!"

The abolition organs have generally labored to induce the people to believe that the Democrats in our Southern border counties gave Lee encouragement during his invasion. The Chambersburg Repository, edited by Col. A. K. McClure, an ex senator and prominent Republican politician, exposes the malignant slander. In a recent editorial he says:

"With very few exceptions, the people of the border, of every political faith stood as one man during the invasion and united their energies to confound the common; and in no single instance has the evidence been at all conclusive that any of our citizens gave them aid, comfort or information, unless under duress or by accident. Every effort has been made to fix guilt on all suspected parties, and it has uniformly failed. The charge, therefore, that our people in any way aided or guided the enemy, is unfounded in fact, and the impression that seems to prevail with some members of the legislature on this point is in no degree merited."

THINK OF THIS.—"I'll take your paper if you'll let me have it for a dollar and a-half a year, just as you used to," says old 400 acres and money at interest. We suppose so; and we will take what butter you have to sell, if you will let us have it at a shilling a pound, just as you used to, and your surplus potatoes if you will let us have them at two shillings a bushel, just as you used to. Friend, two years ago we could buy more and better paper for 50 than we can now for 100.—years ago you sold potatoes from two to three shillings; now they are worth a dollar, and you expect to sell some for a dollar and a quarter before long. In fact everything you have to sell has doubled in price within the last two years. Our paper was furnished too low then, and at \$2.00 now, it is not what it should be in proportion to the price of everything else.—Er. Range.