

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyoming that he has located at Tunkhannock where he will promptly attend to all calls in the line of his profession. Will be found at home on Saturdays of each week.

J. M. CAREY, M. D.—(Graduate of the M. I. Institute, Cincinnati) would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyoming and Luzerne Counties, that he continues his regular practice in the various departments of his profession. May be found at his office or residence, when not professionally absent. Particular attention given to the treatment Chronic Diseases. Centre, Luzerne County, Pa.—v2n2

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.

MAYNARD'S HOTEL, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING COUNTY, PENNA. JOHN MAYNARD, Proprietor.

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.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL, MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA. Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Proprietor.

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 BROADWAY HOUSE, ELMIRA, 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, 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 affected to health in a few days, after undergoing all the usual routine and irregular expensive modes of treatment—without success, considers it his 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. DAVIS, 5 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York, v2n217

The Unmeant Rebuke.

Charles Nelson had reached his thirty-fifth year, and at that age he found himself going down hill. He had once been the happiest of mortals, and no blessing was wanted to complete the sum of his happiness. He had one of the best of wives, and his children were intelligent and comely. He was a carpenter by trade, and no man could command better wages, or be more sure of work. If any man attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson must "boss" the job, and for miles around people came to him to work for them. But a change came over his life. A demon had met him on his way, and he had turned back, with the evil spirit. A new and experienced carpenter had been sent for by those who could no longer depend upon Nelson, and he had settled in the village, and now took Nelson's place.

On a back street, where the great trees threw their green branches over the way, stood a small cottage, which had been the pride of the inmates. Before it stood a wide garden, but tall, rank grass grew up among the choking flowers, and the railing of the fence was broken in many places. The house itself had once been white, but it was now dingy and dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned the windows, but now they had been taken down and sold. And the windows themselves bespoke poverty and neglect, for in many places the glass was gone, and shingles, rags and old hats had taken its place. A single look at the house and its companions, told the story. It was the drunkard's home.

Within sat a woman yet in her early years of life and thought, she was still handsome to look upon, the bloom had gone from her cheek, and the brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor Mary Nelson! Once she had been the happiest among the happy, but now none could be more miserable. Near her sat two children, both girls, and both beautiful in form and feature; but their garments were all patched and worn, and their feet were shoeless. The eldest was thirteen years of age, her sister a few years younger. The mother was hearing them recite a grammar lesson, for she had resolved that her children should never grow up in ignorance. They could not attend the common school, for thoughtless children sneered at them, and made them the object of sport and ridicule; but in this respect they did not suffer, for their mother was well educated, and she devoted such time as she could spare to their instruction.

For more than two years Mary Nelson had earned all the money that had been used in the house. People hired her to wash, iron and sew for them, and besides the money paid, they gave her many articles of clothing and food. So she lived on, and the only joys that dwelt with her now were teaching her children and praying to God.

Supper time came, and Charles Nelson came reeling home. He had worked the day before at helping to move a building, and this had earned enough to find himself in rum for several days. As he stumbled into the house, the children crouched close to their mother, and even she shrank away, for sometimes her husband was ugly when thus intoxicated.

O, how that man had changed within two years! Once there was not a finer looking man in town. In frame he had been tall, stout, compact, and perfect formed, while his face bore the very beau ideal of manly beauty. But all was changed now. His noble form was bent, his limbs shrunken and tremulous, and his face bloated and disfigured. He was not the man who had once been the fond husband and doting father. The loving wife had prayed, and wept, and implored, but all to no purpose; the husband was bound to the drinking companions of the bar-room, and he would not break the bars. That evening Mary Nelson ate no supper for all of the food in the house, there was not more than enough for her husband and children; but when her husband had gone, she went out and picked a few berries, and thus kept her vital energies alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson sought the bar-room as he arose, but he was sick and faint, and the liquor would not revive him, for it would not remain on his stomach. He drank very deeply the night before, and felt miserable. At length, however, he managed to keep down a few glasses of hot seltzer, but the close atmosphere of the bar-room seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

The poor man had sense enough to know that if he could sleep he should feel better and he had just feeling enough to wish to keep away from home; so he wandered off to a wood not far from the village, and sank down by a stone wall, and was soon buried in a profound slumber. When he awoke the sun was shining down hot upon him, and raising himself to a sitting posture he gazed about him. He was just on the point of rising, when his motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand. He looked through a chink in the wall, and just upon the other side he saw his two children picking berries, while a little further off were two more girls, the children of the carpenter who had lately moved into the village.

"Come Kate," said one of these latter girls to her companion, "let's go away from here. Because if anybody should see us with these girls, they'd think we played with them. Come."

"But the berries are so thick here," remonstrated the other.

"Never mind—we'll come out some time when these little beggar, drunkard's children are not here."

So the two favored ones went away hand in hand and Nelly and Nancy Nelson sat down upon the grass and cried.

"Don't cry, Nancy," said the eldest, throwing her arms around her sister's neck.

"But you are crying, Nelly."

"O, I can't help it," sobbed the stricken one.

"Why do they blame us?" murmured Nancy, gazing up into her sister's face. "O we are, not to blame. We are good, and kind, and loving, and we never hurt anybody. O I wish somebody would love me, I should be so happy."

"And we are loved, Nancy. Only think of our noble mother.—Who could love us as she?"

"I know—I know, Nelly; but that isn't all. Why don't papa love us just as he used to do? Don't you remember how he used to kiss us, and make us so happy? O, how I wish he could be so good to us once more. He is not."

"—sh, sissy, don't say anything more.—He may be good to us again; if he knew how we loved him, I know he would. And then I believe God is good, and surely he will help us sometimes, for mother prays to him every day."

"Yes," answered Nancy. "I know she does; and God must be our Father sometime."

"He is our father now, sissy."

"I know it, and he must be all we shall have by and by, for don't you remember that mother told us that she might leave us one of these days. She said a cold dagger was upon her heart, and—"

"—sh! Don't Nancy, you'll!"

The words were choked up with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together. At length they arose and went away, for they saw more children coming.

As soon as the little ones were out of sight Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, his eyes were fixed upon a vacant point with an eager gaze.

"My God!" he gasped, "what a villain I am! Look at me how! What a state I am in, and what I have sacrificed to bring myself to it! And they love me yet, and pray for me!"

He said no more, but for a few moments he stood with his hands still clenched, and his eyes fixed.

At length his gaze was turned upward and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his hands dropped by his side, and he started homeward.

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected to notice it not. He drew a shilling from his pocket—it was his last—and handing to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get him some porridge. The wife was startled by the tone in which this was spoken, for it sounded as in days gone by.

The porridge was made nice and nourishing, and Charles ate it all. He went to bed early, and early on the following day he was up. He asked his wife if she had milk and flour enough to make him another bowl of porridge.

"Yes, Charles," she said, "we have not touched it."

"Then if you are willing, I should like some more."

The wife moved quickly about the work, and ere long the food was prepared. The husband ate it, and felt better. He washed and dressed, and would have shaved had his hand been steady enough. He left the house and went at once to a man who had just commenced to frame a house.

"Mr. Manly," he said, addressing the man alluded to, "I have drank the last drop of Alcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips.—Ask no more questions, but believe me now while you see me true. Will you give me work?"

"Charles Nelson, are you in earnest?" asked Manly in surprise.

"Why, you have earned three," returned Manly.

"And will you pay me three dollars a day?"

"If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, for you will save me money at that."

The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but his looks spoke them for him, and Manly understood them. He received his three dollars, and on his way home he stopped and bought, first a basket, then three loaves of bread, a pound of butter, some tea, sugar, a pound of beef steak, and he had just one dollar and seventy-five cents left. With this load he went home. It was some time before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at length he went in and set the basket upon the table.

"Come, Mary," he said, "I have brought us some thing for supper. Here, Nelly, you take the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's and get two quarts of milk."

The wife started when she raised the cover of the basket, but she dared not speak.—She moved about like one in a dream, and ever and anon she would cast a furtive glance at her husband. He had not been drinking—she knew it—and yet he had money enough to buy rum with if he wanted it. What could it mean? Had her prayers been answered? O, how fervently she prayed then.—So Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nelson set the table out. After supper, Charles rose and said to his wife:

"I must go to Mr. Manly's office to help him arrange some plans for his new house; but I will be home early."

A pang shot through the wife's heart as she saw him turn away, but still she was far happier than she had been before for a long time. There was something in his manner that assured her, and gave her hope.

Just as the clock struck nine, the well-known foot-fall was heard, strong and heavy. The door was opened, and Charles entered.—His wife cast a quick, keen glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how he was changed for the better. He had been at the barber's and had had a haircut. Yet nothing was said upon the all important subject. Charles wished to retire early, and his wife went with him. In the morning the husband arose first, and built the fire. Mary had not slept till long after midnight, having been kept awake by the tumultuous emotions that had started upon her bosom, and she awoke not so early as usual. But she came out just as the tea-kettle and potatoes began to boil, and breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was over, Charles arose, put on his hat, and then turning to his wife he asked—

"What do you do to-day?"

"I must wash for Mrs. Bixby."

"Are you willing to obey me once more?"

"O—yes."

"Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Bixby that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar, and you must do with it as you please. Buy something that will keep you busy for yourself and children."

Mr. Nelson turned toward the door, and his hand was upon the knob. He hesitated and turned back. He did not speak, but he opened his arms, and his wife fell upon his bosom. He kissed her and then having gently placed her on a seat, he left the house.—When he went to his work that morning, he felt well and very happy. Mr. Manly was by to cheer him, and this he did by talking and acting as though Charles had never been unfortunate at all.

It was Saturday evening, and Nelson had been almost a week without rum. He had earned fifteen dollars, ten of which was in his pocket.

"Mary," he said after the supper table had been cleared away, "Here are ten dollars for you, and I want you to expend it in clothing for yourself and children. I have earned \$15 during the last five days. I am to build Mr. Manly's great house, and he pays me three dollars a day. A good job, isn't it?"

Mary looked up, and her lips moved, but she could not speak a word. She struggled a few moments and then burst into tears. Her husband took her by the arm and drew her upon his lap and pressed her to his bosom.

"Mary," he whispered, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "You are not deceived. I am Charles Nelson once more, and will be while I live. Not by any act of mine shall another cloud cross your brow." And then he told her of the words he had heard on the previous Monday, while he lay behind the wall.

"Never before," he said, "did I fully realize how low I had fallen, but the scales dropped from my eyes then as though somebody had struck them off with a sledge. My soul started to a stand-point from which all the temptations of earth cannot move it. Your prayers are answered, my wife."

Time passed on, and the cottage assumed its garb of pure white, and its whole windows and green blinds. The roses in the garden smiled, and in every way did the improvement work. Once again was Mary Nelson among the happiest of the happy, and their children choose their own associates now.

THE NEW REVENUE LAW.

Our State Legislature, previous to its adjournment, passed a very important bill revising the tax laws of our State. The bill has been signed by the Governor, and is now a law.

It provides that all railroad, canal and other transportation companies in the state shall pay two cents per ton on the products of the forest or the farm, and five cents on merchandise and other articles.

Every private banker and broker, and bank and saving institution and deposit and trust company, gas, bridge, insurance company, and building, manufacturing, mechanical, mining and other company, doing business within the Commonwealth, shall pay annually a tax of three per cent, of its net earnings.

The corporations liable to duty under the law are required, under a heavy penalty, to make, through their President or Treasurer, quarterly returns under oath to the Auditor General of the amount of business done.—Payments are to be made to the State Treasurer.

The present abatement on State tax of five per cent, for payment fifteen days before the first of September of each year, is no longer allowed, but the Auditor General is directed to add five per cent, to all State taxes hereafter remaining unpaid after the first of August.

The same law imposes an income tax upon persons holding office in the State by appointment of the Governor, or elected under the provisions of any laws of the State, when the salary exceeds six hundred dollars, one per cent, upon such excess; exceeding twelve hundred dollars, two per cent; exceeding twenty-five hundred dollars, five per cent.

The above taxes are in addition to those now imposed by law, and will largely increase the revenue of the State.

In regard to the "Treasury Scandal," the correspondent of the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch, an intensely "loyal" paper, writes as follows:

"It is generally conceded that the Congressional committee of investigation into the alleged naughty doings at the Treasury Department is disposed to deal mildly with the social question, and to examine strictly into the accounts. Congressmen are mortal and human, and three-quarters of the pretty girls employed in the Treasury have received their situations on the written recommendations of some Senator or Representative.—Consequently, were the private life of every one of these dainty quill-drivers to be investigated, it might be ascertained that some of them had evinced their gratitude to their protectors—in a platonic way, of course.—Already a Miss who was recommended by a Maryland Representative has been turned away for disgraceful conduct, and further investigations might reveal unpleasant facts. So the whitewash brush will be used.—Proof of the desire of those in authority to shield each other, will be seen by the manner in which the military detective who made the exposure of the Treasury doings now receives the cold shoulder."

"PICAYUNE BUTLER."—This is an old negro song, the words and air of which were at one time quite popular. It was a favorite with some of the candidates on the Abolition ticket last fall. It was played by the army bands on the entrance of Gen. Butler into New Orleans. It was a loyal tune at that place, but it seems it is disloyal at Fortress Monroe. Butler now issues a "General order" every day or two, not disdaining to include even dogs in the economy of his military surveillance. Under date of March 2d, we find an order of his published, ordering "that all military bands will cease playing the above tune (Picayune Butler) as it has a tendency to throw obloquy on the government, and thereby retard the suppression of the rebellion." The dogs, the washerwomen, the school mistresses and "Picayune Butler" thus disposed of by "General orders"—what next?

It is no wonder the use of his own name is becoming so odious to the fiend.

OUT DOOR ETIQUETTE.—A gentleman meeting a lady should always take the outside of the walk.

A gentleman meeting another should always pass to the right.

A lady, as a general rule, should not take a gentleman's arm in the street in the day time.

However, it is not improper when the walk is thronged with passengers.

A gentleman meeting or passing a gentleman and lady should pass on the gentleman's side.

A gentleman should never fail to salute a lady of his acquaintance when within a proper distance, unless she wears a veil, in which case it would be highly uncivil to recognize her.

A BAD NAME.—A story is told of a tavern keeper by the name of A. S. Camp.—The painter in painting his sign, left out the points and so it read: Tavern kept by A. S. CAMP.

The Road to Poor Farming.

As the road to poor farming is now generally understood, though it is crowded with travelers, we throw up the following landmarks, from the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, for the common benefit.

1. Invest all your capital in land, and run in debt for more.

2. Hire money to stock your farm.

3. Have no faith in your own business, and be always ready to sell out.

4. Buy mean cows, spavined horses, poor oxen and cheap tools.

5. Feed big hay and mouldy corn stalks exclusively, in order to keep your stock tame; fiery cattle are terribly hard on old rickety wagons and plows.

6. Use the oil of hickory freely when your oxen need strength; it is cheaper than hay or meal, keeps the hair lively and pounds out all the grubs.

7. Select such calves for stock as the butchers shun; beauties of runts, thin in the hams and pot bellied; but be sure and keep their blood thin by scanty herbage; animals are safest to breed from that have't strength to herd.

8. Be cautious in the manufacture of manure; it makes the field look black and mournful about planting time; besides it is a deal of work to haul it.

9. Never waste time in setting fruit trees.

ON SIGHT AND ON DEMAND.—One of Porter's staff is responsible for this anecdote:

Judge C—, a well known, highly respectable Knickerbocker, on the shady side of fifty, a widower with five children—full of fun and frolic, ever ready for a joke—to give or take, was bantered the other evening for a miss of five and twenty for not taking a wife, she urged that he was hale and hearty and deserved a matrimonial messmate. The Judge acknowledged the fact; admitted that he was convinced by the eloquence of his fair friend that he had been thus far remiss, and expressed contrition for the fault confessed; ended with offering himself to the lady, telling her she could not certainly reject him after pointing out his heinous offence.

The lady replied that she would be most happy to take the situation so uniquely advertised, and become bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, but there was one, to her, serious obstacle.

"Well," said the Judge, "name it. My profession is to surmount such obstacles."

"Ah! Judge, this is beyond your powers. I have vowed if I ever marry a widower, he must have ten children."

"Ten children! Oh! that's nothing," says the judge. "I'll give you five now, and my notes on demand in instalments for the balance."

TABLE.—The Sword of the warrior was taken down to be brightened; it had been long out of use. The rust was soon rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go; they were of blood. It was on the table near the pen of his Secretary. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off.

"Thou art right," said the sword; "I am a bad neighbor."

"I fear thee not," replied the Pen. "I am more powerful than thou art; but I love not thy society."

"I exterminate," said the Sword.

"And I perpetuate," answered the Pen: where were thy victories if I recorded them not? Even where thou thyself shalt one day be—in the Lake of Oblivion.—From an ancient Jewish Apologue.

"Jim," inquired a school boy of one of his mates, "what's the meaning of relics?"

"Don't know? Well, I'll tell you. You know the master licked me in school yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, he kept me and licked me again. This is what I call re-licked."

A horticulturist advertised that he would supply all kinds of trees and plants especially "pie plants of all kind." A gentleman sent him an order for "one package of custard pie seed, and a dozen of mince pie plants." The gardener promptly filled the order by sending him four goose eggs and a small dog.

A man up town says he has a little machine in his house which has acquired perpetual motion. It is a simple contrivance, requires no weights, lines or springs to make it go, but go it does, and not only will it stop, but to save his life he cannot stop it.—It is his wife's tongue!

A BOLD EXPERIMENT.—The editor of the Woonsocket Patriot makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen of his that has been "setting" for five weeks upon two round stones and a piece of brick! "Her anxiety," quoth he, "is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brickyard, the hen is not for sale."