

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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3 do.	3.00	3.75	4.50	5.25	6.00	6.75	7.50	8.25	9.00	9.75	10.50	11.25	12.00	12.75	13.50	14.25	15.00
4 do.	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	16.00	17.00	18.00	19.00	20.00
5 do.	5.00	6.25	7.50	8.75	10.00	11.25	12.50	13.75	15.00	16.25	17.50	18.75	20.00	21.25	22.50	23.75	25.00
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7 do.	7.00	8.75	10.50	12.25	14.00	15.75	17.50	19.25	21.00	22.75	24.50	26.25	28.00	29.75	31.50	33.25	35.00
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TIME FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZER VERNON Mesboppen, Sept. 18 1864.

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DR. J. C. BECKER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Will 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.

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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 DEANMAN HOUSE, ENTRA, N. Y. PROPRIETOR.

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Poet's Corner.

The Independent Farmer.

Let sailors sing of the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep,
The Independent Farmer,
When first the rose in robe of green
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And round his cottage porch is seen
The honeysuckle twining;
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield,
To bees that gather honey,
He drives the team across the field,
Where skies are soft and sunny.

The blackbird clinks behind the plow,
The quail pipes loud and clearly,
You orchard hides beyond its bough,
The home he loves so dearly—
The gray and old barn doors unfold
His ample store in measure,
More rich than hoards of hoarded gold,
A precious, blessed treasure;
While yonder in the porch there stands
His wife the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on a hillside—
The Independent Farmer.

To him the spring comes dancing,
To him the Summer blushes,
The Autumn smiles with mellow ray,
His sleep Winter hushes;
He cares not how the world may move,
No doubts or fears contumelious him,
His little flock are linked in love,
And household angels round him;
He trusts to God and loves his wife,
No griefs no ills may harm her;
He's Nature's nobleman in life—
The Independent Farmer.

Select Story.

THE WIFE'S DREAM.

"Your partner's wife has them, Frederick and I should think you would try and keep up with him, when your income is precisely the same. I have been mortgaged to death every time Mrs. Denham has called."

"Pity, isn't it?" was the laconic reply, and the lips of the young husband took a decided curl, as he basted his eyes on the morning paper, which had been lying unnoted beside him.

Mrs. Percival pushed her plate away, and, arose from the table with a dissatisfied air, and entering the parlor adjoining the cozy little breakfast room, commenced pulling abstractedly at the brown leaves that had hidden themselves among the bright green of the vigorous plants that occupied the window of the pleasant little parlor; and now and then she would bestow a contemptuous glance upon the plain white screens that shaded the upper part of the window.

"How meanly they do look," she said to herself; "I will not give it up so. Fred (aloud.) I wish you had the least bit of pride in the world."

"You have enough for both of us," was the response, as the husband threw down his paper and joined his wife.

"But, Effie, truly these plain shades suit my taste much better than those gaudy ones you were so desirous of obtaining. They are in such perfect keeping with the whole room. Can you not see there is nothing to compare with these expensive curtains?"

"I know everything is as cheap and mean as can be," was the unpleasant reply. "If you only had a little of Denham's spirit, things would wear a very different look."

"Effie, you know Mr. Denham has done comparatively nothing towards furnishing his house; Mrs. Denham is the only child of wealthy parents, who supply her with everything she wishes. Had you been such, you would have been furnished with luxuries, perhaps."

"Don't fling my poverty in my face, Frederick Percival!" was the quick retort, while her fair face flushed with anger. "I wish from my heart you had married a rich wife."

watched him from the window as he hastened down the street, hoping for some token of love, but there was none. He stopped a moment to hail a passing car, jumped quickly upon the platform and was beyond her sight.

Sorrow and anger were mingled in her heart for a moment, but the latter quickly gained the ascendancy, and returning to the breakfast-room, she commenced clearing the table with such a resolution as to cause the little maid, who was the only servant in the household, to leave her breakfast unfinished, and gaze eagerly into the troubled face of her mistress.

Oh, what hard, bitter thoughts rolled over in the mind of the young housekeeper, as she went about her morning duties!

"To think how I have to drive and delve," were a portion of her thoughts. "I don't get time to read or practice, and my hands are getting so black and dingy, and I grow old and faded every day of my life. Oh, dear, and then to think, after all I do for him, I can't have anything I want!"

But when the work was all nicely completed, and a cheerful fire lighted in the parlor, Effie went in and sat down to her sewing. It was a dress for herself she was making, of a costly pattern which Frederick had placed under her pillow a few nights previous and had proved such a welcome surprise.—Now it had lost all its beauty; her thread knotted, her stitches looked long and uneven, and at last she threw it down impatiently, and taking a book which was lying upon the table, tried to interest herself in its pages.

Frederick had heard her wish for that too, and it was his hand that had traced the loving lines upon the fly-leaf of the day previous. Somehow everything she touched seemed to prove that her husband was not such a hard-hearted wretch after all; but she was hardly ready to acknowledge it to herself just then, so she petted and nourished the hard, revengeful feelings, till she dropped asleep upon the sofa.

The vision of an elegant home rose before her. The hangings upon the wall were choice and costly; the carpet was of the finest texture; the rich furniture and all accompaniments of wealth and luxury surrounded her; while before the windows hung the identical shades which had filled her waking moments with such anxious wishes. But she, the mistress of it all, was still unhappy. A vague, undefinable fear found its way through the mazes of sleep. Her husband's affections seemed alienated from her, and she was alone at nightfall anxiously awaiting his return.

A confused murmur of voices ran through her dream; heavy footsteps were heard treading the hall; the door opened and the lifeless body of her husband was borne into her presence. So sudden and terrible was the shock, she only gazed in speechless agony upon the wounded body of her beloved companion.—The strangers who had borne him thither had withdrawn, and she was left alone with the partner of her husband, who approached her and grasping her arm firmly, said in tones of deep sternness:

"Woman, behold your work! In your foolish pride and ambition you have wrecked the happiness of that noble, generous soul. One hour since he came into the store with pale face and agitated frame. 'Walter,' he said feelingly, 'I am a ruined man. To gratify Effie's ambition and have peace in the household, I have bartered my soul and body and now the end has come. I am overpowered with debt; I cannot meet the eyes of the world, nor the reproaches of my wife; and before I could detain him he had taken his own life in his hands and ended his miserable existence. You have sent him unprepared into eternity. His blood be upon your head.'

In agony Effie awoke from her troubled sleep, and springing up, gave an eager glance around the apartment.

"Thank God," broke fervently from her lips, "it is only a dream!"

Never before had her own little parlor looked so sweetly in its plain, substantial dress; and even the despised shades wore a changed look, now that she no longer saw them through a distorted vision.

"Dear Fred, what a naughty wife I make you. I ought to be ashamed, and I am truly you are yet hardly started in business, and of course want to be prudent till you know how you are to succeed; and I am burdening you with reproaches, and teasing you for everything that comes into my little, wilful head. Oh! if that dream had been true, it must serve me for a lesson at any rate. I was no happier in my sleep than I had all those beautiful objects around me, for which I have been wishing so constantly. And would they be worth if Frederick did not love me? While I have him and the wealth of his deep affection, I ought and will be satisfied."

The tears flowed down the flushed cheek—not the bitter tears of unsatisfied pride, but hearty, generous repentance. Before the tears were wiped away the door bell rang. The shades had come.

"Mr. Percival sent them. In which room will you have them hung?" Effie was not expecting them, and there was only a momentary struggle before she answered firmly:

"Not anything, Mrs. Percival," was the hearty response. "Indeed, I hardly knew how to let your husband have them, as they were partly promised to another, but they seemed to have quite set his heart upon them. It's all right, I presume."

The clerk went down the steps, and Effie turned back into the parlor with a happier heart than she had ever known at the gratification of her most cherished desires, and when on the same afternoon, she received a call from the partner's wife, so fair a face had her home put on she forgot the contrast between the two, and ceased to feel the least mortification at her own humble lot.

The day wore slowly away, and long before the usual hour Effie had tea ready, and stationed herself at the window to watch the coming of the absent one. The warm breath that left its faint impress upon the glass against which her anxious face was pressed came a little quicker as the familiar form came up the street. She ran to open the hall door as usual, but blushes nestled in her cheeks, and there was an embarrassment mingled with her joyful greeting.

Her husband met her kindly, but a faint remembrance rankled in his heart, and he could not forbear the thought: "I should have met with a cooler reception had it not been for the shades;" consequently his first glance was towards the windows, but the same old curtains occupied their place.

"Didn't Mr. Webster send those shades I ordered?" "What shades, Frederick?" inquired Effie with a strong effort to control the mirth that was speaking from her eyes, and which at last broke from the rosy lips with the history of the day.

But, as she proceeded, tears took the place of smiles, and the eyes of her husband presented a sympathetic appearance, and pressing her more closely to him, he said: "Bless you, my little wife, and forgive me too, for harboring such unjust thoughts toward you. I went into town feeling very bitterly, and everything went so badly it only increased bad feelings. After a little time Mrs. Denham and her cousin came in. I was hidden from them by a pile of goods, and the first words I noticed were from the younger lady:

"We are going to call on your partner's wife this afternoon, Mr. Denham; I am prepared to love her dearly from Hester's account."

"She is a paragon of perfection in her eyes I believe," was the reply; "and she quite merits it, for she is truly a charming little lady."

"Oh, Fred, Mr. Denham didn't say that about me?" rejoined the young wife.

"Yes, and that's not all. Mrs. Denham went on to speak of you in terms of warmest praise, and then she said, she is a capital housekeeper. I am going to ask her to give the lessons when we are a little better acquainted. Her home is so neat and nice, that when I come from a call there I feel really ashamed of my lack of taste. By the way Effie, I guess that is the way you ladies had of seeing other people's houses. Well, then, I thought I was a perfect monster. I know the conversation was true, and I determined to spare nothing that would add to your gratification, and show others what a model housekeeper I had for a wife. That was how the shades happened to come."

"Ah, Effie, in my pride for you, I might indeed have realized the fatal ending. Let us wait awhile, till we are established in business, and be sure not to go one cent beyond our income now, and perhaps one day we may have luxuries too."

"And don't we have now, Dear Fred? Is not it a luxury to have you come home so strong and well, and to hold so much love for each other in our hearts? How foolish I've been to envy Mrs. Denham, and to make myself wretched and you too. Forgive me just this once, and I promise never to forget the 'Dream Lesson.'"

VILLAGE LIFE.—How many pleasing ideas does the term call up in the fervid imagination—peace, purity, cheerfulness, simplicity, kindness, rural scenes and rustic sports.—The words have magic power. The chord of feeling is touched and sweetly will it vibrate beneath the hand of the magician fancy.—Hallowed by the music of Goldsmith and Crabbe, village life is decked with images the most delightful. It rises up, before us ever as they have painted it; the holiest, kindest feelings live in its pages; the religious, and domestic, the neighborly virtues shines brightest there. The village church—the village school—the village green!—sweet thoughts of gentleness and love, are yet a kraos? Do ye exist only in the pure minds which have so sweetly shadowed ye forth? Ah! how often have the inhabitants of the busy city, worn with the cares of world, yearned for your peaceful joys, dear village life. How often has the member of refined society, satiated with gayety, longed for a retreat which he thinks can only be found among your shades. Yes!—the mourner over past joys—the man or the woman who has seen the fleeting wealth of the world depart, seeks for obscurity and happiness in the village life.

The Slighted Maiden.

M. P.—, an old soldier of stern and unyielding disposition, decided to marry his son to the daughter of a fellow companion in arms. The young man had conceived other projects, and connected another engagement, but, through excessive timidity, poor Arthur did not dare openly to resist the commands of his father, whose first word had been so brutally overwhelming, that he passed all the time between the engagement and the wedding, doing nothing but sighing deeply. Miss Emma L.— took his melancholy for classic symptoms of love, and began to adore him more than ever. On the morning of the wedding, they repaired to the house of the magistrate; Arthur was sad, reserved, and seemed to have formed some desperate resolution. Emma was in raptures.

Monsieur, the Mayor of C—, the preliminaries being over, addressed the bridegroom the customary question: "Arthur P.—, do you consent to take Emma L.— for your wife?" Arthur slowly raised his head, and in a voice choked by emotion, but full and resolute, replied: "No!"

General excitement, scandal and scenes of confusion prevailed. They separated in disorder, the indignant parents demanded an explanation from M. P.—, the father, who seemed struck with apoplexy. As for Arthur he escaped and left for Paris.

Some days after, a young lady ascended the stairs of a furnished hotel, Rue Saint Honoré. She had inquired of the porter for M. Arthur P.—, who had arrived the evening previous. It was Emma come to Paris with her father and M. P.—, in search of her affianced who had so shamefully insulted her; but she was alone now. She rapped at the door of No. 17, and entered without waiting for an answer. The young man was lying down reading a newspaper. Emma walked directly up to the bed, and drawing from under her shawl an enormous horse pistol, which doubtless, she had stolen from her father.

"Sit," said she to Arthur, her eyes flashing fire, "you have insulted me; I demand satisfaction; that satisfaction I exact pistol in hand. Let us return to the Mayor of C—, both in wedding attire; he will put you the usual question; you will say 'yes, I will say 'no.'"

Emma brandished her pistol in both hands. It was an argument. But, after all, it was only her right, or nearly so; at least such was Arthur's opinion. He consented, and left the same evening with his father, who gnashed his teeth all the way. They appeared again before the Mayor—the same magistrate. Arthur boldly answered "yes," and prepared his countenance, always bashful enough, in order to hear the reply of his betrothed.

The Mayor continued:—"Emma L.—, do you consent?" Emma answered "yes," in the most natural tone imaginable. M. P.—, the father, is delighted, and feels assured that a union commenced under such auspices will end in a fairy tale!

One of Oostan Dodge's stories: We recently met our friend, Dr. J. J. Lord, formerly of Boston, Mass. The doctor is not only compendious of roots and "y arbs," but one of the finest poets in the land. He has been a resident of this section for about six years. During his first few years he was extensively engaged in buying wool, and, on one occasion, becoming a little bewildered with the multiplicity of crooked roads over the broad prairies, he rode up to a small cabin, enclosed in a clump of locust trees, and hailed a boy, perched on the top of a hen-coop, with:

"Hello, boy!" "I reckon you're a stranger?" was the response. "Look here, sonny." "I ain't your sonny." "No, you ain't my sonny, but if you'll jump down and come here I'll give you a dime."

The boy sprang as if alighting from a wasp's nest, and, coming up to the stranger, exclaimed: "Well, old hoss, what is it?" "I've lost my way and don't know where I am. Can you tell?"

"Yes, you're sitting on that hoss." Mr. Lord laughed at the boy's wit, and handed him the dime. The boy took the money, looked upon it with mingled feelings of wonder and delight, and said: "I reckon you must have a power of money?"

"Why so?" "Cause you slather it away so." "What's your father's name?" inquired Mr. Lord. "Bill Jenks," was the reply. "Ah, yes. I know him, exclaimed Mr. Lord. He grows wool, don't he?" "No; but his sheep duz."

If you new me, my lad, you would be more respectable in your replies. I'm a friend of your father: my name is Lord. "O yes," exclaimed the astonished and delighted lad. "I've learn pap read about you in the Bible, and starting for the house on a dead run, he bawled out at the top of his lungs, Mother, mother, the Lord is out here a heckelack, and has lost his way."

MATTERS OF COURSE.

There are certain things in this world which have so uniformly turned out in the same way, that nobody dreams of their resulting in any other. In short they are set down as "matters of course." For example:—

When a bank suspends specie payments, it is always done for the public good, as a matter of course.
If the said bank becomes irretrievably insolvent, and is forced to liquidate its affairs, the directors publish a card stating that the assets are amply sufficient to pay everything, as a matter of course.

When a man commits a murder, or a forgery, and is detected and tried, he is proved to be insane, as a matter of course.
When a fire occurs, whether it proves destructive of property or not, it is the work of an incendiary, as a matter of course.

When two locomotives come into collision on a railroad, destroying each other, knocking half a dozen cars to pieces, killing a dozen passengers, and wounding twice as many more, the public are promised full information concerning the same, as a matter of course.

When such information comes, if at all, it exculpates everybody from blame as a matter of course.
When a quack medicine is invented, it is tremendously puffed, as a matter of course. But everybody who believes one half that is stated of its wonderful virtues, gets egregiously humbugged, as a matter of course. Every man of intelligence and common sense is a subscriber to a newspaper, and, if he is honest, he pays his subscription, as a matter of course.

Youthful Memories. It is something inexpressibly delicious to remember the locality of childish and youthful years. Old trees and rocks, and old houses and old faces, all form the most delightful subjects of memory. It is curious to notice how we misjudge the size of objects in thus looking far back to them from the present point of time. Houses that were small seem to have been very large. Apple trees are oaks in memory, and the hill that surrounded a valley in which childhood grew to youth seem Alpine in the retrospect. The columns of an old veranda which a child's tiny arms could not reach half way around, seem to the man's memory as gigantic as the columns of a temple; for memories like these never take into account the growth of the limbs as the boy matures, and he is astonished when he goes back and finds that now his brawny arms will easily embrace the pillars, and if he need be, rear them down. The stream that was a river to the tiny feet of the young girl is but a brooklet after all, when she goes back to it, a full grown woman. The village milldam is a Niagara in memory. Such are the illusions of home reflections. But not such are the voices of the past. Sounds remain familiar. The songs of the old home are never forgotten. The whistling quail down in the cornfield has not changed his old voice. The gate that creaked on its hinges has the same old sound as it comes back through the silent years. The wind in the tree-top sighs and sighs, and sobs as then. Those sounds are not apt to be forgotten.

THE DEAR DIARIES.—The army correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing about the distinguished services of "Smoked Yankees" in guarding trains and prisoners, and such like light and pleasant duty, says: "We have seen them on picket, their hands clasped upon their muskets, looking out with a watchful eye into the woods and field which might conceal a lurking enemy. We have seen them upon the march in close ranks, with elastic and willing steps, in strong contrast with the loose, careless, shuffling gait of our chosen veterans."

The saying of a White Mountain stage driver to a New Yorker sitting by himself "I'd expose if I went to New York I should get gawk around just as you folks do here"—was not bad.

When you see a gentleman at midnight on the step in the front of his house combing his hair with the door-scraper, you may judge he has been out to an evening party.

It is a sad thing when men have neither heart enough to speak well nor judgment enough to hold their tongues; this is the foundation of all impertinence.

These are the sweets of matrimony, says the man said when his wife threw the sugar-bowl at his head.

Every railroad has a smoking car. It might save the feelings of ladies and gentlemen if every one had also a swearing car.

AN OPINION ABOUT GRANT.—The Nation, the Fremont organ, says: "Grant is the completest and dearest failure of all the blunders made by the Administration."