

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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Tunkhannock, Pa. Office in Stark's Brick Block, Tioga street.

W. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OF

office in Stark's Brick Block, Tioga St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

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The undersigned having lately purchased the "BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular House equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg. A continuance of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

GEO. J. BOLTON.

WALL'S HOTEL,

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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 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,

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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.

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M. GILMAN,

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Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office.

Dec. 11, 1861.

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In order to facilitate the prompt adjustment of Bounty, arrears of pay, Pensions and other Claims, due soldiers and other persons from the Government of the United States. The undersigned has made arrangements with the above firm to receive applications and to forward them to the proper authorities, and to receive the money when it is paid, and to distribute it to the proper parties.

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post Office.

Dec. 11, 1861.

Select Story,

THE COQUETTE'S FATE.

"Oh! Nellie, Nellie! Oh Nellie!" A tiny pair of white hands were raised deprecatingly, and a pair of large, violet eyes sought her face, bearing in their depths an expression of entreaty beautiful to behold; but the proud face of Nellie Raymond turned away, perhaps to shut out that beautiful vision, and a low, trilling laugh, ran over her red lips.

"Oh Nellie how can you be so heartless? How can you lead a man on to believe that you love him, and then, when his heart is yours, with all its great fount of manly love and tenderness laugh in his face, and bid him go from your presence—hopeless and despairing. I tell you Nellie Raymond you will some day have to account for the misery you have wrought."

"Do you think so?" said Nellie, lightly. "Ah! well."

"But it will not be well," said Alice May. "You will see it in a different light some day. I could not close my eyes one hour in peaceful slumber were my life so weighed down with such evil deeds as yours."

"Evil deeds! Really, Alice, you are harsh exclaimed Nellie, a flush of momentary mortification and anger overspreading her white forehead.

"Dear Nellie," said her friend, "what is the use of calling things by other than their right names? If I seem severe, I only tell you the truth and you know that I have been, your best friend—candid and frank."

"Well Alice, you might have a little more regard for one's feelings," said Nellie.

"Have you any regard for the feelings of others, Nellie?" asked Alice. "There is a good book in which a sublime teacher said, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' Now, how far do you carry out this rule?"

"Oh! Alice spare me for pity's sake—don't preach to me now," said Nellie, "I'm not in a mood for it."

But Alice May was relentless.

"You did not spare poor George Morton, whom you so cruelly deceived," she continued, "and then drove him from you with despair in his heart, and the burden of a hopeless life. The green sod of an Italian vale covers the heart of one who loved you but too wildly, and whose reward, after months of weary wandering, and a hopeless pining life, which soon sank beneath its weight of sorrow, in an exile's grave. Then there is another, a widow's only son who frets his life away in a madhouse; yes, a madhouse, Nellie, to which your cruelty condemned him. Oh! Nellie Raymond, better a thousand times despoil your face of its dangerous beauty than bear the load of sin it brings upon you for it is fearful!"

A slight quiver in the erect frame of the beautiful girl was the sole response.

"Poor Walter Mayfield!" continued Alice sadly; "sometimes I pass the window of the cell in which he is confined, and catch a glimpse of his haggard face and he always smiles like a pleased child when he sees me. Then I contrast him now with what he once was, and weep in spite of myself over the wreck of a strong noble life. He used to be pleasant and gay always, but strong and self-reliant when anything occurred to call forth energy or action. Oh! he was a noble, handsome man; but now he is a feeble helpless maniac. Poor fellow!"

Nellie's face wore an expression of mingled grief, defiance and mortification; but she remained silent for a few moments, watching the tears as they rolled slowly over Alice May's cheeks.

"And my own dear, only brother will be your next victim," said Alice, after a pause, looking up sadly and mournfully.

"Oh! Nellie, he is all I have—I am alone in the world with him only to love me! Spare him to me for the love of mercy!"

whose dark eyes flashed with triumph as the proud man bent his handsome, stately head with such devotion.

Alice's sweet lips quivered when she saw her brother bend down and whisper in Nellie's ear and heard the request that she would walk with him on the lawn; and the two wandered off.

The moon shone brightly, and Edward May, drawing Nellie Raymond's arm within his own, walked slowly down the broad gravel walk, his face upturned towards the stars and a smile of inexpressible happiness wreathing his sweet mouth.

"Nellie," said Edward, and he spoke very low and softly; "Nellie, I am very happy to night—perhaps happier than I had ever hoped to be, and I want some one to sympathize with me in it. Alice has another now to occupy her attention. May I tell it to you?"

"Yes," she whispered softly. "None can share your happiness and sympathize with you more freely than I. Tell me all."

For a moment he was silent, stretching out his hand to draw her down upon a seat beside him. After a while he spoke, half dreamily and very gently.

"I once believed," said he, "that I could never find a woman that I could love fully and truly—with such a love as I must cherish for the woman I would call my wife; but I have found her Nellie (why do you tremble so?) a sweet, pure faced little thing, fresh and fragrant as a budding rose, gentle as the summer breezes and glad as the lark whose song she trills the whole day long."

"Tell me that you rejoice in my happiness," Nellie told me that you will love my little wife that is to be sweet Lilly Walton."

Nellie's lips were rigid and ashen and she rose up quivering like an aspen.

"O! I am ill," she gasped. "Take me into the house."

Edward May rose hastily, and supported her with his arm, but she nearly repulsed him as he planted her firmly on the gravel. She had learned to love the man with all the hidden passion and fire of her strong nature; and he told her he had won another, and that other was only a poor but beautiful governess in a rich man's family. Oh! it was too much! He knew Nellie Raymond's weakness, and had punished her most fearfully, though he believed in his heart that she was incapable of deep feeling.

Alice went to Nellie in answer to her brothers summons; and, when every one was gone from the room, she held out her arms to Alice and stricken with an anguish ed moan—

"Oh! Alice, I gave him my whole heart and he loves another!"

Then she sank down pale and lifeless, and it was many weeks ere Nellie Raymond woke to life and consciousness. Then she was a changed, repentant woman; but it was hard to feel the soft touch of a little hand, and see the light form of Edward's wife bending so pityingly. Oh! the punishment of her evil deeds had come, and it was heavy and bitter.

Nellie Raymond is Nellie Raymond still, but she has grown into a calm, dignified but lovely woman.

She can sympathize with the suffering, because she has suffered, and strives, by tenderness and love to others, to atone for the misery she wrought while yet in the heyday of her pride and selfish love for admiration.

FASHION AND WOMEN.

The laws of fashion are inexorable as the laws of Moses. An exchange gives the following views of the matter:

TIM STOOPER.

I never undertook but once, said Tim to set at naught the authority of my wife.— You know her way—cool, quiet but determined as ever grew. Just after we were married, and all was nice and cosy she got me into the habit of doing the churning. She finished breakfast rather before me one morning and slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and set it down where I couldn't help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold readily enough and churned till the butter came. She didn't thank me but looked so nice and sweet about it that I felt well paid.

Well, when the next churning day came along she did the same thing, and I followed suit, and fetched the butter. Again and again it was done just so, and I was regularly set for it every time. Not a word said, you know of course. Well, by and by this began to be rather irksome; I wanted her just to ask me, but she never did, and I wouldn't say anything about it to save my life. So one went, At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time until she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up and standing for a few minutes just to give her a chance, I put on my hat and walked out of doors. I stopped in the yard to give her time to call me, but never a word said she, and so with a palpitating heart I moved on. I went down town, and my foot was as restless as Noah's dove, I felt as if I had done a wrong. I did not know but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting on me all the forenoon.

It seemed as if dinner time would never come, and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner hour came. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I could not make up my mind exactly how she would meet me, but some kind of storm I expected. Will you believe it—she even greeted me with a smile—never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there stood the churn where I left it.

Not a word was said; I felt confoundedly cut, and every mouthful of that dinner felt as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on just exactly if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over, I had again resolved, and showing back my chair, I marched to the churn and went at it, just in the old way. Splash, dip, rattle—I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter was never so long in coming, I suggested the cream standing so long had got warm and so I redoubled my efforts.

Obstinate matter, the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last from real exertion, when she spoke for the first time. "Come, Tom, my dear, you have rattled that butter-milk long enough—if it is for you you are going it." I knew how it was in a flash. She had brought the butter in the fore noon and had left the butter-milk in for me to exercise with. I never set up for myself in household matters after that.

A Poetical Marriage.

In the Elmira Democrat of this week we find the following marriage notice:

November 5th, 1864, "poetically," by Rev. A. T. Delamater, Will B. Durane, of Henrietta, Ohio, and Miss Hannah Breckinridge, of Rawsonville, Ohio. No cards.

What is a "poetical marriage?" It is sometimes said that there is more "truth than poetry" in certain matters; we hope that the converse of this is not intended in the marriage notice, and that no insinuation is intended against the truthfulness of the parties in taking the wedding vows. But perhaps the parson was a rhymist, and the happy pair were married in "short metro" after the following fashion:

MINISTER.

This woman wilt thou have,
And cherish her for life;
Wilt love and comfort her,
And seek no other wife?

HE.

This woman I will take,
That stands beside me now;
I'll find her board and clothes,
And have no other frow.

MINISTER.

And for your husband will
You take this nice young man;
Obey his lightest wish
And love him all you can?

SHE.

I'll love him all I can,
Obey him all I choose;
If when I ask for funds
He never does refuse.

THE CAVALRY HORSE.

The cavalry horse is quite as familiar with the long list of various trumpet signals, as the rider himself; he stops instantly when the signal for halting is sounded; passes from a trot, to a gallop, without requiring any reminder from spur or rein. If his rider fall in battle, or loose his stirrups, he stops a moment, and waits for him: if he remains lying on the ground, he stoops his head, sniffs at him, and when he ascertains there is no hope of his remounting, makes his way back to his troop, wedges himself in his place in the ranks, and shares afterwards in the movements of the rest. Music has an amazing influence over him. If an air be suddenly struck up, you will see the worn-out and mortally tired horse raise his sick head, prick up his ears, become animated and moved briskly forward to the front.

During a halt, or when quartered for the night, the cavalry division stretched on the ground, lies sleeping confusedly, a jumbled mass which it would be impossible to disentangle; man and horse side by side, the rider using his horse as a pillow, or rolling himself from the cold, the faithful creature seldom changing the position it has once taken. If it does so, it is with the greatest precaution; first it moves its head and legs, endeavoring gently to free itself; then it raises or turns itself very slowly and carefully, so as not to trample upon, or disturb those who surround it. If the halt takes place where the ground is wet or frozen, the rider will gladly force his horse to one side after it has lain down awhile, which by that time is warm, if not dry.

The most affectionate relationship exists between man and horse, as the result of their thus living together. The animal seems to understand everything connected with his rider; he knows his master's step, his peculiar ways; knows how to seek him out from among others; is a faithful, disinterested companion and friend to him, and has this advantage over many other good comrades—that he does not grow weary even of suffering for him.

A gentleman, taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered, "I hope it was not, Sir, because you went away without paying."

An Irish auctioneer, puffing up a pair of jet ear rings to a very respectable company of ladies, said that they were "just the sort of article he himself would purchase for his wife were she a widow."

Postmasters are obliged to receive all Treasury notes for stamps and postage, if clearly genuine, no matter how torn or defaced they may be, provided one twentieth part thereof be not missing—and fractional currency, if not one tenth part be missing. Such notes and currency received as are unfit for reissue should be kept separate and distinct and returned, as occasion requires, to the Treasurer of the United States, Washington, in sums of not less than \$3, to be exchanged for new.

YOUR FARE, MISS.—A young lady from the rural districts lately entered a city railroad car. Pretty soon the conductor approached her and said:

"Your fare, Miss."

She blushed and looked confused, but said nothing. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more:

"Your fare, Miss."

This time the pink on her cheeks deepened to carmine, as the rustic beauty replied:

"Well, if I am good looking, you hadn't ought-ter say it out loud afore folks."

The passenger s in the car roared with laughter, and her lover at once settled the fare.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.—A cunning politician is often found skulking under the clerical robe, with an outside all religion, and an inside all political rancor. Things spiritual and things temporal are strangely jumbled together, like poisons and antidotes on an apothecary's shelf; and instead of a devout sermon, the simple church-going people have often a political pamphlet thrust down their throats labelled with a pious text from scripture.

UNRAVELLING.—A man coming home late one night, a little more than "half seas over" feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a ball of silk that lay in the bottom of a tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and the little ball unrolling, he soon had several feet in his hands, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Wife wife! I say, wife, come down here! I am all unravelling."

The great trial of Opydyke, late Republican Mayor of New York, against Thurlow Weed for libel, was concluded last week—Weed virtually gaining the suit, though the jury were unable to agree, and were discharged, the majority being for acquittal and the minority willing to compromise on six cents damages.

SINGULAR FACTS.—The human eye always attempts to supply the complement of color. Thus, if the eye rests for any time on any one color, say green—which is composed of blue and yellow—on shutting the eyes a faint repetition of the object will be seen in red which is the third of the primary colors and complementary to the other two.

The laws of acoustics are hitherto but little known, but it would seem that a similar effect is produced, two notes of the major triad when struck calling forth a faint impression on the ear of other notes being supplied. It is a curious fact, and one which quite upholds this law, that on striking any chord on the piano-forte, all the strings of the same chord throughout the instrument which are in unison with the notes struck, are in vibration, while the other notes are not agitated. This can be ocularly demonstrated by placing on these strings little saddles of paper, which will be seen to vibrate violently, while when placed on other strings which are foreign to the chord they rest undisturbed.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?—An anecdote is told of Finney "the revivalist," and a canon, to the following effect:

He was "holding forth" in Rochester, and in walking along the canal one day came across a boatman who was swearing furiously. Marching up, he confronted him and abruptly asked—

"Sir, do you know where you are going?" The unsuspecting man innocently replied that he was going up the canal on the boat "Johnny Sands."

"No sir, you are not," continued Finney; "you are going to hell faster than a canal boat can convey you."

The boatman looked at him in astonishment for a minute, and then returned the question—

"Sir, do you know where you are going?" "I expect to go to heaven."

"No, sir, you are going into the canal?" And, suiting the action to the word, he took Finney into his arms and tossed him into the murky waters, where he would have drowned had not the boatman relented and fished him out.

If you would have your cattle come out well in the spring, see that they are well housed in the winter.

Blessed is the woman whose husband has a wooden leg, as she will have but one stocking so knit.

GOOD COUNSEL.—Owe nothing to your advancement save your own unassisted exertions if you would retain what you acquire.

A Washington special to the Times says:—"The removal of Butler developed surprisingly small amount of feeling."

One who is half man, half dog, will bow to the rich and bow-wow to the poor.

A Wise man will speak well of his neighbor, love his wife and take the North Branch Democrat, and pay for it in advance.

A Young spark, suffering from a too strong sensation of the more tender feeling, defines his complaint as an attack of lassitude.

A poet who was engaged in examining the various "water falls" that adorn the heads of the ladies has perpetrated the following:

"Such curls as those your sister wears,
How many maids have prayed for;
Now candidly are they her own?"
"Oh, yes, they're hers—and paid for!"