The Anrth Aranch Aemocrai

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

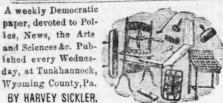
"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHT."-Thomas Jefferson.

TERMS: \$2.00 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1865.

A weekly Democratic paper, devoted to Polics, News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Pub-



Terms—1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$2.00. not pain within six months, \$2.50 will be charged NO paper will be DISCONTINUED, until all ar rearages are paid; unless at the option of publisher.

ADVERTISING.

10 lines or less, make one square	three	four				
1 Square	1,00	1,25	2,25			5,0
2 10.	2,00	2,50			4,50	
3 40.	3,00	375	4,75	5,50	7,00	9,0
& Column,	4.00	4.50		8,00		
1 do.	6.00	9.50			17,00	
i do.	8.00	7.0	14,00	18,00	25,00	35,0
i do.	10,00	12,00	17,00	22,00	28,00	40,0

EXECUTORS. ADMINISTRATORS and AUDI-TOR'S NOTICES, of the usual length, \$2,50 OBITUARIES, exceeding ten lines, each; RELI GIOUS and LITERARY NOTICES, not of genera interest, one half the regular rates.

Business Cards of one square, with paper, \$5. JOB WORK

of all kinds neatly executed, and at prices to suit All TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS and JOB-

WORK must be paid for, when ordered.

Business Notices.

R. R. LITTLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW CEO. S. TUTTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Tunkhonnock, Pa. Office in Stark's Brick lock, Ttoga street. WM. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Of fice in Stark's Brick Block, Tioga St., Tunk-

H S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

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

Would respectfully announce to the citizensof Wywill promptly attend to all calls in the line of is profession.

The Will be found at home on Saturdays of ach week

The Buehler Douse. HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already com-menced 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 respect-

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

THIS establishment has recently been refitted an 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:

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL, MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

AVING 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. CCRTRIHHT.

Means Dotel.

TOWANDA, PA. D. B. BARTLET

(Late of the BERAINARD 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,

M. GILMAN.





M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunk-hannock Berough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and urrounding country.
ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATIS-

Office. Dec. 11, 1861.

HARVY AND COLLINS. WASHINGTON, D, C. WAS HINGTON, D, Compute the prompt adustment of Bounty, arrears of pay, Pensions and other Claims, due sosdiers and other persons from tineGovernment of the United States. The undergwed has mode a mangements with the above firm house experience and close receiving to and dally. honse experience and close proximity to, and daily nereourse with the department; as well as the earreknowledge, acquired by them, of the decisions ayquently being made, enables them to prosecute taims more efficiently than Attorneys at a distance, impossibly do All persons entitled to claims of the says bearing out to the property of the says the entitled to the says t

Agt. for Harvy & Collins,

VOL. 4 NO. 28

THE FREAR FARM.

A gray horse and a yellow wheeled chaise stood under the poplars which shaded a brown farm-bouse. "Marg'ret !"

Mis. Frear's voice went ringing up the stairway to the east chamber. "Yes'm."

It was a cherry voice that replied, and a trim little figure came tripping down after

the voice. "Aunt Mary has come, and I want you to go and shell the peas for dinner while I visit with her."

"Yes'm," again, as the worthy Mrs. Frear took her basket of mending, walked briskly down the path, and climbed to a seat be-

hind her sister.

You see she was a cripple, this Aunt Mary and in her weekly visits never thought of alighting from the charse in which she came. Consequently that vehicle has stowed away in its old chinks more general information than ever crammed the cranium of any mortal carriage since the flood. It was, in fact, a perfect moving ecysclopedia of births, mar-

pective, for the little town of Heathe. In it they were seated, this June morning, two white-haired women; their backs were turned to the sun, while Dobbin cropped the lilac twigs, munching them after a selemn, reflective fashion, quite cognizant the while

riages, and deaths, past, present, and pros

of the movement of tongues behind him. Within doors a tidy kitchen, great squares of sunlight lying out on the unpainted floor, and Margaret humming a slow song to her self over the basket of peas.

"Guess who!" rang out a merry voice bchind her, and two brown hands drew her backward blindfold.

"Anson! But what will father say?" "Nothing to me, I imagine. I left him down in the two-acre lot with Parson Sykes. They'd just begun with original sin, and they've got to get through the decrees yet, to say nothing of the probable fate of the heathen world. They're safe enough for he next two hours," said the young man throwing his straw hat upon the floor.

A broad shouldered, straight limbed fellow was Anron Boise, and so tall that, as he stood there in the low kitchen, his curls just missed brushing the cross-beam over "But mother ?" again suggested the girl.

"Oh, I knew what would become of her when I saw Aunt Mary's Dobbin coming up They're having a rich time on there. I heard my name just as I leaped over the fence. So now, if you please, I'll all other minor considerations. sit down, though you hadu't asked me to, and shell peas as propitiation or penance, or whatever you choose to call it, for my transgression." He drew up a low chair, and sat down beside her.

"But, Anson," she still remonstrated, I'm afraid this isn't right,"

"Of course you are, and of course I know tisp't! But I know of something that's worse; and that is, for your father to insist upon separating us when he knows how fond we are of each other, and for no reasou under heaven than that I'm an orphan and poor, I say I'ts a burning shame, begging your pardon, Margaret." And the young man's face flushed indignantly, Margaret said nothing and he went on :

"However, it's the last time I shall trouble him, or cross your scruples again for the present.

"The last time?" Margaret pressed one of the pods with her thumb, and looked up inquiringly.

"Yes, the very lsst time! I'm going away -going to California." The flush had gone out of his face, and instead was a look of fierce determination.

"California!" The pod was opened, and a sound dozen peas rolled across the kitchen floor. California was a long way off to her, little girl, sitting in that Vermont farm

"But, Anson isn't it a dreadful wicked place? Ain't they heathens, and cannibals, and bad as the Hottentots' most ?"

"Don't know I'm sure, Maggie, I only know that there's gold, and that it's a great country out there. Oh, you ought to hear Jim Bartlette talk. You'd think 'twas mightly slow work getting a living off these rocks," he said.

"I know-but, Anson' seems to me 'two'd be better to stay in a Christian country," said she, hesitatingly.

"I declare, Margaret, you're well nigh as bad as Uncle John. He says I'd better steal a horse, and get sent down to Windsor to making scythe swaths." Anson laughed his old merry laugh. Margaret remembered it. It was years before she heard that laugh again.

. Then there was a pause. The cat dozed upon the settle, and the tea-kettle sang upon the hearth.

"And when will you ever come back, Anson? asked the girl.

"When I can bring something with which also beying on me and entrusting them to my care to make a home of my own," he said; and HARVEY SICKLER, then there was another silence.

The peas were shelled and Margaret was

top of the basket. Anson sat gazing at her very hard to be grateful always;" and Mar- at Mrs. Kittredge's had been taken, and furwith a hungry look in her eyes. That little garet's lip begins to tremble. figure in its brown dress, the small head all in with a look, How many nights in the years that came after did he see in the darkness that little figure parting the shadows come and go before him.

"Here's something I found for you," he said at length, lying in her hand a small gold | 'Twould take up her mind." cross. "You'll wear it sometimes, and remember me, I know."

She did not move. Only her fingers were

"I must go now." he said rising. Margaret stood leaning against the deal table. She raised her eyes now, and Anson stood looking down into them-those clear,

"Don't you think you can wait for me little girl?" he said. "It'll be a long while .-We shall be an old man and woman by that

wait for me until I come back ?" "I will wait for you forever!" The words were low and her lips were very white. "Bless you, child! But, please Heaven,

yon shan't have to wait as long as that ;"and he drew her close to him, "Good-bye, and God bless you Marga-

She felt his arm drawn tightly around her knew that his lips touched her cheek, and then she sank down upon the floor, her face buried in the cushions of the old chair.

"Why, Margaret, what air ve doin?". cried good old Mrs. Frear. "Here 'tis fire all out! What will your father say? Mrs. Frear had begun a vigorous attack

upon the cooking-stove, but stopped short as g'ret?" Margaret, rising wearily, stood before her with blanched, bewildered face. "Why what ails the child! Bless me, she ooks as ef she'd had a stroke!" A stroke,

indeed, but not exactly of the kind to which her mother referred. Margaret passed her hand across her eves heavily, as with an effort. 'It's nothing,'

she said. 'I must have been a little faint.

'All ? enough, I should think. You just come into my room and lie down on my bed, and I'll make you a bowl of sage tea. Mercy to me! I hope 'tisn't the black tongue, -Your Aunt Mary told me that was prevailin , Barnet. Jest let me look go' yer tongue ;' and the good woman bustled about, bringing lankets and brewing herbs in her solicitude for her child, quite chilvious of dinner and

And Margaret buried her eyes in the snowy piliows, while Anson, all his worldly effects packed in one valise, took his way on foot to the next stage-town. And the next week a tall man stood upon the ship's deck and watched the blue New England hills grow dim, and a little figure, in its brown dress, sat still in the Vermont farmhouse and worked on as before-only her cheek was a trifle whiter, and instead of her old song there was silence.

Ten years! Long to look forward-to long back, only the brief dream of a summer night. But time enough to create many new joys, to forget many old ones. Had Margaret Frear forgotten ? Why we will see

The same tidy kitchen; the same old chair, and seated therein a pale woman in mourning dress. She had sat down in the kitchen: she could not stay in the sittingroom to day. They had carried out from there yesterday a coffin-her mother's and in that place between the windows, where the table was standing now, it had stood She seemed to see the black pall there vet .

There was a knocking at the inner door, a dark gingham gown. It was Mrs. Kittredge. She lived next door, which next door was a good half mile away; but they were all called in Heathe near neighbors.

"I told my husband," she said, laying down her sun-bonnet-"I told him Marg'ret, that I'd just come over and sit down 'long with you spell. I know 't must be lonesome

"I am very glad to see you," said Marga+ ret; and she rose, shaking the cushions of her rocking chair, and setting it out for her

"No, no: you just keep your sittin.'-You're tired. 1'll fetch a chair for myself out of the keepin' room," And Mrs. Kittredge opened the door softly into that room. The old clock ticked in the corner, and

the two sat silent for a little. Mrs. Kittredge was knitting very fast. The tears would keep coming, and she was choking them down under that string of gold beads about her neck. She had come over purposely to you just walk along with me, and sit down 'cheer up" Margaret, and here she was crying herself. She had never heard, good wo-"Be not consistent, but simply true;" and so consistency and truth are having a sore battle of it. The former conquers, however, and she says :

"Well, Marg'ret, she was a good mother to you; and now't she's gone, you'd ought to old homestead should be sold. be grateful that she was spared so long."

sitting with her two hands folded upon the | "I know it, Mrs, Mrs, Kittredge, but it is been with Margaret a busy day. Her room

with its heavy coil of hair at the back, the but, as my husband says, "We'd ought to her own hands. And now in the gathering long-lashed downcast eyes -- he took them thank the Lord that it's as well with us as it dusk of the summer night, she closed the

> "I suppose you'll sell the place, most likely ?" said Mrs. Krittredge, presently, "It was well enough," she said to herself, "for

Sell the old place! Margaret had never why not? She could not manage the farm like ice as he touched them, and her face was herself. Besides, it was all she had -its value might be more available in some other form. So she replied, quietly enough:

"I don't know that there will be any other way."

"Yes; I was tellin' him"-(for good Mrs. brown eyes-and holding her two hands in Kittredge there seemed to be but one substantitive possible to this personal pronoun) - 'I was tellin' him this mornin' that there'd be enough that would be glad to buy the Frear Farm. It's under good cultivation, time perhaps," trying to smile. "Will you and the buildn's all in good repair. There's Squire Varrum now, he'd be glad to take the ten acre lot 'long side o' his mowin'; and for the rest on't, there's my brother Hall lookin' round for a farm for Zimri. He's layin' out to be married this fall, you know."

"Oh, I'm sure there would be no difficulty in disposing of it," for the sake of making just then for her to talk.

homestead. A little like taking the ground she hardly knew what would become of her twelve o'clock this blessed minute, and the have been nearly in the same place, for she away through the darkness. A bright light asked.

"And what are you intendit;' to do, Mar-

"Indeed I hardly had thought yet, Mrs. Kittredge. Perhaps I might take a room district school," she said.

"Now that sounds sensible; and as for a

Kittridge went on; their own. But that ain't your way."- get it now. And so she would trust God,-Kittredge gave Margaret's face a searching against hope. look. The face told no tales which she And then the shadows deepened, and the could read. There was only a little twitch- flames of sunset burned to ashes down the ing about the mouth; so the good woman west, and the figure of the lonely girl was lost shuffling a little in her chair, and knitting in the gloom of the porch. with a speed perfectly incredible, proceeded | She started suldenly. Something brushas she would have said, to "free her mind," ed against her foot. Only the cat; she had "Now, Marg'ret, I suppose you'll think forgotten her until that moment. like enough I,m meddlin' with what don't "Come pussy," she said, "You shall go concern me; but I must tell you't we al- too;" and taking the old creature in her ways wondered, my husband and I, that you arms she went down the walk, the creaking couldn't a seen yer way clear not to take up gate swung behind her, as she passed out in-

with Squire Varnum's offers." Margaret's white face reddened. Mrs

Kittridge noted it, and took courage. "He's a professor, and, so fur's I know a older'n you, but after a woman's twenty-five that don't signify. And mebbe his children. eight of'm, might be an objection with some felks. But you're good mpered .-You'd get along well enough. An' then. another thing, whoever goes there'll have enough to do with, for the Squire's sproperty, by his opponent. an, there ain't a mean streak about the man, 'Tain't too late to think on't row. The Squire, he said as much to him the other new figure upon the scene. day. Hadn't you better now, Marg'ret ?"

"Mrs. Kittredge !" Six consective stitches were let down upon Mrs. Kittredge's stocking that instant, so startled was she by the tone in which her name was spoken. Margarst was sitting followed by the entrance of a tall woman in forward in her chair, a bright red spot burned upon either cheek, and her eyes had a tittle flashing light in them.

> "Mrs. Kittridge, you must never speak to to me about this again-this, or anything like it." And she began counting her stitches in a quick, nervous way.

"Well, well, child, I wen't then I'm sure. I only wanted ye to do what's fer yer own good about it. You won't think hard o' me for speakin'out?" she ad led apologeti-

"Hard of you! Indeed I won't," replied Margaret; and then, comprehending sudden ly that she might have wounded her good old friend by her quick manner, the girl left her chair and crossed over her, and smoothing the woman's gray hair, said, "I should be an down. ingrate to lay up any thing against the best friend I have in the whole world."

" No, no, dear heart; then we won't say another word. But here, 'tis four, o'clock, and I must go. And, Marg'ret, supposing an' have a cup o' tea with my husband an' me. Mebbe 'twould do you good to talk ovman that she is, what some one has said: er matters with him. You know your mother was in the habit o' consultin' him about her affairs."

And the two walked out under a gray sky and over the short brown grass; and when Margaret came back it was settled that the

It was the night before the sale. It had

nished with articles from the old house, ma-"Bless your dear soul! I know it's hard; ny of which she had carried carefully with door, locking it behind her, and sat down upon the gray stone.

How quiet the night was! Only the croaking of frogs in the marshes, and the Margaret to begin to think of those things, shrill notes of the whip-poor-will, weird and far off, borne by the night wind across the lowl and. An odor of Mignonnette came up thought of such a thing before. And yet, from the little bower border at her feet,-That border-who would tend it now? And the odor mignonnette-how it carried her back to that morning, ten years before, when Anson went away! She remembered that a spray of it was in her dress that day. She had never smelled mignonnette since without living the parting over again.

· Ten years! And Margaret, sitting alone in the gloaming, half wondered she were the same girl that she was then. He looked at her hands folded on her knee. How thin they were! They used to be round and and plump, she remembered. But whatever else they had lost they had kept the firm pressure of Anson's Sood by. they had always seemed, they always would seem, a little better to her, remembring that.

Ten years! She had promised to wait for him for ever. It seemed likely now that she would. It was long to wait. Would he some reply. Her thoughts were too busy never come back to claim her promise ?-If he were alive. But what if he was dead? It was sudden this plan of selling the old | They all supposed he was. Perhaps he was. Every one she loved had died. Why not from beneath her feet, it seemed to her, and this one? And if he were dead was her promise binding? Something outside of herafterwards. Mrs. Kittridge's thoughts must self seemed to suggest this. She looked glanced from among the maples on the hill. It came from the bow-window of Squire Varnum's library. Margaret watched it a moment, thinking then of her own little room at Mrs. Kittredge's. It was a contrast certainly. somewhere and board myself, and teach the A word of hers would place her under the cheery lamplight of that library, with all those old books looking down, and Squire Varnum's room you're welcome to come to our house. genial face looking across at her. Should she "Thank you," said Margaret, and Mrs. speak that word. But between her and any such answer there came her own voice of old. "I can't help thinkin' Marg'ret, how most promising to "Wait forever." And she reany girl situated as you are would be think- membered to well Anson's "Please Heaven in' o' getting married, and having a home of you shall never have to wait to long," to for This was said in a deprecatory tone, and Mrs | Wait and hope still, though it should hoping

to the night.

"The Frear Farm to be sold to-day," the said. An auction was an event to the dwellers in this quiet land of farms. Early in the consistent man. Be sure he's a good deal afternoon the old vendue-master was upon the stand, shouting and gesticulating in a way which would have done justice to a more hotly contested sale. There were, in fact but two competitors for the farm, Squier Varnum and Deacon Hall. The latter had just risen twenty-five dollars above the price set

> "The Deacon's got it now," said a voice in the crowd, but just then there appeared a

On the street, in front of the house, just under the poplars, a wagon had stopped and a tall man, bronzed and brown-bearded stood erect in it, looking down upon the crowd

with a keen, steady eye. "Twenty-five hundred dollars !" shouted the auctioneer, "I'm offered twenty-five hundred dollars for Frear Farm ! Who bids again? Going, gentlemen! Too cheap by half. Going !"

Every ear awaited the final "Gone," when a voice sung out, deep and clear as a bell.

"Twenty-six hundred dollars !" The astonished farmers faced about to man, and scanned the new-comer.

"Twenty-six hundred and twenty-five !" vociferated Deacon Hall, beholding his supposed possession suddenly taking to itself

"Twenty seven hundred !" shouted the stranger, leaping from his wagon with a bound, add striding through the crowd. He reached the stand just as the hammer came

Gone for twenty-seven hundred to-What name, Sir ?" and the vendue-master turned to the stranger.

"My fellow townsman ought to do me the honor to remember that, Sir," he replied with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"By all the powers! I believe it's Ansor Boise !" exclaimed the old man, taking the stranger by the arm, and turning him towards the light. "The same, Sir;" and Anson extended his

hand cordially. "Well done, boy, and well grown too !-

Why, what a giant you are! Might a ben one o' the sons of Anak the Scriptur tells about," said Deacon Hall, looking up at him had determined upon the deed.

"And so you've come back to settle down among us. That's right, that's right;"and they pressed round to shake hands with

"Where's your wife, Anson?" asked

"Haven't found her yet," was the laughing

rejoinder. But he did find her,

Margaret, sitting alone in the dusk, heard step coming down the walk, "The auctioneer," she said. Well, she was ready for him. She had been schooling herself all day. She would be brave and not falter when he told her that the old homestead was gone. To whom ? she wondered; and then the light before her eyes was darkened, and then rang out again the merry challenge.

"Guess who comes now !" Poor Margaret, she had been ready for the auctioneer-ready for almost anything, she thought, but not for this. So she gave a little cry, and would have fallen to the floor. Then you know what happened; how Anson took her up in his strong arms and carried her to the air, and how Mrs. Kittredge ran for water and the "camfire bottle;" and the hosehold generally was thrown in a state of

"Poor little creetur "twas all so sudden !" said Mrs. Kittridge, soothingly, as she bathed Margaret's white face. "But she'! I come out in a minute."

And Anson held the light for m so; easily, as though it had been a child; and when Margaret came to herself again, there he was, looking down at her with the same old look in his eyes.

"I've waited for you," she said, and she smiled a little, bright, happy smile.

"She's had a hard time of it, poor thing !" said Mrs. Kittredge, stooping to take off her spectacles and wipe them. Anson turned his head aside. There was a mist before his eves just then.

And so it came to pass on Sunday evening that the minister walked over to Frear Farm, and there wrs a quiet little wedding in the old parlor. And now, while I am telling you this, I can just catch the gleam of their lamp through the litac bushes; and I know that within there is love, and peace

PETROLEUM MILLIONARRE.-A great many stories are told of persons who have suddenly become rich by dealing and speculating in oil, but the following will illustrate the way some of them spend their money.

A somewhat rustic heir of one of the fortunate of the oil regions, whose income is several thousand a day, concluded to see wonders of the East. So, putting a few necessaries into a travelling-bag he set off for Philadelphia. Stopping at the Girard and asking for a good room, the landlordsaid:

" You can have a room; but we shall be obliged to demand pay in advance." "Well sir, I think I can not only pay for

my room," replied Petroleum, but buy out your entire hotel. What's your price ?"-So saying he posted elsewhere, After driving and luxuriating to his heart's content in Philadelphia and making a present

had treated him well, he proceeded to New One of his first calls there was on Boll & Black.

of a fine span of horses to a livery man who

"Have you any diamond rings?" "Yes," said the clerk and showed him one of two hundred dollars value.

"Pretty," said Petroleum : "haven't you any finer ?" "Yes-here's one, at five hundred dolars."

The clerk looked amazed and suspicious, but brought another at two thousand dol-"Oh!" said Petroleum, "that's brilliant-

"That's better-that shines; but is it the

highest-priced one you have ?"

that suits me better, I like that. But ain't there any thing more stylish yet ?" The clerk dumbfounded, displayed the six thousand dollar diamond ring, the most valuable in the store, and his customer exhibitng great wonder and joy in surveying it,

asked: "Now han't you nothing higher, better ?" "No" said the clerk; that's the best in the country," never dreaming the fellow

could buy it. "Well," said Petroleum, "I'll take that," and forked over the six thousand dollars.

THE TREASURY HOMICIDE CASE,-Mary Harris the young woman from Chicago, who shot to death Andrew J. Burroughs, a clerk in the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, yesterday afternoon, in the Treasury Buildings, has been lodged in jail. It appears from the testimony that she stated to Mr McCullough, the Comptroller, that the diseased had violated his marriage engagement with her. He had done her no harm, but was engaged to her for many years, even from her childhood, and had continued a correspondence until within a month of his marriage. She said to the officer who conveyed her to jail, she asked no sympathy for herself. The only sorrow to be felt was for her aged parents. She charged that the decased had betrayed her, taken her from her home and friends, and had placed her in a house of ill-fame, in Chicago, and that therefore she