

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.]

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

TERMS \$2.00 PER ANNUO

NEW SERIES,

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FEMALE DIFFICULTIES.

All who have used Dr. HARVEY'S FEMALE PILLS recommend them to others. Nurses recommend them—Druggists and Dealers recommend them in preference to other medicines, because of their merits. No lady objects to take them for they are elegantly PREPARED BY AN EXPERIENCED CHEMIST.

They are perfectly harmless on the system, may be taken at any time with perfect safety; but during the early stages of Pregnancy they should not be taken, or a miscarriage may be the result. They never cause any sickness, pain or distress.

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1863.

Select Story,

BROTHER TOM'S WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"If you marry that girl brother Tom, I'll have nothing to do with her. I won't visit her, nor call her sister, nor speak to her!"

And Lizzie Dawson put on as outraged and indignant an air as it was possible for her to assume.

"What's the objection?" asked Tom in his cool way, fixing his large calm eyes upon the pretty face of his sister, as she sat uneasily swaying half around and back again on the piano stool.

"Objection?" The young lady's cherry lips curled. "Who is she? What is she?"

"A sweet-tempered true-hearted young woman, who will make me a good little wife. Are you not answered, sister mine?"

"A sewing-girl!" said Lizzie, contemptuously.

"What our mother was, as I have been told, before her marriage," answered brother Tom. "And, if my eyes have not deceived me, she has been a sewing woman since my recollection of her."

"That's another thing," said the sister. "Mother was superior to her class, and has risen above it."

"Suppose I answer your objections to Harriet, and say that she is superior to her class, and will rise above it? What then? My father made a good matrimonial venture, and I may do the same."

"But why, brother Tom," urged the sister, "don't you choose a wife from among those on your own level?"

"What do you mean by those on your own level? Let us understand each other."

"From among those who move in our own circle. From the educated, refined and accomplished."

"Such as the Misses Waltons, for instance."

"Yes, or the Misses Edens."

"Whose father supports them in idleness and expect the young men who marry them to do the same. Now Lizzie, the fact of the business is, like Mary Eden very well, and once came so near falling in love with her, that I was really frightened. I did not go near her pretty face again for six months after I felt the first movement of the tender passion."

"Dear Mary! O Tom! why not marry her? I could love her as my own sister."

"Don't afford it, pretty. I'm but a poor young man, and have only talents and industry, to help me forward in the world. My aunt can't do anything herself, and would expect me to put her in an establishment but little less costly than the one her father owns."

"Oh, but, Tom there'll be no necessity for going to housekeeping at first. And then, you know, her father is well off in the world, and he'll give her a house, and furnish it, no doubt, when she is married."

But Tom shook his head.

"Mary Eden's father may or may not be rich," he replied. "My own private opinion is, that he is living up to, if not a little beyond his income. And as to the house and furniture which Mary's husband is going to get, that is something very fine to feed fancy upon. The real bricks and mortar is another affair."

"Oh, but Mr. Eden's rich Tom."

"The rich men of to-day are our poor men of to-morrow, Lizzie. I wouldn't give the snap of a finger for a rich father-in-law as a dependence. I mean to trust in myself, an honest purpose and a clear conscience. And as for a wife, I want a woman with life, purpose, industry and independence in her, not a great bundle of silks, laces, bonnets and curl-papers, with a pretty little helpless do-nothing doll, hidden somewhere inside of the crinoline, circumvallation. And then, again, Lizzie, I am something of an independent young man, wonderfully given to the work of taking care of myself. I happen to be at the bottom of the ladder, and if I ever get to the top my own strength will carry me there. Now, a wife on my back, instead of one on the rounds of a ladder, keeping step with me upwards, would be a dead weight, and keep me at or near the foot forever. No, no, pretty, I cannot afford one of your finished boarding-school misses for a wife—the luxury is too expensive for me. So I am going to marry a girl who knows something of real life—a true, good, patient, enduring, self-denying, sweet darling little body, who is not ashamed to earn her living with the needle. And I can tell you what, Dolly, I only wish you were like Harriet Parker; there would be forty chances in favor of your marrying a man of sense to those you have now. Don't you know that a new society has been formed among young men, and that some of the very best 'catches' among them have signed a pledge not to marry any girl who is not willing to commence matrimonial life with two rooms and kitchen, and who doesn't know how to bake, cook and sew, and to wash and iron into the bargain? I am the President."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"You'll cry some other word when you

get on the old maids' list, and see your place filled in the home of some man that is a man by a woman who was not ashamed of useful employment when she was a girl. I can tell you what, my dainty little sister, there's a reform at work, and men worth having are beginning to choose between no marriage or marriage with girls of plainer notions and more useful accomplishments than are possessed by the butterflies who lounge on sofas all day knitting zephyr or reading novels. So make up your mind to a reform or old maidism. And now, as in all probability you understand that I am in earnest about marrying Harriet Parker, I hope you will reconsider your hasty resolutions about not speaking to your sister-in-law. The loss, let me tell you, will be all on your own side."

Brother Tom understood his own position entirely. He was not a man to stoop below himself in marrying. He could not unite himself with one who was ignorant and unrefined—against that his generously cultivated soul would have revolted. But he wanted a real, not an artificial woman—one who could take her place beside him, as he said on the lowest round of fortune's ladder, and keep step with him upward. Such a one he had found in Harriet Parker, and he was independent enough to make her his wife.

Lizzie soon discovered, after her brother Tom actually got married and commenced housekeeping in two rooms, with his modest cheerful, earnest-minded wife, that her new sister had about her something that insensibly won the love, commanded the respect and almost extorted the admiration of all who were so fortunate as to make her acquaintance.

"Marriage, they say makes or mars a man," the brother overheard Lizzie once saying, in an undertone to a lady friend. "But it will not mar the fortune of brother Tom, He's got just the wife to help him along in the world; and one that will grace any position to which they may rise."

"My own sentiments exactly, pretty," spoke out brother Tom. "She's a jewel, and worth a thousand of your paste and tinsel women. I told you so. But you couldn't believe me. Now, if you'll go and apprentice yourself to a dress-maker or a milliner, or learn to do any useful work—useful not simply ornamental, I will recommend you to the new president of the society I told you about. I had to resign when I got married. He's a splendid specimen, and will make a husband worthy of a queen."

THE OLD WAY SIDE INN.

Sir, excuse me, but I wish to put you on your guard. I believe we have fallen into a den of thieves and murderers."

I had been slumbering uneasily for nearly an hour, and had just become thoroughly awakened when Mr. Leslie entered my room cautiously, and addressed me in this singular manner.

I had that day chanced to fall in with an elderly gentleman, (Mr. Leslie by name,) and his daughter Gertrude, an interesting young lady of nearly eighteen, and as our routes lay in the same direction, we were naturally agreed to accompany each other.

We had stopped at the roadside inn. Our accommodation was much more ample than I had supposed possible from the external appearance of the dwelling, and much to our satisfaction we were furnished with separate rooms, though all in the low chamber at the top of the house.

The apartment allotted to myself was a small one, furnished with a handsome bed, with heavy green curtains, a light stand, and a couple of chairs. Everything was in perfect keeping and good order, but the bed was placed against the door, greatly to my astonishment.

"What have you discovered?" I asked hastily.

He gave me a soiled piece of paper on which were rudely inscribed these words:

"Jim saw three travelers coming over the old road an hour ago. Probably they will be at your house pretty soon after dark, and you must manage to keep them to night. Don't try to settle them until I come, which will be about midnight."

TOM SEYTON."

We engaged in a short conversation as to the course we had better pursue, and then without arriving at any conclusion, I left the father and daughter alone for a few moments while I cautiously descended the stairs. Having gained the hall below, I stole through a long narrow passage I had not before observed, and at last came to the door of an apartment, in which I knew the family of our host, together with our would-be-murderers, were assembled.

"Well, Tom, how do you propose to settle our guests above?"

This was the voice of our host addressing the new comer.

"How have you disposed of them?"

"Why, I gave the old man and the girl the two rooms on the left, and the young fellow took the one at the right."

"The room you made so convenient last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, if that is the case, I don't think we shall find hard work at all. The very instant we hear the report of my pistol, you and

Jim must be at hand to enter the old man's room and take care of him."

"But when will this come off?"

"At twelve, they will be sleeping most soundly then."

It wanted just thirty minutes of the hour appointed, and I hastened to retrace my steps up stairs.

I visited my room first, where I found that the convenient fixture I had heard spoken of below was merely a small square hole in the wall, just opposite the pillow, sufficiently large enough to insert the barrel of any moderate sized pistol—a very easy way to relieve a man of his life.

Having made this discovery, I sought Mr. Leslie and his daughter.

"I was about to propose, I said, that each one of us should keep his own apartment. If we meet them together while Seyton has his pistol at hand, one of us will be sure to get killed. On the contrary, should I manufacture a good counterfeit, as I now propose, to occupy my place for the time being in that rather dangerous bed, and in this manner was Seyton's shot and throw him off his guard, I am very sure I could gain the mastery in a hand to hand struggle in a very few minutes, and then come to your assistance. Does my proposition suit you?"

"Perfectly, and lucky for your scheme, I wear a wig, which may be of considerable benefit to you in making the counterfeit of which you have spoken. Take it, it is entirely at your disposal."

It took but a very few moments to fill the wig sufficiently with bed clothes, and arrange it in a favorable position on the pillow, in front of the little opening. Having done this I glanced at my watch in the moonbeams.— It wanted five minutes of twelve?

The silence was growing oppressive, when at last I saw the curtain move aside a little. There was a loud report, and I had resolution enough to bend forward and utter a low despairing moan, as the report died away. In an instant the door was opened, and the man called Seyton came running in, with his pistol still in his hand. Without the faintest suspicion he approached the bed, but meanwhile I had grasped a long heavy bar of hard wood, which I presume, by the merest chance happened to be standing against the wall, near by, and when he had arrived within a convenient distance, I sprung out upon him, and with a single well directed blow I laid him sprawling, and I judged insensible, on the floor.

All this had occupied but a moment, and it was scarcely completed when I heard the report of another pistol in the direction of the apartment occupied by Mr. Leslie. With out stopping to assure myself further of the result of the rather severe knock I had given the fallen man, I hastened forward to the assistance of my companion. He was engaged in a hand to hand struggle with Jim while our host was lying upon the floor, badly if not dangerously wounded.

Jim was making desperate efforts to draw a knife from his belt, while Mr. Leslie was using his utmost endeavors to prevent it. He was brave and resolute, but I could see his strength was falling rapidly. I did not hesitate to put an immediate stop to the contest by again calling my club into requisition.

Having firmly secured our host and the fellow Jim with cords, and left Mr. Leslie in charge of his daughter, I returned to the room where I had left Seyton.

He was just recovering from the effects of the blow I had given him, which, as I had supposed, rendered him insensible for a time and I was just in season to bind him before he had recovered sufficiently to trouble us still further.

Now all that remained for me to do to render our situation quite secure was, to take from our host's power the power to harm us in any way, and I at once started below for that purpose.

I afterward learned that Mr. Leslie had made his daughter promise, after my departure, to remain quietly in her own apartment until she could safely venture forth, and stationed himself near the door, with the only pistol he ever carried in his hand. By some mistake our host and Jim did not attack him as soon as the pistol was fired at my counterfeit by Seyton, as was at first intended, but waited a moment. When they did present themselves he had fired at the one in advance who happened to be the host, and immediately grappled with the other.

We remained at the old inn the remainder of the night, and gave information to the authorities in the morning.

Next Democrat State Convention

The State Central Committee, at their late meeting in Harrisburg, settled upon Wednesday, the 21st day of June next, as the day for holding the Democratic State Convention, and the Hall of the House of Representatives in Harrisburg as the place. The meeting of the Committee, we learn, was a full one, and the proceedings harmonious.—Candidates for Auditor General and Surveyor General are to be elected next October.

"I shall be at home next Sunday," a lady remarked, as she followed to the door her beau, who seemed to be wavering in his attachment. "So shall I," was the reply.

"She isn't all that fancy painted her," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover, "and worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself."

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SIAMESE TWINS.

The Siamese Twins have been lost from public view for the last few years. It was well known of them that they had married two sisters, and settled down near Salisbury in North Carolina, on a well stocked plantation. In addition to this they have ample funds invested through their agent in New York. Through a North Carolina medical gentleman now within our lines, we had the other day an opportunity of minute and full particulars in regard to them. Ever since the war begun, they have continued to reside on their plantation, and lived in the same quiet and harmony as ever until within two years. Of course no one ever thought of drafting them, and their negroes prosper