

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

TERMS \$2.00 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1865.

VOL. 4 NO. 38

Weekly Democrat
paper, devoted to Pol-
itics, News, the Arts,
and Sciences &c. Pub-
lished every Wednes-
day, at Tunkhannock,
Wyoming County, Pa.
BY HARVEY SICKLER.

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

ADVERTISING.

10 lines or less, make one square	three weeks	four weeks	two months	three months	six months	one year
1 Square	1.00	1.25	2.25	2.50	3.00	5.00
2 do.	2.00	2.50	3.25	3.50	4.50	6.00
3 do.	3.00	3.75	4.75	5.00	7.00	9.00
4 do.	4.00	4.50	5.50	6.00	10.00	15.00
5 do.	5.00	5.50	6.50	7.00	12.00	17.00
6 do.	6.00	6.50	7.50	8.00	15.00	20.00
7 do.	7.00	7.50	8.50	9.00	18.00	25.00
8 do.	8.00	8.50	9.50	10.00	22.00	30.00
9 do.	9.00	9.50	10.50	11.00	25.00	40.00

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 general
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
the times.
ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS and JOB-
WORK must be paid for, when ordered.

Business Notices.

WM. M. PLATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OF
fice in Stark's Brick Block Toga St., Tunk-
hannock, Pa.

GEO. S. TUTTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Tunkhannock, Pa. Office in Stark's Brick
Block, Toga street.

H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Newton Centre, Luzerne County Pa.

R. LITTLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office on Toga street, Tunkhannock Pa.

DR. J. C. BECKER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wy-
oming, that he has located at Tunkhannock where
he will promptly attend to all calls in the line of
his profession.
He will be found at home on Saturdays of
each week.

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

THIS establishment has recently been refitted an-
d 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.

The Buehler House,
HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the
"BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already com-
pleted such alterations and improvements as will
render this old and popular House equal, if not super-
ior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.
A continuance of the public patronage is respect-
fully solicited.
GEO. J. DOLTON.

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

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.

Means Hotel,
TOWANDA, PA.
D. B. BARTLET,
Proprietor.

The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST
and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—It
is situated in the most modern and improved style,
and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and
agreeable stopping-place for all,
T. B. WALL, Jr., Proprietor.
Jan. 3rd, 1863

M. GILMAN,
DENTIST.

M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunk-
hannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his
professional services to the citizens of this place and
the surrounding country.
ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATIS-
FACTION.
Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post
Office.
Dec. 11, 1864.

NATIONAL CLAIM AGENCY
INDUCTED BY
HARVEY AND COLLINS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

In order to facilitate the prompt ad-
justment of Bounties, arrears of pay, Pensions and
other Claims, due soldiers and other persons from
the Government of the United States. The under-
signed has made arrangements with the above firm
to receive applications and close proximity to, and daily
communication with the department; as well as the ex-
perience and knowledge acquired by them, of the decisions
of the War Department, enables them to prosecute
claims more efficiently than Attorneys at a distance.
Solely for the purpose of procuring Bounties, Pensions,
&c. for the benefit of the soldiers and their families.
The undersigned can have them properly attended
to, and can be entrusted with their care.
HARVEY SICKLER,
Agent for Harvey & Collins,
Tunkhannock, Pa.

MANHOOD.

Third Edition, Fifty Thousand, 96 page
cloth covers,

By ROBT. E. BELL, M. D.,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London,
addressed to youth, Pa. and those

CONTEMPLATING MARRIAGE.

Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of TEN CENTS
A careful perusal of this small book has been a
BOON TO THE AFFLICTED!!

and has saved thousands from a life of misery and
AN UNTIMELY GRAVE.

It treats on the evils of Youthful Indiscretion, Self-
Abuse, Seminal Weakness, Emissions, Sexual Dis-
eases, General Debility, Loss of Power, Nervousness,
Premature Decay, Impotence, &c. &c., which unfit
the sufferer from fulfilling the

OBLIGATIONS OF MARRIAGE,
and illustrates the means of cure by the use of

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

BELL'S SPECIFIC PILLS
and other treatment necessary in some cases, and

Never fails to Cure and can be Relied on.
They do not nauseate the stomach, or render the
breath offensive, and they can be

USED WITHOUT DETECTION.
They do not interfere with business pursuits, and
are speedy in action.

NO CHANGE OF DIET IS NECESSARY.
They are Warranted in all Cases,
to be effectual in removing and curing the disease.

Upwards of two thousand cases are on record that
HAVE BEEN CURED
by using BELL'S SPECIFIC PILLS, and certifi-
cates can be shown from many that have used them

No Case of Fa lure ever Occurs.
Upwards of a Hundred Physicians use them exten-
sively in their private practice, and they can-
not effect cures without them.

BELL'S SPECIFIC PILLS.
Are the original and only genuine Specific Pill—
There are a host of imitations—BEWARE OF THEM.

THESE ARE WARRANTED.
They are adapted for male or female, old or young,
and are the only reliable remedy known for the
cure of all diseases arising from

YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION.
In all Sexual Diseases, as Gonorrhoea, Stricture,
Gleet, and in all Urinary and Kidney complaints,
THEY ACT LIKE A CHARM.

Relief is experienced by taking a single box; and
from four to six boxes generally effect a cure—
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY, in boxes
containing six pills, price \$1 or six boxes \$5; also
in large boxes, containing four of the small, price \$3

If you need the Book or the Pills, cut out this
advertisement for reference, and if you cannot pro-
cure them of your druggist, do not be imposed on
by any other remedy, but enclose the money in a
letter to the proprietor.

DR. J. BRYAN, BOX 5079,
76 CEDAR STREET, N. Y.

who will take all risk if properly directed, and will
send the Pills, secured from observation, by return
mail, post paid.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.
DEMAS BARNES & CO., NEW YORK,
Wholesale Agents.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.

The Private Medical Adviser.
An invaluable treatise of 64 pages, by
DR. JOHN HARVEY,

published for the benefit of the sex.
On receipt of TEN CENTS, it will be sent
post paid, in a sealed envelope to all who apply
for it.

It gives a concise description of all the diseases
peculiar to females, together with means of cure,
and treats of Conception, Pregnancy, Miscarriage,
Sterility, Sexual Abuse, Protrusion Uteri, Fe-
male Weakness, Consumption, &c. and much
other valuable information not published in any
other work.

Every lady should procure a copy without delay.
Three Editions, 50,000 each,
have already been published & distributed this year

HARVEY'S CHRONO THERMAL FEMALE PILLS

the most infallible and popular remedy ever known
for all disease of the female sex. They have been
used in my thousand cases with unflinching suc-
cess—and may be relied on in every case for which they
are recommended, and particularly in all cases arising
from

OBSTRUCTION, OR STOPPAGE OF NATURE,
no matter from what cause it arises. They are ef-
fectual in restoring to health all who are suffering
from Weakness and Debility, Uterine Discharges,
Nervousness, &c., &c., and they

ACT LIKE A CHARM!
in strengthening and restoring the system. Thou-
sands of ladies who have suffered for years and tried
various other remedies in vain, owe a renewal of
their health and strength wholly to the efficacy of
DR. HARVEY'S FEMALE PILLS.

They are not a new discovery but a long tried rem-
edy—the celebrated

DR. JOHN HARVEY,
one of the most eminent physicians, prescribed them
for many years in his private practice, and no phy-
sician was more truly popular or widely known than
him in the treatment of

FEMALE DIFFICULTIES.
All who have used DR. HARVEY'S FEMALE PILLS
recommend them to others. Nurses recommend
them to other nurses 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 dur-
ing 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.
Each box contains sixty pills and full directions
for use.

Price One Dollar.
Cut this notice out if you desire Dr. Har-
vey's Pills or Book, and if you cannot procure
them of your druggist, do not take any other, for
some dealers who are unprincipled will recommend
other Female Pills, they can make a larger profit
on—but enclose the money and send direct to

DR. J. BRYAN, General Agent,
Box 5079, 76 Cedar Street, N. Y.

Who will take all risk if properly directed; and
you will receive them post paid, securely sealed
from observation, by return mail.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.
DEMAS BARNES & CO., NEW YORK,
Wholesale Agents.

Poet's Corner.

From the *Luzerna Union.*
IN THE TWILIGHT;

BY STELLA, OF LACAWANNA.

My friend lay dead in the Summer gleaming,
I walked and wept in the darkened room,
And knew full well that the garden roses
Would never again unfold their bloom;

Or the warm-eyed sun, with embrowned fingers,
Dash pale gold o'er a world gloom.

Slowly I bent in that mournful twilight,
Over the form so dear to me—
Till my heart went out in its wild sufferings,
And let me a pitiful thing to see—

With a broken life and a ceaseless longing,
With my own brave, beautiful dead to be.

That was all in a long gone twilight,
And oft, since then, has the tremulous bloom
Of Summers, more than my heart remembers,
Tossed white leaves in that very room,

Till scarce remembered the old heart-ache,
And death, and that desolate night of gloom,

So I am thinking and thinking ever,
If, when he hid me from loving sight,
With warm caresses the sun will linger,
And clambering rose a blossom white?

And all felt things in the world above me
Still drift in the golden light?

And sadness falls with the dews of twilight,
And over my spirit holds its reign—
Till the life within me forever troubleth
With vague unrest and a dull pain.

For I know but a moment the crowd will miss me,
And then go jostling its way again.

Select Story.

PROFESSOR HALLSTEAD'S
GIRL.

A contrary and crotchety old farmer as
Joel Shellenbarger, a rich old chap, as
mush as the donkey in his barn. He had
made his way in the world by the doggedest

obstinacy, seizing hold of whatever came in
his way, and retaining that hold as though
life depended it. Joel's mulishness had lit-
erally been the making of him, though you
might not have considered the little post bel-
lied, thick skulled old man as much of a
make after all.

Joel had one son—a handsome, clear-
headed, active young—tall, straight, as a
young larch, and as set in his way, when he
chose to have one, as old Joel himself.—
This son, as he grew up had proved a great
assistance to his father in working the farm
and his services had been made most of, the
old man managing to keep him home with
him sometime after he ought to have been
doing for himself.

Not an acre of his father's possessions were
ever called the son's; he owned nothing in
the world save a horse, which some sickly
neighbor had given him when it was a sickly
colt, and some sheep obtained in much the
same manner; and the old man grudging
him the keeping of those.

Joel Shellenbarger and his Anson differed
often, but there were two points in which the
difference amounted to something serious.

The first point concerned education, for
which the old man had the most profound
contempt, and the son had not. There was
a college some dozen miles from the Shel-
lenbarger farm, and thither, having thor-
oughly prepared himself, in spite of fatherly
thwarting and opposition, Anson betook
himself, in spite of the same continued oppo-
sition, and by one contrivance and another,
and helped out by his mother's small mark-
eting, kept himself there until he graduated.

Joel Shellenbarger contended the ground
inch by inch, but was afraid, in his selfish-
ness, to do anything more than he obstinate-
ly held his son should leave him. That was
the first point of difference, and that was how
Anson settled it. The second was not likely
to be of so easy an arrangement.

At college Anson had found something
beside graduating honors. He had chanced
upon a very charming combination of curls
and azure eyes—a red lippled dimple-checked
fair, daughter of one of the professors, who
instead of curling her dainty lip at the home-
spun suit which his poverty and his father's
niggardness compelled him to wear, never
seemed to be conscious of anything or any-
body else when he was by.

In short, Anson had found some one to
love—somebody that he wanted to marry—
as he gravely informed his father.

You should have seen the old man's eyes
—it was a mercy that they were fast in their
sockets. Here was gratitude! That Anson
having already defrauded his old father of so
much of his time, was going now to set the
seal upon his absurdity and disobedience by
marrying a "town girl!" Bad enough to
marry any, seeing his father wasn't through
with him yet—but a town girl! He should
never consent, and every Shellenbarger acre
should go to strangers before Anson should
have one, if he persisted in an idea, so ridicu-
lous!

"And pray what harm is there in being a
town girl?" questioned Barbie Halstead
when Anson told her, half-laughing, half-
waxed, and altogether rueful—for, without
assistance from his father, he could not mar-

ry Barbie for a long time yet.
Anson laughed again, but with some em-
barrassment, saying:

"My father is afraid that a daughter of
Professor Halstead would would not make
a very good farmer's wife."

"Does he think—?" Barbie hesitated,
looking with smiling perplexity at her little
white hands, "that these pretty hands don't
know much about brewing and baking,"
etc.?"

"Exactly; I believe he thinks that."

"Then he thinks wrong," said Barbie, red-
dening, and looking up at her lover with a
comical little pout. "Did I not hear you
say you needed a servant at home! I've a
mind to go down and offer for the place?"

Anson laughed again enjoyingly.

"We need one badly enough, but my fa-
ther will not suffer one inside of the house."

"Why, how do you live then? Who
cooks for you, now that your mother is un-
well?"

"We do our own cooking," Anson said
with a return of the half-smiling, half-em-
barrassed expression. "We cook for our-
selves or do without."

The very day succeeding the one that wit-
nessed this conversation, Anson was at home
buying himself over some culinary opera-
tions, when the outside door, which stood
ajar, was noiselessly pushed wide open, and
a singularly attired form presented itself on
the threshold. It wore a red and green
plaid dress, the checks very large, a yellow
shawl, and a very frowzy and tumbled white
bonnet. A red feather, nearly as long as
Anson's arm, streamed from one side, and
a very frowzy and tumbled white bonnet—
A red feather, nearly as long as Anson's arm,
streamed from one side, and within the britch
flopped the immense frill of a cap which
clung close around the face of the stranger.—
The face—what could be seen of it, was a
very curious one to be inside of such a bon-
net and cap. Just now, as she surveyed the
kitchen and Anson—herself still unseen—
the muscles about her mouth twitched ner-
vously, and her eyes twinkled with roguish
brightness.

Presently Anson looked that way.

Instantly the face took a lugubrious length
and, coming into the room, the girl said, in-
sistently, but without looking at him:

"An' ye would ather him! a servant the
day?" and stood fidgetting with the fringe
of her shawl.

"I believe not," said Anson, coloring, with
some annoyance, perhaps at the nature of
his employment.

"Shure, sir, an' the lady that sint me—
Lord bless her swate eyes?—said ye'd be
shure to take me on her recommendation,
which I has in my pocket—and here 'tis
now."

She gave him a little note, which proved to
be from Barbie Halstead. Anson read it
with very-like carefulness, but shook his
head.

"I am very sorry, my good girl, but we do
not wish to hire a servant."

"Be like your father may'n't object when
he sees me," the girl persisted.

Anson looked at the soiled white bonnet
and the red feather, and repressed a smile,
wondering what his father would say. But
he was of too kindly a nature to be willing
to expose even this servant to his father's
rough manner. He repeated what he had
said before, assuring her that it would be of
no use to see his father.

The girl stood a moment. "If ye please,
sur, I'll just see him a moment. Belike he
may take a likin' to the look of me."

And before he could reply she had crossed
the room, and stood upon the threshold of
the next. Anson followed presently, curious
to see what sort of a reception she would
get.

"Shure an' I'll do plenty more than I'm
worth to ye," she was saying with inno-
cent emphasis, as Anson entered.

She talked rapidly, pouring out such a
torrent of words that the old man could not
by any possibility slip one in among them,
and sat regarding her with an expression of
the most ludicrous astonishment.

This remarkable volubility completely
baffled the old man's slowness. He could
not say a word if he wished to, and when
she concluded at last by saying,

"I can make flap jacks and corn bread that
'ud bring the very out iv yer head and make
ye swally yer tongue with delightomeness,
(if he had a weakness it was for flap jacks
and corn bread. He could only twirl his
thumbs in a sort of delicious awe, and ask
her with a cunning smile how much she ex-
pected to get for doing all these things.

"Seventy five cents a week," was the
prompt reply.

With a still more cunning laugh Joel of-
fered her half the money.

Greatly to his amazement she agreed at
once, and he found himself, to use his own
expression, "in for it."

To and to his chagrin, Anson stood by
laughing with intense enjoyment. But the
girl, without further ado, proceeded to dis-
cumber herself of bonnet and shawl, and van-
ished in the direction of the rickety old kitch-
en before anything could be said. As she
shut the door she stole a glance at Anson
that made him start and bite his lips, and
presently he stole slyly toward also,

She was already at work, handling the
broom like an adept, and grumbling in her
rich Irish brogue at the dust hat had accumu-
lated in the corners; for the extent of An-
son's and his father's sweepings had been to
brush the centre of the room, somewhat to
the disadvantage of the rest.

She did not look up as Anson entered; but
he sat down and deliberately but furtively
watched her. For some time she seemed un-
conscious of his scrutiny; but presently she
turned, and crossing both little hands upon
the top of the broom handle, said, with a
mixture of bravado and archness too natural
to be mistaken:

"Well, Anson, what do you think?"

The young man laughed and looked annoy-
ed in the same breath.

"Then it is you, Barbie?" he said. "I was
suspecting something of the sort."

"Not till I looked at you," said the girl
roguishly, retreating as he approached.

"Do you think this is quite the thing? Bar-
bie?"

"Shure, an' why an't it the thing for a
poor girl to be gettin' her livin' decently and
honestly?"

And that was all he could get out of her.
Having acknowledged her identity with
Barbie for an instant, she was the most un-
approachable "Biddy" the next, and would
have nothing to say to him save in that char-
acter.

"Does your father know of this, Barbie?"

"What would he say?" persevered Anson,
anxiously.

"Shure, an' it's not me own fader would be
interferin' wid me, would he?" said Biddy.

"In vain were all remonstrances with the
roguish and wilful girl. She persisted in be-
ing Biddy, even to him, and maintained a
distance between them very different from that
between him and Barbie in her own proper
self. Annoyed, provoked, chagrined, almost
angry, the advent of his father forced him
to retire from the kitchen, for fear of betraying
Barbie, which he would not have done for a
great deal.

It was several hours before he could return
to the house, his father having joined him,
and upon one pretext and another detained
him. When at last they entered together,
kitchen and sitting room, both of which had
been in a most untidy state when they left
there, had under gone such a remarkably
renovating process that old Joel drew back
at first, thinking he had set foot in somebody
else's house instead of his own. Supper was
smoking on the table—such a supper as old
Joel, at least had not been seen for months.

To crown all Mrs. Shellenbarger was sitting,
propped with pillows, in a great easy chair,
and looking wondrously contented, and with
reason—the poor lady had not a woman's
hand about her before, since her illness.

They lived in such an isolated, inhospitable
manner, that very few of their neighbors even
knew that Mrs. Shellenbarger was not as well
as usual. Biddy as she called herself, had
tidied the poor lady up in a wonderful man-
ner.

Joel Shellenbarger sat down to the daintily
spread table, and made a most hearty and
keenly relished meal, glancing askance at
Biddy meanwhile. Anson, strange to say,
ate very little, and he watched Biddy askance
too.

This was only the beginning of the reform
this daring girl instituted. First, however, as
much for her own peace of mind as Anson's—
knowing that mother and son were fast
friends and always of one opinion—she told
her secret to Mrs. Shellenbarger, and fairly
wheedled her into approval. It is true that
she shook her head at first, and looked
wondrously shocked. But it was so charming
to have those little soft hands fluttering
about her, and see such brightness and com-
fort spring up around, that she could not, for
her own sake, help countenancing as much as
she could, Biddy's mysterious presence.

I haven't time to give you all the particulars,
but having made a good beginning with a true
Irish facility, Biddy established herself in a
very short time completely in the good graces
of the old man. He had a lurking liking for
neatness and order, and Mrs. Shellenbarger
wasn't a very tidy housekeeper. Under the
new reign, order grew out of chaos; the
house seemed in holiday garb all the time,
and an atmosphere of social cheerfulness per-
vaded everything.

One morning—Biddy had said something
about leaving the day before—the old man
ended a grumbling complaint of Anson with
"I never seen any good come of education
yet. If it hadn't been for that college busi-
ness you might have taken a liking to a
sensible girl and she to you." He glanced at
Biddy as he spoke. She turned scarlet, and
came near dropping the dish she was holding.
It was not the first time Anson had heard
such insinuations, and he rather enjoyed Bid-
dy's trepidation.

"See here, father," he said roguishly, just
you pick me out a wife, and see what will
come of it."

"The only girl worth having, wouldn't you