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 24, 1865. VOL. 4 NO. 41

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BY HARV EY SICKLER.

Terms—1 copy 1 year, (in advance) $2.00. not pain within six months, $2.50 will be charged

NO paper will be DISCONTINUFD, until all a

ly be published by the American sher. at Hartford, Conn. The work embra rience of Mr. Albert D. Richardson, a of the N. Y. Tribune, who, with othe correspondent attemped the dangerou running the Vicksburg batteries, during operations in that vicinity. and who months close confinement made his es caled 400 miles through the country of Judging from the advance sheets whi hastily glanced over, the wo.k will, he o ing interest. Certainly the narrative is able one, and we doubt not will meet sale.

Agents wanted in every city, county ship in the U. S, to canvass, and reciv tions for the work—to whom liberal will be offered,

For particulars address

American Publish. Hartfo

Died.

KELLY—In this Borough, on the 13th i brief illness, PATTY KELLY, wife of Jo aged 77 years.

"Aunt Patty"—she was known only dearing name—was, for nearly a quarter ry, a professed follower of the Saviour, human reason furnished a guide, she had lived, a sincere and devoted chr her many christian graces and virtues around her an influence that will exist after all that was mortal shall have its parent dust. With her, to *know* the *do* it. No temptation, no persuasion, ments could draw her feet from the path which she pursued hopefully and prayerf end. To her aged consort, now past years, her death is a sad affliction. She for so many of these years, shared, in a and joys, has passed away; with her strongest tie that bound him to earth ha ered. But to him, and other sorrowin left the blessed consolation of a happy Heaven. As her world-wearied spirit take its flight to the realms of the blest, as if loth to leave untold the glad tidings demption from sin and death, in faint with a smile, her quivering lips swoo "Happy! Happy!! Happy!!!"

O Death! where is thy sting? O Gr is thy victory?

OSTERHOUT—Suddenly on the 18th ins only son of Hon P. M. Osterhout age 1 month.

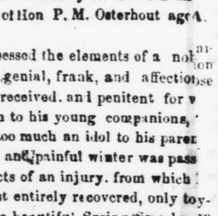
George possessed the elements of a no ter, generous, genial, frank, and affectio ful for favors received. and penitent for en teared him to his young companions, him perhaps too much an idol to his parer ters. A long and painful winter was pass from the effects of an injury. from which to have almost entirely recovered, only toyed away in the beautiful Spring-time by the jury, which was deemed only a slight one. Lamb is folded safely in the arms of the li herd to stray no more for ever,

His unusual attention to the exercises of day School. according to the testimony of er, his desire to have the Bible read to short illness, and his reply to the questio better after a severe spasm. "Yes. I aske make me better and he did; lead us to b realized his dan er and knew where to look Loving, sorrowing ones. a tender Father laid upon you and he does nothing *wrong*

DR. TALBOTT'S PILL
(*ANTI-DYSPEPTIC,*)
Composed of highly Concentrated from
ROOTS AND HERBS
Of the greatest medicinal value, prepared original prescriptions of the celebrated Dr. and used by him with remarkable success f years. An infallible remedy in all
DISEASES OF THE LIVER,
OR ANY DERANGEMENT OF THE
Digestive Organs.

The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—It fitted up in the most modern and improved style, no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and ble stopping-place for all,
n21, 1y

GILMAN,



M. GILMAN, has y located in Tunkhannock Borough, especifully tenders his professional services to the itizens of this place and urrounding country.

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

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

Dec. 11, 1861.

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HARVEY SICKLER.
Agt. for Harvy & Collins,
Tunkhannock, Pa.

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Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. London, addressed to youth, the married, and those

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

OBLIGATIONS OF MARRIAGE.

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NEW DISCOVERY IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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USED WITHOUT DETECTION.

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

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have already been published & distributed this y

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OBSTRUCTION, OR STOPPAGE OF NATURE,

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ACT LIKE A CHARM!

in strengthening and restoring the system. Thousands 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

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They are not a new discovery but a long tried remedy—the celebrated

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one of the most eminent physicians, prescribed them for many years in his private practice, and no physician 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—*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 ar 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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☞ *Cut this notice out if you desire Dr. Harvey's Pills or Book, and if you cannot procure them of your druggists, do not take any other. for some dealers who are unprincipled will recomend other Female Pills, they can make a larger profit on—but enclose the money and send direct to*

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

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DEMAS BARNES & CO., NEW YORK,
Wholesale Agents

Select Story.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

BY W. O. EATON.

After a collegiate's education, and studying medicine with a physician of high repute in an Atlantic city, Dr. Albert Herman, young, poor, modest, and sensitive, put up his sign, and was duly prepared to commence medical practice. Long before a year of his patient and painful waiting had elapsed, he became disheartened, for he possessed none of the rude boastfulness of a charlatan; and the young physician had to contend with great competition, unfriended, and without capital, with which he could well have afforded to wait.

The wealthy preferred and could command the services of established and experienced physicians; and the few who came to Dr. Herman were poor, and some of them so poor that humanity made his aid to them gratuitous.

Moreover he was morbidly sensitive in regard to a slight deficiency in his hearing, contracted from a severe cold, and become chronic; and this partial deafness he was compelled to admit, when in the chamber of the sick, who were, therefore, obliged to speak more loudly than they could without painful and unseemly effort.

Under these mortifications, he consulted with a friend, who told him that if he would succeed he must subdue his bashfulness, and be rough in a rough world; and he was obliged to seek better fortune in the growing West.

He adopted this counsel, removed to a small town in the Western country, and now, from shoe necessity, pushed his way into practice. He was found skillful, his reputation grew up with the rising town, and at the age of fifty he was a rich man, with a fine estate, made elegant by his liberality and fine taste; groves, lawns, hills, streams, shrubery and flowers, adorning and diversifying the quiet and healthy demesne, and presenting cheerful views from the mansion they surrounded.

He had married early after his arrival in this town; but at the time of which we now speak, he had been a widower, and the loss of his children had left him childless.

Kind to all, his deportment was yet shaded by melancholy. Some attributed this to the loss of his wife and children; others romantically adding that he had been remarked for a sad way at times; and that it might be owing to the loss of some early love or some other secret disappointment; and really it might be the regretful memory of old home friends and places he could not now live among, grown wedded to this long accustomed spot, where, under Providence, he had so long prospered. And religious and charitable without ostentation, as he was, a good adviser among his neighbors, a settler of disputes, and generally beloved, the townspeople hardly knew whot to do without him.

One summer night, Dr. Herman was roused from slumber by his man-servant, who stated that a little boy was below, who said that his mother was suddenly taken ill and he feared she was dying. Hastily dressing the physician descended and found the boy, a child of ten, sobbing in the hall.

On inquiry, he learned that the boy's father, a poor man named Frederick Lane, had been long absent in the war, leaving a wife and children at home. With her husband's pay and her own efforts, Mrs. Lane had contrived to eke out a scanty subsistance for herself and her little ones; but for several weeks past her enfeebled health had rendered her unable to work, and tidings had now come that the soldier had been killed in a late battle; and this shock, added to her long privations, worriments and sickness, had imperilled the unfortunate woman's life.

The story of such distress did not fall upon a cold ear; and taking the boy by the hand, the physician went with him to a remote part of the town, in an obscure abode, where the poor family dwelt.

On his entering, the suffering woman, apparently about thirty years of age, was found sitting up, thin and deathly pale, her daughter, a beautiful child of six years, bathing her temples with water, her own young face wet with tears.

The invalid could scarcely speak at first, but by the aid of some restoratives which the physician had brought, she recovered sufficiently to converse with him, but in a feeble voice and broken sentences.

She was in rapid consumption, she thought induced by hard work and prolonged anxiety on account of her husband. Since her sickness debt had stared her in the face; and the hope which had kept complete despair at bay, had been the thought that, as the term of her husband's enlistment was soon to expire, his return would set matters right with the creditors, and furnish her the protection and support which she and the children so much needed. But yesterday she received a letter from a comrade of Mr. Lane, stating that he had fallen in battle, and a mortal faintness had seized upon her, while brooding alone upon her woes, and she felt compelled to send for medical aid, as her last hour seemed approaching.

"You must have courage, my dear madam, said Dr. Herman, "and rely upon it I will render you every assistance in my power.—This is a deplorable case, truly; but your condition is not so serious as your distress causes you to imagine. Have you no friends?"

"I have, but they are few, and alas! poor also. They have supplied us with the little they could spare from their own necessities, but oh, it could be but little; and I delayed applying to the town as long as I could, because I thought that Frederick would soon be with me again and then the humiliation would be unnecessary."

"I wish I had known of this before, Mrs. Lane. It would have spared you much privation and aching of the heart. God alone can console you for the loss of your husband; and though I feel how distressing it must be for you to reflect upon the helplessness of these young children, let that very reflection nerve you to live for them. Trust me you shall want no longer for the necessaries of life. Feel no delicacy in accepting this trifle of money, and when morning comes supply your immediate wants, Proper food and repose of mind are what you mainly need, and that composure will be hastened by the assurance that I am aware of all and consider it a privilege to assist you, out of the abundance with which God has blessed me. Try and cheer up, madam. Brighter days will surely come to you and your affectionate children. I will say no more. You need sleep. To-morrow I will call again; and, in the meantime, rest in the consciousness that you and your children have found an able and a willing friend in Dr. Herman. Good night, and good night, children. God will bless you for the love you bear your mother."

With these words, the physician returned home, and slept none the less soundly for his long walk and his benevolent act.

As soon as he had gone, the widow bade her children kneel with her, and with hands upraised above their orphan heads, she uttered a prayer for their dead father, and entreated the blessing of Heaven upon them and upon him who had been so prompt and kind at the call of her wretchedness; and then retiring to rest, the poor woman sank into a calmer and deeper sleep than she had for a long time known; for the kind voice and looks of the good man haunted even her dreams—and did much to "raze out the written troubles of the brain" which had for years troubled her.

Surely, if there are guardian angels commissioned to watch over the friendless, and lift the soul suddenly out of darkness when afflictions crowd most thickly, some such good spirit had that night taken compassion upon her, converting her extremity into an agent of relief, and smiled upon the clouded sorrow to leave a rainbow there.

The sun was not an hour high, when a knock at the door, answered by little Freddy announced the arrival of a man who handed the boy a sealed envelope, saying that it contained money due to her. The man then left without stating who had sent him.—When his mother rose the boy gave her the packet. It was opened and found to inclose fifty dollars, but no note by which she might have told from whom it had come.

Freddy said the man seemed to think he kid not know him, but the bearer was Thomas Winslow, the hired man of Dr. Herman; and this satisfied Mrs Lane that there had been no mistake, and that the bounties of the good physician were not confined to mere words or reputation.

The possession of so much money, with which she could pay her most pressing debts, was better than medicine to her, and she did not hesitate to make use of it that very morning when her most craving creditors called to know what she was going to do now that her husband was reported dead.—She paid them, and their anxiety concerning him was greatly lessened.

The payment of these debts caused the money to go as suddenly as it had come, vanishing like shavings in the fire; so that in the course of the day, when a few poor, but sympathizing neighbors called, she consulted with them as to the best means of parting with the greater part of her furniture, for she did not now hope for much further assistance from the kind hearted doctor.

Alas, for her! she had not been used to evidences of continued generosity, save from hearts whose emotions are their great riches.

These poor people could not but ill advise. They were reluctant to say how; for to part with her husband's goods, those dumb but constant friends, so dear to a domestic heart, from long service and association, seemed like a step toward utter desolation.

In the midst of their sad interview, Dr. Herman called again, according to promise, and his cheerful face presented a singular contrast to the gloom around him. After further inquries he proposed a solution of the difficulty.

"You are aware, Madam," said he, with a smile, "that I am an old and experienced physician, and I have seldom failed in any cases which I did not consider hopeless from the first. Yours is not hopeless. As your medical adviser, I will say that I know of a remedy. It will be a partial one, to be sure, but it is to trust in God, to hope on, and to follow my prescriptions."

Mrs. Lane said that she felt satisfied to rust entirely to his better judgment.

"Then, my dear Madam, my first prescription is for you to give up this gloomy house; keep all your furniture, and store it at mine, and remain there with your children, making my house your home, at least until your health shall be completely restored. You will find that my housekeeper, Mrs. Janet Winsbrow, is a kind and worthy woman.—The schoolhouse and church are as near there as here; and the pleasanter place will aid your recovery.

There was a prescription which the downcast and now astonished woman did not find difficult to take; and the speedy result was, that by the aid of the faithful man servant, Thomas Winsbrow, the goods were all carefully removed and stored, and Mrs. Lane and her children were placed in possession of two handsome adjoining rooms, from the windows of which she could daily be regaled by bracing air and a charming landscape; and here, in her new home, how long to last she knew not, she was enjoined to read, walk, ride, and keep her mind as calm as possible. She found the medicine he ordered out trifling, and his conversation a solace; and one day she alluded to this, and stated her opinion that the place, rather than medicine, had greatly increased he strength and cheerfulness.

"You are right," he replied.

"The harmless stuff I have recommended has been more to inspire faith and hope, than to act otherwise on the system. This scenery—God's painting—and His breath, this pure air, are operating very favorably for you.—The mind corrodes the body often; and when I can 'minister to a mind diseased,' it sometimes claims almost exclusive attention."

"This beautiful place is as cheerful as it is romantic, she replied; though I have been accurtomed to couple romance with what is melancholy, for my own early history had much of romance in it, joined with as much of sorrow."

This vague allusion, led her, at his desire, to an explanation, the subject being that, in her native city, from which her father's family were moving when she was but four years of age, she strayed away from the house, while they were busy with the confusion, and became lost. She had contrived to stroll on board a vessel, where the little wanderer was discovered fast asleep after the vessel had put to sea.

On his return, the captain made fruitless inquiries as to the whereabouts of the child's parents, and concluded to adopt her as his own.

At the age of fourteen, the captain's wife who had long been unkind to her, turned her adrift, while he was absent from home.—Making her way to a factory-town, she had earned her livelihood for a number of years, till her marriage and removal to the West, never having heard further of her parents; but the dress which she had worn when she was lost, had been carefully preserved, and still in her possession.

Dr. Herman had listened gravely and with fixed interest to this brief narrative, and at its conclusion he oddly remarked:

"Do you believe in second-sight?"

She answered in the negative.

"I do; I am possessed of it, and will prove it." And he now described, minutely, the child's dress of which she had spoken.

"It is correct; but you do not surprise me, for my children must have shown it to you."

"No," was his reply; "and I can tell you more about this dress. The city of which you speak is my native city; and I have good reason to remember the details of this little dress, for I am the elder brother of the child whowore it, and advertised for the recovery at the time, when we were moving to a distant city. Were you to young to remember your name?"

"Oh no!" replied Mrs. Lane, pale and tremulous at this disclosure. "I remember very cleary. It was Maud—Maud Herman."

"That is the name! Oh, Maud! my dear sister, what marvel of Providence is this which has so wonderfully brought us together, in this distant place, and after so many years of separation? I was a man then, and you but little more than an infant. It makes me think that the interest I have taken in you was inspired, not by any common sympathy for distress, but by some mysterious law of instinct, which moved me, a brother, to show a brother's love."

"It seems so. But, perhaps it was second-sight," she answered, smiling through her tears.

"I have certainly had a second sight at you," replied he; "and now that you are old enough to go alone, I am sure it will not be the last."

It is only necessary to add, of Dr. Herman and his late-found sister, that as her troubles had come in troops, so, too, did her blessings; the return of her husband from a Southern prison, filling the arms of a fond wife instead of a patriot's grave, completing the sum of her happiness; while the good physician basks in the sunshine of rewarded benevolence, without which he might never have seen his sister more.

Men who invest in petticoat stock generally prefer the five-twenties, to the seven-thirties.

"Othello's Occupation Gone."

That much dreaded tribunal, the Provost Marshal's Board is about to become extinct, The orders have emanated from Washington for these inquisitorial institution to "dry up," to "shut up shop." What a relief this will be to the people. Thank Heaven a few petty upstarts can lord it no more over the country, arresting men without warrant, and incarcerating them at their tyranical bidding. The thousands of these will have to go back to the original obscurity from which they sprung. No more drafting, no more recruiting, no more bounty taxes, no more swindling by bounty jumpers, no more traffic in white human flesh by buying and selling substitutes—in short, no more of the countless evils that follow in the train of a state of civil war. Bless God for Peace.—*Ex.*

When John Brown expiated his crime for the murder of innocent and defenceless citizens of Harper's Ferry, on the gallows, at Charlestown, Virginia, the whole abolition party of the North deified him and sang peans in his praise. Now, when Abraham Lincoln has fallen by the hand of an assassin, a large portion of the same party immediately recognize the hand of God in the occurrence, and say that it was done that a sterner and more merciless man might become chief magistrate "Strange, and yet 'tis not strange" that in one case an assassin should be made a God, and in the other that God should be made an assassin.—*Ex.*

☞ Gerritt Smith, of N. Y., the great anti slavery apostle, writes a long letter to President Johnson, advising him to leniency and magnanimity, in dealing with the embers of the rebellion.

☞ Work at the Springfield armory is being rapidly reduced. Twelve hundred hands have already received their "walking tickets," and eight hundred more will soon follow, which will leave an operative force of eight hundred.

☞ In Buffalo, on Monday, the 17th ult, a crowd of people surrounded the house of Ex President Fulmore, which was of the number that displayed no emblems of mourning, and daubed the front of the house all over with ink.

☞ Mr. Ford, proprietor of Ford's theatre, at Washington, in which the President was shot, has been arrested. He was in Richmond at the time of the assassination.

A decree has been issued by Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, defining the government to be a limited hereditary monarchy, with a Catholic princes at it head, who, on assuming the throne, shall take an oath of office. The boundaries of the empire are defined. The Mexican press is to be restricted in the manner as the newspapers are in France.

FIRE.—Two saw mills, together with a large lot of lumber, the property of Day & Saylor, at Hickory Run Luzerne County, Pa. were consumed by fire on a week or two ago. Estimated loss, $5,000.

The gross earnings of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad for the last year were $14,750,066, and the expenses $10,693,944, leaving a balance of over four millions.

A number of prominent citizens of New York city, chiefly merchants and bankers, have purchased a magnificent carriage, with horses and harness to match, for presentation to President Johnson, The names of all politicians have been carefully excluded from he list of subscribers to this timely gift to the President.

The Detroit papers say that, from careful estimates made by the merchants, miller and others who have the means of knowing, it is believed full half of last years crop of wheat is still in the hands of farmers in Michigan and Illinois, and they have no disposition to sell at present reduced prices.

By different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship: Sunday by the Christians; Monday by the Greeks;—Tuesday by the Persians; Wednesday by the Assyrians; Thursday by the Egyptians; Friday by the Turks; Saturday by the Jews.

Do you know that a cold is a dangerous thing? If you do, get a box of Byran's Pulmonic Wafers, put a few of them in your mouth, and cure your sore throat, hoarseness and cough in a few hours. Sold at 25 cents a box by Dr. Miner.

☞ A single copy of a late Memphis paper contains accounts of fifteen murders, robberies and incendiary fires in that city, all having occurred in one day. Memphis, under Abolition rule, is a nice (!) city to live in.

☞ A man in London has sued a photographer for making his legs crooked in a picture.

"Time works wonders," as the lady said when she got married after eight years courtship.