

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,

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

The Buehler House, HARRISBURG, PENNA.

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

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

This establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.
T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor. Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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.
June, 3rd, 1863

Means Hotel, TOWANDA, PA.

D. B. BARTLET, (Late of the BROADWAY HOUSE, ELMINA, 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.
v 3, n 21, ly

CLARKE, KEENEY, & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN LADIES', MISSES' & GENTS' Silk and Cassimere Hats

HATS, CAPS, FURS, STRAW GOODS, PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS, BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES, 849 BROADWAY, CORNER OF LEONARD STREET, NEW YORK.

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M. GILMAN, DENTIST.

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

GOOD NEWS

HOUSE KEEPERS!

Frank M. Buck

Has just opened, at the store house formerly occupied by C. T. Marsh, one door below Baldwin's Hotel, in Tunkhannock,

NEW GROCERY

Provision Store,

where he is prepared to sell everything in the line of Family Groceries at prices far below those heretofore asked for them.

His stock was selected and purchased by

MR. A. G. STARK

in person, whose intimate acquaintance with the trade, and dealer, enabled him to purchase at prices

LOWER THAN THE LOWEST.

Mr. Stark's services as salesman, also, have been secured.

In the line of Groceries and Provisions, I can sell

Good Molasses at	\$1 per Gal.
Good Brown Sugar at	12 1/2 cts per lb.
No. 1 Mackerel	" 12 " "
Cod Fish	" 9 " "
New Mess Pork	" 17 " "
Chemical Soap	" 12 " "
Saleratus	" 12 " "
Ground Coffee	" 25 " "
Extra Green Rio Coffee	" 40 " "
Lard	" 20 " "
Rice	" 15 " "
Crackers	" 10 " "

And all other articles at correspondingly low prices.

In the article of Tea, both as to prices and quality, I

Defy Competition

GINGER, PEPPER, SPICE, CINAMON CLOVES, NUTMEG, MUSTARD, CREAM-TARTAR, RAISINS, FIGS, POWDER, SHOT AND LEAD.

POWDER, SHOT AND LEAD.

FRUITS AND NUTS OF ALL KINDS,

FLAVORING EXTRACTS FOR PUDDINGS, ICES, CUSTARD AND ICE CREAM.

SPICED SALMON & SARDINES

in boxes—a fine article for Pic-nic, fishing and pleasure parties.

Ice Cream

Constantly on hand, and furnished in any quantity desired, on short notice.

MACARONI—FOR SOUPS, SMOKED HALIBUT.

A large and varied assortment of

LAMPS, LAMP CHIMNEY'S GLOBES AND WICKS, ALSO

Kerosene Oil.

N. B.—WOOL, HIDES, FURS, AND SHEEP PELTS, purchased for cash or trade, for which the highest cash prices will be paid.

Call and Examine.

F. M. BUCK. Tunkhannock, June 28, 1865.

Select Story.

EUGENE FULLER: OR FATE IN A TIN DIPPER.

"Want to buy any tin-ware to-day, ma'am? pails, brooms, needles, scissors, thread, washboards—all kinds of glass ware, cheap for old rags, iron, money, or credit? Want to purchase? Should like to trade with you?"

This was the salutation of a tall, handsome youth, as he opened Mrs. Phillips' kitchen door, one fine morning in August, and addressed the lady of the house at her seat by the window. Now Mrs. Phillips was a little nettled with the disobliging conduct of a skein of yarn which she was winding, and she answered the fellow's string of inquiries rather tartly for her:

"No—I don't want any of your trash!" Mrs. Phillips' eyes snapped portentously, and her eyebrows drew into closer relationship, as if determined that no pedler should be suffered to annoy their amiable owner.

"Please Mr. Peddlerman, I want a tin dipper!" Mrs. Phillips' eyes snapped portentously, and her eyebrows drew into closer relationship, as if determined that no pedler should be suffered to annoy their amiable owner.

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"And pray, for what does my curly headed girl want a tin dipper?" he asked, with an amused expression on his face.

"Oh, to dip up water from the brook—to get berries down on Blackberry hills, and," he added with charming naivete, "to see my face in."

The peddler laughed. "Female vanity alike the world over!" he muttered to himself; then "Well, my dear girl, you shall have the dipper. The best tin in the world might be proud of mirroring such a face! I come out to the cart and get it."

Eva ran merrily down to the brown gate, where the peddler's good natured horse was patiently awaiting the master's coming, her happy head full of the grand times she would have with that tin dipper. The peddler opened the box and took from thence a very bright dipper, and then with the point of his knife, he engraved his name—Eugene Fuller—upon the outside, and gave it into the child's hand.

"There's my little Miss, what is your name?" "Eva Pearl Phillips," said the girl inspecting her gift with sparkling eyes.

"Miss Eva!—a very pretty name. Well, except this dipper as a love-gift from Eugene Fuller, who, when you get older, is coming back to make you his little wife! Good bye, my little wife!" and the laughing boy sprang upon his seat and drove off.

"His little wife!" mused Eva, on her way back to the house; "I wonder what mother will say? I wonder if she will begin to make pillow cases and sheets, just as Aunt Ethel did before Cousin Carrie Pear was married? I must tell her about it."

Eva dashed into the kitchen full of the important news.

"Mother! mother! the peddlerman says he is going to marry me one of these days! Isn't it funny! Only think, then I can have so many tin dippers as I like."

"As many fiddle-sticks! Go, help Jane shell the beans for dinner. I do wish there hadn't been a pedler created—they are a pest!"

Mrs. Phillips rocked violently forth in her hunchbacked chair, and made an extra trip in the refractory yarn.

Time passed on—and Eva kept the tin dipper among her most cherished playthings—she did not use it often to hold berries or to dip spring water, for her tin lustre would be spoiled, and the name of the donor effaced. Mrs. Phillips despised the dipper, because she despised peddlers, and she would have destroyed the "amulet" had not her mother's love pleaded against it.

So when Eva had reached her tenth year, a bright, blooming little lassie, full of gait and happiness; the dipper was still in existence, bearing bravely its age, and its oft-repeated struggles for favor with Mrs. Phillips.

Eva was as fond of it as ever—she kept it on the pretty dressing bureau, that it might meet her eyes the first thing in the morning. One would have thought that the little maiden was completely infatuated with what Eugene Fuller five years ago had styled a "love-gage"—and perhaps she was. There is no accounting for the fancies of a female head—no philosopher has ever discovered a test by which to analyze the mysterious composition.

One evening Mrs. Phillips was coming into the kitchen in something of a hurry and it being dusky in the room, she hit her foot against some obstacle, and in consequence lost her balance and fell down into a large pan of buttermilk, which Jane, the careless housemaid had left on the floor. There was quite a splashing and spluttering, and Mrs. Phillips, though unharmed, was decidedly put out—not out of buttermilk, but out of temper. Her favorite poodle dog was frightened so much at her fall that he flew upon the cat's back for refuge, and the latter animal made her escape through the chimney, leaving poor Roche to drop down at his leisure.

From the ruins, Phoenix-like, Mrs. Phillips arose—and on Jane's bringing a light she proceeded to investigate matters—wondering all the time what she could have stumbled against. The wonder was soon dispelled by the appearance of Eva's dipper—for the child, wearied out with a long ramble over the fields, had returned home sorrowfully that her mother had sent her directly to her room, without giving her a chance to put away her treasure. The sight of the tin dipper only seemed to increase Mrs. Phillips' indignation, and she vowed vengeance on the unfortunate cause of her fall.

Consequently, the next morning when Eva arose and looked about for her dipper it was not to be seen. She went to her mother for information but that lady was profoundly ignorant in the matter, and Jane proved—being brought to the inquiry by Eva—to be in a like blissful state with her mistress.

Then Eva went through with a grand system of reconnoitering, which resulted in the recovery of the dipper from a mass of rubbish in a corner of the woodshed. It was bruised and battered a little, but in other respects as good as new, and Mrs. Phillips though guilty of the intent, was not exactly guilty in act of the sin of the iconoclast.

Resolved to guard against all further profanation of her idol, Eva tied the dipper in a piece of strong silk, which had been given her by the village milliner to make a doll dress, which she deposited in a little hollow at the foot of the pasture and covered the aperture with a flat stone.

Some days after she was sent by her mother on an errand to her Aunt Ethel, and as her way lay down the pasture lane, she thought she would take out her dipper, give it an airing and perhaps fill it with strawberries down in Grant's meadow. Singing blithely she went her way, the exhausted dipper still in its bandages hanging upon her arm. She came to the narrow bridge across the Dead river, and was nearly to the middle of the crossing, when her attention was attracted by a large cluster of wild dragon star clinging to the willows which hung over the bridge. Thoughtlessly, her eyes fixed on the flowers, she advanced to the verge of the bridge, the plank bent and tipped with her weight, one scream, and the little form of Eva struggled in the water. She closed her eyes and gave herself up for lost—but not—the dipper, buoyed with sixteen cloth, acted like a life preserver and kept her above the surface.

"Help me! Do somebody come and help me!" she screamed, as she was borne rapidly past a field where some farmers were engaged in planting their corn. In a moment a stalwart man cleft the waters and reaching Eva he grasped her in one hand, while with the other he swam to the shore.

"Where am I, and where is my tin dipper?" inquired the child as soon as she came to realization.

"You are here," replied the man; "but what of your dipper? Ha! as I live, 'tis an old tin dipper, rather the worse for wear, but it is up in a rag! Well, it has saved your life!"

Then the good old man put her into his rough wagon and conveyed her home, taking particular care to relate to her mother the important part the dipper had played in the rescue of the child.

"I tell you, ma'am if it hadn't been for that old tin dipper's keepin' her above water, she'd been dead drowned afore any mortal man 'a reached her! Thank the dipper ma'am and not me!"

This unbiassed account of the praiseworthy conduct of the dipper, softened Mrs. Phillips towards it, and she allowed Eva to keep it wherever she chose.

Months and years rolled away and when Eva Phillips was fourteen she was sent to a celebrated female seminary in a neighboring state, from whence after a long three-year course she was emancipated as a "finished young lady." But her learning and accomplishments had not spoiled her, and she was the same gay, light-hearted little fairy who had begged a tin dipper of Eugene Fuller twelve years before.

Shortly after Eva's return to Wheatfield, her mother sickened and died, and though in many respects a hard woman, she was long and sincerely mourned by her daughter.

With the coming summer Mr. Phillips, at Eva's earnest request, let his farm for a couple of years and with his child set out upon a European tour. Eva's beauty excited the most fervent admiration wherever she went, but though she received many offers of marriage she preferred to remain with her father. They visited all places of interest in southern Europe, sighed over desolate Rome, walked upon the lava of Vesuvius, beheld the magnificent prospect from the highest peak of Mount Blanc, floated upon the waters of Lake Constance, admired the impregnable fortress of Gibraltar, and sojourned for some months in the French capital.

At last they took passage from Liverpool to New York, and with melting hearts looked out daily towards the blue distance where they knew home was. A prosperous passage was theirs, and from the bustling American metropolis they took the express train on the Eastern Railroad, which would set them down at home before sunset.

But alas! how little do we know of coming events! How little do we realize upon what a slender chord hangs our destiny! At lightning speed the train which carried our travellers sped on, Eva joyous and cheer-

ful in view of beholding once more the dear old place; her father rejoicing in his daughter's happiness. In crossing a bridge built on a broad but shallow river the machinery of the engine became disordered and it an instant the foaming monster plunged into the river, dragging the train after it.

At the first shock of the overthrow, a young man, who for the whole journey had been regarding Eva with fixed attention, dashed toward her and clasping her in his arms reached the platform just as it was going over the frontie leap, and he with his senseless burden, went down beneath the water to rise almost instantaneously and strike for shore.

Boldly he swam on and at last he safely reached the shore, when after giving Eva into the care of some benevolent people who dwelt near the bridge, he returned to the scene of accident hoping to be of some service in rescuing those imperiled.

Sad to relate, Mr. Phillips was among the killed, and Eva, on the return of consciousness, found herself orphaned, and alone in the world among strangers. It was a new and terrible experience to her, and her shrinking spirit was nearly broken by the shock.

She suffered herself to be guided entirely by the advice of her unknown rescuer—depending upon him with the trust of a helpless child. Under his protection Eva set out for home, home no longer, now that there were none on earth to care for her. The house at Wheatfield had been closed the greater part of the time during the absence of its owners, and had only been opened a few weeks before in expectation of their coming. Everything there was damp and mouldy the curtains were falling in pieces in the continual moisture of the atmosphere, everything bore the impress of gloom. Still heavier fell the gloom when the closed coffin holding the remains of Mr. Phillips was brought into the long dark parlor, awaiting the funeral service of tomorrow's morn. Eva's affliction was dreadful to witness. She took notice of nothing, neither ate nor slept, and refused all attempts at consolation from her sympathizing neighbors.

The young stranger who accompanied her home took charge of everything, and the good people of the vicinity, supposing him to have been an intimate friend of the deceased, made no inquiries concerning his right to act as he saw fit.

Mr. Phillips was buried by the side of his wife, and Eva, on the arm of pitying old clergyman, went down to the grave, icy, tearlessly, like a stone statue. She exhibited no emotion, uttered with a fixed immovable stare. The funeral over, the stranger engaged two trusty servants, a man and his wife to take charge of domestic affairs about the place, and then made preparations for immediate departure. The morning upon which he was to leave, he sent a message to Eva, requesting a private interview. It was granted and she met him in the little boudoir attached to her chamber, where she had passed the greater portion of her time since her return. He came in with a little hesitation in his step and took the chair her silent nod indicated. As he did so, his eyes involuntarily fell upon the tin dipper, which still retained its hidden place upon its dressing bureau. He started up, and approaching it, took it into his hands and examined it long and attentively. Still retaining it, he came to Eva's side: "Miss Phillips?"

"She looked up drearily on hearing her name spoken, but her face brightened instantly when she beheld her old plaything.

"May I ask how you came by this, Miss Phillips?"

"It was given to me by a peddler some years ago—his name is on the side."

"And you have preserved it through all this time—you evidently prize it!"

"Prize it!—sir, it has saved my life."

"Would you like to see the giver of that trifling toy? Would it please you to see Eugene Fuller?"

"Yes, it would gratify me to see all things. Then would I thank him for the good his gift has been to me."

"Then, Eva Phillips, look up into my face and thank me! I am Eugene Fuller!"

The girl rose to her feet, and threw a long searching look into the face of the young stranger. Then her eyes fell, and she said, with something of doubt—

"Is it true?"

"It is true," he answered.

She put her hands confidently in his.

"And is it Eugene Fuller to whom I owe my preservation from a terrible death in that time when—"

Her voice failed—a sigh heaved from the inmost depths of her heart—her frame shook—tears, blessed tears, flowed like rain down her face. They were the first she had shed since her orphanhood. Eugene blessed them—for he knew that only through much weeping could the burden which crushed her be lightened. When she was calmer, he drew her down beside him on the settee and said—

"Eva, it is fifteen years ago, that I—a youth of fourteen—charmed with the beauty of a little girl—gave her a tin dipper with my name cut thereon, telling her that when she was older and when I was older, I should come back and make her my wife. Don't you remember this Eva?"

Eva's voice was low and subdued, as she answered him—

"Yes, I remember it."

"Well, I am older now; twenty-nine summers have passed over my head, giving me wealth and influence, and to day the heart cherishes the sentiments of the boy. I have always remembered you; have always cherished the fond idea of coming back to this country town where I first saw you, and renew our acquaintanceship, but until last Thursday my business could never be arranged for leaving. I placed me on board that fatal train of cars, and the first face which I saw on seating myself, was yours! I did not recognize you as Eva Phillips, but I recognized you as the twin of my soul, for I have been a strong believer in predestined marriages. I saved you from death because I felt that my life should be desolate without you, and when afterwards I learned that you were Eva Phillips my contentment was perfect. And now Eva, the mate of my spirit, may I wave etiquette, now in this moment when your heart is suffering from your sorrowful bereavement, and ask you to give me, of all the world, the right to comfort you?"

Eva's head drooped lower, her lips quivered, as she spoke the words he so longed to hear:

"Eugene, I give it to you!"

He drew her into his arms and kissed off the tears which still clung to her cheek.

And she, feeling again the warm bond of affection around her, looked up with hope and trust to the hope of all happiness; Heaven.

Eugene Fuller and Eva Phillips were married two months from that day, and the health of the bride was drank by the coterie of distinguished guests assembled from the tin dipper, which subsequently became an heirloom to the Fuller family. Mr. Fuller and his wife removed to Boston immediately on their union, and their lives were blessed to them.

There's dear, bright-eyed reader, is the story of the Tin Dipper. Quite a dipper wasn't it?"

FOUR EARS OF CORN.

A mighty Maize, but not without a Pope. Simon Cameron's memory does not go so far back as when Congress resolved that his corruption had reached such a height as to require his removal from office. We say his memory does not go so far back, otherwise how would he have the face to be again, as he now is, a candidate for office? But he professes to recollect that in 1860 he told Jefferson Davis that if the South seceded he would plant corn in the streets of Charleston, S. C. To keep this promise, Cameron went to Charleston last spring, planted some corn in a street, and put soldiers to watching and attending it.

The other day, we are told, Cameron got a package of four ears of corn by Adams Express, as the fruit of his speculation, accompanied by a letter from Brevet Major General John P. Hatch, certifying that "it is poor corn at best," but that "it received every care from the gardener at the hospital."

Now, we recollect very well that conversation of Cameron's in 1863, when that freebooting politician, exulting over his supposed election to the United States Senate (for which he had contracted, C. O. D.) exclaimed: "The South will establish its independence, New England and Pennsylvania will govern the country; and I will be the greatest man in the Union."

The golden ears gathered, in Charleston near which Cameron has bought a confiscated plantation) are on exhibition, and it is calculated that they cost \$75 apiece! but they are a longer pair of ears, that cost the people as many tens of thousands, which are also on exhibition, and they adorn Cameron's foolish head—Albany Argus.

A PICTURE OF THE RED SEA.—Hogarth was once applied to by a certain nobleman to paint on his staircase a representation of the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. In attempting to fix upon the price, Hogarth became disgusted with the miserly conduct of his patron, who was unwilling to give more than half the real value of the picture. At last, out of all patience, he agreed to his terms. In two or three days the picture was ready.

The nobleman, surprised at such expedition immediately called to examine it, and found the space painted all over red.

"Zounds!" said the purchaser, "what have you here? I ordered a scene of the Red Sea, 'The Red Sea you have,' said the painter.

"But where are the Israelites?"

"They have all gone over."

"And where are the Egyptians?"

"They are all drowned."

The miser's confusion could only be equalled by the haste with which he paid his bill. The bitter bitten.

Personal friends of Alex. H. Stevens who have recently been permitted to visit him at Fort Warren, represent that his health is very much broken down, and that the only favor he would ask of the Government is to accord to him a speedy trial. He says he has no complaints to make as to his treatment in prison, which is as good as he could desire, but that he is kept much longer in confinement, he feels that he has but a short time longer to live.

The last place in which to look for the milk of human kindness is in the pale of civilization.