The Borth BranchBemocrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

TERMS, \$2,00 PER ANS

NEW SERIES,

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"BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already com-menced such alterations and improvements as will resuler this old and popular House equal, if not supe-rior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg. natronaire is fully solicited: GEO. J. BOLTON.

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HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no effort to sender the house an agreeable place of sojourn for all who may favor it with their custom. Wm. H CORTRIGHT.

June, 3rd, 1863

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The MEANS HOTEL, it 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 stepping-place for all, v 3, v21. ly

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GILMAN, has permanently located in Tenk-hanneck Berough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and arrounding country. ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATIS-Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Pos

HOUSE KEEPERS!

Frank M. Buck

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

NEW GROCERY

Provision Store.

where he is prepared to sell eve: ything in the line of Family Groceries at prices far below those he.e-totore asked for them

His stock was selected and purchased by

MR. A. G. STARK

in person, whose intimate acquaintance with the

LOWER THAN THE LOWEST

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

In the line of Groceries and Provisions. I can

	Good Molasses at	\$1 per Gal.						
	Good Brown Sugar	r at	121	124 ets per lb.				
	No, 1 Mackerel	.6	121	66	6.			
	Cod Fish	**	9	"	16	١.		
H	New Mess Pork	**	17	46	1.	**		
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	Groun! Coffee	"	25	11	"	6:		
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In the article of Teas, both as to prices and

Competition

GINGER, PEPPER, SPICE, CINAMON. CLOVES. NUTMEG. MUSTARD, CREAM-TARTAR, RAISINS.

POWDER, SHOT AND LEAD.

-ALSO-

FLAVORING EXTRACTS FOR PUDDINGS, TES CUSTARD AND ICE CREAM

SPICED SALMON & SARDINES

in boxes-a fine article for Pic-nic, fishing and

Ice Cream

Constantly on hand, and furnished in any quanti-MACARONI—

FOR SOUPS.

A large and varied assortment of

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GLOBES AND WICKS, Kerosene Oil.

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

Select Stery.

A DAY'S HOUSEKEEPING. FROM A SINGLE MAN'S DIARY.

The ponderous old time piece that stood on a small wooden shelf between my aunt Rachel's kitchen windows, had just struck

I sat there just where the moving maple leaves interposed a canopy of emerald shade between the pages of my book, and the fer vid heat of ol : Phoebus, regaling myself with a capitaly flavored cigar and indolently watching my rosy little aunt as she tripped hither and thither, busier than any bee that ever lost his wits in an acre of clover blos soms, Ever since I could remember, she had made a business of spoiling me, and it was the greatest luxury I knew of, to escape from the heat and turmoil of the great city where I was beginning to practice law, and spend a week with this most favorite of aunts; notwithstanding she invariably con sidered it her duty to lecture me roundly on my single blessedness and to recommend all the ormarried females of her by no means limited acquaintance to my bacuelor consid-

"Now there's no use teasing me, aunt Rachael," said I, emphatically tossing my gar out into a hed of glowing sweet wil lams, "I've no intention of falling in love with any of your red headed country divinities, whose accomplishments are confined to pies, and work bed quitts, and-"

"Pulip! I'm astonished at you," ejaculated my relative. "Let me tell you, young man, the art of housekeeping is not to be undervalued. Now there's Hepsibah Warren the nicest girl in the neighborhood-the very person to suit you, my boy."

"She need be a nice gut, with that hideous name fastened to her for life," said I, shrugging my shoulders; but aunt Rachel went on, pretending not to hear the ungracious remark.

"Philip. I shou'd be perfectly happy if saw you the accepte lover of Miss Warren "I'm afraid you're not descined to the en joyment of perfect happiness just at present then aunt Rachel," remarked I, demurely,-'Me falling in I we with a girl named Hep-

Aust Rachel could not help laughing at the horrible grimace I made, even as she hurried away to answer an imperative knock at the front door. I settled myself comfortpared -alas! how little do we penetrate into the dim mysteries of the fature !- for morning of peaceful reading and reverie.

In a minute aunt Rachel came back flusher

"Such a pity, Philip; old Mrs. Holden on the hill has been taken suddenly ill, and they've sent for me. The other neighbors all live at such a distance, and I've had a good deal of experience in these sudden attacks, but_____

"Well, why don't you go ?" lavor be

twisting her apron in the direct agony of in question!"

"That's just the question for a man to hain't looked at! Peas to be gathered, po tatoes to be washed, kitchen fire to be kin d -d, custard pies to be baked _____"

"I'll get the dinner, aunty. Go and put your bonnet on," quoth I, with the headlong courage that belongs only to total inexperi-

"Nonsense, Philip !" she said, laughing in spite of her trouble ; you get the dinner, in deed; I should like to see you do such a thing."

imputtence which evidently linspired my aunt with a sort of behef in me. "You seem to think that it requires the intellect of Milton and the generalship of Napoleon to cook dinner."

"I could be home by the time to dish it up, mused my aunt, evidently considering the feasibility of the whole scheme.

"Ot course you could," echoed I, beginning to teel rather anxious than otherwise, for an opportunity of distinguishing mysell in the sphere of domestic life.

"Well, Philip," said my aunt, suddenly coming to a decision, "I believe I may trust you. But, my dear boy, remember that the fire must be kindled at eleven precisely. Pull some nice fresh beets in the gardenand, Philip, you might cut a little sapare gus. Don't forget the peas and potatoes. and be sure the custard pies go into the oven when the fire is hot. They are on the kitchen table now, all ready,"

"It's all right, aunt Richel," responded I. "And. Philip, be particularly careful to keep the garden ga'e shut_those pigs of farmer R pley's are in the road again this morning."

"I wen't forget." "N.w. can you tell me what you intend to do first ?" said aunt Rachel, at the close

Put the garden gate into the even when the pigs are hot -pull some nice fresh peaskindle the asparagus at eleven PRE cisely and eat up the pies the moment they are

of a volley of directions.

"Philip!" groaned aunt Rachel, in despair. "Never mind, aunty-it's all right .-There's a little confusion of ideas in my brain just at present, but they'll all settle after a while Don't be nervous."

And I bundled the shawl round my unwilling relative's shoulders, and hurried her out of the wicket gate. Wisery judging that it would not be best to allow her a half second for sober reflection.

I sat down on the doorsteps, thinking it was a very nice thing to be a housekeeper. N.w. if I was a woman," soliloguized I. "I should be tearing around the house, knocking down chairs and flirting up dust with a broom unul ice wouldn't cool me! As it is, I don't see but that I keep house very nicely with no fuss at all."

I lighted my eigar, balanced myself in a comfortable position, and waited for the old clock to fire the signal gun for my attack on the back kitchen cooking stove.

One-two-three-four-five-si x-seven -ight -ni ne-ten-ELEVEN ?

"Now then;" quoth I, "for victory or death!"

Contound that fire-it wouldn't burn, it pite of my coaxing, and chips and blowing and puffi .g. My eyes smarring with smoke my noetrils tinged with ashes-but the

fire declined to blaze! I sat down and contemplated it melevo entiv. For a minute or two I had a wild dea of getting a confiagration out of my aunt's stock of lucifer matches, and cooking the dinner thereon at all hazards; but with ober second thought came a bright idea-

charcoal! "Of course ! What a blockhead I was not think of it before."

And I jumped and dived into the sooty recesses of aunt Richel's charcoal barrel with an aleriness that surprised myself.

"Let me see-what nex: ?" pondered I med itatively. "Oil the pies were to be put in when the oven was hot. Well, if the oven isy' hot now it never will be, so here goes!" I had always supposed a pie to be a solid sub stance. Consequently when both the villain ous compounds "keeled over," and list ranged their sticky contents over my cost, crowsers and white Maraellaise vest, I was-just a

little taken by surprise. "Well, here's an interesting state of affairs! l exclaimed, setting down the empty crusts, and viewing my drenched garments through which the diammy liquid was slowly penetraing to the very skin. If this is house ably back in the b' rocking chair, and pre- keeping, I wish I was well out of it! One thing is certain -I must get my peas an bas pargus boiling, before this fire all burns out, as I've put every lump of charcoal into the stove. Revising my toilet can wait -dinner

can': !" I caught up a tin pan and knife, and made a frantic rush for the garden. The aspargus was easily found and cut, but I was no botanist, but a city lawyer, I could not decide which were beets, and which something else. Finally I hit on a truly ingenous expedient of pulling up by the roots every bulbous plant For the good old lady stood before me, which I conjectured might be the vegetable

Round white-possibly turnips-certainy not beets. Yellow spindling oh carrots a-k! when you know that your uncle has to be sure. Phew w what smell of garlic; four hired hands in the field, and dinner by the powers it's an onion I've g t hold of ! O, here's the fellow-round and red as sure as I'm alive. Nothing like perseverance!" While I dug briskly away at my hard won treasures, whistling "Dixie" with all my might a sepulchrai grunt close to my ear made me start convulsively and drop my kmfe!

I wen't try to smooth over the matter. I'll confess at once that I did mutter one or wo naughty words under my breath. But who wouldn't when all of Ropley's pigs were "And why not ? Jemanded I with a cool running wild over aunt Rachel's darling gar den? I had unwittingly left the gate open, and here was my exceeding great reward!

"Is Mrs Sedley at home? Here was I in full shout after a drove of pigs, my trowsers besineared with custard and fresh mud from the garden, a tin pan brardished in my hand, and the pe spiration rolling down my face in torrents, accosted by a lovly girl, with cheeks like fresh damask roses, and the purest of white muslin shawls.

"Is Mrs Sedley at home ?" "No-yes,"I answered, looking uneasily around, as the last of my four-legged enemies campering through the gate. "That is, she sn't at home just now, but I expect her very soon. Won's you walk in ?

Why did she hide that cherry mouth in hazel eyes dance so reguishly as she walked I'll find that out after we're married. by my side to the house ? It certainly made her look very pretty, but still I resumed a Byronic air, and conversed in sentimental nothings-which made her laugh more than ever.

I showed her into the sitting room and withdrew to secure my boets and asparagus. As I came in from the garden some good angel promited me to take a sly peep at the square of looking glass that Seth Jones, one of my uncles "nired bands," kept up in the back poarch.

biked," answered I, with bewildering volu- es, save where the perspiration had coursed through it in mimic rivalets. I took one moment's council with myself, then walked up stairs, washed my face, brushed out my curls attired myself in a white 'inen suit, and came down again.

The pretty girl hardly knew me: sh couldn't hardly credit her senses, until I spoke, and told ber of all my troubles. Then how she laughed to be sure.

"Yes," said I, "I'm willing to confess tha housekeeping is an art, and one which I don't possess. Only I don't acknowledge that shall be a little mornfied when aunt Rachel comes home and witnesses my total discomfigure. It it wasn't for those custard pies

Here the hazel eyes danced again, But I had secured a powerful all.

"Ou !" said she, "I can re-nedy all that Just you tell me where the milk and eggs ire. and I will make some custard."

I conducted her to the dairy department and looked on in speechless admiration, while she drew of her gloves rolled up her roundest, perhest of dimpled arms and stirred up spicy mixtures in blue earthen bowls, with a dain iness of manipulation that nearly drove me crazy. Then she sent me out after ch p . a. d had the fire all a cracking before I knew what she was doing. Then she washed the potatoes and put in the asparagus, and then burst into the sweetest little peal of laughter that ever re-echoed in the rafters of that old

"Why what on earth are those ?"

"Beets, aren't they ?" "They are radishes !"

And then we both laughed until we had to ean against the dresser for support.

"Come," said she, "there's no help for We must go and get the peas and some real beets !"

I never enjoyed anything half so much as that, nestling under the cool shadows of the pea vines, with a pretty face, all smiles and dimples, opposite, and a white little band wandering among the green leaves, purely by accident, coming in contact with mine. Then the shelling was most an interesting business and our mutual superintendence of the cookery, and the table setting. To be sure we broke one teacup in our seal, but who cated

mind roused me once more to the fact that it was one o'clock, a superb dinner sanking on the table, Uncle Sedley and ins "hands" approaching from one point of the compass, and Aunt Rachel from the other. "Now promise me one thing, Mr. Sedley,"

Then her merry laugh at my absence of

said the fairy,

"I'll promise you forty," replied I, energe ically. She blushed charmingly. "Don't tell them that I helped you. Let them suppose you a

first class housekeeper." I assented not at all unwillingly, just as my aunt Rachel's foot crossed the threshold. She stopped short in astonishment at seeing that I was not alone then a smile of recognition flutered over her face.

"Why surely I can't be mistaken -is it Hepsibab? My dear I'm so glad to see you! Pulip this is Miss Hepsibah Warren."

"Mr. Sedley and I are very well acquainted already, ma'am," said the young lady, demurely, her long eyelashes hiding the mischevious sparkle of those hazel orbs, while I called aunt Rachel's attention by my masterpiece of a dinner.

What a liberal meed of praise 1 received for it-how many undeserved compliments were paid me. I don't know which enjoyed it the most, I or my bright eved compatriot. However, I believe aunt Rachel began to suspect how matters were after a while, especially when she discovered the carede radishes and the empty charcoal barrel! She said not a word, however, only smiling roguishly to herself: 119d1

Well, all this happened three months since: I am realy going to housekeeping now, on my own hook, and havn't a doubt but that shall succeed a imirably, particularly as I have engaged Miss Hepsibah Warren as a life companion. I am quite reconciled to her name -it brings up before my mind's eve the prettiest vision of rose cheeks, dimples and satin braids of golden brown hair, over an alabaster forehead, and I am ready to exclaim with father Shakspeare "What's in a name?" My little wife elect never can think of our first meeting without a fit of merriment, but don't object to thate

P. S. Annt Rachel is delighted, and like a woman of sense, she never refers to that day's housekeeping. I have my suspicious that her bandkerchief so often ! why did the Hapsibah has told her the whole story, but

> Lient, General Grant has been presented by the ladies of Eureka, California, with a sils bed quilt, which brought \$800 at a Sanitary Fair in California.

A collision occurred some days since between two white regiments and a colored regiment, at Paducah . Ky, Seven of the colored men were killed.

Great Jupiter ! if I had been one of our The Provoat Marshal's office at colored popula ion, my face couldn't have Washington has been ordered to be closed, been more grimy with charcoal dust and siby and the Provost Mustered wat Harms one year es, which constitute the "good thing" enjoy- the Cheevers - Man Morship has taken the a condition of wat after the proclamation

MOTHER IS DEAD.

"Mother is dead !" What a volume of thought these sad words express. What pen can bring forth the sgony of mind when this sad truth is realized. The heart shrinks back and denies to intrading expression a T knowledge of its inward woes. The imagination of another fails to picture them; and when we ourselves, who have sustained this loss, turn our eyes inward for a moment to glance at the naked reality, we are wont to disbelieve it and repel the overwhelming flood of surrow, which ever and anon, like ceans flow to and fro upon our hearts, until exhausted we sink into lethargy, from which when we awaken it seems as if we ourselves had passed into another world, in which everything seems tinged with an unnatural

It is sad-it is very sad to know that mother is no more.

The sun will shine, the birds will sing, the flowers will bloom in seeming mockery, the sent same as before ; but there is a void in the fami y-her seat is vacant, and as we gather round the family board, we seem to deny the truth to ourselves, and listen as though we heard her coming footstep. But also, she comes not.

"Mother is dead!" Away from our home they have laid her in the cold ground-the clammy dew damp of death upon her brow. She is shut out of our sight forever-foreser! No, not forever; the light of heaven flings a brillant hope over our sorrows; with its aid we can penetrate the darkest cloud of grief. and look forward to the bright future. With His aid death is not death-it has not the sting the world would have us think! It is but the transfer of the soul from this, ite. transitory home, to everlasting bliss, it is but the passage of the storm, which leaves the rainbow of hope to cheer its blightened subjects.

We love to linger around mother's grave and muse upon the happy past, when she was with us. We love to think of the merry Christmas and other holidays, and although with the semblance of them is linked the sad . ruth that they can never come again-although it tears open new wounds of our hearts, yet we are willing to suffer these pangs that we may keep ever fresh in our memories the bappy past, now forever gone.

ROMANCE ON THE RAIL.

A pretty little bit of romance developed itself in one of the street cars in Chicago, recently. Among the passengers was a pale, quiet little woman, plainly dressed, and very pretty withal. Presently a one-legged soldier labored into the cur on his crutches. The young woman got up, pulled the blue sleeve and pointed to the seat she had vacated. For the first time as she turned, she had a full view of his face, and neither of them paid any more attention to "the empty-il eat. They stared at one another a minute. and then in spite of the awkward motion of he car embraced and kissed each other with ysterical fervor. At first the passengered were somewhat astonished at so public ad demonstration but all of then soon joined in congratulating the delighted couple upon learning that the two persons thus suddenly brought together were man and wife long separated by the vicissitudes of war. The soldier had been desperately wounded in Tennessee and taken prisoner. He was supposed to have been killed, and before he was restored to freedom and able to write, his wi.e, or widow, as she supposed herself, removed to Chicago, and so his letters never reached her. The poor fellow as soon as he could travel, set out for home, with a desponding heart to learn why his letters had never been answered. He reached Chicago on Friday, on his way thither, when the generous impulse of a kind little woman to a maimed soldier, brought her back a loving usband, and threw into the open arms of all wife who had long mourned him as among that innumerable host who have lain down their lives for the salvation of their country.

WEAR A SMILE - Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make every one around you miserable? Can you live among heautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by foge and frogs? The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleas ant words. On the other hand, by sour looks cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond human endurance.

Which will you do ? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye and love glow in your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it. at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and thro' the day when about your daily business. He did We proper ow the

COMODORE BELL, commandent at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Navy Yard, under ordere from the Navy Department, has directed that no money shall be levied from the employee for political purposes Any one connected with the part violating this order will be dis

ed by the highly issued ones in authority. I place of the Detry and the Guepel.

\$3 100 : but that is nothing to other