

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, NOV. 8 1865.

VOL. 5 NO. 14

A weekly Democratic paper, devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Sciences. Published every Wednesday, 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 arrearages are paid; unless at the option of publisher.

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Tunkhannock, Pa. Office in Stark's Brick
Office, Tioga street.

W. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, O
Office in Stark's Brick Block Tioga St., Tunk
hannock, 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

The undersigned having lately purchased the
"BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already com-
menced such alterations and improvements as will
render this old and popular House equal, if not su-
perior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.
A continuance of the public patronage is respect-
fully 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, 2nd, 1863

Means Hotel,
TOWANDA, PA.
D. B. BARTLET,
[Late of the BRANARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, 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, 2nd, ly.

CLARKE, KEENEY, & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
LADIES', MISSES' & GENTS'
Silk and Cassimere Hats
AND JOBBER'S IN
HATS, CAPS, FURS, STRAW GOODS,
PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS,
BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES,
849 BROADWAY,
CORNER OF LEONARD STREET,
NEW YORK.

M. GILMAN,
DENTIST.
Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Post
Office.
Dec. 11, 1861

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. BUCK.

It was not a pleasant journey. Mrs. W.
read and slept at intervals the whole time,
and when she slept Clara nestled close to me.
We arrived at York about six o'clock, and,
just as the train was slackening speed into
the station, a guard jumped on to the foot

GOOD NEWS

—TO—
HOUSE KEEPERS!

Frank M. Buck

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

NEW GROCERY
—AND—
Provision Store,

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

His stock was selected and purchased by

MR. A. G. STARK

in person, whose intimate acquaintance with the
trade, and dealers, 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 1/2 "
Cod Fish	" 9 "
New Mess Pork	" 17 "
Chemical Soap	" 12 1/2 "
Saleratus	" 12 1/2 "
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 Teas, both as to prices and
quality, I

Defy Competition

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

FRUITS AND NUTS OF ALL KINDS,
—ALSO—
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 quan-
tity desired, on short notice.
MACARONI—
FOR SOUPS.
SMOKED HALIBUT.

A large and varied assortment of
LAMPS, LAMP CHIMNEYS
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. BUCK.

Select Story.

UNDER SUSPICION.

THE ARREST.

"Uncle Joseph, will you see to the lug-
gage?"

"Certainly, madam," I replied. I always
called my brother's second wife "madam;"
we never quarrelled, but each thought the
other was the most disagreeable person in
the universe; and as we each knew what
the other thought, it may be imagined our
intercourse was not of a very cordial kind.

I did see to the luggage, and then took
tickets for the party for the York express by
the great Northern Railway.

Fortunately we had a compartment to our-
selves, that is, Mrs. Webster, my niece Cla-
ra, and myself.

"Clara, my dear, you look as ill as you can
look; no one would think that to-morrow
was your wedding day."

"Do I look ill, mamma?" said Clara,
dreamily.

"Yes, my dear, and wretched too. I won-
der you've not more sense at your age, a
girl of twenty-five, and breaking her heart
for love of a man who for four years has not
taken the slightest notice of you."

"Why it was one of the conditions, Mrs.
Webster, he should not write," I exclaimed.

Clara said nothing, but looked her thanks
at her old uncle.

"However, Uncle Joseph, he ought to have
come back and taken his dismissal quietly.
I have no patience with this poor man blight-
ing a girl's chance of getting well settled in
life in this way. However thank goodness,
it is all over now; the four years are gone
these three months, and to-morrow you will
be the wife of a man whose age will com-
mand your respect, and whose position will
secure your every comfort;"

"And one mamma, whom nothing on earth
but my solemn promise to my poor dear fa-
ther, would make me call husband."

"Well my dear, it's fortunate for your fu-
ture interests that you made that promise.—
I'm sure that Mr. Tredegar is a man after
my own heart. If I hadn't other views for
my own children's sake, I should have set
my cap for him myself."

"I'm sure, madam, Mr. Tredegar would
feel only too much honored if he knew your
sentiments: the candid avowal of them, I
think, highly calculated to add to Clara's
happiness under the exciting circumstances."

"Well, you know, Uncle Joseph, I am
candid to a fault."

"Decidedly madam, most decidedly," I
replied, which caused Mrs. Webster to
read a yellow covered novel for some time in
silence, though shortly afterwards she dropped
asleep.

Clara stole to my side of the carriage and
leaned her head on my shoulder.

"Oh, Uncle, I wish I were dead; can it be
so very wrong to die? I am so wretched,
I dread to-morrow; oh! why will not God
pity me, and take away my life?"

"My dear Clara, don't that's a good child;
it's wicked to talk in this way; life must be
born. I have felt as you feel, and still I live
and am not positively unhappy, only a vague
shadowy regret of what might have been,
stands like a cloud between me and my hap-
piness that might be mine. Yours are keen
sufferings; but bear them patiently, and use
will dull the pain."

"But, uncle, why did he not let me hear
from him as mamma says?"

"Because he was a man of honor; and the
four years were up only last April, and this
is but July who can tell where he is? faith-
ful and true, I know."

"Oh uncle, God bless you for those words,
I know it too, but what can I do? I cannot
delay longer; my poor father's dying words
my solemn promise to marry this man, my
stepmother's persecutions—what can I do?
Three months have I fought, and I wish to
lay down and die. Oh, uncle, there is no es-
cape! I have such a dread that he will come
back after I am married, and then—oh, it
would be worse than his death to see him!
—Then temptation!—oh, why cannot I die?
—"Poor child! my poor child!" was all I
could utter.

Bound by a vow made at her father's death
bed she was going the next day to marry a
man who was old enough to be her father,
and who, but for the fact of persisting in his
claim, spite of her only expressed dislike of
him, was esteemed a very good kind of man.

True, Clara was beautiful and accomplish-
ed beyond the average of women, and it
would seem to be a struggle to pass by the
assurances of a stepmother, that to give up
such a prize, backed as he was, was only a
girlish fancy, and that love coming after mar-
riage was more to be trusted and more last-
ing than if it came before; I confess I was
but a poor counsellor under such circum-
stances, still I loved her very truly, she was
almost as my own daughter, for I was child-
less, and I would have given my life to save
her. But it was impossible, and to-morrow
would seal her fate.

It was not a pleasant journey. Mrs. W.
read and slept at intervals the whole time,
and when she slept Clara nestled close to me.
We arrived at York about six o'clock, and,
just as the train was slackening speed into
the station, a guard jumped on to the foot

board, locked or unlocked the door, and re-
mained there until the train stopped.

"Have you any parcels, madam?"
"All, thank you, Uncle Joseph, except my
umbrella—oh! that's under the seat, said
Mrs. Webster.

"Now, guard, unlock the door."
"Are you with, that young lady, sir?"—
pointing to my niece.

"Yes, certainly, unlock the door."
"Better not make a fuss, sir."
"Fuss! what do you mean?"

The man, who seemed to be looking out
for somebody, now asked, "All right sir?"
"All right," said the station master, com-
ing to the door and opening it; this way,
miss."

"What does this mean?"
"Step into my office, I dare say it's all
right. Better not say too much out here,
you know."

We followed him through the little crowd
of passengers and porters, accompanied by a
policeman. As we passed we heard fragmen-
tary observations of the most pleasing kind.

"Which is it?" said some one.
"It is the girl, I think."
"No, it's the old woman; she looks as if
she'd do any one a mischief if it suited her."

"Old man looks too soft for anything," and
so on.

We went into the office, and I indignantly
turned to the station master.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?"
"Oh, it's very simple, sir; a telegram has
arrived from the police in London, with or-
ders to stop this young lady; here it is?"

I took it and read:
"The young lady looking very ill, dressed
in a black mantle, white straw bonnet with
white flowers, is to be detained at the sta-
tion till the arrival of the officer by the after-
noon mail. She is seated in the middle
compartment of the third first-class carriage,
from the end of the train. Her present
name is Clara Webster. To avoid the pos-
sibility of mistake, she has a diamond ring
on the third finger of the left hand, with
the words "From Herbert" engraved on the
inside."

It certainly was a correct description, and
the name—there might be two Clara Web-
sters, though.

"Let me see your left hand, dear."
She pulled off her glove, and there was the
ring.

"Let me see that ring with the diamond
on it."

"Uncle, what does this mean? Is any-
thing wrong at home?"
"I'll tell you presently, dear; give me the
ring."

She took it off and gave it to me, and I
read "From Herbert" on the inside.

"Why that's the ring Mr. Langley gave
you."

"What has he to do with this?" said
Mrs. Webster. "Perhaps he—"
"He what, madam?"
"Perhaps it did not belong to him, I was
going to say."

I said it was no use to struggle; when the
officer came down he would explain the mis-
take.

"Where can we wait?" I said.
"Wait, Uncle Joseph, what for?"
"Madam, this telegram orders the arrest
of your daughter, and her detention here till
the arrival of an officer from London."

"But what for?"
"I cannot tell you; it is useless to com-
plain now, we must wait."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, I shall at
once go and get my brother and Mr. Trede-
gar to come down."

"Pray don't madam; there's no occasion
to make more noise about this matter than
can be helped."

"I shall remain with Clara; you had bet-
ter go and say we are coming very shortly."
"Your instructions don't include this lady
or myself?" I asked.

"Not at all sir; you are both free to go
at any time, but the young lady must stay."
"Where?"
"Well, sir, I'm sure there's some mistake,
and was from the moment I saw the young
lady; so, if you'll give me your word not to
go away, I'll take you into my house out of
the bustle of the station."

A gentleman entered.
"Miss Webster."
Clara bowed.

"Miss Clara Webster," he said, reading
the name from a letter."
Clara bowed again.

He handed her the letter, which she open-
ed, read, and dropped on the floor exclaim-
ing.

"Thank God! thank God! O uncle! I
am so happy! and then fell into a chair
fainting.

I picked up the letter, and calling the peo-
ple of the house, very soon brought her to,
and we were once more alone with the bear-
er of the note, which ran as follows:

TREDEGAR HALL.
Mr. Francis Tredegar presents his compli-
ments to Miss Webster, and beg to state
that he must decline the fulfilment of the
promise to make her his wife. The unhappy
circumstances of Miss Webster's public arrest
on the charge of being in possession of a dia-
mond ring, stolen by her former lover will at
once account to her for this decision. Mr
Tredegar's wife must be above suspicion.

Mr. Tredegar begs also to inform Miss
Webster that the services of his solicitor, Mr.
Blake, (the bearer are at her disposal).

"Well, Mr. Blake," said I "you see we
shall not require your service; I shall wait
the event, and if it is not cleared up, shall
employ my own solicitor in the matter. Will
you present my kind regards to Mrs. Trede-
gar, and express my and my niece's admira-
tion of his gentlemanly courtesy and kind-
ness? I would write to him if I did not con-
sider that a correspondence with such a mis-
erable cowardly scoundrel! was to utterly
degrade to be thought of."

"I shall faithfully convey your message sir
and allow me to assure you that I was quite
ignorant of the contents of the letter, and
that it shall be the last time I ever convey
one from him; and now, as you will let me
help you as a solicitor, allow me to proffer
my services as a friend."

"With all my heart, Mr. Blake, come in
here a few minutes before the train comes in,
and we shall be glad of your help."

"Was I not right, dear uncle?" said Clara,
as soon as we were alone. "Oh! you can't
tell how happy I am; I can live on. Oh!
this glorious mistake; it is the most fortunate
thing that ever happened to me in all my
life. Now you are glad uncle, aren't you?"
and she came to me with all Hope's torches
lit in both her eyes, and kissed me, and
would have me speak.

"Yes, darling, I am glad,—more glad than
I can find mere words to tell. your fate
linked to such a man as this scoundrel would
be living to death. I am heartily glad Clara."

THE OFFICER.
"This way, sir. The young person is in
my house; she gave her word not to at-
tempt to leave: the old gentleman is with
her."

This we heard through the door as the
station master came along the passage. Our
friend Mr. Blake had arrived sometime be-
fore.

The station man entered, and behind him
a tall broad-shouldered man, with bushy beard
and moustaches concealing all the lower part
of his face.

"Will you have a light, sir?" said the sta-
tion master of the officer."

"Thank you, no."
Clara started at the sound of the voice and
laid her hand on mine.

"Now, my good man," began Mr. Blake
perhaps you'll explain this matter; you tel-
graphed down from London to stop this lad-
y, and here she is. Now, if you please ex-
plain."

"This gentleman," I said to the officer is
my niece's adviser. I assume it is a mistake
still we shall be glad of your explanation.
You are a detective, I presume?"

"No, sir, I am not, my name is—
"Herbert! Herbert! my dear Herbert it is
you."

Clara had gone to him, and he was clasp-
ing her in his strong arms, while her face
was hidden in his great beard.

"My own! my darling! my own true dar-
ling! she loves me still."

But why describe their meeting! Mr.
Blake said to me at once.

"My dear sir, I am not wanted here, and
I doubt if you are, and we left them.

In half an hour we thought it possible we
might be less in the way, and we went in.
They sat on the sofa at a most suspiciously
great distance from each other and looked as
happy and foolish as possible.

"And now, my dear Herbert, please to ex-
plain to us what has taken you at least half
an hour to make to my niece."
"Well, my dear uncle,—I may call you un-
cle?"
"Oh yes; a month sooner is not of so much
consequence."
"Don't, uncle," said Clara.

hand or foot, and arrived only last night at
Liverpool. There met an old friend heard
all the news, poor Webster's death, the
promise and the rest and above all that to
morrow was the day. I started by the first
train to get to London thinking the marriage
would take place there, and that I should be
in time. Looking out of the window of the
carriage as the trains were passing each other
at Peterborough, I saw Clara with her
mother, I did not see you. I was mad; the
trains had started and I could not get out.
There was Clara going from me, and I am go-
ing from her, as fast as express trains could
take us. What could I do? I knew nothing
where she was going and yet my informa-
tion was positive that she was going to be
married to-morrow solely because she would
keep her promise.

"Can you wonder at my doing as I did?
The train did not stop until it reached Lon-
don, and I found that by the time I had
hunted up the address, to which you had gone,
from the servants at home. I should have lost
the last train and not been able to get off till
long past midnight. What to do I could not
think.

"In the carriage in which I sat somebody
had telegraphed to the police on the door step
and so on. It all flashed on my mind in an
instant."

"I went to the telegraph office, and look-
ing in, there was only a young lad there."
"I went in and called him."

"Can you telegraph to York for me?"
"Certainly, sir."

"I wrote the telegram you saw."
"You must sign this, sir."
"No, I would not young man," and I drew
him towards me by the shoulder.

"My name's Field, Inspector Field; you
understand."

"Oh! certainly sir. Did you catch that
man the other day; I heard it from one of
our clerks. Newgate now."

"Indeed sir," said the lad.

"You'll send that at once, the train's due
in less than an hour. I'll see you do it."

"He did send it, and as I heard the click,
click, click, click, it was like the throb of a
new circulating fiery blood in my arteries.
For I knew it would enable me to see you,
Clara, and then I came down as you see by
this train, and I feel disposed now to embrace
all the telegraph clerks in the kingdom."

"Well, young man, it's a dangerous game,
I suppose you're aware its an offense not
lightly punished to pretend you're an offi-
cer of police," said Mr. Blake.

"My dear Mr. Blake, if it was death on
the instant of discovery, and I was in the
same strait, I should do the same thing over
again."

"You must find a prosecutor Mr. Blake
said Clara, "and as I, the principal person
concerned, am not going to prosecute the of-
ficer I think he will escape."

"But why," said I, "did you not telegraph
to Clara direct?"

"Because I feared that Mrs. Webster
might possibly have prevented our meeting."

"Mr. Blake left us with his eyes twinkling,
and muttered something to me about servitude
for life."

A month after this I had the pleasure of
giving away my niece to Herbert, and in two
months more I had the pleasure of reading
in the London Times the announcement of
the marriage of Mrs. Webster to Francis
Tredegar Esq. of Tredegar Hall, to which
ceremony I need scarcely say I was not in-
vited.

Clara and Herbert and I live together,
and to-day he is spoken of amongst his in-
timates as Herbert Langley, "that active and
intelligent officer."

A SOCIAL NUISANCE.—There is no greater
bore than a human echo that repeats, assen-
timate, whatever one suggests or asserts. It is
a nuisance always to be coincided with. A
man of sense likes to argue his points and
prove his positions. The whetstone of oppo-
sition sharpens his wit; but if met with a
continuous affirmative iteration of his own
words, his game is blocked, and he is so to