HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

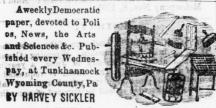
"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHT."-Thomas Jefferson.

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TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15 1865.

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

NEW GROCERY

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

His stock was selected and purchased by

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n person, whose intimate acquaintance with the

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Good Molasses at		\$1	pe	r G	al.	
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GINGER, PEPPER, SPICE, CINAMON CLOVES, NUTMEG, MUSTARD, CREAM-TARTAR,

RAISINS. FIGS, POWDER, SHOT AND LEAD.

NUTS OF ALL KINDS

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FLAVORING EXTRACTS FOR PUDDINGS,

SPICED SALMON & SARDINES

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

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Constantly on hand, and furnished in any quant MACARONI-FOR SOUPS. SMOKED HALIBUT.

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THE CRACK IN THE WALL.

A handsome house in an eligible street in Paris with plenty of showy furniture in the drawing-rooms, and plenty of fine dresses in the wardrobe, but no love, no magnanimity, except in a little back attic, where a charm ing young girl tenderly ministered to a fee ble mother. The house belonged to Monsieur and Madame Chatelle, the attic was occupied by the widow and daughter of Mon sieur's deceased brother, M. Broussaies Cha telle. The widow Chatelle was, at her best, a weak minded woman, and when suddenly reduced from apparent prosperity to absolute dependence by the death of her husband, she gave way at once, and become morbid. fretful and exacting. Her ill temper injured nobody but herself and daughter. Rosine: for her hostess having permitted her to furnish the back attic with such articles as she had saved from the wreck of her fortune, and contented herself with sending up three scanty meals a day, while she worked Rosine nearly to death in the various departments of governess, laundress and lady's waitingmaid. Finally, discovering that mother and daughter must soon be supplied with new garments, Monsieur took the matter in hand, and plainly told his unwelcome guests that he could no longer support them, and that they must thenceforth look to themselves alone for food and shelter.

Poor Mdme. Chatelle was overwhelmed by this blow, but it gave Rosine courage. From a dependent child, she became a selfrelying woman, and when she crossed her uncle's threshold for the last time it was with a resolute step and cheerful countenance. It is true that she did not even suspect the wasting anxiety, the haunting fears and the many disappointments which lay before her; but even if she had done so she would have smiled at them for a moment.

Her first search was for lodgings, of the price of which she knew nothing, and with an aching heart, she descended lower and lower in the social scale until she came upon a vast building, six or seven stories high thronged to the eaves with a motely and illassorted community. It was called "The Folly," because it was begun on a grand scale, for a private dwelling, and was stopped when half finished for want of meaus. Ill-arranged for any purpose, it remained long unsold and finally made into a lodging house its thin partitions and mean stair-ways contrasting strongly with its stone walls and handsome casements.

A front room on the second floor had just been vacated, and Rosine, with many misgivings, resolved to take it. A thorough cleaning, with three or four coats of white wash to the ceiling and walls which she affec ted with her own hands, greatly improved its condition; and although she had been obliged to sell a part of her furniture to supply more needed articles, there was still enough to make it contrast pleasantly with most of the apartments of the "Folly." A bright colored carpet covered the center tf the room, and around it stood three or four rose-wood chairs, a deep soft lounge, and a small table. One of the recesses upon the back side held the bed, screened by long curtains of grazed cambric, and the other held the little cooking stove, with a few little culinrry utensils which hung around it. The table furn iture was stowed away in a corner cupboard, pret tily covered boxes held the fuel and provis ions, and upon the wall were five or six of Rosine's pretty water color drawings, and small case of choice but well worn books.

Rosine had kept up her spirits wonderfulfy until these preparations were completed, for she had no time to think; but now came the hard task of procuring work. She conle draw and color with taste and skill; she played the piano gracefully and sang charmingly; and she embroidered neatly and rap idly. Her personal appearance was also in her favor. Her figure was elegant, and her face posessed a sweetness and purity; but these points, which interested for the moment those to whom she applied, weighed but lit tle against the facts that she lived in doubtful if not positively disreputable quar ter. The utmost that she could accomplish was to secure one pupil in each of the branch es which she desired to teach, at a rate of compensation far below that which she ought in justice to have received; and discouraged by her ill success she tried to obtain other employments, however coarse and unremunerative. This search was rendered nearly un availing by Mdme. Chatelle, who exacted from her daughter as much attention as if they were independent in fortune, and who was in a chronic state of ill-humor over her privations and sufferings. Rosine never lost her patience. She silenced her own grief to quiet those of her mother, soothed her with a thousand loving devices, and at night she sung her to sleep as she would have done a

Rosine's gentle beauty, and her refined manner and loving heart were good gifts to the lodgers in the crazy old buildings. To some she rendered services so cordially and quietly that the feeling of obligation was sweet rather than painful; and for all she had the right word, the pleasant smile, or the deferential bow, as she divined the pe-

cultarities of each with the fine tact of a gen- gotten to buy some bread. Might be just for stories all in one breath. tlewoman. There was but one inmate whom once, bring in his dinner, and so pic-nic she could not tame-a certain M. Brillain who, whatever he might have been, was a decided bear .- His long, gray hair was always oring to frame a cortecus refusal, Madame, n a tumble, and min gled with his profuse beard, forming a rough frame for the small portion of face visible within it. Of this young lady had rec overed from her surprise nothing could be seen but a long, sharp nose' and a pair of deep, dark mellow eyes, which were irresistably attractive when brightened by a kindly emotion, but which habitually shot forth scornful and ill natured glances to accompany the sarcastic words which followed the slightest notice of him.

His dress was scrupously neat, but thread bare and ill-fitting, and his figure, so far as could be seen, was badly shaped and as uneach floor, and passed with slippered feet from one to the other at all manner of season. Rosine often met him, upon which occasions he seldom failed to accost her with a sarcasm bitter in proportion to the number of listeners; by which means he effectually blinded the most inquisitive to his real feelings and saved both the young lady and himself from an irksome surveillance. But either his lustrous eyes neutralized the effect of his lanceike wit, or his voice, which could yield the most winning heart tones, must have given the lie to his sparkling shafts; for Rosine never suffered from them .- She even felt drawn towards this powerful, cross grained man, as if he were sater and stronger for his hresance in the dreary building.

One of M. Brillain's apartments adjoined that of Mdme. Chetelle's and not only was th epartition thin, but there was a crack in t which helped him to a knowledge of much that was going on upon the other side. Mdme. Chatelle's constantly complained of ennui. 'It was so dull when Rosine was away! Not a new novel, not a canary bird, not a cat to purr on her knee, not even a mignonette on the balcony! What was the use of front windows when there was no handsome dresses or fine carriages to be seen! She was starving, too, literally starving How could Rosine expect her to live on dry bread and oniou soup!" Then the sweet voice of Rosine would be heard, sometimes explainng and coaxing, but more frequently detailing little street incident, relating a pretty anec-

idote or recalling a pleasant reminiscence. Upon such occasions, M. Brillan often hap pened to sit near the wall, and even to lean his head against it in close proximity' to the convenient crack. To do him justice, it must be said that such accidents had never occur red to him before. He was not naturally curious, nor did his time hang so heavily of his hands as to drive him to ungenerous modes of disposing of it ; but he had never until now come unto real companionship with a true woman. His mother was handsome and gay-the veriest trifle that ever was tossed on the surface of French society. Her husband was gay, also; but where she floated like thistle down, he plunged deeply in. Vicious himself, and acquainted with

vice, he was jealous of her every glance .-Hot words, fierce contentions, angry recriminations followed and the little Brillan form ed hard, contemptuous views of his race which had thus far robbed him of sweetness and beauty. He had seen, indeed, shining examples of every virtue, both separate and in combination; but he had grown up in such isolation and misanthropy that none of them-had come directly home to him; and besides, their effect had been lessened, if not destroyed, by a lurking doubt of the purity of the motives which had dictated acts so ut terly at variance with his preconceived opinion of possibilities. But here was a genuine revelation. There was no chance for mistake or misconception, for he could himself read all its marvellous pages. Here was strength with gentleness, youth with patience, beauty with purity and courage with tenderness .-The lovely picture stole into the heart of the gray-haired cyn c and hunted his memory .-At first he imagined that he felt merely the surprise and delight which would have been occasioned by a discovery in science or art ; but when he found that Rosine illuminated the whole building by her presence -when the touch of her garments as she passed him on the landing it thrilled him with intense pleasure-he could not but acknowledge to himself that his intellect had very little to do with the joy he experienced.

One twilight there was a knock at M. Chatelle's door, and for the first time M. Brillian andeared upon the threshold.

"Had Pompine strayed into Madame's oom? Pompine sometimes wandered, but still she had her good points. She was handsome_that nobody could dispute_if Madame had ever observed her, she must have perceived that the gray of her coat was of a perfect shade,"

Madame had never seen the animal -which was not to wondered at, as she had been smuggled into the house twenty-four hours was at that moment securely fastened in the apartment; but Monsieur's object was accom plished. He had, in a legitimate manner caucht sight of a snow-white dinner-cloth and ignoring the presence of Rosine, who stood respectfully awaiting his departure. he addressed himself to Madame.

"How cosy the table looked! He was tired of his tumbled meals, and he had for .-

with them ?"

As he had foreseen, while she was endeav_ alive only to the possibility of a comfortable meal, gave a glad assent; and before the and vexation, he appeared with a superbocat under one arm, and bearing a tray with a little silver box with the purest coffee, a cream pitcher minus the nose, but filled with excel lent cream, a sugar dish without a handle, a sugar bowl with a battered spon, a stool knife and fork, and an old chicken on half a platter, a pat of delicious butter on a dish potched at the edge, some delicious tarts, and a bottle of choice wine.

As there was no help for it, Rosine made the coffee and cut the bread, her own little share of the repast; while Monsieur sat down by Madame and gave her a pathetic account of his house-keeping troubles.

With perfect gravity he asserted that a lady friend had, in spite of his protestations, given him not only the cat, but a canary bird, a mocking bird, and a parcel of plants in pots, which were really the torment of his

He couldn't under any circumstances, give away these articles, yet the birds were often hungry and dry, and the plants were dying or want of care.

Madame, who didn't once suspect that his was a pleasing fiction, devised for the occasion by her guest, sympathized with him so heartily that a new idea then and there appeared to occur to him.

"Might he venture to ask-could she take he trouble to look after this convenient household? He had no claim, but the temptation was great. He had seeds in abundance for the birds, and the milkman and butcher had orders to leave food daily for Pompine." Rosine looked warningly at her mother, out Monsieur did not appear to perceive it It was Madame whom he relied on and she did not fail him.

"She would be dalighted. It would give her something to think of when Rosine was from home. Rosine was a good girl, but really she was out more than appeared necessary or proper to her. Oh, yes; she sho'd be not only willing, but happy to oblige him.' The call to dinner interrupted the flow of Madame's eloquence, The meal passed

pleasantly. Monsieur was playfully protective toward the young lady, but profoundly deferential toward the elder one, and his wit was so light, his humor was so genial, and his anecdotes were so full of fun, that Rosine even forgot her cares and felt some thing of her old time gayety. As the eventhe balcony. This done, he remembered put one other trouble that he need confide o Madame.

"He wished to use the adjoining room for fibrary. If Madame would sometimes condescend to give it a finishing touch, so that ne could feel a little at home, she should be wolcome to any or all the books which were

There was another warning look on Rolifted the hands of his hostess to his lips, and took his departure with a shower of bonmots which prevented all the discussion of the tonic.

Rosine's dissussives had no effect upon Madame, who arranged the apartment which M. Brillian had spoken of, and which she ound full of books, pictures, and statuetts, u the utmost disorder. There were excellent novels, works of travel and biography, volumes of exquisite engravings, and all the best French periodicals.

These were treasures, indeed and Madame miled again. What was still better, Ro sine's time was fully occupied by pupils who paid liberally and in advance. She suspected M. Brillian's influence in all this, but she could not decline to benefit by it, for without it she must starve. Its acceptance, too, was entirely unlike the birds and the flowers, which she felt persuaded were intended from the first as gifts, and in which she could, therefore, take no pleasure.

For two months M. Brillian was seen but little about the house, and yet great baskets of fruit and lovely bouquets were continually finding their way into the apartments of the Chatelles, and Madames' pocket was never without a supply of bon bons, of which she was immoderately fond. She pleaded ignorance of the giver; and Rosine, finding remonstrance unavailing, endured in silence.

The cold weather had set Rosine to thinking how she could supply winter clothing and fuel, when M. Brillian again begged permission to dine with Madame, pic-nic fashion, "It was his fete-day," he said, "always a melancholly occasion, and he dreaded to

speud the evening alone," Madame was as gracious as before .-"Monsieur would be most welcome," and Rosine could only make the coffee and lay the table in silence.

But this time Monsieur assisted her. brought a table for the desert, and unpacked an enormous hamper, containing substantials and delicacies for a week of feasting. For a man with a sorrow, he was certainly very merry, laughing over the want of dishes. making puns, dashing off rhymes and telling

The room was warm, and M. Brillian, when Rosine's back was turned, slily filled Madame's glass more than once, so that good lady by and bye dropped asleep. Resine blushed and grew uneasy: but her guest without noticing her agitation, drew his, chair a little nearer hers, and told her how his childhood had been passed, how its bitter memories had made him a misanthrope, and how her gentle virtues had won him a love and reverence which he had not before deemed possible. Then with a hurried eagerness most unlike his usual manser, he asked her to become his wife.

Rosine listened in silence. Ever since she had known M. Brillian, life had been easier and brighter to her. Unconsciously she had leaned upon him, even when she was blaming herself for accepting favors so quietly conferred that she did not know how to decline or prevent them.

Looking back upon his conduct toward her, and seeing it in the new light shed upon it by this avowal, she felt its delicacy and generosity, its winning thoughtfulness and grateful trust. The love that had lain latent in her heart, waiting only for an enkindling spark, burst into conscious existance. M. Brillian knew it, and, stooping, received his acceptance in a timid, trembling kiss.

"You must remove from this old shell tomorrow, darling," said M. Brillian ; "we cannot be married at the 'Folly'-that will never

"And why not?" asked Rosine, in astonishment; "Shall we not continue to live here, and shall I not give lessons as now?" "Probably not; but who do you think you have promised to marry ?" -- a-vete add to

"An elderly man of small means and no apparent business, living in the Folly, a dreary and not very respectable house in a dirty street in Paris."

"We shall see," said M. Brillian; and after a few rapid movements, he stood before his betrothed a handsome man of thirty-five with short, thick, chestnut hair, curling closely on his temples, a delicate moustache curling over the clear brown of his cheeks, and a fine figure tastefully habited in the most elegant of the prevailing styles. Then he sat down and whispered in her ear the name of one of the most distinguished law-

yers in the capital. Rosine's blue eyes opened to their utmost capacity, and her lover looked fondly into them as he continued:

"There was a great lawsuit pending which involved an immenae estate, and I was certain that I could secure it for my client if I could secure some important evidence which he been dexterously concealed. I put myself in ing drew to a close M. Brillian hung the the hands of one of those artists whose beet bird cages and arranged the flower pots on ness is to perfect disguises, and commenced my search, which finally brought me here. To day I have gained my cause, but my success in court was nothing to what I have achieved here. Oh, Rosine, you have given me love, and faith, and glad hopes that reach evon to Heaven."

Upon the following New Year' eve a pleas: ant wedding was celebrated in a fashionable street, and then M. and Madame de Courtney and Madame Chatelle drove to a splenine's face, but Monsieur, fearful of its effect, did mansion, all aglow with lights and scented flowers. There they received their friends and relatives, or at least a portion of them, for although M. and Mame. Antoine Chatelle made the most humble apologies as soon as they learned that their neice was to be restored to society, they did not receive wed-

When the guests departed, the happy husband offered his wife his own especial gift .-It was a picture in a frame of gold set with pearls, and represented his library at the Folly," with a light shining through a crack in the wall, a Jungs of solvies

AN IMPORTANT ACCESSION .- GOVERNOR MOR ton, of Indiana, in a recent speech, took decided ground against negro suffrage, plant ing himself squarely upon the Democratic platform on that subject. This is an important accession to the white men's party, as it indicates a serious division in the Republican ranks, and promises for President Johnson's reconstruction policy a stronger support in Congress than indications some time ago. seemed to warrant. The Democratic party by its decided stand in opposition to negro suffrage, has saved the country from the debasement the Chases, Sumners and that class would have inflicted on it by the success of their schemes of negro suffrage and negro equality. The side of no

They who wish to build up the structure of happiness must lay virtue as the foundation stone.

Resolve on the course of life which is most excellent and habit will render it the most delightful.

In friendship, as in love, we are often happier in our ignorance than in out knowledge. of the delphis, in preplaced to the property of the contract of the

Barclay Harding, dominant. 11 14 cate He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.

Believe one half the ill one, womans all speaks of another, but credit twice the good