

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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GEO. S. TUTTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW
Tunkhannock, Pa. Office in Stark's Brick

WM. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in Stark's Brick Block Tioga St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

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,

MESHOPEEN, 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

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.

Means Hotel,

TOWANDA, PA.

D. B. BARTLET,
PROPRIETOR.

(Late of the BRADSHAW HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y.)

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, n21, ly.

CLARKE, KEENEY, & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

LADIES', MISSES' & GENTS'
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M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, 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.

Nov. 17, 1865

GOOD NEWS

—TO—

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

—AND—
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

a 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 " "

Cod Fish " 9 " "

New Mess Pork " 17 " "

Chemical Soap " 12 1/2 " "

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 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.

—ALSO—

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

—

SPICED SALMON

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 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.

Tunkhannock, June 21

Select Story.

PROF. WENNEL'S GHOST.

The pink chamber was the prettiest room in Craig Cottage. Mr. Westgate, the gentlemanly owner of Craig Cottage, had expressed a mild approval of it when Bertrade, his bright, brunette daughter called him in to see it as the furnishing was completed; but Bertrade, flushed with success, was hardly satisfied.

"Why, papa, it's perfectly exquisite! Like the inside of a sea shell. See the rosy tinges reflected on the white window shades by the pink damask draping. See the light fall in a glow on the little Xantho yonder. Oh, how pretty. Don't you think it beautiful, papa?"

"Yes, my dear. I hope Prof. Wenner will like it."

"Prof. Wenner?" screamed Bertrade, "you don't intend to put him here?"

"Why not? It is the prettiest room in the house."

"But he's a man!"

"What of that?"

"This is a lady's room. Indeed it is papa; it isn't fit for a gentleman. There are too many toilette arrangements, and no accommodations at all for cigars."

"Prof. Wenner doesn't smoke, and he's a guest to whom I wish to do all possible honor. I wish him to be accommodated by the best the house affords in every way."

Mr. Westgate was mild but firm. Bertrade pouted in vain.

"A horrible great man in that little nest!" said she to her sister Lou. "Just think of it! He'll tear everything to pieces, I know he will."

"Nonsense, Bert, I should think Mr. Wenner was a wild cat."

"Lou, don't all men wear muddy boots, dash the water about in bathing, scatter cigar ashes, and put their feet on the chairs?"

"No, my dear; papa doesn't."

"Papa's an exception to all men in every way."

"You'd better wait and see if Prof. Wenner isn't, before you get in such a passion about him."

"I'm not in a passion. I wish before he comes here to spoil that beautiful room, that he'd blow himself up in some of his chemical experiments—but I'm not in a passion! I know I shall hate him though—I want the room for Nellie."

"Papa's favorite guest before yours, my dear."

"Of course; papa would not care if Nellie slept in the attic."

"Now, Bertrade."

Bertrade, rather ashamed of her last remark, was silent, and sat tying knots in her wrapper and jerking them out again.—Just then there was a ring of the door bell, the sound of voices in greeting, and Lou observed quickly:

"Prof. Wenner has come, Bert."

Bertrade sat still until she heard her father show the professor into the pink chamber, then she threw herself upon the lounge and cried tears of vexation.

Neither of the sisters had ever seen Prof. Wenner. He had been at college with Mr. Westgate, and they concluded, of course, that he was equally elderly and studious.—They were not aware he was barely forty, being eight years younger than Mr. Westgate, and though interested with literature and science, hardly considered a bore in the best society in Europe which he had frequented for the last five years.

Pretty Nellie Dashton arrived that evening. There was no pink chamber for her use. She found no fault with the pretty white-draped bed room with a dressing-room attached, which was assigned her, but Bertrade expressed to her indignation.

All the girls were a little surprised when they met Prof. Wenner at the tea-table.—He was fine looking and agreeable. Nellie said so when they had flown back to their retreat—the bay-window in the upper hall, where Lou always sewed.

"Dear little six footer I wonder how he likes the lace of his toilette cushion," said Bertrade, incoherently.

"I'll tell you what I should do, if I were you, Bert," said Nellie.

"What?"

that he never stirred in his seat for ten minutes. He sat gazing straight forward until the book slipping from his relaxed hand, fell upon the floor and startled him.

"I have been asleep and dreaming," said he; and he prepared to retire. Yet as he drew the white coverlet over his shoulders, he had a suspicion that what he had seen was not a dream.

The next morning at breakfast he said to his host—

"Phillip, is this an old house?"

"Well! It has something of a history, I believe. It has been in my possession, but a year, and we have lived here only a few months?"

"What is its history?"

"It was built by a man named Alligood, I don't know how long ago. He lost his young wife here immediately after his removal to it. Then Dr. Grant bought it."

"Did Alligood's wife die of sickness?"

"I believe there was a report that she poisoned herself on account of some former attachment. Do you know anything about it, Bertrade?"

"Yes, Papa," said Bertrade, slowly stirring her coffee; "everybody thinks it is quite true that she poisoned herself because she was married against her will to Mr. Alligood—"

"And," continued Bertrade, observing that Prof. Wenner was regarding her attentively, "they say she was found with the glass in her hand dead in the room we have furnished as the pink room."

"How horrible! I should not think you'd dare to live here," murmured Nellie Dashton, shrugging her dimpled shoulders, and everybody saw Prof. Wenner shudder, but he changed the conversation.

"That night he retired to bed as early as ten o'clock, but somehow he could not sleep. At twelve o'clock he was as wide awake as he ever was in his life, and there in the centre of the room stood the same white figure which had visited him the previous night. As before its stay was brief. It retreated as he fixed his eyes upon it, and vanished at the door, which closed softly behind it. The Professor never closed his eyes all night."

The next day he hinted to Mr. Westgate that he thought of returning home. His host was astonished.

"Why, Arch, I thought you were going to stay all summer with me."

"So did I," said Bertrade, softly.

Prof. Wenner murmured something about changing his plans, and declared that he really felt as if he must depart on the following day.

That night he was visited again; the fact did not accelerate his departure, or the Prof. had the belief that directly after the door closed upon his ghost, he heard a sm. heard laugh, and remained until the next night.

Just as the clock was on the stroke of twelve, his chamber door opened, and the shape appeared. He kept his head bent over his book, until it had advanced into the centre of the room. Then, instead of sitting still, dazzled by fear and fascinated with wonder, he quietly arose, produced a pistol, and said calmly:

"Take off that sheet, or I'll fire."

The figure commenced slowly to retreat.

"I'll give you but one second," he said, firmly.

The figure paused, wavered—the sheet fell, and Bertrade sank on her knees before him.

"Oh, Prof. Wenner, forgive me—and don't, oh, don't tell papa?"

Pallid and lovely, with her dark ringlets falling in disorder on her shoulders, the Prof. lowered his pistol before her beseeching face.

"Have you any excuse for such conduct Miss Westgate?"

"No—yes—oh, I can't tell you; but I did it partly for fun. Won't you forgive me, and not tell papa? I'll do anything for you; indeed I will."

He stood quietly before her as she still knelt at his feet.

"You ask a great deal of me. You have destroyed my plans for the summer, forcing me to tell your father that I must go away."

The Old Home.

—with a murmur soft and low,
Come the ghosts of long ago.

A responsive chord in our heart thrills back those sweet words—"long ago."—Around us are the familiar walls of our childhood's home that once echoed back the music of happy voices, and forgetting for a moment the years that left their shadows upon our life since then, forgetting that one of those dear voices has long been hushed in the silence of the grave—we listen, half expecting the well remembered sounds to greet our ears again.

O, how many bright anticipations we indulged in under the old roof; how many beautiful hopes are buried beneath the sunshine without. Once more we wander in the paths that our childhood feet lightly trod—once more are standing under the trees, whose branches, waving in the breeze, cast their cool shadows over us, whispering cheerily, hopefully, as we dreamed away many a golden hour.

Here are the old stone steps—a favorite seat at early twilight—where we sat and watched the clouds, tinged with the rich coloring of purple and gold, that the setting sun had left behind, fade slowly and silently away; yielding unconsciously to the weird imaginative thoughts that thronged our brain till we fancied ourself the inhabitant of some bright, fairy realm.

Here we painted many a gorgeous air-castle upon the canvas of the future, that is the present now, and of which nothing is left but discolored ruins. How many memories come crowding around us. Some of them bright and pleasant; others so sad that we would fain bury them deep beneath Lethean waters of forgetfulness, beyond all power of earthly resurrection, thinking the while that it may be after we have slept the long sleep, "and angels have rolled the stone away," to our eyes shall be given the far-seeing light of immortality, and we may then know why it was well that we suffered so.

But for us now, we will close the book of remembrance upon whose pages are chronicled all the dark bitter things of our life, gathering from the broken chords of the all that are worthy of preserving, and weaving them into new hopes and joys, with which to fill out the measure of time that is still left us; indulging in nobler, higher aspirations than any we dreamed of in those older days. For with the watchword, "onward and upward," that alone was our guide then, is now combined patience with the obstacles that throng our path, and an earnest perseverance in endeavoring to remove them, instead of wearily complaining of their presence, having no faith in the wisdom of Him who placed them there, and who knew that every trial we encountered and overcome would leave us stronger. And greatest of all is the hope, that when we shall reach life's boundary, though we may have gained but little of the world's applause, angels will guide us through the dark valley, and kindly say, "she hath done what she could."

The lengthening shadow warn us of the day's decline, and that we must go back to the newer, busier life, knowing that the sweet songs of our youth can never be taken up again, smothering a secret heart-pain, as we leave the old home to strangers that can never love as we loved it, to whom there is not as to us, tender memories associated with every bird, and leaf, and flower.

TO YOUNG MEN.—How, after the duties of the day are over, do you employ your evenings? This is a question of importance. If you have no regular employment, no fixed pursuits to engross your attention and operate as a stimulus to the mind when unemployed, you must of necessity, have many leisure and unoccupied hours—intervals when time will hang heavily on your hands, and suggest the necessity of some means to relieve it of its weight. The very time which is dissipated in idleness, would, if devoted to study, enable many a young man to obtain eminence and distinction in some useful art.

LIFE.—How small a portion of our life is it that we really enjoy! In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come! In old age we are looking backwards to things that are past; in manhood, although we appear to be occupied in things that are present, yet even that is absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day, when we have done.

NIGHT THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.—Night levels all artificial distinctions. The beggar on his pallet of straw scores as soundly as a king on a bed of down. Night—kind, gentle soothing, refreshing night—the earthly paradise of the slave, the sweet oblivion of the worn soul, the nurse of romance, of devotion; how the great, panting hearts of society yearn for the return of night and rest. Sleep is God's special gift to the poor; for the great there is no time fixed for repose; quiet they have none; and instead of quietly awaiting the approach of events, they fret and rapine, and starve sleep, and chide the tardy hours, as if to-morrow were big with the fate of some great hereafter. The torrent of events goes roaring past, keeping eager expectation tiptoe, and drives timid slumber away.

IT IS A MISTAKE TO SUPPOSE THAT THE subscription price of a newspaper is clear gain to the publisher.

IT IS A MISTAKE TO SUPPOSE THAT HE gets his white paper for nothing.

IT IS A MISTAKE TO SUPPOSE IT IS printed without cost.

IT IS A MISTAKE TO SUPPOSE THAT HE CAN live bodily by faith.

IT IS A MISTAKE TO SUPPOSE IT IS AN easy thing to please everybody.

IT IS A MISTAKE TO SUPPOSE THAT A PAPER is worth buying which contains only what we know and already believe.

IT IS A MISTAKE TO SUPPOSE THAT MONEY due for a paper would be as good to publishers a year hence as it is now.

IT IS A MISTAKE TO BELIEVE THAT PUBLISHERS would not be thankful for what is due them for subscription.

MEN marry for fortune, and sometimes to please their fancy; but much oftener than is suspected, they consider what the world will say of it—how such a woman in their friends' eyes will look at the head of a table. Hence we see so many insipid beauties made wives of, that could not have struck the particular fancy of any man that had any fancy at all. These I call "furniture wives;" as men buy furniture and pictures, because they suit this or that niche in their dining rooms or parlors.

A BEAUTIFUL PARAGRAPH.—The following lines are from Sir Humphrey Davy's Salmonia:

I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful for me, I should prefer a religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, breathes new hopes, vanishes and throws over decay and the destruction of existence the most gorgeous light; awakens life, even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amarantths, the garden of the blest, and security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and skeptical view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair.

TWO WAYS OF DOING A THING.—In the mail train down from Harrisburg, recently, we had in the seat forward of us a gentleman Jack Tar in a go-ashore outfit, jolly, genteel and happy, with a decidedly pretty specimen of eighteen year old crinoline, to whom he had been a week spliced, and was conveying Philadelphia-ward.

Opposite Jack and wife were a couple that any one could see were on a honey-moon cruise, the bride all blushes, beauty and bashfulness, and the gallant bridegroom all devotion and endearment.

At one of the way stations half way down the road the cars stopped, and the careful, considerate gentleman bridegroom thus addressed his timid bride.

"My love, I am about to step out for a few moments to procure some refreshments.—Do not be alarmed during my absence."

Gentleman Jack took the cue, and patting his wife on the shoulder, sung out, as if he were halting the main top gallant yard in a gale of wind:

"I say w'ef, I'm going ashore to wet my whistle; do not tumble overboard while I'm gone."

THE DUTY OF YOUNG MEN.—There is no mortal object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam forth again; the blaze of others' popularity may outshine him, but we know, although unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation without a struggle, for that is no virtue; he resists and conquers; he hears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is a trait of virtue, but he heals with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword to fashion, if it leads to sin.

Winter is approaching.