

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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Tunkhannock, Pa. Office in Stark's Brick
ock, Toga street.

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

MESHOPE, 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.

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(Late of the Brainard 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, 21, 17

CLARKE, KEENEY, & CO.,

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LADIES', MISSES' & GENTS' Silk and Cassimere Hats

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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 Tuttin's Law Office, near the Post Office.

Dec. 11, 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 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 price 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,

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.

Tunkhannock, June 2d

F. BUCK.

Poet's Corner.

MEMORIES.

Many the thoughts they bring,
This sunny look of hair,
This favored lock, and this little ring
My own love used to wear.

They cut this shining curl
From my lost darling's head;
They took this hoop of gold and pearl
From the finger of the dead.

Down in the old churchyard
They laid my maiden sweet,
With a marble cross her head to guard,
And a rose-tree at her feet.

But though she's sleeping there,
I'm not of all bereft—
Although she's gone, the dear and fair,
Still I have something left.

She's gone from my embrace,
Yet treasures three have I—
The golden ring, and the waving tree,
And a sweet, sweet memory.

Select Story.

A SISTER'S SACRIFICE.

"Oh, dear me; Maria are you not tired of this work, work, day after day, and no change?"

These words were spoken by a very pretty girl, sitting in a most comfortable little parlor, one side of which was formed of a wide screen lined with green silk, which divided it from another portion of the room fitted up as a jewelry store.

Maria and Jeanne were the daughters of Pierre Galoubet, a diamond jeweller, renowned more for his taste and honesty than for his fortune or luxury. He was a widower, with two daughters.

Maria and Jeanne were the very idols of his heart. Pierre had been a soldier in his youth, like most Frenchmen, and during his absence in Algeria his wife died. When he came back a kind neighbor took him to her cottage and, leading him to a cradle, showed him two little infants sleeping side by side on the same pillow. Pierre knew that in his absence a child had been born to him but he had received no communication from home for more than a year before his return. He therefore turned from the children to his neighbor with a look of inquiry.

"Are they both my children?" said he.

"Why, no," replied Jaquinta. There's a whole history about them, and Pierre, you are a clever man, and have traversed all over the world, perhaps you will be able to settle a point that has puzzled us ever since the death of your wife."

"What is it?"

"Why which of these two is your daughter?"

"Which? Why, who is the other?"

"Oh! one day, about a month after the birth of your child, when your wife opened the door one morning she found on the threshold one of the infants. She knew which it was, but your poor Mme. Pierre died suddenly, and she never had time to tell me which daughter was yours."

Again Pierre leaned over the babies and as they opened their eyes and smiled on him, Pierre felt as if both were appealing to his heart, both asking his protection.

From that hour Pierre Galoubet called both children his, and Maria and Jeanne, as he christened them, (for they had no name until his return) became the idols of his life.

When they were grown up, Maria and Jeanne, who had both adored their father, helped them in his business.

Maria kept the books, and Jeanne, who had a great talent for drawing, which had been cultivated, made the drawings and the designs for the settings of the diamonds.

They were now both eighteen; at least, allowing the age of one, Pierre had always put them down as the same age. Their father's strict honesty had prevented his making a fortune, but thanks to the management of Jeanne, they were in easy and comfortable circumstances.

Of late a cloud, however, had risen over the household so full of the sunshine of affection. Jeanne had grown pensive, and even looked pale and thin, receiving her father's caresses with indifference and sitting for hours, pencil in hand, without drawing a stroke. Now, on this evening, when the sisters were alone together, Jeanne had pushed the paper from her with disgust, and throwing down her pencil, had declared her dissatisfaction to her sister.

"Jeanne," said Marie, looking up, "you have never felt dissatisfaction before; but you are unhappy, and you will always be so until you confide what troubles you have to your best friends, your father and your sister."

"Not to my father—I dare not; but to you, Maria. Oh! sister, I am so wretched!"

"Wretched?—why, what has happened?"

"Maria," said Jeanne, sitting down on a stool at her feet, "listen, but do not look on me. Some months ago, you remember, I came home on Sunday morning from church, where I had gone with our servant, with a sprained ankle."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I had fallen—slipped off the marble steps of the church, and tumbled from the pain. Well, as I lay there and the crowd began to gather around me, a gentleman advanced, and putting aside those who crowded over me, lifted me up in his arms. Preceded by his servants who had made way for him, he carried me to his carriage, and placing me in it, asked our servant our address, and drove me home.

"He was young, handsome, and in manner so fascinating as to have been able to dispense with either, Maria. The next time I went out I met him. I have often seen him since; he loves me; I love him."

Well, if he is an honest man, true and sincere in his love, why should you be unhappy? You know your father will consent."

"He is the Duc Octave de Blossac."

"The Duc de Blossac, Jeanne?"

"Yes."

"But not an honest man, or he would never have dared to speak to you of love."

"He is an honest man, for when he spoke to me of love he told me that he could not marry me, but he offered to devote his life to me; he offered never to marry."

"But he did not offer to marry you?"

"You know that was impossible. So we are parted, I suppose, forever, and this is why I am wretched."

"Jeanne," said Marie, "if he loved you—I will not talk thus to you, you are blinded by love—I will tell you to think of our father, whose only hope we both are, whose only love we both are."

"Yes, my father, my own dear father, but his love can not be the only love of my life."

At this moment the door opened and Pierre himself entered the room. His daughters rose, and both rushed up to him, throwing their arms around him.

"My dearest father, you look sad; tell me what is the matter with you?"

"Ah! girls, girls, my own two children—you are both my children, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Something has happened that I felt would happen one of these days. It is proved to me that some one besides me has the right to the love of one of you."

"Ah! father what do you mean?"

"You know your own history—you know that one of you is not my daughter."

"We never liked to think of it."

"Well, children, this evening I had an appointment, of which I told you nothing, so much did I dread it. It was with an eminent lawyer. He has proved distinctly the person who claims one of you; told me the whole, but how am I to part with either of you?"

"Which of us, father, is not your child?"

"Here, probably, is the puzzle; we cannot tell, but I cannot give up either of you, for I love one as well as the other."

"We both love you as our father; we do not want to leave you."

"The daughter that is not mine has neither father nor mother; it is her mother's mother who claims her. But she will give her what I cannot give, a great name, riches and a position in society far above the one I place her in. Which of you is it?"

Jeanne and Marie both kissed his cheek; neither spoke. Jeanne was thinking that the advantage set before her would remove the obstacles which separated her from Octave, but she only sighed deeply; not for an instant did she dream that she could ever lay claim to all this brilliant fortune; but Marie taking her father's hand, calmly asked him if there was no sign by which they sought to recognize the rightful heir?

"The heiress of the Marquis de Valbourg has a sign—so says a letter from her mother. I do not think it is love that makes them so anxious to find her, but the Duc de Blossac is heir to the property, and the revenues of all the estates have been accumulating for years. Until the death of this girl is proved the Duc de Blossac cannot touch a penny—Jeanne, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, father, I feel faint."

"My darling, sit down."

"Well, you must know that by an amicable arrangement made years ago, when the existence of this daughter was suspected, it was decided that when she should be found and installed in her rights she should become the wife of M. de Blossac, that young, handsome Duke, you know; he has been often to buy diamonds—but Marie, look at your sister, she has fainted."

Jeanne was conveyed to her room, for she had indeed fainted. An hour afterward Marie slowly entered the room, where her father was anxiously pacing the floor.

"Father," said Marie, "Jeanne is better and she will sleep soon, then all will be right. Father, have you ever had a favorite between us?"

"Yes; the one who was sick when you were children I always loved most; now that Jeanne is suffering and feels unhappy, why, darling, I think I love her—"

"Not better than your Marie—that can never be. But would you be content to see Jeanne happy?"

"At any cost."

"Tell me the sign by which the lady says she can recognize her granddaughter."

"A violet mark imprinted in the way in which sailors mark their arms, put over the heart."

"Then," said Marie, "you must love me best, father, for I am your child, and Jeanne is Duchess de Blossac."

"To lose one of you is terrible, my darlings; but Jeanne will be a great lady; do you think that will console her?"

"I do, though she will never forget us."

"That night Marie knelt by Jeanne's bedside; the door was locked and the sisters were alone.

"Marie!" exclaimed Jeanne, "I can not hear of this sacrifice. What right have I to deprive you—?"

"Of course, my sister. You love the Duke; I do not. If I claim the inheritance I must become his wife. I cannot; so now submit; still Jeanne resisted; but Marie was firm, and drawing aside the night dress, with a firm and light hand she pricked the shape of a violet just over her sister's heart. Then rubbing it with gunpowder, she made the mark indelible.

"Now, Jeanne, said she, "that is exactly like the one on me—the one probably my poor mother made. But I love Pierre, who has been to us a father, I have no taste for splendor. Be happy, my own sister, and do not forget us."

So Jeanne, in great state, was recognized as the heiress of M. de Valbourg, and a few days afterwards was married with great pomp and ceremony to the Duc de Blossac.

For a few days she hesitated, then she determined not to accept her sister's sacrifice, but she loved, and the temptation was to strong. The inheritance she could have renounced, not Octave; so forever she buried her secret in her bosom.

Without one pang did Marie watch her sister drive away in her beautiful equipage. With a smile she looked up into her father's face, and he, wiping a tear from his eye, pressed her to his heart; neither then, nor to the day of his death, ever knowing that the child who made his home so happy, who loved him so faithfully, a woman full of sense, simplicity and sensibility, was the heiress of the house of Valbourg and should have worn a ducal coronet.

The Radicals and the President.

The radicals are elate. They claim they have "cornered the President." The result of the November elections has so encouraged and built them up, that they propose to attack his reconstruction policy, tooth and nail, as soon as Congress opens. They are already gathering in force at Washington, for the purpose of laying their plans for the campaign. "Negro suffrage or no admission" is to be their ultimatum to the Southern states. Mr. Johnson will have a tough time with the double faced humbugs who have fought the political battles of October and November under his banner, for the express purpose of thereby acquiring new strength and influence to be wielded against him. No party to this country has heretofore been guilty of such deliberate and despicable perfidy as this, and if there is any moral sense left in the community, if trick, chicanery, treachery, and subterfuge are not henceforward to become legitimate precedents in politics, the party which has triumphed through their aid must, in due time, be made to rue its dishonesty in the sackcloth and ashes of utter humiliation. —Dust has been thrown in the eyes of the people; but their vision will soon be cleared. The everlasting negro will be hauled into Congress as soon as the session opens, and there he will stick, to the interruption of public business, however pressing, until the day of adjournment. We may call this a white man's government—it is, so far as the executive is concerned—but Sambo will be king in the Capitol. When the restored states shall knock at the doors of the Senate and House of Representatives for admission Cuffee will stop the way. No southern State that does acknowledge her right to make senators and representatives, and to sit with white men cheek by jowl in both Houses will be permitted to come in out of the cold. Such we hear is the majority programme. Well there is one blessing—the radicals will show their hands. The people will see them as they are.—Carbon Dem.—

CATCHING THE IDEA.—A minister repeating the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk by some mistake or other read it after him. The clergymen read it as follows:

"Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of the people." The clerk who, could not exactly catch the sentence, repeated thus:—"Moses was an oyster-man, and made ointment for the shins of the people."

"Pap," observed a young urchin of tender years to his "fond parent," "does the Lord know everything?"

"Yes, my son," replied the hopeful sire, "but why do you ask that question?"

"Because our preacher when he prays is so long telling him everything, I thought he wasn't posted."

The parent reflected.

"Now, children, who loves all men?" asked a School Inspector. The question was hardly put before a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly, "All women."

LOQUACITY.

Some people say a great deal, but seem never to say anything as it ought to be said. They give utterance to thoughts, but without order, aim, or purpose.

Conversation is a rational process just as much as thinking is. At least, in every correct train of thought, are connected by natural relations, so words, and sentences, spoken in mutual intercourse, should be nicely fitted together. The world has so large a number of rambling talkers—talkers whose tongues are as fond of change as the wind, or the running brook. Their conversation is a tiresome medley of observation, made on topics chosen almost entirely at random, inspired by the moment, and as long lived usually. It is like a medley of odds and ends, many of them pleasing but without adaptation.