

# The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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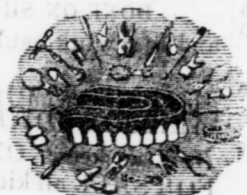
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## Select Story.

### LOVER'S QUARRELS.

It certainly did look very suspicious!—Their conscious air; his attitude of devotion as he bent tenderly over her; her look, half shy, half pleased, all betokened either a bona fide love affair, or the very perfection of imagination. As gay voices approached he started back a little, though not before the whole party had seen and appreciated the significance of the scene; but she never moved, not even when Laurence Danvers, as he passed her, murmured carelessly, "One more unfortunate."—She flashed a single glance at him, and then lowering her black lashes, began again to speak to Edward Miller, who bent over her as if nervously fearful of losing one of her low spoken words. Of course it was all commented on afterwards by the various spectators, who delivered judgment, according to their different stand-points.—Some pronounced Miss Holland a shocking flirt, who made a business of coquetry, and who had no sooner bound Laurence Danvers securely in her toils, than she dropped him the better to ensnare poor Miller, who was going the way of all the rest. To this others replied that her snares must have been so weakly woven that Laurence had broken them in the fall, for his attention to Alice Walsh, that morning, had certainly been suggestive of anything sooner than a deluded victim. One hinted that the change might be the fault of Laurence; another, that the cause differed with the different speakers, the result was the same with all—that it was an unmistakable flirtation; while still that low, musical voice, made Edward Miller think the rustic piazza a fairy palace, and the little patch of land which sported a few currant bushes, a bed of sage, and some tall hollyhocks, a very Garden of Paradise.

Presently another couple joined them—Miss Walsh and Mr. Danvers. The latter made a somewhat ostentatious show of attention to his fair companion, who was charming enough to have deserved a reality instead of the rather labored devotion just then offered her; apparently, however she found no fault with it, for her face was as bright as the morning as they walked up and down under the cherry trees. Very lovely she looked. Her fair, wavy hair was drawn back from a rounded brow, contrasting with and heightening the effect of her large dark eyes, whose lashes and brows were of the deepest brown. A brilliant complexion lighted up the whole and rendered more effective still the charms that had made havoc with many a masculine heart. Was it strange that Laurence looked often into such a face, especially with the knowledge that every movement was perceptible from the piazza? When they had finished their walk he lingered a moment beside the door, allowing Alice to pass in first, while he spoke in a low tone to Miss Holland, who shook her head haughtily in reply. At this he turned away with a lip compressed somewhat more than usual, and joined Miss Walsh again.

"Where shall we go to-day? This morning is too lovely to be passed in doors, but it seems to me we have explored the surrounding country, inch by inch," said Jennie Cooper, rather despondently.

"Shall we try the Willow Road?" asked one of the attendant gentlemen.

"What! again to-day? Why we cantered I don't know how many miles on it last evening."

"To be sure, The Two Ledges, then?"

"Why, have you forgotten that our picnic is to be there next Friday?" demanded Jennie reproachfully.

"My suggestions are unfortunate, I shall venture only one more, and I know you will laugh at that—Holly Hill."

"Holly Hill! and why not?" said Jennie, the idea striking her favorably. "How many of the people will go? You and Alice, I shall reckon, of course, on Laurence."

Indeed, the arrangement had now become a recognized one. Several days had past since the one with which our story begins, and Miss Holland had not again had occasion to refuse Laurence Danvers' request, whatever that might have been, for since that time he had quite deserted her, and devoted himself entirely to Alice, with what seemed a sincere feeling. Edward Miller had taken Laurence's former place with Anna Holland, and these, also, were of the party proposing to take a drive.

Holly Hill was a small elevation some miles distant—a wild, woodland spot.—A foot they alighted and began to

climb the hill, whose ascent was just sufficiently difficult to admit of pleasant little episodes in the way of assistance. At the top they all sat down to rest. One of the party, a mischievous looking girl, after surveying the group before her, whispered something to Jennie Cooper, who nodded and laughed in reply. Laurence, who had caught his own name, laughingly demanded that the whisper should be repeated aloud, and Jennie who never took thought of her words, at once complied.

"She says that you and Alice, both being light, and Miss Holland and Mr. Miller just the reverse, are mis-mated, and lose half your effectiveness for want of contrast. And for my part," pursued Jennie half shutting one eye, and gazing meditatively at the objects of her strictures, "I think she is quite right."

Laurence laughed. Miss Holland glanced at him, but he did not once look her way. "What a pity," he said, lightly, "that we can't regulate our likings to suit your artistic eye, cousin Jennie!"

Anna Holland's face for a moment grew dark, but the pallor instantly passed away with the emotion, whatever it was, which caused it. When they resumed their march her cheek wore its usual brilliant color. Edward Miller for his own reasons, suffered the general party to go on so far in advance that he lost sight of it, and turned in the wrong direction. When this fact was discovered—which was not until they had proceeded some distance—they paused upon a rising ledge of rock to look for the rest. Now there was a certain question which Edward Miller had been longing to ask, and had planned this very wandering in order the better to ask it. So upon the first opportunity, he spoke what was in his heart, with a fervor and sincerity to which his companion listened, sorrowful and ashamed. How little she seemed to herself at that moment, in the light of truth which revealed but to plainly her own motives. She had won the love of a noble, manly nature—not with a deliberate intention, certainly, but while her fascinations were luring on her victim, she had taken neither thought nor care for the possible consequences. No, she felt, with a keen sting of consciousness, that with her end had been everything—the means nothing. But since, through her culpable carelessness, this love was gained and could not be repressed by any of hers, what return could she make for it? Could she marry one man conscious that her love belonged to another? If she had wronged Miller, already, would not this be a far deeper wrong? She shrank from it, and resolving to tell him everything, and cast herself upon his generosity, she lifted her head to speak, but as she did so the sight which met her eyes drove from her mind the purpose of a moment before, to fill its place with bitterness. Walking leisurely down the narrow path, talking with low tone and lingering glance, and what seemed to Anna's watchful gaze a most lover like aspect, came Alice Walsh and Laurence Danvers. That moment charged the current of Anna's thoughts, and redoubled the intensity of the feelings she had just conquered. Why should she show the faith she could not find elsewhere? Since Edward Miller loved her truly, she had a right to accept the happiness he offered her.—Reasoning, or rather blindly feeling, thus, she gave him a hasty answer—an answer wherein she betrayed herself no less than him.

Presently Alice lifting her eyes, became aware of the presence of others near at hand, and after a moment's hesitation the new comer ascended the ledge.

"Do we interrupt a *tele-a-tele*?" asked Alice, mischievously, as she sat down.

"Not unless it is your own," replied Anna carelessly and somewhat scornfully.—Alice colored, for her shaft had rebounded upon herself; but Laurence Danvers looked keenly from one to the other. His quick perception instinctively felt that there had been some change in the relations of the two before him. Why he thought so, he could scarcely have told, for Miller had too much good taste to parade devotion, and Anna wore her society mask. Still, an indescribable something warned Laurence of what had taken place. Perhaps his glance was more observant than another's would have been; or that as it might, he was moody and distrust all the way home, and no very entertaining companion for Miss Walsh.

Anna Holland stood alone in the moonlight, leaning upon one of the pillars of the low-roofed piazza, looking away over the

green meadow land. A step behind her made her start and shrink guiltily into the shadow, but the step came nearer.

"Anna," said a voice close beside, "why do you wish to avoid me?"

"I have no such wish," she said hastily.

"Indeed? You are to be interpreted by contraries, then. But I do not wonder," he continued bitterly, "that anything should be more agreeable to your eyes than I. Tender hearts never like to look upon the misery they have caused. Mr. Miller, perhaps—"

"You remind me," she quietly interrupted, "of something I have wished to say to you. I am—I have promised—" but she hesitated and stopped; finding the communication even more difficult than she had expected.

"I can help you, perhaps," said Laurence as she paused. "You are going to say that you had accepted Miller, and had no further use for me. That is the plain English, I believe?"

Without attempting an answer, she silently held out to him a ring, which he took and ground under foot.

"So perish the compact of which it was a sign," he said, "My ring is thrown aside to make room for this, and I—"

He stopped abruptly. "It is to be hoped you will keep better faith with him than you have kept with me."

She lifted her head at that. "The reproach comes well from you, faith! You have kept yours so truly, you have a right to expect it of others!"

"You mean—"

"Ask your own conscience what I mean. I think—Alice Walsh would have no difficulty in understanding me. I did not mean to speak of this to you, but your reproaches after the part you have acted, are too cruel."

"Anna!" exclaimed Laurence, snatching her hand, "Listen to me. The part I have acted may have been foolish, may have been wrong. I will not try to defend it, but you drove me to it, and I swear to you that I have not had one feeling that was false to you, or one wish with which you were not connected. Your pride and mine held me back, but a single word from you would have brought me to your side. I never dreamed that you would have cast me away so coldly, without a single regret to break the blow. Anna, you loved me once—but she could bear no more. A sob interrupted his passionate speech, as her head fell upon his shoulder. But soon angry with her own weakness, she drew herself from his encircling arm.

"Leave me," she said, "I have been bitterly wrong—wrong throughout, I think, but it shall end here. If I have betrayed one I will not betray another. Edward Miller must never know of this. His truth and sincerity I must respect, even though I lack them myself, and he shall never know suffering caused by me. So much, at least I owe him. Forgive me, and try to forget what I have said to night, and all that has been between us."

From this mood Laurence could not move her. To all his protestations and entreaties she replied only "I must not hear you," and in despair at last he left her.

Left alone in the still moon-light she closed her eyes for a moment in weariness of the calm beauty which so cruelly contrasted her own agitation, and opening them again, started to see a man's shadow thrown across the level ground. Looking around, she beheld Edward Miller slowly advancing up the path from the garden.—A glance at his face made her fear that he knew what had passed, and waited his approach with a guilty dread.

"Anna," said he, "I know all. I have not come to reproach you, but give back the promise it costs you so much to keep. Nay," he continued, checking her hesitating words, "for my own sake, also, I do so. Neither my love nor my pride would allow me to receive a forced faith. Could not you have trusted me enough," he said, clasping her trembling hand, "to tell me all? The pain would have been slight compared with the lifelong misery that concealment must cause us both. Now you, at least, can be happy."

He paused, but Anna could answer only with tears. "It distresses me to see you weep," he said at length, "I wish only your happiness."

"Ah," she answered with an effort, "you are to kind. Your generosity shames me."

"I am going away to-morrow," he said after a moment's hesitation. "Good-bye. Remember me as one who will always be a friend, if he may be nothing more."

"I will remember you as the noblest

friend I ever knew," she replied warmly.

Miller felt his self-control giving way beneath her grateful look, and raising her hand to his lips, he turned away abruptly. So he vanished from Anna's life, though not from her memory.

Laurence of course, (such is the selfishness of mankind,) was very happy at the turn affairs had taken. But there was one little awkwardness in his way which he hardly knew how to dispose of. His attentions to Alice Walsh, as he had assured Anna had been dictated only by reasons connected with the latter, and, in thought, he had been true to her, while false in his appearance. But he was conscious that in order to effect his purpose, he had not scrupled to say and do many things which seemed slight enough at that moment, but upon reflection loomed into a alarming importance. He could not see his way clear. An abrupt withdrawal of attention, which he felt had gone far enough to justify her in expecting more, would be unkind and ungentlemanly; yet, of course, to continue them now was out of the question. Worst of all would be any attempt at explanation, for that would imply that she had attached to their friendship a value which it had, perhaps, never possessed in her eyes. But Alice, herself, very unexpectedly delivered him from the difficulties in which his own unjustifiable conduct had involved him.—In the midst of a conversation with her, Laurence, meditating upon the embarrassments of his position, was becoming very improperly absent-minded, when Alice broke in upon his reflections in a most startling manner.

"Mr. Danvers," she said, "I know you are dying to tell me something! What would you give to have me guess it, and save you the awkwardness of speaking? Well, then, listen. Having quarrelled with Miss Holland you devoted yourself to me with the praiseworthy intention of making her jealous, but the quarrel being now settled, of course you intend to desert me, though, with your usual thoughtfulness, you hesitate to inform me of it. I suppose you are afraid of a scene, or blighted hopes, or something of that sort; but pray don't trouble your kind heart on my account.—You are quite welcome to any assistance I have been able to give; as for the rest—how do you like this face?"

Unclasping from a chain about her neck a locket containing the picture of a reckless, handsome youth, she added as he held it out to her companion—"We have been engaged for some time, but it is rather a secret."

Laurence had listened, open-eyed, and almost open mouthed, with astonishment, to the words of Alice, spoken in her usual careless languid manner, but at the conclusion of her speech his face changed. "So," he said, as he returned the picture, "you have been engaged all the time you were flirting"—(here a sudden recollection of his own share in the transaction prevented his finishing the sentence as he had intended)—"flirting with me."

"The unspoken words, as she clasped the locket. "Fred and I understood each other very well. Since we can't be together, we both agree to amuse ourselves as well as possible apart. He writes me very entertaining accounts of all his flirtations," she added, in the most matter-of-fact tone.

Laurence colored slightly. "And you, of course, return his kindness in the same way," he said. "It is a new view to take of the case, certainly, but I am happy to have afforded an additional spice to your letters, Miss Alice, little as they would be supposed to need one."

"Remember, I haven't admitted you charged!" she said laughingly, as she left him. She knew very well, in her heart of hearts, that her flirtation with Laurence had very nearly passed the limit of a joke with Fred.

As for Laurence himself—"What a little flirt! had been his mental soliloquy, as he gazed after her retreating figure. "Sarcastic, too, talking of my 'kind heart,' and my 'usual thoughtfulness.' But I certainly deserved all she said. At least my fears on her account were wasted, as she pretty plainly hinted."

Some one may have the curiosity to wonder what was the cause of all this jealousy and bitterness. At first the merest trifle—some slight difference about a walk or drive some fancied mark of preference bestowed upon another by Anna, had been magnified by Laurence to a matter of the last importance. Now that it was all over, they saw how small a thing it had really been, and wondered how they could ever let it divide them. But the experience had been useful, if not pleasant, and they are too wise now to suffer such a thing to occur again.—*Boston Cultivator*

## negro Suffrage in the District of Columbia

Day before yesterday the bill which fastens negro suffrage on the District of Columbia passed the House of Representatives by a vote of one hundred and fourteen to fifty-four. With the exception of a few members from Kentucky, Virginia, and the West, the entire Republican strength was cast in its favor. We had expected this result and are therefore not surprised at it. It makes plain the falsehood of the leaders of that party and gives the lie to all the professions and promises upon which they gained power. No man can any longer pretend to be deceived as to the real designs of that organization, nor can its orators and presses conceal or wipe out this damning record. Negro equality, which through all past political campaigns they so pertinaciously denied was any part of their political system, is now avowed to be the capital and ultimate object of it.—We are willing to try this issue with them before the people of the country and shall not suffer the object to lie idle on our hands. Meantime, the following description of the scene which followed the passage of the bill, which we find in the *New York Herald*, is graphic and suggestive:

The galleries were filled with anxious spectators and listeners of both colors, the blacks preponderating, however. The passage of the bill was hailed with such boisterous and prolonged applause on the floor that Speaker Colfax lost his temper, and said that he would not in future attempt to suppress the galleries unless members behaved themselves. Jubilant radicals rushed into the lobbies, the halls and the barber shops and grasped the greasy hands of every thoroughbred freedmen they found in those localities. Coming down from the galleries big darkies jostled loftily against the highborn dames of this district and trod upon their drapery with an air of divine right. In the street cars they hobnobbed with successful Congressmen and grinned familiarly in the faces of the here tofore ruling race.—*Age*.

"INTELLIGENT SUFFRAGE."—To secure the supremacy of the "loyal" party, forever, Thad Stevens wants the Southern negroes to vote. He says:

"If they [the Southern States] should grant the right of suffrage to persons of color, I think there would always be Union white men enough in the South aided by blacks, to divide the representation, and thus continue Republican ascendancy."

Almost in the next breath he tells us how well fitted those blacks are for suffrage. He says:

"The infernal laws of black slavery have prevented them [the blacks] from acquiring an education or from UNDERSTANDING THE COMMONEST LAW OF CONTRACT OR FROM MANAGING THE ORDINARY BUSINESS OF LIFE."

But this is no matter—the blacks would all vote under "loyal" dictation.

MARRIAGE OF HARRIET LANE.—Miss Harriet Lane, the niece of ex-President Buchanan, noted throughout the country as the most accomplished and elegant lady that ever presided at the White House, was married at Wheatland, the residence of ex-President Buchanan, on Thursday the 11th inst., to Mr. Henry Johnson, a wealthy banker of Baltimore. The ceremony was quietly performed, in the presence of a few friends by Rev. Edward Y. Buchanan, the only brother of the ex-President.

A lady made her husband a present of a silver drinking cup with an angel at the bottom. When she filled it for him he used to drain it to the bottom and she asked him why he drank every drop.

"Because, duck," said he, "I long to see the dear little angel."

Upon which she had the angel taken out and had a devil engraved at the bottom. He drank it off just the same, and she again asked him the reason.

"Why," replied he, "because I won't let the old devil have a drop."

What is a coquette? A young lady of more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than grace of mind, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men for attendants.

ANOTHER DEFAULTER.—Another "loyal" defaulting rascal has turned up in San Francisco. Wm. Mackay, Cashier of the Sub Treasury there, is a defaulter to the amount of thirty thousand dollars. Who next?

One of our exchanges praises an egg which it says was "laid on the table," by Rev. Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith seems to be a layman as well as a minister.