

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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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.

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Poet's Corner.

THE SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the streets,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along;
Beautiful snow; it can do no wrong,
Plying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from Heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!
Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go
Whirling about in the maddening fun,
It plays its glie with every one,
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by;
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye!
And even the dogs with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for the moment then lost to the eye;
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing their go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow! But I fell!
Fell like the snow-flakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth on the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will take a wide sweep lest I wander to nigh;
For all that is on or above me I know,
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that the beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be, when the light comes
again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for a prayer, too weak for a moan,
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To lie, and so die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Select Story.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY BEN. FRANKLIN HOLLES.

Read-r, did you ever see a ghost—a real live ghost? Did you ever know of a haunted house where hobgoblins and other unearthly things held their revelries?—Don't start now—be firm, have patience and read. Marysville is a beautiful city; I might say, the most so in all the land which mirrors the Occidental sea! Her gardens of clustering vines, bespangled with rosy petals, poetically termed "the children of the sun," sit their fragrant breath along the shady walks, and the thrilling notes of feathered songsters commune in exquisite melody. Still Marysville had its haunted house, its hobgoblins and ghosts.

The slough which runs through the north-western portion of the city is not different perhaps, mechanically speaking, from other sloughs as the thousands who have crossed the bridge which spans it testify; there were some, however, who thought different, as this narrative will show. Just above that bridge stood an old dilapidated house, which, while we knew it, had only been inhabited at intervals, and its tenants invariably left the premises after one night of terrible hallucinations. You will find brave men in all communities, and we shall now proceed to show how the courage of our heroes, or rather victims was tested.

There resided in Marysville, a beautiful girl, whom we shall call Rose Beaumont. In features she was prepossessing, in manners courteous and obliging, showing no distinction between wealth and poverty, position or profession. In her eyes all men were equal who conducted themselves with propriety. For the poor apprentice boy, or honest mechanic, her smiles were as warm and unreserved as for the "noblesse of the land." Everybody loved Rose, and she had reasons to know it. Like most of girls, she liked fun, and knew how to enjoy it. She had heard of the haunted house often, and formed a plan to try the courage of some of her lovers, by ferreting out, if possible, the strange and mysterious truths concerning the same.

It was soon known among those it interested, that Rose had promised her heart and hand to whoever might solve the problem; and as a result, the house in question was literally besieged on a certain night by brave men and smitten hearts. It so happened that no ghosts made their appearance on that night, no raps nor thumps were heard, save the din and rattle of voices from those present.

The whole party left at daylight in a discontented mood, and in no manner wiser for their sleepless adventure in the spirits' mansion. Billy—thought a world of Rose; so, on the following night, soon after dark, he concluded to visit the ghost, or whatever they might be—and we shall let him in here, to tell his own story: "I moved cautiously toward the building and entered a side door. There were four rooms on the first floor, and as I wanted some way to escape if things did not suit me, I held the impression that I should stop where I was, so closing the door but still retaining my hold on the knob, I stood perfectly silent for half an hour. No unnatural sound was heard during that time, and now that I had broke the ice, I ventured a little deeper and reached the middle room. My feet had scarcely crossed the threshold, when thump! thump! thump! greeted my ears, followed by a most unearthly yell which proceeded from directly over my head, 'In the name of all that is mortal!' I exclaimed, 'make yourselves known whoever you may be, or I shall try the virtue of cold lead in your case.' Rap! rap! rap! was the only answer which I received, and raising my revolver I sent a bullet through the ceiling. The report was instantly followed by a heavy thump, like the body of a person would cause falling on the floor. A gleam of triumph shot from my eyes; I was sure I had dispatched the supposed ghost; I listened again with breathless assurance; no sound pervaded the deathly stillness which followed, and I struck a match in order that I might ascend the stairs; I had almost reached the top when my match went out, and simultaneously I was seized by two apparitions, bound hand and foot, and dragged to a side room. I could not speak, for so unexpectedly overpowered, the shock stifled and choked me.

Presently I opened my eyes, and with the aid of the moon's pale glimmer I saw one of the strange objects remove a robe which covered its head, and reveal a human face! and such eyes—they seemed like balls of fire moving about at leisure, stopping occasionally to gaze wildly down, to my terror stricken vision. Slowly recovering my self-possession, I raised my head partly from the floor, and cried out: For the love of God, give me liberty or kill me on the spot!

Then came a voice in a shrill and rumbling tone, which will never be eradicated from my memory, saying: "Silence—silence while you live, for soon you will die!" "Oh," I thought to myself, "where was my courage now? Lost, lost!" I murmured, and sank back in despair.

I lay thus completely prostrated for sometime, when a new sense of my position nerved me to desperation. I resolved that if I must die, it should not be without a struggle, and remembering that I had a pocket knife with me, I managed to get my hands in such a position as to reach it, which I did, and cut the cords that bound me, and sprang to my feet. If my courage had been renewed I must acknowledge it predominated for a moment only; at the first glance I observed the ghost preparing for my execution! A huge block and a glittering axe was all I remember seeing, when I fell senseless to the floor.

Again I returned to consciousness and again I raised my head to look about me. The preparations were near completed, the apparitions stood about the same distance from the stairs as myself—life was precious and with one bound I cleared the stairs and sped out of the door.

I did not relate this adventure to any one. If I had, I was certain they would laugh at me; I therefore kept mum, and concluded that if this was the road to woman's affection, I would go the other way, and live and die a bachelor.

The next victim was George—who, being daily sworn, deposed and says: "I would do anything to win Rose Beaumont and learning of the proposition she had made, I expected there would be a tremendous rush for the haunted house; so I'd wait for a few days, and then ascertain if there be such things as ghosts in the vicinity, and if so, whether I could not compromise with them, in order to arrange things with the charming Rose.

I waited until Saturday evening, and about eight o'clock on that evening, I swung a large bowie knife at my side, and went forth to meet the foe. I believed not, that "a faint heart never won fair lady," and feeling my heart to be in the condition to win Rose, I was confident of success. As I opened the front door, I called out:

"If there be any spirit present; they will please make manifest by rapping three times."

The response came immediately, for three decidedly strong knocks on the top of my head laid me sprawling on the floor! Before I had time to seize my knife, or defend myself in the least, I was bound hand and foot, and lifted by two strange-looking objects. White as a sheet, I was carried up stairs. All the courage I thought I

possessed was now frightened out of me and I became docile as a lamb. I did not shout murder, or struggle, as most persons would under such circumstances, for I knew I was powerless, and determined to use the persuasive plan to be released from the perilous situation.

In a straightforward manner, I said: "Whoever you may be, either of earth or heaven, let me plead to you for mercy. I did not come here to harm anybody, but at the earnest solicitation of one who is the life of life—the purest and brightest hope of my heart, and who alone could make my life a blessing."

But I was interrupted here by one of the objects, who exclaimed: "Silence—silence while you live, for soon you will die!" "Die!" I retorted. "Oh, heavens, you will not murder me!" But there was no response.

I was left alone. They soon returned, one with a large bowl, and the other strapping a keen-edged razor on the palm of his hand. It was now evident that I was to be butchered—slaughtered like an ox; a trembling began to crawl over me from head to foot, my teeth chattered together, and oh, I cannot describe my feelings, or utter the thought which passed my poor brain. A box was now brought forward, on which I was placed in a sitting position. One of the objects now took his place behind me, and placing his hand on my forehead, pressed my head back, which quickened my breath, and I expected every breath drawn would be my last. Judge of my surprise when I felt the razor's edge ploughing through my hair, and the locks which Rose had so often admired fell upon my face, and glided to the floor! I was mute, and never flinched; finally every vestige of hair was shaved from my head, and both my tormentors went to another room. Casting my eyes downward, I saw the razor had been left on the box at my side, and with great exertion I managed to secure it, and sever the cords which bound me.

There was a window near where I was—it was my only chance, and I sprang through it to the ground, some fifteen feet below. I was not hurt otherwise than by spraining my wrist. I still held on to the razor. I found the name of a well known person written on the handle. The mystery was solved, and, although I lost my hair, I spoiled the reign of ghosts in that house.

It appeared that certain parties had resolved to have sport over the proposition of Rose Beaumont, with the result we have stated. The evidence was satisfactory that George had won the maiden, for the parties whom the razor exposed had discovered that the peculiar noise, so often heard, was caused by the large number of rats who held their court within its walls. George and Rose still reside in Marysville, but the haunted house passed away during the floods which, a few years since, submerged the valleys of California.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

It is worth while for all farmers everywhere, to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on their farm.

That good fences always pay better than lawsuits with neighbors.

That hay is a great deal cheaper made in the summer, than purchased in the winter.

That more stock perish from famine than founder.

That a horse who lays his ears back and looks like lightning when any one approaches him, is vicious—don't buy him.

That scurrying the feed of fattening hogs is a waste of grain.

That over fed fowls won't lay eggs.

That educating children is money lent at a hundred per cent.

That one evening spent at home in study is more profitable than ten lounging about a country tavern.

That cows should always be milked regularly and clean.

That it is the duty of every man to take some good reliable entertaining paper, and pay for it promptly—of course

The address from the Council of the Irish Republic, at Dauphin, was published yesterday in New York. It says the work of preparation is done, and that the goal can be clearly seen, and calls for a loan to be paid six months after the establishment of Irish independence. The address is endorsed by Colonel O'Mahony, who urges prompt action by the Brotherhood.

A fact highly honorable to typos is disclosed by a late report of the New York Inspector of State Prisons: while all other occupations are represented in their large number of convicts, there is not a single printer. Is it because they are more moral than other people, or are they smarter and so escape detection?—well, any way it is creditable to them.

The lawyer's motto—be brief. The doctor's motto—be patient. The potter's motto—beware. The type-setter's motto—be composed.

The lady who made a dash, has since brought her husband to a full stop.

People behind the time should be fed on ketchup.

THE CIRCUIT OF CARBON THROUGH ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.

Among those operations of nature which may go contemplated from new points of view with ever-renewed interest, in the circuit which carbon is perpetually running through animal and vegetable organisms. Upon the continuance of this circuit depends the existence of all life upon our globe. If it were suspended, all animals would cease to breathe, and all vegetables to grow; the sea would become a lifeless waste of waters, and the earth an uninhabited desert, with no leaf or flower, or living thing upon its plains or mountains.

Here is a piece of charcoal that was very recently an essential portion of a growing oak tree. If we set it on fire and expose it to a current of air, its color changes from black to red, and it slowly vanishes from our sight—vanishes, not by some trick of legerdemain, but by actually becoming invisible. The miracle would excite our wonder but for the fact that we have seen it performed so many times before.

To the imperfect observation of the unaided senses, it seems plain that the charcoal is annihilated; but the power of modern science can follow in its invisible flight and can ascertain positively that every ounce and grain of its substance is still in existence, and that it weighs precisely as much now as it did when in a solid mass, before undergoing its miraculous transformation.

The simple explanation of the disappearance is that the charcoal in burning combined with the oxygen of the atmosphere—that the two elements, thus combined, constitute carbonic acid—and that carbonic acid at ordinary temperatures is a colorless gas. The charcoal in its combination with oxygen has been changed from the solid to the gaseous state, and has, by this change, become transparent and invisible.

The same combination of carbon and oxygen is always going on in the interior of our bodies, a given quantity of carbon generating, in this case, the same amount of heat—though not of the same intensity—as when charcoal is burned in a fire. It is in this way that the body is kept warm, and the vital functions are kept in operation. The lungs are made up of numerous minute sacs of extremely thin membrane, on one side of which delicate blood vessels are distributed, while the air comes in contact with the other side. This membrane has the property of absorbing oxygen from the air, and of passing it through by endosmosis into the blood. The blood, thus supplied with oxygen, returns to the heart and is forced through the arteries all over the system. The digested food, being also poured into the blood, is brought in contact with the oxygen, when the carbon of the food combines with oxygen, forming carbonic acid, and generating heat. On the return of the blood to the lungs, the carbonic acid passes outward through the membrane by exosmosis, and is expelled through the nostrils into the atmosphere.

This carbonic acid floats in the atmosphere until it comes in contact with a growing leaf, when it is instantly absorbed, and under the combined action of light and vegetable life is decomposed, the carbon is carried inward to help build up the structure of the plant, or to aid in the formation of fruit and grain, to be again used for food, while the oxygen is set free in the atmosphere to be again breathed by some animal, again combined with carbon to keep up the slow fire of animal life, and again restored to the atmosphere.

Thus carbon runs its perpetual circuit from the animal to the vegetable world, and from the vegetable back to the animal—keeping up, in its course, both forms of organic life.—Scientific American.

A BEAUTIFUL EMPRESS.—The Empress of Austria is said to be one of the most beautiful of the Princesses of Europe, and, from her description, would certainly seem to be a very charming woman. She is tall, slender, graceful, with a very white skin, a good deal of color, large, limpid blue eyes, and an amazing head of light hair, which she wears in eight massive braids, wound round and round her head, forming a magnificent diadem of hair, such as very few women could match from their own resources. She speaks all the principal tongues of Europe, and is particularly fond of the English language, which she speaks as perfectly as though it were her native dialect. The Empress is an excellent musician, paints and draws extremely well, and is one of the boldest horsewomen of Austria. She possesses a stud of very valuable horses, and a pack of splendid hounds; and she is said to take the warmest interest in the racing and hunting of all Europe, and to know by heart the names of the heroes of the turf, biped and quadruped, of all the countries of Europe. In addition to all these attractions, she is said to have a remarkably good temper.

A young man somewhere in Chicago, has been discovered to be heir to \$100,000, he is missing, and they are advertising for him to come forward. Several young ladies hereabouts are looking for a young man just like him.

Punch says that a Yankee baby will crawl out of its cradle, take survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

WORDS IN USE.—The peasants of England have not more than 300 words in their vocabulary. The ancient sages of Egypt, so far as we know from their hieroglyphic inscriptions, used but 685 words. A well educated person in England or America seldom uses more than about 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners who avoid vague and general expressions, and wait till they find the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock; and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000. Shakespeare, who displayed a greater variety of expressions than probably any writer in any language, wrote all his plays with about 15,000 words. Milton's works are composed of 8,000; and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words.

EVILS OF GOSSIP.—I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendship once as firm as granite, dissolved to jelly, and then run away to water, only because of this; love that promised a future as enduring as heaven and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turns, to a day's long tears, only because of this; a father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of anger, only because of this; and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the heated lash, that in the beginning had been golden, bondage of a God blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and joy lay buried, and only because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of blank malice, all because of the spell words of scandal, and the magic mutterings of gossip.

Great crimes work great wrongs, and the deeper tragedies of human life springs from its larger passions, but woe and and most melancholy from the uncalculated tragedies that issue from gossip and destruction, most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the innocent, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the strings they never see, and to silence words they never hear. Gossip and slander are the deadliest and the cruellest weapons man has for his brothers hurt—All the Year Round.

COMMON CHIEFS.—It is surprising (says a late writer) how infectious tears are at a wedding. First of all the bride cries, because she's going to be married; and then of course, the bridesmaids cry, perhaps, because she'll lose her d d darling; and then the fond party cries, because he thinks it proper; and then all the ladies cry, because ladies, as a rule, they never miss a chance of crying; and then, perhaps, the groomsman cry, to keep the ladies company; and then the old pew-opener cries, to show what deep pecuniary interests he takes in the proceedings; and then, perhaps, the public cries, the public being, of course, composed exclusively of pettecots. But notwithstanding all these Niobes, who make quite a Niagara of eye water around them, we own we never yet have seen the bridegroom cry, and should about as soon expect to hear the beadle whimper.

OUR TURN MUST COME.—"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like a vapor while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn as she had once for us as children. Yet a little while and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will have been stifled, and we shall be left alone in silence and in darkness to the worms. And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of; but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eyes that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will forget to kiss our names."

A SHORT LOVE STORY.—Here is a story by one Morgan, a sea captain, concerning a husband at sea, which may afford a comfortable hint to young ladies:

Single ladies cross the water under the special care of the captain of the ship, and if a love affair occurs among the passengers, the captain is usually a confidant of one or both parties. A very fascinating young lady had been placed under Morgan's care, and three young gentlemen fell desperately in love with her. They were all equally agreeable, and the young lady was puzzled which to encourage. She asked the captain's advice. "Come on deck," he said, "the first day it is perfectly calm. The gentlemen will of course be near you. I shall have a boat lowered, and do you jump overboard, and see which of the gentlemen will jump after you. I will take care of you."

A calm day soon came, the captain's suggestions were followed, and two of the lovers jumped after the lady at an instant. But between these two the lady could not decide, so exactly had been their devotion. She again consulted the captain. "Take the man that didn't jump," he is the most sensible fellow, and will make you the best husband."—Chambers Journal.