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### TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1866.

VOL. 5 NO. 40

Aweckly Dem peratie paper, devoted to Poli los, News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Publehed every Wednes-pay, at Tunkhannock Wyoming County, Pa BY HARVEY SICKLERA



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## Belect Story.

TROUBI ED HONEY-MOON-

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

George Jameson and Katie Vaughan had a brilliant wedding. Everything was faultless-from the icing on the cake to the arrangement of the bride's waterfall.

fied PATER FAMILIAS to a charm; and mire! match made in heaven.

alpacca, with nazarine blue trimmings was was held fast. donned-the sweetest love of a thing Madam D'Aubrey had made up for the season. night was ages long. The sun had Then there was the little bonnet of gray never taken so much time to rise in ;silk to match the dress, with its blue face but probably it realized that nothing could trimming to match Katie's eyes; the gol- be done until it was up, and was not disden bird of paradise dropping its plumage posed to hurry. over the crown; and it was such a fine kisses George and Kate started for the de-

They arrived just in season. The whisled up his traveling shawl and Katie grasp ed her parasol.

"George, dearest," said the bride, "do At last, just as George was beginning run out and see to the trunks! I should to despair, he heard a voice in the dis die if, when we get to the Falls,my clothes tance calling outshould not be there! It would be dreadful to be obliged to go to dinner In my travelling dress! Go see to them, there's a darling!"

George vanished; the train pulling an! smoking shot into the depot. Conductor popped his head into the ladies' room, shouting at the top of his voice:

" All aboard for Danville! Come, hurry up, ladies! Five minutes behind time and another train due."

Katie did not know whether she was bound for Danville or not; probably she had better get in and let George follow. --So she entered the long and smoky vehicle feelivg very much at sea. The conductor passed py her seat; she caught him by the all things, I declare I never!"

"Is my husband-"

"Oh, yes, yes, all right," said the officer hurrying on in a way railway officials have. 'I'll send him right along," and he vanished from view in the long line of moving carriages.

more time than he had intended--returned to the ladies' room to find Katie missing-searched about wildly, inquiring of every one he met without success.

sir," said a ticket agent of whom he made inquiry. "You are going to Buffalo, I think you said; that's the train to Buffalo; you'll likely find her there. Just starting not a moment to lose.

George grasped the railing of the hind car as it flew by, and, flinging open the door he rushed through car after car, but seeking in vain for Katie. She was not on the train. "Most likely she got on the wrong frain and went by Groton," said the con-"Groton is a way station fifteen ductor. miles further ahead. We stop there fifteen or twenty minutes for refreshments, You'll doubtless find her there."

The cars flew over the track. George mentally blessed the man who invented steam engines - he could reach Katie so much sooner. Dear little thing! how vexed and troubled she must be-and George grew quite lachrymose over her desolate

But it seemed ages to George before they whirled up to the platform at Groton, and then he did not wait to practice any courtesy. He leaped out impetuously, for sale. knocking over an old lady with a flower pot and a bird cage in her hand, demolishing the pot and putting the birds into hysed in thoug' t of his lost bride to spare a regret for his hat.

believed there was one lady who had come Silk and Eassimere Dats alone; she had gone to the Belvidere House -she must be the one.

George waited to hear no more. He Katy's style had arrived; perhaps she had swering the description he gave of Katie stopped at Margate, fen miles back. George had been seen the day before at Danville, Margate until the next morning, but the band. wretched husband could not wait all night

-he would walk. He got directious about the roads; was told that it was a straight one-for the most of the way through the woods-rather lonesome but pleasant. He set forth at once, not stopping to swallow a mouthful. Excitement had taken away his appetite.-The fine day had developed into a cloudy evening-the night would be darker than

usual. · George hastened on, too much excited to feel fatigue-too much agonized about Katie to notice that he had split his elegant

French gaiters out at the sides. After three or four hours hard walking he began to think that something must be wrong, He ought to be approaching the suburbs of Margate. In fact, he ought to

have reached the village itself sometime! his being on the right road, and began to right hand, second flight. look about him. There was no road at all, fences and wheel tracks had vanishedthere was forest, forest everywhere.

The very character of the ground beneath his feet changed at every step he took. his arms, rained kisses upon her face. It grew softer and softer, until he sank ankle deep in mud; and, suddenly, before he Mrs. Vaughan cried just enough not to could turn about, he fell in almost to his redden her nose; Vaughan did the digni- armpits. He had stumbled into a quag-A swift horror came over him! George and Katie were so affectionate as People had died before now in places like to give the world the idea that here was a this-and it would be so dreadful to die thus, and Katie never know what had be-The bridal-breakfast over, the white come of him. He struggled with the moire antique and orange flowers were strength of desperation to free himself, but thieves?" laid aside, and the pretty traveling sui of he might as well have taken it coolly. He

Thus slowly the hours wore away. The

As soon as it was fairly light, George and in the midst of congratulations and the hope that some one who might be going somewhere might hear him. He amused himself in this way for an hour; white acroned waiters. and at the end of that time you could not tle sounded in the distance. George buck- have distinguished his voice from that of a frog close at hand, who had been doing his very best to rival our hero.

"Hallo, there! is it you or a frog?" "It's me," cried George, "and I shall be dead in ten minutes! Come quick!

I'm into the mud up to my eyes!" Directly an old woman appeared, a sunbonnet on her head and a basket on her arm. She was huckleberrying.

"The land sake," cried she, "you're in for it, ain't ye?"

"Sarved ye right! I am glad of it !-Didn't ye see the notice that the old man put up' that nobody must come a huckleberrying in this ere swamp?"

"Huckleberrying, indeed! I am after my wife!" "Land sake! Your wife! Well, of

"She got on the wrong train, and so did

I; and I expect she's at Margate, and I started from Groton last night to walk there, and lost my way. Help me out, do hat's a dear woman The old woman steadied herself by a

tiee, and being a woman of good muscles, Meanwhile George having seen to the baggage - a proceeding that had occupied head to foot. He shook himself.

"There, if you'll show me the way, I'll go right on-" "No you won't either! You'll go right

over to our house and have a cup of cofdry yours; and I'll send Tom over to Margate with the horse and wagon to bring your wife."

"You're a trump," cried George, wringing her hand. "God bless you!-You shall be well rewarded for yoor kindness.'

Mrs. Starks' house was only a little way distant and to its shelter she took George Tom was dispatched to Margate to hunt up Mrs. Jameson; and George, arrayed in a suit of Mr. Stark's clothes-blue swallow tailed coat, home made gray pantaloons, cow hide boots and white hat with a broad brim-for the Starks were friends-felt like a new man

They gave him a good breakfast, which did not come amiss; and, while Tom was absent, the old lady made him lie down on the lounge and take a nap.

Tom returned about noon. He had scoured the whole village, but found nothing. Only one passenger had left the train at Margate on the previous day, and he was an old man with patent plasters

Poor George was frenzied. He rushed out of the house and stood looking first up and then down the road, uncertain The old lady was indignant, and which way to wend his course. Suddenly hit George a rap with her umbrella that the train from Groton swept past, and a spoiled forever the fair proportions of his white handkerchief was swinging from an bridal beaver, but he was too much engag- open window, and above the handkerchief George caught the gleam of the golden hair and blue ribbons! It was Katie be-He flew through the astonished crowd, youd a doubt. He cleared the fence at a mashing up a cripoline here, and knocking bound, and rushed after the flying train. over a small boy there, until he reached ite ran, till he was ready to drop, when the clerk of the station. Yes, the clerk he can e upon some men with a hand car, who were repairing the road. He gave them ten dollars to take him to Groton .-He was sure he could and Katie there!

But no! the train had not stopped at hurried up the street to the place, where all. This was the express for Buffalo,the landlord assured him that no lady of But a bystander informed him a lady anseized on the hope. There was no train to | crying, and saying she had lost her hus-

George darted off. He caught with avidity at the hope thus held out, It en to dry. Her mistress shortly after must be Katie! Who else had lost her found a very gentle family horse standing husband?

A train was just leaving for Danville. He sprang on board, and suffered an eternity during the transit, for it was an accommodation train, and everybody knows about those horrible delays at every station.

But they reached Danville at last .-George inquired for the lady who had lest her husband. Yes, she was all right -she had gone to the American House to wait for him. She expected him by every train, till he came, said the ticket master.

He hurried with all speed th the Amer-

Yes, she was there, said the clerk; she before. He grew a little doubtful about was awaiting for her husband; room 221,

George flew up stairs, burst open the or rather, it was all road; for all vestige of door of 221, and entered without ceremony. She was sitting by the window looking for him, with her back to the door .-He sprang forward, and holding her in

"My Katie! my darling! my darling! have I found you at last?' She turned her face and . looked at him before she spoke, and then she set up such

a scream as made the very hair stand on George's head. "You are not my James!" she cried. "Oh, heaven! Help! Help! Somebody come quickly? Help! Help! murder!-

George stood aghast. The lady was middle-aged, with false teeth, and a decidedly snuffy looking nose. No more like the due and satisfactory enjoyment, and

like the Venus de Medici! He turned to flee just as the stairway was alive with people alarmed with the cries of the woman. They tried to stop ly, most injuriously interferes with the him, but he would not be stayed. He processes of mastication and deglution, and morning, and everything looked propitious began to scream at the top of his voice, in took the stairs at a leap, and landed some- consequently, with that of digestion. Inwhere near the bottom, among the wreck deed such is the close connection of our of three chamber maids, and as many

'And before any one could seize him he was rushing down over the front steps .-A lady and gentleman were slowly ascending them, and George in his bad haste, ran against the lady and broke the rim of

her bonnet. "You rascal!" cried the gentleman with her, "what do you mean by treating a lady in this manner?" and he seized our

hero by the collar. Then, for the first time, George looked at the couple before him.

"Tis Katie! Oh, Katie!" cried he, for this time there was no mistake; it was Katie and her uncle Charles. "Oh, my wife! my wife!"

He tried to take her in his arms, but she fled from him in terror.

"Take that dreadful man away," she eried. "I am sure he is insane or drunk! Only see his boots and his awful hat!" "I tell you I am your George!-Oh,

Katie, where have you been?" exclaimed Katie looked at him now, and recogniz-

ing him, began to cry. "Oh, dear, that I should have ever lived to see this day! My George that I of a man's nature prove to be a weaker thought so pure and good, faithless and protection to a woman in a family circle intoxicated! Oh, uncle Charles, what will

become of me?"
"My dear neice, be patient," said her uncle. "I think this is George, and we her own household. These things ought will hear what he has to say before condemning him. Mr. Jameson, I met your wife in the cars yesterday, and she inform- and bad temper upon those of his hearthed me that yen deserted her at the Wind- stone, is a small coward and a very mean "She's probably already in the train, if the and something to eat, and a suit of the old man's clothes to put on while I had been seen to be the old man's clothes to put on while I had been seen to be the old man's clothes to put on while I had been seen to be the seen true gentlement and I had been seen to be the seen true gentlement and I had been se persuaded her to remain here while I telegraphed to the principle stations along the road for information of you. Why did I

receive no answer?" "Because the telegraph does not run into old Mr. Stark's huckleberry swamp, where I had the honor of spending last

night," said George, losing his temper. "But this extraordinary disguise?" "My clothes were muddy, and I have got on Mr. Stark's," said George. And though the explanation was not particularly lucid to those who heard it, they

were satisfied. "My dearest George!" cried Katic. rushing into his arms, "and so you did not desert me, and I shan't have to be divorc- it has been done is still hot, some powder-

"Never, my darling! and we'll never be eparated again for a moment."

"No, not for all the baggage in the world! Oh, George, you don't know how I have suffered." The crowd could be kept ignorant no onger, for scores had assembled round the

hotel, drawn thither by the disturbance .-

Matters were explained, and cheers long and loud rent the air. The landlord got up an impromptu wedding dinner, at which Katie presided; and George, looking very sheepish in Mr.

Stark's swallow-tail, did the honors. They proceeded on their tour next day, ann soon afterward Mr. and Mrs. Stark were delighted to receive a box by express, containing the lost suit of the old gentleman, and the wherewithal to purchase him another, beside the most handsome drawn silk bonnet for . Mrs. Stark that the old lady had ever seen.

"There, old man," said she, turning from the glass at which she had been surveying herself in the new bonnet, "I allers told you that huckleberry swamp would turn to something if it was only to raise frogs in. Guess I hit it sometimes.'

An Irish girl was ordered to hang the wash clothes on the horse in the kitchin the kitchen completely covered with the articles that had been washed that day .-Upon interrogating the girl, the reply was; 'Och, to be sure, you told me to hang the clothes upon the hourse in the kitchen, and the baste is the kindest I ever saw, sure,"

The man everybody likes is generally a fool. The man nobody likes is generally a knave. The man who has friends who would die for him, and foes who wo'd loved him broiled alive. is usually a man of some worth and force.

Sudeoride for ide Comoorui.

ORDER AND REGULARITY OF MEALS.

It is most important in the physical nurture of children that their meals should be at regular hours, and with no long intervals. But there is no worst practice than that which is too prevalent, especially among the poor, of giving children small portions of food between meals, or when ever they choose to ask, or, after much asking, to get rid of their importunity .--It has a bad moral effect, encouraging them to give away to every impulse of appetite, and to think much and often of eating; and renders them gluttonous. And it has a bad physical effect, inducing in the stomach a habit of perpetual craving, or keeping it in a state of perpetual repletion. Again, not only; regularity at meal-times, but comfort and good order at meals, will conduce in a great degree to the charming little Katie than she was hence good digestion of food. Hurry, confusion, general talking and clamor, chiding and quarrelling, too often witnessed at the dinner table of a disorderly family, most injuriously interferes with the mental and corporal faculties, that these circumstances do, of themselves, immediately tend to impede digestion. It is a well-known fact that fear, anger, vexation, anxiety, felt at the time of eating, prevent the proper decoction of food by the stomach; and so, to a certain extent, must all other purturbations of the mind. The observance of this rule is of course as necessary for adults as children; but since the passions of children are more easily excited, and less regarded, and their stomachs more delicate for the most part than those of their elders, they are the

> AN ITEM FOR THE HOME CIRCLE .-Somebody says, and truly too, that there are few families, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father or brother, will speak harsh words to those he loves best, simply because the secresy of love and family pride keep him from get-ting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times, to his wife or sister than he would to any other female except a low, victous one. It is thus that the honest affections than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those, not belonging to not to be so. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen ums between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society. can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the most sacred bonds of conjugal love.

chief sufferers by its neglect.

coffee, once roasted; lose every hour somewhat of their aroma, in consequence of the influence of the oxygen of the air, which, owing to the perosity of the roasted berries, can easily penetrate. This peroicious change may best be avoided by strewing over the berres, when the roasting is completed, and while the vessel in which ed white or brown sugar (half an ounce to one pound of coffee is sufficient.) The sugar melts immediately, and by well shaking or turning the roaster quickly, it spreads over all the berries, and gives each one a fine glaze, impervious to the atmosphere. They have then a shining appearance, as though covered with a varnish, and they in consequence lose their smell entirely, which, however, returns in high degree as they are ground. After this operation they are to be shaken out rapidly from the roaster and spread on a cold plate of iron, so that they may cool as soot as possible. If the hot berries are allowed to remain heaped together they begin to sweat, and when the quantity is large the heating process by the influence of air increases to such a degree that at last they take fire spontaneously. The roasted and glazed berries should be kept in a dry place, because the covering of sugar attracts moisture.

his learned friend, had bair which looked trial- which befall their habitation. They he'd, "ought to have a long enough expe- law, and their very footsteps are walked hair will be gray as long as I live, and where, in all this footstool of the Dispenser yours will be black as long as you dye."

lided with an ice bound sidewalk.remarked spread with plenty, and around an alter as she assumed a perpendicular position, reared for the morning and the evening "I'll have a man to hang on to before an | socrifice of humble and grateful hearts? other winter."

salary of \$15,000 per annum.

GEN. LEE'S TESTIMONY SUPPRES-

"Mack," the inimitable correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, in a recent let-

I am sorry to observe a disposition on the part of the Reconstruction Committee to suppress in the pretended publication of General Lee's testimony, the most important portion of that distinguished officer's examinations. I violate no confidence in giving it as follows:

Q. What kind of shirts did you wear during the war? A. Calico, sometimes, and sometimes

woolen. Q. Your are married, are you not?

A. Yes. I am.

Q. Well, state to the committee what ind of under-clothing your wife wore dur-

ing the unholy strife? A. I was not at home much of the time

and can't say. Q. What color was it?

A. I don't know. Q. Wasn't it gray?

A. I never took notice. Q. Don't you know that the ladies of the South formed a secret cabal for the wearing of gray petticoats during the war? A. I do not.

Q. Don't you think they wore more gray than blue in the article of clothing to which we refer?

I do not know. Never investigated that subject Q. Is it true that the women of the South wear Jeff. Davis' picture in their bosoms?

A. I never took notice. Should not be surprised if some did. Q. Do von think a Freedman's Bureau agent would be allowed to marry into the

first family of Virginia? A. If a young lady belonging to a first family were willing, I suppose he could. Q How long will it be before pumpkin

ies become a favorite dish in the lately reellious districts? A. I do not know. Some people like

them now. Q. Is there not a great aversion to codfish, as a yankee staple of diet?

A. I do not know that there is. Q. Do they like pork and beans in Vir-

A. Some people do. Q. What's your opinion of the Fenian's? A. I have not given the subject much

attention. Q. How are you on Schleswig-Holstein? A. I have not made up my mind on that

Q. Which side do you sleep or? A The right side generally. Q Do Southern men generally continue

subject either.

to sleep in arms, notwithstanding the cessation of the rebellion? A. Those who are married do, I believe.

Q. Do those who are not married abstain from doing so?

A. I can't say they all do. There are other important parts of Gen Lee's testimony not yet published by the Committee on Reconstructtion. I trust I have given enough to show, when contrasted with what has heretofore been given to the public, that the most significant portions of the examinations-those bearing most Aroma of Coffee. -- The berries of directly on the great problem of reconstruction-are willfully suppressed.

> VALUE OF PERSONAL NEATNESS .-- Many worthy women, who would not for the world be found wanting in the matter 'of personal neatness, seem somehow to have he notion that any study of the arts of

personal beauty in family life is unmatron-They buy their clothes with simple reference to economy, and have them made up without any question of becomingness; and hence marriage sometimes transforms a charming, trim, tripping young lady into o waddling matron, whose every-day toilet suggests only the idea of a teather-bed tied round with a string. For my part, I do not believe that the summary banishment of the Graces from the domestic circle as soon as the first baby mades its appearance is at all conductive to domestic affection .--Nor do I think there is any need of so doing. These good housewives are in danger, like other saints, of falling into the error of neglecting the body through too much thoughtfulness for others and too little for themselves. It a woman ever had any at-

tractiveness, let her try and keep it, setting

it down as one of her domestic talents.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE. -- Endearments binds together the members of the household-sharers of the same flesh and blood. which are found of the same kind and to THE DIFFERENCE .- Two lawyers in a the sam degree nowhere else on earth. county court-one of whom had gray hair, The dwellers of this common home, too, and the other, though just as old a man as have a common share in the blessings and suspiciously black---had some altercation are fed on the same board, repose under about a question of practice, in which the the same roof and the joys and sorrows gentleman with the dark hair remarked to of the whole group. What a place those his opponent :-- "A person at your time of parents hold in this little empire. How life, sir," looking at the barrister's gray their words have power, and their will is rience to know what is customary in such into; and how those whom God has given cases." "Yes, sir," was the reply; 'you them are prized beyond all earthly things, may stare at my gray hair if you like. My as the jewels of their casket. Where, of our mercies should God be acknowledge ed, if not here? Shall not the voice of A young lady out West, who lately col- gratitude and praise ascend from the board You may not only burnish your own armor and find refreshment for your spirit spirit here, soldiers of Christ, but here is a The English jocky Grimshaw, receives a favered spot in which to train recruits to ioin the sacrimental hosts.