

The North Branch Democrat.

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

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Select Story.

"NOT IN OUR SET."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

It was between the first and second acts of a celebrated opera. The audience had just ceased applauding Patti, who had been called before the curtain twice; and now everybody was looking around to see who was in the opera.

A gentleman who appeared comparatively a stranger leaned over to speak to a lady before him.

"I have been so long abroad," he said, "that I hardly know anybody. Yet I never in any opera house saw so many beautiful faces. Who is that beautiful girl opposite? I mean the one in pink, on the second seat of the balcony, playing her fan with the grace of a Spanish woman?"

"Oh! that girl!" was the contemptuous reply. "That's Marian Vaughn, the daughter of a retired pork merchant, or tailor, or something of that sort. She is not in our set, however, and I know little about her."

"It was going, coz, to ask you to introduce me," said Harry Berkeley, who had been the first speaker, "but I see that won't do."

"Dear me!" cried the lady; "the girl isn't in society, at all I tell you."

"The truth is, Harry," interposed Charley Thorne, the last speaker's brother, "the girls are all jealous of Miss Vaughn. She is beautiful, as you see; and witty and accomplished also. Then, too, she's full of character. Quite independent, I assure you, doing exactly what she likes, though she never does anything un lady-like. Her father is enormously rich, and so she is able to gratify all her tastes. All our set, eh! Amelia?"

Amelia was extraneous, and tried to frighten up poor fellows from marrying her. "I'm very glad," he added, satirically, "that some of our 'first families' have the reputations of our grandfathers and great grandfathers to live upon; for 'pon my soul, they've neither money nor brains in general."

Miss Thorne turned her white shoulder contemptuously on her brother, eyed Miss Vaughn askance, and commenced picking her to pieces, in which delightful occupation she was most assiduously assisted by a female friend "in our set" who had accompanied her to the opera.

Harry Berkeley was the match of the season. Inheriting a vast estate, while yet in his minority, he had gone abroad as soon as he had completed his studies, and had remained there, principally, until his twenty-fifth year. His return to America, unmarried, had put all the marriageable young ladies in the city into a flutter.

His claims to be "in society," nobody could deny, for his great grandfather had been a colonial governor, his grandfather a general in the revolution, and his father a senator of the United States; while his mother and grandmother had each been favorite toasts in their day, and fashionable leaders in the most select circle of their native town. Hence, no young bachelor was more courted.

But Amelia Thorne, his second cousin, had secretly appropriated him to herself. One so gently born, she thought, should marry nobody less genteel; and who was there, she added proudly to herself, with an equal quantity of the "blue blood" of America as herself.

The next opera night, however, Harry did not invite her as she expected, and she was forced to press her father into her service as a cavalier. Imagine her chagrin, on taking her seat, to observe her cousin talking to Miss Vaughn, the latter, looking more beautiful than ever.

"Good heavens! pa," she cried, "do you see Harry? He is actually talking to that Vaughn girl!"

"And I hear," replied her father, unconscious of his daughter's plans, "that she is very fascinating. I shouldn't wonder if he married her."

Miss Thorne colored with anger, and bit the end of her fan. The opera that night gave her but little pleasure, for she was watching Miss Vaughn, and was mad with jealousy.

The next morning her truant cousin presented himself. She welcomed him with a sneer.

"My dear cousin," said Harry, gracefully taking a seat beside her, "you don't know how you girls—the girls of our set—I mean—astonish me. I have just come from Europe, where I have been preaching republican institutions, and yet, the very first thing I hear, at home, is that merit is nothing, and being 'in society' everything. 'To be sure. A real lady owes it to herself not to associate with everybody.'"

"By which you mean that you, and a dozen more, pretend to be better than those who are as cultivated as yourselves. Let me tell you, coz, that you lose more than you are aware of, for Miss Vaughn and others like, who rest their social claims on their accomplishments, are, as Charley says, far more agreeable acquaintances than 'our set' generally. You are only laughed at, and, this, not merely by those you think you put down, but by all sensible people."

Miss Amelia was purple with rage. She had never been talked to so plainly before and she was not disposed to submit to it, even for the best match of the season, and much less from her cousin.

"Laughed at, an I?" she cried, rising. "Sir, you forget who are you speaking to! But when people consort with tailor's

daughters, their manners leave them."

"As I shall leave you, fair coz," answered Harry, determined not to quarrel, "for I see you are not looking quite as lovely, at this moment, as usual, and I try never to see a lady except in her best looks, so that I can remember her pleasantly."

Half an hour afterward, Miss Amelia could have bitten her tongue off, in anger at herself for having said what she did.—She had virtually driven him away, she reflected, and so lost every chance of securing him for herself. What if she had also driven him to Miss Vaughn?

The suspicion, alas! proved correct.—Harry's engagement had just been announced. And those who used to sneer at Miss Vaughn, "not in our set," are already making interest for cards for the wedding, which is to be the "affair of the season," and is to come off early in the summer.

"Take my advice, Charley," said Harry, the other morning, "and marry a wife who rests her claims upon personal amiability, intelligence and accomplishments; for she will make you a thousand times happier than any of the haughty maids, too proud to learn anything, and too selfish to care for anybody but themselves, who chiefly make up what they call 'our set.'"

A FRAGMENT.

Years ago, when my good old grandmother filled the place of honor in our popular home, she related to me an anecdote of one of her neighbors, one who slept beneath the sod long before my infant eyes opened on life's changing scenes. It ran something in this way: the neighbor before mentioned was an honest, thrifty, well-to-do man, and, among other possessions prized highly a hog, which he had succeeded in making the envy of the farmers round about. As each week came round, he resolved to kill him; but unwilling to disturb the fattening process, he delayed the unpleasant job. At length one Sunday, after devoutly attending church all day, on his return from the afternoon service, he exclaimed, "Wife, heat the water early for me to-morrow morning; I have resolved not to carry that hog to church with me another Sabbath."

Since this story fell from the lips of my honored grandparent many years have rolled away, and during that time, many have been the occasions when the moral of this incident has obtruded itself upon my thoughts. How many of us carry useless burdens into our pleasures, duties and devotions—burdens that have no more business there than the above mentioned quadruped in the service of the sanctuary.

We chafe and fret under them, but do not cast them off; so the wheels of life roll heavily on, making deep furrows that spoil the retreating landscapes. Man of business, carry not the fret and anxiety of that last doubtful speculation over the threshold of God's house! Man of genius, leave with its belongings the canvas, the unburnt marble, or the half-written manuscript, and shut out its memory on entering the sacred portals that fair would hem thee in from woeful cares and sorrows. Busy toilers in life's many vineyards, learn to drop the memory of wearing cares and disappointments when, by Sabbath bells or other voices as sweet and tender, God calls you to worship and prayer!

A SINGLE WORM KILLED THAT TREE.—During my sojourn in a place of resort for invalids I was one day walking through the romantic grounds and park with some friends, when the proprietor of the establishment drew our attention to a large sycamore tree decayed to the core.

"That fine tree," said he "was killed by a single worm."

In answer to our inquiries, we found that about two years previously the tree was as healthy as any in the park, when a woodworm about three inches long was observed to be forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. It caught the eye of a naturalist who was staying at the establishment, and he remarked:

"Let that worm alone, doctor, and it will kill the tree."

This seemed very improbable, but it was agreed that the black headed worm should not be disturbed.

After a time it was found that the worm had tunneled its way a considerable distance under the bark.

The next Summer the leaves of the tree dropped very early, and in the succeeding year it was a dead, rotten thing, and the hole made by the worm might be seen in the very heart of the once noble trunk.

NURSING TROUBLES.—Some people are as careful of their troubles as mothers are of their babies; they cuddle them, and rock them, and hug them, and cry over them, and fly into a passion with you if you try to take them away from them; they want you to fret with them, and to help them to believe that they have been worse treated than anybody else. If they could, they would have a picture of their grief in a gold frame, hung over the mantel-shelf for everybody to look at. And their grief makes them ordinarily selfish; they think more of their dear little grief in the basket or in the cradle than they do of all the world beside; and they say you are hard-hearted if you say don't fret.

"Ah! you don't understand me—you don't know me—you can't enter into my trials."

HOW TO HONOR A MOTHER.

In the north of Europe is a mountainous country called Sweden. Its winters are long, snowy and cold. Its Summers are short, but very lovely and sweet-aired, especially in the valleys between the high mountains.

The inhabitants of that country are noted for their industry, virtue and contentment. One morning a long time ago, a certain king of Sweden, called Gustavus the Third, was riding through a village in one of the beautiful valleys, not far from Stockholm, the capital city. As he passed along, he saw a young girl filling a pitcher with water that gushed from the cool rocks which overshadowed the roadside. He stopped at the fountain and asked the girl for a drink. She knew not the stranger, but gracefully stepped forward and lifted the pitcher to his lips as he sat upon his horse. She was evidently very poor, but her kindness, so tenderly expressed upon her countenance, together with her artless, unembarrassed politeness, at once attracted the king's attention, and touched his heart. Judging by her appearance that she was a child of poverty, he told her, that if she would go to the city, he would find her a pleasant home.

"Ah! good sir," answered the girl, "Providence placed me here, and I am not anxious to change my position in life. I am content, and if I were not content, it would be impossible for me to accept your kind offer."

"Indeed! Why not?" said the king in some surprise.

"Because my mother is poor and sickly," she replied.

"And you remain at home to take care of her?"

"I am her only help and companion," said the girl, looking upon the ground with a genuine modesty that won the sympathies of her royal auditor. "I am happy in my lot, and am thankful that I can take care of and comfort the one so dear to me. No offer however tempting, could induce me to leave my mother."

"Where is your mother?" inquired the king, becoming more and more interested in the noble girl.

"In yon little hut, by the side of the road," said she, pointing toward the humble dwelling. It was a low, thatched building, covered with moss and vines, very neat and clean, but so old and weathered that it offered but a poor shelter in time of cold and storms.

Gustavus alighted from his horse, and followed the girl into the hut, to see her mother. He found her sick and suffering, laying upon a bed of straw—a pale, thin woman—sinking under her infirmities, and looking forward to the grave only as a bed of rest. The king was almost overcome at the pitiable sight, and said, while tears came into his eyes—ah, yes, and those tears were more beautifully radiant and glorious than the brightest dazdles that ever glanced from his crown of diamonds—

"I feel sorry, mother, to find you so destitute and afflicted."

"Yes, yes, my dear sir," said the lady, in a feeble voice; "but I am so glad that God has given me an affectionate daughter. She is always trying to relieve me, and is my constant comforter. May God in His love remember and bless her—my dear child! and her voice was choked back by sobs, and her face was covered with tears.

The good king wept with the poor widow.

What a sight! How the angels of heaven hovered over that lonely hut, breathing joy unspeakable into three hearts—the suffering woman's the sympathizing king's, and the filial daughter's.—The monarch never received such a blessing on his throne in the palace, as there in the lone hut by the wayside! He handed the daughter a purse of gold, and directed her to a better house, where she and her mother might be comfortable, saying as he departed:

"Go on, my young friend, in your way of dutiful love and care, and you shall lack for nothing while I have means to help you. I am your king. Farewell!"

Gustavus ever remembered the poor family, and made provisions to have a sum of money regularly sent to the woman for her support; and at the mother's death, he presented the daughter with a handsome fortune.

Young readers, for your parent's sake, and Christ's sake; but also for your own sake, remember the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

DEFINITIONS NOT IN WEBSTER.—Q. What is a waterfall? A. A lot of curls made out of the tails of Chinamen, and worn by ladies on the back of their heads.

Q. What is complexion? A. Red and white stuff, which is sold in small pots at a dollar a pot.

Q. What is best? A. Having a jelly tuck in of soda and a custard pie, a five cent cigar, and a glass of lager, and going to a concert in the evening.

Q. What is amusement? A. Setting a dog at a Chinaman's; tying two cats together by the tails; cutting a girl's doll open and letting the saw dust out, or anything else that makes you feel good.

Q. What is a patriot? A. A fellow who loves his country and wants to make as much out of it as possible.

The path of glory leads but to the grave, and the road of the whiskey swiller ends in a bed in the gutter.

CUT THIS OUT.—New Rules to guard against Cholera.—Drink all the poor whiskey you can. Eat something as often as possible during the day, and take a heavy supper late at night just before going to bed. Follow this with a large instalment of Sweitzer and Limberger.

On Saturday nights sleep in the open air by all means.

Keep well supplied with green apples and other unripe fruit to eat between meals.

Take a drink occasionally.

Don't be afraid of urtipe vegetables; harness them often. Eat plentifully of young veal.

Above all, drink frequently.

Avoid bathing altogether.

Don't miss an opportunity to get mad; it gives a healthy tone to the brain. Get up cross in the morning, and keep it up. In order to do so, drink a good deal through the night.

Don't neglect to take a drink in the morning before breakfast.

Pay no attention to your back yards and alleys. They will get along.

Drink as often as anybody asks you.

Treat as long as you have any money.

Eat plenty of onions for the benefit of "Weiss's" people.

Two or three dozen glasses of soda during the day, and a quart or two of ice cream on a hot afternoon will be found highly advantageous.

Drink.

Take another.

Swill down Kissingen and Saratoga water in the morning after breakfast "to give tone to your stomach."

We have submitted these rules to the medical profession, and can assure the class of persons to whom they are applicable that no fears need be entertained in regard to the certain results attending their faithful observance.

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other woman but me, for I am thy wife, and a jealous wife.

2. Remember the market day, and replenish the larder; thy wife's commandments, and keep them sacred.

3. Love and cherish thy wife, that we may live happily together in the house thou gavest unto her.

4. Thou shalt not find fault when thy wife goes out to spend money, buying fashionable shawls and dresses; for I am thy wife and thou must abide by it. Thou shalt not scold but shall keep her decently clad and in good repair. Thou shalt furnish buttons and thread, that thine and thy children's shirts may be kept in order; herein, fail not at thy peril.

5. Thou shalt not play at billiards; neither at any game of chance. Thou shalt not gad about after sunset, nor in any way neglect thy wife; neither the children she gave thee.

6. Thou shalt not dress thyself in fashion unless the wife of thy bosom is dressed fashionably also.

7. Thou shalt not go to any slight-of-hand or spiritual meeting, neither to speak thyself, nor to hear others speak: Thus saith thy wife.

8. Thou shalt not find fault if thy wife should fail in getting the meals in due time for it is written, Knowest thou, O man better late than ever.

9. Thou shalt not drink liquor or any other beer, no spirituous liquors of any kind; neither shalt thou chew or smoke tobacco, nor use snuff, for I thy wife abhor it. Knowest thou also that it consumeth money, which I thy wife can better dispense of, even to the last farthing of thine earnings; verily I say unto thee, I am mistress of the house thou gavest unto me.

Do it well.—Whatever you do, do it well. A job slighted, because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate, insensible, into bad workmen.

"That is a good rough job," said a foreman in our hearing, recently, and he meant that it was a piece of work, not elegant in itself, but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work well, leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar.

Some of the wisest law makers, the best statesmen, the most gifted artists, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious mechanics, rose from the great mass.

A rival of a certain lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying: "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer, unabashed, "and I did it well." And because of his habit of doing even mean things well, he rose to a greater.

Take heart, all who toil! All youths in humble situations, all in adverse circumstances, and those who labor unappreciated—If it be but to drive the plow, strive to do it well; if it be but to wax thread, wax it well; if only to cut bolts, make good ones; or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot.—It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher upon the ladder.

Says the good book—Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

BUSINESS.—Business is business. This is the peremptory maxim of many who would be puzzled to define the word, and yet feel that it stands for something quite distinct from other occupations which they pursue either for pleasure or of necessity.—

A man may be pressed with cares, or absorbed in entertaining studies, which have nothing to do with his business. He may meet the first bravely, and follow the other methodically; and yet both may be wholly separated from the work of his life, that special work which is involved in his vocation or calling, and is expected of him by the other bees in the hive. To that he must give his best days, and the best hours of his day. Whatever other duties he has to perform must, as a rule, make way for business. They must be attended to before or after hours, however important. Unless (as in case of accident, fire, and the like) they are of so sudden and pressing a nature as to justify obviously the neglect of the regular day's work, they must wait till the work is done. You must feed your master's pigs before you set down to eat your own supper.

FRESH AIR.—Every house should be thoroughly ventilated the first thing every morning, so as to allow the atmosphere of the previous night to escape. This can be done by first airing one part and then another. By doing this a house can be more easily warmed. When there are many persons collected in a room, care should be observed to keep a few inches of the window open from the top, every one avoiding sitting close to or under it, as, after a time, when many are collected, the atmosphere of the room becomes impregnated with their exhalations, and the air is thus rendered impure. By perfect ventilation there is a uniform amount of oxygen maintained, which is the vital part of the atmosphere, and which is necessary to our very existence.

Who has not noticed a disagreeable feeling on going from the fresh air into a room with many persons, in which the ventilation is imperfect? At night, also fresh air should be admitted into the room, for it is, if anything, more necessary that there should be a plentiful supply of oxygen. We have often been asked the ridiculous question if enough air did not come through the key hole. Certainly not. That is not fresh air. Make it a rule always to sleep with part of your window open from the top, avoiding its blowing on you. Fresh air never hurts any one, for by it we live. It is a want of it that injures. Persons seem to forget that they spend one third of their lives in their bedrooms. We frequently see a man building a house bestowing all his attention on the plan of the parlors, while the bedrooms are, to a great extent, and in some instances entirely neglected. It had better be vice versa.

A genius out West, conceiving that a lip-powder thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream from a keg upon the smoking pile; not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this off at a desirable moment, was blown into a million pieces. The coroner reasoned out this verdict: "It can't be called suicide, because he didn't mean to kill himself; it wasn't 'visitation of God,' because he wasn't struck by lightning; he didn't die for want of breath, for he hadn't anything left to breathe with. It's plain he didn't know what he was about; so I shall bring in 'died for the want of common sense!'"

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The loved ones whose loss I lament are still in existence; they are living with me at this very time; they are like myself dwelling in the great parental mansion of God; they still belong to me as I do to them. As they are ever in my thoughts, so, perhaps I am in theirs. As I mourn for their loss, perhaps they rejoice in anticipation of our reunion.—What to me is still dark, they see clearly. Why do I grieve because I can no longer enjoy their pleasant society? During their lifetime I was not discontented because I could not always have them around me. If a journey took them from me, I was not therefore unhappy. And why is it different now? They have gone on a journey. Whether they are living on earth in a far distant city, or in some higher world in the infinite universe of God, what difference is there? Are we not still in the same house of our Father, like loving brothers who inhabit separate rooms? Have we therefore ceased to be brothers?—Pagan.

A Republican in Maine, who had served out his time of thirty days in the Augusta jail, was asked when he came out how he liked it. "I had a bully time," said he. "There were 76 inmates of the jail, and not a Democrat amongst the lot."

Hop skillets like gun barrels are not dangerous unless they have something in them. But when the former are charged, powdered, wadded, waterfall-capped—they should be handled with the greatest caution. In many instances it is dangerous to even look at them.

"I'm on the trail of a dear," as the fellow said when he stepped on the dress of a beauty in the street.

"Caught in her own net," as a man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her cripoline.