

# The North Branch Democrat.

WAVE Y SICKLE, Proprietor

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

TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1866.

VOL. 5 NO. 42

Weekly Democratic paper, devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock Wyoming County, Pa. BY HARVEY SICKLER.

Terms—1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$2.00. If paid within six months, \$2.50 will be charged. The paper will be DISCONTINUED, until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of publisher.

## ADVERTISING.

10 lines or less, make one square	three weeks	four weeks	two months	three months	six months	one year
1 Square	1.00	1.25	2.25	2.87	3.00	5.00
1 do.	2.00	.50	3.25	3.50	4.50	6.00
1 do.	3.00	.75	4.75	5.50	7.00	9.00
1 Column	4.00	1.00	6.50	8.00	10.00	15.00
1 do.	6.00	1.50	10.00	12.00	17.00	25.00
1 do.	8.00	2.00	14.00	18.00	25.00	35.00
1 do.	10.00	2.50	17.00	22.00	28.00	40.00

EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS and AUDITORS' NOTICES, of the usual length, ..... \$2.50  
OBITUARIES, exceeding ten lines, each; RELIGIOUS and LITERARY NOTICES, not of general interest, one half the regular rates.

Business Cards of one square, with paper, \$5.

## JOB WORK

of all kinds neatly executed, and at prices to suit the times.

All TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS and JOB WORK must be paid for, when ordered.

## Business Notices.

R. & W. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office on Tioga street, Tunkhannock, Pa.

H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Newton Centre, Luzerne County Pa.

GEO. S. TUTTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW Tunkhannock, Pa. Office on Stark's Brick walk, Tioga street.

W. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Stark's Brick Block Tioga St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

## The Buehler House,

HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the "BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular house equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.

A continuance of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

GEO. J. BOLTON.

## WALL'S HOTEL,

LATE AMERICAN HOUSE TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

This establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.

T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor.

Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

## NORTH BRANCH HOTEL,

MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA. Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no effort to render the house an agreeable place of sojourn for all who may favor it with their custom.

Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.

## DR. J. C. BECKER,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wyoming, that he has located at Tunkhannock where he will promptly attend to all calls in the line of his profession.

Will be found at home on Saturdays of each week.

## Means Hotel,

TOWANDA, PA.

D. B. BARTLET, Proprietor.

(Site of the "BRAINARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y. PROPRIETOR.

The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country. It is fitted up in the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping-place for all.

CLARKE, KEENEY, & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

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

AND JOBBERS IN HATS, CAPS, FURS, STRAW GOODS, PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS.

BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES, 849 BROADWAY, CORNER OF LEONARD STREET, NEW YORK.

B. F. CLARKE, A. S. KEENEY, G. L. KEENEY.

## M. GILMAN,

DENTIST.

M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tender his professional services to the citizens of this pleasant surrounding country.

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION. Office over Estlin's Law Office near the Post Office.

## Select Story.

### THE WOMAN I LOVED.

Perhaps my story is a common one in the annals of the world, yet it seems to me a very strange experience. I cannot recognize it as in any way just, or right, or good for me. I loved her so! and I have long been so in need of loving deeply, purely, fervently. I thought her a true woman. Why could I not have been allowed to believe that there was one true woman in the world? But I forgot Mary, my sister. Ah! I am a bitter, cynical old man, perhaps; but I was thwarted so cruelly in my youth!

It is a romance, as I have hinted. I look in the mirror at my wan old face, and I think the romance ended almost with a tragedy.

I am not a poor man. I walk on velvet carpets; dine off silver; have the most luxurious house; the handsomest carriages; the surest financial resources of any man in the city. Yet, out of my life, I never was happy but one half year. Comfortable I had been before that time; but never in my whole life was I happy but one short half-year.

One day I was a poor man. At twenty-five I had an income barely sufficient to support me decently. Perhaps it was because I had neglected the study of my profession to take care of my invalid sister; but in those days I was very poor indeed. We rented a little house in the suburbs of the city. I walked into town to the office of Black and Sterns every day. There I was clerk. I read law with Mr. Sterns, but was not permitted to practice, not being well up in professional knowledge.

For I had never studied very hard, not being naturally ambitious and energetic, and having no incentive to exertion while Mary declared all her wants supplied. My sister and I lived very plainly, yet nicely, at Brookside. Sometime in the future I planned to buy the house; but the execution was very remote. Mary went quietly about our little home, making it comfortable and pretty. She, poor girl, had no aim in life but to minister to me. I am afraid I never sufficiently valued her. It was her choice to perform herself our little housekeeping, for she did not like to have any third person dwell with us. But at last another person did enter our home, and my heart.

One night Mary and I sat together by the hearth; it was winter weather. I remember that there was no sound in the room but the snapping of the coals in the grate and the rattle of the hail against the window-panes. My sister was silently reading; I sat with my book on my knee, gazing at a beautiful face which I saw among the yellow coals, that looked like a pile of gold.

Suddenly I heard the garden-gate unlatch. I listened, and heard a footstep on the walk. Laying down my book I prepared for the summons to the door; but there was none. I listened, thinking I detected, instead, a faint cry; but the next moment I believed I was mistaken, and took up my book again. All the evening I sat reading.

On preparing to retire I went to lock the hall-door as usual. Before doing so I opened it, and looked out into the night. A cry of surprise broke from me.

The dark, muffled figure of a woman lay across the step.

I called to Mary to bring a light. Lifting the woman I brought her in. As the hood fell back from her face we thought she was dead; but soon we found that she was only senseless. She had a beautiful face—why did I ever look upon it?

Her name was Cecilia Montaigne; she was a poor sewing-girl, and was returning from the city with work, when, blinded by the storm, she lost her way.

After wandering about for hours, bewildered, she turned to our lighted cottage to ask for the road, and fell, exhausted, at the door. So she told us when she could speak, and lift up to my face the loveliest eyes I ever saw.

She had no home or friends, and she stayed with us. My sister liked her; I loved her.

May came. The sunshine looked to me like liquid gold as it fell on me as I came homeward at night. The birds sang me an argosy. Tenderest breezes came to woo me to the beautiful face which awaited me. And one of those j-welled May days I told her that I loved her.

"And I love you," she said simply.

"And will you be my wife, Cecilia, when I can take care of you?"

"I will."

I looked into her eyes. I think she loved me then.

I had but one relative besides my sister—a wealthy bachelor uncle; who had once offered to favor me if I ever wished to make a decided start in the world. Planning for my future, I resolved to apply to him for counsel and assistance to render my circumstances thriving.

Proud of her beauty and sweetness, I asked Cecilia to accompany me when I visited him.

He welcomed me cordially, and even politeness could not conceal his surprise and admiration as he observed Cecilia. He showed us every attention, conducting us over his superb house to display its latest improvements, ordering luxurious refreshments to be served, and displaying a hundred objects, rare and costly, to our admiring eyes. I talked with him in private and he promised me every assistance I needed.

The next day he came to our house, and brought my sister and Cecilia a gift of costly books. I did not see him; but he made them promise, I learned, to come and spend a week with him. I was flattered by the request, saw them go, and took up a week's abode in the city.

I did not see them during that time, and every lonely evening seemed unapproachable. But upon the seventh day I received a note from my sister bidding me come directly to my uncle's house in Lennox.

When I met her she was fearfully agitated. "Mary, what is the matter?" I asked, with a terrible pang of fear.

"Cecilia has gone away," she said. "Before going she gave me this package for you. She kissed me and bade me good-by, and oh, Weston, I fear—"

I tore open the package. It held my gift—the engagement-ring of chased gold, some books and notes, and a curl of my hair.

"Where is my uncle?" I asked hoarsely. "He has gone too. He went away with her in the carriage."

I waited a moment, holding in my hand the ring.

"She is false," I said then calmly. "May God forgive her! Mary, dear, let us go home."

We returned immediately to Brookside. The chanting birds and gay flowers welcomed us. God! what a mockery they were!

I went about calmly for weeks. I never wept nor cursed. But one day, when I came across a scarlet ribbon which had tied her hair, all the tense chords of my heart seemed to snap, and I fell down senseless with the pain. I was terribly ill for months.

I returned to my business at last. Soon I heard of my uncle's beautiful new wife; but no one who commented on her before me knew my secret. My employers asked me about the marriage, and I replied that I had seen Mrs. Walton, and that she was very handsome.

Two years afterward I met Cecilia in one of the city parks. She was strolling leisurely, richly dressed, and a servant walked behind her, carrying an infant for its airing. I watched her, unobserved, until she sat down beneath one of the shade-trees of the park. Looking up suddenly she saw me before her.

"Cecilia," I said, "tell me why you were false to me."

She turned pale, but spoke calmly. "Because wealth was offered me," she answered. I looked steadily into her dark eyes. There was that in their depths which avenged me a hundred fold, and I turned away in silence and left her.

I lived on many a weary year from that day, struggling for wealth; the strife made me forget my heart. I won riches, and made my sister happy for many years before she died, sweet saint! I have loved but the once. The woman I loved sold hers for gold.

## HARK YE, GIRLS.

It is nigh time that somebody told you a little plain truth. You have been watched for a long time; certain class of you; and it is plain enough you are laying plans to cheat somebody. You intend to sell chaff for wheat, and there is danger that some of the foolish "gudgeons" will be sadly taken in.

It may not be your fault that you belong to the "one idea party"—that the single idea of getting a husband is the only one which engrosses much of your time or attention. Your venerable mother of Eden memory, was called a "help" for man, and you are looking for a man to help you; to help you to live in the half idle, half silly way which you have commended.

Men who are worth having want women for wives. A bundle of goss-gaws with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne and set in a carmine sancer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys and girls and veritable bread and meat.

The piano and the lace frame are well in their places, and so are ribbons and frills and tinsels—but you can't make a dinner of the former, nor a bed-blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blanket are necessary to domestic enjoyment. Life has its realities as well as its fancies, but you make it all a matter of decoration, remembering the tassels and curtains, forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a young man of good sense and of course of good prospects be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or trap him, to catch him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you! Render yourself worth catching, and you will need no shawl mother or managing brothers to help you to find a market.

A bashful and rather green young fellow of our acquaintance invited a young lady to attend a ball with him one night last summer. The invitation was accepted and the couple appeared at the ball. After dancing for some time "greeny" saw his partner sitting in one corner of the room, all alone. Now was his chance. So he walked up to where the lady was sitting, and sat down beside her. All well so far; but the bashful fellow was at a loss for something to say. He forgot that at considerable length, and was sweating profusely. Finally taking hold of his wilted collar, he commenced conversation thus: "Its powerful warm in this room—my shirt's wet sin' yours?" His partner blushed, said nothing, but took his arm for the next set.

TELL YOUR MOTHER.—I wonder how many girls tell their mothers everything? Not these "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and cartes de visites with young men who make fun of you and your "pictures"; speaking in a way that would make your cheeks burn with shame, if you heard it. All this, most credulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at your fresh young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses and bouquets. No matter what "other girls do," don't you do it. School girl flirtations may end disastrously, as many a foolish, wretched young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love, is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtations. Render yourself truly intelligent. And, above all tell your mother everything. "Fun," in your dictionary would be indiscretion in hers. It will do you no harm to look and see. Never be ashamed of her, who should be your best friend and confidant, of all you think and feel. It is very strange, that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which is most important that she should know. It is very sad that different persons should know more about her own fair young daughter than she herself.

FAST RIDING.—An Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that a celebrated racer had run a mile in a minute.

"My good fellow," exclaimed an American present, "that is less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live on my plantation near Port Royal; and when I ride in a hurry to town of a morning, my shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the warehouse to find me about a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as hard as I could several times around the newspaper office, just to take the Old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of running over myself."

HOW MEN "BUST UP."—Men with an assuming wives never fail. It is the husbands of such ladies as Mrs. Dash and Lady Brilliant, who find themselves face to face with the Sheriff, and certain mysterious documents adorned with red tape and a water buffalo enough for target exercise. The desire of a New York feminine is to outshine her neighbors, not in mental acquirements, but in gingebered ornaments and gold-edged chatters. If Mrs. Dash gets up a game supper—woodcocks stuffed with gold dust—Lady Brilliant takes the wind out of her sails by getting up another in which the prevailing dish will be birds of paradise swimming in gravy made of melted pearls. It is this rivalry, and not the dabbling in railroad stock, that brings ruination to the vast men of Wall street. The "ill fortune" of which they so much complain, is no more nor less than a brainless wife. If they would come back to happiness, they must direct their attention, not to the fluctuations of the stock market, but the ruinous absurdities of their own firesides. Thousand dollar rest-pods don't pay; while the merchant who purchases one hundred dollar handkerchiefs for a "duck of a wife" should not wonder if the time eventually comes when a "goose of a husband" will lack shirts, or be but ill supplied with them.

NEVER read or sew with any light from the window or a lamp falling directly upon the eyes. Millions have lost their good eyesight from nonobservance of this simple rule. It is founded on scientific principles which we will not take time to explain at length. The light direct upon the eyes contracts their pupils, so that not enough rays are admitted from the printed pages or fabrics sewed, to make them plain, the light from the window or lamp shall fall over the shoulder, usually over the left one as it will not then be obstructed by the right hand in sewing. Another advantage, and a great one, is that when facing the light, one naturally inclines forward to save the eyes. This cramps the chest and lungs, and it is injurious to the health; but with the light from the side, or over the shoulder, one inclines to sit in a much more upright and healthful position. Every one who follows this suggestion, will find it conducive to comfort, health and good vision.—D.

A learned young lady, the other evening astonished a company by asking for the loan of a diminutive argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.

She wanted a thimble.

Dean Swift said, with much truth, It is useless for us to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he has never been reasoned into.

By recent advices it appears that Austria, notwithstanding the warning given by our minister not to dispatch troops to Mexico has embarked the first installment to that country.

It is said to think that the need of fame, of power, and of success is more frequently assigned to the action of strong passions than to the operations of great intellect.

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding, erected for the purpose, some eighty feet from the floor.

One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in his admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with delight.

Forgetting where he was he moved backward slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he neared the very edge of the plank upon which he stood.

At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, most frozen with horror beheld his immediate peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him it would be certain death; if he held his breath, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind and seized a wet brush flung it against the wall, splattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations; but started at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked suddenly over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

DOMESTIC HABITS OF OUR ANCESTORS.—Erasmus, who visited England in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives curious description of an English interior of the better class:

The furniture was rough; the walls unplastered, but sometimes wainscotted or hung with tapestry; and floors covered with rushes, which were not changed for months, the dogs, and cats had free access to the eating rooms, and fragments of meat and bones were thrown to them, which they devoured among the rushes, leaving what they could not eat to rot there, with the draining of beer-vessels, and all manner of unmentionable abominations. There was nothing like refinement of elegance in the luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgences which their wealth permitted, consisted of rough and wasteful profusion. Salt beef and strong ale constituted the principal part of Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and similar refreshments were served to her in bed for supper. At a series of entertainments given in York by the nobility in 1560, where each exhausted his invention to outdo the others it was universally admitted that Lord Goring won the palm for the magnificence of his fancy. A description of this supper will give us a good idea of what was at that time thought magnificent: it consisted of four huge brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harrowed with ropes saucages to a hog-pudding in a bag, which served for a chariot.

## A TRUE WIFE.

A faithful and affectionate wife is a priceless treasure to her husband. She is the chosen one to look after his affairs, and to assist him through life—to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life. The husband's interest is in the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carries her no farther than his welfare or happiness together with that of her children. This is her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploit in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or the work shop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the front of his labor, with his best friend. The true wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many whom she loves, and she acts for their good, and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end to which she aims—his approbation is her reward. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, she considers equally pernicious, and carefully avoids. She is a partner of his bosom, the solace of his sorrows the participant of his joys. His comforts is her aim, his confidence and love is her reward. A sojourner with him on earth she sweetly soothes his sorrows, softens his asperity of life, worships with him at the same altar, and when the angel of death shall have summoned both to the untired scenes of a future world, she trusts to be united forever with him in the bonds of eternal felicity.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR.—A city cotemporary gives the following description of a country editor and remarks that he would not be one:

"A country editor is an individual who reads newspapers, writes articles on any subject, sets type, reads proof, works press folios and mails papers, prints jobs, runs errands, saws wood, works in the garden, talks to all who calls, receives blame for a hundred things which are no one's business but his own, works from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m. and frequently gets cheated out of half his earnings."

POSITIVELY THE LATEST.—It is becoming fully impressed on the minds of the people that the DEMOCRAT is the only LIVE paper in Wyoming county.

It is rumored in fashionable circles that Hon. Edward Cooper, member of Congress, elect from Tennessee, and private Secretary to the President, will, before long wed Mrs. Stover, the widowed daughter of the President.

STALE BREAD FRITTERS.—Cut stale bread in thick slices, and put it to soak for several hours in cold sweet milk. Then fry it in sweet lard, or butter the slices and fry them, and eat with sugar or molasses, or a sweet sauce. To make it more delicate, remove the hard crust before using.

## EDITING A PAPER.

Editing a paper is a very pleasant business.

If it contains too much political matter, people won't have it.

If the type is too large, it don't contain enough reading matter.

If the type is too small, people won't read it.

If we publish telegraph reports, people say they are lies.

If we omit them, they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.

If we have a few jokes, people say we are rattle-headed.

If we omit them, they say we are old fossils.

If we publish original matter they damn us for not giving selections.

If we publish selections, they say we are lazy for not writing more and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give them a complimentary notice then we are censured for being partial.

If we insert an article that pleases the ladies, men become jealous.

If we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to have in the house.

If we attend church, they say that it is only for effect.

If we don't they denounce us as deceitful and desperately wicked.

If we remain in the office, and attend to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out, they say we never attend to business.

If we publish poetry, they say we affect sentimentalism.

If we do not, we have no literary taste or polish.

MARRIAGE AND HOUSEKEEPING.—There are a great many persons that are just beginning life, that are newly married, and that are just turning, I trust, away from the hotel and the boarding house to keep house—for I think that next to virtue, housekeeping is the most desirable thing for newly married persons. You will perhaps wonder what I have to say upon this. I have this to say: that to any young person's life this is a change so marked, it is a step so different from any other, that if you know how, with the peculiar and critical step of your life, to take also one other, it will not be alone marrying for time—it will be love for eternity. Is there anything more beautiful than true love? No flowers show such colors or exhale such fragrance as does a true love, that makes one's life a sacrifice for and a service of another. Is there anything more beautiful, this side of God's throne, than two right-minded and purely loving souls beginning to live together, each one servant in love to the other. Now, just beginning a virtuous wedded life is not religion; but if you make this the first step in a series, it will do more to lead to a Christian course of life, than perhaps any thing possibly could.

GOOD SOCIETY.—It should be the aim of young men to go into good society.—We do not mean the rich, the proud, the fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent, the good. Where you find men know more than you do, and from whose conversation one can gain useful information it is always to be found. It has broken down many a man by associating with the low and vulgar—where rivalry was incultated, and the indecent story, to excite laughter, influence the bad passions. Lord Clarendon has attributed his success and happiness in life to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than himself. If you wish to be respected, if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and good. Strive for mental excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, and on the benches of retailers and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course—a love of good society—and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

HUMAN LOVE.—Consciousness of being loved gives comfort and strength, and makes trust in God a real living feeling that influences the daily life. If there is no love above us, if all men turn glances of dislike upon us, and close their hands against us, then our hearts grow hard, and we find it difficult to rise at once, without the aid of human steps, above earthly pain and desolation, to love and confidence in God; all has a tendency to become dark above, as it is around; whereas love and kindness keep our hearts open. Dear loving people are to us witnesses of the love and tenderness of God—are his angels whom he sends to show us that he has not forgotten us.

"Two thirds of the members of my church," says a pastor, "are honorary members. They don't come to prayer-meetings; they don't attend Sunday school; they don't add to the life of the church; they are passengers on the gospel ship; they bear no burdens and add no strength; their names are on our books; they are honorary members."

STALE BREAD FRITTERS.—Cut stale bread in thick slices, and put it to soak for several hours in cold sweet milk. Then fry it in sweet lard, or butter the slices and fry them, and eat with sugar or molasses, or a sweet sauce. To make it more delicate, remove the hard crust before using.