MARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor

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

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Wm. H CORTRIGHT.

June, 3rd, 1863

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GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunk hanneck Berough, and respectfully tenderhi professional services to the citizens of this placeand surrounding country.

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NEW TAILORING SHOP

The Subscriber having had a sixteen years practical experience in cutting and making clothing, now offers his services in this line to the citizens of Michaelson and vicinity.

Those wishing to get Fits will find his shop the place to get them.

JOEL, R. SMIGH.

Belect Story.

THE THIRD SHOISE?

A FRENCH WILL STORY.

"Is she dead, then?" "Yes, madam," replied the gentleman in brown coat and short breeches,

"And her will ?" "Is going to be opened here immediately by her solicitor."

"Shall we inherit anything?" 'It must be supposed so; we have a

"Who is that miserably dressed personage who intrudes herself here !"

"Oh, she," said the little man sneeringly, "she wont have much in the will. She is sister to the deceased.

"What that Anne, who wedded a man of nothing-an officer!"

"Precisely so." "She must have no small amount of impudence to present herself here before a

respectable family. "The more so, as sister Egerie, of noble birth, has never forgiven her that mesal-

Anne moved this time across the room in which the family of the deceased were assembled. She was paie, her fine black eyes were filled with precocious wrinkles, "What do you come here for ?" said, with great haughtiness, Madame de Villeboys, the lady who, a moment before, had

herited with her. "Madam," the poor lady replied with humility, "I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me; I come solely to see M. Dubois, my sister's solicitor, to enquire if she spoke of me in

been interrogating the little man who in-

her last hours.' "What, do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly observed Madame de Tilleboys ; 'the disgrace of a great house-you wedded a man of nothing a soldier of Bonaparte's."

"Madam, my husband, though a child of the people, was a brave soldier, and what is better, an honest man," observed Anne. At this moment a venerable personage,

the notary, Dubois made his appearance. "Cease," said he, "to reproach Anne with a union which her sister has long forgiven her. Anne loved a brave, generous and good man, who had no other crime to reproach himself with than his poverty and the obscurity of his name. Nevertheless, had he lived, if his family had known him as well as I knew him—I, his old friend— Anne would be at this time happy and respected."

"But why is this woman here?" "Because it is her place to be here," said the notary gravely; "I, myself requested

M. Dubois then proceeded to open the

"I, being sound in mind and heart, Egerie de Damening, retired as a boarder in the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, dictate the following wishes as the expres-sion of my formal desire and principal clause of my testament;

"After my decease there will be found two hundred thousand francs in money at my notary's, besides jewelry clothes and furniture, as also a chateau worth two hun dred thousand francs.

"In the convent, where I have been residing, there will only be found my book, "Heures de la Vierge," holy volume, which remains as it was when I took it with me at the time of the emigration. I desire that these objects be divided into three

"The first lot, the two hundred thousand francs."

"The second lot, the chateau, furniture and jewels."

"The third lot, my book, Heures de

"I have pardoned my sister Anne, the grief she has caused to us, and I would have comforted her in her sorrows if I had

known sooner of her return to France, 1 compromise her in my will. "Madame de Villeboys, my beloved cous-

in shall have the first choice. "M. Vatry, my brother in law, shall have the second choice."

"Anne will take the remaining lot. "Ah! ah!" said Vatry, "sister Egerie was a good one; that is rather clever on

her part" "Annie will only have the prayer book," exclaimed Madame de Villeboys laughing.

The notary interrupted her jocularly. "Madame," he said, which lot do you

"The two hundred thousand francs in money."

"Have you fully made up your mind?" "Perfectly so."

The man of law, addressing himself to the good feelings of the lady, said: "Madame, you are rich, and Anne has nothing. Could you not leave this lot, and take the book of prayers, which the eccentricity of the deceased has placed on a par with the other lots.

"You must be joking, M. Dubeis !" exclaimed Madame de Villeboys, "you must really be very dull not to see the intention of sister Egerie in all this. Our honored cousin foresaw full well that her book of prayers would fall to the lot of Anne, who

has the last choice. "And what do you conclude from that?"

said the notary. "I conclude that she means to intimate to her sister that repentence and prayer were the only help she had to expect in

this world." As she finished these words, Madame de Villeboys made a definite selection of the ready money for her share. Monsieur Vatry, as may be easily imagined, selected the chateau, furniture and jewels as his

"Monsieur Vatry," said M. Dubois to that gentleman, " Even suppose it had been the intention of the deceas d to punish her sister, it would be noble on your part, mil-

"Thanks for your advice, dear sir," replied Vatry. "The mansion is situated on he very confines of my woods and suits me admirably, all the more so that it is ready furnished. As to the jewels of sister Egerie, they are reminiscences which she ought never to part with."

"Since it is so," said the notary, "my ooor Madame Anna, here's a prayer book that remains to you."

Anne, attended by her son, a handsome boy, with blue eyes, took her sister's old prayer-book, and making him kiss it after

her, she said: "Hector, kiss this book, which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well had she known you. When you have learned to read you will pray to Heaven to make you wise and good; and happier than your unfortunate

The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve an appearance of indiffer-

The child embraced the old prayer-book with boyish fervor, and opening it, exclaim

"Oh! mamma," look "what pretty pictures!"

" Indeed!" said the mother, happy in gladness of her boy.
"Yes. The good Virgin in a red dress,

holding the Infant in her arms. But why, mamma, has silk paper been put upon the picture?"

"So that they might not be injured, my "But, mamma, why are there ten silk

papers to each engraving?" The mother looked, and uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms of M.Dubois, the notary, who addressed those present. said :

"Leave her alone; it won't be much people don't die of these shocks. As for you, little one," addressing Hector, "give me that prayer book, you will tear the engravings.

The inheritors withdrew, making vari they met Anne and her son exceedingly well, but not extravagantly dressed, taking an airing in a two-horse chariot. This led them to make inquiries, and they learned that Madame Anne had recently purchased a mansion for one hundred rancs, and was giving a first-rate education to her son. The news came like a thunder-bolt upon them. Madame de Villeboys and M. Vatry hastened to the notary for explanations. The good Dubois was working at his desk.

"Perhaps we are disturbing you," said the arrogant lady.

"No matter, I was in the act of settling purchase in the state funds for Madame

"What, after purchasing house and equipage has she still money to invest?"

"Undoubtedly so." "But where did the money come from? "What! did you not see?

"When?" "When she shricked on seeing what the prayer book contained which she inherit-

"We observed nothing."

"Oh! I thought you saw it," said the arcastic notary "That prayer book contained sixty engravings, and each engravng was covered with ten notes of a thousand francs each."

"Good Heavens! exclaimed Vatry, thunder struck.

"If I had only known it! shouted Madame de Villeboys.

"You had your choice," added the notary, "I myself urged you to take the prayerbook, but you refused." "But who could expect to find a fortune

n a breviary?" The two baffled egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy.

Madame Anne is still in Paris. If you

pass by the Rue Lafitte on a fine summer evening, you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the reflection of wax lights.

A lady who has joined the two hands of her son, a fair child of scarce six years of age, in prayer before an old book of "Heures de la Vierge," and for which a case of gold has been made.

"Pray for me," said the mother. "And for who else," enquired the child, "For your father your dear father, who perished without knowing you, without being able to love you,

"Yes, my child, and do not forget a saint who watches from heaven, and smiles upon us from above the clouds,"

"Must I pray to the saints, my moth-

"What is the name of that saint mam The woman, then watering the child's

head with her tears, answered: "Her name is-Sister Egerie." THE LOST CHILD.

hills, graly, ivy-covered castles. Some of Lady Gertrude—something like the echoes a buoyant boy. He is a man and gone them are crumbling into ruins, and some which had long lingered in her heart. The now! There is no more childhood for are as steady and as grand as ever.— flower girl had given the sweetest flowers him. When a beginning is made, it is Dreary enough they look to us, as places in her basket to the sick stranger, and has like a raveling stocking, stitch by stitch to live in, but they have all been pleasant homes once, for love can make any home tened away, trilling, as she went, a few notes of a little song, the same that used has not a child in it. There is no more pleasant. In one of these castles, some to echo through the halls in the old castle noise in the hall—boys rushing in pell lionaire as you are, to give up at least a years ago, there lived a beautiful lady and portion of yours to Anne, who wants it so a little girl. This lady's husband was a and asked her all about her home. Was no more skates or sleds, bats, balls or means a pearl, you know, and she was more precious to her mother than many picture with her, and she drew from her tucking up the bed clothes. There is no pearls, for Lady Gertrude, as the people bosom the little broken miniature. called her, loved that li tle girl more than her own life. Gretchen had a sweet voice clasped it on Gretchen's neck, so many impossible things, no rips to mend, no finas many of the German children have, and years ago; and as the lady looked at it, she it made the old castle glad as she ran scarcely recognized it for her own picture. about in the lonely rooms, singing the That was so bright and beautiful, and she

> tant city, and leave Gretchen with her that she used to at home, until at last the nurse. It was the first time in her life flower girl became conscious of the truth, that she had left her darling for so long a and as it flashed on her mind, she sunk betime. Many were the commands which side the couch and buried her face in the banging doors? We wish our neighbors she gave the servants to look after and care folds of her mother's dress; and the two for her child, but they were careless, and wept together for the joy of their hearts --Gretchen was left to wander round at her The sunset died over the river and the stars pleasure, even outside the gates of the came out in the sky while mother and child castle. It was nearly sunset one afternoon, when a band of strolling players, who had been hanging around the castle, mother, and before many weeks were pass- We want to be tried, to be vexed, to be were surprised at seeing Gretchen's pretty ed they went back to Germany, and Gretch-

childish figure among them. Her love of their songs had led her to She clasped her hands and cried bitterly: "Take me home, please take me home. agony stopped her.

"We'll take you home," they said, but

your home is a great way from here." So they dressed her like a gipsy child and led her with them, far away from the Lady Gertrude, far from the castle by the shining river, and far from all the pleasant things which made up Gretchen's ous conjectures as to the cause of Anne's home. And when she would beg them to sudden illness, and the interest which the sudden illness is necessarily to the sudden illness and the sudden illness is necessarily to the sudden illness and the sudden illness are sudden illness. notary took in her, A month afterwards she was going toward her home, but it was a great way off. They took the min iature and broke off its exquisite setting, leaving only the painting that she bore around her neck still, for the picture was all she cared for.

The lady of the castle returned, and there was mourning far and wide for the lost child, the darling of the castle. They searched for her for many weeks, but their search was useless, and finally they said she must have been drowned in the river or lost in the forest, but no one dared to whisper it to the lady of the castle, for fear it would break her heart. And so the light of the castle went out for Lady Gertrude, and all its beauty faded .-The roses clustered over the lattice and hung in crimson wreathes around her window; and they faded and the green pines were heavy and white with the snows of winter; but it was all alike to her; the light of her life had faded, and she faded,

Her harp was untouched in the hall, for the only music she could bear to hear was the music of Gretchen's sweet childish voice as it sung in her heart forever .-Years went by, and her soldier lord came back from battle, and tried to comfort her in her sorrow; and she went with him to Gretchen's room for the first time since her loss. The moon shone clear and bright that evening on the little bed and its snowy covering and pillows where she had watched her darling in her rosy sleep; and the mother knelt by the little bed, and prayed earnestly that God would give her back her darling in his own good time, and help her to say, Thy will be done."

They went out together, the knight Siegfried and his lady. And all the land was full of their deeds of kindness. The whole hope of her life seemed to be that she might comfort all who were in sorrow, even as she hoped that God would one day comfort her. But her sorrow took away her health and strength, and they went at last, the knight and his lady, to seek for both in sunny Italy. Her sickness was such as no change of climate could cure; not even the sweet blue skies of Florence and the breath of its thousand flowers. Yet there was always in her a faint hope that one day her darling would come back to her .-It grew fainter every day, and she never breathed it to any one. She was thinking about it one pleasant afternoon in early spring as she lay on a couch by an open window. They had taken her there, for she was scarcely able to walk through the room. She lay watching the busy crowds in the streets, for it was a feast day, and the flower girls went in and out among the

crowd, bearing their fragrants burdens. "Take these flowers, lady," said a sweet voice by the window, and a fair-haired girl in a festal dress, looked pityingly at her and laid a spray of snowy japonicas upon the window seat. She spoke Italian, but not as the natives speak; and although very nish.

sunburnt, yet her golden hair and blue eyes looked strangely out of place among All along the beautiful German rivers the dark-eyed Florentines. Something in grows so fast as children. It was but yesyou can see, scattered on the overhanging her voice sounded strangely familiar to the terday, and that boy was playing with tops soldier, and had gone away to fight in a she a florentine? She could remember strings, left scattered about. Things are foreign war, and so she was all alone, ex- but little about her early life. She had not neat enough now. cept her servants and her child, little always lived in Florence. It was a long, Gretchen; this is the same as Margaret, it way off; when she lived far north, when folks; there is no longer any task before

It was there, just as she herself had ballads which her mother used to teach herself was worn and faded with long like music to have some feet clatter down watching and sorrow. She spoke in Ger- the front stairs! O, for some children's One time her mother had to go to a dis- man and called her by the endearing names sat together in happiness too deep for words. a vine and no grapes; a brook and no wa-And health and strength came back to the ter gurgling and rushing in its channel.en, their own daughter, went with them to be the light of the castle, the sunshine of follow these rovings players so far that the Lady Gertrude's heart, as she had been now it was nearly nightfall and she could in years gone by. In that Italian city there home to the proof. The intervals of pubnot find her way home and with tearful in a little church, a perfect gem of architec- lic worship are long spaces of peace. The eyes she begged the old woman who saw tural beauty; a grateful mother lavished her first to take her to her mamma. It upon it all that wealth could procure or the children are at home. You can lay your was growing cold, and her little dress of most perfect taste devise. The altar cloth hand on their heads. They seem to recogthinnest lawn was but a poor protection. is of pure white velvet, and lady Gertrude's nize the greater and lesser love—to God bridal dress, and in its fringes are woven and to friend. The house is peaceful, but with cunning artifice the richest of the jew-I am mamma's pearl, and if I get lost she els which had long been the pride of Lord thrill of children in it. But Sunday comes will die; see, that is my mamma," and she Siegfried's family and her own. In the drew from her bosom a little miniature of floor of the church there is set a little tablet the Lady Gertrude. It was set with pearls | telling in a tew German words, in antique and brilliants; the old woman's hand characters, the story of Lady Gertrude's grasped it eagerly, but Gretchen's look of life: "I have found my child."

Patent Love Letters.

DEAR Miss--After long consideration and much meditation upon the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have strong inclination to become your relation. If this oblation is worthy of observation and

PETER H. PORTATION P, S .- I solicit the acceptation of the love and approbation, and propose the annexation of the lives and destination of Peter H. Portation and Maria Moderation.

THE ANSWER. DEAR PETER .-- I have perused your oration with great deliberation, and a little consideration at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. After mature deliberation and serious contemplation I fear your proclamation is filled with adulation, or sayings from ostentation to display your education by an odd enumeration or rather multiplication of words of like termination, though different in signification. But as I admire association and am in favor of annexation I acknowledge my approbation and indeed my inclination to accept with gratification the love and adoration set forth in your declaration, and will, with preparation, love and animation, remain with resignation and rejoice in the appela

MRS. PETER H. PORTATION. P. S .-- I suggest the Information that we meet in consultation and make some hoop. preparation for the final consummation of the intended annexation, when I will bear the same relation to your home and occupa tion that Mr. Feter H. Portation would then bear to myself.

MARIA MODERATION.

Passage of Freedmen's Bureau Bill,

The House, by a vote of ninety-six to thirty-two, passed a new Freedmen's Bureu Bill, which provides for the continuation of the bureau for two years from the the funds accruing from the tax on old approval of the act. Only six Republicans bachelors. (Messrs, Darling, Davis, Hale, Knykendall.) Marvin and Raymond) voted against it .--If it should pass the Senate, it is very doubtful whether the President will sign it or not. It is generally believed that he is opposed to continuing the bureau beyond the time already fixed for its expiration, being May, 1867.

her way from church with her father when the man; exclaimed, "where in the name they passed a boy splitting wood, and the father remarked, "Mary do you see that boy breaking the sabbath?" The child just then, doctor," replied the poor fellow, made no reply, but walked home very tho'tfully and meeting her mother, exclaimed. "Oh! mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with a big axe!"

Some of the domestic evils of drunkenness are houses without windows, gardens without fences, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, principles, morals or manners.

Punch thinks that the last language spoken on earth will probably be the Fin

THEY WON'T TROUBLE YOU LONG.

Children grow up-nothing on earth

There is no delay of breakfast for sleepy more dispute to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for gers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arrranged! There was never such peace in the house! It would sound

What used to ail us that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy would only lend us a little urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. -A home without children, is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; run over to hear child life at work with all its varieties.

During the secular days, this is enough marked. But it is Sunday that puts our family seems made up on that day. The not still. There is a low and melodious too still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There

is too much leisure and too little care. Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?

THE NEW Tax BILL,-For kissing a pretty girl, one dollar.

For kissing a very homely one, two dollars the extra amount being added proba-For ladies kissing one another, two dol-

lars. The tax is placed at this rat der to break up the custom altogether, it being regarded by our M. C.'s a piece of inexcusable absurdity. For every flirtation, ten cents. Every young man who has more than

For courting in the kitchen twenty-five Courting in the parlor, one dollar. Courting in a romantic place, five dollars, and fifty cents for each offence here-

one girl is taxed five dollars,

Seeing a lady home from church, twenty Seeing a lady home from the Dime So-

ciety, five cents the proceeds to be devoted to the relief of disabled army chaplains. For ladies who paint, fifty cents. For wearing a low-necked dress, one dol-

For each curl on a lady's head, above ten, five cents. For any unfair device for entrapping young men into matrimony, five dollars. For wearing hoops larger than eight

feet in circumference, eight cents for each

Old Bachelors over thirty are taxed ten dollars and sentenced to banishment to Utah Each pretty lady to be taxed from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, she to fix the estimate of her own beauty. It is thought that a very large amount will be

realized from this provision. Each boy baby, fifty cents.

Each girl baby, ten cents. Families having more than eight babies, are not to be taxed, and for twins a premium of forty dollars will be paid out of

Each Sunday loafer on the street corners or about church doors to be taxed his value, which is about two cents.

WHERE HIS HEART WAS .- As a surgeon in the army was going his rounds examining patients, he came to a sergeant who had been hit by a bullet in the left breast, right over the region of the heart. The A little girl, four years old, was on doctor, surprised at the narrow escape of of goodness could your heart have been ?" with a faint and sickly smile.

> "I have the best wife in the world," said a long suffering husband, "she always strikes me with the soft end of the broom."

A dentist at work at his avocation always looks down in the mouth.

Give your tongue more holidays.

than your hands or eyes.