

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor

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

TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1866.

VOL. 5 NO. 44

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
Not paid within six months, \$2.50 will be charged
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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.
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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.

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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.
June, 3rd, 1863

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v. 3, n. 21, 17.

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

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

Office over Tutton's Law Office near the Post Office.

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 Tunkhannock and vicinity.

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

JOEL R. SMITH.

Select Story.

THE THIRD CHOICE.

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 claim."

"Who is that miserably dressed personage who intrudes herself here?"
"Oh, she," said the little man sneeringly, "she went here 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 mesalliance."

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

"What, do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly observed Madame de Villebois; "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 her to attend."
M. Dubois then proceeded to open the will.
"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 expression 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 hundred 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 lots.
"The first lot, the two hundred thousand francs."
"The second lot, the chateau, furniture and jewels."
"The third lot, my book, Heures de Vierge."
"I have pardoned my sister Anne, the grief she has caused to me, and I would have comforted her in her sorrows if I had known sooner of her return to France. I compromise her in my will."
"Madame de Villebois, my beloved cousin shall have the first choice."
"M. Vetry, my brother in law, shall have the second choice."
"Anne will take the remaining lot."
"Ah! ah!" said Vetry, "sister Egerie was a good one; that is rather clever on her part."
"Annie will only have the prayer book," exclaimed Madame de Villebois laughing. The notary interrupted her jocularly.
"Madame," he said, "which lot do you choose?"
"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. Dubois!" exclaimed Madame de Villebois, "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 repentance and prayer were the only help she had to expect in

THE LOST CHILD.

All along the beautiful German rivers you can see, scattered on the overhanging hills, gray, ivy-covered castles. Some of them are crumbling into ruins, and some are as steady and as grand as ever. Dreary enough they look to us, as places to live in, but they have all been pleasant homes once, for love can make any home pleasant. In one of these castles, some years ago, there lived a beautiful lady and a little girl. This lady's husband was a soldier, and had gone away to fight in a foreign war, and so she was all alone, except her servants and her child, little Gretchen; this is the same as Margaret, it means a pearl, you know, and she was more precious to her mother than many pearls, for Lady Gertrude, as the people called her, loved that little girl more than her own life. Gretchen had a sweet voice as any of the German children have, and it made the old castle glad as she ran about in the lonely rooms, singing the ballads which her mother used to teach her.

One time her mother had to go to a distant city, and leave Gretchen with her nurse. It was the first time in her life that she had left her darling for so long a time. Many were the commands which she gave the servants to look after and care for her child, but they were careless, and Gretchen was left to wander round at her pleasure, even outside the gates of the castle. It was nearly sunset one afternoon, when a band of strolling players, who had been hanging around the castle, were surprised at seeing Gretchen's pretty childish figure among them.

Her love of their songs had led her to follow these roving players so far that now it was nearly nightfall and she could not find her way home and with tearful eyes she begged the old woman who saw her first to take her to her mamma. It was growing cold, and her little dress of thinnest lawn was but a poor protection. She clasped her hands and cried bitterly: "Take me home, please take me home. I am mamma's pearl, and if I get lost she will die; see, that is my mamma," and she drew from her bosom a little miniature of the Lady Gertrude. It was set with pearls and brilliants; the old woman's hand grasped it eagerly, but Gretchen's look of 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 home. And when she would beg them to take her home, they would tell her that she was going toward her home, but it was a great way off. They took the miniature 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 wreaths 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, too.

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 fragrant 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

THEY WON'T TROUBLE YOU LONG.

Children grow up—nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that boy was playing with tops a buoyant boy. He is a man and gone now! There is no more childhood for him. When a beginning is made, it is like a raveling stocking, stitch by stitch gives way till all are gone. The house has not a child in it. There is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing in pell mell; it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, balls or strings, left scattered about. Things are neat enough now.

There is no delay of breakfast for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task before you lie down of looking after anybody, and tucking up the bed clothes. There is no more dispute to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no opportunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged! There was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down the front stairs! O, for some children's noise!

What used to ail us that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging doors? We wish our neighbors 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; a vine and no grapes; a brook and no water gurgling and rushing in its channel.—We want to be tried, to be vexed, to be 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 home to the proof. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hand on their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and lesser love—to God and to friend. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious thrill of children in it. But Sunday comes 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 probably for the man's folly.
For ladies kissing one another, two dollars. The tax is placed at this rate in order 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 one girl is taxed five dollars.
For courting in the kitchen twenty-five cents.
Courting in the parlor, one dollar.
Courting in a romantic place, five dollars, and fifty cents for each offence hereafter.
Seeing a lady home from church, twenty five cents.
Seeing a lady home from the Dime Society, 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 dollar.
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 hoop.
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 the funds accruing from the tax on old bachelors.
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 doctor, surprised at the narrow escape of the man, exclaimed, "where in the name of goodness could your heart have been?" "I guess it must have been in my mouth, just then, doctor," replied the poor fellow, 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.

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 obligation is worthy of observation and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandizement beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation of

P. S.—I solicit the acceptance 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 appellation of

MRS. PETER H. PORTATION.
P. S.—I suggest the information that we meet in consultation and make some preparation for the final consummation of the intended annexation, when I will bear the same relation to your home and occupation that Mr. Peter 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 Bureau Bill, which provides for the continuation of the bureau for two years from the approval of the act. Only six Republicans (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.

A little girl, four years old, was on her way from church with her father when they passed a boy splitting wood, and the father remarked, "Mary do you see that boy breaking the sabbath?" The child made no reply, but walked home very thoughtfully 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 Finnish.